

# The Spiritualist Newspaper.

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

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*The Spiritualist* has a steadily rising Circulation which has been growing for twelve years in all the English-speaking countries on the Globe. It is regularly on sale at 38, Museum-street, London; 5, Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, Palais Royal, Paris; 84, Russell-street-South, Melbourne; and at the chief centres of Spiritualism in Europe and America.

Advertising terms on application.

## WHERE REDRESS IS DUE.

The absence of any central nucleus of men of high ability and social standing, to initiate public steps to guard the honour of Spiritualism in England, is perhaps nowhere more strikingly manifest than in the unfulfilled duty of expressing kindly sympathy to Mrs. Hart-Davies and watching over her interests. In a fit of religious enthusiasm, and in the belief that Spiritualism was what it ought to be, this intellectual, spirituelle, and then light-hearted woman, made sacrifices for it such as are on record only in the days of faith, and of the truer religious instincts of past ages. The material sacrifices may have been unwise in the eyes of City men, but no religion has as yet set up commercial men as the highest human ideal of Archangels. We and a few others know the merits of the case to its roots, and wish that a central nucleus of Spiritualists of great moral and intellectual influence, were even at the eleventh hour doing something by sympathy and by public utterance, to palliate the grievous wrongs of one who entered our ranks with the unselfish intention of doing good to it perhaps beyond all practical precedent, and to divorce the name of English Spiritualism from some of the acts which have been committed under its banner, and which acts ought to weigh most heavily on the conscience of the movement.

DR. HENRY SLADE is now giving *séances* in New York.

SPIRITUALISTIC Sunday meetings are held weekly at the Goswell Hall, 290, Goswell Road, London. Those in the morning begin at eleven o'clock, and those in the evening at seven.

THE COUNTESS OF CAITHNESS, after a brief sojourn in Paris, will return to Nice within the next two or three days. Her interesting record of *séances*, will shortly be continued in these pages.

MR. AND MISS DIETZ :—The new Inman steamer, *City of Rome*, with Mr. and Miss Dietz on board, made the voyage from Queenstown to Sandy Hook in nine days and seventeen hours. This magnificent specimen of naval architecture proved herself a fine sea boat. She makes more steam than can be utilised by the engines; when this defect is remedied by alterations in valves and steam-pipes, her already high speed will be increased. She is now on her way back with about 200 cabin passengers.

## SPIRITUALISM, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

## No. III.

BY FREDERICA SHOWERS.

Think'st thou it possible He can be bought  
 By the false doctrines that men have taught?  
 In bygone years He held His sway,  
 'Tis o'er, the Church rules firm to day.  
 The Priests are many—their power is strong;  
 They tell you, you must not do this—it is wrong;  
 And then you listen, but seldom seek  
 To find out where their point is weak.  
 But God the Merciful looks down in anger  
 As he observes your deplorable languor.  
 Were He to speak—I know he would say  
 Be free, and worship Me in your own way.

*Instantaneous writing given by the spirit "John King,"  
 through the mediumship of Miss Showers, (Mrs.  
 Nugent James).*

As religion gathers its data both from the past and the present, we will, as I have before said, glance at the religious conceptions of a few Pagan nations, in order to discover, if possible, how the God whom men ignorantly worship may be brought nearer, and worshipped with a more enlarged and intensified devotion. His being (with solemn reverence be it spoken) must be tried by reason, as must the claims of authority and the truths of revelation. If the Protestant Church is to survive the ordeal through which it is at present passing, it must do something more than revise the Bible; it must look searchingly into the meaning and origin of those words on which the Catholic, the parent Church, has based its supremacy. Hell. Devil. Miracle. Prophecy. Whence come these words? Why have they been transformed? How is it that while the meaning of the word Prophecy is palpable, and both antiquity and gospel Christianity offer irrefragable testimony regarding it, the Church, finding its own deficiency glaringly at variance with an ever existing truth, chooses occasionally to substitute another meaning for the essential and original one? The solemn injunction of St. Paul in the 14th Chapter of 1st Corinthians to "be zealous for spiritual gifts, but especially that of 'Prophecy,'" is expounded as signifying the ability "to interpret the mysteries of Faith." What mysteries? What are the mysteries of Faith? I know of no mystery but that which arises from ignorance. And how is that to be expounded? By endeavouring to acquire knowledge, I should say.

In all ancient faiths the Prophet, the medium, through whom the Deity, tutelary Spirit spoke, was regarded with far more reverence than the Priest. We need not go farther than to the Old Testament for illustrations. Samuel

electd and anointed Kings. Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, were supposed to be the mouthpieces of the God of Heaven. *Pro*, for; *Phemi*, to speak—to speak for.

There is no question as to the sense in which the word prophecy has been interpreted by the Church itself, for speaking of the Holy Ghost in the Nicene Creed (*Creed*, akin to—Sanscrit; *Crat*—faith), it is said *Qui locutus est per prophetas*—Who spake by the Prophets. Impressed however with the sense of its infallibility, and acting on the principle that man must never attempt to prove, but simply, on given authority accept statements and things even self-contradictory, it shifts its interpretations in the uncertain, ill-defined manner that gives scepticism its triumph and faith its humiliation. In the revised edition of the New Testament we find the word Hell, and consequently the doctrine of eternal punishment, utterly done away with. *Hades*, the abode of the dead, (Greek *Haides*, *hades*—from *idein*, to see) has been substituted for it. I hope we all are sufficiently alive to the important corroboration that this affords of the truth of spirit teachings. The word Hel was the name given in the Norse religion to the goddess of death. She was represented as a giantess, half black, half white, enthroned in a mountain of the lower world lying towards the north. Her kingdom of Neflheimr was the abode of the dead. The existence in this kingdom was a continuation of the earthly life; not a period of punishment, but one devoid of joy. The dwelling of the dead was in the pale but lovely gardens of the deep, where special abysses were reserved for worthless beings, such as murderers, and seducers of women, who were condemned to wade in filth, till dragons and wolves devoured them. Those who had fallen in battle, princes who had never either desecrated temples, or blasphemed the gods, were conducted by Balkyrs straight over Bifrost, the rainbow, to the halls of Walhalla, which was said to possess 540 gateways, through each of which 800 could pass at once. Here they dwelt in magnificence and bliss, imbibed the sacred nectar Meth, and fed on bacon. Their days were passed in tilts and combats, their evenings in festivity and mirth. The faith was universal that the dead were metamorphosed into birds, flowers, or animals, and there was an established belief that they could reappear either under their own, or under assumed forms. It was thought also that at the last day, the *form* alone of the world would be destroyed: its eternal being would still survive. A new earth and

