

The Spiritualist.

A RECORD OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SCIENCE AND ETHICS OF SPIRITUALISM.

[REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

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ALLEGED COMPLETION OF "EDWIN DROOD" BY THE SPIRIT OF CHARLES DICKENS.

RECENTLY there have been floating paragraphs in one or other of the London daily papers, about the alleged completion of *Edwin Drood* by Charles Dickens through an American medium. The first information giving any weight to these rumours reached us by the last mail, in the *Banner of Light* of August the 9th, published in Boston, U.S. It contains an article on the subject eight columns long, quoted from the *Springfield Daily Union* of July 26th, 1873. The *Banner of Light* is the chief organ of Spiritualism in America, and if, as stated, the Spiritualists in Brattleborough recognise the medium as a genuine one, it gives considerable weight to the narrative, because there is no instance on record of experienced Spiritualists having been deceived by the imposture of one person for any considerable length of time. The literary matter itself fully equals that of Charles Dickens, and must have been written by somebody of very considerable genius and ability. Whilst, therefore, the balance of evidence is strongly in favour of the genuineness of the narrative, the possibility of the whole being an ingenious and unprincipled Yankee hoax should be borne in mind. The *Exchange and Mart* suggests that it is neither imposture, nor the work of the spirit of Charles Dickens, but a curious instance of unconscious action of the brain.

HOW THE POWERS OF THE MEDIUM WERE DEVELOPED.

The *Springfield Daily Union* sent a correspondent to Brattleborough, Vermont, to inquire into the particu-

lars, and the reporter, in the course of his narrative, says:—

Dickens being dead, the work has been done by an amanuensis—a medium, if you will, but an unprofessional one, and a person who knew nothing whatever about Spiritualism until this strange experience befell him; who has no theories to advance or proselytes to make, and who cares not a fig apparently whether Spiritualism stand or fall. He is a good-looking man of average height, and not far from thirty years of age. With dark hair and moustache, a round face, fair and sometimes florid complexion, restless eyes of nameless hue, neither blue, gray, black, nor brown, but perhaps of a slaty colour, and with an indescribable expression, as of one looking at something and not seeing it, yet seeing much more beyond—these characteristics, with an undeniably nervous temperament, describe the man. Meeting him casually, you discover nothing more remarkable about his personal appearance than about that of scores of young men whom one may see any day in any of our New England villages. He is a native of Boston, and in his fourteenth year was apprenticed to learn a mechanical trade, which he has since steadily followed, so that his schooling was finished when he was only thirteen years of age. While he is by no means unintelligent or illiterate, he has had no training whatever for literary work, and has manifested no bent that way, having never written before, even so much as a newspaper paragraph, for publication. This is the man who has taken up the pen of Charles Dickens where he laid it down, and has already nearly completed the *Mystery of Edwin Drood*.

Who he is, probably not half-a-dozen people in Brattleborough know to-day. Rumours that such a work was in progress have crept into the papers, and its authorship has been charged on several young men of supposed literary leanings, but never once upon the right one, and while others have been "suspected" and bored accordingly, he has kept at his task unmolested. The village gossips have, indeed, settled down to the opinion that nobody knows positively anything about it, and who it can be is as great a mystery as *Edwin Drood* itself. It is somewhat significant that the young man in question is determined not to be dragged into notoriety, and has resisted all the entreaties of his intimate friends and advisers who wish to allow his name to be published. In the most unassuming manner, he declares that his connection with the work is simply that of an agent of the author; that whatever credit or discredit may attach to it belongs to Dickens and not to him; and that he will not become a party to the appropriation of what is another's, even though it be so intangible an article as a dead man's fame. Reporters from New York, Boston, Springfield, and other "great cities," have been here on purpose to interview Mr. A., but have been unable even to find out who he is; so what has been published heretofore is the merest rumour, and anything but reliable. I have the good fortune to be the first person to whom he has related this strange story, and the only one who has yet examined the manuscript and been permitted to make extracts therefrom.

It came about in this wise:—One night, about ten months ago, a young man (who, for convenience of designation, we will call Mr. A.) was solicited by a small party of friends to sit around a table and see what would come of it. Up to this time he had laughed at all "spiritual" performances as so much humbug, and, probably, no man was more thoroughly sceptical with regard to the whole business than he; while he was, of course, quite unaware that he was the possessor of any mediumistic powers. The circle was no sooner formed than raps began to be heard with alarming frequency, and the table waltzed exuberantly about the room, and finally tipped over into Mr. A.'s lap, as if to indicate that he was the cause of it. This was enough for him. He had seen all he wanted to see of Spiritualism, and although the others entreated him to continue his "investigations," he would do nothing more that night. The next evening, however, he was induced to take part in another sitting. The demonstrations were repeated even more emphatically; and while they were going on, Mr. A. appeared to become suddenly entranced, and, seizing a pencil, wrote what purported to be a message to a gentleman in the room from a child of his long dead,—a child of whose existence Mr. A. knew nothing. Subsequently, messages of the usual tenor were written, assuming to come from the other world, and it is said that some tests of an astonishing character were given to prove the identity of the writers. With all that, however, I have nothing to do.

During the latter part of October, Mr. A. wrote, at a *seance*,

a message addressed to himself, requesting a sitting on the 15th of November, and signed, in a plain, bold hand, "Charles Dickens." Several subsequent communications reminded him of the date, entreated him not to deny the request, and, as the day approached, demanded in the most unequivocal terms that it should be granted. After rising from the table where he had been writing, in one instance, a few evenings before that date, he exclaimed that a face was looking down upon him from one corner of the room, with hands outstretched toward him. Others in the room could see nothing, but he rushed to the spot, and appeared to shake hands with the imaginary being, whoever or whatever it was. On relating the circumstance, the next day, to a gentleman who has been his confidant through the whole affair, his friend stepped to a book-case, and took down a *Life of Dickens*, containing an excellent portrait of that author, and showed it to him. His face instantly became blanched, as he cried, "Good God! that's the man I saw last night!" The ownership of the face seemed not to have occurred to him before; but since then, as he earnestly avers, and as the few friends in his secret implicitly believe, he has seen him many times.

The result of the sitting on the 15th of November—which took place according to directions, in a dark room, with no one but the medium present—was a long communication, ostensibly from Mr. Dickens, expressing a desire to complete through him the novel left unfinished at his (Dickens's) death. He had long sought for means by which this could be accomplished, but had not before been able to find any which he believed could be employed successfully. He desired that the first sitting should be on Christmas eve,—the night of all the year which he loved best when on earth,—and asked that the medium would allow as much time to the task as he could, without injury to his business and health. After adding the assurance that the undertaking would prove of pecuniary benefit to him, the message closed with Dickens's customary "Faithfully yours."

Here was laid out a greater task than our hero had bargained for; and it must be confessed that he looked forward with anything but pleasure to the occupancy of all his few leisure hours by work of this kind. Neither then, nor for months afterwards, had he any faith that this extraordinary sort of authorship would amount to anything. He regarded the time so spent as simply thrown away; and but for the entreaties of the few friends referred to, backed up by alternate entreaties and commands purporting to come from Dickens himself, the irksome job would more than once have been abandoned. As the work progressed, however, it became evident that a master-hand was in it, and Mr. A. has, for a few months, submitted himself more willingly to the strange fate which has befallen him, having at last a genuine interest in watching for its consummation.

The results of his labours from Christmas-eve to the present time—labours entirely outside of the ten hours a day, which he has steadily devoted to his business—appear in over *twelve hundred pages* of manuscript, the pages being those of ordinary Congress letter paper. In other words, he has written enough to make an octavo volume of more than four hundred pages.

The correspondent also says:—

Three or four times a week the dictations for the book are accompanied by brief notes from the author to the amanuensis, occasionally bearing words of encouragement and good cheer, and at other times treating purely of matters of business. These communications—a thick pile of themselves—have all been preserved, but are regarded as of a confidential and personal nature, and so not for the public eye. We are permitted, however, to extract from one or two of them. When the work had progressed as far as the fifteenth chapter, this word came:—

"We are doing finely. I am more than satisfied with the result of this undertaking. You have no idea how much interest this matter is exciting here among the hosts by whom I am surrounded. This is only the beginning of what is to come years hence. When this work is finished, you will continue to be my amanuensis. I shall write more after this. There are others here who have signified their intention of finding some one through whom they can convey their ideas to persons inhabiting the earth we have left behind. I only hope they will find so faithful a worker and one so much after their own hearts. God bless you!

D."

Full directions have been given as to the manner of procedure to procure a copyright, how the work should be published, &c. Only a few days ago came this direction:—

"In regard to English publishers:—As soon as the first proof sheet is done, address a letter to Sampson Low, Son, and Marston, Milton House, Ludgate-hill, London, England. It is very probable that they will be glad to negotiate for advance sheets.—Faithfully,
DICKENS."

It is a fact of significance, or not, as the reader may choose to take it, that the present style of this house is Sampson Low, Marston, Low and Searle; but at the time of Mr. Dickens's death the name of the firm and their address were as stated in the note given above.

THE CHAPTERS ADDED TO "EDWIN DROOD."

In criticising the new portions of the novel, the correspondent says:—

Here, to begin with, is a full company of actors to be carried on in some way, each with his separate characteristics, to the end of the play—a hard task for a man who never before wrote half a dozen pages on any subject. But we are startled to find in the very first chapter a wonderful identity with the published volume. The stitch is taken up just where it was dropped by Death; and the story proceeds so completely united, the new with the old, that the sharpest-eyed critic, not knowing before where the old left off and the new began, would not be able to say, for the life of him, where Charles Dickens died! Each one of the *dramatis personæ* is as distinctly, as characteristically himself, and nobody else, in the second volume as in the first; and in both we know them, feel for them, laugh at them, admire or hate them as so many creatures of flesh and blood—which, indeed, as they mingle with us in the progress of the story, they seem to be. Not only this, but we are introduced to other people of the imagination (Dickens was always—shall I say *is* always?—introducing new characters up even to the last chapter of his stories), and become, in like manner, thoroughly acquainted with them. These people are not duplicates of any in the first volume; neither are they commonplaces; they are *creations*. Whose creations?

There are twenty-three chapters in the first volume (already published), and there are to be twenty in the second. Only two remain to be written, the work having now progressed to the end of the eighteenth. The captions of the new chapters, several of which are in Dickens's happiest manner, run as follows:—

"Chapter I—What the Organ Said.

"Chapter II—A Light Breaks on Staple Inn.

"Chapter III—Mr. Jasper Keeps His Appointment.

"Chapter IV—Beginning to Forge the Chain.

"Chapter V—The Reader is conveyed to Billickin Harbour and Meets an Old Acquaintance.

"Chapter VI—A Recognition and a Meeting.

"Chapter VII—Another Night with Durdles.

"Chapter VIII—Fopperty's Mission and a Sudden Disappearance.

"Chapter IX—Opens the Door for Mr. Brobity.

"Chapter X—Introduces Joe Sloggers, and Relates how Jasper visits the Puffer's House, and What Occurs There.

"Chapter XI—Treats of Various Subjects, and, the better to carry the preceding chapter to a successful termination, introduces the reader to Mr. Peter Peckcraft.

"Chapter XII—In which Mr. Grewgious Transacts some Business in his Ward's Interest, and Fopperty Relates to Jasper his Success as an Emissary in the Latter's Interest.

"Chapter XIII—A Happy Meeting.

"Chapter XIV—John Jasper's Nerves receive a Shock, and Mr. Sapsea's Dignity Receives Another.

"Chapter XV—Roses and Thorns.

