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Contents.

Conditions under which Good Spiritual Manifestations are Obtained	25
The "Fire Test" in America	25
The Inspiration of Thomas Lake Harris. By S. B. Brittan	26
The Powers and Possibilities of Man	28
Spurious Psychical Phenomena in India	29
A Private Seance	30
An Apparition Seen before the Arrival of News of the Death. By Hensleigh Wedgwood, J.P.	30
The Effect of Poison upon a Powerful Medium. By Thomas R. Hazard	31
Zachokke on Immortality. By Henry G. Atkinson, F.G.S.	31
Spiritualism and General Thought. By Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, I.K.	32
Physical Manifestations among the Quakers	32
Poetry.—The Decadent. By J. P. Hunt	33
Correspondence:—Sensitive Moments—Spirit Identity—Spiritualism and Conjurors in Cape Town—Spiritualism and the Drama—The Healing Power of Mesmerism—The Lunacy Laws—Mr. Eglinton in Devonshire—Mr. A. R. Wallace's Merits Appreciated by the Dutch	33
Trance Phenomena	36
Answers to Correspondents	36
Paraphrases.—M. Fredif, 27; A. Mystery Explained, 29; An Alleged Visitant from Another World, 29; Evangelists, 29; The Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism, 30; Difficulties of Interpretation, 30; Reception at Mrs. Makdougall Gregory's, 30; Adequate Testimony, 35; Some Juice, 35; Ancient and Modern Miracles, 35; Divorce Case, 36; Fiction Outlived by Fact	36

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No. 308.—VOLUME THIRTEEN; NUMBER THREE.

LONDON, FRIDAY, JULY 19th, 1878.

CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH GOOD SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS ARE OBTAINED.

STRONG mediums obtain manifestations with a reasonable amount of certainty, and their few failures or weak *séances* might for the most part be prevented, by attention to the necessary conditions.

Let us select, for example, that common kind of *séance* in which strong physical manifestations take place while the medium is held in the dark, and materialised spirit forms are now and then dimly seen, illuminated by their own light. In the first place it is necessary to ascertain what the medium has been doing during the earlier part of the day. If he has given a previous *séance* of the same kind during the day, and especially if that *séance* was a strong one, the manifestations will be markedly weaker at the second *séance* in the evening, and possibly may not be produced at all. Form materialisations draw much vitality from the whole body of the medium. Slate-writing manifestations draw power chiefly from the hands, and are of short duration, hence many sittings for these phenomena may be given in one day; but it is quite otherwise with dark *séances* of two or three hours' duration, in which the vital energy of the medium is drawn upon to its utmost extent.

A hard day's work in any ordinary occupation, or intense heat of the weather, making the medium feel that he has little life left in him, will weaken manifestations. If a medium uses up his vital energy in work, he is not in a fit state to give *séances* afterwards, hence the irrationality of those who argue that mediums should pursue ordinary occupations during the day, and give gratuitous *séances* at night.

Supposing a medium not to have exhausted himself during the day, the next condition to ensure a successful *séance* is to make him perfectly happy and contented with his company. Therefore experienced Spiritualists usually invite him to the house two or three hours before the *séance* begins, and entertain him as much as possible. At the *séance* they do not permit more than one or two disbelievers to be present at one time, and those one or two are usually sincere and thoughtful inquirers, not rough people, full of self-importance, who modestly think the researches of the myriads of intelligent men who have preceded them to be worthless, and who unhesitatingly prejudge the phenomena to be imposture. Such people would be a disgrace to Spiritualism if they became converts, and the doors of *séance* rooms should be religiously locked against them. They should be told that they are not worthy to enter the movement, and this treatment will do them much more good than admitting them to a *séance* among respectable people, where they would make everybody uncomfortable, and in the end prove no good to Spiritualism if converted. Parish doctors, parish beadles, and simple physicists who desire to sit at *séances* as authorities, and to persuade intelligent inquirers that they must not trust their own senses without permission, should also be locked out. These would-be authorities are usually arrant cowards, afraid to publicly testify to any test phenomenon they may witness. They sometimes try to hide their "white feather" by stating that they are only postponing their valuable testimony, meaning that they will wait a few years till Spiritualism is more popular. A man who cannot afford to tell the truth, is in a humiliating position in life.

Having thus provided a medium full of vital energy, a genial circle, and one or two sincere and rational inquirers, strong manifestations are almost sure to take place, provided that in the first instance a powerful medium of established reputation was selected—that is to say, one rarely known to have failures.

If a medium has a rational or irrational dislike to anybody in the circle, it commonly weakens manifestations

more than anything else, especially if the person so disliked is placed next to the sensitive. Hence the medium should always be asked to arrange the order in which the sitters shall take their places. After the manifestations are at full power, the spirits should be told who among the sitters are disbelievers, and asked to give them all the evidence they can, which will usually be done.

Much is sometimes said against paid mediums. No person on the face of the earth has more legitimate right to be paid for his time and loss of vital energy than a medium, because in this materialistic age he presents evidence of the existence of intelligent beings, freed from some of the limitations of earth-life. The persons who think it right to take the time and energy of mediums without paying for the same, have an equal right to help themselves to goods out of a jeweller's shop, and to walk away not only without paying for them, but revelling in a sense of their superior morality, and assuming a high tone towards the jeweller, who in his simplicity fancies that he has a right to charge the value of his property. Those who cry out against paid mediums are usually persons of vulgar wealth, who have retired from commercial pursuits in which they had grasped everything they could from everybody, and whose moral right to their own income will not bear investigation. A man in good mental and bodily health has no moral right to exist unless he gives the world the full value of such benefits as he receives from it, and a superior man will take care to be of more benefit to the world than the world is to him. The recognition of such principles as these has, for instance, caused Mr. Ruskin to set so good an example to his fellows. And, as regards good mediums, most of them confer more benefits upon the world than they receive from it in return, whereas some of those who cry out against paid mediumship not only do not hold the same high position, but do no good upon this planet until they die and leave it, and even this solitary boon given by them to mankind is not conferred voluntarily.

On the other hand, the payment of mediums throws upon them additional responsibilities. For instance, it makes it incumbent upon them to so arrange their daily duties as to attend each *séance* full of strength and vitality, not tired out by a previous sitting, rendering a second series of good manifestations impossible.

THE "FIRE TEST" IN AMERICA.

FROM *The New York Herald* of September 7, 1871, we extract the following account of the exploits of a negro blacksmith, written by a correspondent who witnessed what he describes:—

"Business recently called me to the Eastern shore of Maryland, to the point from which I write; the county seat of Talbot County. While there I heard from several gentlemen of prominence the story of a negro blacksmith, who lived in an adjoining county, upon whom fire had no effect whatever. The story was so incredible that I gave it little heed, although it came from most reliable sources, and was related to me by gentlemen of the highest standing in the community for honour and integrity. A day or two after I first heard of this remarkable negro, Mr. T. R. Robson, editor of the *Easton Star*, called at my room, and stated that the negro was in town, and that the physicians were going to make an examination of him at the office of Dr. P. Stack, and invited me to witness the operations, which I very gladly did. Mr. Robson and myself went at once to Dr. Stack's office, where were assembled Drs. Anderson, Goldsborough, and Comegys, of Easton, Mr. J. A. Johnson, editor of the *Journal* at Easton, Mr. A. A. Pancutt, and Mr. John C. Henry, all prominent citizens of Talbot County.

"A brisk fire of anthracite coal was burning in a common coal stove, and an iron shovel was placed in the stove, and heated to a white heat. When all was ready, the negro pulled off his boots, and placed the hot shovel upon the soles of his feet, and kept it there until the shovel became black. His feet were then examined by the physicians, but no burns could be found, and all declared that no evidences of a heated substance having come in contact with them was visible.

"The shovel was again heated red hot, taken from the stove and handed to him. He ran out his tongue as far as he could, and laid the heated shovel upon it, licking the iron until it became cool. The physicians examined the tongue, but found nothing to indicate that he had suffered in the least from the heated iron. A large handful of common squirrel shot, procured from a store near Dr. Stack's office, was next placed in an iron receptacle, and heated until melted. The negro then took the dish, poured the heated lead into the palm of his hand, and then put it into his mouth, allowing it to run all around his teeth and gums. He repeated the operation several times, each time keeping the melted lead in his mouth until solidified. After each operation the physicians examined him carefully, but could find nothing upon his flesh to indicate that he had been in the least affected by the heated substance he had been handling.

"After the performances with the lead, he deliberately put his hand into the stove, in which was a very hot fire, took therefrom a handful of hot coals, and passed them about the room to the gentlemen present, keeping them in his hand some time. Not the slightest evidence of a burn was visible upon his hand after he threw the coals back into the stove.

"The exhibition was regarded by all who witnessed it as most remarkable, for there was no opportunity for the practice of chicanery. Every gentleman present was there for the purpose of detecting if possible any trick—if trick there were—and none could have had the least interest in aiding or abetting the negro in his performances. . . . I will state that in April last, while the judges of this judicial circuit were holding court at Denton, Caroline County—the county in which this man lives—Judges Wickes and Stump, accompanied by Sheriff Richardson, went to the blacksmith shop of this negro, which is situated about six miles from Denton, on the farm of W. P. Richardson. The sheriff made known to him the object of their visit, when, in the language of the judges, he performed most astonishing feats, such as handling red-hot iron with his bare hands, forging it into shape without the use of tongs, putting it upon his tongue, &c. At a later period he was visited at his shop by Dr. C. E. Tarr, editor of the *Denton Journal*, J. Marion Emerson, editor of the *Denton American Union*, James B. Steele, T. H. Kemp, clerk of the court, R. J. Jump, late State Comptroller of the Treasury, Colonel R. E. Caster, and Dr. P. O. Cherbonier. These gentlemen came upon him wholly unawares, and when requested by them to perform some of the feats he has become so famous for in this locality, he immediately went through with the same wonderful performances I have mentioned. . . .

"After he had concluded his performances in Dr. Stack's office, I sought an opportunity to converse with him. I found him very ignorant, not able to read or write, and in all respects an unadulterated negro. His name is Nathan Coker, and he is about fifty-eight years of age. He was born in the town of Hillsborough, Caroline County, Md., and was the slave of Henry L. Sellers of that place, by whom he was sold to Bishop Emary. In relation to his ability to handle fire, and how he first became aware of it, he said: 'Boss, when I was about thirteen years old, old massa Emary hired me out to a lawyer, whose name was Purnell. He treated me badly, and did not give me enough to eat. I shied around the kitchen one day, and when the cook left I shot in, dipped my hand into the dinner pot, and pulled out a red-hot dumpling. The boiling water did not burn, and I could eat the hot dumpling without winking, so after that I often got my dinner that way. I has often got the hot fat off the boiling water and drank it.' I then interrogated him as to the effect heated substances had upon his flesh, and asked him when he handled them with his

hands if he did not suffer more than when he took them inwardly, to which he replied: 'No, boss, I often take my iron out the forge with my hand when red-hot, but it don't burn. Since I have been a little boy I have never been afraid to handle fire.' He then stated that often when by himself he would pick up red-hot iron because his tongs were not handy, and that he never felt any discomfort from it. He felt no more harm, he said, from handling fire than stones."

THE INSPIRATION OF THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.*

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

It would be vain to search the annals of literature for a more striking example of poetic inspiration than is presented in the case of Thomas L. Harris, whose recent, rapid, and brilliant improvisations have astonished many of the most intelligent witnesses, and established for himself a secure foundation for a wide and lasting reputation. From his youth Mr. Harris has been accustomed to write verse, and many of his earlier lyrics, already widely circulated through the religious and secular press, have been universally admired. They are usually characterised by bold thoughts and brilliant images, and are especially remarkable for their spiritual significance and beauty. His early poems were never mechanically composed—were rarely, if ever, the result of previous thought; they were unstudied, spontaneous, and seemingly almost as involuntary as respiration. By degrees the exercise of a spiritual agency, alike foreign to himself and the sphere of mundane existence, became more and more apparent, until spirits stood unveiled before him, and either moved his hand while he was partially entranced, addressed him in an audible way, or communicated their thoughts through cerebral impressions. The phenomena in the case of Mr. Harris have been constantly increasing in interest and importance. His normal life has been mysteriously diversified by many startling episodes, which, for their singular novelty—for the evidence they afford of the truth of spiritual existence and intercourse, as well as for dramatic impressiveness and the sublime ideas they contain—are worthy to be recorded among the most thrilling and instructive incidents of human experience. For the last five years his daily councillors and nightly guardians have been spirits who have "put on immortality." At all times and in all places they visit him and converse freely as friend with friend. His familiar guests are shades of the immortal bards, who from his lips pour the fiery torrent of Heaven-inspired thoughts.

