



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

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

**DIVINATION.—(Continued.)**

The next case occurs in the history of our own country. King Henry VI., described as a weak prince, was of a serious and unworldly mind. He appears to have inherited from his grandfather, Charles VI. of France, a distemper which at times rendered him quite incapable of governing, and which, in some manner, may have been connected with the prophetic spirit with which he was supposed to have been endowed. He is said to have predicted the accession of Henry VII. to the throne of England, at a time when the event was as unlikely as can well be imagined. I give the prediction in the words of Shakespeare, presuming that he is as accurate in this matter as he has been in relating other events in the history of that unfortunate prince:—

*King Henry.*—My lord of Somerset, what youth is that  
 Of whom you seem to have such tender care?

*Somerset.*—My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

*King Henry.*—Come hither, England's hope;  
 If secret powers

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,  
 This pretty lad will prove his country's bliss,  
 His looks are full of peaceful majesty;  
 His head by nature framed to wear a crown,  
 His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself  
 In time likely to bless a regal throne.  
 Make much of him, my lords, for this is he  
 Must help you more than you are hurt for me.

It is true that Richmond was remotely related to him, but his own son was then living, besides the whole family of the house of York (the rightful heirs to the crown), and who had just wrested the sceptre from Henry's hand. No one could then have supposed that Richard III. would have murdered so many of them to make himself King. The following, attributed to Merlin, but without sufficient proof, can only be said to describe the fulfilment of Henry's prophecy:—

From the Herculean lion lately sphered,  
 And in his orb to Jove himself endear'd,  
 Shall shine two stars, without eclipse or cloud;  
 But they, as to some sacred offering vow'd,  
 Shall perish on the altar ere they grow  
 To that full splendour which the world they owe.  
 A hideous monster, who with teeth is born,  
 The mockery of art, and nature's scorn,  
 Shall from the lower earth on which he stood,  
 Wade every step he takes here deep in blood;  
 He shall to th' height of all his hopes aspire,  
 And, clothed in state, his ugly shape admire:  
 But when he thinks himself most safe to stand,  
 A native whelp from foreign parts shall land,  
 Who shall the long-divided blood unite,  
 By joining of the red rose with the white.

There is a prophecy, however, of Merlin, which was on record at least centuries before the war of the roses took place, whether uttered by him or not, and which in substance was as follows:—That in a vision he saw a conflict between two dragons, a red and a white one. At first the white had the advantage, and nearly killed the red dragon, but in the end the latter proved victorious. It was then supposed to refer to the wars between the ancient Britons and Saxons, but appears to apply with greater significance to the war of the roses, for at first the house of York, represented by the white rose, did all but annihilate that of Lancaster; afterwards, the Earl of Richmond, one of the last scions of that house, suddenly landed from abroad, and defeating Richard III. at Bosworth, was crowned there as Henry VII. He claimed to be descended from the ancient British Royal family, and placed the red dragon in the Royal arms, where it remained during the Tudor dynasty. But the house of York was also so descended, and in a more legitimate manner. There were many other remarkable predictions about this time, but I have only space for one of them:—

*Gloster.*—Brother, good day. What means this armed guard  
 That waits upon your grace?

*Clarence.*—His Majesty,  
 Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed  
 This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

*Gloster.*—Upon what cause?

*Clarence.*—Because my name is George.

*Gloster.*—Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;  
 He should for that commit your godfathers.  
 But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

*Clarence.*—Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest  
 As yet I do not. But, as I can learn,  
 He hearkens after prophesies and dreams;  
 And from the cross-bow plucks the letter G,  
 And says a wizard told him that by G  
 His issue disinherited should be;  
 And for my name of George begins with G,  
 It follows in his thought that I am he.

*Gloster.*—Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;  
 I will deliver you, or else lie for you.  
 Meantime have patience.

*Clarence.*—I must perforce. Farewell! (*Exeunt.*)

*Gloster.*—Go tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return.  
 Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,  
 That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,  
 If heaven will take the present at our hands.

*King Richard III., Act 1.*

The subsequent murder of Clarence did not prevent the fulfilment of the prediction, for the young princes were after all killed by a man whose name began with G, namely, the Duke of Gloster, afterwards Richard III.

I now come to the last case, the most important and best-authenticated of all, and which occurred on the verge of our own times, "soon after the publication of the first English translation of Montucla's edition of Ozanam, which contained, amongst other things, an account of a female at Lisbon who from infancy could see through the human body, and was able to point out to physicians the viscera affected with disease. It is said that many of the wells in Lisbon were dug in consequence of her indications, and that she discovered an obelisk which had been long buried in the earth, and was taken up and erected as an ornament to the city. Dr. Charles Hutton, the translator, received an anonymous letter from a lady, declaring that, incredible as it might seem to the Doctor, and unaccountable as it was to herself, she did actually possess the power of discovering hidden springs by the aid of the *baguette*, and detailing very fully the circumstances connected with her becoming aware of possessing such a faculty. She pointed out to the Doctor how he might address a letter to her, and a correspondence ensued, from which it appeared that there was no hoax on the part of the lady, who was a person of exalted rank and superior talents. On her coming to town the Doctor waited upon her, when it was arranged that she should meet him at his residence, and give ocular proof of the power of the divining rod in her hands. We give the result in Dr. Hutton's own words:—'Accordingly, at the time appointed, the lady, with all her family, arrived at my house on Woolwich Common; when, after preparing the rods, &c., they walked out to the grounds, accompanied by the individuals of my own family and some friends, when Lady — showed the experiments several times, in different places, holding the rods, &c., in the manner she had described in her letter. In the places where I had good reason to know that no water was to be found, the rod was always quiescent; but in the other places, where I knew there was water below the surface, the rods turned round slowly and regularly till the twigs twisted themselves off below her fingers, which were considerably indented by forcibly holding the rods between them. All the company present stood close round the lady, with all eyes intently fixed on her hands and the rods, to



watch if any particular motion might be made by the fingers, but in vain; nothing of the kind was perceived; and all the company could see no cause or reason why the rods should move in the manner they were seen to do. After the experiments were ended, every one of the company tried the rods in the same manner as they saw the lady had done, but without the least motion from any of them.' The Doctor adds:—'In my family, among ourselves we have since then tried several times if we could possibly cause the rod to turn by means of any trick in twisting the fingers, held in the manner the lady did, but in vain; we had no power to accomplish it;' and he expresses his conviction that 'there appears to exist such evidence of the reality of the motion as it seems next to impossible to be questioned.' In conclusion, Dr. Hutton requested permission to use the name of the lady in connection with an account of the experiment. She declined, from a dislike to appear in print; but added that 'the circumstances are known to so many, that I am of opinion they will obtain credit in a great degree without a name being formally attached to them.' Both parties have long been removed beyond the reach of the Press; there can therefore be no impropriety in stating now that she was the Hon. Lady Milbanke, wife of Sir Ralph Milbanke, Bart. (afterwards Noel), and mother of the Dowager Lady Byron."—*Riddle's edition of "Hutton's Recreations in Science," page 711. Published 1844.*

This power, or whatever it may be, appears in a manner hereditary, for the late Countess of Lovelace, the daughter of Lord Byron, although distinguished by successes in deeper studies, was not destitute of these impressions which made the name of Byron illustrious. In some verses which she made on Florence Nightingale, several years before the Russian war was dreamt of, occurs the following remarkable passage:—

In future years, in distant climes,  
Should war's dread strife its victims claim—  
Should pestilence, unchecked betimes,  
Strike more than sword, than cannon maim;  
He who then reads these truthful rhymes  
Will trace her progress in undying fame.

In a future number I may attempt to unravel the mystery of these phenomena.

OBSERVER.

