

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

SPIRITUALISM.

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EDOUARD BUGUET.

MR. BUGUET, SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHER.

It gives us great pleasure to present in this number of the MEDIUM a likeness of Mr. Buguet, who has become so famous in connection with spirit-photography. The success which has attended his mediumship in this respect, and the circumstances under which it has been exercised, are not new to our readers. Previous numbers of the MEDIUM contain letters from Mr. Gledstanes, and various paragraphs which have, to a great extent, informed English Spiritualists as to the nature of Mr. Buguet's spirit-photographs. A great number of them have also been sold in this country. The distance from London renders it necessary that for the present all our knowledge of this manifestation depends upon testimony; but it is a source of congratulation that this testimony is of the highest class. Mr. Buguet is expected in London very soon, to give a series of sittings, when a fuller acquaintance with his powers will be at the disposal of Spiritualists. We have pleasure in accompanying our portrait with the following letter from Mr. Gledstanes:—

Edouard Buguet, who I think may be considered to be the best spirit-photographer that has as yet appeared, is continuing to produce fresh portraits of his inviolable sitters every day. Although he is forbidden to make any advertisement whatsoever, the fact of his having turned out by this time (with the capacity apparently of producing *ad infinitum* new faces with every fresh sitter) so many hundreds of spirit-portraits, is beginning to attract the attention of the public. Yesterday he received a visit from Bertall, a well-known photographer, who writes the following letter to the MEDIUM, which is inserted in the middle of a long article, headed: "THE MAN WHO SAYS TO THE DEAD, 'NOW, DON'T MOVE.'—Dear Sir,—I posed yesterday at the spirit-photographer's. How he was able to manage it I cannot imagine, but in spite of all the care I took in preparing the plate in the ordinary manner, upon developing there appeared upon it an unknown personage, covered with a winding sheet, who most certainly had not posed opposite the apparatus with me. Five persons were present at the operation who, like myself, do not believe in Spiritualism: we were obliged, however, to come to the conclusion that the thing was very cleverly done." The writer of the article is of course obliged to be funny, but he winds up with saying, "I must confess that it is a remarkable fact that the medium does not operate himself; he retires to a respectful distance from the miraculous machine; he evokes the dead, and they are wonderfully docile; the most forgotten as the most illustrious come to be photographed."

It is amusing to watch the visitors to the studio, who, having just heard about the matter, think they can have any departed friend they ask for. One lady went straight to a Commissaire of Police with her photograph in her hand, and complained that she had been imposed upon by Mr. Buguet, as she had asked for some particular relative, and had only been supplied with the image of some stranger. I have shown some of these photographs to different photographers both here and in London; they all exhibit the same ignorance and jealousy. The head of the stereoscopic establishment in Regent Street I think may be said to have made a just criticism, for he said the supposed spirits were certainly taken from living images; this assuredly is the case, although a different kind of living image to what he alluded. When I first made Mr. Buguet's acquaintance, being anxious to satisfy myself that he was no trickster, I obtained his permission to bring a friend of mine, who is an amateur photographer, to operate himself. We not only brought our own marked plate, but even our own lens. To the utter astonishment of my friend, who had said that nothing but performing the whole operation himself would make him believe the thing possible, a spirit duly appeared upon the plate.

Although it is exceptional to obtain the likeness of a departed friend, among the quantity taken there is a proportion of faces recognised, and in the book kept for the purpose can be seen a daily increasing list of attestations, signed with name and address of honourable persons, such as: "I declare that I recognise in the *cléché* that Mr. Buguet presents me my husband, who has been dead eight years;" "I certify that the photograph obtained is that of my wife;" "I certify that the spirit which is reproduced upon my photograph is the mother of my wife, and has been recognised by different members of my family;" "I certify that I have obtained the photograph of my daughter and brother-in-law, perfectly recognised;" "I bow to what I do not understand, but I affirm that it is indeed the shade of my son Eugene;" and so on.

One can understand that there must be some difficulty for our spirit-friends to get themselves taken when spirits like "John King" and "Katie" who are in the habit of materialising themselves so as to be sensible to our sight and touch, can fail in the attempt to photograph themselves. Miss Cook, when in Paris, sat for her portrait, and yet no "Katie" is seen, for an unknown and unrequired spirit appears behind the young lady, and although two good portraits of "John King" have been eventually taken, at the first two *posés* he was unable to prevent other unrecognised spirits from appearing by the side of Mr. Williams. We had despaired of getting the likeness we wanted, and were about to leave, when Mr. Buguet proposed to make another trial; we again mounted to the studio, when this time "John King's" image appeared, but with his beard and turban not properly arranged. He told us afterwards, that thinking we had given up the idea of again sitting, our sudden resolve to try again had not allowed him sufficient time to arrange himself properly. On another occasion, when his medium sat for his photograph, "John" came at once, got up like his celebrated portrait published in the "John King" number of the MEDIUM, and as he usually shows himself, with

his lamp-stone conspicuous in his hand. In this photograph the features, in my opinion, are exactly like the drawing, while the first one seems to me more like the apparition as it now appears.

The likeness of Livingstone has been taken, and it is an interesting fact that the intention of Dr. Livingstone to sit was announced beforehand by a spirit who requested Mr. Chinnery to go and sit for the express purpose of allowing the Doctor to get himself taken; the same spirit declared that Judge Edmonds intended also to come.

And now that the example is set, may we not look for the portraits of many of the illustrious dead long since departed from among us? At all events, the reality of spirit-photography must soon become a universally-acknowledged fact, for how can it be disputed when it is known that friends who have left the earth many years ago, of whom *no portrait exists*, are photographed by a perfect stranger to the sitter. One gentleman has had a curious experience of the dry humour of a spirit. Upon sitting for his portrait there appeared on the double plate which had served for two *posés* a most unexpected sight, viz., on the side first taken a figure mounted by a skull, and on the second a headless body with the head under its arm. This is supposed to be the gentleman's grandfather who had been beheaded.

Mr. Buguet wishes to utilise his wonderful gift while it remains with him; he knows that he may lose it from ill-health, or other cause, at any time—indeed, he feels the ill effect of this continual drawing from him, for at every photograph taken, when a spirit appears, there is a sensible diminution of strength. He proposes to visit London very shortly, to afford there an opportunity to any who wish to try their luck with him, for it seems to be entirely a matter of chance as to getting recognised likenesses. I find some people are more fortunate than others; some succeed every time they try, whereas others may sit any number of times all in vain. He never fails, however, in producing a spirit of some sort; if not at the first *posé*, then at the second or third. To get the one evoked is difficult.

J. H. GLEDSTANES.

The statement by Mr. Gledstanes respecting the portrait of "John King," as it appeared in the MEDIUM, and certain other anomalous specimens, will be received as an explanation of matters which would otherwise have caused suspicion to rest upon such specimens. It would appear that the spirits have power to represent themselves just as they please. The portrait of "John King," as it appeared in the MEDIUM, is so accurately reproduced on the plate with Mr. Williams that it would almost be inferred that the spirit-figure had been obtained from the exposure of the engraving in the MEDIUM. On another plate appears "John King" as he really exists in his proper spirit-form, and which is exactly like portraits of "John King," taken by Mr. Hudson, with Mr. Berry and others before that spirit appeared in the materialised form. There is some discrepancy between that portrait and the one which appeared in the MEDIUM. This is very easily explained. The artist who sketched "John King" saw the figure with a very moderate degree of light, and had to work from memory; and it has been frequently observed that "John King" in his materialisation has presented various modifications of portraiture. We subjoin a list of specimens at present on sale at our office, price 1s. each:—

Mr. Williams with "John King" as he appeared in the MEDIUM.
A gentleman with "Maximilian."
A lady with "Bishop d'Orbois."
A lady with two spirits, one being "Lamartine."
Miss Blackwell with "Charles I."
Miss Cook with a male spirit.
Mr. Williams with "John King" in his true spirit-form.
Miss Cook and Mr. Blackburn with two spirits.
Miss Blackwell with "Dickens."
Miss Blackwell with "Napoleon III."
Miss Blackwell with "Allan Kardec."
Miss Gledstanes with "Lord Byron."
MM. Leymarie and Flammarion with "Allan Kardec."
A lady with "Napoleon III."
Madame Kardec with "Allan Kardec" holding a wreath in one hand.
Madame Kardec with "Allan Kardec" holding a written tablet.
Mr. Chinnery with "Dr. Livingstone."

A letter just received from Mr. Gledstanes states that "Allan Kardec" appeared in photographs for which Madame Kardec was the sitter. The spirit has in one pose a garland of laurel, and in the other a scrip with this motto, which can be read with a magnifying glass—

Merci, c. femme.

Merci, Leymarie.

Courage.

Buguet.

(Translation.)

Thank you, d(ear) wife.

Thank you, Leymarie.

Courage,

Buguet.

We hear that Mr. Buguet may be expected in London on June 5th, where he will remain for a month to take portraits. Mr. Gledstanes says: "I am glad he is going to England. There is no mistake about his genuineness, none whatever. People that do not like to believe in him need not; there are plenty who do. He has offered to go to Mr. Bertall's studio, touch nothing, and yet he says it is probable a spirit-figure would be obtained. That offer is not accepted; they don't want to be convinced."

In due course we shall announce Mr. Buguet's arrangements during his sojourn in London.

A MESSAGE FROM JUDGE EDMONDS.

We quote the following from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* (Chicago). As far as it goes it will be found in true harmony with the longer statement by the Judge through Mrs. Tappan, a report of which commences in next column:—

[From the *New York Sun*, April 10.]

JUDGE EDMONDS HEARD FROM.

At 10 o'clock yesterday morning a reporter of the *Sun* called on one of the most noted spirit-mediums of this city to learn whether Judge Edmonds was ready to speak to his friends. The medium ushered the reporter into an extension room back of the spacious parlours, and said that spirits were not generally able to communicate much so very soon after being disembodied. He took off the cover from the table, leaving nothing on it but two slates; and the reporter and medium sat down at adjoining sides, the medium requesting the reporter to look underneath to see that there was nothing but an ordinary table, and that the slates had no writing on them. The reporter, obeying directions, saw an ordinary black walnut table; only that and nothing more; saw that nothing was written on the slates; laid his hand flat on the table, and when the medium did the same, nearly covering the reporter's fingers, there instantly came little knocks, regular and faint, like the ticking of a watch. Then they grew louder, and were heard on various parts of the table and against the chair of the reporter. The table swayed. When the table was still, the slates on it thumped up and down. A Gothic chair, heavily upholstered, violently slid out into the room and back whence it came! Then it quickly drew up to the table, stationing itself on the side opposite the reporter. The double slate that was folded together by hinges, with a bit of soapstone enclosed, rapidly slid over to the side of the table by the aforesaid chair. Then the sound of rapid, fine writing was heard for several minutes. As it ceased the double slate slid aside, knocks were heard beating under the four hands still outspread; the medium opened the folded slates; they were covered with fine neat writing, and the reporter read the following:

"To My Friends: At last my spirit is freed from the dross and clay, and now my joy is complete; for now I have entered the golden gate that I have seen ajar. My reception into the new life was grand and impressive. The first who met me was my dear and faithful wife, who had been a glowing star in my earth-life; and now her sweet and loving influence gives me strength to return, and give my friends the olive branch of eternal life, to prove that I have reached the ever-green shores of that life eternal. I also met my old friends who left before me. It was some time before I could understand my change. For before I passed from earth I had dreams of the spirit-land, and expected to find myself still in a dream. But I find it one long dream that proves a reality. Could you all know and feel the blessings of this beautiful truth, you would give it more of your time, and less time to the abuse of others that believe in its goodness. I shall often be by the side of my friends; but only in spirit will they see me; nevertheless I shall try to bring you all gladness, until sadness and sorrow are no more.

"I cannot now say more. I thank my friends for their last tribute to my remains. I am ever a friend to all.

J. W. EDMONDS."

Mrs. SHOWERS writes to correct a word which appeared in her letter of last week. The first copy was lost in the post office, and another had to be telegraphed for. This second copy was made not by Mrs. Showers's own hand, and the phrase "*forging* testimony" was used instead of "*forcing* testimony." Mrs. Showers also desires us to mention that Mr. Henry Dunphy, a barrister and personal friend of Serjeant Cox's, testifies to having seen Miss Showers and the spirit-form "Florence Maple" at the same time.

THE DEBATE.—Mr. Editor,—I attended a debate on Spiritualism on Sunday last, at the Athenæum, George Street, next door to the Gower Street Railway Station, and was much struck by the able manner in which Mr. Cotter, the spiritualistic champion, dealt with the subject; in fact, it was one of the most able expositions of Spiritualism I ever heard from a public platform. But to me, inquiring into the phenomena called Spiritual, the small number of believers in support of their present champion caused some surprise. It being the most able debate I for once ever heard on this important subject, and both debaters being working men, we ought, as lovers of truth, to aid and assist them in their noble and purely disinterested efforts to open the portals of knowledge to their fellows; therefore I trust for the honour of truth, Mr. Editor, you will publish this, that we may have a good audience next Sunday. JAMES LANGFORD, 12, Oak Village, N.W.

SPIRIT-COMMUNION DURING SLEEP.—To the Editor.—Sir,—I should like Mrs. Tappan's guides, or some other spiritual authority, to enlighten us a little on the nature of the spirit-communion which we are told is constantly going on between persons in the flesh and those who have gone on before. In a pamphlet supposed to contain a communication from "Theodore Parker in Spirit-Life," we are told that immediately after death he recognised many spirits as having been his constant associates through life; also the author of "The Alpha" says the same in the spirit-communication per Mr. Morse's mediumship, which is said to have come from him, and is published in the appendix to "The Alpha;" and now Mrs. Tappan's guides tell us of Judge Edmonds, that "his face was known, his spiritual form was recognised while his body was slumbering or recumbent," also that he had "sat with spirits in solemn debate over the affairs and governments of earth." It is to be inferred from these statements that we lead at the same time a sort of dual existence—a life on earth with embodied spirits, and a life in spirit-land with disembodied spirits, and that we are here entirely unconscious, or at least preserve no present recollection, of what takes place in the spirit-world, of the friends we have there, and of our conversations and occupations. If these conclusions are not true I should like to know what the facts are, and whether our spirit-life takes place only during our sleep, or also during our waking hours. It seems to me a puzzling and incomprehensible subject, for at best it would appear to be a very one-sided sort of friendship to have with spirit-friends if we are entirely unconscious (during this life) of what takes place.—Yours respectfully, FURTZ. Manchester, May 16, 1874.

MRS. TAPPAN AT CLEVELAND HALL.

SUNDAY, MAY 17TH, 1874.

On Sunday last Mrs. Tappan delivered the last Sunday evening discourse of the season in the above hall. There was a very large attendance—the largest, indeed, that has gathered in Cleveland Hall. This result is doubtless attributable in part to the fact of this being the last of the course, and in part to the theme of the discourse, as announced on the previous Sunday. The speaker was in her best mood, and was listened to with the profoundest attention throughout. The chair was occupied by Mr. Webster Glynes.

Lesson of the evening: Revelations xxvi.

INVOCATION.