"Chapter XVI—A Fellow Traveller Joins the Invisible Hosts, and Mr. Grewgious once more Beholds a Picture and a Ring.

"Chapter XVII—Mr. Datchery Affixes the Last Stroke to his Score and Strikes a Balance, and Bessie sets her Face towards the Golden Shore.

"Chapter XVIII—Bessie Bids Good-bye to the Thorns and goes to Join the Lilies."

The captions have in every case been dictated before the chapters themselves, showing the contents of each to have been clearly laid out in the mind of the author beforehand; but after the completion of the eighteenth chapter, the last line of which was written to-day, its title was changed to read as follows:—

"Chapter XVIII—While the Dawn Appears to Others, Jasper's Night Comes On."

I find through all these chapters an extremely interesting development of the plot, which was but partially laid in the

first volume. Characters and incidents, whose pertinency does not appear there, and who, as one reads the first volume and then stops, seem to have no part in forwarding the story towards its *denouement*, are proved in this manuscript to have been introduced with a deliberate purpose. At the same time the new personages fill perfectly the places assigned them, and likewise "prove their usefulness." Several passages in the second volume are more powerfully dramatic than any to be found in the first, as, for instance, Jasper's second midnight excursion with Durdles (chapter seven) in the crypt of the old cathedral.

THE PREFACE TO "EDWIN DROOD."

The following is the preface to the work :—

During the progress of this work, as with all others on which I was engaged during my earth-life, I have felt a great desire to know the comments which would be bestowed upon it by its readers, and so have been glad when the last line was written, that I could read and hear the different opinions which were to determine its success.

If I was apprehensive then, when on earth, it will be easily understood that I am so now, when attempting to give the public a work, every word of which could only be placed on paper through the agency of earthly hands, used by me as the operator uses the instrument which transmits words thousands of miles by the power of electricity. The day is not far distant when this wonderful science will be better understood by millions who now believe it a delusion, and when that day comes the world will be the better for it, and thousands who are in this happier world, and those who are yet to come, will be happier to feel that the dear ones they have left behind will regard their absence as a blessing certain, and so abandon the harrowing thoughts that it is possible a dear mother, father, sister, brother, wife, child or friend may be engulfed in a flaming sea that is to burn them for ever and ever. How little such people know of the goodness of that dear Creator who made all things for a wise purpose, and who has placed before the eyes of his earthly children so many evidences by which to convince them that nothing in nature is ever totally destroyed, much less human souls, which are a part of Himself.

It has not been my intention, in any portion of this work, to strive to influence any living person to change his opinion. I would be glad, however, if my personal friends on earth would seek to investigate the truths which this science—religious science, I should say, perhaps—contains; for I feel confident they would be the happier for it in the end. No man has a moral right to denounce a theory till he has had an opportunity of seeing its workings, and has tangible evidence—the evidences of his senses—that it is not a consistent or reasonable one. These evidences are within your reach, if you will only seek them. But if you are satisfied as you are, and do not care to know more for fear you will compromise your dignity, at least have some regard for the feelings of those loved ones who have gone before, and do not ridicule that which to them is a sound truth, or condemn that of which you know nothing, and of which you have no desire to learn.

Since the fact of this work being in preparation was first made public, I have been pained to observe the ridicule which was apparent in some published articles; but I have also found cause for considerable amusement in witnessing the owl-like wisdom displayed by those poor, ignorant bigots who believe "the world was made for the people, and we are the people." We here are filled with pity for those bigots; but our consolation is that they will be sufficiently punished for their bigotry when they leave the world where they now think themselves of such great importance, and find out for a certainty how different a world and life they are to enter upon.

I think that honest, candid men and women who read this work will be satisfied that it is not a "delusion"—as some have claimed, even before an opportunity had been given them to read a line of it, and so form any opinion of its merits—but will recognise in its pages the same desire which animated the author while living—the desire to make his readers the happier for following the fortunes of those who were his "players;" and if I have succeeded in even one instance in making any reader happier, if not better, by the perusal of this work, I shall be content.

I cannot close this page without assuring the dear ones to whom I was so much attached on earth—family and friends—how anxiously I await their coming, that they may realise by experience how truly I speak concerning this other life. May God help and protect you all is the earnest prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

MR. SAPSEA AND HIS OPINIONS.

Chapter IX. introduces Mr. Brobity, with an amusing description of that magnificent egotist, Sapsea :—

Blunderheaded Sapsea, notwithstanding the greatness of his mind, was possessed like thousands of ordinary mortals, through relationship, of a brother-in-law. That is, people called Solomon—or Sol Brobity, as he was most often addressed—brother-in-law of Mr. Sapsea, in consequence of Miss Brobity, Sol's sister, marrying that Wonderful Being—that quintessence of wisdom and greatness. But Mr. Sapsea would not allow common customs to apply to him, even in relationship, and so he declared, whenever the subject was mentioned, that Solomon was not brother-in-law to him, but that a relationship of that nature might be allowed in that Mr. Sapsea himself was the brother-in-law—by no means Solomon.

Sapsea's opinion of the whole Brobity family was not a favourable one. They were not, to use his own expression, a people of Mind.

If, as it sometimes happened, the Brobitys were mentioned in Sapsea's hearing, he would lean back in his chair, and speak of them somewhat after this fashion :—

"There is no depth of reasoning power existing in them which enables them to discern Mind. The Perceptive faculties are dull. Matter, with them, is of more weight than Mind. Ethelinda was the only person who bore the name of Brobity that had the power to discern Mind. It was that discerning faculty that led her to consent to change her name to Sapsea. The inevitable consequence of this lack of intelligence on the one hand, and the possession of it on the other, was what might have been expected—objection to me from them, admiration from her. I do not say, however, that even she had Mind to correspond with mine—no Brobity could have that; but her redeeming quality lay in this,—that she *appreciates* a Great Mind, and hence Ethelinda Sapsea where what before was Ethelinda Brobity."

Then he would usually wait a moment for his hearers to thoroughly digest the great thoughts to which his words had given expression, and then continue :—

"Of Ethelinda's mother, I say nothing—she is a woman,"—a term which evidently implied inferiority in Sapsea's estimation. "I say woman. Of Ethelinda's brother Solomon, I will say this: there is no excuse for him. Perhaps it is wrong for me to speak thus. You may say that the strong should not trample on the weak. There are times when it cannot be helped. There are times when the mind is stronger than the body, and this is one of those times. And I repeat that there is no excuse for him, and for this reason—he could have learned from me, but would not."

Now it was pretty generally known that, previous to the deceased Mrs. Sapsea's marriage with that great Mind, Sol Brobity was very frank in his expressions concerning it, and declared that the name of Sapsea was enough to object to, if nothing more; but when to the name was coupled such a man, he felt it to be his duty, as a loving brother, to utter a protest. Sapsea was suggestive of sap-head; but as no human head could hold the sap—there being an ocean of it, figuratively—why, sea was substituted for head, in this instance, and hence Sap-sea.

Mr. Sapsea never forgot the indignity thus cast upon him by Sol, and therefore took occasion at all times to belittle his traducer.

Sol Brobity, as we find him to-day, is a thin, spare gentleman of sixty or thereabouts, with red whiskers on each side of his face that have a tendency to grow pointing toward his nose, as though either side were running a race to see which could reach that point first, or as if they would like to embrace each other at the earliest moment. His head is also covered with hair of the same colour, except that the top is bald and shines in the sun like a glass bottle. He was a bachelor, and, though often bantered thereat, declared that he didn't want anything about him that he couldn't understand; and, as he could never understand a woman, he didn't want a wife. He had lived with his mother for sixty years, and he didn't understand *her* yet; and, although there was a time when he thought he could comprehend his sister, she threw him all abroad again by marrying Sapsea, and since then he had given up all attempts to study female character, concluding that all women were so many living enigmas sent into the world to puzzle the brains of men.

He, with his mother, lived in the High-street, she an old lady of eighty-five at least, who doted on her son always, and

who, to this day, called him Solly, the same as when she rocked him in his cradle.

CLOISTERHAM.

The following is another quotation from the MS. :—

Walking briskly till he came to another street leading toward the river, he [Jasper] turned into it. This street bore anything but an aristocratic air in the appearance of its dwellings, and was in every way decidedly dirty. The crossings were filthy; the sidewalks were dilapidated, like the houses which they fronted; and it could hardly have been supposed to have been inhabited by anything human, were it not for an occasional smell of onions, or some other savory vegetable which now and then steamed up from the basements, to indicate to the passer-by that if they had forgotten how to be clean, they still recognised the importance of having something to eat.

Cloisterham could boast, it seemed, like its more pretentious neighbour, the Great City, of having poverty in its midst; and though, like its more pretentious neighbour, it tried to shut its eyes to the fact, they would not stay shut, for now and then some circumstance would present itself, which made the fact decidedly convincing. About mid-way between the High-street and the water was one house which commanded more attention than any other, from its kingly tumble-down appearance, and, as this narrative could not well go on without an introduction to one of its inmates, we will go in through the doorway, which is seldom closed, and ascend a flight of stairs that once boasted of a railing, but is now shorn of that useful appendage, probably because at some remote period coals were not plenty in that neighbourhood.

Ascending the stairs and gaining the landing, from some three or four doors we will select the one in the darkest corner, and enter. The room is occupied by three persons.

One of these persons is a man, apparently about thirty or thirty-five years of age, with black hair and eyes, and eyebrows so thick and bushy that it was no wonder the eyes beneath them were sunk far into the head, as though they were being crowded by degrees entirely out of sight. He possessed an athletic frame and high cheek-bones, and had a slow, awkward motion in all his movements. It would be difficult to determine his nationality were it not that his speech indicated him to be an Englishman. His dress was decidedly slouchy—nothing that he wore seemed to fit him. Although there was a slight sinister expression on his features, there was at the same time a pleasant devil-may-care look so mixed with it that even a skilled physiognomist would have been puzzled to decide the character of the man from reading his features. He had been christened with the name of Forbes; but as he grew in years, his friends and more intimate associates had seen fit, for some reason best known to themselves, to address him as Fopperty, and he continued to hold that cognomen to the present time. Speaking of his first name naturally leads us to his last one, and that was Padler. So, then, we will introduce to you, ladies and gentlemen, Fopperty Padler, and proceed to the next one of the trio.

This was Mrs. Padler, mother of the aforesaid; and if appearances did not deceive, she could not have been far from sixty or seventy—in fact, an old woman, and a very wicked old woman, if all that the neighbours hinted were true. She was short, thick-set, with stooping shoulders; and Nature or disease had caused one of her limbs to be shorter than the other, so that, when she walked, she reminded one very forcibly of the walking-beam of a steamer. Her face was of a dirty white colour, and such hair as she had was of nearly the same shade; and as she brushed it back, and made a very small pug, which she fastened to the crown of her head, it resembled more than anything else a very, very small ball of yarn, after the cat has had it to play with for a few hours. At the time we introduce this good soul, she seems to be a little out of temper, or a little *into* temper, which is, perhaps, the most correct way to express being decidedly cross.

The cause of these unpleasant feelings would seem to have sprung from something that the last of the trio had been doing—a little child—a girl—who might have been ten years old, and who looks so entirely unlike those by whom she is surrounded, that it seems astonishing how she comes to be in their company. Her habiliments, it is true, would show her to be one of the world's poor—one of those little waifs whom nobody cares for, and who soon enough—God help them!—learn to care for nobody. But there is a distinguishing characteristic in the face of this child that stamps her of a nobler nature than the average of this class of children. It is an intelligent face, with large, full blue eyes, that wear a

thoughtful expression, though now the tears are standing in them, for she is weeping.