#### WHAT IS THE USE OF SPIRITISM?

Under the above title, Mr. B. S. Naylor, of Melbourne, gives an account in the local *Herald* of his cure of chronic bronchitis. He says: "I left England (on 25th July, 1865), where I could not exist any longer, that I might breathe the salubrious air of Australia, where, as my friends wrote me, bronchitis was known 'only by name;' and I arrived at Melbourne on 21st September, expecting to enjoy a heaven upon earth in this land of promise, but was doomed to disappointments, and even the bronchitis followed me hither. I am bound, however, in justice to the climate, to state that, notwithstanding the frequent visits of my old acquaintance, the attacks have been less and less severe every succeeding year; and although I have been laid up four or five times during this winter, such relapses were, in a great measure, attributable to my own imprudence. Happening, on 29th April, to be coughing and barking, and kicking up a noise in the room of a certain spiritist who has been instrumental in both alleviating and curing complaints of various sorts, he, pitying my condition, very kindly said, 'Can I be of any service to you, Mr. Naylor?' This gentleman, who seems to be an impressionist medium, consulted his spirit-friend. "He was then informed that two herbs would prove beneficial, and although he experienced some difficulty in receiving the impression of the name of one of the herbs, he eventually succeeded; but never having employed it, and not being aware that he possessed it, he inquired where it might be had, and received for answer that it was in the room beside him, among a lot of herbs recently arrived from America. This struck me as being more than strange. He stepped to a corner of the room, and took up first one packet and then another, placing each to his forehead; and at length he exclaimed—'This is it!' brought it forward, and found it marked 'pleurisy-root'—the very article he had never employed, and knew not its properties. He then inquired the quantities of the two herbs, received the necessary information, with directions how they were to be prepared, weighed them, and handed them to me. He afterwards asked as to the dose, and wrote down, under spirit-direction, 'A table-spoonful at bedtime, and about half that quantity when troubled with the cough.' So I took them home, had the infusion made, and took a table-spoonful on going to bed; when, instead of a coughing bout on lying down (a natural consequence on the body's being prostrated), I went to sleep. At three o'clock I awoke as usual, expecting I should have to cough till four, for my coughing fit was as regular as clockwork, and which not anything I might take could restrain; but, to my surprise, the cough did not come on. I felt, however, as if all was not right, and not being particularly desirous of undergoing an hour's fatigue, I took half a table-spoonful more of the spirit-prescribed anodyne, and went to sleep; and, believe it or not, Sir, I have not yet (24th June) coughed even once from that hour, although it is eight weeks to-day since I received the spirit-communication. Now, Mr. Editor, what are rappings, and table-tippings, and chair-dancings, and sofa-capers when contrasted with such a proof of spiritual curative power? You, Sir, know me—have repeatedly seen me suffering, and cannot refuse accepting my statement as true, and 'nothing but the truth.' Not one of my acquaintances has ever heard me cough from that day to this, notwithstanding I have been attacked by colds upon colds! I had the most celebrated allopathic treatment during several years in England; and ever since my arrival in this colony I have had the good fortune to be much more beneficially treated by the ablest homoeopathist, who has again and again rescued me from the worms, though to cure chronic bronchitis seems beyond mere medical skill. Time will test the efficacy of spirit-agency; but, were the cough to return to-morrow, still it may puzzle the scientific scientifically to account for the sudden arrest of the uncontrollable coughing paroxysm which the faculty deems incurable."

#### A MEDICAL SPIRIT.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—Please allow me to give testimony to the truth of Spiritualism. Some five years back my attention was called to look into the phenomena of Spiritualism by a friend now gone to America, who lent me books on the subject. Having read a great deal on the question, I longed for further investigation, and talked with several persons. Some five of us resolved to try a seance, and commenced, in our ignorance, with sittings. These produced further longings, for we found two of our party to be trance mediums—one male and one female. At time wore on we began to have addresses from our male friend, and were sometimes much disappointed at getting nothing, but with sufficient proof that a power was round us; so we went on till our medium, Mr. H., fell ill, and wonderful manifestations took place for his benefit. These I must not venture to explain, as they would occupy too much of your space; but after his recovery he took cold and became much affected in his breathing, and so gave up attending the seances. His father in the spirit-world brought for his help a spirit-doctor, who manifested in the French language, but with broken English sufficient for them to understand what to do, and his health improved, although his lungs appeared to be much affected. No medical man attended him. The other evening he commenced to sit with us again, and the whole of the evening was occupied on behalf of myself, having been ill for a week. The French doctor manifested through the medium, but we not knowing French, much was lost, and could only understand the broken English. Now, Sir, this is confusing to my mind, to think a spirit should be in the spirit world for years, and then only be able to manifest in French, and other spirit friends present and could not give us the interpretations. Here, then, is full proof of spirit-phenomena, but I suppose something was wrong with us, or we should have been able to receive the full benefit of the whole of the communications.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

T. BLAKESLEY.

Walsall.

[The brain organism of the medium is unable to transmit a variety of vibrations into the sphere of consciousness, and hence the narrow range of the communications. The reason why the French doctor uses him is because his spirit-sphere is congenial to the mediumistic sphere of the medium, and hence the power of control. By perseverance a wider field of development might be attained, but it is a safe state for a medium to be in when he is not subject to all comers. Many mediums are too general, and suffer from the intrusion of unwelcome influences.—Ed. M.]

#### A POOL OF SILOAM IN SUTHERLANDSHIRE.

A correspondent of the *Inverness Courier* describes a strange scene which he says he witnessed on the morning of Monday, the 14th ult., at a loch in the district of Strathnaver, county of Sutherland. Dipping in the loch for the purpose of effecting extraordinary cures is stated to be a matter of periodical occurrence, and the 14th appears to have been selected as immediately after the beginning of August in the old style. The hour was between midnight and one o'clock, and the scene, as described by our correspondent, was absurd and disgraceful beyond belief, though not without a touch of weird interest, imparted by the darkness of the night and the superstitious faith of the people. "The impotent, the halt, the lunatic, and the tender infant were all waiting about midnight for an immersion in Lochmanur. The night was calm, the stars countless, and meteors were occasionally shooting about in all quarters of the heavens above. A streaky white belt could be observed in the remotest part of the firmament. Yet with all this the night was dark—so dark that one could not recognise friend or foe but by close contact and speech. About fifty persons, all told, were present near one spot, and I believe other parts of the loch-side were similarly occupied, but I cannot vouch for this—only I heard voices which would lead me so to infer. About twelve stripped and walked into the loch, performing their ablutions three times. Those who were not able to act for themselves were assisted, some of them being led willingly and others by force, for there were cases of each kind. One young woman, strictly guarded, was an object of great pity. She raved in a distressing manner, repeating religious phrases, some of which were very earnest and pathetic. She prayed her guardians not to immerse her, saying that it was not a communion occasion, and asking if they could call this righteousness or faithfulness, or if they could compare the loch and its virtues to the right arm of Christ. These utterances were enough to move any person hearing them. Poor girl! what possible good could immersion do to her? I would have more faith in a shower-bath applied pretty freely and often to the head. No male, so far as I could see, denuded himself for a plunge. Whether this was owing to hesitation regarding the virtues of the water, or whether any of the men were ailing, I could not ascertain. These gatherings take place twice a year, and are known far and near to such as put belief in the spell. But the climax of absurdity is in paying the loch in sterling coin. Forsooth, the cure cannot be effected without money cast into the waters! I may add that the practice of dipping in the loch is said to have been carried on from time immemorial, and it is alleged that many cures have been effected by it."

[The above notice records some interesting facts; but why should they be sneered at by a newspaper correspondent? Is the opinion of a village reporter of sufficient weight to warrant his illogical sentence of "absurd and disgraceful" being indiscriminately applied to that by which "many cures have been effected?" Nor is there any "climax of absurdity" in casting a paltry coin into the loch, the instrument of so much beneficence, nor any moral obliquity in acknowledging in gratitude substantial benefits received. The whole secret of the efficacy of this unusual act, the results of which we do not doubt, lies in the mental impression produced on the patients, and the bestowal of the coin deepens the power of the spiritual principle over the physical impediments. We would be glad of some trustworthy account of these occurrences, which can be no more absurd and disgraceful now than they were in Palestine eighteen centuries ago.—Ed. M.]

A HANDSOME Christmas book for Spiritualists is announced by Adams and Co., of Boston, Mass.

