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No. 358.—(VOL. XV.—No. 1.)

LONDON: FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1879.

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The Spiritualist Review

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

No. 358.—VOLUME FIFTEEN; NUMBER ONE.

LONDON, FRIDAY, JULY 4th, 1879.

A TRANCE CASE AT THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us :—"The enclosed is from last week's *Court Journal*. I am sure that any of our mediums could take in hand and understand this poor, helpless girl. I myself brought round a person who could not have heard a cannon fired off close to him, and he has never had an epileptic fit since, although that was ten years ago."

The statement in the *Court Journal* is :—"The sight to which all the world is anxious to obtain admittance is that of the girl now lying in a trance at the London Hospital. This case, which puzzles the doctors and sets medicine altogether at defiance, has occupied the whole of the medical authorities for the last few weeks. The patient lies still and motionless upon the bed. She eats nothing, neither does she drink, her lips being hermetically closed. Her eyes are close shut, but when the lids are raised the brightness of the pupil is almost dazzling. The intelligence, too, with which the eye seems to look at you, as if inquiring the reason of this strange visitation—perplexed and terrified, but neither dim nor vague—is mysterious in the extreme. The pulse meanwhile beats with formidable power, although no symptom of breathing is visible. As the doctors acknowledge their own incompetency to decide upon a case of this kind, they are compelled to leave it in the hands of nature—their own great master, to whose will they are compelled to bow for a solution of the terrible enigmas which now and then set their science at naught. The symptoms described by the nurse to the visitors who, by permission of the authorities, are allowed to see the poor girl, are weird and terrible as a nightmare. The patient had already been in the hospital for about a week, when the ward in which she slept was aroused by her frantic cries for help. The agony with which she had been suddenly seized in every limb was so intense that she felt sure she must be dying. Before the doctor could be summoned, she rose in the bed, uttered one long piercing scream, and fell suddenly backwards with extended arms stiff and motionless, as she has ever since remained. Every means known to science has been employed to restore her to consciousness, but without avail. Galvanism, electricity, burning, have all proved useless, and the doctors are fain to own themselves beaten."

Instances of the power of mesmerism over nervous complaints teem in the history of that subject, so whether this be regarded simply as a case of nervous disease, or whether the sufferings of the patient are due to obsession, the will-power and the healing influence of a strong and experienced mesmerist are likely to do more good than all the drugs of the physicians. The healing power of mesmerism seems to act upon those forces which lie behind the nervous system and the action of the nerve centres, and goes down to the very roots of causes influencing man's life in the body. In surgical cases it is of use only in producing insensibility to pain while an operation is in course of performance, as set forth in another column, but in nervous diseases,

and in cases of trance and ecstasy, it is probably without a compeer for its remedial powers. Medical practitioners live so closely beneath the drill of a stern and old-established system of organisation, that probably most of them dare not try mesmerism in this case, even if they should acquire a strong desire so to do. They are not free agents.



A MODERN COMMINATION.

I HATE insignificant and impotent people. They annoy me. They have scorched up my blood and shattered my nerves. I know nothing more irritating than these brutes, who waddle on their two feet, like geese, with their round eyes and their open mouth. I can't take two steps in life without meeting three idiots, and this makes me miserable. The road is full of them; the crowd is made of asses, who stop you on your way to drivel their mediocrity in your face. They walk, they talk, and their whole person, gesture, and voice frets me so much that, like Stendhal, I prefer a knave to a fool. I want to know what we are to do with these people; here they are on our hands, in these times of strife and of forced marches. On leaving the old world we hurry towards a new world. They hang about our arms, they run between our legs, with their silly laughter, their absurd opinions: they make our path slippery and difficult. We bestir ourselves in vain; they crowd upon us, smother us, fasten on to us. What! we are here in this age when railroads and telegraphs carry us away, body and soul, to the infinite and the absolute; in this serious and restless age, when the human spirit is travelling with a new truth, and there are men of naught and blockheads who deny the present, wallowing in the nauseating puddle of their everyday existence. The horizon widens, the light rises and fills the heavens; but they bury themselves at their ease in the tepid mud where their digestion proceeds with a voluptuous slowness; they shut their owl's eyes, which are injured by the brightness; they howl out that we disturb them, and that they can no longer enjoy their mornings comfortably, chewing the fodder which they grind with their mouths full at the rack of the common stupidity. Let us have madmen; we can do something with them. Madmen think; each has some strained idea which has broken the spring of his intellect; they are sick of mind and heart, poor souls full of life and power. I like to listen to them, for I always expect to see some supreme truth shining in the confusion of their thoughts. But, for God's sake, let the fools and mediocrities, the impotent and the idiotic, be killed; let us have laws to rid ourselves of these people who take advantage of their own blindness to say that it is night. It is time that men of courage and energy had their '93; the insolent royalty of the mediocrities has disgraced the world; the mediocrities should be thrown in a body on to the Place de Grève.

I hate them.

—Translated from Emily Zola, "*Mes Haines*."

SPIRITUALISM AND MORALS.

THERE is no way by which Spiritualists can so effectively commend and recommend Spiritualism as by faithfully living it out in thought, word, and deed. Having learned to look with impatience, not to say scorn, on professions of faith as exemplified in the creeds, they are surely not to be content with merely professing faith in Spiritualism themselves. If they indeed believe in it they will make it manifest in the whole tenor of their lives and conversation. Merely to have become convinced of the momentous truth of spirit communion is of no practical use; it must be accompanied by daily evidence of the influence of such a conviction. When the heavens are opened, it is the Spirit that descends; and the Spirit will inevitably show where it has made its descent by the great change in the lives which it freshly and powerfully inspires. Faith in the great facts of Spiritualism is something more than a subscribing and consenting faith in the theories and systems called creeds, which engage only the intellectual faculties. Spiritualism is a belief that takes deep hold of the whole nature of the one convicted, mastering it so as to show that the entire individual life has been changed.

It is for so comprehensive a reason as this that Spiritualism includes in its care the cause of both private and public morality. No man or woman can indulge in habitually lax courses, whether of life or thought, and still be a genuine Spiritualist. No true believer in Spiritualism can wag a slanderous tongue against his neighbour, or pursue the ways of infidelity, or hold the marriage relation lightly, or strive to employ his profession of faith for selfish advantage, or, in fact, do anything that the world—so called—approves against the condemnation of individual conscience. If there is anything whatever in this new revelation which is named Spiritualism, there is everything in it. It is something to fill the life with an entirely new purpose and meaning. It works with a regenerating force in every part of the being. It bids us put away evil thoughts, which bear fruit in evil deeds, and become pure and simple, innocent and holy in the sight of all. Only as it affects *the life itself* is it in any genuine sense Spiritualism. Men and women cannot believe in it, and still lead immoral lives. It must make them more religious than ever. It can only publish itself by the work which it performs on the character.

Too much talking and wrangling and striving for leadership and mastery have conspired to keep the vital fact in Spiritualism more or less concealed, by thrusting it in the background. It is time that the matter be better understood. The rest is but husks when the full corn of the life is thrown away. What matters it whether this or that thing be done in the name of Spiritualism if its real meaning has evaporated or never been apprehended? Who is going to be persuaded into a better belief—one coming through knowledge—if he sees the effect only in increased indifference to morality, in a greater laxity of life, and in a course of action which practically ignores what the angels continually tell us is sacred? If there is to be no better fruit than this borne of Spiritualism, it is fated to pass into forgetfulness sooner than Old Theology with its merciless superstitious grip on the human spirit. The organisation for which Spiritualism is now waiting with such eagerness is the organisation of pure and exalted influences in outward and visible lives; of love and gentleness and charity in the intercourse of individuals; and of a belief in the constant presence of angels, in the words and deeds by which we all best proclaim our inward belief.—*Banner of Light*.

WHAT TRUTH IS THERE IN ASTROLOGY?

ALL our hopes of any improvement in the present generally dull condition of things are dashed to the ground after the perusal of a little pamphlet "Professor Grimmer" has been good enough to send us from the other side of the Atlantic. This gentleman, after devoting serious study to the rules of Placidus de Titus, whoever that individual may have been, has come to the conclusion that astrology is a true science; that he is its latest prophet; and that it is his mission to make our flesh creep. It appears that the perihelia of the four great planets, Jupiter, Uranus, Neptune, and Saturn, will be coincident in 1880. Three of these planets being "malifics," and Jupiter, although a "benific," apparently sulky for the moment, or unable to follow the naturally amiable dictates of a good disposition, the consequences to the unfortunate inhabitants of the earth will be dreadful. "From 1880 to 1887 will be one universal carnival of death." Asia will be depopulated, Europe nearly so, America will lose fifteen million people. Besides plague, we are to have storms and tidal waves, mountains are to "toss their heads through the choicest valleys," navigators will be lost by thousands owing to the "capricious deflexures of the magnetic needle," and islands will appear and disappear in mid ocean with the celerity of a clown in a pantomime. All the beasts, birds, and fishes will be diseased; famine and civil strife will destroy most of the few human beings left alive by plague; and, finally, "two years of fire"—from 1885 to 1887—will rage with fury in every part of the globe. In 1887 the "Star of Bethlehem" will "reappear in Cassiopeia's Chair," the immediate results being universal war and portentous floods and shipwrecks. North America is again to be involved in civil war, unless a "Napoleon arises to quell it; but during these terrible days the Pacific States will be a veritable Paradise of Peace compared to the hellish strife that will be waging throughout the world." The few people that may manage to survive till 1887 have, however, reason to be thankful. Purified by fire, the earth will yield twice as much as formerly, and the average duration of human life will be sixty-six years instead of thirty-three years as at present, the reason being "the healthy electricity or magnetism that will surround the globe." Very few, however, are the lines Professor Grimmer can devote to the good tidings of what is to come after 1887. His congenial mission is to curse, and he hastens to dwell with eagerness on the draught which is to afflict seven-tenths of the world, on the "oceans of flaming hydrogen gasses" to be discharged by the sun, and the tremendous showers of meteors which are to fall on the earth and remain in an incandescent state for hours.

