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Contents.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Drapery brought into Circles by Spirits. By Emily Kislingsbury | 205 |
| War | 205 |
| Spirits and Mediums | 206 |
| The Past Revealed | 206 |
| The Growing Influence of Spiritualism | 207 |
| A Spirit Seen Simultaneously by Two Persons | 207 |
| Clairvoyance Tested. By J. M. Peebles, M.D. | 207 |
| An Hour with Professor Zöllner | 208 |
| Professor Zöllner's Experiments with Dr. Slade | 209 |
| A Spiritualistic Meeting at Langham Hall | 210 |
| Dr. Slade's Success in Australia | 211 |
| A Scene from "The Crown of Fire." (Poetry) | 212 |
| Correspondence:—Unconscious Cerebration—Healing Mediumship—Spirit Drawings—The Williams-Rita Case—Hoo Jamie Dec'd | 213 |
| A Curious Story about Isabella of Spain and a Sacred Cross | 215 |
| Mr. A. R. Wallace's Tropical Nature | 216 |
| Answers to Correspondents | 216 |
| Paragraphs:—Spiritualism in Devonshire, 267; The Growth of Spiritualism, 207; Ministering Spirits Outside the Churches, 207; Government Aid to Original Research, 209; Mrs. Weldon's Case, 210; Spiritualism in Hackney, 210; The Lunacy Law, 215; Social Influence in Scotland, 215; A Relic of Shelley, 215; A Four-Years-Old Preacher! | 215 |

"THE SPIRITUALIST" NEWSPAPER:

A Record of the Progress of the Science and Ethics of Spiritualism.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, PRICE TWOPENCE.

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Friday, 8th.—Experimental Research Committee at 6.30 p.m.
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Jan. 6.—Baroness von Hay, "Visions in Vessels of Water."
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Feb. 3.—Miss Kislingsbury, "Apparitions of the Living."
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April 21.—Mr. C. C. Massey, "On some of the less-known Facts of Spiritualism."
May 5.—Mr. D. Fitz-Gerald, M.S.Tel.E., "Recent Research in the Phenomena of Spiritualism."
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A Record of the Progress of the Science and Ethics of Spiritualism.

No. 323.—VOLUME THIRTEEN; NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

LONDON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1st, 1878.

DRAPERY BROUGHT INTO CIRCLES BY SPIRITS.

BY EMILY KISLINGBURY.

THE present moment seems opportune for relating an incident in the history of the "Katie King" manifestations, and as I have full permission from Mrs. Cook to make it public, I hope you will favour me by kindly giving it insertion in your journal.

At an early period in the development of her daughter Florence's mediumship, Mrs. Cook became aware of the great care and vigilance necessary for preserving the purity and integrity of the manifestations, and she soon added to the mother's wise watchfulness of her child's character and reputation, the keen scrutiny of the investigator into startling and often delusive phenomena.

On one occasion, when "Katie King" was at the zenith of her materialising power, Mrs. Cook observed with horror that that innocent-seeming "spook" had arrayed herself in a garment which Mrs. Cook recognised as her own handiwork, and the property of her daughter. Keeping her own counsel, she made an excuse for bringing the *séance* speedily to a close. She searched the cabinet, but finding nothing, went upstairs alone to her daughter's apartment, where, on opening the linen-drawer, she perceived the garment in question, which had been evidently unfolded and hastily replaced. Returning downstairs with her secret, and having assured herself that Miss Cook had not left the *séance*-room, and that, therefore, the garment had not been replaced by her, Mrs. Cook requested, after the guests had left, that another short sitting should be held.

"Katie King" made a full confession, and excused herself for her delinquency by saying that the "power" not being very strong that evening, she had saved herself trouble by using things belonging to the medium. Mrs. Cook rated the spirit soundly, and told her that, if ever such a thing happened again, she would close her doors and never give another *séance*. "Katie" retired abashed, and presently emerged from the cabinet in a robe adorned with beautiful Indian embroidery, of a quality and workmanship far surpassing in splendour anything possessed by Miss Cook or her mother.

She politely asked if that would "do," and promising never to repeat an experiment so dangerous to the medium's reputation as the one she had previously performed, the *séance* was broken up. That promise, so far as the experience and powers of detection of Mrs. Cook, and other observers are concerned, was faithfully kept, and the manifestations were in no way weakened in appearance, while their inherent value and interest were enhanced by the stern demand for truth alone.

The lesson is only too apparent. If, in a circle so carefully guarded, deception attempted to creep in, must we not expect it to rear itself hydra-headed where no jealous eye keeps watch, no firm but loving hand is bold to strike?

My advice to Mr. Williams and other public mediums is this. Hold no public circles where men may come and go, and spirits may play tricks, with or without the cognisance of any one. Keep to private engagements and the recommendations of friends, and of those who understand something of the subject, and try whether by this course a new and more truth-inspiring class of manifestations may not be evolved.

On Wednesday evening next, 6th inst., the National Association of Spiritualists will hold their first social gathering for this season, at the rooms of the Association, 38, Great Russell-street, London. In addition to the usual first-class music and singing, some gentlemen on the Experimental Research Committee will explain the new weighing and self-registering machinery, also the galvanometric apparatus, used in connection with certain physical manifestations with mediums.

WAR.

THE following is extracted from a speech by the late Mr. George Thompson (a Spiritualist, and formerly M.P. for the Tower Hamlets) on the Horrors of War, delivered in the United States in the year 1866, and never previously published in this country. It has been copied by his daughter, Mrs. Nosworthy, for *The Spiritualist*, from the original manuscript in her possession:—

"Yonder are hosts of men, armed with the deadly implements of human destruction, advancing through valleys or mountain defiles, or treading over corn shoots or the luxurious growth of the greensward, to meet each other. What is their object! They are inflamed with the desire, and nerved with the purpose, to *butcher* one another.

"Yet a little while, and hideous slaughter shall rage around, and mar the beautiful prospect. 'Tis but an hour which stands between the lives of thousands and eternity. Oh, what a change shall hasty, ruthless death make in yon glittering plain!

"Oh thou foul monster War, that in a moment layest waste the noblest part of creation, the boast and masterpiece of the Great Maker.

"Think of it! Those gathered hosts on either side have never met before. Never before this fatal hour have they so much as *seen* each other, still less exchanged a word in anger or in amity. Kindness or unkindness there is none between these mustered hosts of living, breathing, ardent, palpitating men.

"As far as they are individually and personally concerned, they are passionless. Take one of these men from either of these confronting armies, soon to unite in the death-dealing clash of arms, and anywhere away from that enchanted field, if he saw a man of the opposing host menaced by danger of an imminent kind he would, forgetful of his own safety, peril his life to save him.

"If the one saw the other buffeting with the waters of a torrent, he would rush in to pluck him out, or perish in the attempt.

"And who are these who are sent by tens of thousands to the field to kill and be killed?

"Take one from either host, and subject him to examination. You will find him the noblest of all known created beings—a creature fearfully and wonderfully made—a being in whose presence you would stand in awe, but for your familiarity with the dread attributes of the lofty species to which he belongs.

"What prayers have been breathed to a merciful God for *his* continued safety! What groans and anguish will not *his* fall occasion to the Rachel left weeping *because he is not*.

"He has a soul with precisely the same faculties as those possessed by a David, a Daniel, or a Paul, a Newton, a Milton, a Bacon, or a Locke.

"The soul which animates that body, which, in a few short hours, will be left a mutilated carcase, amidst the indistinguishable dead upon the battlefield, is as precious and indestructible as any soul that ever left a body on earth to be embalmed in Oriental spices, entombed in polished marble, and wept over by mourning thousands.

"Who can contemplate the destruction of *one* such being without a pang? We should feel indignant if we saw a steam engine wantonly crushed or driven over a precipice. We should see with regret a clock or some sweet musical instrument wantonly destroyed. But what is the destruction of a piece of soulless, unreflecting, mechanism—a thing of cogs, and wheels, and springs, and pulleys—or of an instrument all unconscious of the melody of the tones which may be drawn from it—a thing that feels not, thinks not, loves not, hates not, *worships* not—to the living, conscious, thinking, hoping,

fearing, trembling, rejoicing piece of human mechanism, the matchless workmanship of the Divine hand?

"A crystal is a beautiful product of nature's chemistry. Reduce it to its elements, and, with some care and trouble, you may hope to reproduce it; but where is the synthesis that can reproduce the creature man, if you once destroy him? Well might the almost inspired bard make Othello say, when about to take the life of his wife—

"Put out the light?
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore
Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume."

SPIRITS AND MEDIUMS.

From "The Banner of Light."

THE sensitives among us, who are from time to time selected by the overruling powers to perform the essential service of furnishing channels through which communication is to be kept up between the spirit world and the mortal, are of necessity obliged to submit to the burden imposed by their task, without regard to any preference of their own. It no doubt has often seemed hard, if not inconsistent, that a refined medium, whose office apparently ought to be only for the good and beautiful spirits who have gone hence, should have to become the vehicle for the conveyance of the thoughts and feelings of dark and unprogressed spirits, with whom such a medium would never have dreamed of holding any association on the earth-plane; but a little patient reflection will serve to clear away many of the questions that hang around the subject, and ultimately convince us that it is strictly according to the divine order, and in perfect harmony with the arrangement of human affairs as they are to be seen around us. We are likewise naturally apt to think that it is injurious to a medium's organisation to be controlled by undeveloped spirits equally with the bright ones. That may be said to come in a great measure from our present social habits and prejudices, which are too apt to govern our modes of thinking, and to supply us, in fact, with the staple of our thought itself.

It is unquestionably true that a sensitive may be put to more or less suffering for the time by the control of spirits when not yet fully in the mesmeric power of the true spirit-guides. The latter must needs have obtained perfect possession of the medium before that medium can with safety be entrusted to do the service of any and all classes of spirits. It is manifestly for these guides to determine the when, the how, and the how much. They have the medium in their sacred and safe keeping. And until they can be said to have taken complete mesmeric control, it is unquestionably possible for a certain class of spirits to work more or less harm on the medium. After the guides, however, have taken perfect possession, they are a permanent guarantee against all danger and harm. It is only as they form a protective circle, so to speak, around the medium, and offer their guardianship, that spirits of every kind can be permitted to communicate with mortals, and to the benefit of both. This is the secret and soul of the whole system of spirit guides, without which our mediums would be at the mercy of influences that might eventually destroy them as the means of spiritual usefulness.

Instead of harm, visible good is often done the mediums by the unprogressed and rude spirits which the guides discreetly permit to make use of their organisations. Such serve to administer a needed shock of health to the physical organism so controlled, which enables it to proceed more vigorously with its work. We are always to remember that we are formed to dwell continually in the kingdom of uses, that our only real life consists in service; and hence that mediumship has not been given for the gratification of our more refined tastes merely, or for æsthetic purposes, or to enable us to revel in the luxurious delights of spiritual speculations. The purpose of the invisible world is to develop the germ of what is good and holy in every human heart, to lift up the entire human race to a higher level, to draw individuals nearer to one another in the bonds of sympathy, and to gradually change the human into the angelic. Yet

all this is to be done only by what we regard as mortal means, and through processes which may oftentimes challenge our confidence and faith. The undeveloped spirits must be allowed to come equally with their opposites. Every grade and condition, on this side of the veil and that, must be afforded an opportunity to enjoy the privilege of communion, since what is an affectional blessing to the refined spirit-intelligence, cannot do else than prove an uplifting benefit to the unprogressed.

The angel-guides who encircle the medium understand far better than any of us can the necessity of reaching the poor and lowly, the outcast and degraded, the sad and despairing; and this must be done in precisely the same way, though by means of a different order of spirits, as that by which the cultured and refined, the intellectual and progressed on the earth-plane, are reached and influenced. The law which operates is the same for both. There is no respect of persons or conditions. And as the unscen intelligences are ready and willing to extend loving assistance to us in the midst of our trials and tribulations on earth, so ought we to be ready and willing to extend our sympathy and assistance to others not so much favoured as we are, and likewise to ask them to go with us and help us perform this grateful work. In no way can we do so much as by rallying around our mediums, and giving them our strength and protection. We must guard them as a sacred trust, if we would see the work done which it is given them to do among us. Above all, we are never to repel with reproof or rudeness the undeveloped spirits who only obey a natural law in their return. Our duty is to deal with them as kindly as we should with the unfortunate ones in earth life, of whom we see so many every day around us.