The poems of Mr. Harris were not only everywhere admired by the lovers of metrical harmony, but they were highly complimented by the press, until their spiritual origin was made known. Of late, however, the secular journals have rarely copied them; much less have they been disposed to acknowledge their peculiar claims. In this respect the excessive caution of some men is not more apparent than their want of correct taste and manly independence. They listen with delight to a mortal, and stop their ears when an angel sings! But when the real authorship of some Spirit-utterance through Mr. Harris is lost sight of by the critics, they are extremely liable to indulge their admiration—obviously, at their own expense and for our amusement. Indeed, they sometimes unwittingly sanction all that is claimed by making the implied admission that his inspiration is derived from the spirit world. The justice of this observation is illustrated by the example of the *Cincinnati Weekly Times*. Soon after the *Lyric of the Morning Land* was published, Mr. S. Leavitt reviewed the poem, making copious extracts. Subsequently through the carelessness of the press, the reviewer became the reputed author, and the legitimate claims of the *Lyric* to a spiritual origin were lost sight of by those who never had any disposition to perceive them. Some of those extracts have since that time been travelling the circuit of the secular press, prefaced by complimentary remarks from literary gentlemen who are opposed to Spiritualism. How ignorance brings out and displays these intrinsic charms. The journal just referred to, some time since, copied into its columns the subjoined verse, from a *Fairy's Song of the Violets* :—

*Extracted from the Introduction to T. L. Harris's *Lyric of the Golden Age*.

There came a fairy blue, and sang :
 O, maiden dear, attend, attend !
 When first on earth the violets sprang,
 Each earthly maid had fairy friend,
 Who whispered in her ear by night—
 Sing, heart, my heart the mellow lay—
 And so the violet grew more bright
 Within her eyes from day to day.
 Wake, fairies, wake from field and glen,
 Wake, fairies, on your azure steep,
 For ye shall throng to earth again,
 And sing to maidens in their sleep.

Lyric of the Morning Land, page 155.

Appended to these verses, as they appeared in the *Times*, was the following editorial comment :—

From the reading of Mr. Leavitt's *Lyric of the Morning Land*, the mind reverts so much to *Queen Mab*, that one cannot help thinking that the poetic mantle of the renowned Shelley hath truly fallen upon Mr. Leavitt's shoulders.

When we have asserted the fact that Mr. Harris, in some of his brilliant effusions, was really inspired by the immortal Shelley, secular journalists have been incredulous and captious, if they did not treat the statement with undisguised contempt. Yet our opinion is here virtually endorsed by an opposer. When the real claims of the lyric to a genuine spiritual origin are unknown or forgotten, the critics are straightway reminded of "*Queen Mab*," and "cannot help thinking that the poetic mantle of the renowned Shelley hath truly fallen on the author's shoulders."

Several journalists have been constrained by the irresistible force of internal evidence to associate other poems, uttered through Mr. Harris, with the names and genius of Shelley and other departed poets. The following is extracted from a review of the *Epic of the Starry Heaven*, which appeared in the *Philadelphia Daily Register* :—

We are strongly reminded of Shelley, in reading many passages in this poem ; and if any spirit that was once encased in visible clay was the dictator of it, we should unhesitatingly pronounce it to be that of Percy Bysshe Shelley. It is every way extraordinary. It is remarkable as a poem, unattended by any real or imagined abnormal circumstances of the author. Its merits, aside from any curiosity on the subject, will cause it to be widely read. The extraordinary rapidity of its composition makes it unequalled by any other literary production in the world.

A number of similar illustrations might be cited in this connection, but our limited space will only permit us to introduce one additional example. On Thursday, November 30, 1854, while Mr. Harris was seated in the office of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, the writer and Mr. Lewis L. Peet being present, it was observed that the physical and mental condition of Harris were strongly influenced by some foreign agent, which seemed to abstract his mind from the sphere of his outward relations. At length he was profoundly entranced, and, while under the influence of invisible intelligences, improvised two poems, making in all *one hundred and fifty lines*. The second poem, a bold and graceful utterance, containing sixty-two lines, and purporting to be a relation of the experience of Edgar A. Poe, in his transition to the spirit-world, was spoken in *fifteen minutes*. Below we give some fragments to further illustrate Mr. Harris' astonishing powers of improvisation while under spiritual influence, at the same time they most forcibly vindicate his claims to direct intercourse with spirits of the invisible world. The abrupt and frightful termination of mortal life, the birth of the spirit surrounded by unearthly terrors, and the opening of the inner senses amid the glories of Paradise, are thus graphically and beautifully described in the first part of the poem :—

A lurid mantle wrapped my Spirit-form,
 Cradled in lightnings and in whirlwinds born,
 Torn from the body, terribly downcast,
 Plunged headlong through red furnaces in blast ;
 Those seething torrents maddened me : I fell,
 But woke in Paradise instead of Hell ;
 Like song-waves circling in a golden bell,
 Like fragrant odours in a woodbine dell,
 Like glowing pistils in a rose unblown,
 Like all sweet dreams to Saints in slumber shown,
 Like Heaven itself, like joy incarnate given ;
 And as a ship through wintry whirlwinds driven,
 Finds land-locked port in Araby the blest,
 So I, through terror, entered into rest.

A lovely maiden, whose angelic beauty is revealed in the transcendent light that emanates "from her full bosom,"

comes to the poet, who is filled with rapture while she sings :—

"I have waited, I have waited,
 As the Evening Star belated,
 When it lingers pale and lonely by the purple sunset door.
 I have found thee, I have found thee,
 And with heart-spells fast have bound thee."
 So from out the glowing halo sang the Angel-Maid Lenore.

The poet then rehearses the dark scenes of his earth-life—the poverty, despair, desolation, and madness—

All Earth's undivided sorrow,

which broke his young heart and veiled his spirit in the gloom of a tempestuous night. The feeling of utter desperation which possessed his soul and burned in his brain like an unquenchable fire, and the blissful repose of the liberated spirit in the home of the angels, are vividly contrasted in the closing stanzas :—

And I fled Life's outer portal,
 Deeming anguish was immortal,
 Crying, "Launch thy heavy thunders, tell me never to adore,
 Hate for hate and curse for curses,
 Through abyssmal universes,
 Plunge me down as lost Archangels fell despairingly of yore."
 So the whirlwind bore my spirit,
 But to lands that Saints inherit,
 And it seems my heart forever like a ruby cup runs o'er.
 I am blest beyond all blessing,
 And an Angel's pure caressing,
 Flows around my soul forever like a stream around its shore.

While Mr. Harris was speaking the poem from which these extracts are taken, his whole manner was highly dramatic ; at the same time his countenance and intonations were expressive of all the tender and terrible emotions which the poem so impressively indicates. The internal evidence that it was inspired by the author of the "*Raven*" is so strong that no unprejudiced mind, at all familiar with the circumstances of its production, will be likely to dispute its claims. Even the critical editor of the *Springfield (Mass.) Republican*—who has heretofore manifested an inveterate hostility to Spiritualism—was impelled to write and publish the following, in a commendatory notice of this poem :—
 "It has all the 'fine frenzy' of that wild son of genius, and some of the stanzas are quite equal, in our view, to his best efforts."

Great Poems and living Evangels are earthly echoes of the Infinite Harmonies. Few in any age are able to apprehend their meaning. That the epic and lyric are not everywhere appreciated will occasion no surprise with those who have measured the distance between the earthly plane of the common mind and the heaven of imagination to which the inspiring spirits lead the powers of thought. In the ranks of the *dilettanti* the philosophy of these poems is doubtless a sealed book. Nor do we look for a just estimate of their peculiar merits to those critics who flit above the flowery lawns of poesy, and flash in the gray twilight, like fire-flies over the garden walls of popular literature. No, never. Men whose ideas are begotten and born in drawing-rooms, seldom recognise the great thoughts that silently move the world. When the vibration of a harp-string, under the gentle pressure of some fair hand, fully realises the highest conception of Divine harmony, there will be few to follow the bold, free spirit that goes out to unbar the portals of other worlds. But the revealing Angel must open the everlasting doors, that men may listen if they will to the sublime sphere-music, and feel the stately measure to which constellations march through Heaven.

SPIRITUALISTS visiting Paris for the Exhibition will find commodious reception and reading rooms at the new offices of the *Revue Spirite* at 5, Rue Neuve des petits Champs, Palais Royal. Mme. Leymarie will also furnish information to Spiritualists as to lodgings in Paris.

M. XAVIER MOULS, formerly *chanoine* of Bordeaux, well known as a writer and healer amongst French Spiritualists, passed to the higher life on the 5th inst. Three discourses were pronounced over his grave, in the midst of a large concourse of co-believers assembled from all parts of the country.

M. BREDIF.—M. Bredif, the French physical medium, who once gave *séances* at St. Petersburg and Moscow, and more recently in Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, and Monte Video, is now in Sn. Paul, in the Brazils. By his *séances* he has converted many people to Spiritualism in South America, but he found most of the Spaniards to be very ignorant about the subject, imposing tests of such severity as often to amount to hard treatment to himself.

THE POWERS AND POSSIBILITIES OF MAN.

THE following are extracts from a sermon by the Rev. W. H. H. Murray, published in *The Christian Age* :—

You cannot get any assistance in understanding the greatness of man by a study of the history of the race. You may begin with the earliest annals, and you may read every record that man has left of himself in stone, or iron, or letters—in deeds done or thoughts uttered—and when you have mastered all history and all knowledge, when you are familiar with every event and transaction of your kind in the world, you still have no knowledge by which to measure man's greatness. And the reason is because the race, as a whole, has never had a fair chance—as a whole, it has never been educated, never had its faculties and its powers led out and led up to the extent of the possible. The trellis has been too low and too narrow to allow the full vinal expression of the root that God planted in the birth of man at the foot of it. Yea, the soil has been too thin and meagre to nourish the root, and the climate, in addition, has been unpropitious.

The rule has been to educate the few, and not the many, and that means that the few have been only partially educated, for only when the many are educated can the few be educated. For man feeds man. Mind operates on mind. Intellect depends on intellect. Heart draws from heart. Soul derives from soul. And only when the streams which supply the pool are adequate, will the pool be filled. Where one voice has been trained, a thousand natural singers have remained dumb. Where one poet has been educated, a hundred poetical natures have carried their unwritten poems with them to their graves. Where one orator by opportunity and careful education has been advertised to the public, a thousand other men with wit as keen, reason as fine, humour as mirthful—with hearts aflame and tongues of fire—have carried their eloquence with them unuttered and unknown to themselves even, into eternity. And so, wherever you look, you will find that the history of the race furnishes no measurement for the capacities of the race. The possibilities of the world are not demonstrated by its deeds.

Moreover, wherein the world has had education, wherein man has had his talents elicited to action, it has been, for the most part, in the direction of evil, for men have been educated to kill, and not to save. They have been educated to oppress, not to emancipate their fellow-men. They have been schooled in the art of keeping man down, and not of lifting man up. Their studentship has been to block the progress of the race, not to hasten it forward. They have been skilful in cruelty, wise in injustice, talented in mischief, skilled in corruption, learned in debauchery.

My position is—that in the race of men, and in every individual man, are powers, capacities, energies, and graces as wholly unknown as if they did not exist. Man's capacity represents an undiscovered land, an unvisited country, along whose shores the discoverer's sail has passed, but whose vast interior extent and resources no one has explored. Angelhood is in man somewhere, is in you, friend, somewhere; but you have not found it out. The image of God is in you somewhere, erect, beautiful; but over it, and burying it from sight, are rags of defilement and the debris of an ancient moral overthrow.

"Shall I ever grow up into this angelhood?" you ask. "Shall I ever exhume the God that now lies buried in my flesh?" I hope so, I respond; I think so—that is, if you wish to, if your desire be a strong desire—strong enough to set you at work and keep you at work. But this, it were well that all men should understand; that wishing cannot save them, and praying cannot save them. For doing, and not wishing, is what builds man up. Salvation means the development of capacity in holy directions. And no one comes to this by wishing that he may come to it, and no one can put his nature into the very act and process of noble evolution by praying merely.

Plain, homely, matter-of-fact unecstatic obedience to God, and the laws that represent God, is what gives happiness to the soul. Ecstasies that come from any other source are in the form of spiritual hysteria; they are not legitimate offspring of the soul's connection with God. They do not belong to the family circle of heavenly joys. They can be produced at any time, and on any occasion, by a combination of earthly forces. Singing can produce them. A sympathetic force can charge the thrill along every nerve until it tingles. Eloquence can produce them. The power and earnestness of oratory can make men weep, and groan, or shout in loud acclaim. The mesmeric influence which hovers over a vast audience, as electric lights hover over certain marsh lands during the summer heat, can communicate by subtle and untraceable potency its deceptive and transitory excitement—so that the vast multitude shall be charged full of a current whose expression might deceive the very elect; and many suppose that this kind of feeling is legitimate, spiritual, and represents the real power of God.