MR. RICHARDSON'S letter on Spiritualism in Australia, which appeared in No. 75 of the *MEDIUM*, has been reprinted in the *Eastern Morning News*, Hull.



ASTROLOGY.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

Dear Sir,—Promising to furnish a few remarks upon the nativity of Mr. Woolfit, kindly sent me for examination by Mr. Walsbaw, I now communicate the following brief details. My chief object in doing so is to afford young students, inquirers, or amateurs in astral science a basis for decision, and a groundwork whereon to derive some deductions, being fully aware that many are desirous of doing so, but are deterred by the apparently abstruse difficulties with which many of our modern professors so mysteriously but knowingly confound the beauties of stellar philosophy.

To simplify such matters, let us commence with the revolution, or the return of the solar orb to the place which it occupied at birth, previous to the native's decease, which is November 5th, 1865. The planetary aspects formed at this time denote in a general manner the significations during the year. No figure is required for this purpose; it will merely suffice to calculate the planetary positions for the Sun's return, as the natal figure itself is quite sufficient to go by, merely inserting the planetary positions at the revolution.

Upon the inquirer comparing the planetary configurations at the revolution with those in the radical scheme or nativity, he cannot fail in perceiving some very striking aspects. Both the luminaries are woefully afflicted, for Mars is in close conjunction with the solar place, Saturn in conjunction with the Moon, Uranus in mundane square to both, and situated in the sixth house of the radical figure, also square to the radical place of Saturn; the benefic Jupiter is upon the place of Uranus, square to the radical place of Venus, and semisquare to the radical places of the luminaries. The Moon is in quartile aspect to the radical place of Jupiter, and in mundane sesquialter to the radical place of Uranus, also square to Venus, which is in the eighth house in opposition to the place of Saturn at birth. Mercury, who is lord of the sixth and eighth houses, is found in the domal dignity of Mars in sesquialter aspect to the radical place of Saturn, who is lord of the horoscope.

The nearest lunation being the full moon of the third falls in opposition to the places of the Sun and Moon in the nativity. The Sun, the powerful promitter in this nativity, is by local direction in conjunction with the local position of Uranus, evil local directions to which are always indicative of death, as in the nativity of Lord Palmerston, where in October, 1865, the Sun reached the opposition of Uranus; and that of the Earl of Derby, in October, 1869, when the Sun reached the square of the same planet; and many others. From the preceding sketched details the young student will perceive that the period of this revolution was ominously marked by malign aspects which could not fail in rendering the year an extremely critical one, and from the evil directions concurring it could not prove otherwise than mortal. At the nativity it will be observed that the solar and lunar places were afflicted by a semisquare of Uranus, from which the native's health suffered to a great extent.

Upon the day of the native's decease, viz., September 20, 1866, we again find concurrent testimonies of a convincing nature of the influences of the sidereal orbs upon man. Let the young inquirer turn to an ephemeris for the planetary positions for that fatal event, and he will soon perceive such combinations are not the result of mere chance. The Sun will be found in the eighth house upon the radical place of Venus (which was afflicted by the square of Uranus at birth). This orb, it will be observed, also afflicts the radical places of the luminaries by a semisquare aspect, whilst Venus this day is found upon the solar place at the nativity. The Moon is in square aspect to her radical place—this luminary had also just passed by local direction the opposition of Mars—Saturn is upon the radical places of the Sun and Moon, whilst Mars and Uranus are in mundane square thereto; no doubt wonderfully strange coincidences to the uninitiated, nevertheless true and nowise uncommon, as every astrologer knows full well, for Nature's laws are founded on a firm basis, which can never be overturned by the voice of popular opinion or the ravings of the willfully ignorant.

The following are a few ordinary secondary directions (lunar), with their results:—At two years, the Moon conj. Mars, the native had small-pox; at eight, the Moon square Sun, ill; at twelve, the Moon sesquialter Mars, had scarlet fever; at sixteen, Moon opp. Mars, measles; at twenty-two, Moon square Sun, ill; and at twenty-five years, the Moon square Mars, the native suffered from sore eyes and had sunstroke.

I have thus only in a general manner pointed out a few simple facts or secondary causes, which any inquirer can easily comprehend, and from which death was plainly foreshadowed.

If any interest appears manifested in the subject, I shall, with your permission, in a future communication revert to the other causes at work, at present unnoticed in this letter, for it behoves all who wish to see this sublime science reduced to simple but accurate rules, to mark and carefully compare the significations here presented with others, in a philosophical and truthful manner, and subject all to the test of reason.

Apologizing for space occupied, believe me to remain, yours faithfully,  
September 8th, 1871.

ZURIEL.

ANOTHER MODE OF COMMUNICATING WITH SPIRITS.

We have received the following postscript to a letter from an important town in Yorkshire, where a number of powerful mediums are being developed. Hitherto, Hull has not been eminent in Spiritualism, but a brighter day seems about to dawn:—"By-the-bye, I must tell you of a discovery which I made, and which greatly facilitates our intercourse with spirits. For rapid communication, it is far superior to the ordinary spelling out with the table, and as I have never read of it in any books, it may be new to our friends the Spiritualists. It is effected by arranging the alphabet round the table in a kind of circle, leaving sufficient space for a hat to traverse the inside of the circle. You place the hat inside, and the medium and one of the company stand on each side of the table, and the hat travels round and spells out the information you ask for—the hat moving to and fro round the circle, and when it comes opposite the various letters which form parts of the words, it points to them by tipping itself over on one side. This wonderfully expedites our obtaining the information we require. What would take an hour to spell out in the ordinary way can be spelled out in a few minutes. I think if you try it you will find it superior to the old way. Have the letters of a pretty good size and at a tolerable distance off one another.

It is very strange to watch the motion of the hat backwards and forwards as the letters are spelled out, and I am sure it must be a great boon to our dear kind spirit-friends. It need not, however, supersede the table, where you don't require a message spelled out. You can have both at the same time—the hat and alphabet arranged on one table, and another for rapping; but the fact is, the hat does just as well as the table, as 'Yes' and 'No' were rapped out by it just in the same way as with the table."

THE HINDOO SCEPTIC.

I think till I'm weary with thinking,  
Said the sad-eyed Hindoo king,  
And I see but shadows around me—  
Illusion in everything.

How knowest thou aught of God,  
Of his favour or his wrath?  
Can the little fish tell what the lion thinks,  
Or map out the eagle's path?

Can the finite the Infinite search?  
Did the blind discover the stars?  
Is the thought that I think a thought,  
Or a throb of the brain in its bars?

For aught that my eye can discern,  
Your God is what you think good,  
Yourself flashed back from the glass  
When the light pours on it in flood.

You preach to me to be just;  
And this is his realm, you say,  
And the good are dying of hunger,  
And the bad gorge every day.

You say that He loveth mercy,  
And the famine is not yet gone;  
That He hateth the shedder of blood,  
And he slayeth us everyone.

You say that my soul shall live,  
That the spirit can never die;  
If He were content when I was not,  
Why not when I have passed by?

You say I must have a meaning;  
So must dung, and its meaning is flowers.  
What if our souls are but nurture  
For lives that are greater than ours?

When the fish swims out of the water,  
When the bird soars out of the blue,  
Man's thought may transcend man's knowledge,  
And your God be no reflex to you.

[The above metaphysical poem appeared in the *Spectator* a week or two ago, and is supposed to be the answer of a clever Hindoo to an English philosopher seeking to convert him to the Western faith. It admirably embodies the doubts that prevail in the minds of strangers to our modes of thought, and which must be answered before we can hope to make converts of them.]

GOLDEN GRAINS OF CORRESPONDENCE.

"Spiritualism is Progress—progress in all truth. Death to these crystallised creeds and notions; progress in all science, literature, art, and every other kind of inspiration."

"I once was as much bound by creeds as anyone; but, praise be to God and good angels, my mind has taken a wonderful leap over that horrid gulf—such a leap that no particle of those old notions attach themselves to me."

"As regards my own experience of the spirit-circle, I have learned in one short week more than I could have dreamed of learning in a lifetime."