THE PAST REVEALED.

I HAVE made up my mind to lay before the readers of the *Sun* a queer experience. I shall simply tell the story, without attempting to explain it.

Some years ago, a neighbour of mine, going home from his store, found his wife dead on the kitchen floor, her throat cut from ear to ear. She had been in low spirits for several weeks, and it was at first supposed to be a suicide, but the finding of several indentations in the skull, evidently made by a club, showed that it was a murder. A poor paralytic vagrant, to whom the woman had been a generous friend, was arrested, convicted on circumstantial evidence, and hanged. Between the sentence and the hanging I often visited him in prison, became convinced of his innocence, and, with others, tried hard to save him. One day, after it was plain that no commutation or pardon was to be hoped for, a thought came into my mind which I am certain I did not then or afterwards utter to any person. It was this: "It is wrong that this poor fellow should suffer a painful death for a crime that he could not have committed. I will procure a small bottle of chloroform or a few grains of strychnine and give it to his relatives to be conveyed to him. Then he will escape this dreadful death of hanging." The thought was but a momentary one, dismissed with horror upon an instant's reflection. The man was hanged, as I said. With his last breath he declared his innocence.

Some time ago I was sitting in the parlour of the Astor House. I noticed a very elegant woman of middle age, whom I had never seen before, gazing at me with a look like that of a sleep-walker. Thinking she was desirous of looking out of the window at which I was seated, I was about to move away, when she said:—

"Do not let me disturb you. I only came to tell you there is a spirit here, that of a man in whom you once kindly interested yourself during his unhappy earth-life. His name is ——. You remember him, do you not? He was executed for murder in your city, and you visited him in prison."

"I remember," was my reply. "What has he to say to me?"

"He says that he was innocent of the crime for which he died, although guilty of other offences that deserved punishment."

"Now," asked I, "can the spirit repeat to me any part of our talk to satisfy me that it is really he?"

"Do you remember," said the medium, "a thought you

had while in the prison? For a moment you half resolved to convey to him enough strychnine or chloroform to put him out of his misery."

Astounded beyond measure, I rose from my seat, and, after thanking the lady, went straight to the clerk of the hotel. All he could tell me about her was that she was from Oregon, had arrived the night before, and was to leave on the next Boston train.

I am certain, I say again, that I had never spoken of that impulse to man or woman. How did she know it?—*New York Sun*.

THE GROWING INFLUENCE OF SPIRITUALISM.

You don't know what a plague has fallen on the practitioners of theology? I will tell you, then. It is Spiritualism. While some are crying out against it as a delusion of the Devil, and some are laughing at it as an hysteric folly, and some are getting angry with it as a mere trick of interested or mischievous persons, Spiritualism is quietly undermining the traditional ideas of the future state which have been and are still accepted—not merely in those who believe in it, but in the general sentiment of the community, to a larger extent than most good people seem to be aware of. It needn't be true, to do this, any more than homœopathy need to do its work. The Spiritualists have some pretty strong instincts to pry over, which no doubt have been roughly handled by theologians at different times. And the Nemesis of the pulpit comes in a shape it little thought of, beginning with the snap of a toe-joint and ending with such a crack of old beliefs that the roar of it is heard in all the ministers' studies of Christendom! Sir, you cannot have people of cultivation, of pure character, sensible enough in common things, large-hearted women, grave judges, shrewd business men, men of science, professing to be in communication with the spiritual world, and keeping up constant intercourse with it, without its gradually reacting on the whole conception of that other life. It is the folly of the world, constantly, which confounds its wisdom.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

A SPIRIT SEEN SIMULTANEOUSLY BY TWO PERSONS.

The following incident is published in *The Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Chicago, of October 12th last: About a year ago my daughter, Mrs. Eliza C. Medsker, was visiting her sister in Shelby county, Indiana. She slept in a bedroom adjoining the one occupied by her sister and husband. Her niece, a little girl twelve years old, was sleeping with her. About midnight they awoke; the door leading out on the back porch, and which had been closed on retiring, was open, and the form of Mrs. Williams, a lady who had died some two years previously, and who had been an intimate friend of my daughter for several years, stood beside the bed, beautifully dressed in white, with her arms outstretched as if wishing to shake hands. At length she moved slowly away, and passed slowly round the other side of the bed; standing a few moments, she walked back to her first position. This she repeated several times, placing her hand on the bed, and gazing earnestly at my daughter, manifesting an anxiety to speak. Mustering sufficient courage, my daughter spoke to her little niece, and asked if she saw her. She answered yes, and that she had been awake all the time watching her movements. Scarcely daring to move, they gently drew the bed-covering over their faces to hide the spectre from their view. After lying in this position for some time they ventured to remove the cover, and she was still standing by the bedside gazing upon them as before. My daughter called to her brother-in-law, told him that Mrs. Williams was in the room, and entreated him to come to them. Thinking she had just waked from a dream, he replied that they need have no fear; it was all imagination. They assured him they could not be mistaken; she was before them as plainly visible as in natural life. After parleying in this manner for some time, the spirit visitor walked towards the open door and disappeared. S. H. DE FOREST.

Next Sunday evening Major Forster will give his last address at Doughty Hall, London, before leaving for the provinces for a month or two.

CLAIRVOYANCE TESTED.

BY J. M. FEEBLES, M.D.

WHILE spending a few days recently in the pleasant home of Mr. Charles N. Murdock, a well-to-do farmer, holding several responsible public offices in the town and county, I was permitted to witness the spiritual gifts of his wife, Mrs. Lattie Blair Murdock, a lady whose reputation as a spirit-artist is in every respect a most enviable one.

While painting, she is entranced unconsciously by the lively, social Pale Lily. This controlling Indian spirit talks almost constantly while the unseen Italian artist does the work.

Responsible Spiritualists had frequently told me of her painting while her eyes were tightly bandaged, painting with a newspaper tied over her face and eyes, painting with persons holding her eyelids down with their fingers, and painting in public with the eyes thoroughly blindfolded by committees selected from the audiences. I did not doubt all this—no one could, knowing Mrs. Murdock, Mr. Murdock, and thousands whose testimonies are absolutely unimpeachable; still, Heaven pardon my inborn scepticism, I wanted to test her artistic powers myself, wanted to carefully bandage her eyes myself, and then place my own hands over them while the work was being done. There was not the least objection raised.

It was a beautiful October day—8th of the month—eleven o'clock in the forenoon, clear and sunny as early summer-time, that in broad daylight—present, Mr. Murdock and Mrs. Libbey, an estimable lady of Salem, Mass.—I laid some closely-fitting linen eye-bandages, sixteen thicknesses, over the eyes, extending down the sides of the nose to the mouth. Over these I put a handkerchief of several folds, tying it tightly behind the head; and I also put a bit of tape over and around the upper lip, holding down the protruding ends of the eye-bandages. This was also firmly tied. In fact, all of the upper part of the face was completely covered save the nostrils, for breathing. Before us were bristol-board, brushes, and unmixed paints. I now stepped behind the medium, and placing my hands over the eye-bandages and pressing down heavily upon the eyes, the controlling spirit artist commenced the work; and in about eighteen or twenty minutes (an almost incredible space of time) from the moment he began to manipulate and mix his paints, he produced, without a single re-touching of the brush, a most exquisite bouquet of grasses, grains, buds, roses, and other beautiful flowers, all symbolising some of the leading events in my life. It was a perfect success—a modern marvel in proof of Spiritualism. And I insist that no candid and intelligent man, no truth-seeking mortal with a modicum of common-sense, can witness *this*, the trances, and the other spiritual manifestations frequently occurring through the sensitive organism of Mrs. Murdock, and doubt the open door, doubt the certainty, of converse between spirits and mortals.—*Banner of Light*.

In accordance with the notice published last week, several thousands of copies of *The Spiritualist* have since been sent to different parts of the United Kingdom for free distribution. Some effect upon the public mind should be the result.

To speak the truth and perform good offices are two things that resemble God. . . . Every man ought to speak and act with such perfect integrity that no man could have reason to doubt his simple affirmation.—*Pythagoras*.

LAST Wednesday night Mr. J. J. Morse delivered a trance lecture before a public audience in the ancient city of Chester, a place abounding in material relics indicating the reality of spiritual influx in centuries long gone by, and now awaking to the knowledge that such influx is not a myth.

SPIRITUALISM IN DEVONSHIRE.—While Spiritualism was spreading with rapidity in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the North, it seemed utterly incompetent to take root in South Western districts. Whatever the cause may have been, it is removed so far as the beautiful county of Devon is concerned. We possess information that it has taken root in at least six Devonshire towns, and that in one of them mediums are multiplying.

THE GROWTH OF SPIRITUALISM.—Four of the most distinguished scientists of Germany, after giving the subject careful and thorough investigation, have publicly avowed their conversion to Spiritualism. Zöllner is the author of many scientific works, and is a leading physicist and astronomer in one of the great universities. Fechner is world-renowned as a natural philosopher, and is professor of physics at Leipzig. Scheibner is a very distinguished professor of mathematics, and Weber is noted for his profound researches in electricity. They were all prejudiced against Spiritualism. Their course will have immense influence in stimulating investigation by scientific men in all parts of Europe, and investigation is certain to largely increase the number of Spiritualists.—*Baltimore Standard*.

MINISTERING SPIRITS OUTSIDE THE CHURCHES.—What shall you say of the vitality in that church which, with its many-pointed fingers toward heaven, still refuses admission to the spirit of truth in any form of angelic administration to-day, and turns aside from the very open gateway that leads to its own interpretation and its own foundation? . . . But that other and broader church which is alive in the world, has it not been heralded by the spirit of human brotherhood? Has it not been announced by the tokens and signs that have been in the sky? Has not the voice of prophecy and inspiration foretold it, and are not gifts being poured out upon all flesh, as they were promised? Are not these the latter days of the kingdom of Christ, and is not this spirit of truth approaching, this Comforter that revealeth all things? And those who have ears to hear, do they not hear the voice of the spirit; those who have eyes, do they not see visions of the spiritual realm; those who have understanding, do they not comprehend the angelic states which lie beyond?—*Spirit Message through the mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond*.

AN HOUR WITH PROFESSOR ZÖLLNER.

MR. D. LYMAN, of Washington, Secretary to the United States' Treasury, was recently travelling in Europe, and when in Paris gave us some interesting information about Spiritualism in America. The following letter from him has been published in the *Banner of Light*:—

To the Editor of the "*Banner of Light*."

SIR,—A brief furlough from my official duties in Washington, and certain business engagements, combined to bring me, nearly three weeks ago, to the old town of Bremen on the Wesser, famous in mediæval times as one of the Hanse Towns. My feet being once on German soil, I determined to make the most of my little holiday, and I went on to Hamburg and thence to Berlin. The express train from Berlin delivers me safely at Leipsic in about four hours. Thence a trip of two and a half hours more brings me to Weimar; whence by another trip of six hours one reaches Frankfort-on-the-Maine. When at Frankfort one is tempted, even though bent on reaching Paris and the Exposition, to go down the Rhine by a day-boat from Mayence to this old city of Cologne, an excursion which one can make between nine o'clock in the morning and six in the evening: though in order to reach Mayence (or Mainz) by nine, one must take the train from Frankfort at eight o'clock. My little tour has taken me through all the places named in a little more than three weeks. And Professor Zöllner was the attraction that led me to forego the express train direct from Berlin to Paris, and diverge so far from the ordinary line of travel.

On arriving in Leipsic on Tuesday last, I failed during that day to find him. The mystery of hunting up a resident, who has recently changed apartments, in a German city, is something akin to a search for one of the lost arts. Since Dr. Slade was in Leipsic, Professor Zöllner has removed from the Postamt to Gellert-street, where a suite of rooms gives him a pleasant outlook over the Museum and Theatre, and the shaded promenade that encloses what was once the whole of Leipsic. It is well that one whose soul is full of light should himself be surrounded by all that is suggestive of quiet and delightful studies.