The only happy feeling that is legitimate to Christianity is that which comes from doing the will of God. There must be a stalk for every flower, and there must be a good deed for every true Christian emotion. The happiness of Jesus and of the infinity of His soul—happiness none of us can conceive, because our souls are not as obedient as His soul was—the soul happiness of Jesus, I say, was the result of His obedience, His strict, absolute, perfect obedience to the law of God. He loved God perfectly, and He loved man perfectly, and so perfectly fulfilled the law, and so had perfect happiness. Even as the Scripture says: "As the Father has life in Himself, so hath He given to the Son to have life in Himself." The perfect life in Him stood parent to the perfect joy.

Do not deceive yourselves, friends. Seek happiness by doing, and you will have it. Along that path—a path by no means smooth or level, and which often leads through jungles and dreadful passes of experience—you can come to the gate called "Beautiful." When your eyes see it—see the gleam and glory of it—when you actually come and stand in front of it, your soul will be filled with a delight which will level all walls of restriction, and cause heaven to enlarge itself until it includes

you. John, because his mind and the mind of his age could conceive of nothing more splendid than costly metal and material gems, pictured heaven as a metallic city, more glorious than the great kings of the East ever builded. But we, educated to a truer conception of values, with souls uplifted to a height of spiritual discernment which apprehends the beauty of spirit as above the beauty of matter, look down with indifference or contempt upon gold, and rubies, carbuncles, and earthly gems, and realise that heaven is above such symbolisation. The happiness of its life is such as jewels cannot express; and the glory of the Universal Spirit the glory of an indescribably perfect being.

If you will study the life of Jesus, you will find the moral possibilities of your nature. The Spiritualism of His life—the reverence, patience, purity, and righteousness of it—you can repeat. The same mind that was in Him can be in you. Like Him you can go about doing good. Like Him you can glorify the Father; and from such a study of the man you will have come to a self-knowledge of a sort you have never dreamed of.

You will find you are able to do things that you did not dream you could do, and bear things that you did not think you could bear; and when you bear and do the things you thought impossible, through imitation of Christ, and by an inspiration which has come to you out of Christ, you will have come to that state which is known as living in Christ. And whatever man stands in this state of self-knowledge has come to a condition of spiritual discernment which will exalt him in his own eyes with a noble exaltation, and he will feel the dignity of his sonship to God. He will know what the Apostle means when he speaks of man as being heir and joint-heir with Christ in heavenly glory.

Now, in the text, Paul plainly teaches that the state in which we now are is a state of suffering, and it may be because in part of it we are to grow—we are to climb—we are to mount until we come to a state of glory. He was a wise man, and he noted that man was in a state of evolution. He saw that, taken as a whole, the race was slowly but surely getting exaltation. Different civilisations, and the succession of centuries with all that they brought of progress, were only the steps, dull or polished, up which the race was climbing. He noted that they were bowed down with burdens, and the majority of them heavily fettered. The backs of many were bleeding; the bodies of many starving; the souls of all hungry; the eyes of all blinded. But, nevertheless, in spite of all impediments, in spite of all sufferings, the race kept growing up.

Now, there may be among us here to-day men and women who have suffered—who are suffering. They have lost friends; they have lost property; they have lost love—I don't mean that the loved ones have died: the dying of loved ones never loses us love; it confirms it with an eternal confirmation, lifting it above jealousies and doubts, and placing it in the order of infinite certainties; but they have lost love in the sense that they have met no one worthy of loving; no one able to sound the depths of their natures and stir them with Divine agitations, as the angels, in the old story, who went down into the fountain of healing. Or they have lost it through discovering that the object they have loved is unworthy, and their love has come back to them drooping and disconsolate, like a bird whose mate has been shot. There may be people, I say, among us to-day who have suffered in such a dread fashion that they know not what to do; they know not which way to turn. They are like a householder whose house has been shaken down by an earthquake and lies in ruins, and his wife and his babes he knows are under the ruins. Where shall he turn? What shall he do? What is life henceforth to him?

Well, if there be such I would say to them—although I know the greatness of the hope will seem incredible—friends, even your suffering, vast as it is, measureless as it is, is not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in you in the hereafter. And the hereafter of which I speak is not a hereafter that begins twenty or thirty years from to-day, but a hereafter which begins now, at this moment, while you sit with us in holy waiting on God. Your powers are such, your capacities and energies are such, the inherent buoyancy of your undying structure is such, and God your maker and your guardian is such, that you shall recover from your present lapse; you shall grow up, starting from the very root and out of the very soil of opportunity into a new trunk of power; into new branchings of strength; into verdure that is fadeless; into a bloom and a fruitage that shall sink your old expression into insignificance.

We are living in the dawn now. The sunrise will break in illumination round us, and we shall see the full orb or splendour only when we go into the grave. Out of sorrow and its wrestlings come strength to the soul. Out of tears comes cleansing to the eyes, and the power of Divine vision is born to the spirit. Out of what we have missed comes a preparation—a sublime preparation which fits us to appreciate and more keenly relish what the Lord will give us in the exercises of the beyond.

Most of our sufferings come to us through the body; we shall get rid of these when we get rid of our present bodies. That will be a great gain. The old sin which made us sick, and made our bodily life a process of slow corruption, will not keep its grip on us for ever. On the spirit-body it cannot lay its hand. In this, at least, we can already see what Paul meant when he said, "To die is gain." The grave, at least, will cool all fevers and chill the tormenting inflammations in our blood. The pains that find their causes in the body we shall escape after a time, while the pains which have their causes in the mind and the spirit will alone remain as a source of torment. From these mental pains death will not relieve us. From these we must find deliverance by a renewing of the mind, by a regeneration of the spirit.

We must grow up out of these by developing the godlike in us, by the leading out and up of all our powers in Divine directions. Along the line of moral and spiritual possibilities we must progress, if we are to come to the threshold of heaven. We shall find joy for grief and

glory for shame if we develop those capacities within us, which, being developed, lift us above shame into glory, and bring us into the state of joy everlasting.

"NEVER utter these words: 'I do not know this; therefore it is false.' One must study to know, know to understand, understand to judge."—NARADA (Hindû Philosopher).

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.—The following letter from the *New York Sun* has been sent us from America for republication:—"SIR,—I shall feel indebted to you for a solution of the following very remarkable incident: My daughter and myself were sitting in a room adjoining one in which was a table. On it stood a stout, thick-bottomed glass, nearly full of salt water, which I had been accustomed to sip occasionally. Suddenly we heard a noise in that room, and in a little while I went in. To my amazement I saw that glass split apart from top to bottom and lying in two pieces on the table, the water running, which we had also heard. I think it would puzzle anybody to break that glass in such a way. We had but one little child left us, which we loved and cherished as our own souls, and this incident of the broken glass was its death-summons. In eight or ten days it departed. There are other astonishing incidents in the past ten years I could relate, but the incredulity of the world has kept them back.—SPECTRE." Badly annealed glass, in which the tension inside differs from that outside, so that the whole substance is in a constant state of strain, frequently breaks unexpectedly in the manner described. Advantage is taken of this fact in the manufacture of "Prince Rupert's Drops," which break with almost explosive violence. We know of a case in which a gentleman was arguing with disbelievers on the reality of the supernatural, when the whole company was awestruck by an untouched glass tumbler shivering itself to pieces—because it was badly annealed.

AN ALLEGED VISITANT FROM ANOTHER WORLD.—A copy of the *South Pacific Times* of April 28th, 1878, published at 77, Calle de la Constitucion, Callao, Peru, and edited by Mr. Isaac Lawson, has been sent us. It is a journal which is issued three times a week, and contains solid reading about the mining and other branches of commerce of the Pacific coast of South America. It quotes a "tough" story from "The Capital, an Argentine paper," which contains a letter, dated from Carcarana Este, October 12th, 1877, signed "A. Serarg, chemist." He says that three miles from Carcarana Este he found a large black rock, of somewhat oval shape, size about thirty by forty-five yards, which he had no doubt after examination was an aerolite of unprecedented size. He, with Mr. Charles Davis, a geologist, and a Mr. Paxton (not Paxton Hood), afterwards bored into the stone, passed through several layers of mineral substances, the chemical composition of which he gives with praiseworthy scientific accuracy, when they came upon a cavern, in which they found an amphora of white metal, silver and zinc, clumsily worked, also a large plate, which when raised disclosed another cavern. He adds—"We descended into this new cavern, and what was our surprise on discovering a rectangular tomb, cut in the granite and full of calcareous staglamites. In the centre was visible a human body, enveloped in a calcareous sudarium; it was lying in a sleeping position, and scarcely measured a yard and a half; its head, slightly raised, was hidden in a pillow of carbonate of lime, and the legs also were hidden in the lime. We agreed to remove the lime covering, and, attacking it with acids, exposed a mummy in a good state of preservation. Unfortunately, we were unable to extricate the legs without some deterioration, but the head came out almost intact. It was without hair; the skin must have been smooth, and beardless, but it is now wrinkled, and appears like tanned leather; the skull is triangular, the face flat; instead of a nose it has a trunk growing out of the forehead, a very small mouth with only fourteen teeth, two orbits from which the eyes had been extracted; the arms very long; fingers, of which the fourth is much shorter than the rest. The general construction is very weak. We found no arms or jewels by the side of the mummy, but a small silver plate considerably deteriorated, on which can be distinctly seen the figure of a rhinoceros, a palm, and a sun, such as children would draw. Around the sun were various stars; we have measured their respective distances, and found approximately those separating the planets Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, and Neptune, only that Mars was much larger than the others. Does not this distinction, accorded to Mars over the other planets, show clearly the *amour propre* of its inhabitants? We think yes, and in our opinion there is no doubt that the aerolite is a minute portion of that planet. The skeleton of the planetary inhabitant, the amphora, and the silver plate will be exhibited gratis during my stay in Carcarana Este, at the house of Don Francisco Ringoni, opposite the central station. The aerolite can be seen at any time, as from its great weight we have left it in the place where it has rested unknown for so many hundreds or thousands of years—that is, three miles north of Carcarana Este, near the coast: to go to see it and return, is only a matter of an hour's journey from the station. We invite all persons of education, interested somewhat in science, to make the journey, and we will cheerfully give them all the details they require. Besides which, we will show them the document drawn up concerning the affair, signed by all the inhabitants of Carcarana; and to those who desire it we will give a sketch, and a small plaster cast of the inhabitant of Mars." Mr. Serarg is doubtless the gentleman who saw the electricity from the bottoms of two lightning conductors, fixed on a glacier, decomposing the melting ice in an ice cavern into oxygen and hydrogen. An American captain of militia, hearing a strange noise in the cavern, incautiously entered it with a light. The mountain of ice blew up, and fell as fine rain over a circular area three miles and five-eighths in diameter, as carefully measured by Mr. Serarg or his double. Not a feather or a vestige of the unfortunate captain of militia was ever seen afterwards. Perhaps he went to Mars on a fragment of ice.

SPURIOUS PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA IN INDIA.

THE *Times*, in the course of the review of a book on *Modern India*,* by Professor Monier Williams, says:—

On the subject of Samadh, or burying alive, there are one or two instances, which, however, in spite of the deception practised, resulted in the death of the spurious devotee. In one instance a man "was actually buried alive in the neighbourhood of a village. His friends were detected by the villagers in pouring milk down a hollow bamboo which had been arranged to supply the buried man with air and food, the bamboo was removed, and the interred man was found dead when his friends opened the grave shortly afterwards." The other attempt was still more recent, and occurred in the Kavra district in Gujerat. Mr. F. Sheppard, the Collector, was informed that a man in a neighbouring village was about to perform Samadh, so he despatched a police orderly to stop the proceedings and arrest all concerned. On the arrival of the official the man had been buried about two hours. He was promptly disinterred—alive—but very weak, and died the next morning. A medical examination proved that the man died of heart disease. Certain hints led Mr. Sheppard to believe an imposture had been attempted, and on opening the house he found that—

The grave was about three feet deep, being a hole dug in the floor of the inner room of the house; the wall of the room formed one side of the vault. As usual in India, the only light admitted to the room was through the door, and the unsubstantial nature of the roof was not likely to attract the attention of the villagers, but I satisfied myself that the occupant of the vault might with great ease have demolished the covering which was supposed to shut him off from the world. The vault was, of course, dark. I found therein the rosary of the deceased, and the chaplet of flowers which he had worn before self-immolation. There was sufficient room for me to sit in tolerable comfort. On one side of the vault I felt a small wooden plank let into the wall, and found that a trap door had been ingeniously contrived to communicate with the other room of the house. On going into the outer room into which communication had thus been opened, I found that a row of large earthen jars which are used in India to store grain had been arranged against the wall. The arrangement was neatly contrived, and was not likely to have attracted suspicion. Had the Bhat been a strong man and in good health he might, without any danger to life, and with only a *minimum* of discomfort, have emerged triumphantly after his six weeks' samadh, and have earned a wide reputation, but the excitement and fasting were too much for him.

The above extract may give an insight into more attempts at imposture than that of the Bhat of Gujerat. It reminds us strongly of a similar case, where Runjeet Singh introduced to the Mission sent to Lahore by Lord Auckland in the hot weather of 1838, a Fakir who permitted himself to be buried for the space of forty days and nights. Sir Claud Wade, Captain the Hon. W. G. Osborne, and Dr. W. Macgregor witnessed the man's burial, put seals on his tomb, and saw him disinterred, but failed to elucidate the mystery. So the Samadh, though forcibly described by Professor Williams, is an old plan for establishing sanctity in India, though often attended with unpleasant results.