heaven would arise, in which Spring would for ever reign, and peace and happiness prevail. We neither push the argument too far, nor consider it substantially incorrect to say that the ideas to which the Church fondly clings as an especial divine revelation, are derived to a great extent from the Northern Germanic, the Norse religion, whose veteries banned and persecuted by Roman Christianity, took refuge ultimately in Iceland, where the traditions and scriptures of their faith were subsequently collected, and are known as the Edda. Whatever truth there may be in the doctrine of Metemorphosis, I know it to be an absolute fact that there are spectres of animals, for I have seen them, and tried to grasp them, and they have been visible to many of my acquaintances also. I am not a medium in the real meaning of the word, at least so far as I know, and I cannot see spirits as some do, but these things I saw long before I heard of Spiritualism, and I hope to speak more particularly of them later.

The Devil! I hardly like to dwell long on the fact that this is now an unmeaning term so far as Protestant Christianity is concerned. The revised edition of the New Testament substitutes the word Demon for Devil, and states in Appendix VIII: "Substitute for Devil—Devils, the words Demon—Demons, and for possessed with a devil, either demoniac, or possessed with a demon." I find Demon to mean "a spirit holding a place between man and the gods," and to be derived from the Greek *Daio*, to divide—to distribute destinies. Devil, I discover, signifies a slanderer or accuser, and comes from the Greek *diaballo*, to slander—*dia*, down; *ballo*, to throw.

Miracle. What signifies the word miracle? Why, simply something that causes admiration or wonder—from the Latin *Miror*, *Miratus*, to wonder.

We believe in Spiritualism, and the realisation of a belief to start with is the first requisite here as elsewhere. It is the function of religious history to determine the truth of miracles and of supernatural phenomena, not from *a priori* considerations of any kind, but from genuine enquiry into the value of the testimony. Let us look then into ancient history, and continue the examination of the ancient Egyptian religion.

Egypt was called by the Israelites, *Mizraim*. The descendants of the ancient Egyptians still survive under the name of Copts; they retain their original language, which has been adopted in translations of the Bible.

According to Edward Baltzer, some of whose works I have already translated, the history of Egypt may be divided into the following periods:—

B.C. 6,000 to 2,300. The period of the development of the Egyptian ideas on the subjects of religion and government. Capital Memphis.

B.C. 2,300 to 1,788. The period comprising the rule of the Shepherd Kings, or rather of Phœnician dominions in Egypt. During 106 years the temples were closed, and the professors of the ancient faith persecuted; but the more cultivated Egyptian conceptions gradually permeated the undeveloped Aryan doctrines, and King Mycerinus openly apostatised and reopened the temples.

B.C. 1,788 to 718. From the expulsion of the Shepherd Kings to the period of Ethiopian dominion. The most flourishing epoch of its history, then the rule of Egypt extended from Central Africa to the Ganges, from Hafesch to the Don. Capital cities, Raamses and Thebes. Development of the belief in Metempsychosis or the transmigration of the soul after death into some other body.

B.C. 718 to 339. Frequent conquests of the country by different nations—Ethiopians, Babylonians, Persians and Greeks. Time of gradual moral degeneration.

B.C. 339 to A.D. 32. Revival of some of its ancient glory under the influence of the Greeks. The time of Alexander the Great, the Ptolemies, Cleopatra.

A.D. 32 to 640. Utter extinction of the religion under Roman and Christian influences, and subjection of the country by the Roman and Greek empires successively.

A.D. 640 to the present day. The country has remained under Mahommedan sway.

MRS. HOLLIS-BILLING is now in New York. She has been very ill, but is about to resume her public *séances*.

SORROWS are often like clouds, which, though black when they are passing over us, when they are past become as if they were the garments of God, thrown off in purple and gold along the sky.

MR. WALTER HOWELL, a trance medium, well known in Lancashire and the North of England, will, during November, give Sunday evening addresses at the Ladbroke Hall, Notting Hill, London.

SUNDAY meetings in South London in connection with Spiritualism, are held at 3.30 p.m., at 8, Bournemouth Road, Rye-Lane, Peckham; and at 7 p.m. at 224, Albany Road, Old Kent Road, Camberwell.

CAPTAIN BURTON's book on *The Passion Play at Oberammergau* is an exceedingly useful one for presentation to public libraries, for it contains much about Spiritualism, and will thus give information on the subject to strongly prejudiced persons, who will not receive or read Spiritualistic books.

## TO THE GREEN PASTURES.

BY C. A. BURKE.

"Now will you be a soldier knight?  
In battle bright and brave,  
Or will you have a sailor's ship  
And sail the stormy wave?  
Or will you be a merchant good?  
Or a Priest, men's souls to save?"

"I would not be the goodliest knight  
That ever Standard bore,  
For oft-times men go forth to fight,  
Who come not back from war;  
And my dear love, if I were slain,  
Would weep for me full sore.

"I would not be a sailor gay,  
Though well their life, and free,  
For storms disturb the calmest bay  
And ships go down at sea,  
And my dear love, if I should drown,  
Would bear life wearily.

"Nor would I play the merchant's part—  
Such toil makes young men old,  
And I might learn to set my heart  
On guineas that I told,  
And my dear love has golden hair—  
That's all I need of gold.

"Nor would I be a holy Priest,  
I am too full of sin,  
The saving work within my soul  
My love did first begin;  
How can I then save other men,  
Who not myself could win?

"How shall I order then my days?  
I'll fight, for fight I must,  
Not man to man, but evil ways  
To trample down in dust;  
My armour shall my love gird on,  
And keep my sword from rust.

"And if God gives us choice of toil  
My love and I, we'll pray,  
To tend the mead, redeem the waste  
Into a garden gay,  
And bring the city children there  
And teach them how to play.

"We two will leave the city's din  
The hum and ceaseless strife,  
And watch the budding leaves come out  
And fair things spring to life;  
And learn to tune our lives thereby  
As loving man and wife.

"The city's smoke obscures our eyes,  
It's wealth but renders dead,  
Why, we'd have time to see sun-rise  
If such a life we led;  
With love for Lord what should we need  
So God gave daily bread?