Her beautiful brown hair falls in dishevelled masses over her shoulders, as though it were kindly trying to shield from vulgar gaze what her poor ragged dress could not cover. This was Bessie Padler, who called the woman at her side grandmother, but who, the neighbours slyly hinted among themselves, was really no relative. That some hidden mystery surrounded her they did not doubt. One thing they were sure of—the old woman did not hesitate to beat her, and she had a miserable existence. But it could not be helped, that any one could see, and there the matter ended.

MR. PETER PECKCRAFT.

In the twelfth chapter the reader is first introduced to Mr. Peter Peckcraft, and then to Miss Keep, who is emphatically an original. Thus begins the chapter :—

Had it not been that certain members of the human family were from time immemorial gifted with a faculty of collecting and preserving antiquities of divers kinds and species, it is more than probable that a vast amount of information which is now in possession of the present generation could never have been obtained; and where we now have tangible proofs of some of the habits and customs of those who, centuries ago, contributed toward the navigation of this Mammoth Ship—the earth—we should only have conjecture. But “their works live after them.” When this Mammoth Ship topples its old crew, one by one, into the Sea of Futurity, and takes on its new crew of green hands, it does not lose sight of the importance of retaining some of the old landmarks of mental and physical produce, and they get dug out of their depositories in which Captain Nature, in his far-seeing wisdom, thought best to stow them until such time as searchers after them shall release them from their hiding-places, and reveal their existence to the world.

Now, it is a fact which none will dispute, that we are all more or less tinctured with this passion for holding something of so rare a nature that no one else can obtain its like, whether it be a coin, a piece of furniture, dog, horse, or plant; and although this passion may, as some will declare, arise from selfishness or love of display, there is no doubt that our Creator engrafted it into our natures that we might the better assist him by retaining the superior productions of each successive age, and so encourage the yet unborn to greater perfection by comparison.

Whether Mr. Peter Peckcraft had, in the goodness of his heart, an eye to the welfare of those yet unborn generations, is not positively known, inasmuch as he never gave any proof that he had the welfare of anybody but himself at heart. Certain it is, however, that for a great many years he had been a dealer in curiosities of an antique nature, and kept a clerk; though whether this clerk was a necessary or an ornamental appendage, the customers of Mr. Peckcraft had never been able to decide. They only knew he was a clerk because Mr. Peckcraft, when he said “My clerk,” pointed to a very pale young man, who always occupied the same position on a high stool before a high desk at the back of the store, and who seldom spoke to the customers, but, when questioned on any point, referred the questioner to the proprietor by pointing with his pen to that personage.

Mr. Peckcraft, like a great many other gentlemen who live bachelors, was very particular to rise at five o'clock the year round, and prided himself very much on his ability to follow this rule. His lodgings were in Silver-square, and he had occupied them for many years, partly on account of his strong dislike to a change of whatever he had been accustomed to, and partly because the lady with whom he lived was a person who, like him, did not believe in the “Rolling Stone” business. This lady was known as Miss Keep, and a very precise and prim maiden lady she was indeed.

If Miss Keep should be aroused at any time of the night, and should be asked where the dust-brush was to be found, she would tell you to step into the basement, and behind the door you would see a row of hooks, and on the third hook from the door you would find the brush. No matter what the article, there was a place for it, and it could always be found there, night or day, when not in use.

As we were saying, Mr. Peckcraft arose the year round at five o'clock, and, in the recollection of Miss Keep, he had never deviated from that habit except on one occasion. He had been suffering the night before with a violent toothache, and had recourse to laudanum to quiet the pain. The pain

was quieted, and so was Mr. Peckcraft, for he did not waken the next morning till nearly an hour after his usual time, and when, on referring to his watch, he found that such was the case, he very deliberately put himself back into bed again, and remained there until five o'clock the next morning, thereby nearly frightening Miss Keep out of her seven senses until he had explained the cause to her through the keyhole, just as the two servants were on the point of bursting in his door by command of their mistress.

Miss Keep is rather tall and very slim. She has what was probably intended for a blue eye, but the bluing material must have got very low, and the consequence is that we cannot better describe its colour than by saying it was milky-blue. She wears her hair pressed tight to her temples in the form of a half-circle, and an artist with his brush could not carry the curve with a more perfect line. Her chin protrudes to about the same angle with her nose. Add to all this a maiden lady with a great love for poetry, and you behold Miss Keep as she is to-day.

CRITICAL COMMENTS.

The correspondent of the *Springfield Daily Union* gives other lengthy extracts from the MSS., and concludes as follows:—

Right here, a few minutiae may be very interesting. On examining the manuscript, I found "traveler" spelled uniformly with two l's, as is the universal practise in England, and only the rare one here. Observe, too, the use of the word "coals" for coal, the former being the customary English form. Notice the peculiar employment of capital letters, in precisely the form to be found in Dickens's works, as when he calls Mr. Grewgious an Angular Man. Remarkable, also, is the familiarity with the geography of London, which is noticeable in some of the extracts I have made, and in many passages not quoted. Notice the expression that the servant "had left directly she heard Rosa's answer"—a form of speech common in England, but almost unheard of in America. Then observe the sudden change from the past to the present tense, especially in lively narration—a transition of which Dickens was very fond, and notably so in his later works. These and many other little matters which might be mentioned are of slight consequence, perhaps, but it would be on just these sands that a bungling fraud would have stranded. Nevertheless, the fact remains that in the general resemblance of the book to the previous literary work of its alleged author, in the aggregation of the thousand and one things which go to form literary style, and in the shining through all of the indefinable something called genius, must this remarkable book rest its most remarkable claims upon public consideration.

I came to Brattleborough expecting to find this decidedly posthumous work a bubble which could be easily blown away. After two days careful and somewhat critical examination, I go away, I confess, a good deal puzzled. I reject in the first place as an impossibility—as every one would do after thoroughly investigating the matter—the theory that this manuscript book was written by the young man, Mr. A.—He says he has never read the first volume, and I care not whether he has or no, being fully convinced that he is not capable of writing so much as one page of the second volume. This, of course, is no disparagement; for how many men are capable of doing what Dickens left undone?

I am driven, then, to accept one of the two conclusions: either some man of genius is using this individual as a go-between, in order to place an extraordinary work before the public in an extraordinary way, or the book is, as it professes to be, dictated by Dickens himself from the other world. The one supposition is scarcely more astounding than the other. If there is in Vermont a man, heretofore unheard of, who is able to write as Dickens wrote, he surely has no cause to resort to any such device as this. If, on the other hand, Charles Dickens himself, "though dead, yet speaketh," what shall we next expect? It is but fair to say that, with the fullest opportunity for investigation, I found not the least evidence on any hand of fraud, while the name of the "amanuensis," were I allowed to give it, would dispel any suggestion of that kind from the minds of every citizen of this place who knows him.

Whatever may be the true state of the case, the critics are to have more than one opportunity to judge. This, if promises are fulfilled, is to be but the beginning, as the invisible Dickens (who long ago forbade the use of the medium by any spirit except himself), has notified him that he shall require his entire time, and has even given him the title of a new

story, to be begun as soon as the one now on hand is completed, the title being, "The Life and Adventures of Bockley Nickle-heep."

CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH THE WRITINGS ARE SAID TO BE GIVEN.

The writer of the article says:—

At first the medium wrote only three times a week and only three or four pages at a time, but he since came to write twice a day, and twelve, fifteen, and sometimes twenty pages at a sitting. The hand-writing is not his own, and shows some of the peculiarities of Dickens's hand, so far as there has been opportunity for comparison. At the beginning of each sitting it is almost as fine as a woman's, but after a page or two it grows very gradually coarser and coarser, until the scrawl on the last page is five or ten times as large as the hand at the start; and the beginning and end of each sitting may be distinctly seen through the whole twelve hundred pages by this peculiarity. On the top of some of the pages are pencil marks in various odd designs, memoranda, perhaps of some point to be revised; and in one or two cases phonographic signs, of which Mr. A. knows nothing. Sometimes the writing appears to be so hurried that it is by no means easy to make it out.

The *modus operandi* of the sitting is very simple. Provided with two sharpened lead pencils and an abundance of paper torn into half sheets, Mr. A. goes into a room alone. The usual hours of writing are six o'clock in the morning and half-past seven in the evening, hours when, at this time of the year, it is light; but the evening sitting is frequently prolonged till half-past eight, and the writing goes on equally well in darkness or light; indeed, the sittings during the winter months were wholly in the dark. Putting paper and pencils where they can be conveniently reached, this amanuensis of Dickens places his hands, palms downward, on the table, and unconcernedly awaits results. Not quite unconcernedly, however, for although it has become a matter of daily routine with him, and long ago lost the flavour of novelty, he confesses that he never sits down there alone, as if invoking the presence of the dead, without a certain feeling of awe creeping over him. He sits—frequently smoking at the time—sometimes one minute, three, five, ten, or half an hour, but usually, if "conditions" are right, but a moment or two. These conditions have reference principally to the weather. On any clear, pleasant day, the machine works without interruption; with him, as with the electric wire, a storm makes trouble, and the worse the storm the more the trouble, so that in any severe weather, no writing is attempted. After sitting at the table the requisite time, whatever it may be, Mr. A., not gradually, but instantly, becomes unconscious, and the writing goes on for half an hour, or an hour, and one sitting was even prolonged to an hour and a half. The only remembrance which he has of these trance periods, is that of seeing Dickens sitting beside him, usually with one hand held in meditative manner at the side of his face—a sad, grave face. He utters no word, but sometimes looks appealingly toward Mr. A., "and oh, such eyes!" All this, however, the medium remembers as one remembers a dream when just awaking—real yet intangible. The sign by which Mr. Dickens indicates that the sitting is at an end, is the placing of his hand on the medium's, and the first time that Mr. A. felt this pressure, seemingly as cold and heavy as that of the hand of Death itself, he screamed with fright, and can hardly think of that awful chilling sensation at any time, even now, without a shudder. This touch brings him to his senses, and he usually requires then the assistance of some person to release his hands from the table, to which they seem to be magnetically attached. On coming to himself, he discovers on the floor the work of the sitting, much or little, as the case may be. The pages are strewn about the room, where they appear to have been promiscuously thrown, and are without numbers, which are supplied by Mr. A. afterwards, the sense determining the connection. For a short time after arising from a sitting, Mr. A. suffers from a sharp pain in the chest, but this soon goes off, and is in fact the only unpleasant effect which he experiences. An extreme nervousness which he felt before his mediumistic powers were developed is entirely removed, and he never was in more robust, physical health than to-day.

THERE are now two spiritual societies in Dunedin, New Zealand, a new one having been formed just before the last mail left.

SPIRITUALISM IN DALSTON.

ON Thursday, August 28th, at a meeting of the Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism, held at their rooms, 74, Navarino-road, Dalston, London. Mr. A. E. Lovell (president) occupied the chair. Mr. Charles Blackburn, Mrs. and Miss Corner, and Miss Florence Cook, were among the listeners present.

Mr. Hugh McLeod, M.D., then rose to deliver a lecture on the "Logic of Spiritualism." He said that before he began his lecture, he wished to announce that his clairvoyant had resolved to take a public field of usefulness, although all her sittings had hitherto been held in private. She was an excellent seeress—her spirits could often read sealed letters, and sometimes, when conditions were good, she was an extraordinary test medium. She had resolved to adopt the name of "Sibyl" because she was timid, and did not like to appear before the public in her own name. He himself was a surgeon and a doctor of medicine, and should be glad to do all the good he could to patients. He then delivered his lecture, which is published in another part of this number of *The Spiritualist*.