Then the "so-called scientists" will respect astrology, and teach its "rules." Meanwhile we expect most of them, as well as other people, will come to the conclusion that Professor Grimmer is either the unfortunate victim of perpetual nightmare, or that he is an emigration agent in disguise, endeavouring, by the extraordinary immunity he professes for the Pacific States, to attract settlers to those favoured regions, which are to prove a second Goshen throughout a series of plagues, compared with which those of Egypt were but shadows.—*The Echo*.

A SEANCE AT DALSTON.—Mr. Thomas Blyton writes: "One of the best *séances* in the recollection of many members of the Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism took place at the Association's rooms, 53, Sigdon-road, Dalston-lane, Hackney Downs, London, E., on Thursday evening last, the 26th ult., in the presence of Mr. W. G. Haxby (the medium), Mrs. W. Elgie Corner, Misses Caroline and Nina Corner, Mr. Thos. K. Howden, Miss P. M. Howden, Mr. Thos. Wilks, Mrs. C. Rice, Mr. E. J. Davey, Mrs. M. A. Macauley, Mr. R. G. Putnam, Mr. J. Toze-land, Miss Louise Brassinne, Mr. G. R. Tapp, Mr. Henri Brassinne, Mr. R. Bodmer, and myself. The medium was placed between the president and a lady visitor. All hands were interlinked throughout the first portion of the *séance*, which was held in complete darkness. A variety of physical manifestations ensued, such as the manipulation of the musical box as well as of various articles in and about the room, beyond the reach of the medium; the appearance of phosphorescent lights; and other unmistakable evidences of 'busy hands' at work. At length an exclamation from the president announced that the back of one of the chairs was threaded upon her arm, where it was observed upon a light being obtained, when the company were assured by her that she had not relaxed her hold of the medium's hand. A sitting for the ordinary form manifestations then took place."

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

It is with unspeakable reverence that we utter the name of the great emancipator who so lately entered the gateway of immortal life. At eleven o'clock on Saturday evening, May 24th, William Lloyd Garrison passed away in the fulness of a noble and beneficent career. In common with his kindred and friends, an entire Republic mourns. And not one country alone, for across the seas there were eyes that wept and hearts that sank when the electric wires trembled with the sad tidings that Freedom's great champion was on earth no more.

It is but seldom that there is vouchsafed to us the spectacle of a life so rounded out, so perfect in its greatness, and with its line of rectitude so clear and unmarred. Oliver Johnson, in his touching and worthy tribute in the *New York Tribune*, gives a glowing picture of the agitator when, "Upon his knees, with all the fervour of ingenuous youth, with his Bible open before him, he had solemnly consecrated himself to the task of delivering the slaves from their bondage, and his country from her greatest crime and curse." From that time onward, in the invincible armour of moral power, Mr. Garrison made war against oppression. Scorn, vituperation, poverty, imprisonment; and threats of cruel death by the assassin and the mob, seemed but as so many spurs to his grand and fearless soul, urging it onward to the accomplishment of his sacred mission. His noble wife stood by his side, and with the spirit of a martyr united her moral strength with his in the face of danger and death. She was spared to him and to her four beloved children until they saw the fruition of their hopes in the emancipation of four millions of slaves. When, in 1876, she passed away, his loving hand wrote,

"In Memoriam:

"The grave, dear sufferer, had for thee no gloom,
And death no terrors when his summons came;
Unto the dust returns the mortal frame.
The vital spirit, under no such doom,
Was never yet imprisoned in the tomb;
But, rising heavenward, an ethereal flame,
Shines on unquenched, in essence still the same,
As is the light that doth all worlds illumine."

When our Commonwealth became "a new Union, in which there is neither a master nor a slave," Mr. Garrison gave the strength of his arm to other reforms. He whose love and reverence for his mother "were such that he could never speak of her without deep emotion," advocated by pen and voice the enfranchisement of women. His clear eye probed the depths to which a people may sink when the mothers of the race are held in low esteem, and so he insisted that "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" should be accorded to all women, inclusive of the despised class to whom Josephine Butler, of England, has devoted her saving energies. When the question of Chinese immigration rocked the country like an earthquake, his ringing voice was heard in indignant protest against the exclusion of this Oriental nation. Since the war he has watched the fate of the coloured race with the solicitude of a father, and his last public efforts when nigh unto death were made in behalf of the sorrowful refugees included in the negro exodus. He grew liberal in religion, and his last years were glorified by faith in the ministry of angels. This is a better world to-day for his having lived. And he has gone to his reward; with the spirits of just men made perfect, he is in holy accord. In the words of Wendell Phillips, who stood by his grave, "Even in that higher work they wait for our coming also. Let

the years yet spared us here be warnings to make ourselves more fit for that companionship."—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

PATIENT study and perfect impartiality must precede rational convictions, whether ending in faith or in doubt. Need it be asked how many are capable of such an examination?—*Sharpe*.

MR. CHARLES BLACKBURN writes to us that in his room at 33, Museum-street, London, Miss Cook will in future hold *séances* under her own control, and under the supervision of a few scientific gentlemen who will test the various phenomena, and give weekly publicity to the results for the benefit of science.

DR. CARTER BLAKE's private class on Natural History and Antiquities will meet in the galleries of the British Museum on July 7th, 9th, 11th, and 14th, from eleven to one. Addresses will also be delivered by Mr. Samuel Birch, LL.D., keeper of Egyptian Antiquities; by Mr. H. St. Chad Boscawen, F.S.A.; by Dr. R. S. Charnock, late President of the Anthropological Society of London; and by Professor Owen, C.B., F.R.S., superintendent of the Natural History Department.

A DREAM FULFILLED AFTER THIRTY YEARS.—Two young men, residents of Norridgewock, met one morning, and one said: "Charles, I dreamed last night that you were a judge of the Supreme Court of Maine, and I was a minister, and that you called on me to open your court with prayer." Just thirty years after this, the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Allen, late president of the State College, happened to step into the Supreme Court room in Augusta. Judge Charles Danforth beckoned to him, and asked him to open his court with prayer, and behold the dream was verified. The Rev. Dr. Allen is now pastor of the Methodist church at Fairfield.—*Fairfield (Me.) Chronicle*.

THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—Dean Stanley, preaching at Westminster Abbey, remarked: "He is gone, and he has left a stainless name behind, honoured and respected even by his adversaries. To his comrades and to you English boys he has left the best of legacies—the example of a faithful and earnest friend, the example of a pure life and of clean lips, as I have been told by one who knew him well. To the country which had sheltered him, he gave what he could—his service and his life. To him it was permitted to die a soldier's death, which was denied to his father and to his uncle; and he has been spared lifelong struggles and temptations, the thought of which drew tears of anguish from his father as he was standing over his baby couch. For her who now survives is there not a tender sympathy which is good for us, whatever may be our judgment on her career? Much people and of many lands are with her as she awaits the coming of these remains—much people both of France and England, princely, noble, and humble. Let us all remember that he was the only son of his mother, and she is a widow."

FEMINE PERSEVERANCE.—The *Livermore (Col.) Herald* tells a story of the wife of a well-known rancher living near that place. Her husband was away on business a whole week recently, and one day while he was absent the pump gave out. The nearest neighbour lived a long distance, so she hoisted up the pipe herself, and found that the trouble lay in the suction leather, which was too much worn to work properly. Away she went and cut a new one, using the old one as a pattern. On returning she found that a large hog had fallen into the open well. Nothing daunted, she got a strong rope, made a slip-noose, fished it around the squealing porker, and then, lifting as hard as she could, made the end fast to the curb, thus raising the animal partially out of the water and preventing it from drowning. She then harnessed a horse, hitched him to the rope, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, that hog "All dripping with freshness arose from the well." But before the rescue of the parent animal two of her offspring, crowding too close to the curb, probably to sympathise with their mother's distress, lost balance, and were now floundering around in the water at the bottom. Instantly the hog was rescued, our heroine set about the recovery of the pigs. She procured a ladder, which, however, though long enough to touch the water, was not long enough to reach the bottom of the well. Necessity is the mother of invention, and, procuring a fence rail, she thrust it through the top round, resting both ends on the curb. Then climbing down the hanging ladder, she rescued the two pigs, bringing both safely to the surface. This done, she quietly completed the job by putting in the new suction leather, lowering the pipe into the well, closing the curb, and pumping water for her week's washing.

