

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1874.

THE REALM OF SPIRIT.

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An Oration by CORA L. V. TAPPAN.
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FOR many centuries the earth's surface has been the scene of constant explorations and voyages. From the North to the South Pole, from the extreme East to the extreme Western Indies, there have been voyages from all civilised countries to discover what unknown lands lay beyond the regions heretofore known, and supposed to be inhabited by man. Formerly the earth's surface was confined, or supposed to be confined, to Asia and the Hellenic nations bordering upon the Mediterranean; and it was believed that beyond the pillars of Hercules was a vast unknown sea, inhabited by all kinds of evils and demons of terror, and when at last the British Islands and Eastern Europe were discovered, it was regarded as a wonderful instance of man's adventure—he had simply found what had always been in existence. But the most daring discovery of all was that of the entire Western Continent—which to all the nations of the East had been a sealed book—an unknown land for thousands of years. But daring voyagers, inspired by the thought that the world being round there must be some balancing continent on its opposite surface, commenced their explorations; and while Americus Vesputius gets credit for the discovery, he died without knowing that the land he had discovered belonged to another continent, believing that he had found Asia by traversing the globe; but Columbus knew that he had reached another world, peopled by a strange race, where a new and strong generation should one day spring up.

All explorers to distant lands go out laden with prayers from their human habitations, and the least word from them is looked forward to with the greatest anxiety; and the whole scientific

world is on the *qui vive* to know what they will discover. Now, it is claimed that beyond the sea of death, beyond the Gorgon-heads of terror and darkness which have shrouded the other world, beyond the tomb, there is a realm—real, tangible, positive; inhabited, not by strangers, not by an unknown race of beings, not by barbarians and cannibals, in whom the world takes such a startling interest because of their novelty, but inhabited by your own friends, those that plunged into the sea of death, and were swallowed up and lost to sight, and of whose existence you could have no evidence save through the eye of faith. It has been declared that, in the light of modern Spiritualism, there is a tangible world; that those friends inhabit a real realm of the spirit, that is, indeed, their home; and that voyagers to and fro are constantly passing with messages from you to them, and from them to you. One would think that an announcement so startling, a proposition so astounding, would at once command the attention of the whole enlightened portion of humanity. But it so happens that when grief is worn away and sorrow has accustomed you to forget the external presence of your friends, the spiritual longing is quenched, and the material satisfies, and satisfies fully and wholly—though there is still a yearning, still a longing, still a desire to know if, in some distant undiscovered country, they can know and comprehend what is passing on earth.

The realm of the spirit has been heretofore a mystical, dreamy, transcendental region, or one so utterly materialistic as to repel all inquiring minds into the nature of its existence. The ancients believed in a material form of re-incarnation, wherein the soul might become immortal by passing into other forms of the material world; and Pythagoras taught the transmigration of souls into other forms, claiming that he once before inhabited a material form and taught on earth. In this way, according to the ancients, the soul's immortality could be perpetuated. But among the revealed religions, that of the Hebrews is very indistinct with reference to immortality, except the immortality to be given to the children of Israel in the new Jerusalem, and except the immortality specially bequeathed by the Divine Mind to those who inherit His transcendent favour. Christians have an idea of the spiritual realm; the kingdom of heaven is a city—its snowy temples built of alabaster, or some other material substance, and its streets paved with gold, undoubtedly form attractive elements to most of earth's inhabitants. It has diamonds and rubies and other precious stones emblazoning all its gateways and temples. Diamonds and rubies and precious stones are valuable in the eyes of men. There are plains lying beyond this great city, and trees and

landscapes teeming with beauty, and in the gardens of God the children of His salvation shall be gathered together beneath the eye of the Infinite Spirit, and Christ the Saviour shall bless it with the glory of His countenance. But this heaven is far too small for mankind; it is far too exclusive for all the children of God. For, remember, the children of God are of all the nations of the earth, of all conditions of people.

The heaven of the Mohammedan is wonderful in the voluptuousness of its physical delights. The male alone is immortal. The female Mohammedan cannot become immortal unless she pray to be transformed into a male soul at death: if this prayer be granted, she is immortal. The paradise of the Mohammedan possesses far more physical attractions than that of the Christian. This region of infinite blessedness is one wherein every sense is preserved, where the taste is never satiated, where the eye never grows weary because of renewed delights, where the houris, not of earth, but of heaven, are created for the especial delight of the blessed, and never fade and grow old; where the land teems with flowers, fruits, and beauteous foliage; and where, beneath the eye of Allah, are gathered together all the elect, the followers of the Prophet. We could picture the delights of this region, but they are of such a material nature, and so revolting to every idea of spiritual existence, that they could only have had their origin in the super-sensuous nature of the man who invented the Mohammedan religion.

But the realm of the spirit is far different from this. It is not limited to time, or space, or locality; and yet the actual habitation of the disembodied spirit is as tangible to the spiritual sense as your earth is to your sense. But do not mistake us in what we are about to say: remember, you must always separate the spiritual from the material sense. There might be ten thousand spiritual worlds, yet you could never see them with the material eye. There might be myriads of spirits around you, without your being able to perceive them with the physical sight. The region of the spirit is directly opposite, in its substance and formation, to the senses. The material world is objective as you term it. That which appeals to your physical sense, has an existence, and unless some one of the senses is gratified you do not consider that there is a world about you. The spiritual world, on the other hand, is what you term subjective; but bear in mind that that which is subjective to the sense becomes objective to the spirit, and that matter is only mutable and perishable while mind is immortal and eternal, consequently there is no material substance, in the usual acceptance of that term, in the spiritual realm; that this room, these appointments, all splendours of the world, or the beauty that appeals to the

eye, is of no importance to the soul sense; that rocks, mountains, valleys, trees, rivers, and all material substances, are not of the nature of spiritual existence. The spiritual sense is the one sense alone which the soul possesses, and that we may call perception, for want of a better name. You call the spirit to testify from within your bodies to the sense of sight, the sense of hearing, the sense of touch, and all the senses that delight you; but these are only avenues through which external nature impresses itself upon the spirit, and through which the spirit reaches material life. When rid of your material bodies, you require but one absolute sense, even as the ray of light is white and pure, until it is broken into fragments by the prism. The ray of white light starting from the sun is clear and pure; but when it is broken by refraction through some prismatic substance it becomes red, blue, yellow, &c. So the soul, white and pure in its original temple, within the embodied form is broken into rays, and, to the outer sense, manifests the variety of colours you call senses, but which are only the doors whereby the soul looks out into the material world and manifests its presence. You are accustomed to say such a one has large intelligence, and another one great virtue; and this one is possessed of Christian kindness, while as for that one he is debased. It is not true: these distinctions are only modified expressions of the spirit. If soul could speak to soul, there would be but white light responding to white light. But material organs, imperfectly-developed surroundings and circumstances, so clothe upon the spirit as to make one soul dark and another light, one red and another yellow; but all gathered in the spectrum of God's eye are white—only white.

The spiritual realm of our planet is that portion of the atmosphere beyond the material atmosphere, which may express the spiritual zone surrounding the planet. As the aura surrounding distant planets is visible to you, so another aura, invisible to you, is around every planet, forming its spiritual atmosphere. This is the spiritual law of every planet. There is beyond this realm a higher degree of spiritual existence, where the planets merge their spheres together, where the more advanced souls experience higher degrees of spiritual life, and where, in some measure, the ties which bound them to earth are broken, and they associate with spirits from other worlds than their own. Now the spirit-world that your friends inhabit, is a realm just outside the limits of the atmosphere belonging to the earth's surface and incident on its motion. They are not confined to that habitation, but have there chosen to abide because of their desire to be near you; and between you and these spiritual beings there is an inter-atmosphere that

forms their means of communication, and through which they pass to and fro. This inter-atmosphere is that which is employed by spirits to control mediums to manifest their presence; to clothe and render themselves tangible, when they require to do so, in order to reach your material sense. Do not, any one of you, if you have seen a spiritual form in a *séance*, imagine a spirit has touched you, because it is not a real spiritual form you see: it is only a form created or clothed upon by the spirit from this inter-atmosphere, whereby they make themselves tangible in order to reach your senses. Do not think, because spirits come knocking on your tables, that they are material and gross. You must bear in mind that the spirits adapt themselves to your conditions. If a friend raps at the door in order to come in, he does not stop at the door and continue knocking, but you open the door and hear what he has to say. But when the spiritual world inhabiting this realm came knocking around your earth's temples, you said, "Why, this is too revolting; I cannot believe our dear friends would come knocking in this ridiculous manner." Did it never occur to you that music is produced from an instrument made of wood with wires stretched across, and that upon an instrument of this simple construction the most ravishing melodies are played? That the poet makes use of the quill of a goose with which to write down his most rapturous strains, and that the artist does not cavil at the implement he has to use? This inter-atmosphere that forms the means of communication between the two worlds is a spiritual and not a material atmosphere. It has not been analysed by any scientific man on earth; there is no subtle chemistry that can discover it. It belongs to the realm of mind, and the spirit is clothed upon by it; and when it enters your atmosphere it becomes the power whereby spirits manifest their presence. Clairvoyance, and clear-willing, are properties of the spirit; the will is supreme over matter. Understanding all the requirements necessary to act upon material substance and force, the spirit wills to lift matter, and matter becomes mobile and pliable in its hands, just as the form you inhabit is rendered pliable through your voluntary action. You will to raise your hand, and do so. The disembodied spirit, with the force it can bring to bear, wills to raise a table, and straightway it is done: wills to raise a body in the atmosphere, and it is done—of course under certain conditions. The more advanced a spirit is, the more perfect is its control over matter. Electricity, magnetism, force—whatever be the name you have given to those subtle elements you do not understand—form the means of communication between the spiritual world and yours. Thought forms the food of the disembodied

mind in the spiritual world, as best suited for its sustenance, since mind has made all. Mind is imponderable to anything except mind. Mind can control matter; but matter, except to narrow it down in your physical bodies, cannot control or govern mind. Hence the spiritual world is either objective or subjective. According to your standard it is subjective; to the eye of the spirit, however, it is objective, since that alone is tangible to the spirit.

Have the spirits form? you ask. Yes; the human form on earth in its highest state of development is the epitome and the representation of the spiritual form. It is not the form that shapes the spirit, but the spirit that shapes the form; and just in proportion as the spirit is advanced when freed from its earthly body, so is the spiritual form harmonious and complete. The human form represents matter and spirit combined,—the spiritual form represents spirit only; the likeness, fashioned of light, is the outgrowth of the mind or the spirit, as clothed upon by whatsoever deeds it has done, or thoughts it has conceived on earth. Has the spirit senses? We have said it has one sense, and that is perception. It takes in all knowledge through this one sense. It does not depend upon hearing, sight, outward touch, but upon presence—upon that faculty which allies man to the infinite. Is the land which the spirit inhabits tangible? Yes, tangible to the spirit, we say. How is it fashioned? It is composed of the substance of the thought the spirit has made. The habitation of each individual here is being builded now. Whatever there is in your earthly life, that has a spirit; and whatever thought or deed you perform, that becomes your spiritual habitation. But kings, are they rulers? and are there paupers in the spiritual realm? There are kings, but they belong to the kingdom of thought; there are paupers, but they often are those who were great on earth. No retinue, no slaves in livery, no gilded thrones or sceptre around the disembodied earthly monarch; but whatsoever deeds of charity he has done, or whatsoever acts of kindness performed, these rise and form the substance of his spiritual home. Then there be those who on earth were lowly who have grander habitations than they. Ah, truly! They who walk humbly and do their duty to their fellow-men—they who every day think a good thought or do a kindly deed, not for praise of men, but for the love of goodness—these are building stronger habitations than the man who sits behind a fortress, or in a gilded palace, and slays his fellow-men, or only indulges in selfish ease. The spiritual realm is composed of just such thoughts and feelings as are daily going out from your midst; and oh, in that realm how many cares and sorrows find their shadowy resting-

place? We have seen: the man of splendour and power on earth, who lived in gorgeous palaces, and had minions robed in purple at his hand—we have seen him enter the world of souls alone, clothed in a few rags of sackcloth and ashes, vainly trying to conceal from the Infinite the deformity of his spiritual body. Then perchance a poor beggar whom he had benefited on earth comes with a flower of charity, and says: "This is my offering; will this help you?" Or some soul he had dropped a tear for brings a bright gem for his spiritual habitation. But the humility that begets compassion enters the heart of the fallen monarch, and he sees, as only the eye of the spirit can see, that the loving soul is supreme in the realm of spirit. Here is a pauper, perhaps fallen by the hand of man into the lowest depths of sin; maybe he has died a drunkard's death; but he has, however, never refused alms to the suffering, and has wept when others have wept; but he is the victim of an unfortunate organisation, and he goes out into the world of souls, and these are pitying angels around, who come to him and give him flowers, like the blossoms of the deeds of charity he has performed; and instead of ruin, want and shame, he sees a temple fashioned of his early deeds of human kindness, and in his humility he thanks God for his home. Oh, the loving hands that are weaving garlands for you! Oh, the shining temples for those bright thoughts that are not to be corrupted and bartered by man! Oh, the bright and glorious beauty of that home fashioned of simplicity and love! Not for the ostentation of charity; not for those who give that it may resound in the ears of men; but the kindly deeds that spring from the love of the human family; the generous act that would disenthral the lowliest child of earth; the pitying tear dropped when no one is nigh—these help to build the spiritual temple. Martyrs, saints, sages—the earth has stoned them, crucified them, burned them; but there they come into their shining abodes through flames, persecution, and dungeon walls, and angels guard the gateways of their future home.