Mr. G. R. Tapp said that taking the lecture broadly he agreed with it, and could find little in it to discuss. It was, however, a matter of great dispute whether Shakespeare ever visited Scotland; Halliwell and others had come to the conclusion that he never did. Did Dr. McLeod get his information on this head from the spirits?

Dr. McLeod said that he had had his information from Shakespeare himself, who had told him that he had been to Scotland; and in the preface to *Macbeth* in Knight's *Shakespeare*, it was stated that the poet had visited Aberdeen.

Mr. Blyton, Mr. Tapp, and others asked Dr. McLeod how it was that Mr. Burns would not publish any of the notices of Dr. McLeod's lectures which had been sent to him from time to time.

Dr. McLeod then went into details of some dissensions between Mr. Burns and himself about the printing of some reports and other matters, adding that Mr. Burns wished to stop him from working in the cause of Spiritualism if he could.

Mr. C. Blackburn proposed a vote of thanks to Dr. McLeod. This was seconded by Mr. Stephens, and carried unanimously with acclamation.

AN AMERICAN SPIRITUALISTIC CONVENTION.

THE Spiritualists of the State of New Jersey have been holding a mad revel in the town of Vineland, a thriving place of 10,000 inhabitants, under the pretence of a "State Convention of Spiritualism," as they have denominated a gathering of about three hundred long-haired men and short-haired women, who have assembled to hold a kind of "witches' Sabbath." The people of Vineland held, on 8th August, the twelfth anniversary of the founding of their town. The Spiritualists hearing that such an anniversary was to be held, seized the occasion to hold their annual demonstration. The Long Branch steamboat brought down to Sandy Hook about 200 of these people, who made connection for Vineland by the Southern New Jersey Railroad. "They were the queerest lot of people I ever saw in my life," says a reporter of the *New York Herald*, who accompanied the party, "Yet I recognised all the types of monomania that I have observed for the past eight years as a journalist among those Spiritualist and women's rights advocates in all their conventions and assemblages from Boston to St. Louis. A lady with short hair and a face like a nutmeg-grater, stepped up to me on the forward deck of the boat, and said, 'S-i-r, what in the name of Gee-ho-vah do you think of our mov-e-ment?' 'I think, madam,' said I, 'that it passes a joke.' 'A joke! a joke, sir!' said she, with a horrible twist of the mouth, 'have you no soul see-em-pathee? Have you no inner consciousness? Does not the Divine basis of your grovelling nature soar to a higher and more sidereal sphere—to a loftier existence? Will you not gather at the river with us, and join the heavenly band, where all shall be joy and bliss, and a serenity of unflinchingly exuberance.' No, ma'am, I said, 'I haven't got time.' Think of being shut up with these people on a narrow boat for an hour and a half—two hundred of them! Another lady, with short hair and dressed in a man's Sandusky linen duster and a man's yellow linen pants and a man's tie, struck me on the arm with her fan, the only article of woman's apparel about her, and said to me in a whisper—'Brother, do you not think that we shall soon arrive at a state of perfection? Is not this

day a glorious har-binger of our future s-t-a-t-e?" I was compelled to answer that I did not know, and that I did not care a cent if it was. When the Spiritualists got to Vineland they held an informal meeting, and the discourses that were delivered bordered on sheer madness.—*John o' Groat Journal*.

SPIRITUALISM IN AUSTRALIA.

THE much enduring credulity of Victorian Spiritualists has been severely tried lately by spirits breaking down in their performances in the presence of unbelievers. There is nothing remarkable in this, but the unconscious admissions made in accounting for it are amusing. I extract the following from our *Harbinger of Light* for July:—

It is a well-known fact that spirits can only communicate through certain magnetic or electric conditions, and unless these conditions exist, the spirit is powerless to manifest itself to its friends in the body. In rare cases the necessary conditions exist in the emanations of one person, but as a rule it requires the blended emanations of several persons to make up the necessary aura for the spirits to manifest through. Now, the odic emanation, or aura, of various individuals will not blend except they are, at least for the time being, on a similar plane of thought and idea; hence no benefit is derived by sitting in circle unless all are united in one common purpose; indeed, from the proximity of antagonistic spheres there is less probability of success than there would be if the individuals composing the circle sat alone.

I should mention that the antagonistic sphere which had done most mischief was a detective officer, who had been allowed to make one of a party of investigators invited to test some phenomena at Castlemaine, which had often repeated themselves in one favoured family, but unaccountably ceased on the visit of the policeman. A sympathetic inaction followed throughout the country, and the liveliest circles are still suffering from the shock. Manifestations of the new religion among ourselves are of the ordinary meaningless kind. The footsteps of its angels are heavy with lifted furniture, and spirit hands play tricks with bells and accordions and fling about wash-tubs and legs of mutton, as if the unseen world were peopled with the ghosts of clowns cut off in the flower of their buffoonery, but permitted still to inflict it on mortals ready to play pantaloons to them. Too many of our grave and sober citizens are willing to accept this humiliating part. They have lately opened a so-called "Lyceum" for the education of the young, in which the religious sentiment is starved on the driest moral platitudes, and an incoherent delusion takes up ground which was open for the foundations of belief.—*Times*, Sept. 4th.

ST. JOHN'S ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.—A special meeting of the members of this association was held on the 4th inst., when a revised code of rules was submitted to the members and approved of. It was announced that Goswell Hall, 86, Goswell-road, had been engaged by the committee, and that free public Sunday evening services would be held there. We understand that these services will commence on the 21st inst., when Dr. Sexton will deliver an address. Mr. Monck will occupy the platform on the following Sunday. The Thursday evening meeting of the Association will be continued at 7, Corporation-row, but it has not been decided what shape they shall take.

WINTER LECTURES.—At the close of a meeting to welcome Mrs. Tappan, reported in another column, a discussion took place on the subject of public lectures on Spiritualism during the coming winter. Dr. Sexton said that Spiritual meetings were much better attended in the provinces than in London, and people in the country were surprised when he told them that the Cavendish Rooms would only hold about 200 people, and were seldom full. Mr. Ganney said that it was always easier both to get halls for public purposes, and to get large audiences in the country than in London, because in the former case a few posters and an advertisement in the local paper made everybody aware of what was going on. Advertising in London was more expensive and gave less results, but a certain return was always the result of a certain amount of advertising in London, and could always be calculated upon. Dr. Sexton said that one advantage of regular Sunday meetings was that they soon became known, and they required no advertising. We think that regular Sunday meetings at Dalston and Brixton would soon become self-supporting. Spiritual meetings in London were formerly well-attended, and the way to make them successful once more, is to place them under good and popular management.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

At the Liverpool Conference the following resolution was passed unanimously :—

That this Conference invite its President, Mr. T. Everitt, also Messrs. J. C. Luxmore, A. E. Lovell, T. Blyton, A. C. Swinton, D. H. Wilson, R. Cogman, of London; also Dr. J. M. Gully, of Malvern; Messrs. Andrew Leighton, J. Chapman, J. Shepherd, J. Lamont, and T. Dimsdale, of Liverpool; Mr. Charles Blackburn, of Manchester; Dr. G. B. Clark, Edinburgh; and Mr. J. Brown, of Glasgow, to form themselves into an executive head, with power to add to their number, to carry out the objects of the National Association.

Dr. Clark and Mr. Morse, who drew up the resolution, in doing so acted upon the suggestion that a few gentlemen in London, who were known to be willing and able to give time to work for the good of Spiritualism, might meet and get through much of the preliminary work with expedition, after which they could greatly enlarge the Council, and submit their plans for consideration. The names were well chosen, as they include gentlemen of good business ability, with no very violent theological or anti-theological views, and altogether their actions would be likely to be generally popular and well supported.

At a hurried first meeting of the Council, afterwards held in Liverpool, between two Conference meetings at which a great deal of work was done, the Council was considerably enlarged. The following is the official report :—

Islington Assembly Rooms, Liverpool, Aug. 7th, 1873.

A meeting of the gentlemen present in Liverpool, who had been invited by the conference to form a committee of management for the New National Association of Spiritualists, was held here this evening—present, Messrs. Shepherd, Lamont, Dimsdale, and Chapman, Liverpool; Everitt, London; Clark, Edinburgh. The Secretary of the Conference reported that they had not yet received all the accounts, but, as far as he was aware, he thought the expenses would be defrayed by the subscriptions. It was resolved that the London members should be requested to draw up the constitution and laws, and elect the office-bearers. The following names were added to the list proposed at the conference :—Messrs. S. C. Hall, N. F. Dawe, J. T. Taylor, William Howitt, W. Tebb, E. D. Rogers, J. T. Hoskins, M. Theobald, J. Harper, Mrs. Tebb, and Mrs. Makdougall Gregory. Mr. Everitt, as president of the conference, was empowered to call a meeting in London as soon as convenient, and, if possible, before the 1st October. The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

G. B. CLARK, Secretary *pro tem*.

The above includes one gentleman who cannot attend to get through preliminary work, namely, Mr. Howitt, who is on the Continent. Perhaps then it may be best to form the full Council at once, and the following are among the ladies and gentlemen whom it will probably be unanimously agreed ought to be invited to take part in the work : Mr. A. R. Wallace, Mr. C. F. Varley, Dr. S. T. Speer, Mrs. Speer, Lady Caithness, Miss Douglas, Miss Ponder, Mrs. Rudd, Miss Shorter, Mr. Algernon Joy, Mr. Benjamin Coleman, Sir Charles Isham (Northampton), Mr. Enmore Jones, Mr. R. Pearce, Mr. C. W. Pearce, Mr. J. Wason (Liverpool), Mr. G. R. Hinde (Darlington), Mr. Thomas Grant (Maidstone), Mr. Bowman (Glasgow), Mr. Aaron Franklin (Birmingham), Dr. Hitchman (Liverpool), and Mr. Beattie (Bristol).

As it stands the Council is a good one, and if enlarged as suggested above, the following will be its composition :—

MESSRS. Wallace, Varley, Luxmore, Gully, Blackburn, Wason, Coleman, Howitt, Enmore Jones, Lovell, Blyton, Swinton, Wilson, Cogman, Joy, Sir Charles Isham, Messrs. Leighton, Shepherd, Lamont, Chapman, Dimsdale, Dr. Clark, Dr. Speer, Dr. Hitchman, Messrs. Grant, Brown, Hinde, Bowman, Harper, Franklin, Hall, Tebb, Dawe, Taylor, Rogers,

Beattie, R. Pearce, Hoskins, C. W. Pearce, Theobald, Lady Caithness, Miss Douglas, Mrs. Makdougall Gregory, Mrs. Speer, Miss Ponder, Miss Shorter, Mrs. Rudd, and Mrs. Tebb.

In drawing up the constitution of the Association, it might be well to study the well-considered rules and constitution of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, for it will have analogous work to do; the constitution of an efficient learned society, say the Royal Astronomical Society, might also be examined. Most of the learned societies work well, all their members have due power of voting and expressing their opinions by ballot, and the power of bringing any disputed points or real grievance before the whole body, which then gives its votes under such a fair system, that the minority cannot well complain of the injustice of any decision. Therefore, much time and trouble may be saved, by adopting to a large extent the rules and regulations of an old established learned society.

Almost the only danger which at the present time might interfere with the good working of the Association, is the introduction of theological differences, and the sooner that a resolution is passed that the Association is formed for purely business purposes, and has nothing to do with theological matters, the better.