"I may just say that Spiritualism is making rapid strides in Leicester. I attend a regular seance, and have had two or three in my own house, and they have been wonderfully successful."

From Malton:—"If possible, please send me three copies of the *MEDIUM* for August 4, as I and some of my friends are getting deeply interested in this question of Spiritualism, and would like to circulate this paper containing Mrs. Hardinge's speech and the address of Gerald Massey."

"Spiritualism is making progress in Preston. The result of Mr. Foster's discussion of the subject in the *Chronicle* is becoming every week more and more visible; circles are being instituted and mediums developed."

"When Mr. Bielfeld's 'design' is ready, I shall be glad to take half a dozen, and if I can sell or give them, will gladly send for more."

"I find that the best way of gaining ground with a great many people is not to give them a full and sudden sight of all the truths we know at once; they get dazzled and frightened, and finish by rejecting everything. We ought rather to follow the example of Nature, which brings on plants and animals to their fullest state of development only by imperceptible degrees."

"Since my last letter to you, I did myself the pleasure of visiting Liverpool, and, following out the suggestion in the *MEDIUM*, placed myself in communication with Mrs. Spring, and I am sure you will be pleased to hear that we had some very pleasant meetings."

The *Surrey Comet* gives our articles on the transmission of shells and other objects from Kingston to Ostend by spirit-power. The Editor thus concludes his introduction:—"But all these and other statements are so extraordinary that we must give them to our readers as they appear in the *MEDIUM*, merely remarking that the writer of the accounts, and the gentleman at whose house the seance was held, are well-known and much-respected townsmen, against whose character for honesty and truthfulness nothing can be alleged, and having said that much, we must leave our readers to judge for themselves." If our friends all over the country were a little more industrious, many of our articles might through their influence be reprinted in local newspapers.



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THE Publisher is instituting the greatest facilities for circulating this paper, and submits the following Scale of Subscriptions:—

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The Publisher is desirous of establishing agencies and depots for the sale of other Progressive periodicals, tracts, and standard works, and will be glad to receive communications from such as feel disposed to enter this field of usefulness.

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### SEANCES AND MEETINGS DURING THE WEEK.

- FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, Seance at 15, Southampton Row, Holborn, at 8 o'clock. Mr. Morse, Trance-Medium. Admission 1s.
- LIVERPOOL, Psychological Society, at 55, Devon Street, Islington, at 8 p.m.
- SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, A Special Seance for Spiritualists, by Messrs. Herne and Williams, at their Rooms, 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, at 7 o'clock. Admission, 2s. 6d.
- SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, Mr. Cogman's Seance, 22, New Road, E., at 7.
- KEIGHTLEY, 10.30 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. Messrs. Shackleton and Wright, Trance-Mediums. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 9 a.m. and 2 p.m.
- NOTTINGHAM, Children's Lyceum at 2 to 4 p.m. Public Meeting at 6.30.
- SOWERBY BRIDGE, at Mr. W. Robinson's, Causeway Head, Children's Lyceum, 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Public Meeting, 6.30 p.m. Trance-Medium, Mr. Wood.
- BREARLEY, Public Meetings, 10.30 a.m., 2.30 and 6.30 p.m. Trance Medium, Mr. Hingworth.
- BOWLING, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 2.30 and 6 p.m. Hall Lane, 2 and 6 p.m.
- MANCHESTER, Grosvenor Street Temperance Hall, at 2.30.
- COWLEY, at George Holdroyd's, at 6 p.m.
- HAGG'S LANE END, 9 a.m. and 6 p.m. Trance-Mediums Mr. J. Crane and Mrs. N. Wilde.
- GLASGOW, Whyte's Temperance Hotel, Candleriggs, at 6.30.
- GAWTHORPE, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 2.30 and 6 p.m. Mrs. S. A. Swift and J. Kison, Mediums.
- MORLEY, Mr. G. Butterfield's, New Scarborough, Mrs. J. A. Butterfield, medium, at 7.30.
- HALIFAX, at the Stannary, 2.30 and 6.30. Mr. Blackburn and Mr. Wood, Trance-Mediums.
- MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, Seance at 15, Southampton Row, at 8 o'clock. Messrs. Herne and Williams, Mediums for the Spirit-Voice. Admission 2s.
- Mr. Charles Williams, Healing Medium, at 46, Ada Street, Broadway, London Fields, 6 till 8 o'clock p.m.
- SOWERBY BRIDGE, at Mr. W. Robinson's, Causeway Head, 8 p.m.
- NEW FELLON, at Mr. Swain's, at 8 o'clock.
- TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, KEIGHTLEY, at 7.30 p.m., at the Lyceum. Trance-Mediums, Mrs. Lucas and Messrs. Wright and Shackleton.
- GAWTHORPE, at Mr. J. Mercer's, at 7.30 p.m. Medium, Miss A. Mercer.
- WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, Seance at Mr. Wallace's, 105, Isip Street, Kentish Town.
- Mr. Cogman's Seance, 22, New Road, E., at 8.
- BOWLING, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 8 p.m.
- HAGG'S LANE END, J. Crane, Trance-Medium. 7.30 p.m.
- MORLEY, Mr. G. Butterfield's, New Scarborough, at 7.30.
- THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, Seance at 15, Southampton Row, at 8 o'clock. Messrs. Herne and Williams, Mediums for the Spirit-Voice. Admission 2s. 6d.
- Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism. Seance at their rooms, 74, Navarino Road, Dalston, E., at 8 p.m. Particulars as to admission of visitors on application to the Secretary.
- Public Seance at 7, Corporation Row, Clerkenwell, at 8 o'clock. Free.
- BOWLING, Hall Lane, 7.30 p.m.
- GAWTHORPE, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, a Developing Circle, at 7.30.

\* We will be happy to announce Seances and Meetings in this table weekly. To be in time, all communications must reach this Office by Wednesday morning's post.

## THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1871.

### A SPIRITUAL FICTION MUCH STRANGER THAN FACTS.

An article entitled "Modern Witchcraft" appeared in the *Daily News* last week, purporting to be the production of "Walter Thornbury, Fonthill Cottage, Dorking." It professes to be a description of a seance given by the "celebrated mediums, Messrs. Hawk and Hershaw, 14, Kafafello Row, Hamburg Square;" but it is in reality an attack on Messrs. Herne and Williams, and their seances at the Spiritual Institution. From the insolent way in which certain visitors are referred to, the evening can be identified; but no "Walter Thornbury" occurs in the visitors' book. If, then, there is a person of that name, and if he indeed wrote the article to which we refer, we are driven to the uncomfortable conclusion that we have unwittingly harboured a fellow who had the unscrupulousness to forge an assumed name and address as the commencement of his enterprise. Indeed, we should regard the

whole affair as a silly fiction, did not the word "Dorking" occur as the writer's assumed residence; for, quite apart from the insignificant teachings of geography, which must be of little account with fools who can persuade themselves to disregard facts, we stand that certain substantial facts which occurred in the history of that well-attested event are being nightly rehearsed at the very known place of amusement in London. Having such data to rely upon, we are ready to credit the account in the *Daily News* in a certain sense, and that sense is in exact harmony with the "fact" we have quoted.

"Walter Thornbury," who, unfortunately for the good success of the age and country in which we live, has unaccountably survived the "Battle" above mentioned, commences his polite and tranquil narration by gracefully alluding to a "fat lady disconnected from Guppy;" and soon after, like the ass which carried Balaam, begins in a mock philosophical strain, "How long is English science going to ignore these phenomena?" It may be news indeed for English scientists to know that their occupation is "going," but they need not wonder at all when "Walter Thornbury" pricks up his ears and informs them that the "phenomena" to which he alludes are their erudite attention are an "unsuccessful effort at vulgar deception." To this latter particular he kindly attests his own experience; and he need not have named it, for his own much more proficiency in that connection than in a literary capacity. The reader is next treated to some apocryphal remarks by the "bookseller," who is supposed to reap "an agency on every visitor," and truly if his company is of the quality under analysis on the present occasion, we do not envy him the whole proceeds. But if such an impertinent request be at all in order, might we be permitted to ask, what amount of "agency" did "Walter Thornbury" bag for his truly disinterested services—his "own fair struggle for truth and science?" Eh, "Walter," what have you to say to this fraternal and confidential business exposition? We can promise a faithful performance of his part of the contract by the "bookseller," if the adept at "vulgar deception" will be equally candid.