Do they require food in the spirit-land? The food of the spirit is thought. Whatsoever nourishes the mind, that is food. Do they wear garments, and what are they like? The garments they wear are dark or light, according as the spirit has bright thoughts, or thoughts which are shadows. As the lily clothes itself from within, taking the rays of sunlight which belong to its whiteness, and unfolds petal after petal to the clear light of heaven, so does spirit bask in the sunlight of God's presence, and dress itself in the garments of purity. Some are dressed as the roses are—in the red of human kindness; some are golden like the tropical lily; some are purple, like the shady

violet, and modest in their humility; but all are clothed upon by the light of that love which is supreme. How then shall we know our friends when we meet them? Oh, the eye of love sees with the spirit that the face and form all wear the comeliness and the expression of kindness you love, only transfigured and made beautiful in the light of their heavenly habitations. And are there evil spirits in the spiritual realm? you ask. There are just such spirits as you are sending daily from your midst. Thousands go out from the earth with every instant of time. Who receives them? who cares for them? into what realm do they go? you ask. "In my Father's house are many mansions." They go into abodes they have fashioned, or that have been fashioned for them from their own thoughts. There is a place, there is room for all; and the spiritual land is thronged with those beings, light or dark, half-way light or half-way dark, that you are sending daily and hourly from your midst; but they are all somebody's loved ones, and that chain of love, howsoever dim and soiled by outward circumstances or crime, is kept alive by an angel-mother, or some friend that loved them; and they are thus drawn to their spiritual home, and it is at last made brighter and happier for them. The earthly mother never forgets her child; though crime and degradation may soil, though prison cell may encage, she sits waiting, waiting, asking that her child may be there. The spirit-mother does not lose that love. Link by link the spiritual chain is drawn out. At the other end of the chain there is ever an angel waiting to draw you upwards; and through the knowledge and progress that come from suffering, that angel-mother will teach there as here, and draw you to the light. Then do the evil spirits sometimes come and lead us astray? There is a law in chemistry that is known as chemical affinity, whereby certain substances attract other substances that are similar, or may be opposite but have similar tendencies. There is a law in nature called gravitation, whereby certain objects are attracted to others. There is a law of spirit, more subtle than this but more powerful, whereby you attract such spirits as are like yourself, and if you are in danger of being troubled by undeveloped spirits you know what it implies. Those who are pure, and free, and enlightened, fear no class of evil spirits; and we assure you there is no class of spirits in the spiritual world any worse than those that are upon your earth, and we have never seen one upon your earth that had not a spark of lovingkindness beneath the coatings of crime; for the criminal in his dungeon-cell will weep when you speak to him about his mother, and the poor Magdalen in the street will shed tears when reminded of her childhood's home. There is no soul so dark that you need fear

it, if you only keep the truth in sight and the clear white light of heaven in your view.

How do spirits employ their time, you ask, in the spiritual realm? Are there material occupations, agricultural, mechanical, as there are here? Every occupation on earth has its prototype in spiritual life, but it is of the spirit and not of matter. No invention ever reaches humanity that is not first known by some spirit in the world of light; the cause, being nearer the spirit-realm than this, every invention lying in the world of causes is therefore understood there before it reaches the mind that is prepared for it here. Every inventor is inspired; every discovery of a new truth only reveals through inspiration that which is known to spiritual existence. Then why do we not have some invention or discovery for such and such a purpose? says one. The world moves by stages and not by sudden leaps. You cannot mount from the first stair to the top of the flight at a bound, you must go up step by step; so the spiritual world cannot flood your world with things you cannot understand, but as soon as there is a demand for a new invention it always comes. What new motor is wanted to-day? you shall have it. What new fuel is required? There lies an abundance of carbon ready for your use, to be mingled with oxygen and hydrogen, and when it is needed it will come. What new labour-saving machine is wanted? it is already invented. As fast as the hands of toil are ready, and need uplifting from their labours, some new employment is invented, and some new adaptation of an old principle is discovered. But, you ask, why is it not known that it is the result of inspiration? It does not matter whence truth comes. If the inventor is not the originator of these thoughts it is foolish to cavil about whence they come. Are there psychists in the spirit-land? Yes; Humboldt still inquires into the system and laws of nature, and he sees with the eye of the spirit and understands with the comprehension of the soul those vast inner elements of nature that were hidden mysteries before. Herschel in the spiritual world still discerns new planets. The poet sings his songs, but they are woven of deeds of charity to fellow-beings. The artist still sees in the grand pictures of spiritual life the revelation of his genius; but he paints them, not with brushes upon canvas, but upon the hearts of men, that they may live and become realities to the soul. Raphael still dreams his inspired vision of the Madonna; but they are of the Madonna, the mother of humanity, who shall give birth to the saviour truth; and these pictures are imaged on the mind of every brother artist he can reach. Beethoven still dreams his pæans of living melody, but they reach your earth in deeds of love. Here the patriot and sage still picture to themselves the

perfection of enfranchised governments; and those known in history as leaders and liberators of nations stand in solemn council around the altars of their spiritual temples, and found future governments that are yet to be born on earth, that the earth is waiting and longing for, and that shall come by-and-bye; when the world is old enough and mankind have thoughts free enough, these new laws shall come. The Spartan Lycurgus, who enfranchised his people and then expatriated himself, is the first of those around the altar watching over the nations of the earth, over which, with others, he sits in council, waiting for the day of their enfranchisement. Whatever nation has a prophet, he is inspired. Is there a leader among you?—he is led by that voice and hears from those higher councils above the nations of the earth. Not one nation, not one country, not a small patriotism is theirs; but the nationality of mankind, the country of the globe, the whole principality of souls, with the laws that Deity has enstamped thereon—these are the subjects of their meditations.

How are spirits employed? Can you conceive a world filled with countless myriads of souls with nothing to do? Can you conceive that those who have never failed to have the care of their loved ones on earth would fail in having something to do in the higher region of usefulness of the spiritual world? Here are children to be taught, grown-up children to educate in the mysteries of spiritual existence. Here are all the laws of all the worlds that these teachers receive from higher spheres—these are to be imparted. The employment of those in the spiritual life—and this is their sole employment—is to receive knowledge and to impart knowledge. Room enough here for all the toil of all the brains and all the spirit-hands that can be found; for here is somebody's babe that is dead; who in spirit-life shall take that tender bud and rear it up? There are gardens in which God transplants these buds, and they are watered by the tears of angels; and these attendants take charge of the children and rear them in the light of the spiritual life. Then, with buds and blossoms of truth, they return to scatter them around your careworn and weary way: and sometimes, as you brush away the dust from your eyes, you think you see the cherub faces, and the cool flutter of leaves comes upon your brow. Oh, it was not a dream, but a reality, for they are there. Work to do! Why the mills of heaven are busily engaged in grinding out the truths of ages, and God's handmaidens are holding back the doors of the temple of truth to the still plodding souls of time to make room for humanity to come in. Oh, there is work enough! It is not to delve alone in matter; it is not to adorn and beautify the earth alone,

though this is given you to do; but it is that, side by side with the material temple that you rear, you shall also erect a spiritual habitation. You shall consider the importance of the spiritual; and, when you adorn your outward forms, remember that the inner adornment is that which the angels see, and that the enlargement of the spirit counts for more than all the gems you may wear.

"But," says one, "this is too transcendental; I cannot understand this." Do not expect to understand it with the material sense, you might as well expect to see your own thoughts, or to hear the throbbing of your own innermost spirit. "I cannot see this realm," says the astronomer; "I turn my telescope to the heavens in vain." Ah, but your spiritual telescope is reversed. You expect to see God with the material eye—to solve the spiritual world in your crucibles of science. Take the other telescope with which heaven has endowed you—the eye of spiritual intuition; point it there, and then you will see with faith and hope and love and charity—those fine lenses through which you can discern the realm of the spirit. It is kindness, pure thoughts, intuitive prayers, that make the frame of the telescope, but the spirit must point it heavenward in order to find this realm.

Andrew Jackson Davis, a distinguished seer of America, who has founded the Harmonial Philosophy, has seen portions of the Summer-land in the far-off region of the Milky Way, where he says the disenthralled and disembodied spirits first assemble. This is to a certain extent true of all those spirits who are not attached to, or have broken off their allegiance to, particular planets. Into this sphere they enter, attracted thither by the universal aim and object of gaining knowledge. They do not belong alone to your life, but are also of other planets, and find there the atmosphere most favourable to them. For spirits are in degrees according to their attractions, according to the quality and nature of their highest loves and aspirations, just as on earth we are distinguished by our different affections. In some it is love of country, in some love of parents, and in some love of humanity; so the more advanced regions of thought are those where families or groups of spirits are gathered together by other laws than you know on earth, but still all governed by law, each intent upon benefiting the mass of other souls that are in existence. But this realm, boundless as it is, has its direct links, its cables of thought, binding all souls together; not one cable alone binding your earth to the spiritual realm. There is a link wherever hearts have loved and have supposed they have lost; there is a tie wherever there is aspiration and interest in the benefit of human kind. There is,

even though unconsciously, a silent chord that binds you, and uplifts you all, and sustains you even in your hours of sorest trial and adversity. You could no more live without this spiritual presence than you could live without the atmosphere you breathe. You are not aware of it, but it is the atmosphere your spirits inhale; it is that which keeps your souls alive; it is the direct flame from the altar of God's infinite sunlight, whereby your thoughts do not stagnate, and your souls do not become wholly immured in material life. The one divine spark which lives in the human spirit is kept alive by this steady constant flame, and the world of spirits lends its atmosphere which extends your heritage to the spirit-world. Oh, it is not far, it is near! It is not away, but by your side! and they, the loving ones, are for ever ready to bear messages to and fro. The one great message that they bring, the one sole science, the one religion, is that of your immortality, of the love of God for you, of the love of angels for one another and for their fellow-beings.

A poem was then recited by Mrs. Tappan. It was one given by her under inspiration, about three years before at Washington. We give only the concluding stanzas.

Would ye know the name of that
beautiful land
Where the emerald waters roll
In gentle waves on a beautiful strand?
It is called the Land of the Soul;
And the beautiful flow'rs that ever blow
Are the beautiful thoughts ye have
below.

And the beautiful pathways are your
life deeds
Which fashion your future homes,
And the temples grand are the world's
great needs,
While your saviours have reared
the domes;
And the beautiful gates which swing
so slow
Are the beautiful truths ye have
learn'd below.

The beautiful valleys are formed of
thought,
Of all that the world has been,
And the beautiful mountains are tears
outwrought
Through immortal sunlight seen;
And the beautiful life-trees that ever
grow
Are the beautiful hopes ye have
cherished below.

All the beautiful melody is prayer,
That is echoed in music's powers;
And the beautiful perfumes floating
there
Are the spirits of all earth's flowers;
And the beautiful stream that divides
you so
Is the beautiful river named Death
below.

The beautiful flashes across the
stream
Are your inspirations grand,
While the beautiful meaning of every
dream
Is the real in this fair land;
And the beautiful million-coloured
bow
Is formed of your tears for each other's
woe.

The beautiful barges are all the years
That bear you away from pain,
And the beautiful banners, transformed
from fears,
Are returning to bless you again;
And the beautiful forms crossing to
and fro
Are the beautiful ones ye have loved
below.

MATERIALIZATION OF SPIRIT-FORMS.

ROBERT DALE OWEN AND THE CORRESPONDENT OF THE "NEW YORK TIMES" ON THE MANIFESTATIONS IN PHILADELPHIA.

IN a letter to the *Spiritualist* of August 28th, Mr. Owen gives some further particulars of the phenomena witnessed by him in addition to those presented in our last number. He says:—

"During a visit of six weeks (commencing June 5th) to Philadelphia, I had forty sittings with the Holmes's, and witnessed, then and there, what has never been equalled in this country, nor ever, I think, in some of its details, in any other.