Our Father! Thou Infinite Spirit! Thou boundless source of life and light! Thou perfect and all-abiding Soul! we praise Thee. The hearts of Thy children would uplift themselves in thanksgiving and prayer. We would seek communion with Thy spirit. We would know more of Thy boundless love, of Thine all-pervading goodness, of Thy perfect and divine charity. We would know more of life; since life is eternal, and Thou art its source. We would know more of truth; since Thou art all truth, and hast given us the ways of knowing it. We would know more of wisdom; since wisdom abides with Thee, and Thou dost bestow her flowers upon the holy and exalted soul. We would know more of love; since love binds the angels together, and links and unites in heavenly peace the souls that dwell above. We would know more of knowledge; since she is enthroned in the sanctity of Thy heart, and Thou, O God, knowest all things! Let us search earnestly; let us strive to find out those influences, those divine and subtle mysteries that have heretofore been made known only to seer and prophet and saint. Let all hearts open as with Thy revelation to behold Thy spirit. O God, the mind of man would seek to comprehend all that vast realm of spirit that lies beyond the pale of matter and time and sense—that other and lofty sphere wherein Thy spirit sits enthroned with divine and perfect majesty! and the souls of all that have passed through death behold its light and its glory and its wonder. O let there be no more death! Let the hearts of Thy children know that life has triumphed over death and pain, and that the angels and ministering spirits of Thy care—those whom Thou hast sent—again come to us to reveal where through the gateway of life, mis-called death, we may for ever behold the glory and the beauty of Thy boundless love. Let there be no death! If from the fireside some dearly-loved one, some form has faded and vanished, may they know that it is arisen—not that of the earth, but of the spirit—that the soul still lives and abides in the land of souls, and that it speaks and thinks and acts and loves them still. O let there be no more fear! for fear bows Thy children to the earth, and bars the door to the beautiful gateway of life that the hand of death swings open. O may they see there, with glowing forms and radiant brows, their loved ones for ever coming, bringing messages of peace and knowledge and truth. May they know that they can grasp hands across the river of death and hold sweet converse with those whom they love. Uplift the hearts of Thy children, that their aspirations, on the wings of evening, and on the breath of the twilight hour, and on the soft sounds of music, their prayers may arise to Thee, and their songs be blended with the voices of angels, and their thoughts be united with those that praise Thee for evermore. God, Father, Spirit, Life, Eternal Source of Truth! be Thy inspiration upon us. May Thy power kindle the flame that is within our hearts; open our lips until we speak only Thy truth, until we utter only Thy wisdom and Thy love. We will sing Thy praises for ever in thoughts and in deeds of lovingkindness, until we praise Thee in thought, in word, and in deed for evermore.

ADDRESS.

Friends from the boundary of two worlds, I greet you to-night. At any period during the last twenty years I would have considered it the proudest day of my life to stand before the audience here and discourse concerning the spiritual world. To-day, through a borrowed form and in an unwonted manner, I come with the greetings of both worlds. I owe it to you to explain in a few words the manner of my utterance to-night. When the organist sits down to an instrument to play, he is accustomed to study it somewhat; the stops, the pauses, the various methods of construction in the instrument may not be familiar to him, and he has to limit his power to the capacity of the instrument. In somewhat of that position do I stand before you. The instrument that I employ, fortunately, has been tuned to the utterances of spirits. What I lose in vigour I may gain in gracefulness of style and spirituality. Bear with me if you cannot recognise me in this form, but be sure the thoughts are mine; and through the kindly aid of those guides that have instructed and reared her up for these utterances, I am enabled to give you a history of the greatest triumph of my life—the triumph over death.

Some of you are familiar with the history of my experience in Spiritualism, and somewhat with the history of my life. I recognise but few faces here that I have ever seen before. There are some, and one venerable in the cause of Spiritualism whom I recognise: I greet you. My earthly body is laid aside; but my spirit, with renewed activity, and with every faculty as full and complete as when I dwelt among you, is here to-night. I am filled only with the fire and fervour of my new-found existence. I may say that I passed through the change called death without one pang of suffering. My body, it is true, was enfeebled. It is true that I had been suffering for some years from debility, and lack of strength; but it is also true

that, by a series of instructions, and by constant intercourse with familiar friends in spirit-life, I had learned that death was not to be feared. In the final moments of my life, and during the few weeks that preceded the departure from earthly existence, I was ever conscious of the ministering attendance of one kindly spirit—the one who had been the companion of my early life—the one whose death had caused me to long to know into what region the spirit of the departed might go, and the one who, during all the years of my pursuit of knowledge, has been my constant and attendant guide. She welcomed me; she soothed my last moments; she showed me the way to spiritual existence. Through her kindly aid I banished every thought of fear or death, and hailed exultantly the hour that would reunite us in spirit.

I say I passed away without pain; I was not even conscious of suffering; but my body sank into a sweet repose, over which my spirit, already freed, stood and looked upon it as you would stand and look upon a worn-out garment. I was not conscious of the loss of one instant of time; my mind did not slumber. I was not aware even for one brief interval of the loss of control of any faculty. I knew I was about to die. I knew also every instant of time that my spirit was gradually losing control of the physical body. I re-entered the tenement at intervals to look around, as you might a house you were about to leave, to see how the loved ones were getting on that were watching beside me,—to see if they were afraid of the new life upon which I was entering,—to see if they would bear it as well as they should from the long years of instruction we had had together. There was prayer, and fortitude, and loving-kindness; there was also, it is true, a lingering, lurking reluctance to give up the physical form of the spirit about to depart—that one earnest longing to cling to the vital form of the dearly-loved friend. I admonished my children not to mourn; I admonished them of the change we know must come; and I admonished them, in the name of the bright truth that had been revealed to us, that we must know that death had lost its terror.

I say that I knew not only no interval of sleep or of lack of consciousness, but I sprang into my new-found existence, as one would leap forth from the bonds that had enchained them for years. I had felt fettered and shackled in the latter years of my life by physical suffering. I had felt bound and tethered somewhat by the chains of flesh that grew too weary to be borne. I sprang delighted as one would leap into a golden sea, as one might plunge into the atmosphere after having been immured in prison. I felt my youth, strength, vigour—everything return that had been mine. I felt individually more than this: that notwithstanding all my experiences in spiritual life, notwithstanding the visions, communications, and visitations between myself and departed souls, that I had never truly known the nature of spiritual existence until the final tie was broken that linked me to earth. To my utter amazement I beheld my form renewed utterly as the form of youth and strength. I beheld the friends—all friends whom I had known and been accustomed to converse with as friends—each one youthful, each one wise with their added experience of spiritual life. For the first time I felt the conscious power of spiritual utterance—not as a voice, not as a sound, not as a word, but as soul-communion. Every thought was made palpable and every expression made clear to those that were around me. We discoursed upon the body I had laid aside, as you would discourse upon any external thing. I was pointed to and referred to as being a spirit now in full and entire possession of spiritual faculties, whereas before I had been somewhat blinded by the lingering consciousness of the senses that were left behind me in my physical body. The first thought was: Can I speak with my daughters? I could not; that is, there could be no audible sound, but I could palpably and perceptibly impress their minds, and my youngest daughter was aware of my presence even though she knew the body had perished, and understood that the life-spark had faded.

The next spiritual sense that came to me, or spiritual consciousness, was that of motion. In my visions, some of you will recollect, I had seen myself conveyed from one place in spiritual life to another, by what seemed to be horses, or the usual means of locomotion. I now felt the new-found power, or spiritual sense, of volition. My companion said to me, "We will now visit our spiritual home." I looked around for some means of conveyance, when, to my astonishment, as soon as the desire seized my mind, I found myself rising, first slowly, but, as my will increased, more rapidly, and finally with such rapidity, that had there been intervening objects I must not have seen them. The flight seemed instantaneous. We seemed to cross a vast interval of space. Sometimes I thought worlds must be moving past us; sometimes I thought I could hear the distinct sound of the planets in their spheres; sometimes I thought I could hear the sounds of distant music. But presently we stood within a luminous vestibule, where an atmosphere of light and shade interblended seemed to prevail. This vestibule, I was told, marked the entrance between the spiritual and material atmosphere, and that I was now about to enter the real land of the spirit. I had been there before in my visions; but I perceived whereas I had seen before spiritually with the aid of others, I now saw with my own spiritual faculties; and the lens was quite different from the lens that I had borrowed for my previous visitation. Now I discovered new beauties each step or each point we reached. I discovered that my spiritual vision was not only quickened to the objects around, but actually saw the soul of those objects; that each form, although seemingly as tangible as these walls, was really transparent; and that a vital current pervaded every object I beheld.

I then made inquiry into the nature of these structures. This

form of vestibule into which I entered was more like a massive gateway or temple than anything I can picture. It combined graceful forms with various shades and degrees of colours, so distinctly blended and harmoniously in accord, that I could but believe it to be a living and vital form. My companion, perceiving my desire, said, "It is quite true that this substance differs from anything on earth; for while it seems to be made of pieces of marble and precious stones, it is none other than the vitalised thought, the living atmosphere of the realm into which you are entered; and each soul that passes here leaves something or contributes something to the beauty of this entrance." I could then perceive around myself an atmosphere snowy and blue, like the halo of the saint. This blue atmosphere took shape and form about me, and instantly there arose an archway, through which I passed. I looked behind, and that archway was left to betoken that another soul had entered this land. Meanwhile, all these arches, and the forms that adorned them, and all the pictured images seemed to grow vocal, and a distinct harmony of welcome greeted my spirit. It was unlike any music I had ever heard; it was like sound of accord; it was more like the blended harmony of perfect thought, that one can listen to in spirit, but can never hear with earthly sense.

We passed on, I and my one companion only; for all other spirits that I had seen were now invisible. We passed on. Meanwhile there opened to my view a vast and wonderful land. On either side majestic mountains; streams wound their way among the valleys, and beautiful cascades were dancing down the mountain sides. I remembered this as the entrance to our abode in spirit. We passed swiftly, silently, and without any external means of locomotion directly between two ranges of mountains until we entered an open plain. Here was the selected spot of our spiritual home. As we entered the narrow passage, not wider than the entrance to a single room, I noticed many peculiar devices and figures peering dim from what seemed to be solid rocks. I saw that these devices had familiar forms and faces, and that they looked like words and thoughts and things that are palpable to the mind. I could see every one of the thoughts and every one of the deeds of my life. Some of them were shady; some, however, were fraught with more pleasing forms; some were what I fain would have forgotten—features of harshness and discord; and some were attuned to scorn and anger; but I perceived as I advanced that the more kindly faces and figures preponderated, and that as I really entered the open space, after I had become a living spirit, there were no forms but those of love and sympathy, and no sounds but those of delight.

Here I seemed to be plunged into a stream whose every drop or every globule was as palpable, as distinct as the separate pearls upon a maiden's necklace. Each of these globules seemed to hold some loving thought or some palpable essence; and as I was plunged into this stream my form was stung with every individual drop as though each would take away some possible stain of earthliness. The longer I remained in this stream the easier it became to sustain it. First it seemed to burn and sting like fire, then grew more and more delightful until I perceived that every globule was talking to me and representing some truth to my mind. At last, when I came out on the other side, I was received with a smile from my companion, who said: "This removes from you the last stains of your earthly body, but not the last effects of all your earthly faults." I could perceive that I was conscious of some difference between her and me; that I had not fully and entirely entered her estate; but since bathing in that beautiful stream I could perceive that I had more knowledge and more wisdom, and that my imperfections gradually left me. She then led the way to a bower that on either side was adorned with flowers having no name on earth. They are not such shapes and forms as you are accustomed to see, but their very odours make music on the ear, and their very form and colour represent some thought, or prayer, or aspiration. She led the way still more near into the entrance of our abode. I could see its shape and form, and I could picture to you its walls and its entrance; but I will not detain you with it other than to say, that in every image I saw in its formation, I could recognise the attributes of her with whom I was. I could see it had been adorned with the wonted thoughts that had been hers here and in spirit-life. Every prayer and deed and aspiration of goodness, every kindly charity, had taken shape and form in this abode. I could see also my own thoughts interwoven there; the thoughts of goodness, of prayer, and aspiration I had formed, and the deeds I had forgotten long ago, loomed-up before me there, not in shape of pillar and statue and seeming, but alive and beautiful. I could even see the thoughts and prayers and aspirations of my life all ranged in a line before me, but not my imperfections, and said at once: "How is this? that in our abode I behold my thoughts of good, but not my imperfections." Instantly the thought of her replied: "There can be no imperfection in the abode of our spirits. You see them at the entrance; you see them along your way; but only that which is perfect can take ultimate shape and form in the living abode of the perfected spirit."

Then I saw how imperfect I was; and the sense of my unworthiness so overcame me that I would have shrunk away from those delightful regions; but she bade me not to tremble nor to fear, since every thought and stain of earthliness by my own efforts would have to be overcome—"Not yet," she said, "are you fully prepared to abide here constantly; but this is your home, and by effort, by prayer, by daily and hourly knowledge, you will find that you will at last be able to sit here in this home of the spirit free and glad and conscious."

Then for the first time I felt weary. The splendour of the new

abode, the delight of the spirit, the consciousness of being free from pain, all overpowered me, and I could not at once comprehend that I was really a spirit and should no more return to my body. She led me to an alcove separated from the rest of the abode by what seemed to be a trellis-work of vines and flowers. Into this I followed, and there I rested I know not how long; but it seemed when I awoke as though all my spiritual faculties had been renewed, and that the first pleasing glory of the spirit that had overcome me now made me stronger, and I said to her who was ever by me: "Now I am ready; show me more of this beautiful life."

Instantly, not as at first slowly, and with seeming reluctance, but instantly our pathway opened and I saw before me, at a distance it is true, but still plainly and distinctly before me, a concourse of spirits. Approaching were those with whom I was most intimate and familiar upon earth. One of the very first spirits who greeted me from that assemblage, and who came forth as though with haste and speed to make known his coming, was my friend Horace Greeley, late editor of the *New York Tribune*, and sometime an investigator of Spiritualism, but never an avowed Spiritualist. He said, "I hasten to greet you and undo the injustice of years." I said, "Why?" "Because," he said, "I undervalued the testimony you gave upon the subject of this new life, which I find to be more than realised. I am at peace now in having made this confession." I had always told him that he little knew of the reality of spiritual life, and when we all sat in the circles of investigation together, he turned his attention to the pursuit of political and other reforms, while I sat for spiritual knowledge. I was glad of this confession: it seemed to soothe and strengthen me. I then met Professor Mapes, my old and valued friend and coadjutor in spiritual investigation. "Ah!" he said to me, "I had no idea of the powers of the spirit separate from matter when upon earth; but I now see that all your visions were more than true." Then I need not enumerate to you all that came one after another in this shining world to greet me and make me welcome. It was as though these were assembled in concourse to greet the welcomed spirit; but it was not for that purpose they had met. They were assembled there as is their wont, to discourse and inquire into matters pertaining to spiritual existence. They seemed arranged in groups; and each group had a central mind. In the centre of one I saw Franklin, who seemed to be pointing out to his hearers, or to those who were attendant upon him, some elemental experiment that he desired them to follow, in reference to the present manifestations upon earth. He is a leading mind, and great in all questions of science. The science of electrical manifestations has, ever since his introduction into spiritual life, been the particular subject of his investigations—that and other allied forces. And I may tell you that his discoveries are known as physical manifestations; that from his study and the pursuit of his favourite themes, he alone, with the aid of those who are in the same sphere, is working out the problem of physical vibrations, physical movements, physical sounds, physical apparitions through mediums upon earth; that he is the centre of that especial group of spirits, who receive from him instructions, and they in turn impart their instructions to other spirits; and these are dispersed at the present time over the face of the earth, making these demonstrations and revealing to mortals the truth of the power of spirit over matter.

It is not necessary, nor have I time, to dwell upon the particular points and phases in these manifestations, which connect and link them with his peculiar mind. But you will all recognise this one fact, that the physical manifestations occur in waves; that they begin at a certain point, and then pass over the earth like waves of the sea, until at last the most distant nations of the earth receive something of these powers. The present wave just passing over England—that of the visible form and apparition—has occurred in America, where the first apparitions took place. It has reached you; it will reach distant countries; and finally will be followed by another wave which has not yet commenced. So this becomes not only a system of ethics, but a grand scheme of scientific discovery; which means that the spiritual world are far more intent, I am sorry to say, than scientific minds mostly are upon earth, in the pursuit and discovery of these new powers.

I saw another centre and another teacher, whose strength and power seemed to be devoted to the form of mental and inspirational manifestations. He, too, was learned; he, too, had science and power; I refer to Mesmer, whose discovery of the principles of mesmerism constitutes an epoch in the history of science. He, too, is now adding to the science of spiritual control. He also has his pupils and coadjutors; and these move upon the earth in harmony with one another, inspiring mediums, aiding in their development, and assisting groups of spirits who throng around them, that they may send a message to their friends. I saw gathered around these, far and wide, each attracted to their centre, those numberless thousands of spirits who, like children, were studying the alphabet of this new-found discovery, that they might visit your firesides and, either by the raps, or by inspiration, or by some method unknown to you, reveal to you their presence: your friends, the friends of thousands and hundreds of thousands upon earth, who volunteer to join these societies of instruction in the spiritual life, as you would join classes for instruction in telegraphy, or any system of communication whereby you might reach your friends: gathered around and waiting for the very power that is now moving the earth, and revealing the presence of spirits among mortals.