"So we will go, my love and I,  
'Till life be understood;  
Content with humble simple joys,  
And humble simple food,  
Content to strive along God's way,  
For all His ways are good."

## A RIP VAN WINKLE IN REAL LIFE.

A SLEEP OF SIX MONTHS.

Macungie, Pa., Aug. 1.—After one hundred and eighty days, John Guyamber, the entranced Hungarian, who has been in the county hospital for that length of time, has spoken and given some account of his life before the time that he was found wandering about in this village. It will be remembered that Guyamber's case has been a mystery to the medical fraternity ever since he came here. For months he did not open his eyes, and lived only upon what food was given him in liquid form. People from all sections of the country visited him, as well as the medical fraternity from this and other places; in short, he was the most visited man in this state. Every effort had been made to get him to talk, but without avail. On the 22nd of April last, Guyamber opened his eyes for the first time, and kept them open four days. He made his famous jump from the third story of the hospital on April 23rd. On the 26th of April he again closed his eyes and did not open them until May 30th, and then only for a few hours, after which he went to sleep and remained thus until June. He then opened his eyes, but did not speak until June 26th, when he was given a flower, which caused him to shed tears and say that he was thankful, after which he relapsed into silence from which it seemed nothing could draw him. Frank Laskauski, of Allentown, took great interest in Guyamber's case, and has had correspondence with all the Hollanders in this territory, in order to find one who could induce Guyamber to talk. This he succeeded in doing to-day. One Joseph Sabut, who is from the same place, and who was a schoolmate of Guyamber's, was taken to the hospital. He began a conversation in their language and in a few moments Guyamber began to talk. He kept up conversation for some time. He gave his story as follows: He has a father and one sister living in his native country, having lost two brothers, both in their younger years, through death caused by brain fever. He further said he received a liberal education, having a fair knowledge of music and being a good violin player. He arrived in this country about two years ago and verified the account in a Virginia paper that

he was in the employ of Mr. Porter at Charlotteville. He related the incident of the fat old woman putting pepper in his coffee as a joke, which he thought was poison. After that he had no rest. He always thought they were endeavoring to administer poison through his food. He was foreman of the works, and he thought the workmen were opposed to him, so he left, as he thought, for his own safety. From there he went to Baltimore, where he remained with a friend for a period of two weeks. He then left Baltimore, and from that time he remembers nothing that happened until within four weeks ago. Of all the experiments to raise him from sleep, of his twenty-five feet jump, and the abscess on his head, he remembers nothing. He has been conscious about four weeks. He said he had an idea that he was imprisoned and continually thought what wrong he might have committed to have caused his incarceration and constant watching. He was assured that he was not imprisoned, which caused him to brighten up and become more cheerful. He spoke again this forenoon. He is quite weak yet. As soon as he is well enough he will go among his own countrymen to work.—*Chicago Times*.

#### THEOSOPHICAL VIEW OF MEDIUMSHIP.

In the last number of *The Theosophist* the editor says :—

In truth, mediumship is a dangerous, too often a fatal capacity, and if we oppose Spiritualism, as we have ever consistently done, it is not because we question the reality of the phenomena, which we know can and do occur (despite the multitudes of fraudulent imitations) and which our adepts can reproduce at will without danger to *themselves*—but because of the irreparable spiritual injury (we say nothing of the mere physical sufferings) which the pursuit of Spiritualism inevitably entails on nine-tenths of the mediums employed. We have seen scores nay rather hundreds of so to say good, pure, honest young men and women who but for the cultivation of this evil capacity for the reception of impressions by elementaries might, and would in all probability, have lived lives leading to higher things, but who through the gradual pernicious influence of these low earth-bound natures have sunk from bad to worse, ending often prematurely lives that could lead but to spiritual ruin.

These are no speculations—we speak that we do know—and if one in five mediums, who habitually exercise their capacity, escape the doom that overtakes so many, these exceptions

cannot justify the Spiritualists in aiding and abetting the crowd of professional mediums who gamble away their immortality with the lower material influences. The practice of mediumship for good purposes at rare intervals, by virtuous mediums, intermediately ever careful to strengthen their moral and spiritual natures by pure lives and holy aspirations, is one thing, and the habitual practice, in a worldly, careless, undevout spirit for gain, is another, and this latter cannot be too strongly denounced alike in the highest interests of the mediums and of the sitters who employ them.

“Evil communications corrupt good manners” is an eternal truth, trite and hackneyed though it be, and no evil communications are so evil as those subtle influences that radiate from the low, bestial elementaries who crowd the séance-rooms of immoral, or more or less demoralized mediums, too weak and low to make themselves heard or seen, but strong enough in their intensely material tendencies, to diffuse a moral poison into the mental atmosphere of all present.

PSYCHICAL ACTION FROM A DISTANCE :—On Sunday a week ago the youngest child of Warren Wasson (Katie) was nearly drowned in a covered well, and the family were in great terror and confusion. A day or two since a letter was received from Mr. Wasson, who is in Oregon, which was written before he had heard of the occurrence. He states that about midday on the same Sunday, which was about the time of the accident, he was taking a nap and was suddenly awakened by a terrifying dream. He thought he saw little Katie dripping with water, and that the little boy, next older than Katie, was immersed in the water, and that he was able to save him only by taking hold of his ears. He says that when he pulled him out he was covered with spots like a leopard. Mr. Wasson says that as he awoke he was covered with a cold sweat and in real agony of mind. This is a very strange coincidence, and the dream corresponds with the occurrence, save that the little boy was not in danger. The little girl, Katie, when taken from the water was spotted black and blue from the chill and partially arrested circulation of the blood. Those curiously inclined can speculate upon this very singular affair, and account for it upon such theory as seems most plausible.—*Carson Index*, U. S. A.

SPIRITUALISM IN SPA :—Mr. H. Van Deryst, a prominent man in Spa, is thoroughly devoted to Spiritualism and does much to spread it. He publishes in a weekly paper, called *L'Avenir*, articles and translations from English and American organs, and has at times to encounter bitter denunciations from the local clerical paper; but he maintains his ground well, although not repaid by many proselytes. Mr. Van Deryst is also an active contributor to the *Messager de Liège*, a bi-monthly Spiritualist organ.