"Substantially, indeed, it was but a reproduction and confirmation of the marvellous phenomena, so patiently sought out and so accurately described by Mr. Crookes. But we obtained these results *without any human being in the cabinet*, and without any entrancement of the mediums. The cabinet used was so constructed that entrance to it, or exit therefrom, except by a door which opened on the parlour in which we sat, was, as we verified by thorough examination, *a physical impossibility*. Additional precautions of the most stringent character were taken, but I need not record them, for they were superfluous.

"We usually sat about 8 feet from the cabinet, and there was light enough distinctly to recognise the features and actions of every person in the room. The door of the parlour was locked, except on one occasion, when a gentleman, at his special request, was allowed to sit in the corridor outside, so as to assure himself that no one passed up or down stairs; and on that evening the parlour door was left open.

"Under the circumstances, we had, I think, *every* phenomenon which Mr. Crookes has recorded, saving this, that Katie did not remain with us in the parlour, in full form, more than five minutes at any one time without re-entering the cabinet: but she was in the habit of coming out as often as five or six times in one evening, if we had a small, select circle, and two or three times when 20 or more persons were present. I have conversed with Katie at the aperture more than 70 or 80 times, frequently in regard to the manner of conducting the sittings. On several of these occasions she read and replied to my thoughts. I am as certain that it was the *same* spirit, from first to last, as I can be in regard to the identical individuality of any friend whom I meet daily. Not only by the bright play of the features and the large, somewhat sad eyes, with their earnest, honest look, but by the tone and tenor of her conver-

sation, evincing alike good sense and good feeling, did I recognise a distinct and uniform, and, I may add, an amiable and estimable character.

“ I have seen Katie issue from the cabinet more than a 100 times in full form; passing, in her graceful way, around the circle and addressing a kind word or two, or a ‘ God bless you ! ’ to the friends she knew. She has suffered me to cut from her head a lock of hair : and she has herself cut for me, and in my presence, a piece of her dress, and also of her veil, the former being apparently fine bishop’s lawn, and the latter a bit of lace, either of the finest quality of Honiton, or else of *point de Venise*, I am not certain which. She has allowed me to touch her hand, her face, her person, and to kiss her on the forehead ; she then taking my face in both her hands, and giving me a similar kiss in return. She has handed me from the cabinet aperture a nosegay of red and white roses, wet as with heavy dew, and I found among them a little note, asking my acceptance of them. During a private sitting I gave her a mother-of-pearl cross, with a piece of white silk cord attached, together with a small note, folded up, in which I had written : ‘ I offer you this, dear Katie, because, though it be simple, it is white and pure and beautiful, as you are. ’ She took both, did not open the note, suspended the cross from her neck, kissed it, and retreated to the cabinet closing the door. In a minute or two she returned, with the cross in one hand and the folded note in the other, bent over me and said, in her low, earnest voice, and with her charming smile : ‘ White and pure and beautiful like me—is it ? ’ How did she read that note ? The cabinet, with its door closed, and its apertures covered with black curtains, is, as I have often verified, quite dark. Ever after, when she appeared, she wore that cross on her breast, reminding one of the well-known lines in Pope’s *Rape of the Lock*. I observed that, at times, when she issued from the cabinet, this cross shone, as with a phosphorescent lustre. She had also given to her, by visitors, a ring, a bracelet, and a locket, which she frequently wore. The most usual gifts, however, were nosegays, and these seemed to give her especial pleasure ; she frequently, after smelling them, remarked to me how charmingly fragrant they were. On one occasion I handed to her a hair chain which had been presented to me by a friend, since deceased. This she took with her and returned next day with a message from her who had given it to me.

“ I was in the habit, after each sitting, of carefully examining the cabinet ; but neither cross, nor ring, nor bracelet, nor locket, nor chain was ever to be found ; minute search, with a light, did not even reveal a roseleaf.

“With such or similar phenomena you are doubtless familiar ; but I have seen Katie on seven or eight different occasions, suspended, in full form, about two feet from the ground for ten or fifteen seconds. It was within the cabinet, but in full view ; and she moved her arms and feet gently, as a swimmer upright in the water might do. I have seen her on five several evenings disappear and reappear before my eyes, and not more than 8 or 9 feet distant. On one occasion, when I had given her a Calla lily, she gradually vanished, holding it in her hand, and fading out from the head down ; and the lily remained visible after the hand which held it was gone ; the flower, however, finally disappearing also. When she reappeared, the lily came back also, at first as a bright spot only, which gradually expanded into the flower. Then Katie stepped out from the cabinet, waving to us, with all her wonted grace, her adieu ere she retired for the evening. Thus I have seen a material object, as well as a spirit, vanish and reappear.

“At the close of my farewell sitting, which had been appointed by Katie herself for mid-day, July 16th, the door of the cabinet opened slowly, without visible agency. Nothing was to be seen within except the black walnut boards ; but after a minute or two there appeared—exactly as if emerging from the floor—first the head and shoulders of Katie, then her entire body ; and, as on previous occasions, after standing a few seconds, she stepped into the parlour and saluted us. Immediately under the parlour and the cabinet was a shop where musical instruments were sold ; at that hour open to, and frequented by customers. When the amazement created by such a sight had somewhat subsided, I thought of the text which speaks of Samuel, at Endor, ‘arising out of the earth.’

“I may add that, during an evening sitting at which my friend Mrs. L. Andrews, of Springfield, Massachusetts, and I alone were present, there issued, in full form, from the cabinet, two figures besides Katie, namely an Indian girl, taller than Katie, with dark face and rich Indian costume, who advanced to us, allowed us to touch her hands and her dress, and gave her name as Sauntee ; and afterwards a sailor boy, who told us he was Dick, a spirit that had several times spoken to us in a dark circle. It was the first time either of these had appeared. They were as perfectly materialised as Katie herself, came close up to us and spoke to us distinctly, though only a few words.

“If Mr. Serjeant Cox had been present at the best of these *séances* (settling for ever the *cabinet* question) he would have admitted (to use his own words) that ‘the most wonderful fact the world has ever witnessed’ is ‘established beyond controversy.’ He was unwise in one of his efforts after the truth, for in

spiritual research the Gordian knot must not be cut, but patiently untied: yet I find no fault with it that he exacts, in a case like this, incontrovertible evidence. Christ did not chide Thomas because he withheld belief until he had seen with his eyes and touched with his hands."

The Philadelphia correspondent of the *New York Times*, devotes a letter to the account of a *séance* for spirit-materialisation he attended; and notwithstanding the tone of levity he here and there assumes (and which all public journalists seem to think it necessary to adopt on this subject), he was deeply impressed with what he witnessed, as is evident from the following passage:—

"But the most wonderful part was still to come. 'Katie,' said Mrs. Holmes, 'Can you disappear with the door open to-night?' 'I'll try,' said Katie; and presently she came again, and while the door stood open she gradually faded away, seeming to retire slowly into the depths of a space only just large enough to hold her at the first. The bouquets, and all other material substances about her, disappeared at the same time, and when nothing was left but the hem of her white dress shimmering on the floor, she came again, seeming to gather herself from thin air, like a forming cloud, more and more distinct, until she again stood in mortal guise before a delighted audience. Naturally, you will ask for a solution of the mystery. I have none to give. There were, or seem to be, a solid floor beneath, a solid ceiling above, a solid wall on one side, a solidly-closed door on the other. Sceptics have taken the cabinet to pieces; committees, including some of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, have investigated in every way; one would think that no mortal could disappear, even through an acknowledged opening, as readily as Katie King does, without being seen by some of the audience, gazing, as they do, point blank through the open door."

AT OUR ANTIPODES.

The phase of manifestation above exemplified, like the phases of spirit-manifestation preceding it, is now making the circuit of the globe. The *Herald of Light* for July, published at Melbourne, gives an account of a circle at Sandhurst, which has met for investigation twice a week for two years and a half. They have been amply rewarded in the phenomena obtained; which have included materialised spirit-forms, fully developed, repeatedly seen and felt by all present (sometimes as many as 20); but the incidents are so similar to those already given that we need not occupy space by a detailed narration of them.

For the same reason we omit some recent manifestations of this kind witnessed at Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire, through the mediumship of Mr. Eves; but it may be of interest to quote from the *Spiritualist* the following—

APPLICATION OF TESTS.

Mr. Charles Blackburn, of Parkfield, Manchester, in a letter dated August 13th, writes:—

“When last in London I had not the opportunity of seeing anything of Miss Showers’s mediumship, as she and Mrs. Showers had returned home to Teignmouth; therefore I wrote and asked permission to go there and have some *séances* privately. This was promptly replied to by inviting me; so I went to an hotel there, and remained a week, but called every evening at Mrs. Showers’s,—whose kindness and hospitality were everything I could desire.

“Now I had previously thought over how I must set about proving the truth, or otherwise, of this young lady’s mediumship, and I concluded that it merely required the substantiating of three points, *viz.*: 1st, The spirit-voice, that it was not her by ventriloquism. 2nd, When a face appeared, that it was not her with a mask. 3rd, When a full form appeared, that it was not her own bodily form at all. I consider these to be the points to be solved in all these phenomena in their present condition of progress.

“1.—*The Spirit-Voice.*—After hearing three or four different voices singing in the dark, whilst Miss Showers played the piano, I lit the candles and asked her away from the piano to a chair, with its back against the wall, so that I could *see her face all the time*; I then made her take a mouthful of water, and asked the spirit ‘Peter’ to speak; he instantly shouted in his robust voice, ‘Will that do for you?’ Miss Showers then spat the water from her mouth into a basin, and *this experiment was repeated*. The loud voice seemed to come from about 12 or 14 inches above her head, and fully satisfied me it was not done by her.

“2.—*Faces appearing.*—A curtain was fixed in front of a small dressing-room doorway, reaching to about six inches from the top, and Miss Showers sat just within the curtain. I tied a tape close round her waist and sealed it, and brought the ends outside, fastening them with nails, visibly to all eyes, exactly level with her waist as she sat on a very low seat. It was not possible she could reach the top of the curtain within a yard, and, had she got up, the tape and nails must have been rent asunder. She became entranced, and various faces appeared: the spirit shortly afterwards told us to go inside and see. We

did so, and found her in a trance, tied exactly as I had fastened her; therefore it was not her doing.

“3.—*Full form appearing and coming out of cabinet amongst us.*—The same little dressing-room and curtained door was used, but the curtain was nailed to the top of the moulding of the door to shut out all light, and a couch was placed inside. Now, in this important test I took her left earring out, and passed a threaded needle through the aperture, with five yards of thread. Miss Showers lay down on the couch and I threaded the two ends of the strings through where the door hinges, and fastened them to a nail driven by a gentleman into the door casing, and visible to all; thus she had a single thread through her ear in her dark room, and we had the two ends in the light room. She was quickly entranced, and very shortly a spirit named ‘Lenore’ came forth amongst us perfectly destitute of any thread fastening. We all felt her ears; she had no boring whatever through her ears, and the lobes were very thin and far smaller than Miss Showers’s. She had only one large toe to each foot; the other four toes were ossifications, and not toes at all. We all examined her very small feet with our hands and eyes; nor are we in the slightest mistaken. She told us her feet would have been perfected had there been more power. When this figure retired, we all went into the cabinet with faint light, and awoke Miss Showers. She had the thread through her ear just as when she first lay down on the couch. We cut the threads close to her ear, and traced it direct to the nail without a knot or piercing in it. Miss Showers’s feet, I scarcely need say, are perfect, and were examined.”

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

THE SPIRIT AND THE BODY.

ARE we not very ghosts in sooth,
 Clad in the garb of flesh and blood;
 Spirits in earthly mould? A truth
 E’en yet but dimly understood.

The house in which I live and move,
 And look abroad each new-born day,
 Shall soon—as time will surely prove—
 Fall to swift ruin and decay:

While I—its ghostly tenant—dwell
 In fairer mansion it may be;
 Glorious and incorruptible

Through all the vast Eternity. T. S.

TESTS IN SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHY AND SPIRIT-WRITING.

IF spirit-photography has its difficulties, and furnishes peculiar facilities for fraud, the means by which the unwary may be thus deceived are now pretty well known, and may be readily guarded against. It is a strong presumption in favour of spirit-photographs that they not only hold their ground, but steadily advance, being themselves in many cases the sufficient evidence that they are truly what they profess to be. Had they been altogether an imposture, whatever success might at first have attended them, they would have collapsed when the means by which they could be fabricated was made known. Yet the most experienced photographers have admitted that under the conditions in which some of these photographs were taken no such pictures could be produced by any means known to them. Indeed, there is one proof quite conclusive, and which needs no expert. When the portrait is recognised as clearly that of a departed friend unknown to the photographer, and of whom no likeness existed, the proof is complete and permanent. No man has in the same time had more abundant evidence of this kind than Mr. Hudson, who we are glad to find is again at work, and in a better studio and more favourable locality. Mr. Wallace's recent article in the *Fortnightly Review* has drawn increased attention to the subject, and the first of a series of articles on it has just appeared in *Human Nature* from the pen of "M. A., Oxon.," to which we shall probably advert in a future number. In the meantime we quote a letter from him to the *Medium*, concerning—

MR. HUDSON'S NEW STUDIO—SUCCESSFUL SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS.