The essay on the Parsee Towers of Silence is on a painful and repulsive subject; but in these days when we meet advocates of cremation, of wicker coffins, and such-like radical changes in the old-established, recognised customs of Christian burial, it may be worth while to accept Mr. Williams's dictum:—

The exposure of the decaying body to the assaults of innumerable worms may have no terrors for us because our survivors do not see the assailants; but let it be borne in mind that neither are the Parsee survivors permitted to look at the swoop of the Heaven-sent birds. Why, then, should we be surprised if they prefer the more rapid to the more lingering operation? And which of the two systems, they may reasonably ask, is more defensible on sanitary grounds?

EVANGELISTS.—Among the more recent eccentricities of religious life may be named certain individuals calling themselves "Evangelists serving under the Lord's restored Apostles." There are said to be four of these chosen "Evangelists" who predict the immediate coming of Christ to rule over his earthly kingdom. They claim for themselves the gift of healing, and with the usual toleration attack Spiritualism and Spiritualists. One of these gentry, speaking in a north country town the other night, having learnt that a few Spiritualists lived there, charitably said—"The trail of the serpent has passed over this place."

* *Modern India and the Indians*, being a Series of Impressions, Notes, and Essays. By Monier Williams, D.C.L. London: Trübner and Co., Ludgate-hill. 1 vol.

A PRIVATE SEANCE.

LAST Saturday night a *séance* was held at the house of Miss Ottley, 41, Denbigh-street, Belgrave-square, London. Mr. Rita was the medium, and the observers present were Miss Ottley, Mrs. Makdougall Gregory, Colonel and Mrs. Gordon, Miss Emmet, Mr. G. Ottley, Mr. W. S. Inglefield, Mr. Prendergast, Mrs. Phil, and Mr. W. H. Harrison.

The sitting took place in the darkened drawing room, and Mr. Rita's hands were held all through the *séance* by Miss Ottley on the one side of him, and Mr. Inglefield on the other. The hands of the other sitters were interlinked.

Under these conditions a guitar belonging to Miss Ottley flew about like a bat over the heads of the sitters; it was playing all the time, and tapped against the ceiling when requested. A heavy arm chair, as well as two of lighter make, were floated over the heads of the sitters, and piled upon each other on the table, where they were found when a light was struck. A valuable and heavy clock from the mantelpiece was also floated over the heads of the sitters and placed uninjured on the table. Two or three times spirit heads and shoulders robed in white, feebly illuminated by their own light, were dimly seen by everybody present. At critical moments during the sitting, when the manifestations were exceptionally strong, Miss Ottley and Mr. Inglefield, in reply to questions, testified they were still holding the hands of the medium.

THE attentoin of Mrs. Somerville had been practically given to Spiritualism before her death, but she never expressed definite conclusions on the subject.

THE DALSTON ASSOCIATION OF INQUIRERS INTO SPIRITUALISM.—The Council of the Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism met on Thursday evening last, 11th instant, Mr. John Rouse in the chair. The hon. secretary read the minutes of the previous meeting of June 13, which were confirmed. Letters of general interest were read from Miss Emily S. Young, Dr. J. M. Peebles, Mr. Benjamin Coleman, and Mrs. Prichard. A presentation from Mr. B. Coleman was reported, and accepted with a cordial vote of thanks. Resignations of membership were submitted from Captain James and Mr. J. R. Williams, which were "accepted with regret." The hon. treasurer submitted the cash accounts, which were passed. A letter was read from Miss Kislingbury respecting the work *Isis Unveiled*, and a balance due thereon ordered to be paid. It was also resolved to give notice to discontinue the monthly contribution for supply of printed *Proceedings* of the British National Association of Spiritualists.

DIFFICULTIES OF INTERPRETATION.—Mrs. Hardinge-Britten, in the course of a letter to *The Harbinger of Light* (Australia), complaining of errors in a report of one of her speeches printed in that journal, and afterwards quoted in *The Spiritualist*, says:—"At one of the sessions of the New York Spiritual Conference, held some ten years ago, the subject under discussion was 'The difficulty of rendering the thoughts, wishes, and communications of spirits into human speech, through our imperfect mode of telegraphy.' By way of illustrating this point, Mr. John T. Coles related the following circumstance:—There was a certain itinerant preacher who had long harassed the Puritanic members of the Boston community by ranting discourses, delivered to gaping mobs assembled around his tub-rostrum on Boston Common. The reverend street orator had once been a strolling player, and being, moreover, somewhat addicted to the practice of spirituous stimulation, he not unfrequently mixed up the two familiar professions by a remarkable jumble of dramatic and theologic recitation. The police (who had orders accordingly) carefully watched their opportunity, and waited for one of his dramatic explosions to stop the nuisance. Acting on this plan, they mixed with a large crowd assembled on a certain Sunday afternoon when the preacher was to hold forth. Unfortunately, the influence of his favourite habit was strong upon the luckless Boanerges, so that with the effect of the spirit he had imbibed, came the memory of his old profession; thus, instead of starting in with a text from the Bible, he plunged into Shakespeare, and led off with the opening lines of the grand tragedy of Richard the Third, commencing—'Now is the winter of our discontent, made glorious summer by the sun of York.' This was enough. No sooner were these lines pronounced than the officials of the law were down upon him, and 'His Reverence' concluded his Sabbath-day exercises in the 'lock-up.' When the case came before the magistrates, and the charge of 'play-acting' in the public streets had to be substantiated, the chief difficulty under which the magistrate laboured was to obtain a clear testimony from the witnesses as to whether the delinquent was preaching the gospel or spouting a play. Numerous and clamorous were the allegations on both sides, until the perplexed magistrate, pitching upon a shrewd-looking Yankee, asked him whether he had been present at the preaching, and on receiving an affirmative answer, desired him to state what he had heard fall from the lips of the accused. 'Wall,' replied the witness, 'I guess I heerd him say as how he'd had a kind o' bad winter lately, and that had made him kind o' discontent like, so he thought as how he'd just come right through to New York, and there cal'lated to have a glorious summer; and I guess that's about the sum and substance of the matter;' and hat's about the sum and substance of the way in which nine-tenths of the poor spirits' communications are interpreted, and in which nine-tenths of us mistake the ideas they wish to impart to us."

AN APPARITION SEEN BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF NEWS OF THE DEATH.

BY HENSLEIGH WEDGWOOD, J.P.

I HAD lately the rare chance to be told of an apparition seen by the sister of a maid-servant in my house, at a time when it was still unknown whether the person appearing was alive or dead. It was afterwards found that the man died on the same day, a few hours before his apparition was seen by his friend in this country. The important point in a case of this kind is that it precludes the supposition that the vision was a delusion of the imagination, the ready answer by which stories of this kind, where the evidence cannot be impugned on other grounds, are usually put aside.

On the 16th May last my daughter's maid, a woman in whom we have entire confidence, told me that one Saturday evening about six weeks past, she had met her sister in the street, and seeing her greatly agitated, her sister explained that, about an hour before, she had been on her knees scrubbing the floor, when she heard herself twice distinctly called, "Annie! Annie!" She raised her head and saw a great friend of hers, whom she supposed to be in India, gazing at her through the window, looking very pale and haggard. She immediately got up, and opening the door, ran round to the front, thinking to find him at the window, but seeing no one there, she took it for an apparition, and was convinced that her friend was dead. He had been greatly attached to her, and in the beginning of the year had urgently pressed her to marry him, and, on her refusal, had taken service in India, and gone to Madras. On the following Monday Annie got some one to go to the mercantile house in the City, which had sent her friend out to India, to inquire concerning him, and there she was informed that he had been ill, and they were afraid that he would not be able to stand the climate. She herself did not doubt that he was already dead.

Thus the matter stood when the story was told to me. I wrote it down at the moment, and begged my informant to inquire again by-and-by and let me know the result. By the end of June it was known that Annie's friend had died suddenly on the evening of Saturday, the 30th March, the day noted by Annie as the date of the apparition. As Madras is in longitude 80 deg., the time there would be five hours and twenty minutes in advance of London time, so that the deceased must have been dead for about that time when his apparition was seen in England.

It is remarkable that this was not the first experience of the kind which had happened to Annie. Her husband, at the time of his death in the spring of 1876, was in confinement in Hanwell. At five o'clock on the morning of his death his wife was awoke by hearing herself called, as in the present instance, "Annie! Annie!" She felt that her husband wanted her for something, and immediately got up, and, as soon as she could, went off to Hanwell, where she found that he had died at the moment she heard herself called, as mentioned in an account which I sent to *The Spiritualist* of August 31, 1877.

Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square, London.

A LARGE Chinese Encyclopædia, just purchased by the British Museum authorities, has thirty or forty of its volumes devoted to magic, divination, spirits, astrology, and occult subjects.

MR. H. STORJOHANN, a Norwegian gentleman just returned from South America, and deeply interested in Spiritualism, left Hull yesterday for his native town, Bergen, where he intends to work actively in disseminating knowledge about psychological subjects.

RECEPTION AT MRS. MAKDOUGALL GREGORY'S.—Last Wednesday night Mrs. Makdougall Gregory gave a reception at 21, Green-street, Grosvenor-square, London, to Spiritualistic and other friends, among whom were Prince Albert of Solms Braunsfels, the Hon. Mrs. Forbes, Mr. Mayne, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Scarlett, Mrs. Loftus Otway, Mr. H. Otway, Mrs. Betty, Mr. and Mrs. N. Tübner, Miss Ottley, Mr. G. Ottley, Miss Emmet, Mr. W. S. Inglefield, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, Colonel and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. Tamplin, Mr. and Mrs. Cholmondeley Pennell, Mr. Riversdale, Mr. Stewart Poyntz, Mr. and Miss Peele, the Hon. Mrs. Brown, Mr. Bennett, Mrs. Linwood Strong, Miss Strong, General Brewster, Miss Jarvis, the Ven. Archdeacon Dunbar, and Mr. W. H. Harrison. Some exceptionally fine music by Mr. Tamplin and Mrs. Betty, and singing by Miss Jarvis, entertained the company in the course of the evening.

THE EFFECT OF POISON UPON A POWERFUL MEDIUM.

BY THOMAS R. HAZARD.

SHOULD we search the world over I doubt whether a medium for materialisation purposes could be found whose gifts exceed those of Mrs. Hull. During a short stay I recently made in Boston, I called at her rooms, and learned that she was just recovering from a sickness that had nearly resulted in death, concerning which she on the next day furnished me (by my request) with the following written particulars, which I will preface with the simple statement that, by a strange mistake, Mrs. Hull had accidentally taken from an unlabelled vial a dose of aconite sufficient, probably, in quantity to kill, under ordinary circumstances, half a score of individuals.

"As soon as I found," proceeds her written statement, "that I had taken aconite (a large teaspoonful) instead of my cough medicine, I sent to a druggist for an antidote, and also to my physician. I became aware that I had taken a deadly poison, but after the first moments of excitement were over I felt perfectly calm, and never for an instant lost my presence of mind. My chief anxiety was for my husband, who was many miles away, and the thought that some might be so unkind as to say that my (anticipated) death was brought about intentionally. But I soon dismissed this fear, knowing that in this, as in other trials through which I had passed, my soul was free from stain. I soon felt a strange creeping sensation beginning at my feet and hands, and spreading fast through my whole body. I thought of my friends, those who had been so faithful to me at seasons of trial, when every kind look and word was life to me, and I could not resist the impulse to write a few words to as many as possible, although I was fast losing the use of my limbs. I felt that I was in the hands of a loving Father, and that he had sent his angels to assist me, and carry me safely through, or take me to themselves. By the time my physician arrived and administered to me, I had become almost helpless. His cheery face and hopeful words gave me new strength. Although I could plainly see the anxiety he felt, I knew that everything would be done for me that human skill could devise. Still I fully realised my critical situation. I could not move a finger; but although my body seemed bereft of life, my brain remained as clear and active as ever. I could hear every whisper, and when I heard it said that 'my pulse was gone,' and I became myself sensible how slowly and irregularly my heart beat, I told them not to be frightened, as it was all right. The only unpleasant effect of the poison I was sensible of was the creeping sensation I have before alluded to. It seemed now to be fast approaching my heart. Soon after this I lost sight of those about me (although I could hear their voices), and a cloud seemed to open just above my bed, which revealed to me the most glorious sight I ever beheld. Just beyond was a sun whose brightness resembled our most beautiful sunsets, but was more resplendent. The bright space beyond the cloud was filled with spirit forms and faces too beautiful for description. Some of these I recognised, others I did not. Some held out their arms to me, whilst others seemed to be throwing their mesmeric influence upon me. Then I distinctly felt a hand manipulating my heart. I seemed to open my eyes, when I plainly saw my uncle (who was a physician when in earth-life) at work upon me, with my spirit-father standing by his side. My spirit friends all looked so real to me that I repeatedly asked my friends if they could not see them, and was surprised on their answering that they could not. In a short time the death-like feeling about my heart entirely left me. When I looked into the smiling faces of my spirit-helpers, and realised what they had done for me, I turned to my anxious earth-friends, and said, 'I shall live; I am saved through spirit-power!' I feel and know that my life was restored to me for a purpose, and, with the help of my spirit-guides, I will try to perform the work they may give me to do, faithfully, according to my ability. I will just say that while the physician was bathing my face with water, Molly (my Indian control) spoke, and told him to put ammonia into it."—*Banner of Light*.