My note of Tuesday, I found, on calling directly at his door the next morning, had been received, and he gave me a frank and hearty welcome. Of course, one object of my visit was to hear from himself about the knots tied on the continuous line of a string when the two ends were firmly sealed to paper or wood. He produced the original, and described in what manner the feat was performed—I mean in so far as the agency of Slade and himself was concerned. There was no possibility of any mistake by himself of the reality of the performance, nor was there any possibility of any direct agency on the part of Slade in making the knots. I did not ask the Professor for any explanation of his theory of a fourth dimension of space, as it would have been a severe task for him to attempt to explain it in English. And, indeed, I think the theory only declares the subject—a fourth dimension of space being to me more intelligible than the passage of matter through matter, or a temporary suspension, along certain lines, of the force of cohesion. But the theory of a fourth dimension of space, if put forward by a person of some scientific *prestige*, is perhaps just what is needed to draw the attention of German thinkers to the reality of spiritual phenomena. It seems to me that nowhere on earth is disbelief among thinking men in the reality of any life after death so absolute and complete as in Germany. Within the circle of the communicants of the Protestant and Catholic Churches faith in a future life still lingers, but only as the result of traditional teaching. Among scientific men it is utterly gone.

The Professor not only exhibited to me the original knotted string, but others, which being so cut from a substance as to be continuous, still were knotted upon themselves. But the crowning exhibit to me was a little stand, the top of which was supported by a single shaft branching at the bottom into a tripod, or three separate feet. On the shaft, just above the feet, were two wooden rings of continuous material, too small to rise above the swell of the shaft, and, of course, too small to be passed over the three feet. The

Professor told me that when these rings were put on, Slade and himself sat side by side at a larger table, and the stand was laid down beneath the table on the side opposite to that on which they were sitting. The rings were, I believe, on the floor. After sitting a few moments, they were both surprised by seeing the stand float from behind them over to its original position, with the rings around the shaft, as they are now to be seen. These phenomena the Professor well calls *permanent facts*, remaining over to attest a spiritual agency after that agency has ceased to be exerted. He gave me good photographs of all the knotted strings, and of the little table with the rings around the supporting shaft. They are also reproduced in the third volume of his Scientific Treatises (*Wissenschaftliche Abhandlungen*), a complete copy of which I have had invoiced to America by a Leipsic bookseller.

A glance at the Professor's library is sufficient to indicate the wide range of his sympathies and studies. Though by position and profession a strictly scientific man, I was pleased to see on his shelves the works of Plato, Kant, Lessing, Bishop Berkeley, Voltaire, side by side with those of Newton, Faraday, Tyndall, Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Helmholtz, and Haeckel. Fine portraits of Newton, Faraday, and eminent musicians hang from the walls of his rooms, and he especially rejoices in an American melodeon, which gave forth exquisite melodies under his skilful touch.

I did not inquire to what extent the reality of the spiritual phenomena is recognised among his acquaintances; but he seemed to speak as if he had no doubt of the triumph of the great new truths which we call spiritual. At all events, to himself they are a treasure and a delight, and long may he live to aid in their dissemination. I need not say that our interview, on my part, closed with regret, as being one not likely to recur while we live; but I shall ever remember his hearty *bon voyage*.

Within three weeks I have, at Sans-Souci, in Potsdam, been in a room where Voltaire hobnobbed with Old Fritz; in apartments where Goethe enjoyed his social chats with the Dukes of Weimar; and in the home of Schiller, in the very room in which his grand soul cast off the encumbering weight of the body. It cannot but be that these men who did so much to free their fellows from mental slavery are now aiding us in opening up to the world the knowledge that this life is but the embryo of a state inconceivably higher and better than aught we can imagine. And sadly does the world need this knowledge. Of all enemies to human progress superstition is the most formidable. I took occasion on this Sunday to visit the church of St. Ursula, who is reputed to have been martyred here with eleven thousand virgins, whose bones are said to have been gathered up and enclosed in the walls of the church and of its interior chapels. However it may be about the martyrdom and the number of virgins who were victims, certain it is that outside of the catacombs of Rome and Paris nowhere else can such quantities of human bones be found gathered as here in the old church of St. Ursula. Think of walls twenty feet high and as many long being wrought into cases, and covered with glass like windows, studded with the bones of arms and legs arranged in all manner of devices; skulls packed away by the thousand, each separated from the other by its separate pane of glass, and every one adorned with some ornament to commemorate the sanctity of its original owner. Here is a sacred tooth of St. Ursula, here her holy foot, and there her consecrated cranium. The young priest who took me through the church showed me a vase which, he gravely told me, was one of the four now left, which were used at the wedding in Cana of Galilee. I was very glad to see it. I had had fears that they were all lost. But what mental state must that part of mankind be in that can find anything sacred in such objects? How many thousand Voltaires are yet needed to drive the ploughshare of free thought through these foul and hoary misbeliefs, and open enslaved souls to the light of truths that are eternal? I send you my fraternal greeting across the wastes of ocean.

D. LYMAN.

Cologne, Rhenish Prussia, Sept. 22nd, 1878.

M. ALEXANDRE AKSAKOF, of St. Petersburg, is now in Paris.

The spirit of Webster came to a spiritual medium not long since, and wrote on a slip of paper, "It is tite times."—*Court Journal*.

PROFESSOR ZÖLLNER'S EXPERIMENTS WITH
DR. SLADE.

THE *Spiritual Reporter*, of Manchester,* publishes the following extracts from a work by Herr Friedrich Zöllner, Professor of Physical Astronomy at Leipsic University, translated from the German by Esther Becker:—

The Professor being anxious to see more of the temporary disappearance of objects, a sitting was held May 5th, at 11 a.m., at which the following extraordinary phenomena took place.

“Ready immediately for a trial, Slade asked Mr. Von Hoffmann to give him some book, and latter took an octavo volume from the little bookshelf against the wall. Slade laid it upon the slate, held the slate under the edge of the table, and immediately drew the slate out without the book. We searched the card table thoroughly, inside and out, the little room was also searched, but all in vain, the book had vanished. After about five minutes we took our places again at the table, with a view to further manifestations. Slade opposite to me, Von Hoffmann between us to my left. We had scarcely sat down when the book fell down on to the table from the ceiling of the room, giving my right ear a sharp rap as it passed. The direction in which it came appeared to be an oblique one, from a point above. Slade while this happened was sitting before me with both his hands quietly on the table. In our next morning's *séance*, in clear sunshine, I was destined to be the witness, quite unexpectedly and without preparation, of a much more striking manifestation of this kind. I had taken my place as usual with Slade at the card table, opposite to me stood, as had often been the case in other experiments, a small round table near the card table. The height of the round table was .77 centimeters, the diameter of the top 46 centimeters, the material is birchwood, and the weight is 4.5 kilogrammes. Perhaps a minute might have elapsed after Slade and I had seated ourselves and laid our joined hands on the table, when the round table began to make slow swaying movements, which we both plainly saw by its round top, the lower part of it being hidden from us by the top of the card table; it laid itself down under it, with its three feet turned towards me. Slade appeared equally ignorant with myself as to what we had to expect, and for about a minute nothing further took place. Slade was just about to resort to the slate in order to ask the ‘spirits’ what else was going to happen, when I thought I would examine more particularly the position of the table lying under the card table. To my own and Slade's great astonishment we found the space under the card table quite empty, and the table, which a minute before we had present to our senses, was not to be found anywhere in the room. In the expectation of its re-appearance we sat down again at the card table, Slade close by my side at the side of the table opposite to that in the neighbourhood of which the round table had stood. We had been sitting perhaps five or six minutes in breathless anticipation of what might be about to happen, when suddenly Slade again affirmed that he saw lights in the air. Although I, as usual, could see nothing of them, I yet involuntarily followed with my eyes the directions in which Slade's head kept turning, our hands still lying as before on the table, and my left leg almost constantly touching Slade's right leg in its whole extension, as naturally followed from our both sitting on the same side of the table; Slade, still looking upwards in different directions with growing astonishment and expectation, asked me if I did not see the great lights. I answered decidedly in the negative, but raising my head in the direction of Slade's looks towards the ceiling of the room, behind my back, I suddenly saw, at a height of about five feet, floating down on to the surface of the card table the hitherto missing table, with its legs turned upwards. Although we involuntarily, to avoid being hurt by the falling table, moved our heads to one side, Slade to the left and I to the right, we were yet both so smartly hit on the side of the head before the round table settled on the card table that I felt the pain fully four hours after it occurred.

“On May 3rd, 1878, during a *séance* in which Herr O.

Von Hoffmann took part besides myself, among other objects there lay two snail shells on the table.” (The professor had bought the snail shells at the Leipsic fair in the morning, and they had never been touched by Slade.) “The smaller snail shell belonged to a species common with us; the larger, according to the account of the dealer, to a species found on the coast of the Mediterranean, the name of which he wrote for me as *Capo Turbus* (probably the Latin may be *Caput Turbo*). The nearly circular opening of this shell was about 43 millimeters, while that of the smaller shell was only 32 millimeters at its greatest diameter. I had, without any special object, placed the larger one over the smaller, so that the smaller was completely hidden by it. As Slade now held a slate in the usual way under the edge of the table, to receive writing upon it, suddenly a sound was heard as though a hard body had fallen upon it. On the slate being immediately drawn out to look at, the smaller shell, which I had one minute before covered as described with the larger, lay upon it. As both shells had lain on the table untouched, almost in the exact middle of the table, and constantly under my observation, the phenomenon of the passage of matter through matter received a startling and quite unexpected physical confirmation.

“While reserving for my third volume the description of many other phenomena of this nature, I must yet mention here a very remarkable circumstance. Immediately upon Slade's drawing out the slate with the shell upon it I seized it to see if any change had taken place in it. I almost let it fall again—so *hot* had it become. I immediately handed it to my friend, who confirmed the fact of the heightened temperature; this phenomenon, taken in connection with a circumstance connected with a succeeding experiment is, I think, of scientific weight.”

GOVERNMENT AID TO ORIGINAL RESEARCH.—Mr. R. A. Proctor thus answers in the *Times* some utterances of Professor E. Ray Lankester about State aid to Science:—“The scientific deterioration which Mr. Lankester admits and deplors may, I think, be confidently denied. Our men of science, our Herschels, Lyells, Darwins, Spencers, Tyndalls, Carpenters, Huxleys, and the rest (I take simply the first names which occur to me), do unquestionably publish their results more freely and more quickly than the scientific men of former generations. This is not, however, because they are less disposed to long-continued research and study, or less willing to weigh all the evidence available. On the contrary, it is in the main because they know that such a course is precisely the one by which false theories and erroneous views will most readily be eliminated. Not a few of the mistaken views which in former ages were long adopted and taught owed their temporary vitality only to the circumstance that they were not in good time brought into the light and thoroughly ventilated. Moreover, the caution shown by men of science in former times was notoriously due in great part to a somewhat contemptible anxiety about priority. In this respect assuredly the tone of scientific thought in our own time has not deteriorated. The particular illustrations selected by Mr. Lankester are unfortunate. Faraday was enabled to make his researches by the support of an institution wholly voluntary in its origin and maintenance, and wholly independent of the State. In that voluntarily-supported institution more has been done for the advancement of science than in any State-supported institution that can be named. As to Darwin, I would ask what would have been the present position of Darwin researches had he been dependent on a Minister of Science, however lavishly such a Minister might have been supplied with funds for the endowment of research. Whether such a Minister had depended on his own judgment, or had been aided by the judgment of naturalists five-and-twenty years ago, he would never have dared to afford Darwin the means necessary for carrying on his researches. An application for such assistance would have been rejected twenty-five years ago, alike by the political and the scientific world, with all but universal derision. The present attitude of the public mind towards the views of our great naturalist is due in great part, no doubt, to the soundness of his methods, the wide range of his researches and observations, the care and caution of his reasoning; but in the main it is assuredly due to his skill in presenting his subject to the general public—in other words, it is due to the process of popularisation which Mr. Lankester deems so mischievous. And as in this special case the only chance of State endowment would have resided in that weight of public opinion which popularisation has since brought to bear, so generally, if science enters ‘the pleasant paths of endowment,’ she will owe that result not to the caprice of a Minister or of a party, but to public opinion influenced by the popularisation of science. For my own part, I must confess I dread such a result rather than hope for it, believing that, as Alphonse Deceandolle said four or five years since, the great danger for science in England at present is the increasing tendency of scientific men to lean on the State. We know what happened to literature in France under the burden (for such it really was) of State aid. No true lover of science can wish that she should in a similar way be trammelled by State restrictions under the guise of State assistance.” What chance is there that a Government office would now aid psychological research?