"To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—In your last issue you allude to the re-establishment of Mr. Hudson in premises at the West End of London, and to successful *séances* with him in his new home. It may interest your readers to know that I paid him a visit the other day in order to experiment prior to the publication of an article on Spirit-photography which I am preparing for *Human Nature*, and that I obtained a very good spirit-photograph under conditions which were thoroughly satisfactory.

"Mr. Hudson received me with complete frankness, and permitted me, without a shadow of objection, to do anything I liked, and to make any suggestion I pleased. On the principle on which I always like to act—'Speak of a man as you find him'—I desire to say that I have always found Mr. Hudson

open and straightforward. He has allowed me to do as I please, to test him in any way I like, and to poke and pry into any and every part of the process that I may see fit. I have never found the least cause to suspect him of any shuffling. This I say because the reverse has been freely stated by others. I have *not* found it so, and I speak of the man as I have found him.

“ This particular photograph was taken under these circumstances. I took with me an intimate personal friend, and he or I watched every plate throughout. Seven plates were exposed and on one only was there a spirit-form. That plate I watched throughout myself. The glass was selected from a packet of new ones. I examined it and saw it cleaned. The process was not well done, and on my objection it was repeated. I breathed on the glass and found it to be clean, with no trace of anything upon it. I went into the dark room and watched its preparation throughout, until it was duly sensitised. It was a poor plate, but I overruled Mr. Hudson’s desire to prepare another. The camera I had previously turned inside out, and ransacked; altering the focus, in view of ghosts previously painted with bisulphate of quinite on the background. I saw the slide put into the camera, and then took my seat. The exposure over, I followed into the dark room again, and watched the process of developing. The result is a very good spirit-picture, a copy of which I send you for the inspection of anyone who may desire to see it. I never lost sight of Hudson nor of the plate throughout, and I believe imposture to be impossible under such conditions. At any rate, I asked a well-known photographer afterwards whether he was prepared to ‘do me a ghost’ under similar conditions, and he declared it to be impossible. He had no faith in Hudson, but apparently still less in himself. The superhuman power of deception that is credited to this simple man astounds me. Machiavelli was a child to him, a mere babe in knowledge. If it be so, let the clever men who know how it’s done stick a pin into the bubble and explode it. If it be not so, but a great truth lies partly hidden, let the *savans* help us to dig it out. And let all, whether they be expositors or believers, go to Hudson, and add their mite towards either the exposure of an accomplished knave, or the help of a struggling man who deserves it.

“ M. A. (Oxon.)”

The editor of the *Medium* adds as a note to this letter:—

“ The photograph alluded to above is well defined, and the face is quite visible. We have also visited Mr. Hudson, and saw the negative of a picture taken from a group of Mr. Lamont

and friends from Liverpool. A spirit-form appears standing in the midst. It is a profile, and so distinct, that if the person whom it represents were known to the sitters, there would not be much difficulty in its being recognised."

TESTIMONY FROM CALIFORNIA.

We have received a copy of *Common Sense; a Journal of Live Ideas*, published at San Francisco, California, for July 4th. It contains one of a series of articles on "Spiritual Phenomena," and which with a few unimportant omissions, we quote entire. It presents one of many instances in which spirit photography is corroborated by direct communication from the spirit whose portrait appears, and given through another medium knowing nothing either of the portrait or of the facts communicated.

"Whilst living in Palermo, Sicily, a few years ago, I fell in with some Spiritualists from Boston, who showed me several spirit-photographs, which, being likenesses of relatives of their own, taken under test conditions, they considered genuine. Hearing that a Mr. Hudson of London was successful in taking such also, X. and I paid him a visit. He instructed us to bring any article we had that had belonged to or had been much used by the person whose photograph we desired to get. Having twice been told by clairvoyants who had never before seen me—once in London and again in San José—that I was always attended by the spirits of my mother and brother, whose appearance they described with apparent accuracy, these were the only spirits I expected to obtain likenesses of. The only article I possessed that had any connection with either spirit was a half-finished water-colour painting of a wreath of flowers, on a card, done by my mother shortly before her death. I tried to get this; but I had given it into the charge of my sister-in-law, who had gone to Brighton. I wrote for it; it did not arrive in time.

"On the appointed morning X. and I found ourselves in Mr. Hudson's studio. . . . Mr. Hudson allowed X. to make a thorough examination of his dark room, camera, and plates. I sat for the first picture. The exposure—determined by the medium—was inordinately long, lasting, I should think, a quarter of an hour. When the negative had been developed, we saw upon it a figure, over which a loose cloth like a sheet was thrown, surmounted by a trailing wreath of ivy. The features, a three-quarter face, were visible. The figure appeared to be seated behind me. I expected the face of a woman—my

mother; but after a careful examination I said to X., 'Well, if that is the likeness of anyone I ever knew, it is that of Arthur Jones.' I had had no thought of Arthur Jones at the time, had not thought of him for months. It was nearly five years since I saw his ghost in Kandy. We sat several times more, but only got a satisfactory picture once, although drapery covered with wreaths, or patches and blurs, appeared on the plate each time. X. and I sat together once, and then a distinct figure was seen standing over each of us, clad in the same strange fashion as before, the hoods of the drapery which concealed their forms covering the heads but not the faces. The figure nearest to X. showed the sweet features of a lovely woman bending over him; that one behind me had Jones' profile without a doubt. X. sat again, and this time the female figure appeared alone, with its hand stretched out over X.'s head, in the attitude of blessing him. The faces, however, were not distinct and clear, as many others taken by Mr. Hudson have been; and both he and the medium were dissatisfied with the result, and wished us to come again and have a free sitting.

"As I was taking off my clothes that night in Crawley's Hotel, it suddenly occurred to me that I had worn to the photographer's a pair of Jones's pants and his vest. I at once went into X.'s room—he had just got into bed—and standing by his bedside said, 'It's a curious thing, X., and if the medium's theory is sound, may account for Jones's presence to-day, instead of my mother's; I find that I was wearing Jones's pants and vest. I have a rug of his at Blackheath; we will go again, and I'll take the rug with me, too, and see if we cannot get a better likeness of Jones.'

"Next day, having heard of Mrs. Hollis, the American medium, I called on her, saw her companion, Mrs. Holmes, and made an appointment for the following morning at 11 o'clock. X. and I were punctual. We found Mrs. Hollis seated in her drawing room, a pleasant, placid-looking woman, of about thirty apparently, dressed in black. She did not seem disposed to talk, but proceeded at once to business. She had never set eyes on X. before, having only just arrived from Paris; and I do not think she knew the names of either of us, certainly not his.

"Mrs. Hollis showed us a small skeleton table, about three feet by two, made of very thin light wood; folding on hinges in the centre, and having four slim legs fitting into sockets, for the convenience of carriage in a box. She allowed us to inspect it as we pleased; we satisfied ourselves that mechanism in connection with it was impossible. She unfolded it, fixed the

legs, and set it up in the full light of the windows, before the fire. She then threw over it a thin red cloth, which fell on all sides nearly to the floor. She next took up an ordinary school slate, threw upon it a piece of slate pencil, with the point broken off; allowed this to roll to the further end of it; grasped the slate with the thumb and fingers of the right hand; and turning up her sleeve a little, so that we could see the wrist, introduced the slate beneath the cloth, and held it there. The cloth she allowed me to turn back, so that the muscles of the ball of the thumb were exposed to view, and it was impossible for her to use them without our seeing it. Her left hand lay upon her lap in our full view. She allowed us to sit as close to her as we chose; to put our ears close to the table, and to do anything but lift the cloth. I asked if there was any spirit wishing to communicate with us. Almost at once there was an audible scratching on the slate; when it ceased Mrs. Hollis drew it out, and handed it to me, remarking coolly, 'Pretty fair writing for a beginner.' On the slate was scrawled, in very bad writing, and with no attention to the horizontal these words: 'Arthur Jones, your cousin; Baylis, this is *me*.' Mrs. Hollis rubbed it out, after I had transferred it to paper, and reintroduced the slate. I said: 'Why do you come?' Again the pencil began to scratch along the slate. Holding our ears to the table, it was impossible not to believe that a human hand was writing; yet Mrs. Hollis's muscles were absolutely motionless.

"The scratching ceased, and we heard the pencil thrown down. We read: 'You have on my pants, they are bound; my vest, and picture.' It was true, I had at that moment Jones's pants and vest upon me, and I had his photograph in my pocket, which I had received that day by post from a relative to compare with Hudson's photos. I knew Jones's pants, because my wife had bound them at the bottom with braid. It was impossible for Mrs. Hollis to know any of these circumstances. The pencil scratched and wrote: 'The ruy (*sic*) would do no good, when you had the clothes.' We could not make out the word 'ruy,' and asked what it meant. It wrote: 'You wanted to get the ruy to take my picture.' And again: 'You wanted to get my rug from first.' Mrs. Hollis insisting that we should make him explain himself, there was written: 'Yes, that is what I wrote; *rug* is the word.' Evidently referring in all this to my conversation with X. the previous night, when Jones must have been present; for it is clear that Mrs. Hollis could know no more of what took place at 12 p.m. in X.'s bed room, in Albemarle Street, than the man in the moon. We asked: 'Why do you write and spell so badly?'

Answer: 'I could not see to do better; but am blind when I am *martyred*.' Not being able to make this out, we made him write it over and over till the word 'materialized' was distinctly written. In answer to another query, after several failures, he wrote: 'You have no more telegraph.' Having been kept awake the night previous by raps on my walls and on my pillow, after retiring from my walk with X., I asked if this had been done by him. He wrote: 'Yes, I was raping (*sic*). I do not wear my hat on the back of my ——.' A remark I had made to X. about the supposed spirit which I saw in Kandy. Wishing a test, I now asked the name of the paper we published together. He wrote: 'Kind—Knd—' And this was all we could get. The name of the paper was the *Kandy Herald*. Mrs. Hollis could not have guessed as near as Knd. I asked if he would come and rap again. He wrote: 'I will be sure and come. You did not shave my head, did you? It was not you? Aunt Ana is here with me.' 'Who?' 'Anna.' I asked: 'What was the name of the paper we bought in Ceylon? Was it the *Observer*?' Answer: '*Times*, not *Observer*.' This was correct. 'Do you dislike to write the name of the paper we started?' 'Yes, that paper was the cause of my death. I know all about it; you have my pants—am going now.' 'Is the photograph taken by Hudson yours?' Yes, it is mine. I can write you a long letter when I practise more. I am doing the best I can.' 'How did the paper cause your death?' 'Bi—Bicau—Because I took the fever. I have no more now. A. A. J.' 'Where did you die?' 'You took me to my brother. Cool—Col—Columbo. They said the air would do me good.' 'How long is this ago?' 'Seven years ago?'

"All these answers were correct except the date. It is just five years now since his death. His remark that he was blind when materialized is very curious. His signature, A. A. J., X. declared, and I believe to have been, a *fac-simile* of Jones's writing when in life. But I thought the repetition of the A. a mistake. The whole of the handwriting was just Jones's blind scrawl. On the other hand, the errors in spelling and grammar were not like him, nor would he have used the words 'pants and vest,' unless he were merely copying my words. The difficulty he seemed to have in writing all *names* was suspicious, but then he was always nearer to them than it was possible for the medium to have got. I don't know why he should make such a mistake about the date of his death. He told me by raps with the pencil on the slate, that it was he who had disturbed the pæan in the house in Kandy, and whom I had seen there. It seems clear that in this, as in all other manifestations, the communications of spirits are coloured and altered by

the conditions of the medium through whom they pass. This is natural.

“When Jones had ceased to write, X. said, ‘I wonder if anyone would like to speak to me.’ The pencil scratched away as before, and on the slate appeared one short sentence, written in a neat, diminutive, female hand, and scrupulously straight: only this, ‘Not to-day, Charles. Your Aunt Mary.’ X’s scepticism was a good deal shaken by this *séance*; he could not account for Jones’s handwriting, nor for the correctness of his answers, except on the spiritualistic theory; neither could he understand the ‘Charles.’ But he denied that he had ever lost an Aunt Mary. When we got back to Crawley’s, however, he came to me and said, ‘I’m not certain about my aunt’s name. I had an aunt who died. I’ll write and ask my sister.’ He simply inquired the name of the aunt in question. Next morning the answer came: ‘The name of our aunt was Mary.’