MRS. WELDON AND FIGARO.

IN the Queen's Bench Division at the Guildhall last Monday the case of the Queen v. Mortimer came on for trial before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury. The matter came before the court in the form of an indictment for libel, preferred by Mr. Weldon against the proprietor and editor of *Figaro* for an article published in that journal on the 22nd of January last. The alleged libel, which was headed, "Our Lunacy Laws: the Story of Mrs. Weldon, written by Herself," alleged that Mr. Weldon had conspired with Sir H. de Bathe to shut Mrs. Weldon up in a lunatic asylum with the view of withholding his allowance of £1,000 per annum, and to obtain a divorce from her in order that he might marry the daughter of Sir H. de Bathe; and it further attributed to him that he had attempted to bribe a lawyer in the matter, and had endeavoured to get rid of Mrs. Weldon.

Mr. Serjeant Parry and Mr. Montagu Williams appeared for the prosecution. Mr. Mortimer, the defendant, appeared in person.

Mr. Serjeant Parry having opened the case and given formal proof of the publication of the articles, proceeded to call witnesses.

Mr. William Henry Weldon said that he held an appointment in the Herald's College. He was married to Mrs. Weldon in 1860. In April, 1878, he took legal steps, under medical advice, to put his wife into a lunatic asylum. Sir Henry de Bathe had been a very intimate friend of his. Doctors Rutherford and Temple were acting for him. There were no children of the marriage. Those gentlemen gave certificates as to her state of mind. His wife was not incarcerated under those certificates. She still continued to reside at Tavistock House, Tavistock-square. They were prevented from taking her under the certificates. Rightly or wrongly, he acted under the belief that his wife was labouring under delusions, and that it was necessary that she should be subject to confinement. He had separated from his wife in 1876, and had made her an allowance of a furnished house and a thousand a year, which he had regularly paid. He had read the article of the 22nd of January last. The idea of marrying the daughter of Sir H. de Bathe had never entered his mind. He did not know how old that lady was, and he had only seen her three times. He had never attempted to bribe a lawyer in the matter. He had never endeavoured to obtain a divorce or to get rid of his wife in a bad sense. He had never endeavoured to avoid payment of her allowance. (Cross-examined by Mr. Mortimer): He was aware that the alleged libel was not actually written by him. The articles were written by his wife. He was not aware that he bore him any malice. He was aware that an apology was offered and refused. That was after the rule nisi for a criminal information was obtained. In his opinion the article of the 19th of February tended to accentuate the libel. He had taken these proceedings with the object of stopping these libels. His attention had not been drawn to any articles in *Figaro* reflecting upon himself since the 22nd of January. If his wife died, of course he would recover possession of Tavistock House. He was to pay Dr. Winslow £400 per annum for the maintenance and medical treatment of his wife.

Mr. Mortimer was proceeding to ask questions tending towards a justification of the statements in the article when his lordship pointed out that there was no plea of justification upon the record, and that therefore the questions could not be put.

Sir H. de Bathe said that he was a general in the army, and was recently in command of the northern district. He had known Mr. Weldon and his wife for a long time, and had been on intimate terms with the former. He had seen the article in question, and there was not a scintillation of truth in the statement that he was anxious that his daughter should marry Mr. Weldon. She was twenty years of age. There was no truth in the rest of the article.

This being the case for the prosecution,

The following evidence was given on behalf of the defendant:

Mr. George Lewis said that immediately after Mr. Weldon took proceedings in respect of the article in question, the defendant called upon him, and instructed him to say that he was not responsible for the publication of the article, and that he wished to make an apology. The offer of an apology was refused. (Cross-examined): Most likely he had coupled the offer of an apology with a suggestion that Mr. Weldon should pay his own costs. No apology was published in the *Figaro*. He was aware of the rule of the Court of Queen's Bench

Division that rules for criminal informations were not to be applied for merely for the purpose of extorting an apology.

Mr. Edwin Reed said he had managed the defendant's business for the last two years. The publication of the article had not increased the sale of *Figaro*. The defendant left all the details of the editorial department to his sub-editor, in whom he placed great confidence. Shortly after these proceedings were commenced the sub-editor disappeared. (Cross-examined): The defendant took an interest in the paper himself. The sub-editor was the defendant's servant.

Mr. Mortimer, addressing the jury in his own defence, said that he had taken every honourable step in his power to endeavour to stop these proceedings. He did not know Mr. Weldon personally, and directly he heard that that gentleman felt himself aggrieved by the publication of the article in question, he had expressed his regret that it had appeared, and had offered to publish an apology, which offer, however, was most unfortunately refused. He had, notwithstanding, published what he believed to be a frank disavowal of having been actuated by malice in publishing the article, for which, in a moral sense, he was entirely irresponsible. The truth was that he was being prosecuted by Mr. Weldon for allowing his wife to air her grievances in his paper, and this case was a striking illustration of the danger of interfering between husband and wife. It was hard that he should be punished for having shown sympathy to a defenceless woman whom he believed to have been cruelly wronged. The *Figaro* was an independent paper, which dealt freely with matters of public interest, and it was something in his favour that this was the first time that criminal proceedings had ever been taken against him in reference to the publication.

Mr. Serjeant Parry having replied,

The Lord Chief Justice, in charging the jury, said that the first question for them to decide was whether the article was a libel; and if they were of opinion that the statements it contained were false, and were derogatory to and defamatory of Mr. Weldon, they must find that it was a libel. Then would come the question, Had the article been published by the defendant? Although *prima facie* he would be liable as proprietor for any libel that appeared in his journal, still it would be a good ground of defence if he could show that it was published without his knowledge or consent, provided the jury should be satisfied that he had been guilty of no want of care or caution. In these days, when certain papers lived by publishing matters of a libellous character, reflecting upon the private life of individuals it would not do to allow the proprietors and editors of such newspapers to avoid responsibility by saying, "Oh, I trusted to somebody else," or by citing their words when they found the law put in motion against them.

The jury found the defendant guilty.

His lordship postponed sentence, to afford the defendant an opportunity of filing affidavits in mitigation of punishment.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

FORM MANIFESTATIONS.

BY EDWARD APPELEGARTH.

I HAVE had the pleasure of attending three *séances* this month, held in Mrs. Maltby's drawing-room, at 61, Gower-street, London. Mrs. Corner was the medium. On each occasion the spirit Marie materialised, so that we could see and feel her, and she talked with us for about an hour on each evening. As all the *séances* were somewhat similar as to character of phenomena, I will only give a brief statement of what occurred at the last one.

On June the 19th, at 7.30 p.m., eleven of us (three ladies and eight gentlemen) sat in the form of a horse-shoe, facing one corner of the room, across which green curtains were placed, forming a triangular cabinet. The curtains were loose at each side, and open down the centre, so that they could be pulled back from the wall at either side, or opened in the middle. The medium was seated on a chair at the right-hand corner; I passed a piece of tape round her waist and sewed it strongly together, forming a loop fitting tightly round her waist. Both ends of the tape were then tied to a lady's chair

outside of the curtain, at the right-hand side, so that the medium could not go further towards the left-hand corner than where she sat without breaking the tape. There was sufficient light to enable us to see each other quite well. About five minutes after we were seated the spirit Marie appeared at the left-hand corner and spoke to us, returning frequently, she said, to gain power, and in a few minutes she came out in front of the curtains and showed her bare feet and arms. She was dressed in white Turkish trousers and a loose-fitting bodice, apparently all in one garment, and had a large white veil which reached the floor all round, and which she lifted, showing her face and form. She took it off, and gave it to us to feel; she also asked for a pencil and paper, and wrote two short messages. I asked her to show us the medium and herself at the same time. She said, "I will try," and in two or three minutes she pulled the curtain from the right-hand corner towards the left, showing the medium sitting in her chair. Then she pulled it from the left-hand corner, showing the medium's feet and her own form at the same time, and then said—"Now you have seen the medium at both sides and myself at the same time." She had touched three of the sitters nearest the curtain, when she went out. After Marie saying, "I can do no more to-night," the medium awoke from her trance. I examined the tape, and found the sewing and knot still in the same place, so that it was impossible for the medium to have passed to the left-hand side of the cabinet. I am quite convinced that Mrs. Corner is not only a genuine medium, but is also in a high state of development at the present time. I wish here to tender my sincere thanks to Mrs. Corner for giving us such convincing tests, and also to Mrs. Maltby for inviting me to be present.

15, Angel-court, London, E.C., June 21st, 1879.

FAITH VERSUS WORKS.