Another and a higher group were intently discoursing upon the history of nations, and among these minds I could distinctly discover the faces and forms of departed statesmen. One especial group had

its centre in Washington; others in Napoleon and Caesar, who, having outgrown their thirst for blood, are now anxious only for the welfare and prosperity of nations. I can see them, with their shining faces and radiant brows, instructing vast concourses of spirits, who, in their turn, are waiting to move upon the legislative bodies of nations, even as the great impulse of liberty moved upon the Congress of the United States. There I can see the lamented Lincoln, whose spirit had risen because of his love of liberty; and among the shining and radiant throng were still greater measures of human improvement. I see there the late and lamented Charles Sumner, risen to his new estate, and there, as here, debating the liberty and freedom of the slave.

I saw many other names I could not now reveal to you, but whose faces were familiar, and whose consciousness and thought I could but perceive were far beyond my newly-found faculties. But I am told that as I grow more and more familiar with these scenes, as I indeed become known among those that sit at the feet of the embodied wisdom of ages, that I too shall carry on a work that I was too feeble to more than commence while here—feeble, because of the feeble organisation and the limited faculties of human sense, but earnest as you all know. I now feel that my work is just about to commence; I now feel that this is indeed my work, and that all my efforts and thoughts in gaining knowledge shall be to impart that knowledge to those in the bondage of darkness.

I say that with all this shining concourse of spirits before me, I could but feel how wonderful and perfect and divine is that great gift of intelligence given to every soul, that outlasts and outlives the corroding influences of time, and takes its place in their own spirit-sphere when time and flesh decays. I could but feel, "O if the eyes of mortals whom I have just left—if they could but see as I see, if they could know what I now know! What greater blessings could befall mankind than that this everlasting fear of death—this terror that broods like a nightmare over the ages—shall be removed, and they stand face to face with life and immortality!"

But all is not a pathway of roses here. Again I felt my imperfections, and in the presence of that thought I felt troubled and enfeebled in spirit; with all their welcomings I could but feel, "What a babe am I!" In the midst of this knowledge and this accumulated wisdom of ages, I stood abashed as a child, and felt my own spirit's nakedness. Then there came out to me from some place I had not before discovered forms that knelt down before me, and each one cast a flower at my feet, saying: "You first told me of spiritual life; you were the first from whom I received knowledge on earth of spiritual existence." With their flowers, there came, too, incense, like songs of praise and prayer; and I felt stronger, and my spirit seemed to absorb into itself these offerings, until my form grew strong, and I was glad because I had helped these. And I felt myself clothed with their offerings of love; and they said to me: "You have done this to us; you revealed before we passed from earth our future estate, and we bring you our offerings now." Then I seemed to grow brighter; my raiment was more like the raiment of those upon whom I had been gazing; and with each new offering there came a new feeling of strength and gratitude; and at last I floated away and took my place in the midst of familiar faces, who said: "Now you have become as one of us."

Ever since I have been here—and it seems ages, although a short time in the calendar of earth, little more than one month—I have at certain appointed times taken my accustomed bath in the river that flows beside our home; and with each new bath I feel some new spiritual impulse and power revealed to me—I feel some weakness and some trace of earthliness depart; so that now I stand by myself, free, I trust, from those stains that will cling to the spirit even though it strive for years: the stains of accustomed thought and unguarded feelings. Yet even still do I feel that long years must elapse before I shall gain the heights of many souls that I see. I feel that long efforts of self-conquest must be mine before I reach the bright inheritance of some whose spirits are almost too dazzling to touch.

And sometimes, with my loved companion by my side, we two alone sit in the sequestered silence of our spiritual abode and commune with loftier souls, with one whose living truth and whose perfect love mankind are familiar. Too little do they follow in his footsteps, too little does his guiding hand uplift and sustain. Far above all this throng of assembled spirits, of councillors great and wise and good, I can see a shining light, a glory more radiant than aught that earth could picture or words pourtray, and a love, a surpassing kindness, and radiant form, whose words I now give to you: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another;" and this word vibrates down through the hosts of angels and spirits and mortals until it reaches even your hearts, and casts out fear and hatred and malice and all strivings, and makes you one from this instant with the spirit of God.

Judge Edmonds desires to say that he will continue his experiences in spirit-life through the same medium at some future time.

In conclusion, and before giving the inspirational poem, the guides of Mrs. Tappan, in a few brief words, thanked all those who had taken any part in the long course of lectures she had delivered since autumn last.

POEM.

Down through the vibrant spaces
There cometh a voice to-night,
Full of such wonderful graces,
Full of such rare delight,
That it trembles and thrills and fills every heart with its might,

'Tis the voice of the living spirit,
Of the quickened soul that lives
The life that ye may all inherit,
The life that ever gives
To the eye all its light and the power that all else survives.

It cometh down like a star-beam
That falls and glimmers through space,
It cometh down like the lightning
That bursts and shatters apace
The trunk of the forest tree, and glances again in its pace.

It cometh e'en like the sunlight
That greeteth the earth at morn,
When the fragrance of the flower
And the hope of the day is born;
It cometh like a thought of truth, when truth to the heart is first born.

O that voice, that palpable presence,
How it fills the uttermost soul!
How it strengthens the faltering courage!
How its efforts each purpose control!
Behold 'tis the voice of the Spirit that afar through the spheres doth roll.

And now from the outermost circle,
Where the spirit of life abides,
To the innermost heart in this chamber,
That voice and that presence still guides,
And it circles all souls and all spirits with a circle that never divides.

In the midst of God's loving spirit,
O ye that are searching may find,
If ye question that bright, living presence,
And follow it ever, will bind
Your souls to the souls of the angels—to the Infinite Mind.

It guides and blesses you ever
With its perfect strength and will,
Its presence forsaketh you never,
Obey it unfaltering still;
It moveth and worketh each atom and soul his purpose to fill.

From care, from all pain He bringeth
To every heart release,
And the fetterless spirit wingeth
Its way where all strivings cease.
To bring the sweet, loving, perfect, pure presence of peace.

MISS SHOWERS AND HER SPIRIT-FORM.

To the Editor.—Sir,—As I have but one motive and wish, to ascertain what is the very truth, without fear or favour, and solely in the interest of science, I feel it to be my bounden duty to state honestly and truly the results of investigations, and not to shrink from confessions of failure. My report of the sitting with Miss Showers having been challenged, I am compelled now to a more minute narrative of it.

I must remind your readers that the question is not one of conduct but of fact. It is not how Miss Showers was treated, but what was revealed. The only query in which science and truth are concerned is, whether on the occasion in question the face presented at the curtain was that of a spirit or that of the medium. Even if my daughter erred socially in opening the curtain (which I do not admit, as she was ignorant of any prohibition), that in no way affects the fact that the face was thus shown to all present to be the veritable face and form of the medium, certainly joined to a neck and shoulders, from which Miss Showers's dark gown was suspended. I entirely agree that if conditions are imposed no person accepting those conditions has a moral right to violate them. But in this case no such conditions were stipulated, and my daughter, to whom the phenomena of spirit-forms was new, was not aware that any objection would be made to opening the curtain, so as to obtain a clearer view of the spirit, as it was declared to be. She acted in perfect innocence and good faith, and certainly her innocent act has done to science an important service in thus proving to demonstration that in this experiment, at all events, whatever it may have been with others, it was shown conclusively that the supposed spirit "Florence" was no spirit, but the medium herself acting spirit, although, doubtless, as she asserts, in the unconsciousness of trance. I have always stated my own conviction to be that it was not a deliberate imposture, but somnambulism. I have been asked how I reconcile the unconsciousness of mesmeric sleep with the headdress, the struggle to close the curtain, and the changed direction of the eyes. My answer is that I have seen in somnambules admirable acting of any character suggested to them, and the assumed part played perfectly throughout. Thus, if a somnambule were playing ghost, he or she would act ghost thoroughly, and in doing so resist any attempt to treat him or her otherwise than as a ghost. I cordially give to her the full benefit of such an explanation.

Now for the facts, which I must state fully, to justify the conclusion that has been challenged. I present them as they were noted on the day after their occurrence:—

On Thursday, April 2nd, a sitting was held with Miss Showers at my residence, to which she and her mother had been invited, purposely for investigation of the phenomena presented through her mediumship. None of my family had ever been present at what is called "a face seance." The party consisted of my wife, daughter, son, a nephew, and Mrs. Showers. Mrs. Showers had repeatedly expressed to me her own conviction that the supposed spirit was her daughter in person but in the unconsciousness of trance, and she repeated this statement in the presence of the whole party on the same evening.

I had contemplated a series of test experiments, to determine if possible this most important question, and I was very greatly disappointed at the *contretemps* that thus abbreviated the intended investigation. The "cabinet" was constructed of the window curtains hanging before a single bow window (not three windows). In this was placed a chair, which filled so much of the small space behind the curtain that there was not room for a person to lie or even sit upon the floor. The cur-

tains were pinned together by a shawl, so as to prevent any inconvenient separation of them below, while enabling the head to be projected above. We requested that "Florence" would show herself in full form, but were answered in the voice called "Peter's" that she could only show us her face. After calling upon us to sing, in about a quarter of an hour the curtain opened above the shawl, and the identical face I had seen exhibited with Miss Cook's "Katie" a week before, and unquestionably bearing a precise resemblance to Miss Showers, wearing a white veil over the hair, and with upturned eyes, opened the curtain with one hand and showed itself to us.

Nothing had been said about conditions, the medium probably concluding that as these were familiar to me they would be equally known to my family, but who were, in fact, entire strangers to them. We were asked to come up to the curtain one by one, and view it closer. I went up, and saw what I have described—the same face I had previously seen when the full form was shown. My wife then went up, and said, "That is the face of Miss Showers, I'm positive." Then my daughter, Mrs. Edwards, went up, and taking the invitation to look at the form in its literal meaning, and being desirous to see the face more fully, immediately put her hands upon the curtain to open it more widely so as to throw more light upon the face. I was standing near, and witnessed all that followed. The expanded curtain here revealed the spirit holding the headdress under the chin with one of her hands, and the other hand was drawing back the curtain. But immediately upon the curtain being touched by my daughter, the hand that was holding the headdress was withdrawn for the purpose of seizing the curtain, and preventing its being opened, and the veil then fell from the head upon the shoulders, exhibiting the hair dressed identically as Miss Showers wore it, only pushed off the forehead so as to be hidden by the headdress. Simultaneously the eyes that had been upturned and fixed before were turned down, flashing with anger, and there was a short struggle in the endeavour of the face to prevent the further opening of the curtain. Had I known what my daughter was about to do I should have prohibited it; but it was a momentary act, and the revelation was made before I could prevent it. I went up forthwith, and removed my daughter, telling her that it was not permitted to open the curtains. There is no truth whatever in the statement that she tried to seize the head. All she did or desired to do was to obtain a fuller view of it by simply opening the curtains more widely. But the struggles of "the spirit" to prevent this produced the results. All present rose, and all therefore saw what was the state of things. I could not help seeing also, and what I saw, and all saw, was this: there was the face which had been exhibited at the curtain, now having the headdress fallen off, wearing its hair in the newest fashion, precisely as worn by Miss Showers, and having upon its person Miss Showers's dark gown. The chair on which Miss Showers had been seated was empty. I had never removed my eyes from that face for a second from the time when it appeared as a spirit at the curtain to the time when I saw it as unmistakably Miss Showers herself. I restored order, apologising for my daughter's innocent curiosity, and then came "Peter's" voice, "You wicked woman, you have killed my medium," upon which Mrs. Showers cried. But in a moment after he said, "I don't think she will die this time," and forthwith called upon us for a song. My son asked if he would have a comic one, to which "Peter" answered, "Yes," and the request being complied with, "Peter" himself joined in the chorus. There was, of course, something intensely ludicrous in this following up of a charge of murder by a comic song, so that it was impossible to treat it with gravity, and the whole affair wore the aspect of a joke. But suddenly there came a shriek from behind the curtain, and Miss Showers came out, crying, "Something dreadful has happened while I have been asleep; I know not what it is—what has been done to me?" Then she turned to my daughter, and with almost maniacal fury exclaimed, "You vile, wicked woman! you horrible creature!" and other like expressions—forgetting in her fury that she had been unconscious, and therefore could not, or ought not to have known that my daughter had done anything. Mrs. Showers has correctly reported the scene that followed—an hysterical fit, in fact. Next morning I was met with assurances, which I did not need, that whatever had occurred Miss Showers had been in a state of perfect unconsciousness—an assurance which I readily accepted.

I freely admit that this one instance of simulation of a spirit-form by the unconscious medium is no proof whatever that other cases are not genuine. But it should induce the utmost caution in the trial of tests, and the requirement of more conclusive evidence than any that has yet been given before. Science can accept as an established fact the existence of the duplicate form of the medium. Mr. Dunphy saw only a gown and a handkerchief—not a face. Mr. Crookes informed me that he tried with Miss Showers the electrical tests which proved the duplicate existence of Miss Cook and "Katie," but that it failed to show, in the case of Miss Showers, that they were two and not one. In these circumstances, no proof should be accepted save such as common sense demands—a view or a mark. I repeat, that to raise the curtain when the form is outside would be the most satisfactory. But if the objection be offered of probable injury to the medium by the falling of light upon her, scientific investigators should insist upon the next most perfect test, the making of a mark upon the forehead with burnt cork. This could by no possibility be noxious nor interfere with the process of materialisation. It is so simple a test that the gravest suspicion must attach to the refusal of it, and I hope that for the honour of science, and for the sake of truth, it will be tried by inquirers more desirous to ascertain the truth than anxious not to discover that they have been deceived. No persons ought to be more eager to be thus tested than the mediums conscious of honesty. The worst that could happen from any reasonable test is that no phenomena would occur.

The argument advanced by the *Spiritualist* that there was no motive for imposture is wholly inapplicable to a case of unconscious somnambulism, and a young lady is more likely than another to fall into this condition. Miss Showers saw Miss Cook's "Katie," and doubtless felt a natural desire to be able to produce the like effects; nothing is more probable than that in the mesmeric state the desire should so operate upon the mind as to induce an endeavour to imitate, and what a somnambule acts is always acted with extraordinary skill.

But I must repeat that the important question at issue is not whether the form that is her *fac simile* is not herself—a question obviously

capable of complete and speedy settlement by either of the simple tests I have named. I have but one desire, and that is to ascertain the very truth. Will any reader suggest a rational objection to the methods I have named, or suggest a better and equally certain means of arriving at it?

May 16, 1874.

Edward W. Cox.

MEDIUM AND SPIRIT-FORM SEEN AT THE SAME TIME.

To the Editor.—Sir,—I trust that you will in the cause of truth allow me space in your Journal to record the facts of a seance which was given expressly for myself and daughters under the following circumstances:—

Mrs. and Miss Showers came to our house to bid us good-bye, as they intended to leave London next morning. I prevailed upon them to stay and take tea with us, during which we heard raps in different parts of the room. I expressed regret at not having an opportunity of bidding "Peter" and his companion spirits "good-bye," when it was suggested that we should have a short seance, and probably "Peter" might come to us. We accordingly (Mrs. and Miss Showers, my daughters Carrie and Nina and myself) sat round our little "spirit table" in the light. "Peter" soon announced himself by movements of the table. I then took the opportunity of bidding him "good-bye," when, instead of replying to me, he gave the following message to Mrs. Showers: "You must not leave to-morrow, but give a seance, and I will try to show to Mrs. Corner 'Florence' and my medium at the same time." Mrs. Showers replied, "All arrangements for our departure are made, 'Peter';" but "Peter" was inexorable—"You must stay." Mrs. Showers then said, "I suppose I must, and if you show the medium and 'Florence' together, I shall be glad I have done so." He then repeated, "I will try." "Peter" afterwards favoured us with some vocal music (Mr. Corner being also present).