THE editor of *The Spiritualist* would be glad to receive the names and addresses of Spiritualists in Calais, Boulogne, Dijon, Marseilles and Lyons, as literary duties will require his occasional presence in those towns.



## A TALKING STICK.

Talking tables and even talking walking-sticks have risen into celebrity since the advent of spirit mediums, but the stick now under notice is of another nature.

Some weeks since some articles on "Rock Oil and Religion," written by one who bears a name beloved and respected wherever the English language is spoken, were published in these pages. Recently we saw a talking-stick, brought home by the said author from New Caledonia, where the natives use it to check verbosity, so that it might better be called an anti-talking-stick, and it might help Mr. Gladstone out of some of his parliamentary difficulties.

The savage who holds the stick is allowed to speak for ten minutes and no more; no other person during that period is allowed to utter a word. The device is charming in its simplicity.

Need it be said that the top of this stick has carved upon it an image resembling Mr. Punch? Below, there is another image resembling Mr. Punch, the one in his attitude before dinner, the other in his attitude after dinner.

WHEN the golden rule is employed in governmental matters, then, and not till then, the future of nations will be sure.—*Kossuth.*

INTERNAL RELIGION AND EXTERNAL FORMS:—Amid Shastras, prayers and penances I roamed, but found not many jewels. Daily and nightly ablutions have left the mind's impurity. Among all men he is the chief whose pride the society of the good has effaced. He who knows his own lowliness is higher than all. God removes all stain from him whose mind is clear of ill. He who has rooted evil from his heart sees his whole nature renewed. Of all places, that is the best where God dwells in the mind.—*Interior Life, Hindu.*

SPIRITUAL INSIGHT VERSUS BLIND MATERIALISM:—There are two pairs of eyes in man; and it is requisite that the pair which is beneath should be closed when the pair which is above them perceive; and that when the pair above is closed, that which is beneath is opened. The lower eyes see only surfaces and effects, the upper eyes behold causes and the connection of things. And when we go alone, or come into the house of thought and worship, we come with purpose to be disabused of appearances, to see realities, the great lines of our destiny, to see that life has no caprice or fortune, is no hopping squib, but a growth after immutable laws under beneficent influences the most immense. The church is open to the great and small in all nations; and how rare and lofty, how unattainable, are the aims it labors to set before men! We come to educate, come to isolate, to be abstractionists; in fine to open the upper eyes to the deep mystery of cause and effect, to know that though ministers of justice and power fail, Justice and Power fail never. The open secret of the world is the art of subliming a private soul with inspirations from the great and public and divine soul from which we live.—*Emerson.*

## NATIVE JAPANESE MEDIUMS.

Mr. C. Pfoundes in his interesting book *Fu-so Mimi Bukuro*, says:—

Spirit-rapping in Japan has usually been practised by women. Their stock-in-trade consists of a small box (supposed to contain some mystery only known to the craft) of somewhat less than a foot square. It is said that, in the south, a dog is buried alive, the head only being left above ground, and food is then put almost within its reach, exposing it thus to the cruel fate of Tantalus. When in the greatest agony and near death, the head is chopped off and put in a box. To return, however. Only the craft know what the box really contains. The medium has also a small bow made of soft wood called *adzusa*, the string of which she twangs incessantly on the box, and a small cup of water placed in front of her, which is at the same time splashed out towards the enquirer. If the person to be "interviewed" is living, a small piece of stick is used, and if a departed friend is to be summoned, a leaf from a grave-yard offering called *shikimi* is employed to splash the water out of the cup. The only question asked by the medium is whether the enquirer wishes to raise the dead or the living. Then after a half prayer, half incantation, the spirit commences to speak—through the medium. The mediums may be recognised by their invariably carrying, while out of doors, a small bundle of a peculiar shape, and also a light bark hat either on the head or in the hand.

DR. MONCK is in New York, lecturing chiefly, and giving extraordinary accounts of his past experiences, as stated in *The Two Worlds*.

If thou wouldst find much favor and peace with God and man, be very low in thine own eyes. Forgive thyself little, and others much.—*Leighton.*

MOURNING:—The disastrous effects of too rigid compliance with custom as to the wearing of mourning apparel are freely discussed both by the religious and the secular press. The *Spectator* newspaper says:—"How can anyone who believes in the resurrection reconcile it with his conscience to make everything connected with death dark, gloomy and melancholy? If he has that sure confidence which he professes to have as to the departed being safe from all future dangers and having passed to a state of bliss far beyond what is attainable upon earth, why does he not rejoice in their happiness? Does he think them out of reach of sympathy because out of sight? Or is he too selfish to let the thought of their gain outweigh that of his own loss? In 1875 a mourning reform association was started by three ladies and has certainly commended itself to the public mind to some extent, seeing that it now numbers 450 members. It discourages the use of mourning stationery, wearing of crape and putting of children and servants into black; recommends that mourning should be shown by a black band round the arm or by a black scarf round the neck."

SPIRITUALISM IN LIVERPOOL.

A CHALLENGE FROM MR. JOHN FOWLER.

For two or three weeks past special and more than usual popular attention has been directed to Spiritualism. The Bishop of Liverpool has evinced an interest in Mr. Stuart Cumberland's *Exposé Séances*, so far as to occupy the chair for him on Wednesday evening last week at a largely attended meeting at Liverpool, held in St. George's Hall. But the Bishop confessed his entire ignorance of spiritual phenomena; he had never been present at a single *séance* in his life.

Mr. John Fowler, of Sefton Park, Liverpool, sent the Bishop the following challenge:

"To the Right Rev. the Bishop of Liverpool. "Seeing that you are being made a tool of in the hands of a conjuror, who wants to advertise himself cheaply" . . . "for the sake of making money, I hereby beg to make a proposition. *viz.*, that I will give £500 sterling to the Seamen's Orphanage and £500 sterling to any other charity or hospital you like to name, if Stuart Cumberland produces before a committee (half of whom to be chosen by your Lordship and half by myself) and produces under the same conditions—all in the light—the same phenomena which are produced by Spiritualists. If he fails, he or some one for him is to give £50 sterling to each of two hospitals or charities to be named by me. This challenge I wish to be made before the audience in St. George's Hall this evening, your Lordship being advertised as chairman. The money is to be lodged at any time to be named by you; mine is ready now. I remain, your Lordship's most

obedient servant,

"JOHN FOWLER.

"Liverpool Oct. 27th, 1881.