* Published at 153, Mottram-road, Hyde, Manchester.

A SPIRITUALISTIC MEETING AT LANGHAM HALL.

ON Thursday, last week, a public meeting, convened by Mr. Enmore Jones, was held at the Langham Hall, Great Portland-street, London, to meet Mr. D. D. Home and Mrs. Kate Fox-Jencken. In accordance with his previous announcement, Mr. Jones took the chair. The hall was about half full at the beginning of the proceedings, and three-quarters full towards the close. Among the listeners were the Rev. Dr. Irons, Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, and M. Gustave de Veh, of Dresden.

Mr. Enmore Jones said that Mr. Home, who had been his guest during his visit to England, was so ill that a few days previously a physician had to be in attendance upon him, and that morning he "broke down" to such an extent that he (Mr. Jones) felt that he could not press him to attend that meeting. It was the intention of Mr. Home to leave for Paris in a few days. He had a love for Mr. Home, of whom he had seen much; he had never heard him say an improper word, or known him to do an improper action. The work done in the world by Mr. Home had been true and mighty, and he hoped that the phenomena produced through his mediumship would be testified to that evening by those who had seen them. Mrs. Jencken had promised to be present that evening, but ladies were not always punctual.

Here, at the request of Mr. Jones, a portion of the *Te Deum* was sung by the audience.

Mr. Enmore Jones continued that some time ago, when he was very ill, Mr. Home attended him with all kindness, night and day, and proved a son to him indeed. Afterwards they went to Tunbridge Wells, and in the course of a sitting there, held in the light, a fleshly living arm formed in the air, while Mr. Home's hands and arms were in sight; the materialised hand struck him on the hand three times, thus appealing to the three senses of touch, sight, and hearing.

Mr. Thomas Shorter and Major Forster then addressed the meeting, at the invitation of Mr. E. Jones. Major Forster announced that his conversion to Spiritualism was largely due to some of the earlier manifestations he had witnessed in America, in the presence of Miss Kate Fox, now Mrs. Jencken.

The Chairman then gave out the following hymn, entitled *Angel Friends*, which was sung by the audience:—

Floating on the breath of evening,
Breathing in the morning air;
Hear we oft the tender voices
That once made our world so fair.
We forget while listening to them
All the sorrow we have known;
And upon the trials present,
Faith's pure shining light is thrown.
Soothing with their magic whispers,
Calming all our wildest fears;
Thus they bring us sweet submission,
Peace for sorrow, smiles for tears.
Bless you, angel friends, oh, never
Leave us lonely on our way;
For your gentle teachings ever
Meekly may we watch and pray.

Mrs. Kate Fox-Jencken, who had entered the hall during the proceedings, was here escorted by the chairman to the platform, amid warm applause. Loud spirit raps, which were heard all over the hall, occurred near her occasionally throughout the evening.

The Chairman next invited Dr. Carter Blake to address the meeting. Dr. Carter Blake said that the topic he had to speak on, that of the present of Spiritualism, was as vague as that in the old picture which used to appear over the leading article of a paper called the *Times* about twenty-two years ago, when he was first investigating the subject. There was the closed book of the past and the future, and the open book, with its scattered leaves, of the present. The words of the hymn by Dr. Newman which had been sung, however, exactly pitched his keynote—

"Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

He had no desire to intrude on the mysteries of *le grand peut-être*, on which he could say nothing, and was content with such positive knowledge as could be acquired. Spiritualism, like all other sciences, must pass through the intellectual stages indicated by Comte. First, we had the theological stage, in which every event which was singular was charged to the account of a Deity, or referred to the action of some supernatural being; secondly, the metaphysical stage, in which forces were imagined to perform certain functions, though the dimensions of such force varied in inverse ratio to the increase of knowledge; and thirdly, the positive stage, in which experiment and science would simply record the facts to which some future philosopher might assign a cause. We were rapidly moving in Spiritualism towards the third of these divisions, and away from the first. As a science like this had to pursue, like all others, an orderly career, so the Spiritualism of the present was in advance of that of the past generation, by reason of the series of accurate facts which, for example, Mr. Cooke, F.R.S., had accumulated respecting the genuine psychic powers of Mr. Home, and others on repeated occasions had brought to bear on the frequent and genuine phenomena shown by Mrs. Fox-Jencken. [Here violent raps were heard from the part of the platform near Mrs. Jencken.] Those raps were, in their nature, of unknown origin so far as regards the *modus operandi*, and they were well worthy of investigation. The scientific man, even though the objects of his investigation may seem trivial, might possibly reap as great a reward as did John Hunter when, after years of experiment on the insignificant surface-veins of a mangy stag in his backyard, he developed an operation for the cure of aneurism, which had since saved thousands of human lives. And as the modern

astronomy was evolved from astrology, as the modern chemistry was the outcome of the alchemy of the middle ages, so Spiritualism (as a branch of the greater science of Theosophy) was beginning to cast off the coats of its earlier chrysalidan youth. The present state of the science was therefore an augury of the future, and so long as Spiritualists went cautiously, and pulled together with one strong slow tug, their boat would inevitably reach the goal in advance of the leaky craft of the Materialists. Above all, the scientific man, who was the "sworn interpreter of Nature," had nothing to fear from any results which might be associated with his teaching, or any superfluous theories which might encrust it, as the shell of a limpet was often covered with barnacles. The limpet had its own function to perform, which we might imitate, to stick fast to the rock.

Mr. Enmore Jones then asked Mr. Humphreys to speak.

Mr. H. T. Humphreys said that Spiritualism should be pursued in a religious spirit, otherwise there might be some possibility that in idly encouraging the lower manifestations, they were practising the necromancy condemned in the Scriptures. He did not advance this idea dogmatically, but as his individual opinion.

The hymn *Lead, Kindly Light* was then sung:—

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet, I do not care to see
The distant scene: one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of years,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.
So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And, with the morn, those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Mr. Enmore Jones said that Mr. S. C. Hall and Dr. Maurice Davies had promised to attend that meeting; he was unaware of the cause of their absence. As regarded Spiritualism, in the past men had asked for "faith," but in the present they wanted "knowledge." In searching among hymn-books of Christians, containing some 8,000 hymns altogether, he had been unable to find more than twelve hymns common to all the collections, which fact was a disgrace to Christianity. He had been searching for hymns to be sung at that meeting, which hymns were to be found in every Christian hymn-book. He had known what it was to suffer bereavement; he had lost nine children and a wife, and it was a truly vital question to him to know that the dead still live; he and friends on the right and left of him had searched for and obtained that knowledge. Spiritualists ought to show the churches that that which they sing on the Sunday and deny on the Monday is equally true on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. A Canon of the Church of England recently told him that he didn't believe a word of the Biblical miracles; they were all impossible; there was not a word of truth in them. He (Mr. Jones) replied, "You are a very ignorant Canon"—(laughter)—then showed him the table at which he often sat with Mr. Home, and told him of miracles he had seen in his own house. (Applause.) He wanted Spiritualists to aid him to spread knowledge of Spiritualism in every postal district of the metropolis.

A vote of thanks to Mr. Enmore Jones was proposed by Major Gales Forster, and seconded by Dr. Carter Blake, the latter observing that Mr. E. Jones, as one of the original bail for Dr. Slade, deserved the thanks of Spiritualists.

The meeting then broke up.

MISS LINDA DIETZ, sister to the Mrs. and Miss Dietz so well known to London audiences, has, according to the American journals, made a great hit at the New York Union-square Theatre, in a piece entitled *Une Cause Célèbre*, by Victorien Sardou, the French Spiritualist.

I THINK the person who is terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact.—*Addison*.

MRS. WELDON'S CASE.—Mrs. Weldon informs us that next Tuesday evening, at eight o'clock, she will address a public meeting at St. James's Hall, Regent-street, London, on the Lunacy Laws. It will be remembered how narrowly she escaped all the horrors of a madhouse, and how the circumstances were such that official investigation on the part of the Lunacy Commissioners or other authorities seemed to be desirable. As Mrs. Weldon fearlessly supported Dr. Slade in his hour of need, Spiritualists should attend and hear what she has to say about her own case.

SPIRITUALISM IN HACKNEY.—In consequence of a secession from the Hackney Psychological Society, another association has been formed in the district. A Christian Spiritual church has been established, and last Sunday fourteen of the members of the latter partook of the Lord's Supper. The other section of Hackney Spiritualists gives more attention to experimental investigation. Spiritualists in the neighbourhood are quite numerous enough to bear this division without inconvenience, and to start on their separate paths with friendliness.

DR. SLADE'S SUCCESS IN AUSTRALIA.

DR. SLADE and Miss Slade have arrived safely in Melbourne, and one of the chief Australian daily papers, *The Age*, of August 20th, gives the following report of one of his first *séances* there:—

Spiritualism is just now very much to the front in Melbourne. The lectures of Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, delivered to crowded audiences at the Opera House every Sunday evening, have naturally attracted a sort of wondering curiosity to the subject, and the interest has probably been intensified by the strenuous efforts that are being made in some of the orthodox pulpits to prove that the whole thing is an emanation from the devil. The announcement that the famous Dr. Slade had arrived to strengthen the ranks of the Spiritualists has therefore been made at a very critical juncture, and I should not be surprised to find that the consequence will be to infuse a galvanic activity into the forces on both sides. Though I do not profess to be a Spiritualist, I own to having been infected with the fashionable itch for witnessing "physical manifestations," as they are called, and accordingly I have attended several circles with more or less gratification. But Dr. Slade is not an ordinary medium, even among professionals. The literature of the Spiritualists is full of his extraordinary achievements, attested, to all appearance, by credible witnesses, who have not been ashamed to append their names to their statements. But there was one drawback to all these credentials in my mind: Dr. Slade had been sentenced at the Bow-street Police-court, in October of last year, under the Vagrant Act, for obtaining money under false pretences. Professor Lankester was the prosecutor, and the chief witness against Dr. Slade appears to have been the well-known conjuror, Mr. Maskelyne. From all I can gather the evidence was very unscientific and inconclusive, and the Higher Court seems to have thought it so, for on appeal Dr. Slade's conviction was quashed, and the immediate effect was to create a good deal of sympathy for him in all ranks. The newspapers were flooded with accounts of his *séances*, and among his defenders were medical men, clergymen, and others. He was on his way to St. Petersburg when arrested, to fulfil an engagement to submit the phenomenon of psychography, as the independent writing by the psychic or medium is called, to a committee of scientific experts. I see that his engagement has since been fulfilled, and I presume very much to his satisfaction, for on one occasion writing in six different languages was obtained on a single slate, and one day, accompanied by two learned professors, Dr. Slade had a sitting with the Grand Duke Constantine, who obtained writing on a new slate held by himself alone. From St. Petersburg Dr. Slade went to Berlin, where he is said to have obtained some marvellous manifestations in the house of Professor Zöllner, and where he was visited by the court conjuror to the Emperor, Samuel Bellachini, No. 14, Groszbaron-Strasse, who made an affidavit before a public notary to the following effect:—

I hereby declare it to be a rash action to give decisive judgment upon the objective medial performance of the American medium, Mr. Henry Slade, after only one sitting, and the observations so made. After I had, at the wish of several highly esteemed gentlemen of rank and position, and also for my own interest, tested the physical mediumship of Mr. Slade in a series of sittings by full daylight, as well as in the evening, in his bedroom, I must, for the sake of truth, hereby certify that the phenomenal occurrences with Mr. Slade have been thoroughly examined by me, with the minutest observation and investigation of his surroundings, including the table, and that I have not in the smallest instance found anything to be produced by means of prestidigitative manifestations, or by mechanical apparatus, and that any explanation of the experiments which took place under the circumstances and conditions then obtaining, by any reference to prestidigitation, to be absolutely impossible.