"Walter Thornbury" has an amiable habit, which, though proverbially discreditable, he seems to be particularly proud of; in fact, it appears to constitute nearly the whole amount of his intellectual and moral stock-in-trade. We refer to the expensively insolent manner in which he characterises everyone present as a cheat and an accomplice, except—dare we say it?—himself. In this state of high-toned morality, which seems to be chronic with him, "Walter Thornbury" proceeds to attempt a sensational narrative of what he heard and saw in a "stuffy parlour with hiding doors." The first piece of "vulgar deception" that commended itself to his sagacious notice was, "I could feel my pulse beat." How dreadful! But the next surprise was more terrible still, yet happily for the remnant of sanity in our bold adventurer, purely imaginary:—"Phosphorescent eyes seemed staring at me." We are aware the luminous eyes of cats have been observed staring with fiery radiance in dark cellars; but surely our historian has been in the habit of experimenting with his own unenviable optics opposite a mirror, in the darkest nook of his mansion at "Fonthill." If the nerves of our readers can get over what we have already ventured to transcribe from the memorable experiences of "Walter Thornbury," they may complacently proceed with the remainder. A table-cover was twisted round the neck of Mr. Williams, and "all at once we were hailed by one of the most gruff bass voices that ever hailed a man-of-war." Surely, "Walter Thornbury," with all respect to the confidence which your straightforward manliness entitles you to, there must be some small amount—only the least grain—of exaggeration in this statement; or "Mr. Hawk" must be a most remarkable vociferator; or—we will give you another chance—it can't be such deception after all.—"A few minutes after there were sounds of violent blows, and several septs were struck on the head by John King's speaking-trumpet, a sofa cushion was flung at me, and an antimacassar was thrown in the face of the gentleman from Liverpool. I said nothing about my cushion, but the other feats of the spirits were loudly proclaimed with fear and surprise by persons more credulous or more nervous than myself."

How very incredulous our author must be! It would be quite interesting to know whether he really believes now that a "sofa cushion was flung" at him, or whether his amiable nature has been so far depreciated by contact with "the knavish," that he has unwittingly been led to give expression to a "rousing whiff," a failing which even men in "holy rapture" have been impeached with. "An irritable sceptic facing me, who had said that any ventriloquist could imitate a deep voice, got rapped violently on the head, and John King bellowed at the same time, 'Is that ventriloquism?'" These are astounding statements, and give rise to a host of questions in our sceptical mind. Was it really "John King" who "bellowed," and, if so, who is this head-rapping "John King?" And if our author be a truthful narrator of facts, how can he sustain his very logical conclusion of "unsuccessful effort at vulgar deception?" Something even more perplexing seems to have occurred, for it left our critical observer unable to believe the testimony of his own senses. He proceeds—"Sometimes I fancied the table jerked or reared a little; sometimes I thought I heard animals' feet pattering up and down the table." If we were very hard pushed for matter, and equally unscrupulous as to what we printed, we could not desire a more efficient contributor than the writer quoted. The "animals' feet" are certainly something quite unique, and undiscovered by every other observer. Let us hope it was not some obscure form of pedal action on the



outer surface of our philosopher's own scalp. This is not at all an improbable inference, for "Walter Thornbury," like a true pioneer of science, is at hand with most valuable evidence. He records—"The darkness affected the coolest imagination, and straining one's eyes and ears for spiritual manifestations produced a not unnatural feeling of uneasiness in the mind." We sincerely hope that no "Institution" has quite recently been supplied with a certain inmate.

We have also to observe that it is reported one of the mediums suggested that hands should be held all round, but one of the company considered it quite unnecessary. It is evident, at least, that the mediums were willing to give all the satisfaction possible under the circumstances, and if "Walter Thornbury" had demanded it, the hands of the mediums would have been carefully secured by the parties sitting nearest to them. The result of our analysis is, that no charge of deception, failure, or trick has been established in the article referred to; but, on the contrary, substantial evidence of veritable phenomena is adduced. We remember that the seance on that particular night was only moderately successful, which was not to be wondered at when we take into account the materials it contained. The mental attitude of certain of the visitors also explains why the objects flung came in the direction of the mediums, if they really did so; but we would discreditably belie our intelligence if we believed any one thing in the report, except for argument's sake.

But why take all this trouble with an opponent who is positively beneath contempt? We admit the force of the plea, but the circumstance wears a twofold aspect. The buffoonery of "Walter Thornbury" would be of no more significance than that of the ragged urchin at the next street crossing, but we have to remember that it was addressed to the editor of the *Daily News*, accepted by him, and published in his very respectable and influential daily paper. We can well understand that the "editor" of a daily paper is a compound being—more properly speaking a "staff" than a person. We know that one of the components of that assumed individual is a practical Spiritualist, and reads works from the Progressive Library. Our astonishment, therefore, is not that "Dorking" should produce a phenomenon like "Walter Thornbury," or that London should contain an editor of the same measure; but that a respectable, intelligent, nay, religiously-inclined gentleman like the one who calls occasionally at our office, should be guilty of a cool, unprovoked, and slanderous onslaught on facts and personal character. This is a piece of inconsistency which is, to our mind, inexplicable.

The editor of an important weekly, published not a thousand miles from Fleet Street, thus writes respecting this disreputable act:—"Of course you will have seen the slanderous effusion in the *Daily News*. It is going the round of the country papers. A more dastardly and unjustifiable attack by an English writer I never met with. Too cowardly to mention names (although it is plain to whom he refers), the hired traducer commences his tirade with personal insults, and concludes it by bringing against Messrs. Herne and Williams the charge of gross and vulgar deception, without advancing in support of his accusation the slightest tittle of proof. I am not a lawyer, but I think H. and W. have good ground for action, the costs of which ought easily to be raised by subscription."

#### A PROPOSITION TO THE PRESS.

We are not inclined to undertake legal processes, but would gladly co-operate with those who would do so, by aiding in securing the costs. We do not belong to the betting fraternity, and cannot follow the example of Mr. Guppy, and scientific Spiritualists on the rotundity of the earth. A bet proves nothing, but pits selfishness against intellect and morality, and the former is most likely to win. We have a proposition to make, and one, moreover, that is quite practicable. The question is, Do these phenomena occur? If they do, under what circumstances, and what is their nature? The Press must have an interest in the question, or they could afford to let it alone, unless we are forced to the conclusion that they resort to baseness for the purpose of gain. If not, let them accept our proposal, or hold their tongues for ever on the subject of Spiritual manifestations.

We propose that the editor of any or each daily paper in London accredit two or three representatives to a private experiment with Messrs. Herne and Williams. We shall see that the mediums are paid their well-merited professional fee without any demand on the "gentlemen of the Press." Each deputation will be entitled to six experiments to take place on the same day in consecutive weeks, or till a decisive result is arrived at. If two representatives are deputed, then only Messrs. Herne and Williams will be present with them, and the investigators will be placed between the mediums, holding hands all round. If three representatives are sent, which would be the most satisfactory number, then the mediums will have the privilege of introducing a friend to be placed between two of the investigators *en séance*. After each seance the investigators will be entitled to make a report, and the mediums or their friend another, which must be published in an early issue of the paper on behalf of which the experiment was made. To make a beginning, we can accommodate six deputations during the first week, say, the *Times* on Monday, at 12 noon, the *Daily Telegraph* on Tuesday, the *Daily News* on Wednesday, the *Standard* on Thursday, the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Friday, the *Morning Post* on Saturday, &c. The experiments to take place at any one place agreeable to a committee chosen for the purpose and to the mediums. The whole of the London papers might, by this arrangement, know something of the phenomena occurring in the presence of these mediums, and spare themselves the

humiliation of printing lucubrations like that of the "Dorking" contributor to the *Daily News*.