ZSCHOKKE ON IMMORTALITY.

BY HENRY G. ATKINSON, F.G.S.

"THIS, then, is the office of the real priests of God, whether found on thrones or in council chambers, in pulpits or professors' chairs, or merely at writing tables; to render more truly humane the human race around them. Whether for their reward thorns shall grow for them on earth, or palms in heaven, need concern them little. I, at least, no longer felt myself troubled with thoughts of what might be my fate after death. I had a living certainty of the providence of God, and that tranquillised me concerning all the rest.

"It was at this time I wrote *The Yearning after the Invisible*, which expressed the joyful state of my feelings. I often smiled at the strange proofs of the immortality of the soul, which philosophers had discovered, and thought that pure, disinterested virtue would be an impossibility to us, if we possessed any absolutely irrefragable proof, any indubitable certainty on this point. I thought, like Petrons Pomponatus, an independent thinker of the sixteenth century, who, I may say, *en passant*, was one of my old favourites, 'a virtue which should depend on the fear of punishment, or the hope of reward in eternity, could be, at best, but a holy virtue, or, perhaps, only a kind of mercantile speculation.'"

Now many highly spiritual and noble minds have expressed themselves very much in the same way in respect to the belief in a future life. How common it is to regard death as being at rest, or in sleep—"the sleep of death," "to sleep in dull, cold marble," &c. My aged friend Barry Cornwall (Procter) the poet, so regarded it, not exactly as the Nirvana of the Buddhist, but ends his *Ex-humo* "with—

Quiet at last, reposing
Under the moss and fern.

And again—

A flower above and the mould below,
And this is all that the mourners know.

Again, another aged friend, Basil Montagu, the sound Baconian and philanthropist, would contemplate the image of a sleeping child as representing death. Sir James Mackintosh seemed to think that so long as life continues it matters little whether with the same individual or not; and we know how Harriet Martineau expressed herself. We see the letter she wrote to me at the end of her long, wearisome twenty years illness and confinement, just before her death; and we see how with many thinkers a sort of half-religious idealism seems to content them, whilst others take to a Pantheism very close upon absolute materialism, or to that nobler form of Atheism that Max Müller has been lately so exalting. As for the great Bacon, he says that the question is not so much the length of life as the goodness thereof. It seems, then, that a more distinct line is to be drawn between the mere belief in the spirits of the dead and a future for ourselves, and pure and disinterested Spiritualism, and Spiritualists whose most earnest endeavour is ever "to render more humane the human race around them," as expressed by Zschokke.

Boulogne, France, July 15th, 1878.

MR. J. COATES, of Liverpool, writes that he will be in Macclesfield on Sunday, the 21st, and will lecture in the open air at 2.30 p.m. on the "Advantages of Spiritualism to the Masses," and at 6.30 p.m., in the Society's New Hall, on "Private Experiences in Spiritualism and their Lessons."

NATURE has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermillion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light.—*Addison*.

A work entitled *Egyptian Belief and Modern Thought* (Kegan Paul and Co.), by Mr. James Bonwick, F.R.G.S., has just been published, in which the author (who is a member of Council of the British National Association of Spiritualists) gives a series of facts intended to prove that at least five thousand years ago men trusted in Osiris as the risen Saviour, and that they confidently hoped to rise, as he arose, from the grave. The subjects of Amenti or Hades, heaven, purgatory, and hell, are treated at much length, and the author has placed a considerable amount of Egyptian lore at the disposal of readers.

SPIRITUALISM AND GENERAL THOUGHT.

BY KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE, IX^o.

My excellent and enthusiastic friend and comrade in Spiritualism, Mr. Stainton-Moses, has, I think, occupied your valuable space very unnecessarily in his comments upon my brief communication about a fortnight ago. I do not claim to be an authority on Spiritualism. I go far beyond that; I do not think that any individual has a right to do more than honestly testify to the facts known to him, and these facts he should state with as little theory as may be. Any one may err; any one may see falsely; any one may, perhaps, even unconsciously, mislead. I limit myself to a mere statement of what I have personally seen and been concerned with. It is quite true that Mr. Stainton-Moses has very seldom come across my name in Spiritualism, because most of the researches I have conducted have been conducted in the privacy of home, where no influences could prevail of a doubtful kind. It was sufficient for the purposes in view to establish the truth of the phenomena, the issue being in the hands of a mightier Power. It is nowhere, I think, written or stated that missionary work in Spiritualism is a bounden duty. And Spiritualism presents so many aspects, is so myriad-sided in its manifestations, that absolute evil might be wrought by too hasty teachings. The common nature of man insists upon the reality of a future state, but he would be a bold man who would attempt to define the infinite, to limit the limitless, or to assert that the spirit world has not many provinces, differing in their aspects as much as the geographical areas and zones of our globe.

It is true that many scientific men of no mean parts or repute have rejected the doctrine of a future world, but this is not true of the highest among them. Faraday rejected Spiritualism, it is true, but Faraday was an eminently trustful man in matters of faith. He was even a preacher and teacher in the sect of Sandemanians to which he belonged. Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim was eminently pious, although by his enemies he was regarded as little less than a fiend. Dr. John Dee, throughout his communion with spirits and angels, evinced a simple and sincere faith in the religious opinions of his age; and if we return to antiquity we find Apollonius, Proclus, Plato, Socrates, Democritus, Anaxagoras, Heraclitus, and many more devout men, of reasonable limits in their speculations.

Certain of the moderns, possessed by a critical, or rather factious spirit, have chosen to doubt the common testimony of mankind. They have gone so far as to proclaim themselves Atheists; and in this I doubt not they were sincere. But any one who will give himself the trouble of investigating psychological diseases will soon find that Atheism is a psychological scourge which, after a time, passes away, and may be cured. But I very much doubt whether it is good policy to force upon the psychologically afflicted the nauseous leek for which their intellectual stomachs are unfitted. If they be in doubt, let them find their own way out of the labyrinth, and if they are worthy of their emergence they will soon get out. Like small-pox, Atheism leaves ugly scars on the spirit, but is not always fatal. But I submit that we are not bound to fly to every strange phenomenon of Spiritualism as our only refuge in cases of doubt and difficulty, any more than a man of moral life is bound to subscribe some special form of creed to be esteemed a moral man. Hence I defend myself on the point that Spiritualism is not a social need. I myself know many persons now alive and amongst us who believe in Spiritualism, but who do not practise it. Like myself, they are willing to wait the pleasure of the Almighty until they are called hence. Others are differently constituted, and hunger and thirst for spirit communications. I do not blame them. I have also hungered and thirsted, and my bread has sometimes proved a stone, my living water a deadly poison. And why? Because I was impatient, and anticipated God's law of regular evolution, and grasped, with mistaken avidity, at Dead Sea apples. This was afterwards shown to me, and a more orderly series of truths revealed to me, often enough to my own self-abasement. But I do not regret it. I believe I may truly say I am at peace with all co-workers in this matter, and I am

willing to aid inquirers. But that I occupy any pre-eminent position as an authority I respectfully disclaim.

That intelligence can exist "apart from a physical brain and a physical organisation" is self-evident, for God exists; and are we to suppose that that Highest Existence is limited by marks of contrivance? Because man has failed to imagine anything more acceptable to his pride than his own form, he has created God in his own image, and assigned to the Infinite En Soph parts and properties. Although no one would call me orthodox, I still so far respect the belief of others as to regard God as a spirit, and not merely a magnified man.

I concede that Spiritualism has satisfied many, nay multitudes, of the existence of immortality and of spirit, but I am yet to learn that it has produced any marked change in general morality for the better. People still cheat, and quarrel, and are jealous and envious, I believe. Has it made the world as an aggregate wiser? I know not. People are still prejudiced, will not hear, treat all sorts of serious matters with contempt. But if we could see the brighter day dawning in which mere suspense of judgment should be the rule, I should say that Spiritualism was actually performing good. I am not shuddering at "unsettled minds;" but to deprive many a pious soul of a traditionary faith and substitute nothing but the ordinary routine of a spirit-rapping and materialisation *séance* is not, in my opinion, a step in advance.

There is one last point to which I would draw attention. As Spiritualism is true, the sceptics must, "*will ye will ye*," be converted in time, so why waste precious moments in trying to force unwilling acquiescence from those who must yield it, as all who have passed the veil have yielded it? When missionary labour of all kinds is in such disrepute, why extend the sphere of its operations? It merely means, in its best interpretation—"I have convinced you of this, that, or the other, you therefore are my inferior, and I remain the victor."

This is the child's game of "I'm the king of the castle, get down you dirty rascal." This game is unfitted for gentlemen.

Hounslow, 13th July, 1878.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS AMONG THE QUAKERS.

The *New York Daily Times* of July 1st, 1877, contained the following narrative:—

Martin's Ferry, Ohio, June 27, 1877.

A very curious phenomenon has just occurred in this community. The scene of action is about five miles in the country back of town, on a main road leading to Cadiz, at the house of Mr. William McComas, a wealthy farmer. The community around Mr. McComas are almost all Friends (Quakers), and are not in the habit of producing sudden excitements; hence their reports, together with those of well-known citizens of this place and Wheeling, stamp the account with truth.

About nine o'clock on Monday morning Mrs. McComas heard a noise in the pantry, and on going in to learn the cause was surprised to see almost everything there falling from the shelves to the floor, and on replacing some cans of fruit saw they would not stay, but reeled about and fell to the floor. Being alarmed, she at once went and called the men from the fields where they were at work. On coming into the house they were struck with amazement at what was going on. The neighbours were sent for, many of whom came at once, and saw sights such as to throw the most advanced Spiritualistic medium far in the shade. The cooking-stove moved from one side of the room to the other. A large piano, weighing about eight hundred pounds, moved out from the wall half-way across the parlour. Two clocks, stationary upon mantles, fell off upon their faces on the floor. They were replaced, and did not stop running, nor were they injured. A feather bed in one of the lower rooms raised itself high off the bedstead and rested on the floor, while a feather bed upstairs was carried from one room through another, down stairs, and rested on the hall floor. Pots filled with water were thrown off the stove.

A sewing-machine was thrown almost across the room and rested upside down. Several large jars containing butters of different kinds, and weighing about forty pounds, were turned upside down, and on being hastily filled by the almost frantic people, were placed in a tub, where they remained but a moment, when they raised themselves out, emptying out their contents. A tea-canister filled with tea moved across the room in such a position as to empty itself and cover the floor with the tea as a farmer would cover the ground with grain; the drawers from the bureau would slowly move from their places out into the middle of the room; several large hams were repeatedly thrown from the hooks to the floor, books from the tables and book cases were thrown all about the room, and, in fact, everything movable was during the day thrown out of place. While the strange scene was transpiring the neighbours were flocking in, and the passers by were filling up the house. More than one hundred saw the affair, and all speak of it as

something unheard of before. A part of the things in the pantry had in the meantime been replaced by Mrs. McComas, and while yet there explaining to a party of neighbours, everything she had replaced came tumbling down upon their heads. A batch of eight newly-baked loaves of bread was torn into hundreds of pieces and cast about the room, several pieces of which were gathered up and sent to friends.

The phenomenon lasted all day Monday until night, was quiet throughout the night, but commenced action again early Tuesday morning, and ceased about noon. Hundreds of people have and are still visiting the scene of excitement. Hacks are running from Bridgeport out to-day. The question in our excited community is, what is it?

Dr. J. M. Todd (well known in Pittsburg), of Bridgeport, went out, and, "after a careful examination of all details and evidence," reports it as a mysterious and unaccountable truth.

Poetry.

THE DECARNATED.

THERE is a world of spirits fair,
All round about us and unseen;
And those whom we call "dead" are there,
With all that erst on earth hath been.
Our deeds they see, our words they hear,
Our motives lie before them bare;
They look us through and through. I ween,
Their skies are bright, their lives serene.
Strangers are they to pain and fear;
No sorrow comes to them, nor care,
Nor aught to mar each lovesome scene.

Oh, think not that thy loved are dead:
They are of those who cannot die.
For them let not one tear be shed;
For them breathe not one gentle sigh;
Give to the winds thy fears, thy dread—
A film is round and o'er thee spread,
With which God hides them from thine eye,
Or, thou would'st see thy loved ones nigh.
Remember, that, of old, 'twas said,
Upon the waters cast thy bread,
And thou shalt find it by and bye.