“That I was wearing clothes that had belonged to Jones was the merest accident in the world. When he died in Kandy a box of his with his name upon it remained with me. It contained some black clothes, almost new. Of these, a pair of pants and vest were put by my wife in my box when I left for England, and I put them on without noticing that they were not my own, for they exactly fitted me.

“The other day as I was dressing in my room at home, my eye fell on Jones’s big chest, painted blue, with his name on it in large black letters—‘A. A. Jones.’ I was forcibly reminded then of this and the *séance* to be detailed in our next; on both of which occasions the spirit-communications, first on the slate and then *viva voce*, declared and insisted upon it that his name was A. A. Jones; whilst I would have it that he mistook, and that his name was simply Arthur Jones. On the whole I do not see how a better test was possible. I had just arrived from California, X. from Borneo, Mrs. Hollis from Paris. I an Englishman, X. an Irishman, and the medium an American from the South, who could know nothing whatever of our belongings or antecedents; whilst in both X.’s case and mine the theories of thought-reading and unconscious cerebration are shut out by the fact that the spirits gave several names correctly which we were at the time fully persuaded were mistakes.

“Yours,
“MEDICUS.”

The *Revue Spirite* is giving a series of articles on spirit-photographs, illustrated with spirit-portraits taken by M. Buguet. Our readers, however, will probably feel more interested in the testimony of one well known to them, and who gives his

experience with M. Buguet when the latter was in London. We therefore subjoin his narrative:—

THE LAST OF THE "PIG-TAILS."

Mr. S. C. Hall writes:—

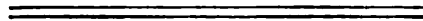
"While M. Buguet was in London I sat to him. I was not only not expecting any result—I was more than suspicious. I ought not to have been so, for many persons as worthy of confidence as I hope I am had given to me testimony such as I now give to others.

"He produced three photographs of me; in each there was a form besides my own. There was no 'medium' present, and, as far as I could judge, nothing by which the manipulator could have been guided or influenced or assisted. Of course, I watched his proceedings narrowly.

"One of the three I could not help recognising as my father; I will tell you why. The face is so obscure that I cannot determine the likeness by the features; but the face is round, the head is bald; there are neither beard, moustache or whiskers. That was exactly my father's head; but there are thousands of heads to which a similar description would apply. There was one peculiarity, however, which not one in a thousand could have had; I explain it. My father, Colonel Hall, was an old officer, and he wore *the queue* up to his 'death;' it was buried with him. That was in his time, 60 or 70 years ago, the common 'head-costume' of soldier officers, but it has long gone out, and I question if one of your many readers has ever seen the fashionable 'pig-tail' of the beginning of the present century. Now, in the photograph to which I refer (one of which I enclose to you) this *queue* is perfectly distinct—as clear as if a brush had painted it in—white (he was a very aged man when he died, and had been an officer more than 60 years), and proceeding from the back of the head down the back of the body, standing out, indeed, and apart from the shoulders, as you will see.

"M. Buguet may be a cheat in spite of abundant testimony to the contrary, but his knowledge must have been, at any rate, superhuman if he (having never seen me before, and knowing nothing about me) could have known the characteristics of my venerable father's head, and that he was among the last, if not the last, of the 'pig-tails.'

"I ought to add that on another of the three photographs the features are much more distinct, but that is a full face, and of course the *queue* is not seen."



PROTEST AGAINST THE DECLARATIONS OF THE
CONGRESS OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION
OF SPIRITUALISTS.

HELD IN LONDON, AUGUST 5TH, 1874.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

"Internal harmony among Spiritualists themselves must precede any permanent external union."—Ed. *Spiritual Magazine*.

MEMBERS of the National Association at this Congress proposed to expunge all mention of sympathy with the doctrines of the Gospel from the principles and objects of the National Association of Spiritualists, "because it is impossible to please everybody." Mr. Morse, the medium, approved of this, and proposed that all mention of sympathy with the teachings of the New Testament be expunged from the rules of the National Association. No dissent from the proposition was expressed, so far as appeared in the report of the meeting in the *Daily News* of August 6th. The Association therefore, tacitly accepted and proclaimed its adhesion to this astonishing principle. This is the doctrine of the National Associationists in their first great London Conference of 1874. Is this an Association that can meet the approval of British Spiritualists? Are we come to this, to allow a knot of self-appointed representatives of English Spiritualism to brand us all as hostile to Christianity? I for one enter my solemn protest against an assumption so totally unwarranted, so odious, and so absurd.

Let us look a little at the inevitable consequences and inferences of such a public declaration of principles. First, Spiritualists profess to be, and many are, scandalized by clergymen and others, by the whole Catholic church, branding Spiritualism as delusive and devilish, as inspired by misleading spirits, certain to conduct their dupes into fatal error. But why do Spiritualists, even the most sound and Christian, complain, if they allow these men of their own profession, these self-elected National Representatives of Spiritualism, thus before all the world to declare their rejection of Christianity? Here is this so-called National Association meeting in public congress in the capital of the British Empire, and having their proceedings reported by one of the most popular of the daily papers, doing the very things which our enemies have charged upon us. They denounce Christianity, and propose to expunge all sympathy with it from their accepted rules and principles. Is not this, if not absolutely devilish, an actual leap into that dark gulf of heathenism from which Christianity had rescued the world at the cost of ages of bloody and fiery persecution, at the cost

of public butcheries, burnings, and torturings of its heroic martyrs?

The Gospel, which they thus coolly renounce, is the professed avowal of the will and wisdom of God. That it should bear on its front the unmistakeable and ineradicable proofs of its Divine origin, it was predicted from the very hour of the fall of man. The seed of the woman, it was at once asserted, should bruise the head of the serpent of deceit and seduction. From age to age, for four thousand years, the advent of Christ on earth was clearly and positively announced by a succession of prophets, who all proclaimed the great event, who all pre-described the attendant circumstances of his birth, life, and death; and yet, not living contemporaneously, could not conspire for this object. Christ came bearing in his person all the predicted characteristics, and by the most wonderful series of Divine and beneficent miracles confirmed the dicta of the seers, and still more by his meek heroism, by the broad and heretofore unconceived moral grandeur of his doctrines, which laid the foundations of human freedom and spiritual progress in the declarations that God had made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and was no respecter of persons; that there should be no longer any lording it of one man over another, for that all were one in Christ Jesus.

By these most noble doctrines Christianity at once crushed every pretence of tyranny, secular or spiritual. Christianity became the charter of eternal freedom, moral equality, and brotherhood in the human race. True, it did not pretend to effectuate at once this grand emancipation of humanity. That would have been to exert a despotism on behalf of the extinction of despotism; but Christianity commenced throughout all known nations that great contest against every evil and every arbitrary principle, which is still going on, and out of this has grown the whole civilisation of to-day. The heavenly doctrine of "peace on earth, and good-will amongst men;" of the eradication of all human lusts and human selfishnesses, although still resisted by men, monarchs, and ministers—falsely calling themselves Christians—these are still the essential doctrines of Christianity, and have, spite of all opposition, already led mankind to a condition of civil order, and of spiritual knowledge, such as the world never saw, nor ever comprehended before. The civilisation of Greece and Rome, compared with the philanthropic spirit of present civilisation, was barbarism, shocking and gross. No genius of antiquity, not even that of Plato and Socrates, far less that of Seneca, Cicero, or Marcus Aurelius, ever grasped the simple but sublime truths dictated by Christ. It is the spirit of Christianity,

operating through noble natures imbued with its essence, which has put down slavery and serfdom; which has softened the savage character of men in their national and social existence; which has abolished inquisitions and *auto-da-fés*, discountenanced persecutions for religious principles, ameliorated the condition of prisons; in many countries abolished the punishment of death, and in all reduced their Draconian codes to a much more humane condition. It has elevated the status of woman, and is still labouring to elevate it still more. It is in fact, the law of universal justice, liberty and progress. It extends that progress to the yet invisible world, declaring all men who will accept it, not only the heirs of immortal life, but immortal happiness; all that it requires of you is to love God with all your soul, and your brother as yourself.

Now I defy anyone, however able or learned, to point out any other religion which has the same authority of age-long prophecies, of the correspondent character of the Messiah predicted, of the same noble character, of the same all-comprehensive greatness and divinity of its moral code. No system can possibly go higher than to teach the most perfect liberty of life or of soul, the profoundest justice, the most magnanimous love to God and man. None can produce equal historical or moral evidences of its being the system of God himself for the gradual civilisation and immortalisation of the race. No religion can possibly teach higher or more divine sentiments and principles.

The very men who affect now-a-days to set Christianity aside, and endeavour to persuade us that we can arrive at something better, something more beneficial to mankind, merely talk vague nonsense. They cannot show us where this better and higher is, or where we shall get hold of it. It is a phantasm, that vanishes the moment we demand of them to produce it. We ask them to place before us a more divine precept than that of loving God and your fellow-men as yourselves. If there be a superior rule of religion or morals, let us have it. But we ask for it in vain. They cannot produce an impossibility. That is a miracle they cannot perform: and all their vague dreams, vaunts, and preachings of something more elevated and ethereal, remain but the fogs of Hades—the philosophy of fools.

Why, all these vapours and vapouring new lights of a specious Spiritualism take their stand on the platform of Christianity itself, and are teaching in blind folly what it has engrained into their very natures, and which they would vainly attribute to something else yet unrevealed, except by certain nameless spirits. It is impossible for them in the present age

to extricate themselves from Christianity. It has made them and the world what they are. In its noble principles and humanizing axioms the world has been educated for these nearly 2,000 years. It has infiltrated itself into the religious and social constitution of the world; it has amalgamated itself with the very life-blood of humanity. We of this age are become part and parcel of it; and our modern anti-Christian Spiritualists, in the very pretension of developing something new, are but bringing forth the old and eternal truths of the system which they affect to despise because they neither know nor comprehend it. It is on its divine teaching of purity of soul, of love of God and of men, of justice and mercy to men and beasts, that our civilization is entirely based, and if not yet fully built up is anxiously reaching after. The noblest man, the noblest woman, the noblest laws, the noblest principles of life and philosophy, all that makes men kindly and gentle, pure and benevolent—all that creates the finest aspirations, that inspires the most glorious sacrifices for the race, the most intrepid enterprises for the development of knowledge—all the products of Christianity as vitalized and solidified in the human mind of to-day;—the spread of science, the widening of the field of human action and of enjoyment—spring from the soul of Christianity and become homogeneated with the soul of man. Even whilst science ignores this great psychic agent, it lives and feeds on its energies so long domiciled in the deepest recesses of the soul. It is the spirit of Christianity breathed through modern kingdoms which is for ever battling with the fiercest and most deadly powers of superstition and despotism. Its truth is for ever grappling with legal and ecclesiastical falsehood. Anything beyond the spirit or principles of Christianity to which ignorant men and fallacious spirits may profess to lead individuals, is worse than false, it is poisonous to the inner life, and destructive to real social or spiritual advance. Anything, I do not say beyond, but even approaching to the greatness, the moral power, and the Divine philosophy, even distantly approaching these, no spirits or their fond votaries have ever yet shown us, or ever can show us.

And here we have the first fruits of the National Association, against which I have earnestly warned the founders. Hitherto we have claimed for Spiritualism a divinely elevating nature, but now we have a body of men putting themselves at the head of British Spiritualism, and assuming to represent it, who have at once stamped upon it an anti-Christian character, and that on the authority of spirits unknown, un-introduced by God's open revelation or God's prophecy; spirits without genealogy, without historic proof, without any obvious guarantee for their

real issue from the celestial courts of God. For such spirits without credentials, without even a specific name, we are asked to set aside the oracles of ages, inaugurated in Paradise, confirmed on Mount Sinai, corroborated through the centuries of most self-proving seership; glorified on Mount Calvary by the most sublime sacrifice of testimony that the world has seen, and made triumphantly manifest by centuries of the operation of the most spirit-strengthening principles, the most ennobling morals, and a civilization for ever ascending and extending in its humanizing character.

Such is the scandal which the National Association has already stamped on British Spiritualism. They have proclaimed it in the face and in the great metropolis of a Christian nation, the avowed enemy of Christianity. The religion of the Christian world is declared to be excluded from the sympathy of these would-be guides of the future world. If they dare not express their sympathy for Christianity because, as one of them asserted, they cannot please everybody, is not this a declaration of moral cowardice of the most despicable nature? Will they dare to say that they honour, believe in, and hold firm their Christianity, and yet are ready to ignore it because they cannot please its opponents? Oh, shameful confession! Oh! unworthy pretenders to that religion which thousands of martyrs have perished in proclaiming—noble men, to whom death was preferable to denial of their Divine faith. And shall we accept such dastards, such apostates to truth and nobility of soul, for our leaders? God forbid! All honourable men and women forbid it. And for those amongst them who do renounce this Divine charter of man's independence on earth, and immortality of virtue in heaven, shall we accept *them* as our leaders? Shall they who are led by obscure, visionary, infatuated spirits, of no name and no status or character, lead us? Heaven and earth and all sound minds forbid! This is the first of their scandals, but not their last. Henceforth, in vain may we hope for any real and sober Christians to cast the most distant glance at Spiritualism, except such as they would give to some monster, unless we repudiate these would-be leaders and all their doctrines and doings.