#### SUNDAY SERVICES.

We have received hosts of inquiries as to whether there will be any Sunday evening services for Spiritualists in London this winter. These meetings were so richly enjoyed that there was a steady demand for them all summer, even after the series was discontinued. Now that the long evenings advance, the want is severely felt, and occasions a multitude of inquiries as to what is to be done. Our spirit-friends have taken the matter up, and promise valuable assistance. Mr. Morse and other speakers are ready to lend their aid, and everything is in a state of completeness, except the essential requisite of a suitable hall. Objection is made to the Cleveland Hall that it is too large, is bad for hearing, and the situation is not favourable. The Cavendish Rooms are occupied, and for less than the twelve months are expensive. The question is, Can a more suitable site be discovered between Holborn Circus and Regent Circus? It would facilitate the duties of those who have been asked to make some arrangements if our readers would lend their assistance in this matter. It is desirable that these meetings be resumed at once.

#### MR. MORSE'S SEANCES.

Mr. Morse arrived in London late on Friday evening, and was at his place at the Progressive Library on Monday morning. He is very much improved in health, and entertains warm reminiscences of the kindness he experienced from his friends in Paris. We were also glad to have a few words again with Mr. Morse's spirit-friends, intercourse with whom is as real and enjoyable as if they were visible amongst us. The Friday evening seances will be resumed to-night. An interesting series is in store for the winter.

#### MISS LOTTIE FOWLER.

This lady arrived in London from the United States, *via* Nova Scotia and Liverpool, on Tuesday, and has since been on the look-out for suitable rooms where she may board and also receive visitors. We may here state that if any of our readers have such accommodation, Miss Fowler will be glad to be acquainted with the fact. In the meantime she may be addressed at 15, Southampton Row. She has not yet recovered from the effects of her sea voyage, and we have not had a sitting with her; but she informs us that she passes into the trance, and gives the information at disposal in an unconscious state. She does not require to ask any questions, either before she is entranced or afterwards, and would rather that those who consult her make no explanations, but simply listen to what may be imparted in the clairvoyant state.

Miss Fowler brings with her many testimonies of her success in the form of mediumship which she exercises, and we have no doubt, if her gift is adapted to the wants of the English public, she will meet with hearty encouragement.

#### THE REPORT OF THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY.

A writer in the *Exchange and Mart* says:—"I have been favoured with a private view of one of the proofs of the forthcoming report of the Committee of the Dialectical Society appointed to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism. It will form a volume of nearly four hundred pages, containing communications from a large number of distinguished men. Among these I remarked a long and deeply-interesting letter from Dr. Carpenter, in which he elaborates his theory of the unconscious action of the brain, attributing to it many of the inexplicable facts in psychism and mesmerism, whose reality as facts of nature he fully admits. He traces this unconscious action of the brain in many of the ordinary conditions of every-day life, and adduces a mass of instances that appear completely to establish it. Another interesting paper in this volume is a letter from M. Favre, brother of the famous French Minister, who states that after a careful examination, continued for many years, he has arrived at the conclusion that the phenomena are perfectly genuine. He attributes them to the operation of spiritual existences by whom we are surrounded, an opinion which, I observe, is held only by a minority, and these the least thoughtful of the persons who have stated their experiences and views to the Investigating Committee. The conclusion of the Committee itself is that many of the asserted phenomena are real, that psychic force undoubtedly exists, and that the whole subject deserves more examination than it has yet received."

M<sup>DLLE</sup>. HUET held a seance at 15, Southampton Row, on Wednesday evening. About a dozen ladies and gentlemen attended. The lady has evidently good mediumistic powers, but the conditions were not favourable for a full manifestation of them. She will hold another seance at the same place on Wednesday evening next.

AT BATLEY ON SUNDAY.—Our correspondence indicates that there will be a general gathering of West Riding Spiritualists at Batley Town Hall on Sunday next. Mr. Burns will lecture in the morning, at 10, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. There will be a public seance at 2 p.m. Our Gawthorpe friends deserve the support of their brethren, and we rejoice to think they have every appearance of obtaining it.

MISS KATE FOX is announced to arrive in this country shortly.

DR. WILLIS continues to contribute to the *Present Age*. This well-conducted and enlightened sheet may be seen regularly in the reading-room at the Progressive Library.



## A COMMUNICATION FROM JOHN N. HILLS.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR ALICE,—An honest spirit, whether in or out of the body, is a perpetual wellspring of delight, and a bringer of beauty and happiness; a deceitful spirit, on the other hand, is a curse and blight, dark in aspect, and contaminating all he moves amongst. In dealing with spirits of a low sphere, be very gentle and pitiful. Never refuse to pray with or sing to them; by so doing you assist higher spirits in their mission amongst these unhappy ones, independent of the happiness and humility that good results must bring to your own heart. For even as in your sweet material world, angels (earth-angels I should say) of mercy and benevolence are found in the darkest places of your dark cities—even as by the cursing deathbed of a hardened human spirit, one of these holy messengers will kneel and speak of hope and God and heaven, until the dying wretch half smiles to even hear the rhythm of a tender woman's voice; so in the darkness and sadness of those low spheres which I might very properly term hell, bright spirits pass and repass momentarily on missions of the purest love and helpfulness. Their glorious forms, their divine wisdom, their rapturous love can never fail to accomplish the end for which they strive. Step by step, their purity fearing no contact with evil, their radiance suffering no diminution from the gloom of those nether regions, their brows needing no crowns, save the aureola of their Christ-like enthusiasm, they labour on, never weary, never suffering, never disheartened; sustained, upheld, fed with the life and purpose of God. Sweet indeed is the rest of the weary one who has thus been lifted from darkness to light, and the darkness of a materially developed intellect is not the least difficult to disperse (for there are some men whose very souls seem fashioned from the materialism of their bodies and senses.) But the angels do not work in vain; light dawns, and the spirit feels the thrilling of the Spring of Love, and trembles and quivers in dilation like a bed of lilies in a west wind. Every faculty has received a fresh impulse, urging him onward, upward, for more light, more love, until his whole soul swoons in the rapture that steals around and over him. Delicious fragrances and dim, wonderful melodies surround him; and brilliant shapes, whom he half recognises, float down to him from mystical regions higher still, and crown him with a wreath of lilies, whose pure bells sing to him unceasingly of the home that awaits him and the beloved ones who stand waiting on the threshold to share their happiness with him for ever. Ah! is not the song of the lily the divinest of all? As he advances higher and higher, new senses, new faculties are developed. Palaces of exquisite structure, gleaming like opals and crystal, rise before him—palaces and galleries filled with the treasures that earth could not imprison, for there the art of the world finds its perfect expression, and is there enshrined in a fitting home. The pure thoughts of the poet, the ideal of the artist, the beauty and nobleness that seethed day and night in the sculptor's brain, the lessons of the philosopher, the ravishing strains of the musician, all are preserved there. Not a dream is lost, not an ecstasy is forgotten. The ideal that worked and surged in the heart of the embodied spirit, and bowed his head to the dust because material means would not express the full grandeur, the perfect harmony, the indescribable loveliness that filled his great soul with an exaltation of agony, shall meet him in that home to which he rises, and be recognised by him as the perfection of his thought. One after another the disembodied forms of his genius, the impassioned appalling shapes he strove to prison on the earth and failed so often in the strife, smile upon and salute him as the emanations of his loftiest moods, which, while he deemed lost for ever had but, flown upward in his aspiration to remain immortal as his own spirit. The children he cherished on earth may seem strange to him—the wife of his bosom may no more cleave to him, but the children of his genius, the ideal of his art, the adored truth and loveliness for which he laboured and suffered and agonised on earth, appeal to a heightened sympathy, to every harmonised faculty of his nature, and heaven dawns upon the exalted soul which rises serene in majesty to meet the gaze of its Creator and Father, for none but God himself can satisfy the longings of the human spirit. And so his work is given him; and his beloved harp, the solace of all his hours of grief and darkness, in which God was not, and Christ was not, and all good things were not, is wreathed with the lilies the angels put upon his brow and over all the world he imagined. God forsaken, Christ forgotten, he sees the guiding hand of Infinite Wisdom and Love leading her to the fulfilment of her destiny; he watches the glittering lines of guardian spirits threading the mazes of mortality on their divine missions, strengthening the feeble hands, inspiring the weak heart, comforting the bereaved, and carrying the blest assurance of another and better world to thousands, who hail their pure teachings with tears and joy. He, too, presses through those open doors and stills the anguish and yearning which waits through the burning song of one still despairing in the spirit's darkness; and in the joy of that communion with saints, the wail is changed into a psalm of joy, for the still suffering earth-spirit knows the bringer of his divine trances to be a son of Him whom he likewise has learnt to call "My Father," and the inspiration of that glorious spirit falls upon him, and lifts him in a poet's ecstasy far beyond the dim lamps of earthly knowledge, and he sings as he never sang before, "for he sings of what the world will be when the ages have passed away."