MRS. LOUISA ANDREWS writes from London to *The Banner of Light* (Boston, U.S.A.) :—

On a recent Sunday I attended afternoon service at the chapel of the Foundling Hospital, Guilford-street. The music was very good, and the choral singing by the children very pleasant to hear. The crude, but fresh, young voices sounded glad and vigorous, and most of the faces looked rosy and happy. There are about four hundred girls and boys in this institution, beside two hundred infants who are kept out in the country. The clergyman who officiated preached a very lifeless sermon, which could hardly have afforded much spiritual help or enlightenment to the little ones for whose benefit, chiefly, it was, as I suppose, intended, as the pews were almost empty. The reverend gentleman took for his text the story of the publican and the Pharisee who went up into the Temple to pray; and the whole gist of his teaching was that humbly to confess our sins, to have faith in Jesus as our Saviour, and to believe that through Him the penitent sinner would receive forgiveness and justification, was all-sufficient. We must not rely in any degree on our own merits, must see ourselves to be the most abject and miserable of sinners, hopelessly condemned by the justice of God, and only to be saved through the suffering and death of the innocent substitute accepted in our place, to bear the consequences of our guilt. Not one word about leading a good life, striving against temptation, speaking the truth and doing good to others—all works were ignored. Nothing but sin, inborn and ineradicable, in human nature; nothing but stern justice on the part of the Creator; while all

love, all pity, all hope of redemption must be sought in and through Jesus. To Him alone we must look for help and salvation. All Divine love was attributed to Him who laid down His life on the blood-stained altar of Omnipotent Justice; a justice demanding, by the immutable laws of its being, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth"—and, with the implacability of a Shylock, insisting upon the fulfilment of the letter of the law as laid down in the bond. Well might children, so taught, think it natural and right to bend the knee, as these did, whenever the name of Jesus was spoken or sung, while that of God, our Father, was passed by unnoticed. How could they honour or love such a God as had been represented to them?

It seemed truly a pity that all these girls and boys, whose minds might so easily and by such simple words have been led into the light, and their hearts fed with sweet and strengthening food, should get only such dry and empty husks of doctrine. And yet even such worship as this—the learning to look up to something above themselves, unseen and holy, and to rest in faith upon a love ever ready to help and save—must be greatly better than nothing; and, perhaps, whether this love be attributed to a being called God, or to one more conceivable to them, named Jesus, or Christ, matters less than at first sight it would seem to us to do. I tried to realise this in a right and loving spirit, for it was a touching sight to see so many fatherless and motherless little ones gathered together; and surely it is a most blessed charity that takes these poor, forsaken lambs into a safe and comfortable fold, making them as happy as children who have no true home, and on whom no warm, personal affection is lavished, can be. The clergymen of the Church of England who preach salvation by faith do, many of them, such faithful and notable work in their efforts to elevate the depraved and ignorant, and to alleviate the misery of those who cannot help themselves, that we who, perhaps, are too ready to pride ourselves on our more liberal and exalted views of Deity and humanity, may well pause and ask ourselves whether in deeds of love and charity we excel or equal those whose creeds we criticise so contemptuously. We who claim to be true Spiritualists should be particularly careful not to manifest, as too many are apt to do, a lack of brotherly love in dealing with creeds sacred to many pure and noble hearts. Charitable thinking and speaking is as much a duty as charity in action. We should remember that the tree is rightly judged by its fruits, and that those preach most eloquently, and teach most efficiently, whose deeds, inspired by the spirit within, speak for them. Words and actions which are tender, considerate, and loving, should be to the world the outward manifestations of our faith.

WORSHIPPING THE SPIRITS OF ANCESTORS.—The worship of ancestors is a remarkable and prominent feature in Chinese social life. The rich have in their houses a chamber, a kind of domestic sanctuary, dedicated to their forefathers. Tablets, representing the deceased persons, and inscribed with their names, are here carefully preserved; and, at stated seasons, prostrations and ceremonies are performed before them, according to the Book of Rites. Death is never alluded to in direct terms. Banquets are offered to the dead, and pathetic speeches addressed to them. They meet their end with apparent unconcern, troubling themselves very little regarding their future state, but showing excessive anxiety about the quality of their coffins, which they frequently provide and keep on hand as a neat parlour attraction, or ornament, during life. Coffins are also most acceptable as presents; and are frequently given by children to their parents, a proceeding that in this country would effectually serve to cut off the donor's prospects in the will.

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE OF *THE SPIRITUALIST* TO FOREIGN READERS.

The Spiritualist being now reduced a little in size can be sent through the post to certain foreign countries for a halfpenny instead of a penny postage. Henceforth, therefore, it can be sent free by post for ten shillings and tenpence a year instead of thirteen shillings, to the following countries within the Postal Union:—

Austro-Hungary.	Luxemburg.	Roumania.
Belgium.	Malta.	Russia.
Canada (Dominion of).	Marquesas Islands.	St. Pierre-et-Miquelon.
Cyprus.	Netherlands.	Servia.
Denmark.	Newfoundland.	Spain.
Egypt.	Norway.	Sweden.
France.	Persia, <i>via</i> Black Sea or Caspian Sea.	Switzerland.
Germany.	Portugal (including Azores and Madeira.)	Tahiti.
Gibraltar.		Turkey.
Greece.		United States.
Italy.		

WAS IT A DEATH WARNING?

APPARITIONS of dying persons are frequently seen at the death moment by friends at a distance, who also not uncommonly receive death warnings by dreams, visions, or impressions. Is the following a case of the kind? It is given in *The World* of this week:—

"A week or two ago a young gentleman, whose friends live near Chislehurst, arrived from the Cape. It was intimated to the Empress that if she cared to see him he would wait upon her. She was delighted, and listened with rapt attention to all he had to tell. When he described the assegai used by all the Kaffir and Zulu tribes she expressed a wish to see one. They were in the hall, and were forthwith produced. The Empress all but fainted at the sight of them, and then burst into a flood of tears. 'Do not think me weak,' she said; 'but until I saw these terrible weapons I never realised the danger my son ran.' At that very moment he had been killed by assegai wounds, seventeen in number."

MR. EGLINTON'S PROPOSED VISIT TO INDIA.

A GREAT desire exists in India that a medium should visit that country, but in consequence of there being no Spiritualistic establishment of any kind in India, by means of which those residents who are interested in psychology can make themselves known to each other, they have found it impracticable to combine to engage a medium.

Mr. W. Eglinton, of 32, Popstone-road, Earl's-court, Kensington, London, wishes us to make known his desire to visit India next November, if, at least, his travelling expenses both ways be guaranteed him. The offer of European engagements between London and Brindisi might lighten the outlay otherwise necessary. He says that he wishes Spiritualists in India to write and tell him for how many *séances* they would each engage him, and how much they would each contribute towards his travelling expenses.

Mr. Eglinton has often obtained strong manifestations while he was held hand and foot, and those of the phenomena which were obtained under such conditions have, so far as we know, given general satisfaction.

Mr. W. EGLINTON, the medium, is now in Paris.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIENCES OF ELIJAH THE SECOND.

The Monitor, a journal published in Portsmouth, says:—

"Many and various have been the conjectures of our 'excited fellow-citizens' ament the polar-exploration-costumed orator who has been delighting the silly and puzzling the sage of 'this populous and flourishing borough.' Were his sheepskin dress and his speeches the consequence of a wager, the craze of a lunatic, the trick of a mountebank, or the freak of an enthusiast? The first hypothesis has perhaps the most numerous favourers, and the last the fewest. But those who have listened to one of Elijah's temperate, grave, argumentative addresses, will have realised that the first two theories are inadmissible. It lies then between the two last. But he is too earnest for a mountebank and too cool for an enthusiast. He is far removed from one religious trickster—there is no cunning in his face, egotism in his manner, or unctuousness in his voice—as he is from the religious monomaniac: there is no abandonment, no declamation, no denunciation. Withal, he is a fluent and refined speaker: one who can keep a motley audience in fixed attention for two hours at a time. Altogether, he is a psychological study of a very curious and interesting kind; and therefore, leaving out of consideration the novelty, originality, and desperateness of his mission, I judged it my duty to 'interview' (as our American cousins word it) this eccentric individual, that the public might have fuller evidence upon which to base their verdict concerning him.

"When I had been brought into the presence of the prophet, and had stated my business, I was greeted with a courteous invitation to the sofa, and an equally courteous intimation of the pleasure he would feel in affording me information. While I mentally arranged my course of cross-examination, I took a comprehensive survey of Elijah II., and found him a tall young man of imposing presence, rendered the more so by his shaggy and picturesque garb: with brown beard and moustache; closely-cropped hair under his sheep-skin cap, which he wears indoors, a florid and beautifully clear complexion, brick-red cheeks and wholesome, like a sunburnt child's; bright, healthy, honest hazel eyes; a full forehead; white and regular teeth; a straight and rather small nose; a pleasant voice; a ready smile. These items make a very attractive whole, as my lady friends will readily agree; and when I add that there is a quite touching sweetness and gentleness in his look and demeanour, it will be seen how engaging a person he is. He might have sat to a painter as a model for Christ.