I am giving these details because they will furnish some insight into my mental relations with Slade and his history when I entered his room, over Mr. Terry's bookshop, in Russell-street, in company with a friend, for the purpose of witnessing his powers. The Bow-street episode was a *crux* not easily to be got over, but on the other hand, against the rather clumsy evidence of the English conjuror, Maskelyne, I was compelled to set the sworn testimony of the German conjuror, Bellachini, which I give in full, in order that anybody with sufficient curiosity and leisure may verify it by com-

municating with him. My normal state, however, is that of scepticism, or perhaps I should say Pyrrhonism. The problem of my own existence is such a portentous one that the phenomena of the Spiritualists seem to me to make a really smaller tax on what I suppose I must call the faculty of belief. That I am able to think, reason, move, and perform the multiplicity of functions that make up my existence automatically, or without any apparent driving force, is just as wonderful in the sense of being just as unintelligible as the automatic movements of the inanimate objects, which are endowed with a functional life by the touch or will of the living psychic. Call the force what you please, say that it is identical with the mesmeric fluid of Mesmer, the odyle of Reichenbach, or the nerve-aura of Dr. Richardson, the difficulty still remains unexplained. The Spiritualists get over it, of course, by insisting that he is literally a medium through which immaterial intelligences work, as the electrician works through the battery at his hand. The Materialist, on the other hand, will have it that it is all owing to will-power; that the nerve or executive force of the human will is not confined within the limits of the body in which it is imprisoned, but can be extended to almost any distance, and may operate upon almost any object. I am not concerned with the philosophy of the question just now, however. My object in visiting Dr. Slade was to seek for a nearer solution than I had attained to yet, and my frame of mind, therefore, can be understood when I was introduced to him with my friend, whom I shall call Omega, and who was bent on pretty much the same errand. Dr. Slade and Mr. Terry constituted the circle of four who sat around the table in the centre of the room almost as immediately as we entered it. There was nothing in the room to attract attention. No signs of confederacy, human or mechanical. The hour was eleven in the morning. The window was unshuttered, and the sun was shining brightly. The table at which we sat was a new one, made especially by Wallach Bros., of Elizabeth-street, of polished cedar, having four slight legs, one flap, and no ledges of any kind underneath. As soon as we examined it Dr. Slade took his seat on one side, facing the window, and the rest of us occupied the other three seats. He was particularly anxious that we should see he had nothing about him. It had been said that he wrote on the slate by means of a crumb of pencil stuck in his finger nails, but his nails were cut to the quick, while his legs and feet were ostentatiously placed away from the table in a side position, exposed to view the whole time. He first produced a slate of the ordinary school size with a wet sponge, which I used to it. It was opaque, and had the grey colour of a new article. A chip of pencil about the size of a grain of wheat was placed upon it on the table; we joined hands, and immediately taps were heard about the table, and in answer to a question, "Will you write?" from Dr. Slade, three raps were given, and he forthwith took up the slate with the pencil lying on it, and held half of it under the table by his finger and thumb which clasped the corner of the half that was outside the table, and was therefore easily seen by all present. His left hand remained near the centre of the table, resting on those of the two sitters on either side of him. Several convulsive jerks of his arms were now given, then a pause, and immediately the sound of writing was audible to every one, a scratching sound interrupted by the tap of the pencil, which indicated, as we afterwards found, that the t's were being crossed and the i's dotted. The slate was then exposed, and the words written were in answer to the question which had been put by Omega as to whether he had psychic power or not. I pass over the conversation that ensued on the subject, and go on to the next phenomenon. In order to satisfy myself that the "trick" was not done by means of sympathetic writing on the slate, I had ten minutes previously purchased a slate from a shop in Burke-street, containing three leaves, and shutting up book-fashion. This I produced, and Dr. Slade readily repeated his performance with it. It was necessary to break the pencil down to a mere crumb, in order to insert it between the leaves of the slate. This done, the phenomena at once recurred, with this rather perplexing difference, that the slate, instead of being put half under the table, forced itself by a series of jerks on to my neck and reposed quietly under my ear, before the eyes of every one

present. The scratching then commenced; I heard the t's crossed and the i's dotted by the moving pencil, and at the usual signal I opened the slate and found an intelligible reply to the question put. On this occasion it will be seen the phenomenon occurred out of the usual course. The slate was on my shoulder, and not half under the table, and Dr. Slade's hand was easily watched holding the corner of it. Immediately after, the same slate, by a similar wave-like movement, passed across me and rested on the hand of Omega, the writing taking place as before, the slate being detached from Mr. Slade's hand altogether. I subscribe the message, as given in a clear, legible handwriting: "Investigate all subjects, and hold fast to that which is good and true. The object of this is to give hope to those of no hope, by proving the soul can never die." The next manifestation was the levitation of one of the sitters in his chair about a clear foot from the ground, and the levitation of the table about two feet. I ought to have mentioned that during the whole of the *séance* there was a good deal of by-play going on. Every one felt the touch of hands more or less, and the sitters' chairs were twice wrenched from under them, or nearly so, but the psychic could not possibly have done it. It only remains to point out the favourable conditions under which the phenomena were witnessed. First, it was daylight. Second, there were three independent witnesses. Third, the evidence was furnished by three of the senses of each witness, namely, the eyes, the ears, and the touch. Fourth, the manipulation of the slate was rendered impossible by the precaution taken to have a new slate, which Dr. Slade had not handled. Fifth, the writing was legible. Sixth, the answers written were an intelligent reply to questions put. Seventh, Dr. Slade's legs were visible all the time. Eighth, some of the writing was done on the slate placed on my shoulder, and some more on Omega's hand on the opposite side of the table, and not under the flap. Ninth, at no time throughout the entire *séance* was Dr. Slade's hand under the table, but at least six inches outside, within the observation of everybody. With this summary my business ends. The slate with the original writing in its leaves is still in my possession, so that the hallucination or mesmeric theory does not hold good.

A SCENE FROM "THE CROWN OF FIRE."

The following scene, entitled "The Baptism of Power," is extracted from the late Mrs. F. G. McDougall's poem, "The Crown of Fire," a portion of which has been published in *The Banner of Light*. Mrs. McDougall was an American medium. The scene here reprinted bears reference to the last night on earth of Joan of Arc:—

Night closed around her with a shroud so deep,
It made the dungeon darkness more intense
And palpable.

She arose,
And, trembling, stood in loneliness profound.
The chains that, for six heavy months, had sunk
Deeper and sorer in the tender flesh,
Still bound and tortured her. And yet the Land
So dearly loved, for whose great Life she dared
The chain, the dungeon, and the insulting scoffs
Of cruel foes—enraged and brutish men—
In all its empire, had no single arm
To guard or save her—to protect that heart
Which would have freely given its last rich drop
To save her country, or to serve her king.
Her honours desecrated—powers withdrawn—
Her life endangered, and her glorious deeds
Shrouded in awful darkness, she was left
Without a friend, thus horribly alone!
And bitterer far than all the bitterness
O'ersurging her young life, one barbèd thought
Cut through her, stinging to the very quick—
Her powerlessness to aid the suffering—
To minister, as long had been her wont,
Unto the troubled and the sore of heart.
Ah! this was wrong indeed, to take away
That God-gift which had made her noble life
So rich in blessing, that her loftier deeds
Paled in the presence of sweet charities,
Which comforted and blest the humble poor.

There was no mother, brother, father, friend,
To come and look upon her, where she lay,
The prey of human wolves, whose savagness
The gauntest prowler of the plains would shame!
Fouler than jackals, fiercer than the fiercest

Of all the tiger race, they clutched their prey,
And, in the true cat-nature, played with it:
The helpless writhings and protracted torture
Gave keenest pleasure to their hellish hearts.

Sometimes, borne up by powers
Divine, Omnipotent, she rose above
The bitter cruelty that bound her life
In one fierce round of torture. But the cloud
Now fell upon her with a crushing weight
Of agony, which filled her, soul and sense,
With pangs unspeakable.

But suddenly a deep, inshining light
Illumined the dark dungeon with such splendour
That she, though long inured to heavenly light,
Was almost blinded.

Face to face she stood,
Poor outcast of the Earth, yet unabashed,
Before the bright Archangel, Grasping close
The hand of benediction, o'ne full tide
Of strength, of faith, of power, suffused her soul!

For agony of joy she could not speak;
But bowing her fair head, the genial tears
Fell fast and eased her aching heart.

MICHAEL.

"Never before, my daughter, have I seen
Thy life so bright, thy light so clear and steady,
Thy faith so true, thy soul so tall and stately,
As I can now behold them. Joyfully
And reverently the highest consecration
I now confer. Supremely worthy thou
For this last rite, the BAPTISM OF POWER."

He laid a hand upon the upturning brow,
And looked into the wondrous eyes, until
The infinite of Heaven was pictured there!
All the large love that energised her soul
To do and dare, in superhuman deeds,
The sweet forgiveness that forgot all wrong,
And only cherished blessings for the scourger,
The hope divine, angelic and far-seeing,
That looked away—away beyond the veil!
And, above all, the faith sublime and calm,
That, in the midst of darkness, dropped its anchor
Fast by the pillars of Eternal Truth;
All these were wrought in such a blaze of glory
That the high Angel's eyes, half blinded, fell
As if they could not bear to closely scan
The characters of that resplendent story.

"Oh Angel!" she exclaimed, "I know that now
I shall go forth a conqueror. No more
Shall all their hellish hosts encompass me,
Beyond the reach of Heaven; for in this light
And in this presence now I feel the power
To lead me forth triumphantly away,
Beyond the reach of my most mighty foes!
When God and Angels are upon my side,
How should I, could I fear?"

MICHAEL.

"My daughter,
Thou sayest well; and these thy holy words
Shall be borne out by higher, nobler action!
Immortal gems of honour and renown
Shall crown and consecrate thee with such splendour,
Which all-corroding Time shall never tarnish.

"Rememberest thou, my child, how, long ago,
A word came unto thee? And now it lives
In high fulfilment and fruition. Maid,
'Where thy saddest, deepest dole is,
Find the Holiest of Holies.'
Just as I to-night have seen thee,
With no shade of Earth between thee,
And the highest Heaven, that now
Lights thy soul and crowns thy brow!

"Had thy life been led in light,
Garlanded with blossoms bright,
This perfect glory, which now fills
Thy heart, and all thy being thrills
With a faith sublime,
Had not been reached, had not been known,
And thou hadst never filled the throne
Which stands for thee in heavenly state,
With pureness all immaculate.

"Now triumphant over time
Walk the path that martyrs trod,
Walk with Angels, Jesus, God,
O'er the toils of Human Fate,
Led by an o'er-mastering Fate,
With a power thy foes to meet
That shall make their scourging sweet,
That shall stir in Hell's abysses
Strength that's never foiled, nor misses
Its true aim, but through the dark

Shall lead thee safely, Maid of Arc,
And moor, at last, thy little bark
On the still waters of that sea
Which laves thy shore, Eternity."

He laid a hand upon the lifted brow,
And thus unto her reverent spirit spoke:

"Joan of Arc, my tender child,
Amid all foulness undefiled,
Amid all falsehood meekly true;
Let my light touch thy soul, endue
With godlike strength. Still undismayed
Before all ill, Heroic Maid!
From this hour all weakness flies thee;
Into Power I now baptise thee—
Power to meet the wolfish pack
Which are howling round thy track;
All their fiendish arts defeat
With a wisdom pure and sweet;
Unshrinking in the conflict dire,
Dare the stake, disarm the fire!
Thus uplifted, calm and free,
To the heavens, that welcome thee,
Take thy honoured place beside
Thy only peer—the CRUCIFIED!"

He paused; for oh! his words had grown too awful
For human ears or human heart to know.
A thrill of horror shot through every nerve,
And left its passage frozen. Changed to stone,
She had been listening, till at last no sound
Was given back by her congealing senses.
He saw his error, and he sought to heal
The poor soul-stricken by a thought of love.

MICHAEL.