Not 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.

Biggleswade.

J. F. HUNT.

Correspondence.

Great freedom is given 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.

SENSITIVE MOMENTS.

SIR,—I for one respond to your request, once made, to give information about times of special sensitiveness, though I have no claim to be either a sensitive or a medium. Upon two occasions within the past year and a half I have felt and seen apparitions, which a second person has accurately described to me, in response to a mere general request to say what could be seen. The descriptions were given in accordance with what I saw, and there is not the slightest reason to believe that there was any act of mesmeric thought-reading.

On another occasion I had the feeling of holding a conversation with a disembodied spirit, the substance of which conversation was accurately given by the same (alleged) spirit through a mesmerised person. This, however, might possibly have been thought-reading, but I have never yet met with proof of such, and I tried, whilst experimenting, to avoid possibility of thought-reading. On another occasion I saw a hand with flowers, and also a dome tower with a clock; the hands of the clock were at about 1.20, whilst the time of day was about 10.5 a.m. Both these facts were confirmed by the entranced sensitive, though how it was possible for myself, as the mesmeriser, to see a domed clock-tower (which the mesmerised afterwards described as in some foreign town) at the time both saw it, I am unable to explain.

I experimented with planchette for a long time without any result, real or imaginary, although it worked with members of my family. On one occasion I requested the presiding power to teach me also. Upon this I felt a tingling sensation through all my body, as if I were pricked slightly with pins; my brain seemed benumbed, and my head to swim in a cloudy mist, and there was a sort of impulse to write which made a movement of the machine, and passed away in about half-a-minute. I should imagine it to be the feeling which a person would have if mesmerised, and the feeling was similar upon the two occasions mentioned at the commencement of this letter; it was as if one set of senses was closed, and a new sense opened.

Some eight years ago, whilst studying Rosicrucianism, I employed some invocations to the higher spirits of fire, and beheld at that time an appearance which I again saw more dimly. The same spirit appeared more clearly to a mesmerised sensitive, and was accurately described as I had seen it. I recognised it as a friend of our family. Upon being questioned as to the cause of my first seeing the appearance, the spirit

said, "I was laid amongst the flowers by the crystal waters of the sixth heaven, when a voice told me to rise and follow a pencil-like ray of light, which would lead me to one whom I was to watch over." I remember also a curious incident which occurred to me perhaps twenty-three years ago, when I was reading up on hypnotism. I ordinarily never dream, but by following the rules of that system, I could induce very nice landscape dreams. Upon one occasion I willed myself to awake at seven o'clock. About that time I had a consciousness that I was asleep, and wished to know the time; my watch was under the pillow, and the pillow seemed to become transparent, and to offer no impediment to my seeing the time. I resolved to awake, turned down the pillow, and behold, my watch gave the exact instant I had previously seen it indicate—that is, three and a half minutes past seven. I imagine this to be what is called clairvoyance. Twelve months ago I should have said these things were "only imagination;" but I am, after many tests, at a loss to say how imagination, which was not real, could explain them. As to trance lucidity in others, I have proved its reality many times in a way which could be explained only by various impossible collusions. I shall still experiment, and report in due course, in case I find the phenomena as unreliable as the materialistic doctors.

JOHN YARKER.

Withington, Manchester.

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

SIR,—Those who have had no good personal tests of identity from departed relatives seem to be tossed about by every wind of doctrine—by every new theory applied to the abnormal phenomena of Spiritualism.

Many and various are the theories relating to spirit and soul and their capabilities, urged by individuals who scarcely realise the fact that man is an embodied spirit; their arguments are analogous to those of many preachers who assume what God is, and what He can and cannot do, as if their poor finite minds could grasp the infinite, or as if it were possible to put the ocean into a basin. Bearing this in mind, I should like to ask dogmatists—What do you know of spirit? What do you know of soul? You are conscious of physical and intellectual existence, it is true; but when Dr. Wyld states, "Man is a spirit, and possesses the same powers as the departed spirit," he will forgive me if I ask him for evidence.

Man, who has only experience of the life that now is, cannot readily be conceived to possess powers of a departed spirit, who has additional experience as a spirit in another state of existence, or to know the laws which govern both existences, any more than I, who have never been out of England, could go to the Royal Geographical Society and put myself on a level with Stanley or Livingstone.

My experience of spiritual phenomena for some years tends to prove that the will-power of individuals and mediums affects the manifestations more or less; not that men produce the phenomena by willing them, or that they have any knowledge of the how and the why they are evolved, but that the passivity of the minds of all present is necessary, so that the medium can be acted upon by outside influences—spiritual, of course.

I recollect that once a gentleman asked "Cissy"—one of the little black controls of Miss Fairlamb, of Newcastle-on-Tyne—how it was she was not quite so black as usual when she had materialised just previously. She replied that there was not sufficient black in the circle present, and, on looking round at all the sitters, I found that they were nearly all fair people.

The answer may or may not have been correct, but it is my experience that not only the will-power of mediums and individuals affects *séances*, but that the physical and intellectual conditions of those present do so also. I do not mean that these influences blindly produce the phenomena, but that they are used by the disembodied intelligences as best suits their purpose when producing phenomena, of the laws of which we know little or nothing, and about which it is as difficult for them to give information to us as it is for a butterfly to convey an impression of its surroundings to a caterpillar whose life consists of its experiences on the cabbage on which it was born.

In regard to the identity of departed spirits, my personal experience, together with that of others which I have read for some years past in *The Spiritualist and Medium*, is that those spirits which have given the best evidence have generally been persons who have died by their own hands, or have lived in a low state in earth life. My first personal experience was through a young lady medium when for the first time entranced; the spirit purported to be my cousin, who had committed suicide by drowning herself (a love affair) at Hampstead. This was correct, and a thing which the medium knew nothing of. I then made arrangements to take another medium on the Sunday following to the mother to have a *séance*; he knew nothing of the family or the drowning case. There were present myself, medium, aunt, and cousin. We had not long sat at the table when the medium exclaimed, "How cold! Oh, how wet! Oh, I'm drowning!" Then came a flood of tears from him; then, clasping hands with the two ladies, he exclaimed, "Mother! Sister! Forgive me!" Other explanations followed, and nothing now will convince those who were present but that it was really the spirit of the drowned girl controlling the medium, asking forgiveness for the trouble her rash act had given her mother. "Emotional," some may exclaim. Yes, but the true logic of the affections.

Several years have passed over since then, and I myself have become somewhat of a medium. Another *séance* occurs to my mind. It was at a pit village at West Pelton, near Durham; the sitters were about half-a-dozen sturdy pit hands, and among the things that took place I for one was controlled, and by automatic personation I represented myself as a kind of devil-may-care half-drunken character, when I was suddenly thrown on the floor and rolled over and over. I felt as if I were being crushed under the wheels of a locomotive. On recovery the

initials of a name were given through the table, but not recognised. Nothing was made of it—we could get no more. Twelve months after I was in the same place again, and had forgotten my former experience till I was served the same way again; the same initials, not recognised, were given, but we were told that the spirit would control a trance medium of theirs (not then present) another time. A few Sundays afterwards, when in Newcastle-on-Tyne at one of the Sunday services, two of the West Pelton men came up to me. “Well, Mr. Rhodes, we have it now. We know the man who controlled you; he gave his name through Pigford, our trance medium. He went to Newcastle races a year or so ago along with another man, got drunk, lost his money, started to walk home along the wagon-way, and was run over by a train and killed.” Now in this case it took three *séances*, extending over a period of twelve months, to establish the identity of the spirit, who also had to use two mediums; and I know of several cases where two or even more mediums have been used, with the evident desire to prove that it was not the mind of the medium at the root of the intelligence. Of course, other cases have come within the experience of many Spiritualists, where more advanced and intelligent spirits have proved their identity; but it seems to me that the lower class of spirits have more power to do it, and also to produce physical manifestations.

It is often thought that many of the minor physical phenomena are the work of “elementaries,” because of their apparent uselessness; but let inquirers look around at society in some of our large towns and study the habits of what may be termed “the residuum” of population, and see how elementary are their actions. The Rev. H. W. Beecher, speaking on “The Descent of Man,” said “that he would as lief have descended from a monkey as from some men he knew.” And what sort of manifestation could be expected from such individuals when they get on the other side? But the question, after all, is—Are these minor phenomena, which some “Pooh, pooh!” so absurd after all?

I recollect, about twelve months ago, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, I and another person arrived at the rooms of the Association there before anybody else, and took it into our heads to be a research committee. We accordingly, not being able to find anything else, put into a corner of the cabinet a piece of wood, two nails, and a pair of pincers, to serve as a hammer, and said not a word to another living soul. The company arrived. The medium, Miss Fairlamb, was seated outside the cabinet; no one had been in except Mr. Armstrong, to put in the bells, tambourine, and the usual paraphernalia, and after all of us were seated, the first performance, to the consternation of the company, was the pincers being thrown about inside the cabinet. Addressing the company I said it was all right, and I asked “Geordie” if he would do what I wanted with the nails and hammer? Three loud raps. Then commenced a row inside the cabinet. The hammering over, the piece of wood was thrown out into the circle; the two nails had been driven in, and one had the head knocked off. What intelligence did this? The medium and circle, who knew nothing of it, and who sat in the light, so that every movement of all could be seen; or was it the will-power of we two individuals? If the latter, I have found out a new way of carpentering and joining, and will not be slow to avail myself of offering my services to any employer of labour whose hands are on strike.

J. T. RHODES.

26, Albert-street, Edinburgh.

SPIRITUALISM AND CONJURERS IN CAPE TOWN.

SIR,—Some four weeks ago two persons, calling themselves Messrs. Kellar and Cunard, “The Royal Illusionists and Anti-Spiritualists,” arrived in Cape Town, after having been in Bombay, China, and Australia. They told me that in Australia they were taken for physical mediums. I attended their performance here nearly every night, and detected almost every trick. The rope-tying trick, and the freeing of themselves in the cabinet in a few seconds, are simply done by their slipping their hands out through the loop which ties their wrists, their hands being so supple that they can be pulled through any space, no matter how tightly the wrists are tied, for they are only tied in a simple way—no test at all. The dark *séance* and flying coat are perplexing to many, but I detected the tricks after two exhibitions. The chief performer having the power to free his hands in a few seconds, and to slip them back again, he requests his feet to be placed on paper, and the paper marked, then “lights out.” He first slips his hands out, seizes a guitar in each hand, and manipulates each one with two fingers while holding them; the guitars seem to float about, but only at the height of a tall man. The next thing is the flying coat test. “Lights out,” he instantly grasps two guitars, jumps up on his chair, and twirls the guitars round, alternately turning the sounding-board to the stage and audience, in order to increase or diminish the sound. Jumping down quickly he pulls off his coat (I pulled mine off in his presence in three seconds only, as a bet, to prove I could do it), rolls it up, puts it on his right foot, then calling for a “light,” after having replaced his hands in the simple knots, immediately the light is struck he quickly kicks the coat up in the air, and it is seen flying. But do the committee then examine his feet, to see if still on the pencil marks? No, of course not, although he mounted the chair to make the guitars appear as if floating in the air. He takes good care, when the light is struck, to move at once, so that the committee are thrown off their guard. The “holding” test is at first apparently astounding, but easily seen through, a means of escape always being left open for them to trick. Two gentlemen are asked up, but put into such positions as virtually make them dummies. Kellar then puts one hand of the gentleman’s on his (Kellar’s) head, and the other on the knee of the other person. He (Kellar) then puts his left hand over or on the gentleman’s arm, and places his (Kellar’s) other right hand right over his own left hand. “Lights out,” he simply presses a little more with his left hand to

equalise the weight, and raises the right hand clean off; it is then free to manipulate the instruments next to his feet.

The “vanishing bird-cage” is done after the manner of a piece of money attached to elastic up the arm. On touching a string, the cage folds up just enough not to hurt the bird; by quick and dexterous manipulation it is seen to vanish, but is pulled up under the dress-coat by a rapid extension of the arms. I saw the front part of the coat near the arm-pit quite thick.

The pillory or stock test is done by Cunard simply slipping out his wrists when in the cabinet, the same as he and Kellar can slip any iron ring over their hands on to their wrists, as I saw them do it. He then takes a small screwdriver which he has concealed about him, and deliberately unscrews a single screw, and pressing on a spring all the others fall out, the lock and seals never being touched. He told me as a blind that I could nail the pillory. They also told several of us that they could make a table float or follow them without contact, weld two solid rings together in ten seconds, put my own solid ring on their arms when I held their hands, but they never did it. They tried to make us believe that they possessed medial power. I never compromised myself, but told them if they could do what they asserted, I would risk my reputation, and declare them in possession of medial power. They then simply “played bounce.” On Saturday they gave their last exhibition in the large Exhibition Buildings, before 2,000 people, and explained all their “spiritual” tricks, just as I anticipated; but before they did so I wrote to the *Times*, stating my opinion as to how they were done. They say that they were eight years with the Davenports, but their tricks are a travesty as compared with what is reported by Dr. Ferguson and others, though very skilfully done. The performance is all pure trickery, as they showed it to be on Saturday. BERKS T. HUTCHINSON.