"This is what my questions elicited:—Declined to state name, for fear of giving annoyance to his relatives. Was nearly twenty-six years of age, and a native of Peckham Rye, near London. Had been a landscape-painter, but gave up that profession nine months since, in obedience to a supernatural visitation. This visitation occurred a few days before his twenty-fifth birthday—the age at which Levites, of whom knew himself to be one, commenced their priestly duties. At half-past twelve at night heard the voice of the Lord God commanding him not to go to bed. Went into studio and fell asleep in a chair. Awoke at three, and was aware of a presence sitting opposite, which spoke thus—'I have called thee Elijah, my son; hear me, and say at all meetings, I am Elijah the prophet.' Believed the presence to be that of an angel. Had no clear idea of its aspect, but was of opinion that it was masculine. Had had six other visitations—the first in February, 1874, the last a few weeks since. Was also guided by the 'dark speech,' an oracle which replied to all questions by motion. Had never heard of the *daimon* of Socrates. Had never been subject to hallucinations, but had passed a very common-place existence previous to above date. Did not know whether his friends thought him mad, but they had certainly never said so. Had always felt serene and happy, but especially since entering on his work. Found it much easier to live now than before, as the Scriptures told him he should. [This utterance, so frank and ingenuous, is rendered the easier of credence when it is known that the new Elijah lives with a frugality that would delight our friends of the Vegetarian Society. I judge by his breakfast, on which I subsequently intruded, having some supplementary question to put; it consisted, I could not help noticing, simply of brown bread, butter, and milk. An example for more orthodox spiritual guides, who are, people say, somewhat too conspicuously prone to eat of the fat and drink of the strong.] His mission was not prediction, but to preach the restoration of Israelitish rites and customs."

THE FIRST SEVERE SURGICAL OPERATION PERFORMED IN ENGLAND UNDER MESMERIC INFLUENCE.

BY CAPTAIN JOHN JAMES.

I HAVE thought it advisable to present in this number of *The Spiritualist* the report of Mr. W. Squire Ward, M.R.C.S., the surgeon who performed the operation of the thigh at Wellow. The two reports—viz., that of the mesmeriser and that of the operator—will thus appear in two successive numbers, which will be found convenient for future reference. The following is the report read by Mr. Ward to the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London on Tuesday, the 22nd of November, 1842:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—Being a party concerned in offering the present paper for reading before your learned society, I feel that, as a member of your own profession, and the operator alluded to in the preceding pages, some observations are due from me in addition to those already brought before you by my friend Mr. Topham.

The circumstances under which the operation was performed are of so novel a nature that they may afford much ground for discussion, if the members of the profession, to whom I have the honour of addressing these observations, will calmly deliberate upon them, and, without prejudice, examine the subject, which (should further experience confirm the anticipations that may reasonably be entertained from the happy result of the present trial) holds out such a boon to the surgeon, whose province it is, and whose study it has for ages been, to mitigate the poignant sufferings that “flesh is heir to.”

The case to which the attention of the society has been already called was one of very extensive ulceration of the cartilages of the knee-joint of four and a half years' standing, the consequence of neglected inflammation of the synovial membrane, produced by injury, which was treated by a quack in the first instance, but did not come under my own notice until about three years before his admission into the District Hospital at Wellow; when, supposing ulceration to have commenced in the cartilages, I ordered absolute rest and the usual treatment, which was only adhered to for ten days, when in spite of every remonstrance on my part he returned to his ordinary employment (an agricultural labour) in his still crippled state.

He then fell into the hands of other practitioners, whose discipline was less rigid, and whose prognosis was more sanguine than mine. I frequently met him, and occasionally warned him of the eventual loss of his limb, if he persisted in using it. His last fair prospect was a promised cure by cupping; but this having produced no relief, he applied for admission into the hospital. At this time the disease had far advanced; the slightest motion of the joint was attended by the most excruciating agony; his nights were almost wholly sleepless, in consequence of the painful startings of the limb; his pulse weak and rapid; his face constantly marked with a hectic flush; his tongue foul, and appetite gone. He was now confined to his bed, but could not bear a horizontal position. The joint was supported by a light splint; poultices, fomentations, &c., were applied; attention paid to his general health; opiates, quinine, wine, &c., prescribed, to get him into a fit state for the operation (which I deemed inevitable), *without any apparent benefit*; but on hearing that Mr. Topham was coming into the neighbourhood, I determined to request him to try the effects of mesmerism upon him, with a view not only of tranquillising the system prior to the operation, but, if possible,

to procure such a degree of insensibility to pain as to render the man unconscious of the operation itself; having long desired to see this accomplished, as the *summum bonum* of mesmerism.

I was, however, obliged to leave home from indisposition at this period, but daily received reports of the progress made upon my patient; and, on my return, on the 27th of September—about three weeks after the commencement of the mesmerism—I was as much astonished as I was delighted to observe the improved condition of the man. He had now much more the hue of health; his nights were more quiet and tranquil; his appetite had returned; and, in fact, such was his state, that had I not known the previous history of the case, much doubt must have arisen in my mind as to the propriety of immediately amputating the limb. It is true there was still the pain on the slightest movement of the joint, and still some of the same painful startings at night; but he no longer appeared to be suffering in his general health, which, on the contrary, was greatly improved. Nevertheless I felt assured, notwithstanding all this in his favour, that there was too much disease to admit of a final recovery.

As I had quite determined upon not attempting to remove the limb while the patient was under mesmeric influence, unless I was convinced of its safety, and had opportunities of seeing him in that state, and, moreover, not without the man's own full concurrence, on the 29th I requested Mr. Topham to mesmerise him, when I was delighted to find his susceptibility so great. When asleep (if I may use the term) his breathing was unaltered, his pulse tranquil, and about eighty; his waking was slow and gradual, and without the least start, and I found he was insensible to the prick of a pin.

Under such circumstances I saw no grounds for fear or hesitation; and having obtained the patient's consent, or rather at his own urgent request, I fixed the following Saturday, 1st of October, for the performance of the operation.

The patient (as has been already stated) was lifted with his bed upon a platform, and although he was considerably excited by hearing the cries of another patient, upon whom I had been performing a tedious and painful operation in an adjoining room, he was soon put into mesmeric sleep; but as I wished him to be placed in the usual position, with the limbs extended over the end of the bed, an attempt was made to draw him down with the bed-clothes, but this occasioned so much pain as to awake him. I was now somewhat embarrassed, as his position on the bed, with his extremity lying in close contact with it, was so very unfavourable to the operator; but having proceeded thus far, I was unwilling to mar the first attempt at lessening the horror and pain of a capital operation, although, I must confess, I was by no means sanguine of success. The patient was again put to sleep, previously to which a surgeon present raised the limb about two inches from the mattress, by resting the heel upon his shoulder and supporting the joint with his hand, promising also if the man should awake instantly to draw him down, so as to allow the leg to extend beyond the edge of the bed.

In a few minutes Mr. Topham said he was quite ready, when having adjusted the tourniquet, the very unfavourable position of the patient precluding the possibility of otherwise compressing the artery, I proceeded to perform the operation, as has been described. Having made the anterior flap without the slightest expression of consciousness on the part of the patient, I was under the necessity of completing the posterior one in three stages. First, by dividing a portion of the flap on the inside, then a similar portion on the outside. This proceeding (which, of course, was far more tedious and painful than the

ordinary one) was rendered necessary to enable me to pass the knife through under the bone, and thus complete the whole, as I could not sufficiently depress the handle to do so, without the two lateral cuts.

Beyond what has been already so well described by Mr. Topham, I need only add that the extreme quivering or rapid action of the divided muscular fibres *was less than usual*; nor was there so much contraction of the muscles themselves. I must also notice that two or three times *I touched the divided end of the sciatic nerve, without any increase of the low moaning*, described by Mr. Topham, and which to all present gave the impression of a disturbed dream.

The patient is doing remarkably well, and sat up on Sunday last to eat his dinner, just three weeks from the operation, and he has not had a single bad symptom; none even of the nervous excitement so frequently observed in patients who have undergone painful operations, and who have suffered much previous anxiety in making up their minds.

On dissection of the joint the appearances fully verified my diagnosis. The cartilages of the tibia, femur, and patella had been entirely absorbed, except a much-thinned layer, partly covering the patella. There was deep, carious ulceration of the exposed ends of the bones, and especially on the inner condyle of the femur, which had wholly lost its rounded shape. Some coagulated lymph was effused upon the surface of the synovial membrane in several places, and the joint contained a certain quantity of dark-coloured pus.

It is not my intention to trespass further upon the valuable time of the society by presuming to stand forward as champion of mesmerism generally—a task to which I feel myself to be totally incompetent. For a long time I had been a sceptic, and long a *cui bono* querist, when, through the kindness of Dr. Elliotson, a few months ago, I was allowed an opportunity of examining for myself the power of that agent in producing coma, in rendering rigid the muscles, and in causing to a certain extent insensibility to pain. I saw, and was convinced that my opposition was ill-founded, and the result of this conviction has been the present successful and flattering trial, which is a sufficient answer to those who are incredulous only as to any benefit to be derived from it, for there can be very few now, even of the most bigoted objectors, who will venture to deny its powers in producing coma. This, too, in the calmest temperament; not merely according to the frequent supposition in the highly-nervous young female, but even to *utter insensibility* in an agricultural labourer, aged 42, to which class I need scarcely add nervous excitement, in the common acceptation of the term, is almost an entire stranger.

Be it observed, also, so complete was the susceptibility that coma was quickly produced under the most unfavourable circumstances, as when in extreme pain from his disease, when using his own volition to the utmost, to counteract it, and when on the table with the fear of the operation before his eyes.