Next evening I, accompanied by my daughters, paid our visit to Mrs. and Miss Showers. No other guests were present during the evening. We had a preliminary dark seance; the power was very great. Materialised hands touched us frequently; one very large hand was placed on the top of mine, and took hold of my bracelet. I said, "The bracelet fits tightly round the wrist; you will not be able to remove it." Immediately greater strength was used by the fingers, and the bracelet was off. My daughter had a ring taken off her finger; we found them afterwards on the table. "Peter" and his friends then began to talk to us in twelve different and direct voices, he saying the power was so great that they did not require to use the organs of the medium. Each spirit gave his or her name, and in some cases said what they were when on earth, and each maintained a distinct individuality. After sitting about half-an-hour Mrs. Showers relighted the lamp, and Miss Showers went into the back room, which was separated from the room in which we sat by damask curtains in the place of folding doors. We soon heard "Peter's" voice instructing the medium what position she was to take for entrancement. He then asked my daughter Carrie for some music. She played some light airs on the piano, which "Peter" accompanied vocally. This continued for about a quarter of an hour, when the outer side of the curtain was held back, and the materialised form of "Florence" appeared. After remaining a few minutes, during which she closed the curtain two or three times, she came into the room and allowed us to surround and closely scrutinise her. I had seen her three times previously, but her pensive style of beauty and graceful attire greatly surpassed her former appearances. The head-dress, I am certain, could only have been arranged on earth by an artist, and it would have been impossible for a young girl of seventeen years of age to have accomplished such a task in a dark room; the dress hung in the beautiful graceful folds peculiar to "Florence," and the train was half a yard on the ground. Her appearance realised the ideal of a spirit. During our scrutiny the height of "Florence" was discussed relative to that of her medium, when she said she would stand by my side before the glass on the mantel-piece and measure her height by mine (I am 5 feet 7 inches). On this being done we found she was about two inches shorter, giving her a decided advantage over Miss Showers of some inches. "Florence" then sat down, and the following conversation took place:—"Mrs. Showers, I am hungry." "What, 'Florence,' can you eat?" "Yes, Mrs. Showers." "I can only give you a biscuit, and shall have to leave the room to get it." "You can go, Mrs. Showers." "Florence" remained talking to us during the absence of Mrs. Showers, and on her return took the biscuit and began to eat it. She was sitting opposite to me, about eight feet away. I begged her to come nearer, so that I might be able to see her eat more distinctly. She immediately came and stood before me, and continued eating. The action was perfectly natural, and after consuming half the biscuit she put the remainder on the mantel-piece. (I may here add the crumbs were found after "Florence" departed.)

We then asked the spirit to favour us with some music. She readily assented, and played some pieces in a masterly style. Mrs. Showers saying neither she nor her daughter knew them, and agreed with "Florence" when she said, "I can play better than my medium." On leaving the piano, she said, "Now, Mrs. Corner, go with me into the dark room and I will try to show you the medium." "I do not think you will like to see her, for she is ——" I lost the word, for Mrs. Showers, hearing partly what was said, exclaimed, "What is that you say, 'Florence'?" when she replied, "Oh, she may not be very much unlike herself." She then took my hand and we went into the room together. The bed stood across the room, so that we went straight to its side. Mrs. Showers opened the curtains a little, but "Florence" was much afraid of the light falling on the medium. I found Miss Showers lying on the outer edge of the bed, farthest away from the light. "Florence" reclined on the bed, and I leaned over it, resting on my arms, both of us looking at the face of the medium. The light was dim, so that I could not distinguish the features, but the face was sufficiently lighted up as to present a corpse-like appearance. After remaining in this position for about ten minutes, the medium to all appearance dead, and the spirit-form and dress mingling with my own, I must say a feeling of awe began to come over me, and I asked "Florence" if she would allow my daughter Carrie to come to us. She assented, and I retired from the bed, but remained in the room, my daughter taking my place close to the spirit. While she was looking at

the medium, Mrs. Showers, at the request of "Florence," opened the curtains, but this time much wider, so that a stream of light fell upon the medium's face, and my daughter saw that it was, as "Florence" had foretold, much altered in appearance. The spirit then took my daughter's finger and passed it down the face of the medium. Mrs. Showers expressed a wish to see her daughter, but one look was sufficient: the ghastly face was too much for her; she turned away, exclaiming, "How horrible!" We then left the room, each feeling very anxious to again see Miss Showers. We had not been many minutes when the well-known voice of "Peter" told us to take a light and see the well. We gladly availed ourselves of the invitation, when we found Miss Showers still entranced, but restored to her original appearance, much to our relief. The spirit "Florence" had vanished. Shortly after, Miss Showers joined us, unconscious of all those marvellous things that had transpired.

3, Thomas's Square, Hackney, May 18th, 1874.

AMELIA CORNER.

KATIE THE GHOST.—(FAREWELL SEANCES.)

Last night, Saturday the 16th, I was one of some twenty-four persons crowded into a small parlour, adjoining a still smaller parlour used at present as Miss Cook's bedroom. The seance did not appear to be a usual test one, but more one for seeing "Katie" once more before her departure on Thursday, the 21st of May, 1874, by those principally who have had tests during the past three years of her sojourn in London.

As so many persons were present, I could not, in the free and easy way I intended, put certain questions, which, if answered, would have been useful to Spiritualists. The continued stream of strangers to witness the phenomenon of a ghost, whispering to and handling us, has prevented made, and knowledge gained; of the life after the *ante-mortem* of the spiritual body at physical death, by those conversant with phenomena; and who have been reading, seeing, and thinking for some twenty years, and who therefore, are more fit for guiding seances than those who are in the excitement of a new excitement.

The sitting on Saturday evening was a contrast to that I attended last November. Then the medium was bound with tape and sealed, put into a recess say 18 inches by 5 feet, having in it only a low chair, on which to sit, to which she was tied to a staple in the floor, and the awning in front (allowing the free egress and ingress of "Katie") free, the leader for the evening sitting down and quiet. Last night the medium was in her bedroom—was unbound—was entranced lying on the floor. The leader stood in front of the awning, and made himself active every time that "Katie" appeared, stooping down to, or with face almost touching the face of "Katie"; physically, and unscientifically, hampering all her movements, so as in several instances to compel the spirit with her hand, to knock the face away from her, though done in a playful manner; reminding me of a fussy mesmeriser, who suddenly finding himself in office, desires to show himself off to the audience. The result of the mannerism of the awning-keeper, and the crowded state of the room, reduced the whole seance to principally that of "Katie" showing herself at the awning, and busying herself with dividing bunches of flowers and giving to each visitor.

I trust that at future seances the leader, whoever he may be, may not be a familiar half showman and half playactor, on more than respectful terms with the ghost; but let the spirit have "sea room," for her own advantage and that of the visitors.

"Katie": I was much struck with the strong resemblance the spirit had to the medium last night, even to the colour of the face; the mannerism of action also was the same, the voice was similar when joining with the sitters while singing in the bedroom behind the awning. To those who had not seen "Katie" under other and test conditions, the impression must have been that "Katie" was Miss Cook, and Miss Cook "Katie" in a state of undress.

If we in the flesh should again be favoured by a fresh development of phenomena by our spirit-friends, I trust that not more than seven or eight persons be present, and that Mr. Cook, the father, be the leader. By so doing the sittings would be such as could be reported with joy, and useful to us as men.

Spiritualists owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Cook. At serious domestic discomfort, week after week, without charge; they have not only allowed strangers to troop into their home, to witness the great phenomenon of spirit seen and felt, but they have hospitably, after the seances, provided the visitors with wine, beer, tea, coffee, cakes, &c. Evidently in some cases the visitors came hungering and thirsting for temporal as well as spiritual things.

To Miss Cook a deep debt of gratitude is also due, because, being in trance unconscious; she does not enjoy the seances as the visitors do, and has only the kindly feelings of her friends to recompense for the fatigue, ill-will, and harsh sayings of ignorant or envious persons, ready and willing to say all manner of evil.

So far as I have been able to perceive, humanity for several years has been favoured with evidences that prove the continued personal immortality of mankind. We in England have had Mr. D. D. Home, for physical evidences of spirit-life and power; Miss Cook, for physical appearance of the spirit; and Mrs. Tappan, for the utterances of those ghosts, by their action on her biological brain.

To "Katie Annie" the spirit, strong feelings of regard, of affection must be felt by all who, longing for proofs of the immortality of our loved ones, have had through her human appearances, her human mannerism of mind and action, satisfactory proofs. "Katie" has been seen by several hundreds of persons, natives of England, Ireland, Scotland, America, and the Continent. "Katie" has satisfied many that the physical moving of inanimate objects was effected by active and intelligent power beyond the ordinary human being. All honour, therefore, to her. We bid her farewell for the present, and hope to see her again by-and-bye, when our outcome from the flesh will enable us to see eye to eye, not only her, but those from our family circles, whose lives have been and continue to be parts of self.

Esplanade Park, S.E.

J. ESMOND JONES.

We hear that Turkish baths are being built in Darlington by a Spiritualist.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE MEDIUM, AND TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

One copy, post free, weekly, 2d.; per annum, 8s. 8d.
Two copies " " 4d. " 17s. 4d.
Three " " 5½d. " £1 3s. 10d.

Four copies and upwards, in one wrapper, post free, 1½d. each per week, or 6s. 6d. per year.

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

Wholesale Agents—F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row, London, E. C. Curcio and Co., 13, Catherine Street, Strand, London, W. C.; John Heywood, Manchester; James McGeachy, 89, Union Street, Glasgow.

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.

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1874.

MRS. TAPPAN'S LABOURS IN LONDON.

This week we conclude our reports of Mrs. Tappan's London addresses delivered during the past season. As a record of intellectual phenomena connected with Spiritualism, the series is, perhaps, unparalleled in our movement. Within our own experience we have no knowledge of a similar case in which an inspirational speaker was so faithfully reported consecutively for such a length of time; and now that the task is accomplished, all must admit that Mrs. Tappan has sustained her part well. No doubt, to the ungenerous and exacting critic, there may be many grounds for comment and criticism. A few expressions might be refuted, all the orations might not be of equal value and interest, and possibly similar ideas might be found to pervade the whole. But are such objections valid? The guides of Mrs. Tappan do not consider themselves infallible, and when we consider the many impediments to be met with during control arising from adverse or diverse conditions, it is a marvel that such a series of orations can be presented. This change in the circumstances must necessarily vary the quality of the performances. The more independent the spirit-control, the more receptive and unbiassed an audience, the greater the amount and clearness of spiritual truth presented. When, however, a foregone bias or a predominance of party or sectic sentiment prevailed, the matter produced may be found to have been somewhat modified accordingly.

It has been observed by many of Mrs. Tappan's hearers that the orations delivered on themes suggested by the audience, and those spoken on platforms the freest from patronage or individual control of any kind, were the grandest which have been given through her. These variations in the phenomena are very interesting from a scientific point of view, and their proper study would throw a great deal of light upon many of the so-called anomalies of spirit-communion. As to the supposed criticism that there may be found a repetition of ideas in these orations, we reply that this, instead of being a fault, may be regarded as a merit; implying consistency on the part of the controlling intelligence. What speaker is there, what author is there who does not present an individuality or community of ideas in all his utterances, be they ever so voluminous or varied? Carlyle is Carlyle, Emerson is Emerson, Davis is Davis, Spurgeon is Spurgeon, throughout; but we venture to submit that in some of Mrs. Tappan's orations, though they may be expressed in similar language, yet there is a distinctness and individuality which is indicative of other minds being at work than that of the medium. What speaker is there amongst us, scientific, political, or theological, who could submit to the ordeal through which Mrs. Tappan has just passed, and come out with better grace? Are not our sermons, take them as a whole, a continuous play upon one or two theological ideas, in the wilderness of which a fresh thought or original suggestion is a refreshing experience? Political orators most usually harp on that string which sounds the leading note in their particular party, while our men of science and exact knowledge, when they speak in public, to a man, turn the same monotonous "hurdy-gurdy," grinding out in detail the particular subject which is put in for treatment. With one it is all stars, with another strata, with another physical function, and with another natural philosophy and physical phenomena. No scope to thought or flight of genius is possible, but a mere enumeration of facts, like a man counting bricks; but above all these forms of utterance Mrs. Tappan's labours rise superior, more particularly inasmuch that often without motto, historical event, or literal fact, she succeeds in touching the innermost responses of human feeling, lifts the aspirations to the highest pitch; and all without violating the strictest canon of intellectual induction. These orations, it must be remembered, have not been written down and prepared beforehand. With many of them this has been an impossibility, because the subjects were in those cases suggested after the speaker appeared on the platform. But Mrs. Tappan is

not what may be called a literary or studious woman. We have had dozens of interviews with her, and never saw her with a book in her hand, nor engaged in cogitation or composition; she has either been attending to her correspondence, which is very extensive, engaged in painting, or busily employed in the wholesome womanly avocation of plying the needle. We have never found her indulging in idle reverie, reading for information or even pastime, but always engaged in personal avocations wholly disconnected from her duties as a public speaker. These particulars, then, should be noted: Mrs. Tappan does not labour to collect ideas, she does not prepare her speeches, nor does she—even if some forethought be devoted to her labours—speak from notes of any kind. Again, her discourses are taken down word for word, exactly as she pronounces them, the only corrections necessary being verbal, from the difficulty on the part of the reporter in hearing every syllable clearly, or of rendering his notes with unerring accuracy. When we take all these circumstances into account we think the results of the last eight months, as reported in our columns, have been such as to excite feelings of congratulation in the mind of every friend of Spiritualism. As a series of intellectual phenomena of the kind our record is one which we have never seen surpassed. By it Mrs. Tappan's task has become a great historical fact, as well as a great present advantage to the promotion of Spiritualism. Through the publicity given to these orations by the MEDIUM, Mrs. Tappan has had, at the lowest average, an audience of 20,000 weekly. This extension of her influence has cost us, for reporting and other incidental expenses, about £100, but we think our many readers will agree with us that it has been well-spent money. We have also forethoughtfully preserved the type for permanent use, which we hope to see in the future become a lasting and valuable property to our gifted visitor and the cause which she represents. For some time there has been a steady and increasing demand that these orations should be published in a collected form. Towards this end a prospectus has been issued, setting forth the conditions under which a series of three volumes, by Mrs. Tappan, are in course of publication. These volumes consist of—first, the orations and poems which have been reported in the MEDIUM, amounting in all to 550 pages; secondly, "Songs from the Summer Land," a collection of the most choice inspirational poems delivered by Mrs. Tappan during the course of her public mediumship; and thirdly, "Hesperia," a volume of poems by Mrs. Tappan, which has been already published in America, and is regarded as a truly national epic. These three works will be printed in the best possible manner, on fine paper, and handsomely bound, the subscription price for the series being one guinea. The celerity with which these volumes will be presented to the public will depend entirely upon the promptness with which subscriptions come in. To bring out these works a large sum of money is absolutely necessary; and when the friends of Spiritualism and the admirers of Mrs. Tappan subscribe for a sufficient number of copies to cover expenses, it will not be long before the public are put in possession of the volumes. May we ask our readers to bear these things in mind, and see what they can do individually towards getting together a subscription list, which will warrant these important works in being rendered available for the promotion of Spiritualism, as soon as possible?

MRS. TAPPAN AT BRIGHTON.

On Sunday evening, May 24th, Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, inspirational medium, will deliver an address under the influence of her spirit-guides, at the Grand Concert Hall, West Street, Brighton. Doors open at 7 o'clock; service to commence at 7.30. Admission free. A few reserved seats 2s. 6d. each, to be obtained of Mr. Bray, 82, St. James Street.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

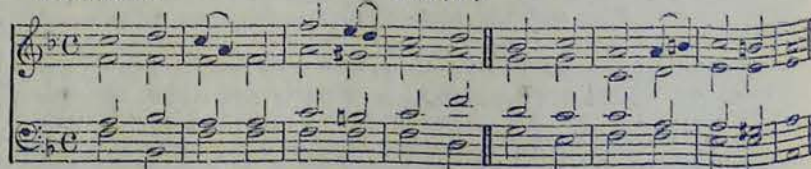
Overture on Grand Organ.

Hymn 12, "Spiritual Lyre."

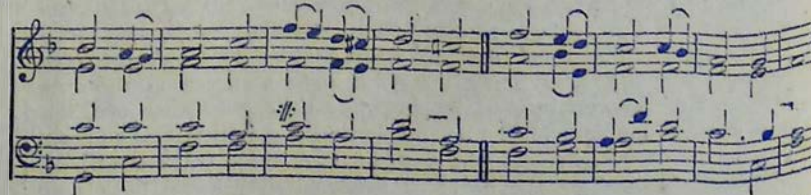
Tune—Moscow.

MOSCOW.

87.87.87.



Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah! Pil - grim thro' this bar-ren land:
I am weak, but Thou art might-y! Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:



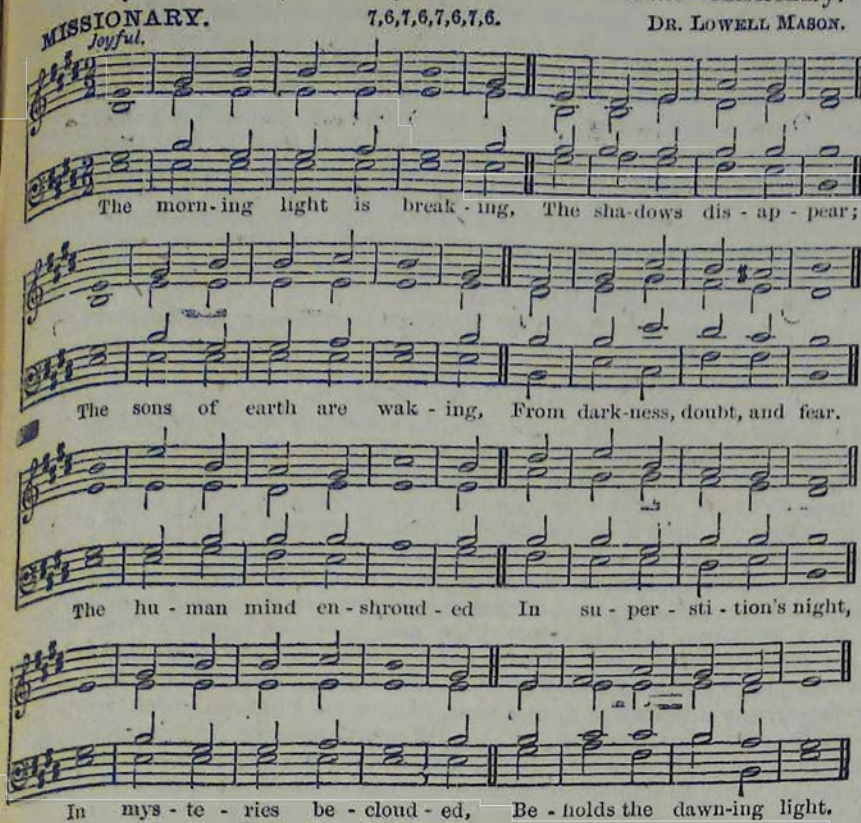
Bread of hea-ven! Bread of hea-ven! Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

LESSON.

INVOCATION.

Hymn 122, "Spiritual Lyre."

Tune—Missionary.
DR. LOWELL MASON.

A still small voice addressing,
Awakes the sleeping mind,
For evermore progressing,
It seeks for joys refined.
That voice from sphere supernal,
Comes down the world to bless,
And tells of life eternal,
And bids it onward press.

The light of truth now spreading
O'er error's darkened day,
Tells to the sad, the dreading,
There is a better day.
To those, who, long in sadness,
Have looked for joys to come,
That light proclaims with gladness
A brighter, better home.

Bright angels hover o'er us,
The welcome news to bring,
Of better scenes before us,
In rapturous joy they sing.
Earth's millions, from their sadness,
Awake with joy and love;
And, filled with peace and gladness,
Look to their home above.

Address by Mrs. Tappan under spirit-influence. Subject—
"Spiritualism; its Advantages to the Present and Future Life."

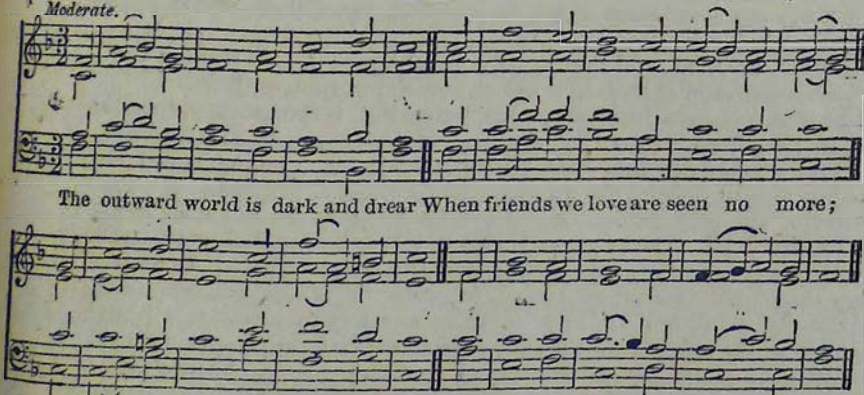
Hymn 47, "Spiritual Lyre."

Tune—Rockingham.
DR. MILLER, 1787.

ROCKINGHAM.

L. M.

DR. MILLER, 1787.



We wake no more by night to mourn.
They are not lost, but gone before;
And still their loving thoughts are borne
In music from the spirit shore.

With cheerful steps to heaven we move,
Our mortal toils will soon be o'er;
Then all the angels of our love
Will greet us on the spirit shore.

Our Father-God, for this we pray;—
That we may bear thine image more,
And do thy will in love alway,
Like angels on the spirit shore.

Impromptu poem by Mrs. Tappan, subject to be chosen by the audience.

Benediction.

Grand Organ—"March of the Israelites," from Costa's "Eli."

Mrs. Tappan's address will be reported verbatim, also the impromptu poem, in the MEDIUM for next week. Copies should be ordered at once of the agent for Brighton, Mr. Bray, 82, St. James Street.

THE MEMORIAL EDITION.

With this number of the MEDIUM we give as a supplement the conditions on which agents may procure subscribers for the memorial edition of the "Letters on Spiritualism" by Judge Edmonds, and secure valuable prizes in proportion to the number of names they receive. We have already on our books a long list of orders, but as we are anxious to go to press at once it will be necessary that all who desire to take part in this memorial, and secure copies of the work, should apply at once. We hope every Spiritualist will make it his personal concern to do all possible within his power to make this effort worthy of the occasion, and, in every sense of the term, successful. That the sentiments of many are in harmony with this object we have abundant evidence. The following paragraph is an example:—

A. Kyn, Esq., Baden, in ordering four copies, says:—"These 'Tracts' are excellent and most instructive; they ought to be sent to all parts of the world," and so they shall. The Dialectical Report went "to all ends of the earth," and the demand of the "letters" is very much greater. It will be no fault of ours if these "Letters" fall short of the grand mission they are capable of accomplishing.

MRS TAPPAN'S ORATIONS REPORTED IN THE MEDIUM.

MEDIUM

No.

- 182—Spiritualism as a Science and Spiritualism as a Religion.
- 183—What Great Teacher has produced the most Potent Effect upon Society; and Why?
- 184—The Realm of Spirit.
- 185—There is no Death.
- 186—The Spirit.
- 187—(Two Orations.) The Individual Human Spirit; and, The Connecting Link between Spiritualism and Science.
- 188—Mediumship.
- 189—Is Spiritualism Witchcraft and Sorcery?
- 190—(Two Orations.) The Experiences of a Scientific Mind on Earth and in Spirit-life, as told by Himself; and, Mystery and Meaning of the Number Three.
- 191—(Two Orations.) On the Connection between the various Mental Sciences and Spiritualism; and, The Nature and Occupations of Spiritual Existence.
- 192—(Two Orations.) The Temple of the Soul; and, Some of the Methods of Producing Spiritual Manifestations.
- 193—(Two Orations.) The Dual Apparition of the Embodied Human Spirit; and, The Heavenly Home and Spiritual Kindred.
- 194—(Two Orations.) The Eternal Progression of the Human Spirit; and some further Suggestions concerning the Methods of Spiritual Manifestation.
- 195—(Two Orations.) Cui Bono? and, A Résumé of the series on Spiritualism and Science.
- 196—Mrs. Tappan's Experiences as a Medium; also her Portrait.
- 197—The Spiritual Outlook for the New Year.
- 199—Purity.
- 200—The Need and Efficacy of Prayer.
- 201—Spiritual Gifts.
- 202—Charity.
- 203—Some of the Historical Evidences of Spiritualism.
- 204—"And these signs shall follow them that believe."
- 205—(Two Orations.) The Origin of Evil: its Introduction into the World, and the Remedy suggested by Spiritualism; and, The Signs of the Times.
- 206—The Many Mansions: or, Different Conditions of Spiritual Life.
- 207—The Influences of the Present Life upon the Future.
- 208—The Celestial Arcana: or, the Realm wherein the Attributes of the Spirit are Known and Understood.
- 209—An Address suggested by the Twenty-sixth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.
- 210—A Sermon for the Season.
- 211—An Answer to those who pronounce Spiritualism Satanic in its Origin.
- 212—Answers to several Important Questions concerning the Spirit-world.
- 213—The Hope of the World.
- 214—Further Consideration of the Methods of Spiritual Life.
- 215—Memorial Discourse on the Life and Works of Judge Edmonds, by Theodore Parker.
- 216—An Account of his passing away and Experience in the Spirit-world, by Judge Edmonds.

THESE numbers of the MEDIUM are still in print, and may be obtained at the office and through all booksellers, price 1^d. each. The whole set, post free, 4s.

THE Phrenological seance on Tuesday evening was again well attended. On Tuesday next a Phrenological analysis of the Czar will be given.

MR. HERNE has returned to London, and resumed his seances on Wednesday afternoon and Thursday evening. See Calendar. He had good seances in the north.

MR. WILLIAMS has again resumed his seances, having returned from Paris after a most successful visit. His portrait is in the hands of the engraver, and in an early number we hope to give it, accompanied by an account of his visit to Paris, and a sketch of his mediumship.

MR. BEALES had an excellent seance at the Spiritual Institution on Wednesday evening. He will give another on Wednesday week. Mrs. Blunt, of Northampton, gave a trance address at the close of Mr. Beales's seance.

THE second part of Mr. Crookes' "Researches," advertised by us as a premium book with *Human Nature* for May, and in parcels at half-price, is at present being reprinted, so that no copies can be supplied for a week or two. Orders will be received and filled as soon as the book is ready, in the rotation in which they are sent in.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE NATIONAL REFORMER.

Mr. Editor.—Dear Sir.—In last Sunday's *National Reformer* (the 17th inst.) the compiler of "Rough Notes" says he has "really read with great pain the continued accounts of these follies and cheats; one day it is Herne and Williams, another it is the Rev. Dr. Monck;" and I suppose he will really read another "account" from your humble servant, of course "with great pain," and, though I can assure him it grieves me to cause "great pain" even to "Rough Notes," yet the truth must out. That I may be a fool or a cheat I leave to the charity of his exposure.

These are a record of two seances held in my private room with my two young friends who but recently discovered they were mediums. Each of us clasped hand in hand in the centre of the floor, so that neither the one nor the other could move without the other's knowledge. The materialised hands of spirit-forms caressed us as palpably as ever mother did her child when in earth-life—not the head or face alone, but at times the arms encircled my neck, patting me on the shoulder, smoothing my face with soft, velvety palms, as if delighted that the light of truth had shone upon me. In the meantime a large low table, weighing from 80lb. to 100lb., was repeatedly lifted off the floor, notwithstanding we were about two feet and a half from it. Another smaller one, weighing over 20lb., was similarly treated, though we were fully seven or eight feet off it. A hair-cushioned chair was drawn along the floor a distance of three yards, and placed at my side. A flower-pot with a musk flower in it was brought from the midst of the others and placed at another end of the room. Twice we had showers of Barcelona nuts, a quantity of jujubes, cups and saucers brought from a sideboard, a lamp reflector and some other articles brought from a height quite beyond the reach of any person in the room unless a step-ladder were procured, which was not likely to be obtained without each other's knowledge, as the doors in the first place would require to be unfastened. A lily of the valley, as if plucked fresh from the field, and must have been brought through brick walls, as there was no other means of ingress, was placed in the wires of a small guitar that was floated in the air and played at the same time; also a tambourine, a six-keyed trumpet, and a drum, and this without the possibility of trick, machinery, or collusion. Is this like Maskelyne and Cooke and other conjurers? No machinery, no tricks; and my young clairvoyant in the meantime describing my mother's features, complexion, and dress, while I was being caressed and fondled, with her angel-arms at times around me. Neither did my young friend previous to this ever hear me speak anything concerning my family features or affairs, and I am not aware he could acquire any knowledge apart from the spiritual manifestation made known to him that evening, which lasted a little over half an hour. When we relighted, each was struck with amazement. Now, when all three—two young men and the writer—bear witness to the same phenomena, and all agree, even to particulars of these wonders of spirit-powers, surely these are not the "follies and cheats" as pictured by the editor of "Rough Notes." They certainly demand some more charitable person than that of the *National Reformer* to speak of the characters of people they know not; some more competent and scientific authority to deal with these subtle forces than evolvers of sensational paragraphs.

At the next seance several friends were present, the names and addresses of whom can be had from Mr. Burns if desired. Shortly after the light was out, the guitar, tambourine, six-keyed trumpet, and drum were floated in the air and played. By-and-by down came a shower of sweets, somewhat over a pound and a half, and were of a choice description. The stopper was taken off a decanter containing wine, a cupful poured out and passed to the lips of the sitters, and several of us tasted it. The cup was afterwards taken back and placed on the cupboard from whence it came. An oval picture-frame, 16½ by 15, with my photograph in it, fastened to a brass hook in the wall, was taken down and placed on a small table where we sat. Other marvels took place at these seances, but at present I refrain from putting them in print, as I expect none but confirmed Spiritualists could believe them, though they are known to the Psychological Society of Liverpool. I can now fully believe that Mrs. Guppy was carried by the spirits the distance reported some time ago in the columns of your paper, as some things having life have been passed through brick walls and locked doors, there being no other way of ingress at the time the passage took place. I am not by nature, so my friends tell me, very sensational or given to romance, but, as a rule, love matter-of-fact above everything, which may to some extent account why I became a materialist, and remained one for over seventeen years.

The explanation of the orthodox churches of living again after death not being either satisfactory or reliable, the definitions of the spirit existing in a state of consciousness after the body ceased to encumber it, and yet having no substance—in fact they explained it away, and defined its nothingness so well that it became literally nothing, or very much resembled a legless stocking without a foot, consequently I could not receive it other than a pious fiction. But Spiritualism has presented such realities that I have been of necessity forced mentally to accept it, not as an hypothesis, but that none other than disembodied spirits could manifest as I have witnessed. My inferences have been drawn to the best of my ability from observation of facts, and based upon the principles taught me, and so frequently appearing in the columns of secular publications, that material means alone can be relied upon in all phases of existence. The spiritualised material means have been offered me, or rather I have worked for it to come within my reach. "I sought, and found; I knocked, and the door was opened unto me." My convictions have been brought about from witnessing the phenomena, not with paid mediums, but with my known and tried friends, at the fireside of home, with my nearest and dearest relatives. Many times would I ask myself, Is spirit-communication true? I confess I had some prejudice against it, as I then believed it to be a delusion, but the startling details appearing week after week in the *MEDIUM* seemed to have awakened not only the nervous and weak, but the shrewd and strong-minded. I thought there must be some observers reliable. All men cannot be liars, neither can they all labour under hallucination, so I continued investigating, and the above are some of the phenomena I have witnessed. I do not think the home circle, when clothed with facts, need fear the scurrilous attacks of newspaper editors,

as many of them know not what they say, especially those who pronounce Spiritualism at an end, and yet cannot define what it is. I have said to myself, "Farewell materialism; supplanted by a higher truth, thou hast no more place here: I have drunk deep the waters of the new life." Though I have yet to learn that secularism is not true, I have but added a missing link to the chain of existence. Change, change, higher, still higher, yet the inevitable law called death still before me, though now robbed of its sting. Yes, there is a voice that can reach the heart; not the threat of fire and brimstone that tortures, yet consumeth not, without even a moral aim of reformation in view, but a voice that is mightier and deeper, which tells of a heaven wherein the Creator reigneth—the voice of truth and love.

W. H. D., jun., Medium, 55, Great Newton Street,
Louis Sidney, Medium, and

Your humble servant, P. C. B., 21, Chatham Street, Liverpool.

AN INTERRUPTED SEANCE.