Perhaps the Association had better begin with some very simple easy work, rather than attempt too much and fail. The encouragement of public lecturing is much needed. If the Association gave £1 ls. each per Sunday evening for four halls in different parts of London, leaving Spiritualists in each locality to find lecturers, the benefit would be immense. Local Spiritualists would get a hall for nothing, and an income from collections at the doors, leaving but a small balance to be made up. Under these conditions regular Sunday evening meetings would be established in Brixton, Dalston, Clerkenwell, and Marylebone, at an Association expenditure of £200 a-year. Dissensions could not very well arise in the Association in the matter of hiring halls, since public buildings do not hold rabid theological or anti-theological opinions. The Association might make grants to assist provincial societies.

Could not the Association begin its work by bringing Spiritualists together at a *soiree*, say at the Cannon-street Hotel, and by giving a public reception thereat to M. Alexandre Aksakof, of St. Petersburg?

If the ladies and gentlemen who are upon the Council, or are likely to be placed upon it, would write to Mr. T. Everitt, Hendon, N.W., making suggestions to him, and stating what day, as near to the 1st of October as possible, would best suit them to attend the first London meeting of the Council, it would doubtless aid him very much, and save him much correspondence.

WE have much pleasure in calling attention to a letter by Mr. Enmore Jones, in another column, announcing a series of Spiritual meetings to be held under his management at the Gower-street Assembly Rooms, and trust that he will be well supported in the matter by all friends of Spiritualism.

AMONG the best books giving elementary information on Spiritualism are *The Rise and Progress of Spiritualism in England*, by Benjamin Coleman (Allen, Ave Maria-lane, 1s.); *Concerning Spiritualism*, by Gerald Massey (Burns, Southampton-row, W.C., 1s.); *Where are the Dead?* (Simpkin Marshall and Co., Stationer's-Hall-court;) and *The Debatable Land*, by the Hon. Robert Dale Owen (Trübner and Co.). The latter work is a standard text-book, and deeply interesting to general readers as well as to persons inquiring into Spiritualism.

MRS. CORA L. V. TAPPAN.

On Friday, September 5th, a meeting, called together by Mr. Burns, was held at his place of business, 15, Southampton-row, Holborn, W.C., to welcome Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, an American trance medium. Mr. George Sexton, M.D., was voted into the chair.

Mr. Thomas Shorter said that Spiritualists always desired to welcome friends who visited them from distant places. America was the home of freethought, it was the cradle of modern Spiritualism, and to America England was indebted for a great impulse to popular liberty, common rights, free justice, popular suffrage, and other movements which had done so much to improve modern society. Mrs. Tappan was a celebrated medium; she came to England introduced by Robert Dale Owen, one of the foremost advocates of Spiritualism in America, a man whose judgment could be relied upon, and whose words were free from exaggeration. Mrs. Tappan had visited England before, some twenty years since; she was then Miss Cora Scott. He had much pleasure in moving "That this meeting extends a warm welcome to Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, and rejoices in the fact that she is desirous of placing her powers as an inspirational speaker at the service of Spiritualism."

This was seconded by the Rev. F. W. Monck.

Mr. Enmore Jones said that years ago he had much enjoyed the inspirational descriptive poetry of Cora Scott; for several years he had scarcely taken up an American newspaper, but he hoped that she had been going on of late as in her early days; he esteemed her for her work's sake in years gone by. He attended the meeting in consequence of seeing the following introduction to English Spiritualists by Mr. Dale Owen:—

BOSTON, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
April 15th, 1873.

I beg to commend to the good offices of my friends in England generally, and especially to all who take an interest in Spiritual studies, my excellent friend, Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, of New York.

We have not, among the women of America, any more enlightened, more judicious, or more eloquent exponent of the principles of what, in modern phrase, is termed Spiritualism, than this lady; and I am sure that those who have thought deeply on the subject will be much gratified by making her acquaintance.

(Signed) ROBERT DALE OWEN.

For the reasons he had already mentioned, and in consequence of the above introduction from Robert Dale Owen, he would support the resolution.

Miss Hay said that she had recently heard Mrs. Tappan speak twice in Boston, and was glad to welcome her to England.

The resolution was passed with acclamation, and the chairman expressed to Mrs. Tappan the hearty welcome accorded to her by the meeting.

Mrs. Tappan, in reply, said she could hardly express her feelings, first because she was ill, secondly because words failed her; neither did she take the welcome personally, for she had never written or spoken a word which had not been inspired by spiritual beings. Spiritualism had no country, nationality, or sect; it chose its mouthpieces wherever they could be found, and had but one word to give to the world—"The Immortality of the Human Soul." No creeds or theologies entered its inspired teachings, and it taught that all were brothers and sisters in the great world of immortal love.

Mrs. Tappan was then entranced, and the controlling spirit said:—"We too, thank you. The world of spirits is alive, and anxious for just such utterances as those you have given to this medium worker; take care of your mediums, and there will be no lack of proof of the spirits' power, and of the immortality of the human soul. Spiritualism is the science of sciences, and the solvent of all theologies; study and investigation on your part are necessary, but above all, look within yourselves for an intuitive response to the question of the reality of immortal life. Unless your own intuitions are opened, you cannot well understand our teachings. Spiritual ideas must not be buried beneath worldly cares. Far above is the temple of spiritual science, broad as the universe, and with its foundations in eternal truth. We thank you for encouraging a voice which proclaims that there is no death, and we shall hereafter address you again through an instrument which we have reared from childhood."

Mr. Andrew Leighton, of Liverpool, in commenting upon one portion of Mrs. Tappan's address, said that spiritual principles could be put in force in the business of daily life, and that spirituality in its highest sense, was not necessarily clouded in the minds of those who had to battle with worldly cares. There was a great deal of true religion in a man

making himself satisfied with his position in the world, and doing well the work which came nearest to hand. (Applause.)

After a few remarks from Messrs. Slater, Glendenning, Ganney, Barber, Harper, and others, the meeting closed.

TESTIMONIAL TO JUDGE EDMONDS.

THE following letter from Mr. Coleman, proposing the presentation of a testimonial to Judge J. W. Edmonds, of New York, reached us just before going to press. Judge Edmonds has done such good work for Spiritualism that his deeds deserve the recognition of English Spiritualists; so this matter should be warmly taken up. It may be but the beginning of a series of international compliments. The labours of Mr. Dale Owen also deserve national recognition.

To the Editor of "The Spiritualist."

SIR,—I know of no man so deserving of the respect of Spiritualists of all shades of religious opinions as Judge Edmonds, of New York. His devotion to the cause, and the sacrifices he has cheerfully made to uphold his convictions for more than twenty years past, entitle him to all honour. I beg, therefore, that you will permit me to appeal to the Spiritualists of England to join me in presenting a suitable testimonial (to be hereafter decided upon by a committee) to Judge Edmonds, to mark the high appreciation in which we hold his character. For this purpose I propose that a uniform sum of 5s. each shall be subscribed and entrusted to me to carry out (with the assistance of this committee) our object. Whatever surplus there may be, I will undertake shall be devoted to some special purpose in furtherance of the cause of Spiritualism in England.

Those of your contemporaries who approve of this suggestion will, perhaps, make it known through the columns of their respective journals. It would save trouble if some one known in his own neighbourhood would be good enough to collect subscriptions and forward them to me with the names of the subscribers.

BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

1, Bernard-villas, Upper Norwood, S.E.

THE statement in the *Medium* newspaper that only twenty people were present at the first meeting of the Liverpool Conference is not reliable. We printed the names of about forty who were present, and the chief towns and chief Spiritual societies in the United Kingdom were represented. These misstatements tend to sacrifice the interests of Spiritualism to trade interests.

THE SPECIAL NUMBER OF "THE SPIRITUALIST."—The gentlemen who bought large quantities of the last number of *The Spiritualist* for distribution were—Mr. Enmore Jones, 200 copies; Sir Charles Isham, Bart., 100; Mr. T. Morris, 100; Mr. Mc Isaack, 100; "Fritz," 100; Dr. Hitchman, 100; Dr. Richardson, 50; Mr. M. Theobald, 50; Dr. S. T. Speer, 50; Mr. M. H. C., 50; Mr. T. Swinburne, 25; A Friend, 250; and Mr. Clement Pine, 100. The last two quantities (350) were posted from the office to leading newspapers and to leading members of the British Association, the others were distributed by the purchasers, the total given away being 1,325. Large numbers have also been sold in quantities of less than a dozen, and copies of the number can now be had only at full price.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—The British Association for the Advancement of Science begins its sittings next Wednesday at Bradford, Yorkshire, when Dr. Carpenter will attend, and resign the presidency to his successor. The local building selected for the Anthropological Department is the Church Institute, consequently the clergy may have an opportunity of discussing the subject of men and monkeys on their own premises. Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.S., President of the Psychological Committee of the Anthropological Institute, and Dr. William Huggins, F.R.S., intend to be present at the Bradford meeting, so also does Dr. Balfour Stewart, F.R.S., who wrote in *Nature* one of the fairest and most philosophical articles on Spiritualism ever penned by an unbeliever; he will be the guest of Sir Titus Salt, Bart. Professor Tyndall and Mr. C. F. Varley are both in Switzerland, but will, probably, return to attend the meeting; indeed, rooms have been taken at the Victoria Hotel, Bradford, for Professor Tyndall. Lodging accommodation for visitors to Bradford is limited and expensive; for particulars on this head see the *Engineer* of last Friday.

THE LOGIC OF THE SPIRIT.*

"Time was—the brains out—the man would die,
And there an end: but now they rise again,
With twenty horrid murders on their crowns."
Macbeth.

"Tell me where is Fancy bred;
Or in the heart, or in the head?"
Milton.

OPINIONS OF THE ANCIENTS ABOUT THE HUMAN SOUL.

My friends, I am afraid that after all our trouble and pains, and the labours and pains of millions of disembodied spirits, our Spiritualism, as yet, can only be called a "speculation," and if so you, as "enquirers," are still on the right side, at least the *discreet* side, of this great speculation.

What is the soul, or spirit? is a question, I think I may be safe in asserting, which no man or woman has succeeded in answering to the satisfaction of any party. It is akin to the question, "What is God?" and perhaps, like that, cannot be answered, or does not admit of an answer. But the speculation should be a pleasure—"a feast of reason"—to the students of Logic, and we will proceed, if you please, with the inquiry.

Of course we must look into the ancients, and see what they have to say on this subject. They were perplexed, we find, as we are, and expressed themselves variously.

We are told, in Greece, the cradle both of arts and errors, and in which the strength and weakness of the human mind have been so strikingly displayed, men reasoned as we ourselves do now upon the subject of the human soul. We have it on the authority of Voltaire that the divine Anaxagoras—to whom an altar was raised—taught that the sun was larger than Peloponnesus; that some snows were black; that the heavens were composed of stone; and that the soul was *immortal and aerial*. This Anaxagoras was a very noble philosopher: he left his home, like another Columbus, on voyages of discovery; he was, perhaps, our first cosmopolitan, for his friends demanding why he had so little regard for his home, that he left it and his country, he pointed to heaven, and said that was his country.

Diogenes, of Babylon, declared that the soul was a portion of the very substance of God. Epicurus said the soul had parts like the physical body; and it is possible that he had, at this early time, seen the materialisation of spirit forms, through some medium of powers analogous to those of Florence Cook and others. Aristotle declared that the mind, or understanding of men, was one and the same thing, or substance; and Plato, the divine master of the divine Aristotle, and Socrates, the divine master of both, pronounced the soul corporeal and eternal.