Fortunately, they find that they cannot please everybody. No, they certainly cannot please the intelligent Christian world by wiping out of their associative constitution all sympathy for the teachings of Christianity. They have struck a blow at Spiritualism which must be death and eternal infamy to it, unless the more sane and rational Spiritualists declare their utter abhorrence of such doctrines. We must, if we would save Spiritualism, call on all honourable and Christian men

and women to come out from amongst them, and to be not of them.

No such deadly blow to Spiritualism could have been given by the enemies of the cause, single or confederate. A certain religious admiral, well known in both England and abroad, on hearing the name of another well-known man, said, "Oh, that gentleman I regret to say is not a Christian, he is a Spiritualist." This gentleman naturally declined to admit that a Spiritualist was of course no Christian. But what shall he say now? The National Association of English Spiritualists has destroyed the force of his denial of such a charge. What shall he do? He and every man who values his good name and the good name of Spiritualism must do this. He must protest against any body of men, and especially of men little known to the world as the earnest workers for and expounders of the truths of Spiritualism, giving to the general body of Spiritualists the character of heathens. These men if they please—for opinion however erroneous is free—may go back from the genial light of Christianity into the gloomy limbo of Heathenism, but they have no right by assuming a national position to brand their nation with an odious and unwholesome cognomen. I, for one, abjure all connection with them—I protest solemnly and sacredly against their proceedings and declarations, as unwarrantable, libellous, and an infamy to their nationality. They have no right to give their fellow Spiritualists by implication, that is, by assuming the national name and style, the disgraceful appellation of heathens and infidels. "Their primary and fundamental object," said one of their speakers, "is to form a bond of union between all Spiritualists of every shade of opinion." I, for one, declare that I will have nothing to do with any such a Noah's Ark. There can be no real bond of union betwixt good and evil, wisdom and folly, between clean and unclean, it is not in nature. Let Spiritualists of every shade go their own ways. However they may try at it, there can be no permanent union betwixt such incongruous elements. I myself have but one way, and that is the way of truth, righteousness and sound sense, as they are taught in Jesus Christ. I am a man, and because I am a man, I am not obliged to share the opinions, or the deeds, or the absurdities of men of all shades of opinion. With the murderer, the adulterer, the swindler, the blasphemer, or the drunkard, I have nothing to do. I cannot help being a man, but I am not, therefore, bound to share the follies or the crimes of other men. I must share their human nature, but I protest against their distorted and degenerated nature. I can form no bond of union with men of their different shades of opinion and propensities.

I cannot help being a Spiritualist, because Spiritualism is a great fact of human nature, but I beg leave to steer as clear as possible of men who follow any wrong-headed or mischievous spirits who would lead us back from the religion of love and light, into phantasmal heathenism—whether Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Brahminism, Confucism, or Fetishism, on pretence of leading us to some fool's paradise of the impossibly ideal. I declare off from all communion or co-operation with filthy Re-incarnation, so filthy, that it thinks all eternity not wide or strong enough to purge the sensual soul, but it must come back to run another swine's career of wallowing in the sinks and sewers of earth. I have nothing to do with Freeloivism, or any other shade of the Spiritualistic bedlam, but I hold fast by the Divine life and the holy doctrines of Jesus Christ.

This Association, however, deems it a merit to jumble all the oddities of spiritual belief and profession into one "harmonious band." I for my part am perfectly willing to meet my fellow-men—of all professions—in general society, but so far from wishing to shake hands, and make common membership with the eccentricities of opinion, I decline to be tarred with the same confederate brush, and stamped with the brand of a motley herd that owns individually neither the same shepherd, the same fold, nor even the same fleece. I am not disposed to hob-nob in collective fellowship and one bond of union with either Freeloivers, Shakers, Mormons, or Yezidees (that is, Devil-Worshippers), for they are all Spiritualists, though of different shades; but being such, however shady they may be, are clearly entitled to become members, and to sit in the ample Council of the National Association of Spiritualists, by its recognised rules. It may be said that some of these are not British; but they are quite as British as a number of names paraded there, and, therefore, as they are admissible on the score of nationality, they are equally so by their adhesion to Spiritualism—the National Association proposing to embrace those of "every shade of opinion."

Some people tell me, by way of apology for Spiritualists who imagine that they have advanced beyond Christianity, and are now advocating heathenism, and exemption from the ties of marriage and other moral ties, that if we knew their antecedent condition of mind, we should perceive that this fool's paradise is to them a real advance. It may be so, and I wish them every advance in genuine knowledge and moral propriety, but it does not make me the more desirous of becoming a chum of theirs, nor the more inclined to bear the responsibilities of their diseased crotchets. There are, I have not the least doubt, thousands of crack-brained spirits wandering about Hades, out of whose intellect it will take ages to wash the queer conun-

drums, and who will come and preach them to weak creatures who, utterly incapable of estimating moral or historic evidence, will accept them as philosophers of the purest and highest type. But for the disciples of these insane *incubi* I have not the more respect on that account. There are plenty of men, too, in the purlieus of London who are on the advance a little, but they are not yet exactly the individuals that we would like to be seen with. A debauchee may be slowly on the way to a cleaner life and a better set of ideas, and we wish him well, and would be disposed to help him along by good advice, but at present he is not quite in the condition in which we would take him into our friendship, and say to all the world at Lawson's Rooms or the Crystal Palace, "Behold our friend!—of a variety of opinion from ourselves indeed, but one of our peculiar Association, which aims at forming a bond of social union with all." The late murderer may now content himself with simple robbery, and the wholesale robber with merely a little petty larceny. Good, let them go on in the right way, it is meritorious; but just at their present *locus standi* they are not exactly the persons with whom one would wish to identify oneself as of the same set. Not a whit the more is it desirable or politic to identify ourselves with Spiritualists of certain creeds and propensities simply because they are Spiritualists. It is necessary for the sound and beneficial progress of Spiritualism that we should hold fast by healthy views and rational opinions. That we should exhibit it as standing on the truth, proved by the wear and tear of ages; truth which bears the unmistakable impress of its Divine source, which has passed through the fires of centuries of trial, and has produced its fruits of sound mind, celestial charity, pure conduct, and good report.

Spiritualism can have no alliance with holders of dogmas of a dark, or even dubious, character. It can have no bond of union with many of the shades of opinion, generated in America, and wafted on the winds of diseased fancy hither. It must, like all other bodies, bear the disgrace of morbid-spirited or fantastic disciples. The National Association, by its late proceedings, has published to all the world an invitation to all strange cattle to take refuge within its enclosure. Men of all shades and varieties of opinion, if they can only pronounce the shibboleth of Spiritualism, are to be welcome there—to be of one nap and texture. This is startling to begin with; and into what infamy this unlucky Association will drag the new and nobly-growing dispensation, God only knows. For ourselves, we can only keep ourselves clear; steer clear of the leprous and the contagious, though they may assert their new charter of universal right as nominal Spiritualists. The only remedy

for this disaster is to make known, far and wide, our dissent from, our disgust with, the proceedings and doctrines of this body, and to assert our adhesion to the Gospel, pure and undefiled. Henceforth, unless we do this and bear aloft the standard of our Divine faith, there is an end of the truly religious, intelligent and respectable even-thinking of Spiritualism. Let all who value the exercise of a sound and enlightened judgment in their religion "come out from amongst these ricketty Associationists, and be not of them."

But, unfortunately, the seeds of inevitable death are in this Association. No, you cannot please everybody. Such a medley of queer thinkers cannot possibly hold together. They are a rope of sand. To be united and effective, people must be of one mind; but this Association is of all sorts of minds. As well might oil and water, sparks and gunpowder, light and darkness expect to hold together. A bond of union, embracing every variety of opinion, is one of those impossibilities which so many of the wild heads of America imagine to be perfectly commonplace facts, and with which they have infected the light-headed here. Let the public only be well advertised of the truth, that the National Association is not the National Spiritualism, but merely a disorder of it, and time will do the rest.

Let us, however, do justice to these National Associationists. As inexperienced projectors, they cannot certainly have foreseen the consequences of assuming a national, and, therefore, a representative character and position. Some of these consequences I have shown them, some others I will show them on another occasion; and of some of them particular members appear to have already an inkling, for they propose to declare themselves as *having no principles*. Having no principles! cancelling all expression of principles from their rules! In other words, to become an unprincipled set! Why, a body without principles is like a fly without a head, a windmill without sails, a ship without a rudder. Such absurdities inevitably beset rash and unballasted organizers. This folly however others have noticed, what concerns us more is the Association's peculiar animus against Christianity, the only doctrine to which they expressly object, whilst proposing to embrace every other shade of opinion, however grotesque, diseased, or erratic.

But circumstances are speedily bringing upon them the most awful dilemmas. I see it stated in the newspapers that two most notorious women who claim to be Spiritualists are coming over to England. The fire of public opinion which they have long outraged in America, is burning their skirts too briskly for them to remain there any longer. I need not name them, they are too well known to all properly-informed Spiritualists. These

notorious women, whose infamous teachings are familiar to all who have read their articles in *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*, exalt obscenity into a deity, and pronounce the indulgence of unbridled sensuality the highest and noblest object of human nature. The arguments of the most notorious of these women, as given in the American and some of the English newspapers, particularly in a journal called the *Herald and Helpmate*, in favour of the alleged dissoluteness of the Rev. Ward Beecher, are the most atrociously vile and beastly avowals that ever were made by the most abandoned of their sex. She declares that Mr. Beecher cannot help, and ought not to help debauching what he calls "the noble and cultured women of his congregation." That this asserted conduct of his "is the noblest and grandest of the endowments of this truly great representative man."

This foul woman proclaims in print that such a man as Mr. Beecher is quite right in turning his church into a stew of the rankest description, and that the world is preposterously wrong in blaming him for such conduct. That "he is right, and public opinion and the Gospel are wrong, and are really compulsory hypocrisy and systematic falsehood, which is infused and inwrought into the very structure of society to the consequent and wide-spread injury of the whole community." The animal instincts, she declares, are infinitely more noble and more admirable than the finest spiritual faculties, the most exalted endowments of genius, the most brilliant imagination, the purest and most generous affections; in fact, than everything which mankind in all ages has deemed most sacred and divine.

Degraded, debased, and demoralized woman! And shall these be held to be the genuine and natural products of Spiritualism? Shall the really grand truths of Spiritualism be blackened by the pestilent breaths and reptile contact with such apostles of the lowest regions? Yet these are the direct consequences of the proclamation of the National Association, that it proposes to include people of all shades of opinion. They must receive these women as avowed Spiritualists, or they must at once abjure their acknowledged principles. No, I forget, they propose to have no principles! But principles or no principles, these female apostles of vice will take them at their word. Delightful news it must be to them, who could not have the most distant chance of reception into any decent society, to read the invitation of the National Association "to Spiritualists of all shades of opinion," and happy they will be to enroll themselves amongst them.

Whatever course the Association shall adopt, Spiritualists at large must disown these loose and perilous principles, or Spiritualism will stink in the nostrils of all the world, and every one who has already in good faith avowed himself a Spiritualist

must hide his head, and shrink aside from deserved public contempt and reprobation. No enemies, however fierce, subtle, or destructive can do such damage as such fatal friends as these. They are such as these who furnish the enemies with their weapons, and enable them to say that the dispensation is from the devil. We must, in fact, deny the doctrines of this unlucky Association, or we cannot deny that frequent charge.

ABORIGINAL SPIRITUALISM.

(From the "*Pioneer of Progress.*")

"IN *The Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man*, by Sir John Lubbock, Bart., published in 1870, there are numerous accounts of manners and customs among uncivilized races, which to the student of Spiritualism indicate the presence of phenomena allied to the modern European and American manifestations.

"Two of the most remarkable are apparently cases of 'trance-mediumship,' and of the 'direct spirit-voice.' On the authority of Williams, the missionary, the following scene is described as occurring in Fiji:—

"'Unbroken silence follows. The priest becomes absorbed in thought, and all eyes watch him with unblinking steadiness. In a few minutes he trembles; slight distortions are seen in his face, and twitching movements in his limbs. These increase to a violent muscular action, which spreads, until the whole frame is strongly convulsed, and the man shivers as with a strong ague fit. . . . The priest is now possessed by his "god," and all his words and actions are considered as no longer his own, but those of the deity who has entered into him. Shrill cries of "Koi au, Koi au!"—"It is I, it is I!" fill the air, and the "god" is supposed thus to notify his approach. While giving the answer, the priest's eyes stand out and roll as in a frenzy; his voice is unnatural, his face pale, his lips livid, his breathing depressed, and his entire appearance like that of a furious madman; the sweat runs from every pore, and tears start from his strained eyes; after which the symptoms gradually disappear. The priest looks round with a vacant stare, and the god says, "I depart," announces his actual departure by violently flinging himself down on the mat, or by suddenly striking the ground with his club, when those at a distance are informed by blasts on the conch or the firing of a musket, that the deity has returned into the world of spirits.' (p. 224.)