To the Editor.—Sir.—In company with a few lady friends I availed myself of the opportunity of paying a visit to Mr. Webster's seance, at the Institution on Monday evening last, and the sitting (if I may so term it) was of such an extraordinary character that I have ventured to pen these few lines in order that the matter may be set right with the general public. I and my friends went with the idea of having a very enjoyable evening, but, as the sequel proved, the fates, or rather a clique, were against us, and a more tumultuous or disorderly seance I never witnessed, and fervently trust may never see repeated. The short facts are as follow:—There were present, in all, thirty-three persons—twenty-six "gentlemen" and seven ladies. The medium (Mr. Webster) was introduced by his chairman, who, I am informed, invariably acts in that capacity for Mr. Webster, and the latter gentleman, in a few short remarks, stated that it was perfectly impossible to do justice either to himself or to his numerous sitters in so short a time as two hours, and as each sitter could not be passed under review, he was perfectly willing that those persons should come again (free) some other evening, or he would give them a sitting at their private homes, free of charge. It seems almost incredible, but this very reasonable and sensible proposition was received with a storm of "Noes," worthy of those classic regions familiarly known as the "Dials." Thereupon a babel of tongues burst forth in one loud but inharmonious sound, the result being to destroy all necessary conditions favourable to a successful sitting, and to throw Mr. Webster into an utter state of nervousness. At last something like order was restored. The medium then selected a very young man, sitting immediately at the side of him, whose cheeks were ruddier than the cherry, and whose questions tended to elicit the private history of his family from the time of the Flood to the present time for the benefit of the general body of persons present. Various questions were asked, some of which this simple-minded youth declared were incorrect, whereupon, without the accuracy of that statement being tested, a chorus of derisive shouts were raised against the medium, in which such choice expressions as "Humbug," "Impostor," "Swindler," were freely indulged in by several "gentlemen." A gentleman, whom I recognised as your very talented correspondent "Scribo," thereupon rose, and begged that, whatever opinions those present might hold, they should give Mr. Webster a calm and patient hearing, and with considerable difficulty "Scribo" managed for the time to cast oil upon the troubled waters. The next gentleman who presented himself was evidently one of those who consider "you can't humbug me," as he both looked and acted it to perfection. He alleged that the medium answered two questions correctly and two incorrectly, whereupon, upon the latter statement being made, renewed shouts of derision arose, and again the seance was in a tumult. But why need I detail more? After two other gentlemen had sat, and before the medium had finished with the last—and, by-the-bye, which was getting exceedingly interesting—this clique turned the seance into a discussion hall, and so broke up the sitting, and some went so far as to insist upon their money being returned, which was done.

I should, however, add that a lady present gave Mr. Webster a very high-class testimonial both as a trance and clairvoyant medium.

I have two objects in writing this letter, but before stating them I may be permitted to say that I am a total stranger to Mr. Webster, and that I never saw him previous to last Monday evening, and I do this in order to prevent the appearance of collusion, my main object, as a lover of fair play, being to point out what I consider the disgraceful treatment of Mr. Webster, and this I think any impartial person will think I have done; my other object being to suggest that at future sittings the number should be limited to twelve or fifteen, and that each person pledge himself or herself not in any way to interfere with the medium or the seance, and that any person breaking the condition should be expelled.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, FAIR PLAY.

P.S.—For your personal information and as a guarantee I send you my name and address.

[Mr. Webster's health has been so much injured by these captious sitters, that he must discontinue all seances and engagements for the present.—Ed. M.]

MANIFESTATIONS AT NEWCASTLE.

To the Editor.—Sir.—Can you give place to a few remarks respecting a seance which took place on Wednesday night last at my house with two of my family and myself and four friends of ours? We sat down in a small room in the dark, and opened out our meeting with prayer and singing a hymn, and, after asking the usual question if we were sitting in our proper places, we got the answer immediately, "All right." Then we asked if our friend "Jack," the spirit, could give some knocks on the table, which was done lightly at first, but then increased to something like a joiner driving nails into the table, and we were all very much astonished at the loud knocking. After a little time was spent in this way, "Jack" commenced to whistle, faintly at first, but it increased to a sound like a shepherd whistling on his dog. Then he gave a few tunes; some of them were "Over the Water to Charlie," "Calvary's Hill," "I'm Afloat," and "The Keel Row." At one time he was heard distinctly by us all whistling outside of the house. But before we got through thus far, I called upon my wife to come up and hear for

herself, and "Jack" whistled on her at the same time, as a boy does when he wants his playmate to come out. When she came up she stood a few minutes at the door and heard him whistling, and was quite astonished, as my wife is rather sceptical. Before she came up, however, "Jack" had announced to us that he was going to bring something into the room. We requested "Jack" not to bring anything into the room till my wife was present, with which request he readily complied. When he left the circle he said he was going to Mr. Petty's, who was present, to bring a slipper of Mrs. Petty's; and he told us when he came back he would let us know by giving three knocks on the table, which he did in good style, and then down dropped the slipper on the table. I may state that the distance between the two houses is about 600 yards. The last thing that Mrs. Petty did before leaving her house, was to take off her slippers and put on her boots, and she left the house with her husband, the two boys having left a few minutes before them. One of the boys is "Jack's" medium, twelve years of age. "Jack" told us that he was assisted in the night's performance by "White Jack," the first Jack being a black African boy. So when we talk to them, we say "White Jack" and "Black Jack," to make a distinction. I could give you more of the night's proceedings of a different kind, through the other son of Mr. Petty, sixteen years old; but I think the above will suffice at the present time.—Yours truly, A. Scott.

7, Clumber Street, Newcastle, May 13, 1874.

P.S.—I forgot to say that the slipper was quite cold to our touch when we handled it, and it had the appearance of having been out in the wet, as it was spotted over with rain-drops. A. S.

OBJECTIVE CONDITIONS OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—Your correspondent "J. G. S." asks in No. 211 of the *Medium* several questions. He will, I think, find them all answered in the "Arcana of Christianity," by T. L. Harris, especially the first part, on Genesis. As, however, this volume is out of print, and may not be in the Progressive Library* at present, I will make a few brief remarks on the subject.

(1) *Scenery in the spiritual world.* Harris speaks of the scenery there being like that of our world, only in the higher regions far more glorious.

(2) *Is there any such thing in spirit-life as active disease, or anything more than the result of disease in earth-life gradually dying away as the spirit and its spiritual body are developed?*

Inasmuch as the spirit is the real man, and the material body but a temporary covering for the earth-life only; and inasmuch as a dead body—i.e. one from which the spirit has departed—cannot suffer from disease, does it not follow that disease in its origin is spiritual? I believe all disease of body results primarily from disease of spirit;† and that were a man perfectly sinless, or, as some would say, perfectly developed and progressed in spirit, his outward body would correspond. Harris teaches that the evils which a man has not overcome in himself when he enters the spirit-life appear there as disease in his spiritual organism, and that there are spiritual medicines for those thus spiritually sick.

(3) *Locomotion in the spirit-world.* Harris, as well as Swedenborg, states that time and space do not exist in the spirit-world as they exist here. Consequently if two spirits wish to communicate with each other they are instantly present.

(4) *Is language spoken with the mouth and heard with the ears? and are there not more instantaneous means of conveying thought?* Harris says both means are used, and gives instances thereof. Sometimes spirits speak audibly, and sometimes the thoughts of one flow into the mind of the other without speech.

Is there any such thing as spirit conception and birth distinct from physical birth? if not, how is it that sex exists? Can it be that every child born on earth has spirit parents other than those of whom its body is born?

Certainly Harris's writings contain much on this point. If sex exists in the spirit-life, sex functions must exist also, freed, however, in heaven, from all perversions thereof. Again, the creation of the spirit is prior to that of the body. How, then, is it created? Through the heavenly nuptial union of angelic counterparts, who are the spiritual parents of every child; every child is therefore in his origin pure and sinless, until, by assuming the exterior degree of his spiritual organism (with, of course, the material body) through natural generation, he inherits the evils and imperfections of his parents, which he has to overcome in himself as he grows up, if he wishes to progress. It may be asked if evil spirits are ever the spiritual parents of earthly children? No, because that which makes the man, and distinguishes him from the lower animals, is the existence of that which Harris terms the soul-germ. This soul-germ is the first formation of a man, and is created by God out of Himself, and afterwards receives the two outer degrees of spiritual substance, as I have stated. The possession of this soul-germ enables a man to live for ever as a conscious individual. Animals possess the two outer degrees of spiritual substance, but not the interior or soul-germ; hence at their death they do not retain their individuality, but pass into other forms. This is the great distinction between man and animals. So also as the soul-germ can only pass through the organisms of angels or perfected spirits, the creations produced by the sexual union of evil or unprogressed spirits are not human beings, but merely spiritual creations corresponding to the character of the spiritual parents thereof, and not lasting for ever as distinct individual forms.

Let me urge upon Spiritualists to study attentively Harris's great work, the "Arcana of Christianity." The "Christianity" which it upholds is that taught by Christ himself, and not that spurious doctrine taught now under that holy name to which it has no right. The system given through Harris is the most rational and complete that I have seen; in fact, there is not a single problem on spiritual subjects which has ever occurred to my mind, the solution of which I have not found stated, or at any rate hinted at, in his works. His remarks on social questions in the third part of the "Arcana" (Apocalypse), which is in print, are very striking and instructive. I may add that, according to

the latest accounts I have received, his society at Brocton is flourishing as well as could be desired. M. D.

P.S.—I would call to the notice of your readers a remarkable work just published (third edition) by my friend the Rev. Andrew Jukes, entitled "The Restoration of all Things." In this work he proves conclusively—(1) from common sense; (2) from the Bible; (3) from the early Christian fathers—that the doctrine of eternal torment in hell, even for the worst of mankind, is utterly false. The work is exciting great interest and discussion in the *Church Times*, a well-known High-Church paper. These are indeed signs of the times. The doctrine is one which it behoves all who worship a God of love, and not an almighty, tyrant to oppose; for its consequences are disastrous. I have now under my care a young man, a Wesleyan, who has always lived an excellent life, who is quite insane on this subject, firmly believing that he will be tortured with ever-increasing suffering in hell for ever, and of course his health is suffering greatly therefrom.

ENGLISH POETRY AND SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—I am only too glad that "Investigator," though "he has nothing to learn from Mr. Barlow," has taken up supple and lengthy cudgels in his own defence, and has made out a better case for himself than his first letter would have led one to expect. Still it must be maintained that to argue from the manifestation to the test—in other words, from the spirit to the medium, who is bound for the express purpose of proving the reality of the manifestations, the appearance of that spirit included—is what is commonly called arguing in a circle. It is, as I said before, an attempt to confirm a test by the alleged fact which that test is intended to establish, and therefore is not a valid argument.

May I trespass a little further on your space by putting forward a suggestion which may perhaps be of use to writers and lecturers upon Spiritualism. It is that they should turn their attention to the rich store of latent or unconscious Spiritualism which English poetry, and especially modern English poetry, contains. A lecture on the latent Spiritualism contained in the writings of such men as Swinburne, Tennyson, Browning, Rossetti, John Payne, Buchanan, and MacDonald could not fail to throw a great deal of fresh light upon the subject. I am continually coming upon passages in which these and other poets, not avowed Spiritualists, intuitively give utterance to subtle and valuable spiritual teaching. While I am upon this subject may I venture to quote a short poem of my own, written before I knew anything of Spiritualism—a mere product of fancy? I quote it because it is exactly in accordance with a sentence of Mrs. Tappan's from the last number of the *Medium*, and therefore illustrates, in its humble way, that unconscious poetic tendency of which I spoke above. Mrs. Tappan said: "How is it, then, that when a mother's son is slain upon the battle-field she sometimes is pierced with the very pain of the bullet that has sent his life out? At the instant, at the moment, without any other warning than her own soul, she is aware that he is slain. How is it, then, that souls passing suddenly from earthly life visit a kindred soul, that may be thousands of miles away, with a sudden pang and thought that that one is dead?" Last year I wrote—

FROM PARIS TO SAARBRUCK.

(A Ballad.)

A lady watched the banners shine,
As Gallie warriors trode
The streets of Paris—"To the Rhine,"
They shouted; and the road
Was gay with that resplendent line.
No doubt nor qualm they showed;
But her heart said, "My love is dead,"
And soft tears overflowed.
The lady cried, "My love hath died!"
Prophetic was her speech;
That moment he, intrepidly,
Mounted a distant breach,
And fell among red bodies flung
Neath oak and ash and beech;
Chirvoyance came to that fair dame—
Her glance his glance did reach.

The coincidence is very singular. I remember also writing in 1871—

Can any love her, as I loved her, now?
Though she be wedded, will he even then
Be cognisant of every braid as when
For very love I kissed her pure white brow,
Though miles of distance were between?

I remain, yours very truly,
Sweetbriars, Blackheath, May 14th. GEORGE BARLOW.

THE NEW COLLEGE SCHEME.

To the Editor.—Sir,—As one live man is worth ten dead lions, there appears to be some prospect of a few of your numerous readers awakening from the trance state. They seem to have discovered that table-tipping and spirit-rapping are small matters compared to the work Spiritualism is destined to accomplish for the benefit of mankind. It is evident the time has now arrived for action, as a genuine Spiritualist must feel that all the table-tipping in the world would never erect a National Institution on the scale pointed out by us in various numbers of *Human Nature* for 1873. From the numerous letters we have received from different parts of the country, we have come to the conclusion that some of the dry bones have been shaken: in short, some of our correspondents have gone so far as to believe that the time has arrived when Spiritualists may attempt some grand work in this line. Personally we have always believed in genuine, practical work. Our scheme has been fully described in letters which appeared in last year's numbers of *Human Nature*. The April number for 1873 is in particular one of great importance. Would it not be advisable to reprint that number, together with some of the other letters which illustrate the work we propose carrying out? We would take 100 copies to begin with, and think, if Spiritualists wake up to practical business, several thousands

* We have one copy for the use of readers.—Ed. M.

† A. J. Davis coincides in this view.—Ed. M.

might be disposed of. It is impossible to answer individually the numerous inquiries daily made of us concerning this business, for we can assure our genuine friends and co-workers that our time is fully occupied, but we have forwarded to the Spiritual Institution, a copy of our prospectus of the Elementary and Industrial Training Institution dedicated to the people of all nations, and in a few days the book, representing the College, shall be forwarded. Large lithographic views (now in preparation) will be furnished to the shareholders of the College. There are many matters connected with this business with which it is important that our friends who propose taking an active part in the College work should be made acquainted. We have stated in former letters that many advantages will be conferred on the first body of shareholders, and there will be numerous sources of creative industrial wealth for sustaining the College, which cannot fail to make it a great success if common prudence is exercised. We therefore advise our friends to communicate with the Spiritual Institution, as Mr. Burns has been, and will continue to be, furnished with every detail from time to time, and remain, yours faithfully,
THE RESURRECTIONISTS.

2 the Editor of the Examiner.

THE COMING CZAR.

I had Rather have
Such men my Friends, than Enemies.

Julius Caesar, Act V., Sc. 4.