"Oh, maiden, think alway on Him
Who sits amid the seraphim,
Only waiting till they sunder
Bonds that part ye. Think, and wonder
At the joys of Heaven above,
In the infinite of love.
In the shadows, trusting, stand;
In the darkness clasp His hand;
Know, whatever may betide thee,
He is walking close beside thee—
Will be—till the evil flown
He may make thee all His own!
Think of this, oh maiden, true,
And let the thought thy soul endue
With truest power."

She looked up, and a flush
Warming the paleness of her marble cheek,
Went like a flash of sunshine over snow.
And her sweet voice, so tender and so tremulous,
Broke forth beseechingly:—

"Oh, mighty Angel!

Speak, and tell me truly. Would such a thought
Suffice to strengthen, and to lead me forth
Through perils and through sufferings infinite?
To know I am beloved is sweetest solace;
To feel, and understand, the sympathy,
Precious and sacred, of responsive souls—
The sweetest, the divinest of all ties—
Fills me with joy seraphic: yet I feel
A narrowing in it, to the centre, self.
The larger love my heart so long has cherished—
The love of thee, my own beloved Country!
With all the good I've truly sought to do,
Yet have not all accomplished, in that hour
Of sternest trial must my armour be.
Oh, France! dear France! I hold thy honoured name
Deep in my deepest nature. It shall be
Last in my thought, and last upon the lips,
That yield with thee, their human speech for aye."
Her arms were folded, as to clasp her prize;
The hands were crossed upon her throbbing heart
As her last prescient words went out in silence.

She stood before the Angel, so sublime
He hardly dared to look upon her face,
Which shone with such a high and godlike grandeur
As never had before been seen in woman.
He laid his hand upon her reverently,
As if receiving, not conferring honour,
And spoke in a soft whisper: "Rest, my child!"
The splendours of the beaming eye were softened
By filmy shadows; over them fell
Their hazy curtains; and the pensile lid
Dropped its dark fringes on the marble cheek,
And shut out from the mind all consciousness.
The Angel laid her gently on the couch,
Praying the shadows of maternal Night
To soothe and heal with rest that sweetest sleeper.

A READER residing in British Columbia says that Spiritualists there are becoming quite an important body, because of the rapid rate at which the movement is spreading.

Poetry.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Nor only in the quiet night,
Not only in the busy day,
Not only in the morning's light,
Or when the daybeam fades away,
But, silently, as sunray bright,
Come those departed from thy sight,
To follow where thy footsteps stray,
At morn, at noon, and evening grey,
With love illumed and joy bedight,
The visitants from heaven's height,
The guardian angels of thy way.

J. F. HUNT.

ASPIRATION AND INSPIRATION.

Tell him that his very longing
Is itself an answering cry;
That his prayer, "Come, gracious Allah!"
Is my answer, "Here am I."
Every inmost aspiration,
Is God's angel undefiled;
And in every "Oh my Father!"
Slumbers deep a "Here, my child."

THOLUCK.

Correspondence.

[Great freedom is offered to correspondents, who sometimes express opinions diametrically opposed to those of this journal and its readers. Unsolicited communications cannot be returned; copies should be kept by the writers. Preference is given to letters which are not anonymous.]

UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION.

SIR,—The following case of what Dr. Carpenter would call "unconscious cerebration" may be worth noting. Wishing to express sympathy with a friend in a letter I was writing, a confused jumble only of the following passage from *All's Well that Ends Well* (I did not at the time remember even which play of Shakespeare it was in) entered my head:—

"'Tis pity
That wishing well had not a body in't
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effect of these follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks."

Knowing the first line or two correctly, I mechanically began writing them down, and then, without the least thought or conscious memory, my pen ran on (I do not mean that the act of writing was what we call automatic) till the passage was nearly completed as above. But just then the fact that I was recovering the words without knowing it struck me, and instantly the unconscious process ceased; and it was only by one effort of recollection, and then not quite correctly, that I could supply the rest. It is probable that all recognised consciousness implies some degree of reflection, and possibly other mental processes besides memory may be impeded rather than expedited thereby.

C. C. M.

HEALING MEDIUMSHIP.

SIR,—As I believe I was among the first to pay a visit to Mrs. Loomis, I think it right to add my testimony to that of your correspondent "R." and others in favour of her power as a clairvoyant healing medium.

I was much out of health at the time of my visit; the medium quickly discovered the malady, and I am pleased to say that I derived great benefit from her treatment.

Mrs. Loomis also showed considerable power in the delineation of character.

I may add that a relative is now under her advice, and I have reason to believe that her case is thoroughly understood.

JAMES DEANE.

Clapham, October 15, 1878.

SPIRIT DRAWINGS.

SIR,—A very valuable and unique collection of drawings, produced under what is known as "spirit influence," is now for sale in London at an address which I shall be happy to furnish to any person inquiring for the same.

Prominent among them is a painting of American autumn leaves, wrought through the hand of Mrs. Mapes, wife of the celebrated Professor of Agricultural Chemistry, and is of unequalled beauty, both as regards colouring and manipulation.

These drawings should certainly be seen by all Spiritualists and others interested in abnormal phenomena, as they furnish a proof that something of a far higher order than the usual material-seeming phenomena can be produced, even through physical mediumship. As one test that the paintings were actually done at the time indicated, it is recorded that the colours were found to be wet when the light was struck.

A description of the manner of production of each drawing is affixed to the back of the frame, as well as the attestations of many well-known witnesses, including Judge Edmonds and others. Many of them are handsomely mounted, and, apart from their intrinsic value and beauty, would grace the walls of any drawing-room.

EMILY KISLINGBURY.

38, Great Russell-street, London.

THE WILLIAMS-RITA CASE.

SIR,—Respecting the Williams-Rita affair, I am very apprehensive that those reported Spiritualists who seized the mediums are not sufficiently experienced in the true nature of materialisation, or they would have waited a little longer before seizing, or giving publicity to their hasty acts.

Pray, why ask public mediums to visit Holland, and then not ask, or cause them to be searched before the *séance* began? If after so doing no calico or beads were found on them, it would distinctly prove that the naked spirits had brought those things to cover themselves, or some one of the sitters had secretly done so to damage the mediums. When a form is projected from its medium, it first comes with hands and head only materialised, as in dark *séances*; the body comes in in folds of white calico; shortly the body and legs also become solid, but all is of such a nature that it can instantly vanish or become invisible. Now if the form called "Charlie" was seized and instantly vanished, then Rita would be collared and condemned most unfairly, he being in a trance state. If any drapery was left behind, the spirit had to vanish so quickly, that it might leave behind as matter, what it and unseen spirit helps had brought. If they can bring hats, boots, and sticks from one room into another with locked doors, so they can and do bring things to dress themselves in, and usually take them away again. I know nothing of Rita, having never yet seen him, but Williams I have known long, and cannot yet believe him guilty. Nor does Mr. Riko's statement show where all the white raiment of "Charlie" went to when seized.

As to the British National Association of Spiritualists interfering in matters of this kind, it is absurd and out of its province to act as policemen, and to cripple a medium's honour and freedom; the law is had enough and wants relaxing, but the Association has nothing to do with mediums off the British National Association of Spiritualists' premises. If it does otherwise, it must watch Eglinton at the Cape, and Abdulla, who may be seized in the same way by inexperienced people; then he will also suffer, and so bring forth lots of work for the British National Association of Spiritualists, which itself is only learning from mediums.

I will help to condemn any medium who is guilty; but let us first be certain by testing both again, and not trust to those who are not witnesses to our tests here.

CHARLES BLACKBURN.

Parkfield, Didsbury.

[Before he left London, Mr. Eglinton was advised by us to give no *séances* to strangers, unless he was held by both hands from first to last, so that if anybody did anything, or if spirits or mortals brought in any drapery, he must be held blameless. It is pleasing to see from the letter recently published by Mr. Berks Hutchinson that so far he has acted upon this advice, and given general satisfaction.—ED.]

SIR,—I wrote you an opinion a few days ago touching the Rita and Williams' affair in Holland; since which I sent for Williams to interrogate him, and to have a test *séance* with him at Signor Rondi's studio, 22, Montagu-place, London, on Friday last. The house is half a mile away from Williams's residence, and I invited Lady G—, also Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher and Signor Rondi, to be present.

They arrived about three o'clock; and we all heard Williams's flat contradiction of his guiltiness, he having been in a semi-trance at the Holland *séance*, and his attendant spirits, "John King and Peter," not having arrived, he was awakened by the screen being knocked down over him, and a rush into the cabinet. He says he brought nothing but his ordinary clothing with him, and had left his carpet bag at the hotel—so whatever was found during the scrimmage did not belong to him; nor was he engaged there at all, for it was Rita's *séance*, &c., &c. I replied, "We will end this affair, so far as I am concerned, by now having a test *séance* in the presence of these witnesses." He replied, "I am quite willing, if my attendant spirits will obey my wish." I then asked Williams into an adjoining room, and took also Signor Rondi as a witness, leaving the two ladies and Mr. Fletcher for a few minutes only. Myself and Mr. Rondi made Williams strip himself, whilst we examined his clothing and pockets, and were satisfied there was no calico, or oil, or anything different from our own clothing. We waited until he dressed, and then took him back into the next room, placed him in a chair in a corner of the room, behind two green baize curtains, and whilst I was drawing together the curtains "Peter, the spirit," shouted out, "Mr. Blackburn, very glad you are here!" at which the medium and ourselves all laughed, for the exclamation was so sudden that Williams had scarcely got completely seated. The room was darkened by a Venetian blind, and brown paper over that; a little gas was on, but Peter requested the gas to be put out, as he would show himself by his own light, so the gas was put out. We then all heard the medium breathing heavily, as if he had gone into trance, when suddenly Peter told us to change places, and he would come out of the cabinet. He said that Lady G— was to sit next the cabinet, and I next to her, and Mr. Rondi next to me, then Mrs. Fletcher, then Mr. Fletcher, and all to join hands.

This being done Peter opened the curtains, came into the middle of the circle, and lighted up something white in his hand, for as he breathed on it it illuminated his face (which is very different to Williams's), and showed a mass of white calico on his head in turban shape, and a separate lot over his arms, shoulders, and breast. His light went out; we heard the medium again groaning and his chair cracking. Then Peter came and stood in front of me and Lady G—; blew on his light, showing himself plainly. I said to him, "Now, Peter, is your time. Whilst your medium is groaning take me into the cabinet by the hand, and don't leave go until you bring me back to my chair." He said, "Come along." So I left Lady G—'s hand and gave it to Peter, who led me into the cabinet, and placed my left hand on Williams's head; I felt his hair and face; my right hand felt his shoulders and body without any calico on them whatever. Peter and self went back to my chair, he never having loosed me for one second. The company

then asked to see the "medium," and Peter took us all into the cabinet, and with his light showed him plainly in trance. I speak as I experience, and trust others will do the same, without prejudice.

We quickly broke up the *séance*. After such evidence I must say "I am satisfied," and I think my previous letter will help to throw light upon this subject.

CHAS. BLACKBURN.

SIR,—As my occupations here hindered my attendance at the special meeting of Council held last Tuesday, perhaps you will allow me to find utterance through your columns.

In the first place, let me put on record my most hearty thanks to our energetic Dutch friends for the service they have rendered to truth in unmasking an imposture. After this general expression of feeling, it may be permitted me to pass a slight stricture on their letter without risk of appearing unappreciative. On reading the account of what first aroused their suspicion, namely, the fact of the landlady having "heard footsteps distinctly, and the creaking noise of boots in the room from which the object had been brought," it struck me that there was nothing really suspicious in this circumstance beyond what had been imported into it through the carelessness of the sitters. If the room in question was accessible to the mediums, why ask for the object to be brought from it? It is unfair to tempt a servant's honesty by leaving money loose about the house; and in like manner it was inconsiderate in these gentlemen to require, as a test of superhuman power, a feat which could so readily have been accomplished by mortal means. But if there had been no access to the room in which the object lay, then the sound of footsteps and the creaking of boots is just what ought to have been expected, if there be any truth in the theory of the transcorporeal action of spirit. I never had the good fortune myself to meet any spirit except such as we see around us daily in tolerably permanent cases of flesh and blood. But in all the instances I have heard of or read about, the spirits of living persons, when acting at a distance from their natural bodies, seem to manifest a palpable, audible, and lively, not to say boisterous, materiality. There was nothing, therefore, in the landlady's testimony calculated to arouse suspicion, supposing due precautions had been taken to render access to the room impossible. But under the actual conditions of easy entrance, of course corporeal action on the part of one of the mediums was a thousandfold more probable than transcorporeal.