The most distinguished fathers of the Christian Church in the early ages held the latter opinion also, and taught that the human soul, and angels, and even God Himself, were corporeal, material, and immortal. Descartes published a logical demonstration that the soul was the same as thought, as matter is the same thing as extension; and this, I presume, is the accepted theory of most logical Spiritualists at the present moment. The great logician Locke, after having (to his own satisfaction, at least) combated and destroyed the doctrine of "innate" ideas, renounces the belief that *man always thinks*. He affects to have established,

beyond dispute, the principle that all we know is derived to us through the organs of physical sense. Because of this reasoning he had to fly from England, as the bigots let loose upon him the ignorant mob—always at the call of rascal king or rascal priest—with the cry, "Locke denies the immortality of the soul!" "Locke is opposed to the Church!" &c., &c. But, I ask, let any unprejudiced person read his great work, the *Human Understanding*, carefully through, and they will soon discover that he was a believer in the *possibility*, at least, of the soul's immortality, for these are, in effect, his own words: that there are parts of matter imperishable and indivisible; that Almighty God may, whenever He pleases, unite thought to one of these particles and preserve it for ever. He does not mean to say that God has actually done this; but he says that it may be done. It belongs not to us, who are only of yesterday, to set limits to the power of the Creator—the Infinite Being—immutable and self-existent.

The ancient Greeks distinguished three sorts of souls, if I may be allowed the expression; *Psyche*, signifying the sensitive soul—the soul of the *senses*; and hence we read of Ion, the son of Aphrodite, and his passion for *Psyche*, and that she loved him tenderly. Then *Pneuma*, the *breath*; though this word is the Latin for spirit, or ghost, *pneumon* is also Latin for *the lungs*, and when a consumptive has gone the way of "all flesh," we usually write, in certifying his death, that the immediate cause was *pneumonia*—meaning that the subject died for *want of breath*, literally. It is this *pneuma* which gives life and motion to the entire structure. Then there is *Noûs*, or intelligence, which resides in the head. Here we have a true "trinity," you will see, a very suggestive matter for orthodox Christians.

St. Hilary says, there is nothing created which is not corporeal; neither in heaven nor on the earth; neither visible nor invisible; all are formed of "elements;" and souls, whether they inhabit a body, or are without a body, have always a corporeal substance. Gassendi, in his objections to Descartes, says, "It is true that you know you think, but you who think know not of what kind of substance you are: thus, though the operation of thought is known to you, the principle of your essence is hidden from you; and you do not know what is the nature of that substance, one of the operations of which is to think." Now, up to the present time, August the 28th, 1873, I very much question if our best metaphysicians have got one step in advance of this assertion of Gassendi.

And thus these men have talked and written concerning the nature and immortality of the human soul, some affirming and others denying. But there was no "revelation" in those days; and, indeed, as you have read, wherever a medium was discovered, he or she was not suffered to live, and the spirit world was then much more reticent than now. Besides, it has long been the opinion of many very advanced Spiritualists that the spirit or spirit-life of the Spiritual world, the world of causes, ebbs and flows, according to laws as mysterious as its own nature; it is an influx or efflux, and the last great manifestation of the former began, we are told, in a New York suburb some twenty-six years ago.

According to some spirit authors who came in with that advent, we are to believe that spirit is of two kinds, both, in one form or another, pervading all nature and

* Lecture by Hugh McLeod, M.D., delivered before the Dalton Association of Enquirers into Spiritualism, August 28th, 1873.

space, viz., spirit particed and unparticed; alike in essence and eternal. But its "composition" may never be known, as I have already said. I have, believe me, searched all possible literary "holes and corners" for information on this head, and I have come away empty-handed.

Now, are there *three* souls or only one? Is it an unity or trinity? Was this trinity the origin of the doctrine of God's Trinity?—

1. Psyche—the spirit of the heart and senses.
2. Pneuma—spirit of breath and motion.
3. Nous—spirit of brain or intelligence.

Do these act singly and independently, or unitedly and harmoniously?

These are the queries that are submitted for our reflection. I do not propound them for answer within the compass of an hour, or of an age.

"The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point!
The stars shall fade away: the sun, himself,
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

This is her nature—and it is God's! But whence came she, and where is she generated, and how?

"O tell me where is Fancy bred—
Or in the heart, or in the head?"

This Fancy is the animated spirit anyhow, though its exact anatomy has not yet been described by any one. So, here we are in the enquiry—what is the nature, and what are the qualities of the human soul?

Into what kind of crucible shall we put the soul for analysis? I'll tell you what I am prepared to do, my friends. Find me the crucible, fitted for such a vast and delicate operation, and I will promise you a fair, if not entirely satisfactory, result. We have already to hand crucibles for all metals, earths, and their combinations; apparatus for the manufacture, separation, and condensation of all kinds of liquids, gases, and vapours. I can collect and show you pure oxygen, as much like the spirit we are talking of, perhaps, as anything suggested: for oxygen is by far the most widely diffused of all the elements. It constitutes one-fifth of the atmosphere, by weight, eight-ninths of the ocean and all other waters; one half the solid rocks of the globe, and, indeed, of every solid substance we see around us, and more than one half the bodies of all living animals and plants. It is independent of temperature, and its activity never ceases, whether rusting iron in the open air, or blazing in the furnace or oven. But who ever heard of "intelligent" oxygen? No one; therefore it is not spirit, for spirit, if not intelligence itself, is intelligent. Oxygen does not, of itself, move solid matter through matters equally solid, or invest inert material with the power of speech and motion. It does not appear in the forms of our dear friends departed; it does not write on paper or slate, and without human aid; nor will it photograph itself on window-panes, nor give tests of its personal identity. So we seek elsewhere. It is a beautiful sight to see phosphorus burning in pure oxygen, and mediums have told me that this light is something like the *light forms* of our spirits, or the spirits of highly progressed men and women, for the "visiting angels" appear to my *clairvoyante* above the brightness of the noon-day sun on the clearest of days. But yet the spirit is not phosphorus. Though, from what I now know, I am con-

vinced that spirits make use of the preparations of this substance, in a crude or sublimed state; and, I think it may be from some such preparations of our spiritual chemists, that the spirits of the slain in the late Continental war used to photograph those pictures we read of on the panes of glass in Metz and the villages on the left bank of the Rhine. But the spirit of man is not, it would appear, a combination of any of the chemical elements known to us, and I need hardly rehearse them further. Electricity has been mentioned as a likely body for the soul, but it is not so; it is neither electricity nor magnetism, nor ether, nor ozone; if it were the latter, I suppose Western England would be a great haunt of spirits: but it is not so, the north, in this respect, being more likely, for it was thither that Shakespeare journeyed in order to consult the "witches." Hence his great tragedy of *Macbeth*.

THE SUBJECTIVE AND OBJECTIVE NATURE OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

Some sceptics triumphantly declare that we Spiritualists are all mistaken; for all the phenomena (say they) are *subjective*: that we merely manifest to ourselves, and that the visions of our best mediums are reflections of themselves, their surroundings, and mortal incidents—that the rare intellectual manifestations of special mental lucidity, as in the case of A. J. Davis and others, are all the results of a transference (somehow conducted, but they do not say how) from one brain to another; and the likeness of the materialised spirits to Miss Cook and other media of the same quality are now being urged as a proof of this theory. I will allow those who have seen the materialised forms of the departed, in the presence of Miss Cook and others, to defend this position; all I have to say on the subject goes to prove that these phenomena are both subjective (inasmuch as there must be a medium) and objective, inasmuch as the phenomena I have witnessed are as much independent of the medium as the water in that tumbler is of the rolling river Thames of its bed; both pronounce themselves to me "water," though the one stands still in a vessel of glass and the other rolls along a bed of gravel. "It is all electro-biology," says another, "and I can make your medium believe what I like, if you will only permit me to be present when the 'spirit' entrances her. I could make her believe that this tumbler of water is a glass of milk." I said to an electro-biologist, "Come to my house, and you shall see my medium entranced by the spirit, and if you can do as you say—make her believe that that glass of water is a glass of milk, or anything else but what it is—I will never more advocate the claims of Spiritualism." But my electro-biological friend never came up to try his declaration. In fact, your cerebral transfer theory is unmitigated humbug; and your platform electro-biological manifestations are sometimes, though not always, a got up—and a badly got up—swindle. Why, true mediums, such as the "Sibyl" whom I will introduce to you this evening, see, at one time, countless myriads of spirits—of various forms, of both sexes, of all sorts of complexion—some as dusky and dark as a certain theological personage, and others whiter than snow and far above the brightness of the sun. She has seen very high and advanced spirits several times, and declares it is impossible for her to convey to human beings any notion whatever of their brightness or effulgence. But it is not at all like sunlight or starlight, or any other materialised light; nothing like the lime-light or

the magnesium light. It is a great pity that some of our greatest men of science refuse to give attention to Spiritualism, because of what they call the "behaviour of spirits." Why does it never strike really clever people that it may be the fault of the medium and not the spirit? This is what is the matter with Professor Huxley, I understand; but did he not say to a certain bishop, at Bristol, some time ago, that scientific men should not be governed by the behaviour of animals—by likes and dislikes. It is the old thing over again,—"The devil can cite scripture for his purpose."

Then odyle has been mentioned—all "manifestations" are merely the result of the quantity and quality of this subtle force? Are they? A shallow philosophy has long endeavoured to condemn everything as superstitious and unreal that was mysterious, that is,—that was rare, or unusual, or coming in to us from the world of causes out of the beaten track; but mystery is the normal aspect of all the phenomena of being. We seem nowhere able to penetrate far below the surface of things. I am prepared, however, to say that the spirit is not odyle—or od-force as it has been called. Reichenbach is the first authority on this subject. Many believe that odyle (which is only another name for *aura*, in my opinion) is all the spirit we shall ever find here, or hereafter; and these think it useless to go beyond Reichenbach, Gregory, and Ashburner. Certainly odyle bears a strong resemblance to the spirit in several ways. It is distinct from heat, electricity and magnetism; and I surmise, and I think I am first to say so, that this odyle is a principal element in the materialising of spirit-forms. It is always present when magnetic action is manifest, yet it is often present when magnetism is absent. Odyle is the agent exercised in healing the sick by spirit-power, I am already prepared to affirm.

Man's entire left side is in odyle opposition to his right; and, of course, the right hand or foot to the left hand and foot; but male and female are not qualitatively different. And thus perfect health is the result, of perfect odyle equilibrium. The light of odyle can be concentrated by a lens into a focus, and it may be also, I have reason to believe, condensed into a plastic material for the clothing of the bodies of spirits who can then be seen by mortals. Thus, anyhow, "ghosts" are, and have been, seen; and the lights seen over graves in burial grounds are purely odyle, and not spiritual.

DR. M'LEOD'S DEFINITION OF SPIRIT.

I will now attempt to give a definition—or an attempt at a definition of spirit, after a really laborious and exhaustive study of the subject, and the nature of the phenomena of spirit for many years. I must ask you, however, to allow me to postulate from what I have already adduced that spirit is a word which represents or expresses the idea of that part of the human being which is undying; which from the moment of its individuation in the mortal form, becomes an immortal personality, capable of sustaining itself in death, and amid all mundane and supra-mundane changes. The utility, or desirability of living for ever forms no part of our present enquiry. Euclid, you know, asks you to grant him *one* thing, or he cannot proceed, and that is his straight line, and that it may be drawn from any one point to any other point, simply as a basis for his operations; and I ask you to do no more for me, but to admit this spirit, and the reasonableness of its distinctiveness for all other matters in what follows:—

1. The real man is a spirit
2. Distinct from and independent of matter; but
3. All matter is the expression of spirit.
4. Without spirit matter would be inert; and without matter spirit would be without the power of expression.
5. The highest type of spirit expression is man.
6. The attributes, and qualities, and powers of his spirit are boundless; incomprehensible, in an absolute sense; progressive and eternal.
7. He alone possesses reason, judgment, and memory. His qualities—love, wisdom, knowledge, will. His powers singularly his own, unshared by and unlike all other expressions of nature; yet the expression of universal nature is to be found in him!
8. The spirit of man can "manifest," as it is called, after the change called death, to those still in the human world; and can take upon itself, in union with the laws of harmony, to control the living human organisms of other men and women; and give, through such media, incontestible proof of its identity, among other phenomena.
9. Now, no other power or force in nature, with which we are familiar (or in art either), is capable of such manifestations. None of the elements of chemistry, electricity, or magnetism, or odyle, or of their combinations, so far as scientific research has extended up to the present moment.