Mr. Cumberland did not accept the challenge.

NEXT Sunday evening, Mr. Howell, trance medium, will officiate at the Ladbroke Hall, Notting Hill.

LETTERS on spiritual subjects are still appearing in *The Channel* newspaper, published in Boulogne. Mr. H. G. Atkinson is contributing interesting information about Sir Walter Scott to that journal.

SOMETIMES subscribers to the Spiritualist Library enclose letters with the books they return by post. This breach of the Post Office regulations involves them in the expense of having to pay double the letter rate of postage of the books, which double rate commonly ranges from two to five shillings per volume. Letters should be sent by letter post.

Among those who most have the welfare of Spiritualism at heart, the demand is strengthening for some organised means of giving external expression to a deeper tone of religious, moral, and intellectual thought in relation to the subject. Mr. J. A. Campbell's recent essay has a bearing upon this point.

APPARITIONS.

BY G. C. OTTLEY.

It is a curious fact, we might even say an extremely suggestive one, that while the world is being well-nigh revolutionized by the theories of modern scientists—that while materialism, pure and simple, is undoubtedly in the ascendant in and out of the Church despite the asseverations of the latter, a public organ such as the *Daily Telegraph* should have opened its columns to a correspondence on the subject of "Ghosts" and "Apparitions," and thus have afforded many an opportunity of recording in the most emphatic and public manner what has happened of a supernatural character within their own experience. Few readers, however, of the correspondence in question, whose minds are not hopelessly warped by strong prejudices, could have failed to see, that while some of the correspondents are in no way inclined to admit the "supernatural" and while they, consequently, would in vain attempt to explain away in the "light of nature" or of "natural causes," the unusual, not to say, extraordinary occurrences so unhesitatingly recorded by the opposite section, that neither of them has actually approached the question in such a manner as would permit of the "truth" about "Ghosts" being elicited. The thinking public has been profusely treated to statements and denials, but no satisfactory explanation from either point of view has been offered. An intelligent reader of this correspondence will readily admit that the score of strange apparitions referred to in the *Daily Telegraph*, vouched for, as they seem to be, by persons not easily captivated with theories concerning the "supernatural," are not such as can be summarily disposed of. If they were not *bona fide* apparitions, what were they? And until we have a distinct answer to this query, the subject must remain as it has hitherto, enshrouded in a mist of words. The "incredulous," section of the correspondents—from learned M.A.'s of Cambridge down to Mr. Maskelyne, of Egyptian Hall notoriety, whose fierce antagonism to Spiritualism can indeed be easily explained by especially mundane causes—in their unconquerable desire to bring all the experiences of life within the domain of the senses, have propounded such theories respecting these apparitions as would tend if possible, to make a *greater* mystery of them than what they, to the uninitiated and reasonably sceptical mind, sufficiently appear to be at the outset.

The "imagination" has been amply called into play by them, and when the "imagination" theory—which, we may here parenthetically observe has at all times in the history of the human race been conveniently invented with a view of explaining away facts that would not square with baseless prejudices or prepossessions—is looked into closely, with the view of determining whether it logically and legitimately disposes of the extraordinary occurrences so tersely described by the opposite section of the correspondents, it melts like snow in the sunshine, for the facts detailed bear as much relation to the imagination as they would to the performance of the most external of bodily acts. It might be deemed superfluous by those who have read or a portion or all this correspondence, to add one more to the long list of apparitions already recorded, but to show that the imagination theory is an utterly untenable one, that if a theory, it is full of chinks and cracks, we will here refer to what we conceive to be one of the best authenticated facts concerning so-called ghosts, before proceeding to offer an explanation from our point of view of these, to say the least, puzzling occurrences.

In the *Autobiography* of the late Lord Brougham the following passage occurs:—"A most remarkable thing happened to me," says Lord Brougham, "so remarkable that I must tell the story from the beginning. After I left the High School, I went with G., my most intimate friend, to attend the classes in the University. We frequently in our walks discussed many grave subjects, among others, the immortality of the soul and a future state. This question and the possibility of the dead appearing to the living were subjects of much speculation; and we actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement written with our blood, that whichever of us died the first, should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of the life after death. After we had finished our classes at the college, G. went to India. He seldom wrote to me, and after a lapse of a few years I had almost forgotten his existence. One day I had taken a warm bath and was lying in it. I turned my head round, looking towards the chair on which I had deposited my clothes; on the chair sat G. looking calmly at me. How I got out of the bath I know not, but on recovering my senses, I found myself sprawling on the floor; the apparition had disappeared. I was so strongly affected by the vision that I have here written the whole history with the

date, 19th December, 1799. No doubt I had fallen asleep and that the appearance presented so distinctly to my eyes was a dream. For years I had had no communication with G., nor had there been anything to call him to my recollection." Lord Brougham then still further observes "that soon after his return to Edinburgh there arrived a letter from India announcing G.'s death, and stating that he had died on the 19th December, 1799."

Now we would ask with all deference to the opinions of the incorrigibly incredulous, what had the "imagination" to do with this most striking apparition, brought about as it was in fulfilment of a promise made some sixty years earlier and *utterly forgotten* by Lord Brougham? Lord Brougham was no idealist—certainly not one in whom the "imaginative faculty" was allowed to run riot—and the fact here deliberately recorded by him *cannot*, therefore, come under the ban of superstition or imagination. If a fact, it will be reasonably said, *how* did it transpire? As long as we tenaciously cling to the purely natural aspects of our being—as long as we suppose man to be a more highly developed animal, the outcome of evolution, as Darwin and his school would have us believe—we shall fail to explain this and similar occurrences. But when we predicate of man that which is indeed his *true* prerogative—a *duality* of being, then the matter becomes simple enough. In other words, if we look upon him as not only possessing a material frame by which he has communion with the outer world—the world of matter, but as possessing at the same time a spiritual organisation, in itself fully as complete for all purposes as the material one is acknowledged to be, and that this spiritual organisation or body having *none* of the properties of matter, is disengaged at death from its external and material surroundings—then we can easily understand how it was possible for Lord Brougham's friend who died on the 19th of December, 1799, to appear to him in Sweden on the *very same day*, and thus to convince him that a man loses *none* of his identity on leaving the material world. In the light of this simple and, we may say, truly reasonable conception of man, all the apparitions referred to in the *Daily Telegraph* can be explained. The question however that now arises is this, if Mr. G., Lord Brougham's friend, was in the spiritual world, how came it that Lord Brougham who was still on this earth saw him? The answer is this: That Lord Brougham having "fallen asleep," as he himself avers, was in that state in which his