Cape Town, South Africa, June 23rd, 1878.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE DRAMA.

SIR,—Your able article upon this question was highly suggestive, and ought to lead to an interesting discussion. The theatre will ever remain a popular national institution among all civilised peoples, and the progress of enlightened religion should conciliate and purify what it can never destroy. Spiritualists especially should encourage, and try to elevate the legitimate drama. It is from its very nature *spirituelle*, weirdly, historic, and intellectual. All good plays abound with incidents which are essentially occult, poetic, and passionate, with the preternatural elements of the highest poetry. Now Spiritualists claim to be the very *ereme de la ereme* of refined and thoughtful society—the exemplars of rare intellectual and religious culture in all parts of the world. Surely, then, the stage, in its better forms of histrionic expression, has a charm for such people it were sham modesty to deny.

All great actors are great Spiritualists, in so far as they revivify, with more than ghostly acclaim, the wonderful personages of history and tradition. The supernatural glamour, facts, and allusions of Shakespeare, are only equalled by the quaint and older spirit-lore of the Bible. Modern dramatists, when they are men of genius, catch up the same intercommunion with persons ghostly; and the two worlds meet in dialogue, musical reverie, pathos, laughter, and scenic display.

Moreover, the theory of “inspiration,” mental introspection, and frenzied trance eloquence is well illustrated in Henry Irving, Miss Heath, Mrs. Stirling, and the more refined and intellectual favourites of the London stage. Like great pulpit orators our front rank theatrical performers become, at times, lost, with fruitful and dreamy abandon, through studies, emotions, and conceptions, which can only be explained by the known emotions which underlie psychology.

Garriek, Fanny Kemble, and the Keans gave an unearthly force to the subtle passions of tragedy. In their impersonations playgoers witnessed a resurrection of the kings, queens, and courtiers of long ago. The witches in *Macbeth*, the spectre in *Hamlet*, and indeed the multitudinous goblin appearances throughout the wide and mystic range of stage literature, prove that the drama is conspicuously anti-materialistic, psychical, and invariably religious in conception. What a study is “Ophelia!”—lovely, picturesque, full of flower-language, and the surface lunacy of trance mediumship. There is a method, and a moral, in such madness.

Take the higher mission of the stage, the opera. Here is “Spiritualism” to perfection. The finest raptures of the soul flow out upon the operatic stage with overpowering intensity of music, song, weirdly conversation, and the midnight romance of the immortals. The masterpieces of Goethe, Schiller, and the great poet-dreamers of mirth and mystery, startle, charm, instruct, and console us. The aerial passages of the “spirits” in *Faust*, the wailing crowds in the hell which Dante imagined, or even the angels with whom Milton communed, testify to the scenic fascination of beings, and conditions, unearthly.

Again, stage, yea, platform elocution, gives to literature, art, and historic experience rekindled vivacity, and the force of a new interpretation. In the beautiful acting of Miss Fowler we are, for the time, haunted with the wonderful “spirit” of *Nell Gwynne*; and the awful past is finely linked to the present, by the rare and half-religious ecstasies of genius. A further remove from the gleam of the footlights, and Mrs. Browning’s “Mother and Poet” comes before us as an apparition—with voice, visibility, and contagious tenderness, such as Ella Dietz only can speak, and act.

In conclusion, the preternatural element in play-lore, operatic recitals, and platform efforts to exhibit the soul-power of books, appeal to the cultured understanding with irresistible *spirituelle* attraction. Reflecting, with mirrored truthfulness and severity, the lax morals of this materialistic, selfish, money-grubbing period of mere animal enjoyment, the modern theatre can only grow more chaste in tone and sentiment as society recovers its balance and spirituality. There may soon come a reaction in Europe against lust and the worship of golden calves. Meanwhile,

the abuses of the stage may be modified by the presence and patronage of such refined and liberally religious people as the Spiritualists; especially as many reverent investigators belong to the various Churches, retaining the sweetness and breadth, without the cant and repulsive narrowness of our noble, but man-distorted, Christianity. J. T. M.

71, Penton-place, London, S.E.

THE HEALING POWER OF MESMERISM.

SIR,—Permit me to offer you a brief account of the manner in which I was cured of an acute attack of neuralgia. About a fortnight since I was suffering so much from this affliction that I could not masticate my food, nor indeed open my mouth, when a friend recommended a trial of the healing power of Mr. Omerin. I accordingly saw him; and by the simple application of his hand to my face, I was cured in five minutes. The pain was completely removed, by means which seemed wonderful, though very simple and natural. Out of gratitude to Mr. Omerin, I should like, through your kindness, to make the case public. Mr. Omerin evidently possesses extraordinary healing power, which has effected much and almost instantaneous relief. M. A. G. LYON.

31, Bedford-place, London, W.C., July 15th, 1878.

THE LUNACY LAWS.

SIR,—It may not be uninteresting to those who are at present concerned about the lunacy laws and their application, to know something of the contradictory manner in which they have been applied locally in practice to Liverpool workhouses.

Titus Tango, writer of "Local Touches" in the *Liverpool Weekly Post* of Saturday, July 13, says:—

"What they have hitherto denied to the West Derby Guardians, the Local Government Board have—after considerable delay, however—given to the guardians for the township of Toxteth Park. They have, in short, delivered an authoritative opinion as to how the master of a workhouse should act when a lunatic is brought to him with an order for admission. I hardly think, however, that the opinion meets the position in which the West Derby Guardians and their officers have been placed, however much it may satisfy those for Toxteth Park. The Local Government Board direct that a master cannot refuse admission to the workhouse to a man who is brought there with an order signed by a relieving officer on the mere ground that the man is a lunatic. On the other hand, the law has been stated to be that all the lunatics in the workhouse—it not being a licensed asylum—can demand their discharge at any time; and, if that be so, I cannot see how a master can safely admit a lunatic who at the same time protests that he does not want admission. The master of the Walton workhouse admitted a man under such circumstances, and got mulcted in heavy costs in defending in the superior courts his action in the matter; the master of an adjacent establishment, warned by those serious consequences, declined admission to another man in a nearly, if not entirely identical position, and is now told by the Local Government Board that he did wrong. Either the Local Government Board, or the judge who tried the case against the Walton master, is in error. It may be that the Local Government Board is beyond the law, but if so the administrators of it should be informed of that fact."

A little more evidence is required, showing the necessity of urgent reform in the matter. J. COATES.

12, Lime-street, Liverpool.

MR. EGLINTON IN DEVONSHIRE.

SIR,—Mr. Willie Eglinton, who left England on Friday last in the steamship *Balmoral Castle* for Cape Town, gave a very interesting physical *séance* to a party of twelve ladies and gentlemen the evening previous to his departure, which was conducted under test conditions. Mr. Eglinton, until he entered the room, had no idea where the meeting was to take place, and up to the moment of taking his place at the table with the sitters, he had not been left for an instant in the room by himself. A large musical box, a concertina, two common house bells, and some rolls of music, had been provided purposely by some of the party who were sceptics, and who were determined there should be no collusion in the affair. Four of the party had never witnessed or taken part in a *séance* before. The sitting commenced at 8.15 in the drawing-room at a gentleman's house, and was unsuccessful for a period of over an hour. I must remark that the sitters were placed around a table, with their hands interlocked, including the medium, whose hands were never released during the whole time of the sitting. After sitting more than an hour in vain the first manifestation took place. Mr. Eglinton's control, "Joey's," voice was distinctly heard; then raps were given, and "Joey," in obedience to requests, gave three notes from the musical box; it was then set playing by him. Various brilliant lights were seen appearing in all directions; the bells commenced ringing, starting from and returning again to the table several times; the musical box rose from the table, and floated over it, and then started off at a great rate to the other part of the room, returning again on the table with a loud crash, and the bells at the same time going and returning in a similar manner. The concertina was loudly sounded, and this *mélée* was kept up for some considerable time. During this time various persons were knocked about the head; one gentleman had his chair removed from under him and placed on his shoulder; another had a sofa cushion and antimacassar flung on him; at the same instant a chair came flying across the table, and was brought up by its top bar resting against one of the sitters. "Joey's" voice was clearly heard at the extreme end of the room, and much noise and banging sounds were heard. Just then Joey was heard writing with a pencil in a book which had been left open on the table. At this juncture a terrible crash was heard, and the circle was immediately broken up at the medium's particular request, when, on the gas being turned up, it was both astonishing and laughable to see

the indescribable confusion into which the room had been thrown—chairs and other things lying on the table, a portion of the glass chandelier broken to atoms, a heavy sofa had been removed from the upper to the lower end of the room, and had been turned with its front to the wall, and the musical box, weighing over twenty pounds, was found resting on it. Thus ended, at about 11 p.m., this remarkable *séance*, which was the first ever given by a professional medium in this town. W. T. ROSSITER.

Stokefleming, near Dartmouth.

MR. A. R. WALLACE'S MERITS APPRECIATED BY THE DUTCH.

SIR,—Being now in your town I received a post-card from a Spiritualist friend telling me that Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace has been elected honorary member of the Batavian Society of Arts and Sciences. This scientific society is well known all over the Continent and in England, and its name is of high repute. You see that the Dutch do not think Spiritualists to be weak-minded people, for it is pretty well known that Mr. Wallace is a Spiritualist; moreover, his works on the subject exist in Dutch. It is a pleasure to give you this news while amongst the brethren here.

Your city is an immense one, and I think there is no other so remarkably adapted for the study of human life. Everything is on a large scale, luxury and misery as well. I have already met some of our brethren, and hope to meet with others before leaving England.

A. J. RIJKO (from the Hague).

26, Southampton-row, London.

ON Tuesday, July 23rd, at 8.30 p.m., a paper will be read at Quebec Hall, 25, Great Quebec-street, Marylebone, before the Marylebone Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism, by Miss Kislisbury, on "Spiritualism, its Moral Benefits and Dangers."

ADEQUATE TESTIMONY.—A testimony is sufficient when it rests on—1. A great number of sensible witnesses, who agree on having seen clearly. 2. Who are sane, bodily and mentally. 3. Who are impartial and disinterested. 4. Who unanimously agree. 5. Who solemnly certify to the fact.—VOLTAIRE (*Philosophical Dictionary*).

SOMA JUICE.—Dr. J. M. Peebles writes to *The Banner of Light*:—"The celebrated plant *soma*, from the root *su*, in the Vedic language signifies to beget, to extract, to inspire. It is denominated in Hindu mythology, because of its transforming influences, the 'vivifying plant that calls the gods, that lengthens life, and confers immortality.' It grows in the mountains of India and Persia, and is known technically under different names. It was called by the gymnosophists *sarcostema viminalis*; and when gathered by moonlight, pressed between two white stones, and prepared by the *Rishis* in a certain way, produces ecstasy. If drunk too freely after standing in the sunlight, it throws the more sensitive into a strange abnormal clairvoyance. One of the many varieties of palm-bark tincture, and the root of the sweet lotus, found around the marshy ponds of India, produce similar effects. All of these act as excitants upon the nervous system. If experience is knowledge, I know something what their effects are. Luckily forming the acquaintance of T. Rajahgopaul, Naiker, S. Srinovasa Iyenqar, of Tajore, and other eminent Brahmins, I was put in possession of several kinds of these trance-inciting and ecstasy-producing roots and plants to experiment with at leisure. The ancient *Rishis* regarded the mountain *soma* vine as not only precious, but sacred in the eyes of the gods, because aiding them to come into more conscious relations with mortals. When rightly prepared by the priests of the temples, and drank to the extent of producing mental exaltation, the subjects were said to be inspired, improvising hymns and revealing future events. In the *Rig-Veda* we read:—'This inspiring *soma*, when drunk, stimulates my speech. It opened the windows of my soul. . . . It was this that called forth the ardent thoughts. . . . We have drunk the *soma* syrup; we have entered into light; we have known the gods; we have become immortal. . . . We summon thee, soul of Varuna, with *soma*. . . . Do thou enter into us full of kindness.'

ANCIENT AND MODERN MIRACLES.—Last Sunday the Rev. Mr. Dobson preached at the Unitarian Chapel, Brighton, from the text, "He could not do these things because of their unbelief." They might ask why not, when unbelief was the very thing for which the miracles were performed. He added that their friends the Spiritualists said that Jesus Christ was a medium of a high order, but he thought it was possible to explain the miracles without having recourse to Spiritualism. A belief in miracles was not necessary to a belief in Christianity. St. Paul himself did not think so, and they should recollect that his was a credulous age, which abounded in sorcery. He would not say that the ancient miracles were all fictitious, but if they admitted their reality why not admit those of the present day, which were supported by far stronger evidence. He thought that they might leave the matter undecided till they had further or better evidence as to whether they really did or did not take place. Belief in Christ was not dependent on belief in miracles; if all miracles were taken entirely away they would still have the grand truths of the Gospel just the same. They could part with miracles more easily than with the Sermon on the Mount. They did not turn to the miracles in hours of affliction or doubt. Whilst discussing Christianity with its opponents they did not quote the miracles, and perhaps would rather that their opponents did not allude to them. He was not saying "Do not believe in them," for if they caused any men to live better lives such should keep to their belief in them. He dared not say that a miracle was an impossibility, and was not admitting either belief or disbelief in miracles, but was asserting that he preferred the more practical life of Christ. Confucius, Mahomet, and other great teachers were said to have performed miracles, but who believed that they had been able to do so?