These spirits of "departed" men, women, and children give proof of their undying nature in innumerable ways, generally by—

1. Showing themselves to clairvoyant (or clear-sighted) persons, independently of space or distance.
2. By clairvoyance, and by speaking as with the human voice.
3. By giving writings through trance or normal mediums, the character of the writing being, though not uniformly so, the same as in the earth-life. Also by "direct" means (a sample of which I present to you now), in secret and locked cabinets, or under such conditions as no human being could write.
4. By pronouncing the profoundest, and most learned, and most scientific discourses in many languages, "dead and living," through unlettered media. Also reading of sealed letters.
5. By playing upon musical instruments, in the dark and in the light; sometimes in the most artistic manner, and to the surprise and satisfaction of the best judges, and without human instrumentality.
6. Healing the sick without the exhibition of drugs, and at any distance.
7. By photographing their likenesses, and without the aid of a mortal operator (whereby all suspicion of collusion and imposture are impossible), on window panes, &c., &c.
8. By moving ponderous articles of furniture; carrying persons in the body from place to place; throwing of stones, opening and shutting of doors, &c., without human aid, and as oft in the daylight as dark.
9. By giving independent "tests" as to identity, which have satisfied the most critical minds all over the world.

BELIEVERS IN SPIRITUALISM.

I present you with the following great names in testimony of the foregoing:—

In the Past:—The principal personages in Bible history; also Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Confucius, Homer, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Epictetus, Galen, Cicero, Horace, Cato, Virgil, Pliny, Plutarch, Roger Bacon, Geoffrey Chaucer, Edmund Spenser, William Shakespeare, Lord Bacon, John Milton, Joseph Addison, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Rev. John Wesley, Lord Byron, Sir W. Scott, Robert Burns, Thompson, Beattie, and all the Churches in every age.

In the Present (some of whom are now living in the body):—Robert Owen, Robert Dale Owen, W. M. Thackeray, Charles Bell, Robert Chambers, Professor De Morgan, Lord Lindsay, Dr. Elliotson, Dr. Wilkinson (Garth), Dr. Doherty, Mr. Varley, Mr. Wallace, Professor Brittain, Professor Hare, Professor Mapes, Mr. Crookes, and most of the distinguished men and women in the world of letters on the Continent, and, in short, in all countries; and in connexion with the principal newspapers of the United Kingdom.

The conditions of and for the exhibition of phenomena are very varied. In this room there is not an atom of air, or an atom which moves in it that has not

its effect upon us, and as these change and vary so do we; your conditions change without any volition of yours, and you change with each breath and pulsation; and we must shape our reflections accordingly.

Look back into your past lives, severally, and say, how much of the old remains with the new! When the laws of chemical combination, in their relation to mental and bodily disorders, are understood by the masses, as well as they are by the educated few, we shall require no more "singing pilgrims" to chaunt nonsense about "original sin," or the shedding of blood for the correction of error or the redemption of men, "hells of fire and brimstone," or the curses of the Gods.

THE DETERMINATION OF ENERGY.

Though all spirit, therefore, in its unparticled essence is ONE, the moment it takes upon itself "form" it becomes distinctive, assumes character, and is subject to the laws and phenomena of change. These act and re-act upon one another by chemical affinity and capillary attractions resulting in fresh character and new forms *ad infinitum*. The unindividuated essence, God, the great Father, "in whom there is no variableness or shadow of turning," I suppose we must hold exempt from the conditions and associations which affect us. But as the stars in the sky, as the flowers of the garden, or woodland, or forest and desert—as the animal world, from the hissing serpent to the bounding steed, differ and present an infinite variety of character, quality, and form—so does MAN. Capable of the loftiest aspirations—able to reach himself up, under proper conditions, to within sight of the Divine source from which he inherits his priceless immortality and divinity, he is, nevertheless, while in this form of flesh, at least "the creature of circumstances," cradled in wealth and glory, or picked up by our police from dunghill or cinder-heap!

When, therefore, after this night, my dear immortal friends, you seek the truth either from halls of science, or in the quiet of your *seance* rooms, please to remember that all results depend, for their excellence or usefulness, on the conditions you make and the associations you form.

The partition which divides us from the Spirit-world—the world of causes—which I may have the happiness to explain to you hereafter, is thin as air. You are, indeed, in the Spirit-world now, and though you may not see those gone before, my unseen audience far outnumbered my hearers in the body.

I cannot say much more on this subject to-night, for time will not permit me; but I will say that I do not expect to have "carried the house with me" in all I have advanced; for some persons see much further and clearer than others. Some have telescopic eyes, others microscopic. Conviction of the truth of what I have said may have reached some of you by spirit impression, independent of any method of intellectual labour. The man born blind sees neither sun, nor moon; nor stars; but though he is blind, he still believes in the seeing faculties of those around him. The great difficulty in the way of promoting a belief in the reasonableness of spirit existence consists in the inability of our disembodied spirit friends to manifest themselves to the senses of all men and women alike. It is well-known that our best mediums, for sundry very proper reasons, charge a price for the privilege of investigating the "Logic of Spirit" through them; but

satisfaction cannot be guaranteed to all men and women alike, at any price; therefore, the logic of spirit existence must necessarily fall dead on the ears of some who hear my words to-night. The half-informed and vain-glorious materialist pronounces spirit nothing but either the effect of material conditions, and, *therefore*, still matter, or imposture. A summary way of ending a debate surely! But ask your materialist to define you matter—to give you the "Logic of Matter"—he is obliged to tell you that he knows nothing of matter in an absolute sense. That is precisely the fix we Spiritualists are in; of spirit, in an absolute sense, we know nothing.

The astronomer who unfolds to us the harmony of the stellar universe; who talks to us wondrously of myriads of planets larger, much larger, and perhaps of greater importance than our earth; who dilates on the laws of motion, of eclipses, and of comets, excites the multitudes to awe, but never to denial of his statements—because their ignorance of the subject and educational disabilities render it impossible for them either to understand or receive proof, or evidence, in support of his theories and mathematical demonstrations. Were I to lay on this platform to-night the two greatest works of human thought, viz. *Newton's Principia* and *Euclid's Elements*, to how many persons present would their contents be a "dead letter?" Yet, perhaps, all of you believe in the facts which gravitation and geometry demonstrate. Such facts as these should teach us to be well-guarded in our expressions towards the revelations of the new science of Spiritualism, the rudiments of which we scarcely know at the present moment.

MR. R. PEARCE, Secretary to the St. John's Association, writes to us expressing his pleasure at the formation of the National Association.

THE subscription of £1, announced in our last, as from "Miss Edmiston," should have been "from Mr. R. Edmiston."

AN excellent likeness of Mr. Gerald Massey, with long biographical notice, was published in the *Illustrated Review* of Sept. 5th last, price twopence. The office of the *Illustrated Review* is in Fleet-street.

DR. RICHARDSON, of Australia, now on a visit to England, was one of the most active leading Spiritualists in Melbourne. His lecture recently given in the Cavendish Rooms displayed considerable ability, and was much above the average quality. Can he not give more of his spare time to the public advocacy of Spiritualism in England?

SPIRITUAL VISION.—We offer a hint to the Spiritualists in the following fact, which may have escaped their learned consideration. A student of divinity at Bordeaux, it is said, was accustomed to rise in the night time and to read and write without the use of his eyes. The Archbishop of Bordeaux, in order to test the young man, interposed an obstacle between his eyes and the paper he was reading or writing, but he read and wrote with the same facility and accuracy as before.—*Court Journal*.

THE DALSTON ASSOCIATION.—Arrangements have been made for the celebration of the third anniversary of the establishment of the Dalston Association of Enquirers into Spiritualism by a meeting of the members and friends, which will take place this (Monday) evening. The proceedings will consist of short addresses, vocal and instrumental music, recitations, and inspection of various objects of interest. Several well-known Spiritualists have kindly volunteered their services, amongst them being the Misses Florence, Eliza, and Kate Cook, the Misses Emily and Agnes Maltby, Miss Georgiana Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. Bassett, Mr. Hy. and Miss M. A. Sparey, Mr. J. Briley Orton, Mr. R. Pomeroy Tredwen, and Mr. J. J. Morse. Mr. Henry W. Howell, mesmerist and phrenologist, will deliver an address upon mesmerism and clairvoyance before the members of the Association on Thursday evening, 25th inst.

Poetry.

"REVEALED TO BABES."

ONE autumn eve, with rosy sunset gleaming,
O'er the sweet country came a merry sound,
Like joy bells, from a distant churchyard streaming,
Till lured by those sweet laughter notes I found

A group of children keeping merry play time,
Unsaddened by that crowd of grassy waves,
There gaily sporting, as in fairest May-time,
Like heedless lambs among the mournful graves.

Then pausing by a sunburnt child—full sadly
I said to one I deemed a thoughtless boy,
"Why do you play among the graves?—So madly
Shout midst the dead? This is no place for joy."

"No place for joy!" he said, with looks of wonder;
"I'm sure, good sir, I always think it be:
There are no dead these pretty hillocks under,
Those once laid here, in airy bands I see.

"Look in the purple sundown brightly glowing,
Their shining robes are melting from our sight;
And nearer still, through yon dark cypress flowing,
I watch them in the moonstream every night.

"Yes! all around, and Jesus oft beside them,
Stands with calm eyes, 'neath spreading rays of light.
Could any thing more cheery, sir, betide them?
Sure, there's no cause for grief at such a sight!"

Full oft upon my bed awake, half dreaming,
At night I ponder with suspended breath;
Striving to know apart the truth from seeming
As to the body's fate in so called death.

And still upon that churchyard scene I ponder
With anxious musings through the quiet night,
Till waking with the early dawn, I wonder,
If after all, the little child was right.

R. A. Cox.

Correspondence.

[Great freedom is given to correspondents, who sometimes express opinions diametrically opposed to those of this journal and its readers.]

THE SCHUMANN FESTIVAL IN BONN.

SIR,—It may appear somewhat an intrusion to introduce a report of a musical festival into your paper, but in thinking that music, in its higher mission, has close relations to Spiritualistic influences, my attempt may be understood, the more so, as Robert Schumann himself was profoundly attached to its new revelations. The festival originated in the intention by Schumann's admirers to raise a fund for a monument to adorn the grave of this now very popular composer. The whole affair, consequently, was a real, pure piece of art devotion, and the three glorious concerts seemed to me so many grand *seances*, the medium, Joseph Joachim, the chief conductor and intimate friend of the great composer, being thoroughly inspired. He kept all in perfect harmony, and the festival, from beginning to the end, was a chain of triumphs of the genius of Schumann, whose wife, Clara Schumann, was received by the rising of the whole audience, and waving hats and handkerchiefs. The delightful symphonies and the truly choral composition to Moore's "Paradise and Peri" (under V. Wasielowsky's conductorship), likewise the selection of chamber music and songs, electrified the audience, and on many faces the expression of "receiving glimpses of a brighter land" might have been traced. The exclamations after each concert were quite unusual. Instead of "How nice a concert!"—"What a good performance!"—we heard, "Such a wonderfully poetic composer!"—"What pure heavenly ideas!" &c. I think such critical remarks stand far above the ordinary newspaper style, and must gratify the conductor more than any other mode of expression. In conclusion, the most careful preparations and the devotion of Joachim were, so to say, met half way from "the other side," so we enjoyed a treat which stood outside the control of human skill—in fact, we had something not unlike a manifestation.