inner or spiritual sight could be opened, and thus permit him to see his friend "sitting in his chair and calmly looking at him." That it is *not* always necessary that the external senses should be steeped in sleep, is proved conclusively by many facts recorded in this very correspondence, but in particular by one adduced by a lady who signed herself "A Lady Truth-seeker." In this case an old gentleman, almost an entire stranger to the person to whom he eventually appeared, showed himself a few minutes after death in a manner apparently so natural, so realistic, as not to cause the slightest suspicion of the fact being in any way associated with the supernatural. Here then was a marvellous closing up of the external sight, and an opening up of the inner spiritual one in *broad daylight*, without the person, who was the subject of this strange experience, being in the least conscious of the change. But how easy would it be to multiply such instances of the opening up of the inner senses, whether of sight, hearing, etc. It is indeed strange that in the midst of such an amount of preaching as we are confronted with on all sides, sometimes on subjects which are absolutely distasteful to the mind—that the most elementary facts of our dual existence should be so supremely ignored by those whose very calling is intimately connected with an explanation of them. The scriptural writings, apart from their divinity, contain such numerous instances of the opening of the eyes of the prophets, of their having "visions of God" and of the spiritual Heavenly world, that it must ever remain a mystery how exponents of these writings should have ranged themselves, as some have undoubtedly done in this correspondence, under the banner of a Tyndall, a Huxley, rather than under their own legitimate one, as instructors on subjects which must necessarily be connected with such facts as lie beyond the thin veil of matter.

**MR. HUSK IN PARIS:**—Mr. Cecil Husk, the medium, is now in Paris, and letters for him should be addressed to Mons. P. G. Leymarie, 5, Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, Palais Royal, Paris. Lady Caithness informs us he has given her one *séance* with which she is much pleased, and that she intends to engage him again before she leaves for the South of France.

THERE is no other cause of perplexity and disquiet but an unsubdued will and ungoverned affections. A holy and spiritual man, by reducing these to the standard of his own mind, becomes the master of all his outward acts; he does not suffer himself to be led by them to the indulgence of inordinate desires that terminate in self, but subjects them to the unalterable judgment of an illuminated and sanctified spirit.—*Thomas.*

# THE DAILY TELEGRAPH CORRESPONDENCE ON SPONTANEOUS APPARITIONS.

## DEATH-BED APPARITIONS.

*To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."*

Sir,—The following occurred in Oxford, at the house of a Mrs. C., some years ago. Her three daughters and three young men went on the water, and when near Ifley the boat, from some cause or other, was upset, and the three young girls and two men were drowned. Now, the mother having prepared tea for their return, went up in the room and plainly saw them all sitting round the table, and ran down stairs, exclaiming "Oh, dear, something has happened." The truth of this statement can fully be borne out by many people residing in Oxford at the present time. OXONIAN.

Oct. 18th.

*To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."*

Sir,—When I was about eight years of age my parents resided in Melbourne, Australia. One night, my father being away from home, travelling on business, my mother, suddenly awaking, perceived him standing by her bed-room door, looking at her and pointing to the room in which the children slept. The rays of a full moon shining through the uncurtained window threw his form and features into strong relief. The apparition produced such an impression on my mother that, a week or so after, upon my father's partner calling to see her she cried out, "Do not tell me. I know it. He is dead." And so it proved. On the night my mother had seen him he had died at a town some hundreds of miles from Melbourne, after a short illness, of which we had had no intimation. My mother was not superstitious, but the only explanation she could give was that the strong desire my father felt to see his children once more, and to commend them to her care, was sufficiently powerful to enable him to conquer the supposed laws of nature. S. Oct. 7th.

*To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."*

Sir,—In the year 1849, I was serving in H.M.S. Geyser, on the East Coast of Africa, and in company with H.M.S. *Brilliant*, anchored in Tamatave Roads, Madagascar. The following facts I can vouch for. Some of our officers were dining on board the *Brilliant*. A boat's crew were ordered to be ready at six bells (eleven p.m.) to fetch them on board. The lights were out on the lower deck and everything quiet. A messmate (T. Parker) and I, belonging to the boat, were sitting in the mess, abreast of the cook's galley, and opposite each other, he with his arms on the table, and face resting on them, and, as I thought, fast asleep, when all at once he jumped to his feet, declaring that he saw his mother cross the deck in front of the galley, and was very much excited. I pointed out to him that it was quite impossible, as his face was towards the table, at the same time laughing heartily at him for being so foolish. Our schoolmaster, Mr. T. Salisbury, was lying awake in his hammock close by, and in the morning he made a note of the circumstances, putting down time and date. On our arrival at the Isle of France, some time after, Parker received a letter from home stating that his mother died that very night. I am no believer in ghosts, but think this a very remarkable coincidence. AN OLD TAR.

40, Spring Gardens, Oct. 13th.

*To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."*

Sir,—I am by profession a commercial traveller, and have to journey a greater part of the year by road. I was driving one dark evening, two winters ago, from Hawkhurst to Rye, when on arriving at The Bells at Northiam (about half way), I pulled up, and a figure

appeared at the horse's head, which I at first thought was that of the ostler, but, to my surprise, on alighting I noticed it to be the face and form of a very intimate friend, whom I had left in London in the best of health about three weeks previously. I, of course, expressed my surprise at seeing him there, and on advancing to shake hands the figure vanished. I was too much upset to continue my journey that night, so stayed at the inn, and went on to Rye in the morning. On my arrival at the Hotel I found a telegram awaiting me announcing the death of my friend. On inquiry I found that the time of his decease must have been within a few minutes of the apparition. F. F.