"We will now take an instance from the Arctic regions.

The 'Shamans' in Siberia and the 'Angekoks' in Greenland, are a class of persons professing to be inspired by spirits or deities who live in a world of their own, but who occasionally visit the earth. A *séance* is thus described in *Graah's Voyage to Greenland*:

"The Angekok came in the evening, and the lamps being extinguished, and skins hung before the windows,—for such arts, for evident reasons, (!?) are best practised in the dark—took his station on the floor, close by a well-dried seal-skin there suspended, and commenced rattling it, beating the tambourine, and singing, in which last he was seconded by all present. From time to time his chant was interrupted by a cry of "Gore! Gore! Gore!" the meaning of which I did not comprehend, coming first from one corner of the hut, and then from the other. . . . A whole hour elapsed before the wizard could make the "torngak" or spirit obey his summons. Come he did, however, at last; and his approach was announced by a strange rushing sound, very like the sound of a large bird flying beneath the roof. The Angekok still chanting, now proposed his questions, which were replied to in a voice quite strange to my ears, but which seemed to me to proceed from the entrance passage, near which the Angekok had taken his station. These responses were, however, somewhat oracular, insomuch that Ernenek's wives were obliged to request some more explicit answer, whereupon they received the comfortable assurance that he was alive and well, and would shortly make his appearance.' (p. 223.)

"To those acquainted with the 'phenomena called spiritual' the similarity of these curious manifestations to those now occurring among ourselves, is obvious. It is indeed quite evident that Sir John Lubbock and the missionaries and travellers he quotes from are not satisfied in their own minds as to the exact nature of these things. Some even of our recent missionaries, according to Williams, believed that the Polynesian wizards really possessed supernatural powers, and were 'agents of the infernal powers.' Even Williams himself thought it 'not impossible.' We may well be surprised that Europeans should believe in such things; and missionaries so credulous and ignorant ought, one might suppose, rather to learn than to teach; on the other hand, it is not surprising that savages should believe in witchcraft, nor even that the wizards should believe in themselves. We must indeed by no means suppose that sorcerers were always, or indeed generally impostors. The Shamans of Siberia are, says Wrangel, by no means ordinary deceivers, but a psychological phenomenon well deserving of attention. (p. 152.)

"Traces may be met with of a great variety of manifestations, even one of 'direct writing.' 'Like our spirit-rappers and table-turners, the Chinese magicians, though they have

never seen the person who consults them, they tell his name, and all the circumstances of his family; in what manner his house is situated, how many children he has, their names and age; with a hundred other particulars, which may be naturally enough supposed known to the demons, but are strangely surprising to weak and credulous minds among the vulgar. Some of these conjurors, after invoking the demons, cause the figures of the chief of their sect and of their idols to appear in the air. Formerly they could make a pencil write of itself, without anybody touching it, upon paper or sand, the answers to questions.' (pp. 148-9, quoted from *Astley's Voyages*.)

"There is a 'manifestation' which so far as we know, has not occurred through any of our 'mediums.' 'At Maskat there are such sorcerers that they eat the inside of a thing, only fixing their eyes upon it. . . . One of these fascinators fixing his eyes on a water melon, sucked out the inside; for being cut open to try the experiment, it was found empty; and the wizard, to satisfy the spectators, vomited it up again!' (p. 149.)

"Sir John Lubbock evidently considers it no part of the object of his work to offer any explanation of these phenomena, though he implies that ordinary laws are insufficient to account for some of them. Further investigation in this interesting field, would probably lead to the discovery of much that would be both curious and valuable. "E. T. B."

THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

Our human life is dual—one of sense
 And Nature, appetite and greed,
 Instinct and passion: blind, discordant, hence
 All impotent to meet our inward need.

For deep within us lives another life,
 Transcending Nature, awful and eterne:
 And through the internecine strife
 Of these two contraries we come to learn

How God works ever out His high intent,
 That human souls, dwelling in space and time,
 Made strong, may climb the steep ascent
 From earth and lower aims to Life Divine.

Of these—of loving souls wherever found,
 Humble, devout, of Truth in earnest search:
 Of all in whom sweet charities abound—
 The living stones—God builds His Spiritual Church.

T. S.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE "TIMES" OFFICE.

TWO winters ago, some time before the death of Mr. Mowbray Morris, one of the chief members of the *Times* staff, he was in Rome. At that time the writer of this statement happened to call with a lady—well known for her active proselytism in the spiritual circles of London—on a Mrs. B., the wife of another member of the staff of the *Times*. They were immediately and eagerly pressed to join a spiritual *séance*, to be held that very evening, at the house of this Mrs. B. They learned that the *Times* people, then in Rome, were in the habit of holding *séances*. They were told that Mr. H., the then *Times* special correspondent at Rome (since removed to Paris), and his wife would be there too. The London lady-apostle of Spiritualism immediately accepted the invitation; the writer of this, who could scarcely believe his ears, on hearing that the *Times* writers were such zealous Spiritualists, declined, candidly observing that he could not expect anything very edifying in a *séance* composed of people who, whilst they publicly in their capacity of writers on the regular staff of the *Times*, did all the mischief in their power to the cause of Spiritualism—abusing, mocking, and misrepresenting it,—were in private zealous believers in, and practisers of it. This brusque declaration fell like a wet blanket on the lady of the *Times* circle, and a most thunderous gloom fell over her brow, and indeed, over her whole person, betraying the great indignation at the free criticism which she had elicited; and on the visitors taking their leave, this lady of the *Times* secret conclave of Spiritualists displayed towards the blunt offender a stiffness and *hauteur* worthy of an incensed tragedy queen. The London lady,—the zealous proselyter, however, attended the *Times* *séance*, and reported to the plain-speaking man that it was a very poor affair indeed—exactly as he had predicted.

These particulars the writer, whose name and standing are well-known to the editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* and given in confidence, can assure its readers are perfectly correct. They are a curious revelation of the interior condition and proceedings of the leading newspaper offices, whence issue such continual rumblings of affected thunder against Spiritualism. They furnish a fine exhibition of the moral principle of the writers of newspapers, the self-elected teachers of the nation, who abuse for daily bread the very truth which in secret they acknowledge and endeavour to avail themselves of. What sort

of spirits must attend such circles? Most probably the former editors and scribes of these very honest journals, which continue to act on the policy of Mr. Facing-two-ways, and will so continue until Spiritualism becomes sufficiently popular to pay for confessing it. Need we ask which are the more contemptible, these wriggling literary eels, or the honest, open-faced avowers of a great truth on which these disciples of Janus pour all their contempt?

MRS. GUPPY AT BELFAST.

The *Freeman's Journal* of August 31st, in allusion to the late meeting of the British Association at Belfast, says:—

“ Mrs. Guppy, the well-known medium, was among the visitors drawn to the Northern capital. She was a constant attendant at the sittings of the Association, and it might have been expected that she would have exhibited her manifestations in some of the sections. Perhaps Professor Tyndall's inaugural lecture frightened the lady from introducing her spirits to an audience who had just been instructed on high authority that there was nothing more supernatural than matter. Anyhow, Mrs. Guppy made no sign at the Association. She, however, gave several *séances* in private houses in Belfast, at which it appears some members of the Association were present, and found their learning and science wholly insufficient to explain the mysteries they felt and witnessed. At Mrs. Guppy's last performance, a large centre-table creaked, oscillated, danced, and rapped in spite of a score hands laid upon it. Several departed souls conversed by means of the usual taps with the company. Among the disembodied interlocutors were one Jack Waverley and a deceased sister of Mr. Guppy. Showers of Eau de Cologne were shed upon the company, followed by a fall of fine sand. There was a noise of falling plants upon the candles, and when these latter were relighted, a quantity of fresh asters, laurels, and hollyhocks, still wet with dew, were found lying upon the table. An unbelieving member of the party examined the shrubbery, and found nothing more than marks of freshly cut-off laurel branches. The manifestations did not stop with the use of the pruning knife. When the candles were put out, some of the company felt their faces gently touched, as if by the gloved hand of a lady. Mrs. Guppy, who had her hands held by two of the guests, invited the party to ask for anything they wished. One called for a rose, another for a bunch of grapes, and a third for a roasted apple. No sooner said than done, declares one who was present, the articles were at once found upon the table. A strange light, we are told,

was seen near the roof, such as had often before appeared to her. Ere long it became visible also to others of the party, appearing to be a faint phosphorescent light, resembling that of the glowworm, and flashed rapidly but not brightly, from side to side, over the heads of the company. A practical joker present lighted a match, but nothing was detected. The indignant spirits refused to perform any more, and departed for the shades, leaving the scientific gentlemen 'much puzzled to account for the wonders of the *séance*.'"

A NUT FOR SCIENTISTS TO CRACK.

The following correspondence has appeared in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*:—

Sir,—Will you permit me through your columns to give Professor Tyndall and the scientists of the British Association the following "nut to crack." The members are students of physical and psychological laws, and perhaps they will aid me in accounting for the phenomena I am about to describe. On two or three occasions, when I had sat with a private circle in the house of a friend, I had witnessed, both in the dark and daylight, the falling of large and small drops of water on the table round which we sat, and on which we rested our hands.

This evening at 5.45 I went to my friend's house without giving him any notice of my intention to call, for the purpose of trying experiments in the presence of his son, a lad about 13 years of age, and through whose mediumship water frequently falls on the table in a closed and ceiled room. At 6 o'clock we sat down to the table, which is about 3 feet long and 18 inches broad; the table was uncovered, and the top consisted of plain American fir. The boy sat at one end of the table, his father sat at the side next the window, and I sat at the side of the table facing the window. To prevent the possibility of the boy squirting water from his mouth I caused him to turn his head towards the window. We had excellent daylight in the room. I placed a mahogany planchette on the centre of the table, and in less than a minute several drops of water had fallen upon its surface, and yet a greater number on the surface of the table. I placed my hat crown downwards on the table, near the centre, and in the hat I placed a sheet of clean paper. In three minutes I took the paper out of my hat and found it covered with drops of water; in fact, table, paper and planchette resembled the flags on a street after a slight shower of rain.

I next endeavoured to ascertain from what elevation the drops of water came, and what was the maximum height at which I could get drops to fall on the planchette. I discovered that the maximum height was 18 inches. At that height from the table I got several drops, but the number gradually increased as the planchette approached the table. The falls of the drops of water occurred sporadically. At all times some drops fell, but occasionally, at intervals of about three minutes, considerable quantities fell on the table, planchette, and hat. I propose to follow up this investigation, and shall, with your permission, report progress.—I am, &c.,

T. P. BARKAS.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sept. 7, 1874.

Sir,—On Tuesday morning, September 8th, I described to three well-known gentlemen, residents at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the phenomena which are recorded above, and they promptly accepted an invitation to go and witness the phenomena for themselves. I arranged with them to go to my friend's house in the evening at 5.50, and at that hour we assembled in his sitting room.

There were present in the room the three gentlemen referred to, the boy in whose presence the phenomenon of falling water occurs, the father and mother of the boy, a lady visitor, and myself. We sat round the table before described, and I placed upon it a large sheet of dark green tissue paper, in order that the drops of water might be more easily seen, and in order that a register of them might be kept by the paper on which the drops fell. Immediately after we sat down and placed our hands upon the table, several drops of water fell and marked the green paper. We then tried the height at which the water fell by holding a large piece of paper at an elevation of three feet from the table; no drops fell on it, but several fell on the paper beneath it. We gradually lowered the height of the suspended paper, and when it was 18 inches from the table, drops began to fall upon or appear on it. We removed the boy to the other end of the table, but still the drops continued to fall, and I may say that all who were present were utterly unable to account for the falling of the drops of water. The room was well lighted, it was broad daylight, the window blind during part of the proceedings being drawn to the top of the window, and during the remainder of the time was half-way down the window, but the raising and lowering of the blind did not appear to affect the phenomena. I forward you the names and addresses of the three gentlemen who accompanied me, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. I know, of course, that any person having a command of the press can attempt to ridicule these extraordinary facts, but they remain facts notwithstanding ridicule, and sensible men will in due time attempt to account for them.—I am, &c.,

T. P. BARKAS.

September 9, 1874.