ALICE ELLIS.

## A CASH-BOX TAKEN BY THE SPIRITS.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—We have lately had some extraordinary phenomena in Birmingham. A short time since I called upon Mr. A., in Suffolk Street, for some purses. As soon as I entered his manufactory, the clerk said to me, "Look there," pointing to the cash-box standing upon the top of the cupboard on one side of the fireplace, also saying to me, "You observe the paper pasted on the door?" "Yes." "Well, that box was last night placed carefully upon the shelf inside that cupboard, in the presence of both myself and Mr. A., and then we pasted that small piece of paper over the door in such manner that no one, visible or invisible, could by any possibility open it without tearing the paper. Now, there you see the paper just as we left it last night, yet the box has been removed to the outside of the cupboard. Look! for there is no aperture anywhere, three sides of the cupboard being brickwork."

"Thus," exclaimed Mr. A., "that box has many a time been moved out of the place in which we put it, and I can assure you it has caused a very great deal of unpleasantness between me and my clerk; so last night we agreed together (of course he—Mr. C., the clerk—had made many asseverations that he had never touched the box, but carefully looked up the premises after seeing that all things were in their proper place) to place the box as we have now shown you, and that's the result." "Well," I remarked, "it is a strange affair. Let me suggest another test, viz., each of us four put a piece of our marked money in this said box, myself take the key of the box, Mr. C. take the key of the inner door, Mr. A. take the key of the outer door, and Mr. H. seal with his cameo breast-plate a piece of paper right over the join of the cupboard door." After agreeing to this suggestion, the box was placed in the aforesaid cupboard in the presence of seven persons, three of whom were Mr. A.'s young workwomen who were at work there all the day, of course seeing that no person opened the door and resealed it up again. I was a long distance from the place until ten o'clock the next morning, when we, being there by agreement, broke the seal and opened the door; but, to our great surprise, the box was gone, without there being any aperture through which a hairpin could have passed.

A thorough search was made by master and workpeople, but no cash-box could be found. After I left, the clerk was taken very ill, and was allowed to leave, and on going down the outer passage towards the street he was entranced, and stood like a pillar for many minutes, persons passing and re-passing, he being in a perfectly unconscious condition. His employer looked out and saw him, but allowed no one to touch him. Presently he came in, still in an unconscious state, and, taking a gentleman who was standing in the room by the arm, led him to the place where stood the said cash-box, on the shelf which had been examined before, although quite apart from the cupboard from which it had been taken; then, having found me, I gave up the key of the box, and on its being opened, all things in it were as we left them. Mr. A. took from it an anonymous letter, which he hid, and would not allow that to remain in the said box. A very short time after he had secreted this letter, he went to look for it, but it could not be found anywhere. Several days after this occurrence I called again, and the clerk said, "The cash-box was taken out of the desk last night, and I found it thrown under the counter amongst that waste paper, bottom-upwards, and on its being opened, the said lost letter was found in it. Mr. A. has taken it away again," and this morning in steps Mr. A., having overheard us talking about the letter, and he thereupon ran to the room, in which was a corner-cupboard with a secret drawer in it where he had put the letter as being perfectly safe to himself solely, but, to his great surprise, it was gone. Thus the matter ends for the present.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

A TRUTHSEER.

[We are intimately acquainted with our correspondent and Mr. A., and have every confidence in the statement made above.—ED. M.]

## GOOD NEWS FOR SCEPTICS.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—On Monday last, quite unexpectedly, Messrs. Herne, Williams, and Smith came in. I had two ladies with me at dinner. The gentlemen joined us. It appears they had been sent by the spirits for a purpose, but had no idea what would be done. Mr. Herne took his seat on my right hand, Mr. Smith on my left, and Mr. Williams sat opposite. The table is a round one, about four feet six inches in diameter. A few minutes elapsed, when Mr. Herne took me by the wrist, and was impressed that I should put my hand under the table. This I am often impressed to do when one of my physical mediums is present. No sooner was my hand under the table than I felt a soft warm hand put something into it, and instantly looking to see what it was, I found a pair of gold ear-rings, evidently new. I know and am certain that no one present had anything to do with this manifestation, because it was my hand that was taken by the hand of Mr. Herne, and I felt the warm hand which put the ear-rings into mine, Mr. Herne's other hand being engaged at the table. Mr. Smith and the whole of the party were continuing their dinner. After this we had a succession of manifestations, but they became so powerful that I was obliged to request the gentlemen to leave, although the spirits wanted me very much to go into a dark room with them. I was, however, too much exhausted, and thought it better to let well alone. Now, I think I hear some of the sceptics saying, "Oh! if they would only do this for us, we would believe to-morrow." I daresay they would; I have no doubt about it. But what matters it to the spirits whether they believe or not? The spirits are not the losers, and as for their belief, as far as I am concerned, I care not. I know what I have above stated is a fact, and not a belief. I am content.

You will, of course, understand that the whole of the evening was passed in full light, with windows open, servants coming in and out of the room, &c. On Saturday evening Mrs. Guppy came to dine with me, and a few minutes after we had sat down a bunch of fresh-gathered flowers was placed in my hand under the same conditions. Verily, "truth is stranger than fiction."—I am, yours, &c.,

C. BERRY.

[We have seen the ear-rings, and they look quite new. This kind of manifestation has occurred so frequently to Mrs. Berry, and under circumstances that can leave no room for doubt, that she is quite confident, and so are her friends, that such statements as the above are absolutely correct. Mrs. Berry is desirous of returning the ear-rings to the owner, if a claim can be established.—ED. M.]

## SPIRITUALISM IN THE COUNTRY.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

SIR,—On a late summer visit to the country, I availed myself of spreading Spiritualism in a few places where I went, which I am glad turned out very successfully. At Hawes (Yorkshire) I proposed to lecture to the young men of the Mechanics' or Inquirers' Institute, upon the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism, when it was decided that I should be asked to do so. On the 31st ult., a meeting was held, Mr. John Routh in the chair, when I spoke upon the facts of my experience in Spiritualism, and called it a natural science brought about



I had seen tests which satisfied me sufficiently to think that I believed spirits existed after they had left the flesh, and did so under certain conditions and through certain media, with the spirits of those who are yet in the flesh. There were physical, writing, and drawing media; most of whom I had seen and heard to my own satisfaction. We had a trance-medium in Liverpool (Mr. Ambrose Fegan) through whom I had heard many a philosopher, such as Aristophanes, the Greek philosopher; Newton, the astronomer; clergymen and poets, spirits who had lived in our town, and others, telling us the time they left the flesh, and the number of the houses they lived in, and which we made out to speaking to us in most beautiful diction and language sublime. A discussion was entered into in a very kind and inquiring spirit,

A short discussion was entered into in a very kind and inquiring spirit, after which a table circle was formed. We soon got the conditions, and the table spelt out the name of a person who had left the flesh about five years, whom most of the people had known. We got a short communication, then the table was laid down upon its side and rose up

It was raised up on a high desk, and then carried round some part of the room, to the satisfaction, I may say, of all who were present. On the following Saturday we held another meeting, at Bainbridge, when like results followed. At this meeting a strange communication was received by the table, which caused great excitement among those who were present, numbering from 50 to 100. The people are full of inquiry, and are determined to investigate the matter more fully.—I am, Sir, Yours &c., JOHN CHAPMAN.