St. Mary's Road, Peckham.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir,—In the latter part of the summer of '78, between half-past three and four in the morning, I was leisurely walking home from the house of a sick friend. A middle-aged woman, apparently a nurse, was slowly following, going in the same direction. We crossed Tavistock Square together, and emerged simultaneously into Tavistock Place. The streets and square were deserted, the morning bright and calm, my health excellent, nor did I suffer from anxiety or fatigue. The following scene was now enacted: A man suddenly appeared, striding up Tavistock Place, coming towards me, and going in a direction opposite to mine. When first seen he was standing exactly in front of my own door. Young, and ghastly pale, he was dressed in evening clothes, evidently made by a foreign tailor. Tall and slim, he walked with long, measured strides, noiselessly, without a sound—a tall white hat, covered thickly with black crape, and an eye-glass completed the costume of this strange form. The moonbeams, falling on the corpse-like features, revealed a face well known to me—that of a friend and relative. The sole and only other person in the street, beyond myself and this being, was the woman already alluded to. She stopped abruptly, as if spellbound, then, rushing towards the man, she gazed intently and with horror unmistakable on his face, which was now upturned towards the heavens, and smiling ghastly. In her strange contemplation she did indulge but during very few seconds, and with extraordinary and unexpected speed for one of her age and weight, she ran away with a shriek and yells terrific. This woman never have I seen or heard of since, and but for her presence I could have explained the incident, called it, say, subjection of the mental powers to the domination of physical reflex action, and the man's presence would have been termed a false impression on the retina. A week after the above event news of this very friend's death reached me. It had occurred on the morning in question. From the family I ascertained that, according to the rites of the Greek Church, and to the custom of the country he had resided in, he was buried in his evening clothes, made abroad by a foreign tailor, and strange to say he wore goloshes or indiarubber shoes over his boots, according also to the custom of the country he died in; these deaden completely the sound of the heaviest footstep. I never had seen my friend wear an eyeglass. He did so, however, whilst abroad, and began the practice some months before his death. When in England he lived in Tavistock Place, and occupied my rooms during my absence.

ARMAND LESLIE.

A HAUNTED HOUSE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Editor of the *Telegraph*, Oct. 21st, says:—A correspondent forwards the following extract from a letter just received from his brother, who is now living at Pietermaritzburg, South Africa. He adds that, of course, when his brother wrote he had no knowledge of the correspondence on this subject in the columns of

*The Daily Telegraph*, but sent it as interesting private information:

Pietermaritzburg, Sept. 17, 1881.

There's a little house in town here which used to be inhabited by an old man. He came in one day (he suffered from heart disease), went into a room, and fell down dead. I enclose a plan of the house. The next people who took the house furnished the two front rooms very well, but soon, for some reason, left them altogether, and lived in small ones at the back of the house. About a year ago they left, and three young men, one of whom is L—, took the house. One evening L— went out, as usual, at about ten minutes to eight, to go to the theatre, the two others stopping in the dining room. When he returned the others asked him if, directly he had gone out, he had come back again, as they had heard the front door opened and shut, and somebody went into his room along the passage. Well, said L—, I've never mentioned it before, but several times I've heard steps along the passage. The other two had had a similar experience, and all agreed in the description of the steps, which resembled those of a feeble old man. After this they used to hear the steps frequently, always at the same time, between 7.30 and nine. Visitors also heard them—people who were utter sceptics, but could not deny the fact. After a while Dr. R—, a Dentist, took the house. About a fortnight ago L— said to the doctor that he mustn't be surprised if he heard steps in the house which he could not account for. But R— only laughed, he being an utter unbeliever in such things. This was mentioned to me, and L— and I went to the house. We found the doctor there, and the first thing he said was, "I've heard the footsteps." He explained that one evening he was playing the violin in the dining room when he heard some one come in and go into his drawing-room. He went, but found no one. Presently he heard the same step again along the passage, and rushed out, but there was nothing. My curiosity was aroused, and last night when I was playing the piano in the drawing-room the doctor, as I thought, walked slowly into the room, and stopped just behind me listening. I turned round, when, to my horror, there was no one, though I can swear that ten seconds before the steps had come into the middle of the room. When the doctor came I described the sound to him—it was just the same as he had heard, and L— also—a kind of slow step dragging with one foot, and corresponding exactly with the way old P— used to walk. These are the facts. I can't pretend to explain it. Old P— came into that room and fell down dead; the steps always come in and stop on that spot. We've tried every possible explanation—wood creaking, rats, echo from the road, though the house is in a garden fifty yards from the road—but nothing is to the purpose. You may laugh at me if you like, but I am convinced that something came into that room.

THE GHOST AT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir,—Your correspondent "M.A., (Cantab)" asks for a further explanation of the contents of my letter. My intention was to show that about the time of the death of the young Hindoo the apparition was seen first, then at the commencement of the next term it was seen again once; immediately afterwards the letter containing an account of his death was received, and then the apparition was seen no more. J. H. B.

CURIOUS INCIDENTS AT THE DEATH OF LORD ROSMORE.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir—Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland, whose testimony, to those acquainted with his character and position, mus,

be received with deserved weight, relates the following in the second vol., p. 151, of his "Personal Sketches of his own Times." After speaking of the intimacy existing between himself and Lord Rossmore (then living at Mount Kennedy), at that time Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, he says: "This intimacy gave rise to an occurrence the most extraordinary and inexplicable of my whole existence. Lord Rossmore was far advanced in years but I never heard of his having had a single day's indisposition—he bore in his old age the appearance of robust health. During the vice-royalty of Earl Hardwicke, Lady Barrington, at a Drawing-room at Dublin Castle, met Lord Rossmore. He had been making up one of his weekly parties for Mount Kennedy to commence the next day, and had sent down orders for every preparation to be made. . . . The Lord-Lieutenant was to be of the company. Every week his house was filled with persons of the highest circle, interspersed with neighbours. 'My little farmer,' said he to Lady Barrington, addressing her by a pet name, 'when you go home tell Sir Jonah that no business is to prevent him from bringing you down to dine with me to-morrow.' She promised positively, and on her return informed me of her engagement, to which I at once agreed. We retired to our chamber about twelve, and towards two in the morning I was awakened by a sound of a very extraordinary nature. I listened, it occurred first at short intervals, it resembled neither a voice nor an instrument; it was softer than any voice, and wilder than any music, and seemed to float in the air; I don't know wherefore, but my heart beat forcibly; the sound became still more plaintive, till it almost died away in the air; when a sudden change, as if excited by a bang, changed its tone; it seemed descending. At length I wakened Lady Barrington; she heard it, as well as myself, and suggested it might be an Eolian harp; but to that instrument it bore no similitude. She at first appeared less affected than myself, but was subsequently more so. We now went to a large window in our bed-room which looked directly upon a small garden underneath. The sound which first appeared descending, seemed then obviously to ascend from a grass plot immediately below our window. It continued. Lady Barrington requested that I would call up her maid, which I did, and she was evidently much more affected than either of us. The sounds lasted for more than half an hour. At last a deep heavy throbbing sigh seemed to issue from the spot, and was shortly succeeded by a sharp and low cry, and by the distinct exclamation, thrice repeated, of 'Rossmore! Rossmore! Rossmore!' I will not attempt to describe my own sensations. Indeed, I cannot. Lady Barrington, who is not superstitious as I am, attributed this circumstance to a hundred different causes, and made me promise I would not mention it next day at Mount Kennedy, since we should thereby be rendered laughing-stocks. At length, wearied with speculations, we fell into a sound slumber. Next morning my servant came to my door, and said, 'Oh, sir, Lord Rossmore's footman was running past the door in great haste, and told me in passing that my lord, after coming from the Castle, had gone to bed in perfect health, but that, about half-past two this morning, his own man, hearing a noise in his master's bed (he slept in the same room), went to him, and found him in the agonies of death, and before he could alarm the other servants, all was over!' I conjecture nothing. I only relate the incident as unequivocally matter of fact. Lord Rossmore was absolutely dying when I heard his name pronounced."