Although the single experiment we have detailed to the society is scarcely sufficient to set the question completely at rest, is it *not* of a sufficiently encouraging nature to demand an immediate reflection by those of my professional brethren to whom the splendid institutions of the metropolis offer such frequent opportunities?

W. SQUIRE WARD.

Wellow, near Ollerton, Notts, Oct. 29th, 1842.

MR. S. C. HALL, F.S.A., has just issued a book, entitled *A Memory of Thomas Moore*.

"WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS?"

BY HENRY G. ATKINSON, F.G.S., AUTHOR OF "LETTERS TO MISS MARTINEAU."

It would be absurd to expect to find the same variety in Bacon's philosophical writings as in the plays, where we have philosophy and poetry combined, together with wit, humour, and every kind of character and turn of sentiment. But here is Ben Jonson's account of Bacon. Bacon's prose, says Judge Holmes, is Shakespearean poetry, and Shakespeare's poetry is Baconian prose. Jonson says:—"There happened in my time *one* noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, where he could spare, or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man who heard him was lest he should make an end." Here, then, we have related, from one most capable of judging, those very qualities of mind we should expect to find in the writer of the plays, but which Shakespeare was never known to have exhibited at any time, or in any place; and we have not a scrap of his play-writing existing, or ever known to have existed, nor referred to in his will. Some of his finest plays were not known to exist until seven years after his death, in the collected folio of 1623.

Now I will refer to another judge, Professor Fowler, of Oxford, in his late work on Bacon's *Novum Organum*, who in his preface says:—"To all these sources of influence we must add the marvellous language in which Bacon often clothes his thoughts. His utterances are not infrequently marked with a grandeur and solemnity of tone, a majesty of diction, which renders it impossible to forget, and difficult even to criticise them. He speaks as one having authority, and it is impossible to resist the magic of his voice. Whenever he wishes to be emphatic there is the true ring of genius about all that he says. Hence, perhaps, it is that there is no other author, unless it be Shakespeare, who is so easily remembered or so frequently quoted. His phraseology, when most quaint, as in the case of the *Idols* and the *Instances*, is often most attractive to the reader and most persistent in its hold on the memory. Hence, too, perhaps it is that there is no author so stimulating. Bacon might well be called the British Socrates. Even had his individual precepts been utterly worthless, many men must have owed their first impulse to the study of nature, or to independent investigation in general; to the terse and burning words issuing, as it were, from the lips of an irresistible commander, with which he urges them to the work." Further on Professor Fowler says: "What Bacon says of Plato is pre-eminently true of himself. He was a man of a sublime genius, who took a view of everything as from a high rock. Now to the young student I know nothing of so much importance as to be brought into contact with works of real genius; and there must be many men who recollect the transition from dry manuals of logic to the brilliant pages of Bacon as forming one of the eras in their lives. Maxims such as these, '*Homo natura minister et interpres*,' '*Scientia et potentia humana in idem coincidunt*,' '*Lucifera experimentalia, non fructifera, querenda*,' '*Recte veritas temporis filia dicitur, non auctoritatis*,' '*Pessima res est errorum opothoeisis*,' which sparkle on almost every page, live long in the memory, and insensibly influence our whole habit of thought. This educational value of the *Novum Organum* has never, I think, been sufficiently pointed out, but it seems to me very real and very impor-

tant. As I have already noticed under the last section, there is something about Bacon's diction, his quaintness of expression, and his power of illustration, which lays hold of the mind, and lodges itself in the memory, in a way which we hardly find paralleled in any other author, except it be Shakespeare."

Here, then, we have an independent opinion of one not agreeing with Judge Holmes. The plays we suppose to have been intended, not only to expound philosophy to the many, but to be what Bacon calls "types and models;" to hold the mirror up to nature, and exhibit and illustrate the varied nature of man himself.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, France.

REMARKABLE PICTURES PRODUCED BY SPIRITS.

NUMBER ONE.

SOME of the remarkable spirit drawings and spirit paintings, carefully collected during the course of half a lifetime by Mr. Benjamin Coleman, are now on view in the reading-room, at 38, Great Russell-street, London, and they are well worthy of inspection. An interesting history is connected with each of them, and in several instances the signatures of witnesses attesting their genuineness are attached. In the course of time the value of these early evidences connected with the history of Spiritualism will be priceless.

The autographs of the witnesses are interesting. Among them is that of the late J. W. Edmonds, Judge of the Supreme Court, New York.

The following is a description of the method of production of four pictures, three of which are among those now on public view. They were obtained through the mediumship of Mrs. French, in New York, in the presence of Mr. Coleman, whose description of the circumstances was published as follows in the *Spiritual Magazine* for 1861, vol. 2, p. 436:—

"On the evening fixed I went, accompanied by Judge Edmonds, who had not seen this new phase of spirit-power, and our party numbered about twelve, including a lady who was the mother of the spirit 'Jemmy,' and he, I found, was the principal artist in the production of these spirit drawings. As soon as we were assembled Mrs. French became entranced, and with great formality invited each to take a particular seat, reserving the post of honour next to herself for me, where I could best see the exact mode in which the *séance* was conducted. A very small drawing-room table was placed in the centre of the circle, and not within three feet of any of us. A shawl was then tied round the lower part of the legs of the table to form a dark chamber. Under this was placed a thin board, to make a firm surface, on which to spread the drawing paper, two saucers of water-colours and brushes, a bundle of coloured crayons, some drawing pencils, and a glass of water. Several fresh sheets of drawing paper were then handed to the medium, which she gave us to examine, and then she cut them into exact squares. Rolling them up into tubes, she commenced breathing through them, exercising an effort that lasted five minutes, and which appeared to exhaust her. This singular process, she explained, was to give the necessary moisture to the surface of the paper, and superseded the use of wine and acids, as at first used by her, for damping it. She then handed the roll to me, requesting that I would put it under the covered part of the table, whilst she at the same time went on her knees, placed her hands under the cover,

spread the sheets out flat, and returned to her seat by my side. All these arrangements being made with the gas burning, she then requested the light to be lowered, which was done, though it was still light enough for us to see each other, and even the hands of our watches. Thus seated in perfect quiet, after a brief interval the medium cried 'Time!' when presently we heard a rapid scraping and scrubbing on the card-board, as if many hands were at work with the quickness of steam power; and 'Time' being again called, the pencils were heard to drop suddenly and simultaneously from the hands, as it were, of the invisible artists. The same process and arrangements being repeated, four elaborate and beautifully-executed pictures of birds and flowers were produced in succession, the first being a pencil drawing and the others in colours, and the time occupied was respectively eight, eleven, twelve, and fifteen seconds. I am aware how difficult it is to realise such a statement, that finished drawings should be executed in such a way, and in such an inconceivably short space of time; but all I can say is, I have faithfully recorded the facts. There was, I can assure the reader, an absence of everything like conjuring arrangements. Mrs. French never left our sight. I saw the white surface of the card-board before the operations commenced; and the most striking and convincing fact to those present, of the work having been done on the instant, was that the coloured drawings were wet when taken up, and that they took some minutes to dry after they were in our hands, and at the close of the sitting I removed, at Mrs. French's request, the shawl that was tied round the legs of the table. No one present suspected imposture, and, indeed, under the circumstances, it would have been foolish and unjust to do so. The scene and results are not imaginary, as some wise people would suggest, for I have the four drawings in my possession, endorsed with the names of several gentlemen who were present, including Judge Edmonds and Mr. J. Gurney, the artist. When the fourth drawing was completed, the medium, addressing me, and still speaking in the trance state, said 'That is all we purpose doing this evening. I am sorry, sir, we could not manage to put a Bible chapter into one of them, as you wished. We meant to place it in the centre of the wreath. We will, however, do it for you another day.'"

At a subsequent *séance* "Six drawings were produced in rapid succession, each occupying but a few seconds. The first one was presented to me, and I was gratified to find that the spirits had not forgotten their promise. They had drawn a beautifully-executed bouquet, with a hand rising from the centre holding an open Bible, with a part of the 14th chapter of John—two hundred words most minutely but legibly written in pencil, and the time of its production was just *eleven seconds*."

In a future number we will describe some more of these pictures. Those of them which Mr. Coleman collected are for sale, and the proceeds are to be applied to a purpose very dear to his heart. Particulars may be obtained on application to the secretary on the premises.

SHEPHERD TOM.—A copy of the *Newport Mercury*, Rhode Island, has been sent us. It is the oldest newspaper in America, has reached its 6,293 number, and was established by Franklin in 1738. Its issue of June 7th last announces that the veteran Spiritualist, Mr. T. R. Howard, aged eighty-two, has just brought out a book entitled *Recollections of Olden Times*, under the assumed name of Shepherd Tom. The book contains much about the early history of some of the chief families of Rhode Island, and describes some stirring events almost outside the memories of many of the present generation.

SELLING THE AFFECTIONS.

THE following are a few verses from a long poem by Mr. George R. Sims, published in *The World* this week :

Hark! It is over! The organ peals,
The Bishop has mumbled the final word;
Over the chancel the sunlight steals,
Mocking the sob the bridesmaids heard.
Here, in the sight of a God above,
The Earl has taken a fair young bride;
Here they have sworn to honour and love,
And each of them knew that the other lied.