Sir,—It will not be many hours but the "Emperor of all the Russias" sets his Imperial feet on British Soil. A few Weeks ago we Received with Open Arms, his Fare Daughter Alexandrowna, as the Wife of our Beloved Prince Alfred, and now We are quite Prepared to give her Father a Hearty Welcome. The jewel-Bedecked Persian Potentate has Been and Gone!—we have Seen the Shar! Now we are anxious to see the Czar. Sumthink like 20 years ago many of our Brave Countrymen Waited upon the Russian Monark in his own Domain, but Did Not Meet with a Very Frendly Reception. It was in those days that We Lert the names of Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, & Sebastopol. Those were Sangwinary Times! Russians & Englishmen were Foes 2 each other then; but Now, "the Seen is Changed,"—we Smoke the "Calumet of Peace" 2gether, and Drink our Grog out of the same Glass! As Napoleon III. sed, "The Empires is Peace!" 2 which we say, Amen! It is Hoped by many, and xpected by a fue, that the Czar may Visit Brighton. It is my Opinyun that He Mite do Worse than avale himself of the inducements held Out By the L. B. & S. C. Raleway for Spending ten hours at the Seaside, and it Need not cost him the ordinary 3s. fare. It mite B asked by Sum, What we have 2 show him? In the 1st place, Brighton is the Largest Plezbur town in the World—There is no sort of Manufactur carried on in it, & it is Supported entirely by Visitors. Among the Sites, we have (1) Three Miles in Length of Splendid Mansions facing the Sea. (2) The Royal Pavilion—a Palace of Oriental Magnificence. (3) A Peerless Pier. (4) An Akwarium—the Grandest Abode ever inhabited by the denizens of the deep. (5) The outside of the Akwarium—a Monniment of Folly. (6) A Grand Hotel. (7) A Sewer 7 Miles Long with a fall of only 3 feet in a Mile! (8) A Bronze Statue of George 4th. (9) A Trophy of War—2 Guns Captured in the Crimea! But hush! it wood Never Do 2 show the Czar those! The Site wood B one 2 meny for Him, & He wood say aloud sumthink thusly:—"Peeplo of Brighton! You Honnerd me By inviting me 2 visit yure Bewtiful Town, but you have Dun yure Best 2 Humiliate me by Bringing these Guns under my Notiss!" and then 2 himself he wood say—"This has Riled me—this has Got Alexander's shirt out—but the Time will cum!" &c. That must not B. If the Czar visits Brighton, or Even if He does Not—We shoold Do a Gracious & Wise ackshun by Remooing, once & for Ever, the 2 Guns We Took from his Country on our last visit. After the Laps of so meny yeers, surely We can Afford 2 B a Little Bit Magnanimus over the Matter. What Patriotic Englishman cood Endure 2 see, yeer after yeer, 1 of our Guns exhibited in a Public Skware of St. Petersburg, as a Trophy of War? Wood such a Site B Pleasing 2 him, or do his hart Good 2 contemplate? No! Well, Russians have there Finer feelings as well as Englishmen, which are entitled 2 the same Respect. Putting Sentimentality on 1 side, i think We ort 2 Commemorate the Czar's Peaceful Visit 2 this Country by Berring the 2 Russian Guns that are Now exhibited on the Steyne. But we must Do it unostentashusly, & Without a Flurish of Trumpets. Sum Little Bird wood Praps take Note of the Matter & Wisper it in the Czar's Ear, & if it did Not tuch sum cord of his Impeerial hart, it wood B sumwhot odd. At any Rate, He cood Not think eny the Worse of Us, Nor cood we think eny the Worse of ourselves for having dun a Little act of Magnanimity Towards our Russian Friends. I commend these obzervashuns 2 our Town Kounsul. A fue Members of it have already expressed Themselves in Favor of the Suggestion—It dus Credit 2 thare Heds and harts. Let us hope the Best of the others.—I am, Sur, Youres Patriotically,
Brighton, April 11th, 1874.

DAMOCLES.

—Brighton Examiner.

ROBERT OWEN'S BIRTHDAY.

The anniversary of Robert Owen's birthday was held in Doughty Hall on Monday evening. The assemblage was of varied composition, Barmby, Bradlaugh, and Burns occupying representative group centres. The proceedings were somewhat tame, and anything but Owenesque. Some good songs were sung.

Mr. G. J. Holyoake made a good speech. He said if there be a future life, how miserable must be the fate of those who did nothing while on earth but for their own personal wants. With these he contrasted such men as Owen, and made an excellent spiritualistic speech. Mr. Shorter also made some excellent remarks. Mr. Jeffreys, the chairman, in introducing him, remarking, with a broad grin, that all sections of Mr. Owen's adherents should be heard. This was alluded to, no doubt, from the fact that Mr. Shorter is a well-known Spiritualist. In the course of his speech he said that a true remembrance of Mr. Owen might be better observed by imitating his ever-ready desire for the acquirement of truth than in repeating his favourite words and maxims. He did not once allude to Spiritualism, and it was not mentioned during the whole evening, it evidently being a ghost which none of the company cared to face. Mr. Shorter expressed our idea exactly,

and had we been permitted to speak we should have regretted that the memory of a universal man should be conserved in the effete notions of an obscure clique, who have about as little relation to Robert Owen as modern churchites have to the reformer Jesus. But it is so with all sects, whether Owenites or Christians. They carefully worship the letter and forget the spirit. They read extracts from the reported speeches of their heroes, memorise special sentences, appeal to the approbateness of the departed, and do nothing. It was acknowledged that co-operative shop-keeping was the chief fruit of socialistic effort since Mr. Owen's decease, and even that step was not very highly appreciated by Mr. Owen. Exactly so, and here is the key to progress. Worship Robert Owen no longer, but look within your own minds for the perception of principles which will lead each of you individually to do something for humanity. Do not try to imitate Mr. Owen, but be men yourselves. All true methods are universal, and must take the shape of the individual mind which manifests them. This being so, there are no truths peculiar to any one man. It is the individual expression of truth which is personal, and after the man has gone it is folly to try to retain his shadow.

SPIRITUALISM IN GLASGOW.

Dear Sir,—The Spiritualists of Glasgow have had the honour of first welcoming to the shores of old Britain one of the best, if not the very best, physical mediums which America has entrusted for a little time to our keeping. Since the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fay in our midst last week we have been treated to a series of the most astounding exhibitions of spirit-power which it has been the good fortune of the Spiritualists and sceptics here to witness—since the visit of the Davenport Brothers. Mrs. Fay has made for herself—or rather the spirits have—a name widely known throughout the whole States of America. She came amongst us with her husband quite unannounced and unexpectedly, and already she numbers whole hosts of the Spiritualists here as her most sincere friends. As she is on her way to London, and will probably be with you ere long, it may not be out of place to state shortly the nature of the phenomena which take place in her presence. I have already attended two of her seances, at each of which the manifestations were of the most inexplicable character.

On Friday evening last we had an introductory sitting in one of Mr. Bowman's rooms, at which Mr. Fay presided, and in a few choice remarks explained to us the peculiar claims they made to the attention of Spiritualists and the scientific world. A sceptical gentleman was then invited to act as a representative on behalf of the company, which consisted of nearly twenty persons. A very intelligent person was found who was known to have no faith whatever in the phenomena. The medium, Mrs. Fay, was then most securely bound by the wrist with strips of soft cloth, her hands being tied behind her back, and fastened thoroughly to a ring which was secured by a staple to the wall. The knots of the cloth were then sewn together, and a similar strip was fastened to her neck, which was also drawn tight up to another staple at her back. Her feet were then tied firmly together with a cord, the end of which was let into the circle, and held by the committee the whole evening while the phenomena were being displayed. I should have mentioned that there was no cabinet, one of the angles of the apartment serving instead, and a curtain measuring about six feet high being drawn across so as to darken it effectually while the manifestations proceeded. There appeared to be, and I believe there was, no possibility of the medium getting out of her bonds; yet while thus secured, the most remarkable experiments were successfully performed. A tape was instantaneously knotted around her neck as soon as Mr. Fay had drawn the curtain, and the gas was half lowered. It must be observed that everyone in the room, excepting Mrs. Fay, was quite visible, and no one could possibly render her any assistance without being immediately detected. Bells and guitar were placed on the lap of the medium, and played some most unheavenly music, accompanied by a mouth harmonium. A ring, borrowed from a gentleman, was placed on the nose of Mrs. Fay in a manner which occasioned not a little mirth. Some fantastic figures were cut in paper with scissors by the same unearthly hands, and a nail was driven into a piece of board with a hammer by what really seemed to those present to be none other than some spiritual carpenter. As a tradesman, I at least can testify that it was done in a thoroughly mechanical manner. When the curtain was lowered at this time, a chair was also found lying across her knees. The next experiment was with a glass of water, which was laid on a board on her lap. As soon as the curtain was drawn we could hear the medium drinking, and immediately upon light being called the glass was observed well nigh empty, while her hands were still bound, and all the knots were found intact. Immediately thereafter, on the light being again lowered, a large, heavy iron pail was lifted by the same power, and placed over her head like an extinguisher. The spirits were then requested by Mr. Fay to cut the medium free without injuring the knots. This was done with the aid of a sharp penknife, and in a most incredible short space of time, the blade of the knife being closed with a snap after the performance had been accomplished, and Mrs. Fay stood before us still bound by the wrists, knots, sewing, and everything as they had been at the first.

This concluded the first half of the evening's seance. The ring test, so often described in your columns, formed another interesting feature, and was greatly appreciated by the individual on whom it was bestowed, the gentleman who acted as committee. He afterwards declared before the whole company that he could swear before any magistrate that the contact between Mrs. Fay's hands and his had not been for one instant broken. I myself can certify, from careful scrutiny, that previous to the light being put out there was no ring either upon his arm or on hers.

After the most successful experiment with the iron ring, the company was arranged in a circle in the middle of the floor, a chair being placed for each sitter to the number of seventeen. Mrs. Fay sat on a camp-stool in the centre, and during the rest of the evening she was unbound. We had every assurance, however, that she was no operator in what followed in the dark seance. She kept her hands constantly clapping the whole time we sat, excepting when she rose once, at request of our sceptical and cute committee-man, to place them on his. All the rest of us formed hands around, and Mrs. Fay was held by two of the most

unbelieving gentlemen present, who each declared he had not moved in any manner which could possibly produce the extraordinary results which followed. The gas being completely turned off, the bells, guitar, fans, &c., which had been laid on our knees previously, immediately began to give signs of animation, and in a few seconds a perfect clamour of noises ensued. The bell which I had lying on my knee started up quite suddenly and darted off to the other side of the circle, while the guitar, which had been laid near a friend on the opposite side, came twanging most melodiously towards me and settled between my legs, playing all the while. Then it suddenly darted up and sailed over my head and gave me three heavy thumps thereon. At the same moment I felt what seemed to be soft velvety finger's patting me gently on the hands, and my legs were stroked soothingly, and at other times roughly, by what seemed to be a large, heavy hand. While this was going on with me Mr. James Bowman had a sharp attack made upon him by a spirit who professed to be his father, and who, in a most unparental manner proceeded to divest him of his clothing. His collar was completely torn from off his neck, and his vest buttons were unloosed in a very unceremonious manner. An attack was also made upon Mrs. Bowman's bonnet, but upon her protesting, the intelligent something immediately desisted. I should say there were about four or five individuals being operated upon at one time, and all in the most varied fashion. Some were being grasped by hands, others had their hair pulled. Some were fanned very graciously by the kindly influences, and very grateful were they for it, as the room was oppressively hot. Somehow or other the guitar stuck to me very intimately nearly the whole evening; sometimes, however, darting with marvellous speed away quite out of my sphere, and favouring some other grateful mortal with its incessant twang.

During all this time, as I have already said, Mr. Fay was firmly held by the sceptics, and Mrs. Fay kept up the patting with her hands. She was the only one who was free, and that only at times, as she offered her hands to be held repeatedly during the seance, and without diminishing perceptibly the power that was in operation, although it could be observed that when she rose the side of the circle furthest distant from her was not so powerfully affected; it was, however, intensified around her person. It was suggested by Mr. Fay that someone's boots might be pulled off. Immediately I requested mine to be removed. At once what seemed to be a large hand seized me by the heel, and my foot was minus its leather. I held out my other foot. With the utmost precision it was similarly dealt with. Thinking I might as well go the whole length, and have entire comfort in coolness, I requested my sock to be drawn off. My feet were sweating, and swollen, with the heat; nevertheless, an attempt was immediately made to remove the woollen sock. I felt the same large hand dragging at the toe, and tugging at the heel, sometimes, indeed, pulling at the leg inside the trousers. I should mention the stocking was a very tight fit, and that it takes me considerable trouble to take it off sometimes myself. It will be seen, then, with what patience this invisible stripper wrought when I mention that it took about ten minutes to get the garment dragged off. During all that time others in the circle were being freely touched, and the instruments were kept twanging, and ringing, and fanning. I cannot, for lack of space, enter into all the particulars of that extraordinary seance. It was certainly the most extraordinary I ever attended, considering that it was conducted under what I do not hesitate to declare the most thorough test conditions. Both Mr. and Mrs. Fay were unsparing in their efforts to please and render every satisfaction. That they succeeded may be certified from the fact that an opportunity was given at the close for anyone to raise objections against any of the proceedings. No one, however, dissented, believer and unbeliever being alike seemingly perfectly bewildered and satisfied with their evening's spiritual entertainment.

Mrs. Fay is certain to prove an attraction to the London Spiritualists and investigators. She is young and interesting, and her manner and bearing at once indicates that she is, apart from the prevalent feeling regarding public mediums, above suspicion, honest and sincere. She will carry with her from Glasgow the best wishes of the Spiritualists, and many who, till her arrival in this city, had deemed Spiritualism to be nought else but the veriest delusion and imposture.

Hoping you will be able to insert this in your first issue, I remain, yours very truly,
163, Hospital Street.

JAMES BROWN.

MR. MORSE'S TOUR IN THE PROVINCES.

On no previous occasion has Mr. Morse's time been so fully or usefully occupied as during the present season. He has had no spare time on hand, and his engagements have not only been incessant, but productive of good results. The Heckmondwike friends have sent us a very enthusiastic report of the success which attended his visit there, and he has been requested to spare them another visit as early as other engagements will permit. In Manchester the newspaper reports show that the attendances were large and attentive, but the attitude of the newspaper Press was rather ungracious. Mr. Morse was characterised as an impostor, and his address a rigmarole. A different reception was given to him by the *Oldham Evening Express* of Monday, which thus chronicles his visit to Oldham:—

"THE SPIRITUALISTS.—Yesterday, Mr. J. J. Morse, of London, a trance-medium of great reputation among the Spiritualists, delivered two addresses, afternoon and evening, in the Temperance Hall, Horsedgate Street. The attendance on both occasions was numerous, and the highly-eloquent and closely-reasoned addresses—or orations, as they might be termed—were listened to with the closest and most sustained attention. Both addresses bore directly on the subject of Spiritualism, and its immediate relation to humanity. In the afternoon, Mr. Morse undertook the task of showing that the occupants of the spirit-land were sentient and sympathetic beings, or essences; and in the evening, he took up the argument as to the development of spiritualistic influences, beginning with the remotest time and bringing his hypotheses down to the present day. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to him at the close. To-night he delivers another address."

THERE will be shortly published at the Progressive Library a comprehensive work on the Turkish bath by Mr. Metcalfe of Paddington Green, one of the most successful of modern hydropathic practitioners.

SPIRITUALISM AT SOMERS TOWN.

On Sunday morning last a service was held in the Temperance Hall, Weir's Passage, Charlton Street, Euston Road. Mrs. Bullock delivered, in the trance state, an address of an hour's duration, on the subject of "Man's future state," showing "when, how, and where it could be proved." At the commencement of the service, a hymn was sung from the "Spiritual Lyre," after which Mr. Haxby read a few lines from *Human Nature* on "What happens after death," written by Andrew Jackson Davis. Another hymn was sung, and the 7th chapter of Revelations was read, after which Mrs. Bullock, under the influence of her guides, rose, and in a clear and distinct manner commenced what proved a most instructive and interesting address. She explained the vast difference between soul and spirit; how that the soul was the instrument, builded up of man's actions, thoughts, &c.; how that man might so use his powers as to enslave the soul, but not the spirit. The spirit being without form, man could not destroy it, as it is the immortal part of his being, and must go on ever progressing throughout all the vast ages of eternity. She described the spirit-world and those who were located as inhabitants of that sphere, and how that those, our brothers and sisters who had died, were still living and were now near stretching down their tender hands in order to hold communion and hand down their messages of love. At the close of the lecture, the spirits directing Mrs. Bullock announced that next Sunday morning they would have a change, and instead of the usual service a seance would be held. Another hymn was sung, and the meeting closed.

FALSE COMMUNICATIONS THROUGH THE TABLE.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—I regret that no one should have attempted to offer an explanation of the difficulty to which I referred in my former letter, or should have rendered any advice on the subject. Your correspondent "W. S." is as much in the dark as myself, and leaves the matter where it was. Can no one shed a ray of light on the subject? So far as I can make out, it would appear to be the general, or even the universal experience that none but bad spirits communicate through tables. Is it so or not? Has anyone ever had any good communications through the table? Has anyone in this manner ever communicated with departed relatives or friends whose identity (mind this, for I have often had professed relatives and friends come) has been established beyond question? If so, I hope he will favour us with his experience.

"W. S." and myself are quite agreed in one thing, that is, that this kind of thing is likely to prove a great hindrance to the progress of Spiritualism. I am myself obliged to relinquish the thing entirely; nor dare I advise anyone else to form a circle in their homes. I am afraid (nay, I am almost certain) that they will meet with the same experience as myself, and that further discredit will be brought on the cause.