MARGARET BABOLAY O'GORMAN.

Brighton, October 20th.

## SOME GOOD FEATURES OF SPIRITUALISTIC CAMP MEETINGS.

One most encouraging fact we gladly state—the good behaviour of the people at these gatherings. Reports in leading newspapers and the statements of persons in attendance as spectators but not believers, unite in bearing witness to their propriety and safety and good order. A much smaller police force than in orthodox camps (in most cases indeed none at all), and an almost total lack of riot or theft, show a better conduct among Spiritualists and liberals than our pious orthodox friends have reached in their camps and groves, while the proportion of those who come earnestly to hear and learn is far larger than with them. In accounting for this better behaviour a witty man said: "Our preachers don't have any devil to put into men, and so they don't act like the devil,"—a solution not far from the truth. The religious newspapers, even the most liberal, hardly make mention of these large assemblies; the popular journals are but beginning to do so, while making long reports of smaller and less important and insignificant meetings, so that many intelligent persons will be quite surprised to know that at least 200,000 persons have met to hear Spiritualism in "God's free temple." Let us be ready another season for more and better work of this kind, with its rich compensation of benefit and enjoyment.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*, (Chicago).

**THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SPIRITUALISM:**—Next week some large additions will be made to the Spiritualist Public Library, consisting of rare works on Spiritualism, Mesmerism, and other psychological subjects. For a year or two these works have been in course of collection by us, because no organisation in London in the exercise of its direct and legitimate functions, has been thus attending to the conservation of the book literature of the movement.

**SPIRITUALISM IN MARYLEBONE:**—Next Tuesday evening at eight o'clock the complimentary concert to Mrs. Davenport, the psychopathist, in honour of her free treatment of the sick poor, will be given at the Quebec Hall, 25, Great Quebec Street, London. Several volunteers will take part in the entertainment. Next Sunday at seven o'clock Mr. MacDonnell will lecture at the same place, on "The Trinity." On Mondays and Thursdays from two to four, Mrs. Davenport will heal the sick poor free.

## Answers to Correspondents.

**L. B. H. Hanover:** Foreign postage stamps are of no use to us.

The publication of several communications of interest is postponed until next week.

**W. H., Harrow Road:** You do not mention the hour of the Sunday *stances*.

A New York subscriber sends us particulars about the dead body of the late President Garfield opening one of its eyes. It does not follow that it was a spiritual manifestation.

# THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF PROFESSOR ZOLLNER'S EXPERIMENTS.

## LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

**FRONTISPIECE** :—The room at Leipzig in which most of the Experiments were conducted.

**PLATE I** :—Experiments with an Endless String.

**PLATE II** :—Leather Bands Interlinked and Knotted under Professor Zollner's Hands.

**PLATE III** :—Experiments with an Endless Bladder-band and Wooden Rings.

**PLATE IV** :—Result of the Experiment.

**PLATE V** :—Result of the Experiment on an Enlarged Scale.

**PLATE VI** :—Experiments with Coins in a Secured Box.

**PLATE VII** :—The Representation of Test Circumstances, under which Slate-writing was obtained.

**PLATE VIII** :—Slate-writing Extraordinary.

**PLATE IX** :—Slate-writing in Five Different Languages.

**PLATE X** :—Details of the Experiment with an Endless band and Wooden Rings.

## PREFACES.

**Mr. C. C. MASSEY'S PREFACE** :—Professor Zollner and his Works—The Value of Testimony considered—Sources of Fallacy—How can Medial Phenomena be Explained?—The Value of Scientific Authority—Mr. A. B. Wallace's answer to Hume's *Essay on Miracles*—Spiritualism an Aggregation of Proven Facts—The Attack upon Henry Slade—Spirit Messages—Slade's

Career after leaving England—Professor Zollner's Polemic—Items relating to the English Translation.

**PROFESSOR ZOLLNER'S PREFACE** (Dedication of the Work to Mr. William Crookes) :—Workers in a New Field of Research—Thoroughness of the Labours of Mr. Crookes—The Moral Necessity of the Strife about Spiritualism—The Immortality of the Best Works of Human Genius.

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**CHAPTER I** :—Gauss's and Kant's Theory of Space—The practical application of the Theory in Experiments with Henry Slade—True Knots produced upon a Cord while its ends were in view and sealed together—The principles involved in the tying of knots in Space of One, Two, Three and Four Dimensions—Berkeley's Theory of Vision—The Conception of Space derived from Experience—Kant on Spiritual Existence.

**CHAPTER II** :—Henry Slade's first visit to Leipzig—Professor Fechner's observations of the movements of a Magnetic Needle in proximity to Madame Ruf, a Mesmeria Sensitive—Professor Erdmann's observations of the Phenomenon—The Experiment repeated with Henry Slade—The Observations of Professors Braune, Fechner, Weber and Scheibner—A Spirit Apology—Destruction of a large Screen by Spirits—Experiments with a Compass—Apparition of a Living Hand—Experiments with a Bell and lighted Candles—Slade and the Grand Duke Constantine—Testimony of the Hon. Alexandre Aksakof—A Test Experiment in Slate-writing—Impartation of Permanent Magnetism to an Iron Needle by Medial Power.

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