10, Dunkeld Street, Liverpool.

*To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.*

Dear Sir,—Just a few lines to inform you that since the lectures in Carlton Hall, last winter, Spiritualism has been making progress in this locality. At our own circle we have one or two good mediums, or what promise to be so; one, a Mr. Austin, is controlled by a spirit who gives the name of G. Clark, and he says that "he is sanguine of making him one of the best physical mediums in England," and I fully believe it, because he is evidently of a high order of intelligence. At a seance we held on Tuesday, the 12th inst., he gave us a number of strict injunctions carrying on our seance, and complained of our negligence in not attending to his former wishes, and told us that if we did not carry them out he would have to seek a medium elsewhere. We arranged a seance for the Thursday following, and he (G. C.) said he would be there but would not communicate; he would look in and see how we got on. We tried to get him to alter his determination, but it was useless. On Thursday we met, six in number. There was not a movement of the table, and it was then I began for the first time in my life to realise the full value of our spirit-friends, and the apparent void of their absence; but after waiting a little while, the medium (Mr. A.) was controlled, and we asked it was controlling the medium, "Is it G. C.?"—"No." "Is G. C. here?"—"Yes." "Will he communicate?"—"No!" We cannot but keep our word, we dare not do otherwise!" So we eventually found that G. C. was assisting his spirit-friend to control the medium. This spirit gave the name of Walter Hay, who passed away June 19th, 1798. He amused himself at intervals with drawing on the paper, while we read the communications, one of which was to carry out his and also his friend's instructions to the letter, and "they could not fail to give good, nor we to receive good." In answer to myself (for G. C. had thrown all the blame of negligence on my shoulders), in explanation of my conduct, &c., I received the following:—"Be not discouraged—persevere, heighten your aspirations, strengthen your patience—wisdom will be your reward.—Yours fraternally, Walter Hay." It was good writing; the control was different to former ones, and I have no doubt of the genuineness of it, and those words were to me *invaluable*. I may add that on a former occasion, when G. C. was asked who were his associates in the spirit-world, he mentioned Julian, Walter Hay, and others.—I will write again as soon as we can send you anything interesting.—Yours, &c.,

50, Canterbury Road, Kilburn Park, N.W.

J. T. RHODES.

To Mr. J. Burns, Secretary of the Committee for the Distribution of Mrs. Hardinge's History of Modern Spiritualism to the Libraries of Great Britain.

DEAR SIR,—I have got orders for six copies of Mrs. Hardinge's Modern Spiritualism, but they are only to be 10s. each. They are for Members of our society who want to lend them out to their friends who wish to inquire into the subject. The matter was discussed at the meeting last night, and it was agreed that more good could be done by lending the work to friends whom they knew desired enlightenment, than to place the work on the shelves of a library from whence it is possible it might be but seldom removed. This of course does not apply by any means to every library. Mr. Wason has also supplied the libraries in this neighbourhood, and they thought it would carry out your proposition further and better by each member having a copy first to read themselves and afterwards to lend to their neighbours and friends. Some were of opinion that this proposal would not come within the scope of your plan, but I would advise you to let them have their own way in this matter. A few of our friends are Scotchmen, and you understand their character sufficiently to know how anxious they are to carry out their purposes. I have been asked to confer with you and ask for six copies of the work at 10s. each.

I have made arrangements to send the MEDIUM to some reading

rooms in the country. If such places could be supplied with it weekly, a knowledge of the cause would be very much extended.

*Liverpool,*

J. CHAPMAN.

[We are thoroughly acquainted with the persistency of the Scottish character, and give in with the best grace possible under the circumstances. In fact, a few copies have already gone out to "lend round," and the system might be extended with great advantage. In justice to the interests of Mrs. Hardinge and the English publisher, copies will not be sold for private use at that price; but the committee exercise a discretionary power in supplying copies for the purpose indicated above. If our friends will undertake to present the MEDIUM to public institutions, we will supply one copy for twelve months, post free, for 4s.]

**SPIRIT-POWER.**—Last Friday evening, John Jones, Esq., Enmore Park, London (a member of the Church of England), proprietor of one of the quarries at Nantlle, delivered a highly interesting and able lecture on "Spirit-Power," at the Guildhall. He lucidly explained God's wondrous work in the natural and supernatural. At some considerable expense, the subject was illustrated by lantern views, which enhanced the interest of the lecture. Some of the views were exquisitely drawn, and elicited repeated applause. The lecturer's description was vivid and intelligent, and he made no attempt at mystification, but endeavoured, and that successfully, to remove popular prejudices, and create a spirit of inquiry amongst his hearers. The room was well-nigh filled by a highly intelligent audience from Carnarvon, Bangor, and district round. At the close of the lecture, very sweet music was discoursed by St. Mary's Church Choir, accompanied by an harmonium. Before parting, a unanimous vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Jones for his disinterested and gratuitous services in explaining the phenomena, and relating several startling incidents, of which he had been an eye-witness, of this hitherto comparatively unknown science.—*Carnarvon Herald.*

**PROFITABLE SPIRIT-RAPING.**—The *New York Times* publishes the following extraordinary story:—A story comes from the mining districts of California which savours somewhat of romance. Last winter a Captain Cook is said to have visited Chicago on business. While there he was induced to attend a Spiritualist gathering, at which he was informed that, on returning home, by sinking a shaft in a certain direction he would find a rich four-foot ledge, and that this ledge, at a depth of twenty feet, would increase to twelve feet. The captain, as the story goes, not having any faith in such revelations, paid no attention to it until one evening, at a dinner party, he was telling his "experience" to some friends, who were so much interested that they immediately went to work at the point indicated, and in a short time struck upon a vein which has proved to be of immense value; so far, it is said, that the specimens taken from it assay as high as 15,000 dollars per ton. Whether the story was invented to advertise a medium or a mining concern does not very clearly appear.—[Whatever may have been the origin of the above story, all well-informed Spiritualists know there is no improbability in it. Those who have read "The Practical of Spiritualism," by Mr. Peebles (J. Burns, 2s.), detailing the experiences of Abraham James, who through mediumship discovered the wonderful springs at Chicago and many oil wells, will readily credit such accounts as the above, which have been verified by well-attested cases.]

We may with safety assert that the most popular book on Progressive Principles is the "Alpha." There is a continual demand for it, which increases as the work becomes more generally known. Lately the *Banner of Light* has given a most flattering notice of it. Mr. Swinton is doing a work of national importance in bestowing so many copies upon public libraries. It gives some indication of the wide scope of the MEDIUM when we see applications for the "Alpha" come from quarters where it would not be expected that paper would circulate. The new work by the same author, "Life Lectures," just published, is a marvellous production for worth, execution, and cheapness. We shall refer to this charming volume again on an early day.

The *Times* of to-day, September 19, 1871, has the following advertisement:—"Spiritualism.—Mr. Hardwick, of Piccadilly, will publish, on the 20th September, a work on this subject by Professor Zerbli, lecturer on art, South Kensington. It shows that the so-called 'spiritual manifestations' can be traced by careful study to arise from natural causes. Price 2s. 6d., postage 1d."

MISS MARTIN.—The only meeting on Sunday evening we know of in the East End is at Mr. Cogman's, 22, New Road, Commercial Road. See list of meetings.

MR. THELWALL writes a long letter to the *Eastern Morning News*, Hull, on Spiritualism, comparing it with the work done by Jesus and the Apostles.

Mr. WILLIAM GRAY, Alva, has transmitted 2s. towards the funds of the Spiritual Institution, for which he has our grateful thanks.

WILLIAM WHITE AND Co., of the *Banner of Light* office, Boston, announce a volume of poems by Lizzie Doten.

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