To pass on now to another point, it seems to me undesirable that a social and scientific body like the B. N. A. S. should usurp the functions of a criminal court. If Williams is a knave, why, we are dupes—and there's an end of it. But it does eminently befit an Association such as ours to ascertain and make public the exact truth with regard to all phenomena alleged to be spiritual. And here is a case which, above all others, cries aloud for examination. John King has long figured before the world; his pedigree has been traced, his biography written, his photograph taken; his *table-talk* has been treasured up; he has flourished long and begotten offspring: if he fall, he does not fall alone. And now it turns out that John King was, all the while, a false beard, some dirty muslin, and a bottle of phosphoric oil! He is proved to have consisted of these simple ingredients on one occasion, and the presumption, of course, is that he was never anything more. It would require very strong evidence, indeed, to make it anything but the height of folly to assert the contrary. And yet how much of the fabric of belief in Spiritualism really rests on the shoulders of this apparently collapsed spirit? There are a large number of persons whose experience of Spiritualism is confined to public mediumship, and among public mediums I venture to say there was no one who was regarded with more confidence than Williams. It is, therefore, a matter imperatively demanding the attention of the British National Association of Spiritualists to discriminate, if possible, between the true and the false elements in Mr. Williams's mediumship, if he will submit himself to full examination. Has he indeed been able, by means of the slender paraphernalia discovered about his person, to impose successfully for so many years on a number of intelligent investigators? Then in that fact itself, judged from a purely scientific point of view—I mean from the point of view of common sense, unencumbered by logics or isms—we have a psychological phenomenon worthy of all study and elucidation. There is much about John King, however, that is difficult of explanation, even in the light of recent disclosures. How was Williams enabled to float up to the ceiling of his room, as I have seen him do? And what became of the lower part of his body when he presented himself, as he was wont to do, over the middle of a solid table? I was once admitted into the cabinet, and held a living man in my grasp, when the well-known form of John King floated up to me from the outside, and addressed me in its usual voice. I am now driven to the conclusion that some one else must have been put into the cabinet for me to hold. If so, Williams must have had an accomplice in his own rooms. This is a cold-blooded way to be writing about a man for whom I confess to entertaining some regard. But what is there left to do when the *design* of dishonesty is proved?—for that is what our Dutch friends have brought to light. A good many, I daresay, were, like myself, fully convinced already that John King was Williams with the addition of a beard, and Peter, Williams again, disguised only by a wriggle. But I always took the charitable view that the medium was a passive instrument, and not the active contriver of the masquerade.

If Mr. Williams cares to submit himself to the scrutiny of the British National Association of Spiritualists, such genuine medial powers as he possesses might still be of interest to the public. But I would suggest that, with a view to securing honesty in the future, a full confession of all previous trickery, accompanied with practical illustrations of how it was done, should be rigorously insisted upon as the indispensable preliminary to any further dealings with him on the part of the Association. The proper province of that body is the investigation of truth, not the punishment of offences.

ST. GEORGE STOCK.

8, Museum-villas, Oxford, Monday, October 14th.

HOO JAMIE DEE'D.

SIR,—Your Scotch readers may appreciate the following lines. Their story is not a fiction. I copy them from the MSS. of an old friend.

When he fand he was nearin' this life's nether end
He sent for the fiddler, his faithfu' auld friend,
To come wi' his fiddle, an' play him awa',
For nae langer the bow then himsel' he could draw;
And he bade him play till him nae wild rantin' reel,
But "I'm wearin' awa' to the land o' the leal."

Now dinna mistak' me, an' binna advised
That the fiddle he lov'd an' the Bible despised,
A scorner he was not, but thought it nae wrang
The sentiment pure o' that auld Seottish sang,
Ance mair in his faint throbbin' bosom to feel,
Whan wearin' awa' to the land o' the leal.

He had sawn his wild aits in the days o' his youth,
An' 'twas nae little drinkin' that sloekened his drouth;
For he tauld a gude story, an' sang a gude sang,
An' sat like a monareh gude fellows amang.
But aye was an honest an' kind-hearted chiel,
An' we trust he's awa' to the land o' the leal.

For friends, wi' the days o' his youth, passed awa',
Grief cam' to his dwallin', that comes to us a',
An' sobered him doon to a thochtfu' auld man;
An' ye ken this is pairt o' the mereifu' plan,
That sorrow on sorrow maun aft on us steal,
To wear us awa' to the land o' the leal.

D. L. N.

Edinburgh, Oct. 27th.

THE LUNACY LAWS.—Mrs. Weldon is a spirited woman; the cause she undertakes she battles through with courage. The one she fought recently in the courts cost her a great deal of money. She, therefore, advertises that, on the next Guy Fawkes' Day, she will speak at St. James's Hall, first upon the special subject of that *cause célèbre* the Queen v. Ménier, and then upon the larger topic of the Lunacy Laws in general. Should all this fail to bring grist to the mill, in other words, should the necessary £300 not be raised, Mrs. Weldon will sell to the highest bidder a portrait of herself, by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. She will also read letters and remarks from Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Gladstone.—*The Court Journal*.

SOCIAL INFLUENCES IN SCOTLAND.—Principal Shairp, of St. Andrew's, spoke at a meeting of the Educational Institution of Scotland on Scotchmen and Scotch manners. He said that north of the Tweed sectarianism and love of money were special characteristics, and by appealing to these there was not one national institution guaranteed by union which would not disappear. In Scotch education the social side had been almost entirely neglected, the result of which was to be seen in the High-street of Glasgow, which he considered the nether pit of social barbarism. Highlanders were spoiled by contact with tourists and by preying upon strangers. This he considered might be partly owing to the long struggle to hold their own with southern neighbours and sectarian Dissenters, which had so long devastated and was devastating spiritual life.—*Court Journal*.

A RELIC OF SHELLEY.—An interesting relic of Shelley has reached London—a spacious sofa large enough for a bed. It has for many years been in the possession of Baron Kirkup, the aged English painter settled in Florence, and is now the property of Mr. Trelawny, but remains deposited at the residence of Mr. William M. Rossetti. It is of Italian manufacture, and of simple but shapely form, with balustraded sides and back. The question has been raised as to whether it is the sofa which Shelley ordinarily used both day and night in Pisa, or whether it was purchased by him in his last days to serve as part of the furniture of Leigh Hunt's Pisan apartments. Anyhow, its authenticity as a relic of the author of *Epipsychidion* is beyond all cavil.—*Athenæum*, October 26th, 1878.

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD PREACHER!—There is now in Louisville a little negress who is a perfect child wonder. She is a Scriptural marvel. She does not even know her letters, yet she can quote accurately almost any passage in the Bible. At the age of nine months she could talk, and would frequently tell her mother what her idea of heaven was. As she grew older she would sit for hours and expatiate on the beauties and glories of the other world. The old coloured folks would listen to her sayings for hours. A reporter interrogated her—"What is your name, little girl?" "Alice Coatny." "How old are you?" "Ise just four years and twenty-eight days old to-night." "Where were you born?" "I was born in Liverpool, England—cross de Atlantic." "How long since you felt the power within you?" "I don't know; Ise always felt the power of God." "What do you talk about when you speak to a crowd?" "I talk about Jesus, about heavenly things, about how Jesus died and was crucified; how He rose again in three days and sitteth at the right hand of God." "Can you spell?" "No, sir; I don't know my A B C's yet." She then went on in a rapturous strain about things Biblical and spiritual, completely non-plussing the reporter. She was accompanied by two coloured men. They talked in an enthusiastic manner about her. She said in her conversation that she believed in two kinds of baptism. She spoke of the different modes of salvation; how to reach Paradise; how to be converted from a bad man to a good one, &c. Her sayings were entirely original, and were not spoken in a hesitating voice, but in a quick, keen, and forcible manner. As young as she is, a negress, without education in the principles she sets forth, her power partakes strongly of the marvellous.—*Louisville-Courier Journal*.

A CURIOUS STORY ABOUT ISABELLA OF SPAIN AND A SACRED CROSS.

(From the "Banner of Light.")

I HAVE a valued friend and correspondent, Dr. J. Milton Sanders, formerly of this city, quite a noted man of science, now residing in San Domingo City, Island of San Domingo, of the West Indies, who in a recent letter to me wrote, among a great many other things, as follows:—

"San Domingo City, 1877.

"THE HON. A. G. W. CARTER.—My Dear Friend,—I will give you some information regarding this old city of Christopher Columbus. I would begin by acquainting you with the fact that the remains of the 'great Admiral' have lately been discovered in the cathedral here. About one hundred years ago the Spanish took what they conceived to be the remains of Columbus from this city, and conveying them to Havana, they deposited them in the cathedral there. But it appears that they were mistaken, and took the remains of Bartholomew, the brother of Columbus, instead. At that time this cathedral (built here by the great navigator himself) was in the hands of the monks. These cunning gentry, it now appears, *foiled* the Spaniards, giving them the remains of Bartholomew for Christopher.

"Not long ago, as the workmen were excavating in the cathedral here, they came to a solid leaden sarcophagus, with the initials of Columbus on the outside. On the inside was his entire name in solid gold letters. This is no deception, for before the coffin was opened all the consuls here were summoned to be present, and they all saw the name inside of it. This caused great exultation here, and corresponding chagrin in Spain and Havana.

"By the way, now that I am upon the subject of the 'grand Admiral,' I would mention that when Columbus left on his first voyage of discovery, Queen Isabella had a beautiful cross made, and gave it to Columbus, with the request that he would erect it upon the first land he discovered, so that beneath it they could give thanks to God for his guidance of the little *Pinta* to her destination. *The piece of wood I enclose to you is a piece of that identical cross.* It has been deposited here in the cathedral ever since Columbus erected it. As a fragment of it had to be removed in order to make it fit the new altar, it was resolved to divide the portion so cut off, and distribute the pieces among the consuls and other important personages here. The piece I send you was given to me by Mr. Paul Jones, our consul here. *There is no doubt of its being a portion of 'the true cross.'*"

Enclosed in this letter I found a small bit of wood which appeared to me to be of black walnut, and of course I prized it highly as a great curiosity. I afterwards received from my friend other small pieces of this true cross, and one of these a short time ago I sent to my sister, Mrs. Emma Carter (who is an excellent medium), at Cincinnati, and told her to hold it in her hand by herself alone, and see what would come of it. It seems she did so, and the other day she sent me the following as the result of the psychometric manifestation through her, saying for herself, "I write this much from holding the little piece of Isabella's cross to-day:—"

"TO JUDGE CARTER.—Respected Sir of the Nineteenth Century,—In behalf of the cross I, Isabella of Spain, presented to the noble Christopher Columbus on his first voyage of discovery of a new continent, in the year of our Lord 1492, I do claim that the said cross was the support upon which the life of Christopher Columbus hung. But for its power the whole ship's crew would have mutinied, Columbus been overthrown, and a failure the result of the enterprise.

"Upon the discovery of land, Christopher Columbus, in his royal robes, presented by me, and bearing the Spanish colours, leaped to the land, followed by an ecclesiastical priest, and the crew carrying the sacred cross. An altar was raised to Heaven by them, and a solemn mass Christianised the new-found world. To Columbus and Isabella of Spain remain the glory of America's discovery! To the cross, be it said, yet lives the power—its centre pole perpendicular in space, its arms circling the earth, and the dead Christ powerfully ruling the imprisoned soul.

"In this nineteenth century Isabella would have her daughter America fight for greater freedom! If she fail by the right of speech, let her handle the might of arms to crush tyranny and set upon the throne, both religious and political, the principles of the individual rights of both the sexes."