TRANCE PHENOMENA.

DAME NATURE is continually gratifying our appetite for the strange and wonderful, manifesting her unbounded capabilities, and displaying her freaks and fancies in the most unaccountable ways, puzzling alike to the learned and unlearned. Thus she entices man to study her laws more intensely, to unlock her hidden secrets, and ultimately to confess that she is under the direction of One to whom nothing is impossible. For this end she is continually working miracles, not those only which her ordinary phenomena present to our senses every day, but in occurrences and productions so completely at variance with all the systems under which philosophers have arranged her laws, that man is compelled to confess how little he yet knows of her mysteries.

Recently we were astonished in this country with the discovery that she could produce living insects from pulverised flints, and now we are even more wonderstruck at learning that in India, that land of wonders, she has brought forth a man capable of sustaining life for a month, although bricked up in a tomb for the whole of that time. This miracle is described in the *Indian Journal** by a Lieutenant A. H. Boileau, an engineer in the Hon. East India Company's service, and his testimony is corroborated by Captain Trevelyan, of the Bombay Engineers, and of Lieutenant Macnaghten, of the 5th Regiment of Light Cavalry.

It appears that this singular being, who allows himself to be buried alive for weeks or months by any person who will pay him handsomely, is a young man about thirty years of age, born near Karnaul. By long practice he has acquired the art of holding his breath, and stopping the interior opening of the nostrils with his tongue. He abstains from solid food for some days previous to his interment, so that he may not be inconvenienced by the contents of his stomach while pent up in his narrow grave.

The place in which he was buried at Jaisulmer is a small building, twelve feet by eight, built of stone, and in the floor was a hole about three feet long, two and half wide, and the same in depth, in which he was placed in a sitting posture, sewn up in a bag of cloth, so that the white ants and other insects might not easily molest him. His feet were turned inwards towards the stomach, and his hands pointed inwards towards his chest. Two heavy slabs of stone were placed over him; the door of the house was then built up, and guards were placed outside to prevent collusion or deception.

At the expiration of a full month the walling up of the door was broken, and the buried man was dug out of his grave. He was found in a perfectly senseless state, his eyes closed, his hands cramped and powerless, his stomach shrunk very much, and his teeth jammed so fast together that, before a little water could be poured down his throat, his mouth was obliged to be forced open with an iron instrument. He gradually recovered his senses, and, though presenting an appearance of extreme emaciation, his spirit was good, and his confidence in his powers unabated. In proof of this, he told Lieutenant Boileau and Captain Trevelyan that they might bury him again for a twelvemonth if they pleased!

It is said that he has undergone the process of burial and disinterment six or seven times. In one instance, at Pokhur, he was suspended for thirteen days in a wooden chest, hung from the ceiling, which, he says, is the best method of putting his powers to the test, as the box is open to inspection on all sides, and the white ants, &c., can be better excluded from getting at his body while he remains in a state of insensibility. Lieutenant Boileau says that he fully believes that the man is no impostor, but that he really possesses the powers described. For seven or eight days preceding the burial at Jaisulmer, the man lived entirely upon milk, regulating the quantity so as to sustain life, whilst nothing remained to give employment to the excretory organs. Lieutenant Boileau understood that the man soon regained his strength; and that, being disappointed in not receiving the promised reward from his patron, he had stolen a camel and decamped. This generous patron was one of the ministers of the Muharawul of Jaisulmer, who certainly deserved a similar inhumation by way of teaching him humanity. Our newspapers have recently teemed with deprecations of the enormity of one of our theatrical managers pandering to a vitiated taste by hiring a female to risk her life by ascending an inclined rope in one of our playhouses. What would they say to the spectacle of burying a man alive?

The editor of the journal quoted remarks that, until further information be obtained, it might be precipitate to theorise on the probable means by which this extraordinary creature maintains the mastery over the functions of life. He states that it is now well known that the slaves in South America exert the power of forcing the tongue into the larynx, and retaining it there to obstruct respiration and occasion death, when desirous of committing suicide.

Once we read an account of a somewhat similar case of torpidity in puppies. It was extracted from the *Tyne Mercury*. The puppies had been immersed half an hour in water, and then buried in a dunghill; they were all alive twenty-two hours after. But Dr. Franklin's fly is much more marvellous still. It had been soaked for twenty years in a pipe of wine, and on being exposed to the rays of the sun it flapped its wings and flew away without even evincing the symptoms of intoxication. *The Omnibus*, a Neapolitan paper, contains an account of a diver in Naples, called Lorenzo Giordano, a native of Piumara, in Calabria, who is able to remain six hours under the water in the deepest places, and to walk at the bottom at the rate of a mile an hour. Mother Nature is always playing some prank to make philosophers stare vacantly at each other, more especially those sages who are so very dictatorial in telling the world what is, and what is not contrary to Nature. If Mr. Hume's

philosophy be correct, if it be more probable that the witnesses are mistaken in their testimony than that the fact is true, *i.e.*, if it be more probable that other men are liars than that Mr. Hume's experience is fallacious, then there is no truth in the report, and you may have an opportunity of looking tolerably wise by merely curling the lip, making a contemptuous sneer, giving a sagacious shake of the head, and thus disposing of the matter. Many people get credit for wisdom and shrewdness by this trick. As we are not ultra liberals, however, we shall say a little more upon the subject. What we mean to say, however, is a digression.

What becomes of the man himself all this while? Is he conscious or unconscious? Does he dream or not? There's the rub.

In the *Monthly Review* there is contained a review of a book by Dr. Bendel, giving an account of a natural somnambulist, who often remained in a fit, twenty, thirty, and even forty hours, and went through all her domestic duties, read and sang, and saw in the dark, and yet was fast asleep, and when she awoke, had no consciousness or remembrance of what she had done; she even learned to play at back-gammon in her sleep, beat a most experienced player, and knew nothing of the game when awake. There is a similar account of another by Dr. Dyce, in the *Transactions of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh*, vol. 9; and there is a case recorded of a girl in Stirling, who in this state talked like a philosopher, explained the movements of the heavenly bodies, in language and with a felicity of illustration of which she was incapable when awake. We might adduce a hundred different cases of merely natural somnambulists, who all present this one invariable peculiarity—*viz.*, that when they awake, they are utterly unconscious of what they have done in sleep. They are therefore called by medical men "cases of double consciousness." They seem to have two natures; when asleep they remember all they have said and done on former occasions in sleep, but when they are awake they remember nothing they have said or done in sleep.

Now here is proof positive that the whole world of experience and medical science confesses to be literally correct; that the mind may be busily engaged in thought, word, and deed for any given space of time, then suddenly lose every vestige of remembrance of its sayings and doings when its everyday sensibility returns. May not this have been the case with the Hindoo? His own evidence is of no use. Jane Rider, Dr. Bendel's patient, wrote a letter to her mother when she was asleep, yet in twenty-four hours after she might have taken her oath conscientiously that she had not written the letter. It is very possible that this miserable, shrivelled Hindoo, whilst bodily he was sitting coiled up in a hole and tied in a sack, was mentally revelling in fairy fields of vision, where neither the fear of white ants, nor the want of money beclouded the sunshine of the vivid enchantment. When they dug him up and rubbed his stomach, and forced his jaws open, and poured some of the life of this world into his throat, the enchantment ceased, and the memory vanished along with it.—*The Shepherd*.

The offices of the National Association of Spiritualists will be closed during the greater part of the month of August.

DIVORCE CASE.—On Thursday, last week, before Sir R. Phillimore, the president of the Divorce Court, the case *Holt v. Holt* was heard. This was the petition of the wife for a divorce by reason of the cruelty and adultery of her husband, a coal agent. The adultery charged was alleged to have been committed with Mrs. Oulson, a spiritualistic medium. The parties were married so far back as 1846, and they appeared to have lived happily together until the respondent made the acquaintance of Mrs. Oulson, when, according to the evidence of the wife, she exercised a great influence over the respondent. He afterwards separated from her, and previously had been guilty of cruelty towards her. Both the respondent and Mrs. Oulson denied the charge of adultery, and Mr. Holt stated that he had never treated his wife cruelly. In the result, Sir R. Phillimore said the charges had not been established, and dismissed the petition.—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.

FICTION OUTLIVED BY FACT.—"M.A., Oxon.," in his preface to *Psychography*, says:—"That men of trained and practised intellect should be willing to devote the assiduous labour of a long life to some minute subject, in the hope of clearing up one minute phase of it, is, from one point of view, a hopeful and encouraging fact; but it tends to engender thoughts the reverse of cheerful, when we reflect that this very search after truth in one of its minute phases is frequently allied to a scornful contempt for that noblest study of humanity, man's own nature, powers, and destiny. The result, primarily, of ignorance, next of prejudice, finally of disgust at oft-detected fraud, this attitude—this unworthy attitude—can, I believe, better be combated by patient exposition of the truth than by any proselytising, however vigorous and widespread, or by any controversy, however skilfully conducted. A fact must finally drop into its place; it matters not much, save to those who might profit by knowledge of it, whether now or in a succeeding age, when our children will, it is to be hoped, be wiser than their fathers. It is with this conviction that I have endeavoured to elucidate one among many of the facts which testify to the existence of a soul in man, and to its independent action beyond his physical body; an earnest of its survival and independent life when released by death from its earthly prison-house."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PRINCE WITTGENSTEIN wishes to know who the gentleman is who wrote to him from London, and forgot to put his name to his letter.

J., ULVERSTONE.—The paragraph being libellous, however true, you should have sent us the journal containing the original unabridged statement.

L., ROCHESTER, U.S.A.—This correspondent says that the absence of a strong organisation among Spiritualists in America deprives those in the movement of power to adequately check imposture among sham mediums there, so the latter have it all their own way, and their exposure by disbelievers is frequent.

* Account of a man who submitted to be buried alive for a month at Jaisulmer, in the East Indies, and who was dug out alive at the expiration of that period. Abridged from the *Indian Journal of Medical and Physical Science*, Calcutta, 1836.

BOOKS ON SPIRITUALISM, PSYCHOLOGY, MESMERISM, ANTHROPOLOGY, AND BIOLOGY.

Representing the English and American Literature of Spiritualism, obtainable of W. H. Harrison, *Spiritualist Newspaper Branch Office*, 33, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.

[For purposes of mutual convenience the above office has been rented on the premises of the National Association of Spiritualists, but the Association and *The Spiritualist Newspaper* and publishing business are not in any way connected with each other.]

THE DEBATABLE LAND, by the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, formerly American Minister at the Court of Naples. A standard work containing interesting and well-authenticated facts, proving the reality of spirit communion. It also contains an elaborate essay defining the author's views of the relationship of Spiritualism to the Christian Church. 7s. 6d.

FOOTFALLS ON THE BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD, by Robert Dale Owen. An excellent book of absorbing interest, replete with well-authenticated narratives, describing manifestations produced by spirits. 7s. 6d.

REPORT ON SPIRITUALISM, by the Committee of the Dialectical Society. This committee consisted of literary, scientific, and other professional men who investigated Spiritualism for two years without engaging the services of any professional medium, after which they published the report. Original edition, 16s.; moderately abridged edition, 8s.

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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; or 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 Subject—Prediction of Accidents, and of Events Affecting Others—Spontaneous Clairvoyance—Striking Case of It—Spontaneous Retrospection and Prevision—Phenomena of Mesmerism and Clairvoyance in Mesmerised Persons—Transference of Senses and of 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 Impressible State—Control Exercised by the Operator—Gazing—Mr. Braid's Hypnotism—The Author's Experience—Importance of Perseverance—The Subject must be Studied.

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

CHAPTER VIII.—Phreno-Mesmerism—Progress of Phrenology—Effects of Touching the Head 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—Fascination Among Animals—Instinct—Sympathy of Animals—Snail Telegraph Founded on It.

CHAPTER IX.—Action of Magnets, Crystals, etc., on the Human Frame—Researches of Reichenbach—His Odyle is Identical with the Mesmeric Fluid of Mesmer, or with the Influence which Causes 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 Extant, 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 Student—Opposition to be Expected.

CHAPTER XII.—Phenomena Observed in the Conscious or Waking State—Effects of Suggestion on Persons in an Impressible 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—Eight out of Ten Persons Recently Tried by the Author Thrown into Mesmeric Sleep—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 of Clairvoyance of Alexis—Other Cases.

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

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

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