DR. WILLIAM HITCHMAN ON SPIRITUALITY OF SOUL.

On Sunday evening, August 2nd, the above physician *and* metaphysician delivered a philosophical address (by special request) to the Liverpool Psychological Society, at the Islington Assembly Rooms. His review extended from the atomic philosophy of monad, monkey, and man, through geological strata of unknown ages, the rude implements of the Victoria cave at Settle; the works of art and human bones, with extinct animals of far and away *pleistocene* antiquity in the fluviatile deposit at Crayford, &c., on and on to ancient Rome. The mild humanity of the Gracchi—the severity of Cato—the cruelty of the Claudian race—the factious rashness of the Guises of France—the inflexible character of the whole family of Mirabeau, and, in England, the splendidly vigorous intellects of our Gregorys, Herschels, and Pitts, as furnishing historic examples of the virtues and vices of spirituality of soul. The Lecturer then discussed the facts and phenomena of modern Spiritualism, analytically and synthetically, as witnessed by British and Foreign scientists. Demonology, Witchcraft, and Natural Magic, were cited as illustrations of that kind of *pseudo*-Spiritualism, which owe their origin to pictures on the morbid retina or diseased brain in many persons—ocular spectra, in fact, of which the actual examples may sometimes be found in the history of such instances as Swedenborg, Luther, Pascal, Cromwell, Goëthe, Cellini, Scott, Abernethy's "old woman in the red

cloak," the demons of Nicolai, the ghastly fiend of Lord Castlereagh, the figurantes in green and gold, the notes of bugles and voices of ghosts, which haunt alike the souls of the drunken, the poisoned, the exhausted and the insane.

SPIRITUALISM IS NOW A SCIENCE. Again and again had Reason and Logic proved the co-relations of Earth-Life and the Spirit-World; the angelic being *has* demonstrated the distinctive, objective, bodily reality of transcendental matter—fully materialised to mortal view—submitting to our severest tests. Withal, the Doctor inquired of what use is immortality to mortals, or *spirits*, without that moral change of character from vice to virtue, which ensures simplicity, candour, probity, and purity of *body and soul*. We have in Spiritualism the demonstration physical and psychical, at once palpable and irrefragable of a resurrection of the spiritual body. Still, THE HEAVEN OR THE HELL IS IN US! And vain our clearer insight—our best reflections, book-learning, scientific knowledge, poetic imagination, spiritual visions, physical phenomena, or *sights of angels*, if we fail to possess that loftier, diviner spirituality of soul, which implies the being good and the doing good, as the first truth and eternal groundwork of God *in man*.

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN FAITH.

In a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, on "The Roman Catacombs as illustrating the Belief of the Early Christians," Dean Stanley remarked:—

"The result of a candid investigation of the records was that the idea of the good shepherd was the primitive idea of the early Christians. Without this idea of the good shepherd they would hardly know that the Catacombs was a place of Christian burial at all. The Dean, remarking on the absence of anything like theological distinctions in the records, said they spoke only of human affections, human sympathies, and human hopes. 'I am the good shepherd'—or, as it should probably be translated, 'I am the beautiful shepherd'—was the sign of the Early Christian belief; but as this idea wore out, as things would wear out in this world, it was replaced by creeds and formulas. The belief impressed by the records of the Catacombs was that of a joyous creed, not that of a desponding, melancholy one. It was represented by the spreading vine and the gathering of the grapes, by birds with bright plumage representing the departure of the human soul, and by such inscriptions as '*Vive in Deo, vivas in Deo, vivis in Deo,*' which would now probably be regarded as maxims of deists, pantheists, or even atheists.

In the early Christian times the popular conception was that of a strong, joyous youth of eternal growth and immortal grace, which was not to repel but to include, not to destroy but to save."

SWEDENBORG A MEDIUM FROM CHILDHOOD.

At a recent lecture at Bolton by Mrs. Tappan on Swedenborg, some Swedenborgians present having called in question her statement that Swedenborg was a medium from childhood, and insisted on her authority for the statement. Mrs. Tappan, in accordance with the promise, replied in the *Bolton Chronicle*, quoting the following:—

Swedenborg writes as follows to his friend Dr. Beyer (*True Christian Religion*, No. 16, 1776. Liepsig): "From my fourth year my thoughts were constantly engrossed in reflecting on the spiritual nature of man. Even then my eyes were filled with fiery, miraculous lights, and I often revealed things in my discourses which filled my friends with amazement, and made them declare to others, 'Certain it is that the angels were speaking through the mouth of the child Emanuel.'" Again, in *Life and Writings of Swedenborg*, by William White, London, 1868, p. 119, it is stated: "Not without *many* presages did the spiritual world open to Swedenborg. From his childhood his breath, when on his knees at prayer, was curiously holden within him, and strange lights from the sun of another country from time to time had broken through the darkness." In various existing documents to be found in the University of Upsala, reference is frequently made to the "unnatural" brilliancy which at certain periods was visible in the eyes of that spiritual philosopher. Indeed, throughout his scientific works, Swedenborg often adds, "I could write no more, being overcome with the flames of fire burning in my eyes." Moreover, Märt Sturtzenbecher, in his *Philosophy of Nature*, published at Stockholm in 1817 (perhaps the chief of Swedenborg's disciples), states, p. 23, "From early childhood, if not from infancy, his eyes seemed to reflect spiritual light," &c.

HOW DO SOLID BODIES PASS THROUGH WALLS?

In reply to this question, Mrs. Tappan said:—

No matter is solid, but if sufficient power could be brought to bear the entire substance of the building they were in might be compressed into a space no larger than the end of your finger. Wherever there was sufficient power that could be done. Crystals were formed in that way in the heart of the earth by a process known to Nature. Mind possessed that power when disembodied; and when they were conversant with those occult forces of Nature they would be able so to separate particles as to enable them to pass through those interstices

that permeate all matter. That was the reason why seemingly-solid bodies passed through other bodies; and that was why in thus passing through other substances a body received no injury, provided the particles were allowed to come together again before the law of attraction had entirely lost its hold. Were a person to cut his hand and then quickly unite the parts, the blood would continue to flow in its accustomed channels; so, if an instant separation of particles took place, followed by immediate reunion before any atmosphere could intervene, the attraction by which they were held together would not be completely severed, but they would come together again on the force which separated them being withdrawn. The removal of a coat, without passing over the arms in the usual way, seemed to be a miracle. But clothes were made of fibres; and if they could be separated and instantaneously reunited, it was just the same as if no separation had taken place. It was effected by rapidity of motion—a power which had not been acquired in any form of external knowledge. If one were to take a stick lighted at one end and pass it rapidly before the vision, it would seem to be a circle of fire, caused by the rapidity of motion. It requires the sixtieth part of a second for an object to impress itself on the eye, and were it to pass in less than the sixtieth part of a second the eye could not see it. Anything, therefore, which occurs more rapidly than that is invisible to the eye; the eye witnesses the result, but is unconscious of the process. It is by this rapidity of motion that physical manifestations take place. Atom does not pass through atoms, what is affirmed is that no atoms were joined together in substances with which we are familiar, and that when one body passes through another it is simply the atoms which are separated, allowing other atoms to pass *by*, not *through* them. All substances are like a sponge; water passes through it, but it does not pass through its particles.

TEN REASONS FOR BELIEVING IN SPIRITUALISM.

At one of Mrs. Tappan's recent lectures in Liverpool, at which about two thousand persons were present, the chairman, Dr. Hitchman, in the course of his opening address, gave the following reasons for believing in Spiritualism:—

1.—The contemporary nature of various adequate scientific testimony, repeatedly confirmed and long continued in Europe and America.

2.—The acknowledged intelligence and established truthfulness of the *same* Scientists, on other subjects, admitted to be genuine and unequivocal, mathematically, by the best Academies and learned Societies.

3.—The recent independent substantial agreement as to the facts and phenomena alleged to be Spiritual, together with the circumstantial accuracy of the statements of EIGHT different contemporary scientific and competent eye-witnesses, *viz.*: Camille Flammarion, of Paris, M. Butlerow, of St. Petersburg, Professor Mapes, and Judge Edmonds, of New York, and scientists like Crookes, Wallace, Sexton, and Varley of London, together with three Emperors, a score of Princes, many thousands of nobility and gentry, as well as clerical, medical, and legal investigators, in short, a large thoughtful section of the intelligent public.

4.—The undesigned repetition of coincidences between the known facts, or recognized phenomena, anthropologically, both in ancient and modern times—again and again demonstrated to be invincibly conclusive—A.D. 1874, in the presence of highly trained skilled experts, and attested by educated judicious inquirers—both British and Foreign.

5.—The entire absence of any conceivable motive for *perpetual* "fraud," or *incessant* "falsehood," on the part of distinguished scientific men in England, France, Holland, Italy, Russia, Germany, and the United States.

6.—The great difficulty—not to say gross injustice and utter absurdity, of continuing to suppose that the best teachers of the purest Science are all

engaged in the vile immoral work of propagating an egregious wilful imposture—and always forging the basest testimony on behalf of a delusion, a mockery, and a snare.

7.—The utter absence of any fair adequate contradiction to rational statements, derived solely from sound practical investigation by natural philosophers, and the scientific results of actual experimental observation, now published in recognized journals of acknowledged reputation, at home and abroad.

8.—The frequent reference to similar phenomena of a spiritual nature, not only recorded in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures but in every known religion in the history of mankind, whether regarded as races, tribes, or nations, civilized and barbaric—showing most clearly that what is now called Spiritualism has been well known, in all ages of the world, historic or traditional, and is thoroughly attested solemnly and sincerely in forty-eight different languages now spoken.

9.—The adequacy of the cause for a *revival* of such facts and phenomena of spirit-life in the atheistic or materialistic nineteenth century, if we really believe that “God is a Spirit,” and man has a soul, or spirituality, whose future destiny is wholly dependent upon present conduct in mortal flesh and blood.

10.—The sufficiency of the spiritual hypothesis *alone* to explain ALL the different phenomena that now appear, whereas no other theory has yet explained, or seems likely to explain, *all* the facts of the most genuine and well-attested manifestations.

Notices of New Books.

PSYCHOPATHIC HEALING.*

THIS is a thin, neatly got up volume, giving much useful psychological information, in clear, popular form. Some of its speculations may perhaps be questionable; but there need be no question that Mr. Ashman performs many remarkable cures by his mesmeric, or as he prefers to call it “psychopathic treatment,” as is shown by thirty testimonials appended to his terse well-written essay.

Correspondence.

MR. WILLIAM HOWITT AND THE BRITISH NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Editor of the “Spiritual Magazine.”

SIR,—If our National Association had done no other service, it deserves the thanks of the community for having “brought out” Mr. Howitt in his best form. It is a grand sight to see this fine old combatant fighting for what he considers a great, truthful cause. When he mounts the stage and puts on the

* *Psychopathy: or the True Healing Art.* By JOSEPH ASHMAN, Principal of the Psychopathic Institution, 254, Marylebone Road, London. BURNS.

gloves we know that we shall witness a splendid spectacle of courage and "science;" but in this case I cannot help thinking that his blows and skill are wasted upon a sawdust dummy which he has set up.

As a Member of the Council of the Association, I am quite prepared to accept Mr. Howitt's arguments and conclusions. I see little in them to object to; but I imagine that they do not affect the position taken up by the Association—that they are beside the question. The transcendental and esoteric view which Mr. Howitt takes of Spiritualism is one thing, and the Association's purpose is another. In its mundane and phenomenal aspect Spiritualism deals with a number of extraordinary and representative facts, which are not accepted by a large portion—and that not the least influential—of mankind. The Association desires to make these facts known, respected and useful. The use to which these facts may be applied will depend upon the nature, disposition and faculty of each individual convert; and no control will be exercised or even attempted by the Association over the special purposes to which each student of Spiritualism may choose to devote the phenomena presented to his observation. Some persons may use the facts thus acquired in the promotion of science; some in spreading a knowledge of religion; and some in educating the editors of newspapers, quarterly reviews, the presidents of scientific societies, and other unfortunate and benighted individuals.

If I thought that our British National Association contemplated setting itself in any way in *opposition* to Christianity I should not remain on its Council for a single moment, although my adhesion or renunciation may perhaps be equally insignificant.

NEWTON CROSLAND.

Blackheath, 5th September, 1874.

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

AUTUMN.

THE orchard and the fertile plain
Are rich in plenteous store
Of mellow fruit and golden grain;
God's bounties evermore

Reward with large and liberal dower
The labours we have wrought;
They manifest His love and power,
Surpassing human thought.

His blessing rests on honest toil;
Whether for daily bread
We sow the seed and plough the soil;
Or, that our souls be fed

With knowledge, truth, and love divine:
His goodness we would sing,
A humble offering at His shrine
Our grateful souls would bring.

T. S.