So you see how easy it is for us of the spiritual faith and knowledge to bring even centuries together, and make of them an *ever present!* I have little or no doubt about what this spirit Isabella tells us in reference to the cross she presented to Columbus, that it was the sacred symbol by which the ship's crews of that first voyage of discovery were held together, and if it had not been for its presence among them they would have mutinied against him, and cast him into the sea, as was Jonah of old. It is an historical fact that the crews of Columbus before discovering land were about to mutiny, and it is said that Columbus, the day before land in the far-off horizon was announced from the look-out, promised his unruly companions that if land was not discovered on or before the morrow he would cast about his flagship, the little *Pinta*, and return to Spain. But the morrow came, and the land of San Salvador was descried as a cloud in the horizon far away.

I trust the readers of the *Banner* will find as much interest and pleasure in reading this account as I found in the occurrence of the facts which I have here narrated, whether they have full confidence in all that is said or not.

A. G. W. CARTER.

New York, 1878.

We regret to state that Mrs. Bellew is still suffering severely from the effects of the Sittingbourne railway accident.

MR. A. R. WALLACE'S "TROPICAL NATURE."*

(Abridged from a Review in "The Times.")

ALTHOUGH Mr. Wallace has been accused of having a powerful imagination, so powerful as to be misleading, we do not think that he himself would lay any claim to that form of the representative faculty essential to the poet. The reader need not take up this volume in the expectation of finding in it any gorgeous and vague descriptions of tropical scenery and life, any of those characteristic reproductions in which Kingsley revels in his *At Last*. Mr. Wallace possesses, however, in an eminent degree the power of clear and instructive description, and in the volume before us he gives us the elements which we may combine for ourselves into a thousand pictures, none of which are likely to surpass reality. About one-half of Mr. Wallace's new work is occupied with a systematic account of the varieties of vegetable and animal life to be met with in the tropics, from the primeval giant of the forest down to the insect that finds a home in a crevice of its bark.

Some timorous persons dread that the spread of scientific knowledge will wither up all the beauty with which the face of the universe has been clad; that it will take all the soul out of poetry, and scare away sentiment and religion to some Edenic world where the tree of knowledge has not yet been plucked. Let such persons read this volume by Mr. Wallace. Here they have a plain and unadorned, but full and bold, statement of the results of scientific research with regard to some of the most beautiful and grandest features of this beautiful world, which, we are sure, will leave most readers fuller of wonder and of a sense of the mysterious and unseen than ever. What Mr. Wallace says with regard to the emotions excited by colour and by music may be applied to nearly all the varied phenomena with which his work deals; they "seem to rise above the level of a world developed on purely utilitarian principles."

One delusion which Mr. Wallace dispenses is as to the prevalence and richness of colour among tropical flowers. The truth is that, while patches of gorgeous colour are here and there met with, there is much greater abundance, variety, and beauty of colour among the flowers of temperate and sub-Arctic regions; while even in respect to the colours of insects and the colouring of birds, Mr. Wallace has some corrections to make in popular belief. Colour itself, he shows, is not the evanescent and accidental feature it is commonly thought to be, but is intimately connected with the organisation of animal and plant. A most interesting chapter is devoted to humming birds, of which there are something like 400 species, and which are by no means confined to the tropical zone. It is a very common delusion that these most ethereal, and probably most combative, of created beings, feed upon the nectar of flowers—a delusion which has often led to the death of the tiny creatures in captivity; the fact being that it has been proved beyond a shadow of doubt that their main food is tiny insects, such as are often found imbedded in the nectar of flowers. The humming-birds, Mr. Wallace shows, are radically different from the sun-birds of the Eastern hemisphere, and, indeed, are essentially modified swifts.

To the biologist and all who take an interest in modern scientific speculation, the chapters on the colours of animals and plants will be specially attractive, all the more so that in the chapter on the former subject Mr. Wallace criticises, and we venture to think invalidates, to a considerable extent, the theories of sexual selection put forward by Mr. Darwin to explain the conspicuous colours and other adornments which are found on most male animals, while they are mostly absent from the female. This is a subject which we cannot discuss here. Let us only remind the reader that, according to Mr. Darwin's theory, these conspicuous differences between male and female have been gradually developed from the fact that the latter in her selection of a mate always gives preference to males which, in one direction or another, are adorned the most. No, says Mr. Wallace; the real state of the case is that the female has little or no choice in the matter; the superabundance of ornament in the male arises simply from his superior vitality and energy, the most vigorous and lively males naturally having the choice of the finest specimens of the other sex, who, poor things, probably do not dream of having any choice in the matter. Thus, according to Mr. Wallace, sexual selection plays but a subordinate part, if, indeed, it plays any part, in the development of animal life, and the main, if not the only factor to be taken into account, is natural selection. We do not pronounce in favour of one or the other; we simply state the case as between these two eminent exponents of the theory of development, and we have no doubt it will give rise to some lively controversy among the disciples of the two theories. Those, however, who know Mr. Wallace in connection with certain "other-worldly" manifestations, know that he is not an extreme evolutionist; and, although he makes continual reference to the theory as explaining many of the phenomena of the tropics, still it is abundantly evident that he regards it only as applying to a method of action adopted by an unseen intelligent power to carry out the system of the universe of which He is the author; that while science can explain the *raison d'être* of many of the phenomena in the universe, still the old-fashioned methods of explaining the purpose subserved by these may also be quite consistent with truth. Because we know by what means the flowers are tinted and the birds bedecked, can tell how the Alps have been sculptured, and show the moon, not as a pale-faced goddess, but a withered planet, must, therefore, the face of the universe lose all beauty for us—must poetry become impossible, and atheism inevitable?

What Mr. Wallace says with respect to the colours of flowers, and of the colour-sense and its origin in man and animals, is extremely interesting. Speaking of the historical development of the colour-sense in man, he refers to the recent controversy as to the sense of colour among the Greeks, and to the colour-terms in ancient literature generally, and concludes that the only deficiency was one of nomenclature.

* *Tropical Nature, and other Essays.* By Alfred R. Wallace, London: Macmillan and Co., 1878.

The two concluding chapters are on "by-paths in the domain of biology," the author's address at the Glasgow meeting of the British Association, and "the distribution of animals as indicating geographical changes," a lecture given last autumn at the Geographical Society, and of which we gave an abstract at the time.

Altogether Mr. Wallace has done well to gather into this form the results of his own long-continued observations, as well as those of others, on tropical animal and vegetable life. The book is evidently meant to be a "popular" one, and there is nothing in it that the intelligent general reader will not understand. Mr. Wallace makes no attempt to minister to the prevailing desire to have instruction seasoned with sensation. He tells a plain, unvarnished tale, intrinsically interesting, thoroughly trustworthy, free from all technicalities, and likely to prove attractive to all with a healthy appetite for information.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.—First Effects Produced by Mesmerism—Sensations—Process for Causing Mesmeric Sleep—The Sleep or Mesmeric State—It Occurs Spontaneously in Sleep-Walkers—Phenomena of the Sleep—Divided Consciousness—Senses Affected—Insensibility to Pain.

CHAPTER II.—Control Exercised by the Operator over the Subject in Various Ways—Striking Expression of Feelings in the Look and Gesture—Effect of Music—Truthfulness of the Sleeper—Various Degrees of Susceptibility—Sleep Caused by Silent Will; and at a Distance—Attraction Towards the Operator—Effect in the Waking State of Commands Given in the Sleep.

CHAPTER III.—Sympathy—Community of Sensations; of Emotions—Danger of Rash Experiments—Public Exhibitions of Doubtful Advantage—Sympathy with the Bystanders—Thought-Reading—Sources of Error—Medical Intuition—Sympathetic Warnings—Sympathies and Antipathies—Existence of a Peculiar Force or Influence.

CHAPTER IV.—Direct Clairvoyance or Lucid Vision, without the Eyes—Vision of Near Objects through Opaque Bodies, at a Distance—Sympathy and Clairvoyance in Regard to Absent Persons—Retrospection—Introspection.

CHAPTER V.—Lucid Prevision—Duration of Sleep, etc.—Predicted—Prediction of Changes in the Health or State of the Seer—Prediction of Accidents, and of Events Affecting Others—Spontaneous Clairvoyance—Striking Cases of it—Spontaneous Retrospection and Prevision—Peculiarities of Speech and of Consciousness in Mesmerised Persons—Senses and Pain.

CHAPTER VI.—Mesmerism, Electro-Biology, Electro-Psychology and Hypnotism, essentially the same—Phenomena of Suggestions in the Conscious or Waking State—Dr. Darling's Method and its Effects—Mr. Lewis's Method and its Results—The Improbable State—Control Exercised by the Operator—Gazing—Mr. Braid's Hypnotism—The Author's Experience—Importance of Persuance—The Subject must be in a State of Suggestibility.

CHAPTER VII.—Trance, Natural and Accidental; Mesmeric—Trance Produced at Will by the Subjects—Col. Townsend—Eckers—Extasis—Extatics not all Imposers—Luminous Emanations—Extasis often Predicted—M. Cahagnet's Extatics—Visions of the Spiritual World.

CHAPTER VIII.—Phreno-Mesmerism—Progress of Phrenology—Effects of Teaching in the Sleep—Variety in the Phenomena—Suggestion—Sympathy—There are Cases in which these Act, and others in which they do not Act—Phenomena Described—The Lower Animals Susceptible of Mesmerism—Pascuation Among Animals—Instinct—Sympathy of Animals—Suii Telegraph Founded on It.

CHAPTER IX.—Action of Magnets, Crystals, etc., on the Human Frame—Researches of Reichenbach—His Odyle is Identical with the Force of the Magnet, or with the Influence which produces the Mesmeric Phenomena—Odyle or Mesmeric Light—Aurora Borealis Artificially Produced—Mesmerised Water—Useful Applications of Mesmerism—Physiological, Therapeutical, etc.—Treatment of Insanity—Magic, Divination, Witchcraft, etc., explained by Mesmerism, and Traced to Natural Causes—Apparitions—Second Sight is Waking Clairvoyance—Predictions of Various Kinds.

CHAPTER X.—An Explanation of the Phenomena Attempted or Suggested—A Force (Odyle) Universally Diffused—Certainly Exists, and is Probably the Medium of Sympathy and Lucid Vision—Its Characters—Difficulties of the Subject—Effects of Odyle—Somnambulism—Suggestion, Sympathy—Thought-Reading—Lucid Vision—Odyle Emanations—Odyle Traces followed up by Lucid Subjects—Magic and Witchcraft—The Magic Crystal, and Mirror, etc., Induce Waking Clairvoyance—Universal Sympathy—Lucid Perception of the Future.

CHAPTER XI.—Interest Felt in Mesmerism by Men of Science—Due Limits of Scientific Caution—Practical Hints—Conditions of Success in Experiments—Cause of Failure—Mesmerism a Serious Thing—Cautions to be Studied—Opposition to be Expected.

CHAPTER XII.—Phenomena Observed in the Conscious or Waking State—Effects of Suggestion on Persons in an Improbable State—Mr. Lewis's Experiments With and Without Suggestion—Cases—Dr. Darling's Experiments—Cases—Conscious or Waking Clairvoyance, Produced by Passes, or by Concentration—Major Buckley's Method—Cases—The Magic Crystal Induces Waking Lucidity, when Gazed at—Cases—Magic Mirror—Mesmerised Water—Egyptian Magic.

CHAPTER XIII.—Production of the Mesmeric Sleep—Cases—Fight out of the Bed—Persons Induced by the Author Through an Improbable State—Sleep Produced without the Knowledge of the Subject—Suggestion in the Sleep—Phreno-Mesmerism in the Sleep—Sympathetic Clairvoyance in the Sleep—Cases—Perception of Time—Cases—Sir J. Franklin; Major Buckley's Case of Retrospection.

CHAPTER XIV.—Direct Clairvoyance—Cases—Travelling Clairvoyance—Cases—Singular Visions of Mr. D.—Letters of Two Clergymen, with Cases—Clairvoyance of Alexis—Other Cases.

CHAPTER XV.—Trance—Extasis—Cases—Spontaneous Mesmeric Phenomena—Apparitions—Predictions.

CHAPTER XVI.—Curative Agency of Mesmerism—Concluding Remarks, and Summary.

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