This is a market where slaves are sold;
Rare is the slave that they sell to-day.
They barter her sweet white flesh for gold
To a noble sheep who has gone astray.
For rank and jewels and vast estates
They forced his badge on her dainty hand,
Sealing her doom to the worst of fates—
Here in a Church in a Christian land.

My lord the Bishop, he bowed his head,
And rolled his eyes with a mellowed grace,
As the beautiful words in the book he read,
And a sunbeam fell on his saintly face.
His lordship knew of the bridegroom's fame—
He knew of the women, the cards, and wine;
But up from the altar he sent his name
To be specially blessed by the King divine.

He gazed on the face of the high-born maid,
And saw the mark where the tears had been;
He knew that a daughter had wept and prayed,
He knew that a mother had feared a scene—
Had torn herself from the weeping girl
Whose love was away o'er the distant sea,
And had sold her child to a noble Earl
Who had just got round from a bad *d. t.*

* * * *

They will come one day to a drunken fool,
And break the news of his crowning shame;
He'll sit awhile for his brain to cool,
Then snivel and hiccough his rival's name.
A nine days' scandal will feast the crowd,
A couple will hide in a distant land;
'Twere better her mother had sewn a shroud
Than forced that ring on her daughter's hand!

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM TEBB have returned to London from Eastbourne, to prepare for sailing to New York on the 17th of July, by *The City of Berlin*, from Liverpool. The St. Pancras Guardians have resolved not to prosecute Mr. Tebb again for the non-vaccination of his child Beatrice, otherwise Mr. and Mrs. Tebb had some thoughts of leaving her in America until she became fourteen years of age, the recent "persecution for conscience's sake" having had a painful effect upon Mr. Tebb's health. Vaccination should be rendered optional, under restrictions, but not compulsory.

CREMATION.—An argument in favour of cremation is furnished by the facts set forth some time ago in the following paragraph from the *Daily Telegraph*:—"The parish clerk of Stapleford, a village between Nottingham and Derby, has met with his death in a most remarkable manner. He was engaged in making a vault, when unfortunately he struck his pickaxe into a coffin in the adjoining grave. A horrible stench at once broke forth, and he was unable to continue his work. He was shortly afterwards taken seriously ill, and Dr. Bland was called in. The poor fellow by this time was suffering the most frightful agonies, and he expired from blood poisoning."

Correspondence.

VISITORS AT THIRTY-EIGHT GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

SIR,—It seems to me that the construction put by Dr. Carter Blake on the letter of the Council to Mrs. Lowe is the only possible one. It is not alleged that the visits of Dr. Blake since his resignation have been frequent; on the contrary, in his letter in your paper of 23rd May, he tells us that only on two occasions, during two months, can he remember to have been inside the rooms. Nor is this statement contradicted, or Dr. Blake's recollection shown to be defective, in the letter of the Council, which was evidently drawn up with considerable care; and which, moreover, fails to show why Dr. Blake, more than any one else who has recently left the Association, should have been subjected to this strange affront on so slight a pretext. The only conclusion which I and others in like case can come to is, that the courtesy hitherto extended to visitors without distinction—even, sometimes, to known opponents and vilifiers of Spiritualism—is to be refused to those whose radical disagreement with the governing body has been marked by withdrawal. It is, at any rate, obvious that none of us, with such an unexplained precedent before us, would ever run the risk of a "reminder," and natural consequences must be taken to have been foreseen and intended. It might, however, be as well if this exception were expressed in the part of the advertisement referring to visitors and inquirers. Perhaps this conciliatory inducement should be taken in connection with the conciliatory tone of the President at the late Council meeting in inviting the "weak and feeble" persons who have "idly left" the Association to return to it.

C. C. MASSEY.

Temple, June 30.

SIR,—Will you kindly oblige me by inserting the enclosed reply to the Council's letter to me of the 13th inst.?

LOUISA LOWE.

June 27th, 1879.

To the Council of the British National Association of Spiritualists.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have the honour to acknowledge your letter of the 13th inst., and to thank you for the compliment you have paid me in asking me to reconsider my resignation. But while accepting, as I necessarily now must, without reserve, your assurance that Dr. Carter Blake's expulsion from the Association's premises is not on account of his religious opinions, I cannot consider the explanation of it given by you as satisfactory, inasmuch as a similar expulsion has not been decreed against other ex-members who resigned at the same time as Dr. Blake, and have since "used the rooms" to the full as much as he has; that is, they have, like him, occasionally called during office hours on their friend your secretary, or gone in to purchase papers that she had it in charge to sell. I do not know how far these objects come fairly within the "privileges voluntarily renounced" by resignation of membership; but, be this as it may, it is clear that singling out one for expulsion among the many who, by the Council's judgment, have equally incurred liability to it, a very invidious character is given to the transaction. It is peculiarly unfortunate that this invidious and, I may say, insulting exception should have been made against one whose skilled, generous, and gratuitous services to the Association called forth a vote of thanks from the Council at the time of his resignation. But I should in any case whatever have felt such an exception to be unjust, and I can no more be a "passive participator" in what, rightly or wrongly, I think unjust than in what I think intolerant. I must, therefore, adhere to my resignation. With best wishes for the future prosperity of the Association, I remain, ladies and gentlemen, yours faithfully,

LOUISA LOWE.

64, Berners-street, W., June 23rd, 1879.

MRS. HARDINGE-BRITTEN'S WORK.

To the Editor of "The Banner of Light."

"I WOULD gladly send you tidings of spiritual progress from below the equator were there sufficiently interesting material for the purpose, but beyond the bare fact that Mr. Henry Slade has been and gone, awakening enthusiasm and interest on the part of believers, and calumny and slander from sceptics, there is little or nothing of a phenomenal nature to record.

"Mr. Thomas Walker and I have kept the ball rolling in

Sydney and Melbourne by unremitting platform ministrations during the past twelve months. Large and enthusiastic audiences have greeted us both; warm personal friends have smoothed the rugged paths that these distant lands open up to us, and many a grateful thought will turn southward from every scene I may henceforth visit, in memory of the beloved friends and fellow labourers I shall, in all probability, never more meet on this side of the spiritual Jordan. Amidst a full tide of public services and public successes, my way has not been altogether unmixt with thorns, and those planted by the hands that should have been foremost to have rooted them up.

"Save and except the embarrassments which every industrious servant of the spirits is liable to suffer at the hands of their own household, my career in Australia has been one of uninterrupted success, and missionary work of the most influential and important character.

"Seven months of my time were passed in Melbourne, five in Sydney, and in each place immense audiences greeted me; hundreds of letters and interviews from private parties have borne witness to the direct conversions effected in theological opinions, and in a thousand ways, both from friends and enemies, I have positive evidence to show that a greater change has been wrought in public opinion by my own and Mr. Walker's last twelve months' Australian labours than the dreary platitudes of old theology can subvert in many and many a long twelve years.

"Both Mr. Walker and I have visited as many places outside the two great centres named above as we could afford to do.

"As I have stated in former papers, the lecturers in Australia, with rare exceptions, are called upon to bear the expenses of their meetings themselves; and when the hire of halls, janitors, &c., the cost of advertising, posting, board, lodging, and travelling expenses are all required to come out of very low admission fees to our lectures, it will readily be understood that we were only able to risk such costly experiments in Sydney or Melbourne, where we were sure of fine audiences, or in such other places as a few liberal friends could be found to stand by us as guarantees against loss. The remedy for this difficulty is of course most obviously and most justly found in associative action; but that action must not in justice be allowed, either here or in any other part of the field, to drift into the exercise of unrelenting authoritative individualism.

"One thing is certain: Spirits, the invisible wire-pullers of Spiritualism, will endure no associative action or authoritative combinations until those who compose the mass, and assume the dictation, are thorough Spiritualists in principle and practice, as well as in mere intellectual belief.

"In respect to Mr. Slade's visit to Australia, I have every reason to believe he effected many conversions, and succeeded in convincing many persons of the truth of spirit communion. He excited, of course, the bitter antagonism of those whose interest or predilections were against him, but their unscrupulous and slanderous denunciations were their own best refutation. Mr. Walker is, I believe, engaged by an association to lecture in Melbourne for a year; a good move for the public, whatever it may be for himself. This young gentleman has been indefatigable in the work of building up and assisting the Progressive Lyceums both of Melbourne and Sydney, as the flourishing condition of both institutions testifies.

"Permit me to say in my own behalf that I have added to my onerous public duties the task of writing and publishing two small volumes, and several tracts, since coming here. The cumbersome methods of transmission which fetter international literature prevent my sending on copies for sale, but as I have written both works in the best interest of our movement, I shall certainly bring a sufficient number with me to supply those who may desire to possess them on my return to the United States.

"And this brings me to the last and main purpose that now lies before me. My career as a public exponent of Spiritualism on the rostrum is to close, as my beloved guides inform me, even when the powers conferred upon me to move the masses are at the maximum of their force. My farewell to the rostrum, then, is to be taken in a brief tour through the United States, the period of which seems to open up before me some time in the coming autumn.