I may have something further to say about this matter, but for the present I will wait to see if anyone has anything to say about it.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly,
X. Y. Z.

[As far as our experience goes, untruthful communications are the exception. Can any of our readers throw light on the subject?—Ed. M.]

J. B. P., a member of the society at Hull, says he has only been acquainted with Spiritualism four months. He has had communications from several of his relatives, and thanks God for the light it has brought him. He is now earnestly devoted to the promotion of Spiritualism.

F. WARDER.—The term Spiritualist is so vague and indefinite that the crowd who are thus designated may well merit your criticism. Spiritualism is really a principle—the love of truth—and we know that truth is the voice of God speaking to the soul, and where it is recognised there must always be justice and goodness. Many, however, are considered Spiritualists whose development falls very far short of the appreciation of principle. They may believe that a table will tip when touched by the fingers, that a message may be obtained from a departed relative, or that a spirit-world exists. The degree of intelligence and spiritual development being, then, so various, it is impossible that unity of purpose or of perception can characterise the mass. Our paper is a record of the struggles after development which this varied crowd presents, and, in justice to truth, and as a faithful mirror of passing events, it is our duty to present all sides of the question. This inharmoniousness is not peculiar to the Spiritualists of to-day, or to ordinary mortals. We sometimes hear Peter, James, John, and others called "saints." Jesus is looked upon as an embodiment of love, and God is regarded as the infinite fount of goodness. But what do we find? These "saints" were some of them spiritually short-sighted, and actually denied what they knew to be fact. They became divided and split up into factions, and to-day there are three or four different phases of teaching or forms of theology set forth in the canonical New Testament. No one could speak with more vehemence of the vileness of the age than did Jesus, and we know that God the Father visits every departure from rectitude on the part of his children with unavoidable pains and penalties. The sufferings, bickerings, vices, and even the sins of humanity are as necessary for their advancement as foul excretions are in purifying the physical body when in certain morbid states. It may be that man will discover a short process of neutralising both physical and moral morbidity, and thus supersede the external manifestation of hidden impurities. Spiritual power, intuitive perception, and moral purity would do a great deal, but while man has not these he must work his way with the aids at his command. Meanwhile, we think that those who smile upon and whisper soft words over manifest baseness present evidences of spiritual degradation and moral impotence. History shows us that it is those courageous souls who dare stand out in defiance and even in reproach of popular abuses, who really bring spiritual light and salvation to mankind. Did not Jesus even do so? Certainly. He was no mealy-mouthed observer of social abuses. To forgive a personal enemy, however, is a very different thing from conniving at a systematical and gross violation of principle. We think that the sentiments of a great many good people are in a considerable muddle over these matters, but as no person can exchange individual position with another, we must all content ourselves to work out our individual pilgrimage, adding to the aggregate of wisdom our particular views and findings of truth.

MR. MORSE'S APPOINTMENTS.

LIVERPOOL.—Sunday, May 31st. Islington Assembly Rooms. Afternoon at 3 o'clock; evening at 7 o'clock. Friday, June 5th, same place, 8 p.m.
 BURY.—Sunday, June 7th.
 BIRMINGHAM.—
 NEWCASTLE.—June 14th.
 DARLINGTON.—June 20th.
 BISHOP AUCKLAND.—July 12th.
 HECKMONDWICK.—Re-engaged. Sunday, July 19th. Co-operative Hall. Afternoon at 2.30; evening at 6.30. Monday, July 20th, same place; evening at 8.
 BATLEY.—July 22nd and 23rd.
 GLASGOW.—July 28th.
 SALTBURN.—August 15th.
 Mr. Morse may be addressed next week care of J. B. Stones, Esq., Pleasington, Blackburn.

MRS. TAPPAN'S APPOINTMENTS.

HALIFAX.—Sunday, May 31st.
 OLDHAM.—Sunday, June 7th.
 BRADFORD.—Sunday, June 14th.
 DARLINGTON, BIRMINGHAM, &c., to follow.
 Letters for Mrs. Tappan may be addressed 15, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

A SEANCE FOR MR. HUDSON.

Mr. Williams proposes to give a seance at his own rooms, 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, on Tuesday, 26th May, for the benefit of Mr. Hudson, the medium for spirit-photographs, who is now in great distress. The fee will be 5s. It is hoped that many of those who have received good evidence of the genuineness of Mr. Hudson's mediumship will take this opportunity of assisting him.

If conditions are favourable, there will be a sitting for materialisation of the spirit-form.

We have received a letter from Mrs. Berry, enclosing £1 10s. for Mr. Hudson, in which the following sentences occur:—"I am truly sorry to hear that poor Hudson is in such distress, for I have the most perfect faith in his truthfulness and honesty, and I am glad to see that Mrs. Guppy has taken the position she has done with respect to him, for you will doubtless remember that it was entirely through her and myself that he was brought into the movement. He knew nothing of Spiritualism until he photographed those beautiful wreaths that were placed on the heads of my niece and self through the mediumship of Mrs. Guppy."

BURY.—Two addresses will be given in the Happy Home Temperance Hall, Taylor Street, Freetown, by Mrs. Scattergood, of Bradford, on Sunday, May 24th. In the morning, at 10.30; afternoon, 2.30. Reserved seats, 4d.; back seats, 2d.

GOSWELL HALL, 86, GOSWELL ROAD.—On Sunday evening next the Rev. F. R. Young, of Swindon, will speak at this Hall. Subject, "The Day of Pentecost and its Spiritual Phenomena." Dr. Sexton will preside. Services commence at a quarter past seven. Admission free.

SYMBOLISM.—Mr. F. Wilson will lecture every Sunday afternoon, commencing on the 24th instant, at Cambridge Hall, Newman Street, Oxford Street. Doors open at 3.30, and an hour's lecture will commence at four o'clock. Subject, on May 24th and 31st—Colour. On June 7th and 14th—Form. Spiritualists may expect to derive great information from these lectures.

NOTICE.—ST. JOHN'S ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.—The fifth annual meeting of the members of this association will be held at Goswell Hall, on Thursday next, the 28th instant, at eight o'clock. A statement of the affairs of the association will be submitted, and the officers and committee for the ensuing year elected, and other special business transacted. All members are earnestly requested to attend.—R. PEARCE, Hon. Sec.

M. R., Brentford.—We have a letter for you. Will you please send on your address, as we have mislaid it.

As Anti-Vaccination tract in the Welsh language has been published by Mr. George, Hirwain, Glamorganshire.

GOODWILL.—The writing you send is not recognised by the eminent linguists to whom we have submitted it. It seems to be a kind of introductory exercise, and may lead to properly formed words.

FOUR REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE YOUR CHILDREN VACCINATED.—1. Vaccination affords no protection against small-pox. 2. It so lowers the vitality that they are rendered more susceptible of the contagion of other diseases. 3. Great risk is incurred of contaminating their blood with infectious, loathsome, and incurable maladies. 4. Death from pyæmia or erysipelas often follows the operation. Be not deceived; think for yourself. The insertion of corrupt matter into the veins of healthy children cannot possibly do other than injury. These "reasons" are printed as a leaflet and published by the Society for Suppressing Compulsory Vaccination. Hon. Sec.—Mr. W. Young, 8, Neeld Terrace, Harrow Road, N.

J. BARGE (Rugby), and his friends, cannot believe that the writing, a fac-simile of which we published recently, was done by Mrs. Jencken's baby under spirit-influence. He thinks he sees a similarity between that writing and the signed attestation of Mrs. Jencken. He thinks we go too far in presenting such statements. That is just what would have been said of the simplest manifestation before the people got familiarised with the phenomena generally. We publish the testimony as it stands, and we have the means neither to invalidate nor to sustain it. There does not seem to be any reason why the baby should not be thus controlled, and possibly some further manifestations may take place which will afford additional and corroborative testimony. It is asked whether "Susan," wife of Mr. Wason, wrote in the same hand as the writing through the baby, while she was in earth life? Will Mr. Wason kindly furnish us with this information, or a specimen of that lady's writing?

DR. SEXTON'S ORATIONS ON SPIRITUALISM.

- No. 1.—The Claims of Modern Spiritualism upon Public Attention. Price 1d.
 No. 2.—How I became a Spiritualist. Price 1d.
 No. 3.—Spirit-Mediums and Conjurors. Price 2d.
 No. 4.—If a Man Die shall he Live Again? Spiritualism and its Critics (A Reply to Lord Amberley). Two orations, price 2d.
 God and Immortality viewed in the light of Modern Spiritualism. Price 6d.

London: J. BURNS, 15, Southampton Row, W.C.

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

TUESDAY, MAY 26, Phrenological Seance, by J. Burns. Admission 1s., at 8.
 WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, Mr. Herne, Physical Medium, at 3. Admission, 2s. 6d.
 THURSDAY, MAY 28, Mr. Herne, at 8. Admission, 2s. 6d.

SEANCES AND MEETINGS IN LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, Mr. Williams. See advertisement.
 SUNDAY, MAY 24, at Mr. Cogman's, 15, St. Peter's Road, Mile End Road, at 7. St. John's Association of Spiritualists. Address at No. 85, Goswell Road, at 7 o'clock.
 MONDAY, MAY 25, Developing Circle, at Mr. Cogman's, 15, St. Peter's Road, Mile End Road, at 8 o'clock.
 Mr. Williams. See advertisement.
 TUESDAY, MAY 26, Seance at Temperance Hall, 103, Mile End Road, at 8.15.
 WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, Lecture at Mr. Cogman's, 15, St. Peter's Road, Mile End, at 8 o'clock.
 THURSDAY, MAY 28, 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.
 Mr. Williams. See advertisement.

SEANCES IN THE PROVINCES DURING THE WEEK.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. Old Freemasons' Hall, Newgate Street, at 7.30 for 8 o'clock.
 BIRMINGHAM. Midland Spiritual Institute, 58, Suffolk Street, at 7.
 SUNDAY, MAY 24, KEIGHLEY, 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.
 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.
 BOWLING, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 2.30 and 6 p.m. Hall Lane, 2 and 6 p.m.
 BOWLING, in Hartley's Yard, near Railway Station, Wakefield Road, at 2.30 and 6 o'clock.
 MANCHESTER, Temperance Hall, Grosvenor St., All Saints, at 2.30.
 COWMS, at George Holdroyd's, at 6 p.m.
 GAWTHORPE, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 2.30 and 6 p.m. Mrs. S. A. Swift, Test and Healing Medium.
 MORLEY, Mr. E. Baires's, Town End.
 HALIFAX Psychological Society, Hall of Freedom, Back Lord Street, Lister Lane, at 2.30 and 6. Children's Lyceum at 10 a.m.
 NOTTINGHAM, Churchgate Low Pavement. Children's Lyceum at 2 p.m. Public meeting at 6.30 p.m.
 OSSETT COMMON, WAKEFIELD, at Mr. John Crane's, at 2 and 6 p.m. Healing and Trance-speaking Medium, Mr. John Crane.
 BISHOP AUCKLAND, at Mr. Fauditt's, Waldron Street, at 6 o'clock. Notice is required from strangers.
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, at Freemasons' Old Hall, Weir's Court, Newgate Street, at 6.30 for 7 p.m.
 LIVERPOOL. Public Meetings at the Islington Assembly Rooms, at 2.30 and 7 p.m. Trance-mediums from all parts of England, &c.
 DARLINGTON Spiritualist Association, Free Assembly Room, above Hinde Bros. Stores, Ridsdale Street, Yarm Road. Public Meetings at 10.30 a.m. and 6 p.m.
 SOUTHSEA, At Mr. W. H. Stripe's, 31, Middle Street, at 6.30.
 BIRMINGHAM, at Mr. Perks's, 312, Bridge Street West, near Well St. Hockley, United Christian Spiritualists, at 6 p.m.
 LOUGHBORO', Mrs. Gutteridge, Trance-medium, Dene's Yard, Pinfold Terrace, at 6 o'clock.
 GLASGOW. Public meeting, 6.30 p.m., at 164, Trongate.
 HULL, 5, Strawberry Street, Drypool, at 7.30.
 NEW SHILDON, at 16, Strand Street, at 6 p.m.
 HECKMONDWICK, service at 6.30 at Lower George Street.
 Developing Circle on Monday and Thursday, at 7.30.
 LEEDS, Britannia Buildings, Oxford Place, close to the Town Hall, addresses at 6.30.
 OSSETT Spiritual Institution, Ossett Green (near the G. N. R. Station). Service at 2.30 and 6 p.m. John Kitson, medium.
 MONDAY, MAY 25, HULL, 42, New King Street, at 8.30.
 BIRMINGHAM. Midland Spiritual Institute, 58, Suffolk Street, at 8.
 TUESDAY, MAY 26, KEIGHLEY, at 7.30 p.m., at the Lyceum. Trance-mediums, Mrs. Lucas and Messrs. Wright and Shackleton.
 SOWERBY BRIDGE, at Mr. W. Robinson's, Causeway Head, 8 p.m.
 WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, BOWLING, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 8 p.m.
 MORLEY, Mr. Emmanuel Baines's, Town End, at 7.30, for development.
 OSSETT COMMON, at Mr. John Crane's, at 7.30. Healing and Trance-medium, Mr. John Crane.
 DARLINGTON Spiritualist Association, same place as on Sundays. Public Open Conversation Circle at 7.30 p.m.
 BIRMINGHAM, Mr. Perks's, 312, Bridge Street, at 9, for Development.
 BIRMINGHAM. Midland Spiritual Institute, 58, Suffolk Street, at 8.
 LEEDS, Britannia Buildings, Oxford Place, close to the Town Hall, seance at 7.30.
 THURSDAY, MAY 28, BOWLING, Hall Lane, 7.30 p.m.
 GAWTHORPE, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, a Developing Circle, at 7.30.
 BISHOP AUCKLAND, at Mr. Fauditt's, Waldron Street, at 8 o'clock. Notice is required from strangers.
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. Old Freemasons' Hall, Weir's Court, Newgate Street. Seance at 7.30 for 8.
 BIRMINGHAM, Circle at Mr. Thomas Godrides, 16, Court House, 12, Wrentham Street, at 7.30.
 BIRMINGHAM, Developing Circle, at 7, Hyde Road, Ladywood, at 7.45, by Miss Baker, assisted by a Clairvoyant and Trance-medium.
 FRIDAY, MAY 29, LIVERPOOL, Weekly Conference and Trance-speaking, at the Islington Assembly Rooms, at 8 p.m. The Committee meet at 7.
 NOTTINGHAM, Churchgate Low Pavement. Seance at 8 p.m.

F. FUSEDALÉ, TAILOR AND DRAPER, has a splendid assortment of Autumn and Winter Goods. An immense variety of Scotch and West of England TWEEDS. A perfect fit guaranteed. Everything on hand. Visitors passing through London supplied with goods on the shortest notice, at special prices for cash.—No. 8, Southampton Row, High Holborn.

A HOME FOR SPIRITUALISTS in London at Mrs. JACKSON'S, 3, Torrington Street, Russell Square, W.C. Visitors from the Country will find a "home from home," or Apartments with or without Board may be had for a permanency. Vacancies for a few Boarders; terms, Seven Guineas per month.



PLANCHETTE.—Endless amusement for old and young. Physical sciences cannot yet explain the mysterious performances of this little instrument. It writes intelligent answers to questions asked aloud or mentally. Those who cannot obtain it at the nearest Fancy Dealer's are requested to send stamps or post-office order for 4s. 4d. to the manufacturers, STURMBERG AND CO., 59, Constitution Hill, Birmingham. The MEDIUM of March 20, 1874, says:—"The article is well finished. We can recommend all investigators who desire practice in writing-mediumship to avail themselves of these Planchettes."

THE IMPROVED VITRUM SUPELLEX PLANCHETTE can be obtained at Mr. COGMAN'S Institution, 15, St. Peter's Road, Mile End, London, E. Price 1s. 6d.; in a box, post free, 2s.

The most extraordinary Phenomena, the best information to Inquirers, and the most concise and interesting view of Spiritualism is given in the

"JOHN KING" NUMBER OF THE "MEDIUM."

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This number contains an Engraving of the materialised form of the spirit "JOHN KING," and an account of numerous experiments at which the spirit was seen, heard, and felt, in gaslight, daylight, and in a light produced by the spirit itself.

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