"I am even now *en route* for the last station of my long pilgrimage, having finally left Australia for New Zealand, at which place I am now located in the beautiful town of Dunedin, and from whence I send you one of many highly flattering accounts of my *début* last Sunday, also a brief notice of a generous and beautiful testimonial that was presented to me on the occasion of my last lecture in Melbourne. . . .

"As I find, to my deep regret, that Herman Snow and his indefatigable companion have been obliged to relinquish their bookstore, &c., in San Francisco, those friends who desire to communicate with me will please address me to the care of Mrs. Ada Foye, P.O. Box 1775, San Francisco, Cal. Through the friendship of Mrs. Foye, such letters will reach me until I can give a more definite address. Cordially commending myself to all who kindly remember me, I remain, yours for the truth,

"EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN."

PRESS OPINIONS ABOUT SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

From "Public Opinion," June 28th.

MESMERISM, WITH HINTS FOR BEGINNERS. By John James, late Captain 90th Infantry. (W. H. Harrison.)—Captain James is an earnest and practical writer, and has taken up the subject of mesmerism from a thoroughly scientific standpoint. For years past mesmerists have been themselves to blame for the contempt with which some of their results have been treated by the public, and the fact that their experiments have often been carried on by persons who were not (and could not have been) qualified medical men, has led to a tacit ignoring of some of their statements as being on a par with those of the phrenologist, or the mere empiric. The assumption of Prof. Huxley in a celebrated question in the evidence of the Royal Commission on Vivisection, that the mesmeric sleep is a real occurrence, will probably lead to greater attention being paid to the subject than heretofore. There is no reason why English scientific men should not make the fullest, frankest, and most complete inquiry into the statements made by Captain James, based as they are on the testimony of respectable witnesses, and also classified according to a method which leaves nothing to be desired for its precision and accuracy. Certainly he makes out a very strong case, and though the hypothesis which Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., communicated to the *Popular Science Review* in July 1871, of the existence of a nervous ether may be found to explain some of the facts, and others are susceptible of interpretation on theories proposed long ago by Dr. R. H. Collyer, it is clear that the modern "sensational" school of psychologists is impotent to deal with them. Still less do they fit in with the "reflex action" theory of Dr. Marshall Hall, which, in all its crudity and absurdity, was in vogue some thirty years ago. Captain James is doing good, sound work; and, sooner or later, physiological students will have to face the fact that a number of abnormal nerve-conditions are constantly occurring, of which we have no definite knowledge, and can offer no satisfactory theory. Such books as these will tend towards the "rapid and right" progress of the science of physiology.

From "The Dundee Daily Advertiser," June 14th.

For an hour's eerie reading before one goes to bed nothing could be better chosen than Mr. Harrison's first volume of *Spirits before our Eyes*. A book of this sort may not be one which timid readers would care to take up about midnight. It is full of ghost stories. These are told with an imperturbable gravity which is apt to produce a feeling akin to belief in a sympathetic reader. The second volume is to appear at a later date, supplementing the one before us with further narratives of ghost appearances. Mr. Harrison has been impressed with the need for a systematic arrangement of facts on which to base his spiritualistic theories. In the first volume he marshals story after story as to the appearance of spirits during the life or at and about the death of the bodies which they are wont to inhabit. In the second volume he promises another inductive array, showing that spirits appear long after their separation from the body. Apart from its spiritualism the book is a very sensible one. The author sees that his narratives should be well attested, and he endeavours in every case to give authorities. Many of the more wonderful stories are old, and these have, of course, passed beyond our power to verify. For some, however, of the spirit appearances he gives the names of witnesses now living. The narratives occupy most of the volume; and the connecting remarks by Mr. Harrison are, while brief, generally to the point. If his induction were admitted to be an induction of facts it would be interesting to go deeper into his theories. A spiritualist will find some satisfaction in his explanation of materialised apparitions and apparitions which are visible only to mesmeric sensitives. Various other theories are clearly put and worked

logically into a system. But the facts are open to dispute. Indeed, no amount of testimony can command belief in what never was the experience of one's own self or of one's near acquaintance.

From "The Civil Service Gazette," June 7th.

To those who believe in spirits this work may be acceptable. To those who do not it can possess but little interest.

From "The Folkestone News," June 14th.

This volume—the first of two—deals chiefly with cases of apparitions; most of which are familiar to students of psychic phenomena. The instances, both old and recent, of the appearance of the spirits of the living or dying to their friends at a distance are too well authenticated to admit of dispute; but whether all the "general conclusions" which the author draws from his remarkable array of facts are correct is open to question. His second volume, "which will be published next autumn," will deal chiefly with the apparitions of the so-called 'dead,' showing that there is no break of continuity in the phenomena of apparitions in consequence of the death of the body." Mr. Harrison writes well and clearly, with true philosophic calmness and fairness, and occasionally with a fine flow of humour; and his book will be read with pleasure by many who, though not agreeing with his theories, yet sympathise with him in his eloquent protest against the Materialism of the age. "Materialism," he writes, "has at last brought us to the sublime doctrine of the present orphanage of man, and his future non-entity; it has given us a universe built up of a sea of interstellar ether, washing the boundaries of infinitely small atoms—a kind of small shot—governed by natural law; and after conferring this legacy leaves us without God and without hope, with nothing to gratify the aspirations of the human heart, nothing to satisfy either the emotional or the highest intellectual nature. Ideality has been trampled under foot in its march. At the present time we have few great poets, and the publishers in Paternoster-row are inclined to think any of their number mad who attempts to bring forward a new poet; the book trade will scarcely look at poetry, because the taste for it has been lost by the bulk of the public. Men, nowadays, are too much engrossed in the hard, blind fight for material ascendancy, in which they ruthlessly destroy the finer elements of their own souls, and by habitual inversion of true affections are 'successful' in life at the cost of personal spiritual degradation. . . . In the daily rush for material wealth or social precedence, a process of soul-degradation goes on, which may be forcibly arrested by demonstration that life does not end with the grave, and that what to ordinary minds may be a rational existence on the assumption of there being no hereafter, becomes the quintessence of folly when the reality of that future life is brought home to the consciousness." Of Mr. Harrison's humorous treatment of a subject we give, on another page, a specimen which will specially interest our readers, as having reference to localities and characters near at hand.

From "The Scotsman," July 1st.

It has been said sometime lately that Spiritualism, like other follies, had had its day, and was dying out. Those who have imagined this have certainly imagined a vain thing. The number of Spiritualists may not be much greater than it was a few years ago, but their activity is certainly no less, and their credulity is far more. The wonderful stories which are put forward by men who otherwise appear sensible would astonish most people. But in proportion as their books are read and their manifestations are studied, the inclination becomes stronger to cease to wonder at anything they do or say. One of their number is a Mr. W. H. Harrison, who has recently issued the first volume of a work which he calls *Spirits Before Our Eyes*. Mr. Harrison is pugnacious. He does not merely stand upon the defensive; he carries the war into the camp of the incredulous, and declares that they are really the foolish people. There is a good deal of smartness in the introductory chapter of his book, and if he had anything with which to back it up there might be a fair amount of amusement derivable from the work. As the case stands, however, the volume is a melancholy instance of misplaced and misdirected inquiry. Mr. Harrison starts with the declaration that the stories of apparitions that he is going to tell are all vouched upon authority which is unimpeachable, and which nobody would think of impeaching. The truth is, there is not

a single story in the book, so far as we have been able to discover, that any one would dream of accepting as proved. The most extraordinary statements are made upon the vaguest evidence, and Mr. Harrison proceeds to theories from the cases stated as if they were beyond all manner of doubt. Whether there be anything in the question of what some investigators call "psychic force" it is needless to inquire now. All it is necessary to say about Mr. Harrison's book is, that it is a volume which is much more likely to frighten foolish young people than to convince sensible men and women.

A NOVELTY IN PSYCHOGRAPHY.

MR. JOHN WETHERBEE writes thus to *The Banner of Light*, June 14th:—

"I attended, June 9th, a very unique and satisfactory *séance* given by Mr. W. H. Powell, late from Philadelphia, who is now giving public manifestations every evening for a short time at No. 8, Davis-street; and any Spiritualist, or hospitably-disposed seeker after truth, will be well pleased by paying Mr. Powell a visit. His phase of mediumship is very novel, requiring no conditions, and is done in the light.

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"I have heard of and seen independent slate-writing, and where I consider it a genuine and marvellous spirit manifestation. But this young man, when entranced, seems to be controlled by an Indian, and takes a clean slate and writes any intelligent communication on it with his index finger. Any one or all can see the whole operation, and can be sure that there is no pencil and no substance on or in his finger, and everything in connection can be scrutinised, and the observers know it to be as it appears. This writing is not confined to his own finger; the power runs through any person's finger he chooses to use, as the power of a magnet runs through a nail or a needle to the next, all becoming magnetic. He takes a person's finger, holding it as he would a pencil, and writes just the same as he would with his own finger. This is very satisfactory, for the said person can know and be doubly sure that he has no writing attachment to his own digit. The writing is plain, made with very little or no noise, as if the substance that marked the words was soft like a pointed piece of chalk. But, understand me, there is no substance; a glove on a person's finger makes no difference—it writes just the same; and when his hand was tied up in a handkerchief, his finger thus protected wrote just as well."

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