CHRISTIAN REIMERS.

Berne, Switzerland, August 26th, 1873.

FORTHCOMING SPIRITUALISTIC MEETINGS.

SIR,—There is a haziness in the public mind as to what Spiritualism really is. That which many thousands of educated persons believe when expressed in another phraseology, is disbelieved when put in plain words, and the meaning of those words made clear. There is nothing antagonistic to

science or the Christian religion in the principles developed by and embodied in the word Spiritualism. "That which is" cannot be at variance with either science or true religion. On Wednesday, the 17th of September, at half-past seven o'clock, the first of four weekly meetings will be held at Gower-street Assembly Rooms (145), they being convenient for those residing near the Metropolitan Railway stations. The subject to be discussed at that meeting will be "The Phenomenal Phases of Spirit-power." The Rev. F. Monck, of Bristol, will lead off with a short speech or lecture, to be followed by other speakers conversant with the subject. Objections may be made. On the following Wednesday, the 24th, Dr. Sexton (recently an opponent to Spiritualism), will give a short lecture, the subject "Spirits." Doubtless to Christians and non-Christians knowledge will be given on which we can base thought. J. ENMORE JONES.

Enmore-park, Norwood.

A SEANCE AT LIVERPOOL.

SIR,—Knowing that you are collecting facts concerning spirit intercourse, I send you an account of a most wonderful *seance* held at our house, 85, Islington, Liverpool, on Friday evening, August the 8th. Our kind friends Mrs. Everitt and Rev. F. Monck, both of them good mediums, offered to give us a sitting, so we commenced in the usual way with singing and prayer, after which the spirits chose some appropriate portions of Scripture to be read. Our invisible friends then commenced giving us a series of raps in all parts of the room, and a conversation of some length was carried on.

I must here say that our party numbered fifteen, all intimate friends. At the beginning of the *seance*, Nippy, one of Mrs. Everitt's spirit friends, raised up the table-cloth from beneath with his materialised hand, and each person present felt his fingers distinctly through the cloth, in the light. We then lowered the gas and sang again, when we had quite a shower of lights, varying in size. We carried on a conversation with the lights, which signalled answers in the usual way, each spirit claiming some friend by the light passing towards him. Three flashes were given quickly for "Ycs," and one for "No." The lights were wonderful phenomena of themselves. We next had cool breezes laden with perfumes.

Mrs. Everitt now became very deeply entranced, and the spirit "Nippy" came and talked a little in the direct spirit voice. Afterwards, John Watt came and carried on an intelligent conversation for a full hour, repeatedly tapping the ceiling and walls while speaking. He held a conversation of some length with Dr. Hitchman and Mr. Monck, which was very interesting. During the time John was talking to us direct, an old friend of mine who had materialised herself at the commencement of the *seance*, and who had been described clairvoyantly by Mrs. Everitt, kept patting my face, and I carried on a conversation with her. John Watt now said that as his medium had been so long in trance, he would go, and let her come back to see what was going on. He then bade us all good-night. Mrs. Everitt then came to herself, saying she was quite refreshed by the long quiet sleep.

We commenced singing again, and Mr. Monck was lifted, chair and all, into the air, after which his boots were pulled off and thrown to the other end of the room. He then was entranced by the spirit "Sam," who asked that an accordion which Dr. Hitchman had brought should be tied tightly with string, so that it could not be pulled open. It was accordingly tied with strong twine passed about eight times round. The spirit then played it quite melodiously on each of our shoulders, the string remaining firmly bound on it the whole time. "Sam" next asked for his medium to be bound to a chair. Three of our circle bound him tightly and securely, all of us examining the tying. We began to sing, and in four seconds the medium was released, and among us; the rope was found under the sofa, tied and knotted in such an intricate way that it will take twenty minutes for an ordinary mortal to undo it. Thus ended one of the most convincing *seances* I ever witnessed; and I here publicly thank our kind visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, and the Rev. F. Monck, for the benefit of their mediumship, and the pleasure of their company. The following is a list of the friends who composed our circle:—Dr. Hitchman, Rev. F. Monck (Bristol), Mr. and Mrs. Everitt (London), Mr. and Mrs. Easson, Mr. John Lamont, Mrs. Butterfield (Darlington), Mrs. Shaw, Mr. Chapman, Mr. and Miss Shepherd, Mr. Weightman, Mr. Archibald Lamont, and myself. LUCY ANN LAMONT.

85, Islington, Liverpool.

A PROPHETIC DREAM.

SIR,—I observed in your paper of 15th June an account of a singular dream about the Chester Cup. I remember a somewhat similar circumstance in connection with the same race. A Mr. B. dreamt that Beeswing would win the Cup in 1867, some time before the names of the horses entered in the race were known; indeed, before the time of receiving entries had expired. Some of my friends accepted what I ridiculed as a prophecy, and "backed" Squire Heathcote's mare to win with very long odds in their favour. Even when I discovered that Beeswing was entered for the race, and she became a favourite, I was equally sceptical of her chances. But she did win, and easily too.

WILLIAM ALLEN.

62, St. James's-road, N.

ROBERT SCHUMANN'S MEDIUMSHIP.

SIR,—In reading in *The Spiritualist* of July 15th the article, "Robert Schumann a Medium," I feel the time I spent in Dusseldorf with this great master vividly recalled to my mind. Being now on my way with several others of his nearer friends, to the festival to his honour and memory (the erection of a monument being the object), I find naturally my thoughts tending in that direction, and a few lines may therefore be appropriate. I firmly believe, that fears of a sudden giving way of his mind had been entertained by his most intimate friends long before the sad catastrophe; and when the exciting table moving and tipping touched his enthusiastic mind, no doubt the derangement may have been hastened, but not, as it appears from the article, so much by the manifestations as by the cruel, merciless opposition and sneers of the unbelievers—in short, the total cutting off of sympathy. When A. von Humboldt spoke the word, condemning Spiritualism, the host of professors, savans, &c. thundered forth their indignation, and the innocent witnesses of undeniable facts were branded and insulted. So poor Schumann was left alone in the midst of wonders; there was no outlet for his overflowing heart to restore balance of mind. If he had been surrounded by friends, equally interested in the cause, I very much doubt whether his shaken mind would have bent at last under outspoken insanity. I was nearly two years with him in Dusseldorf, and accompanied him in his morning promenades almost daily. His wonderful dreamy nature and inner life were characterised by constant silence. Now and then he would stop and listen with almost childish delight to the song of a nightingale, and searching among the branches, exclaim, "There is the little sweet artist!"

When he was in the Asylum (near Bonn) no friend was permitted to see him, and consequently his servant had to walk with him in early hours. I once met him on these lonely promenades quite unawares, and retreated behind a tree, and after a time casting a glance, a farewell to my beloved master, saw him still standing turned towards me in the same position. He, the madman, recognised me—and I never forgot that last sad moment, that last look. If I had known then of Spiritualism, what I have learnt of late, I should have walked up to him, spoken, and the blackest clouds of insanity might have been dispelled, and I might have beheld once more the poetical artist, the enthusiastic dreamer, ever ready to receive and give glimpses of a brighter land. Not that I would be understood to believe his insanity to be the result of a mistake made by his medical advisers, the traces of bodily derangement being evident, but the signs of "the terrible malady" my friend Von Wasielewsky speaks of are to me now partly explained as the signs of a "terrible ignorance" about Spiritualism at that time (and, alas, still) prevailing among all classes of people.

CHRISTIAN REIMERS.

Manchester, July 27, 1873.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

SIR,—At the meeting of my council held here yesterday (Thursday) evening, the following resolution was passed—viz.:

"That the warmest thanks of the Council be unanimously accorded to Mr. William H. Harrison for the able manner in which he represented the Association on the occasion of the National Conference in Liverpool."

In conveying the foregoing resolution to you, it affords me much pleasure to see that at last it has been decided to establish a "representative" National Association of Spiritualists, —and many will with me undoubtedly wish it every success.

THOMAS BLYTON, Sec.

74, Navarino-road, Dalston, London,

Aug. 15, 1873.

THE LIVERPOOL CONFERENCE.

(Concluded.)

THE more important business of the Liverpool Conference was published in No. 58 of *The Spiritualist*. At the concluding sittings, the chief subjects considered were the influence of localities and of food upon mediumship. Mr. Morse, trance medium, told how, in taking a short cut one afternoon through a very low neighbourhood in Bethnal-green, some low spirits tried hard to get control over him, and they made him very ill for several days, which statement was confirmed by Mr. Burns. A medium from Darlington told how he lived for a time wholly upon vegetable food; for a period he was all the better for it, but then became so extremely sensitive to spiritual influence that he began to eat pork, although he did not like it, to regain the full power of doing his work in the material world.

AN answer to the question—"How are the spirits?" is given by *Judy*:—"They are rappier than ever!"

MRS. ANDREWS.—Miss Hay informs us that Mrs. Andrews, the celebrated American medium, is about thirty years of age, and very good looking, but is utterly uneducated, and has a strong aversion to learning anything. She was born in Ireland, and emigrated to America in her younger days. Mrs. Andrews is excessively jealous of other mediums, and argued that even Miss Hay's drawing mediumship was due in some way to the psychological powers possessed by herself (Mrs. Andrews). Miss Hay never heard that in the early stages of the development of the powers of Mrs. Andrews, the first spirit faces which came bore any resemblance to the face of the medium. The great feature of Mrs. Andrews's mediumship is that departed friends of the visitors make themselves visible, to the extent sometimes of seven or eight at a single seance. Mrs. Andrews is awake, and not entranced, while the manifestations are going on.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.—Mr. Peebles writes—"The Fiji group of Pacific islands, numbering over two hundred, sighted by Captain Cook, and discovered by the navigator Tasman, has recently become somewhat famous with Englishmen, because of its cotton-planting advantages. The climate is tropical. Naviti Levu is the most populous of the isles, and Thakombau, a native, six feet high, and kingly in bearing, is the most influential of the chiefs. Levuka, though having few natural advantages, is the principal commercial mart. Cotton, sugar, and coffee planters do well. Cocoanuts are abundant, and some wool is exported. The Ramie plant, or China grass, samples of which I remember to have seen in New Orleans, grows finely in these islands. Cannibalism was practised here till 1854. What Americans there are here, were originally from the Southern States. White men are in possession of three hundred and fifty thousand acres of these cotton and coffee-growing lands. In a recent copy of the *Fiji Times*, I find a laboured article under this heading, *Spiritualism in Fiji*. The writer, after speaking of the natives as 'low and depraved in the moral scale,' assures us that 'low and brutal' as they are, they 'believe in a future state of existence, in apparitions and the efficacy of charms,' their 'prophets profess to talk with the dead, and they cure by striking the deceased part with the hand.' This writer, treating of Spiritualism among the European residents, says there is a 'deep interest among the more thoughtful of our citizens upon this important subject. . . . Those who believe affirm that the phenomena throw new light upon the scriptures, as well as demonstrate immortality.' There is a 'want among us,' he further says, 'of a good test medium.'"

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EVIDENCE THAT SPIRITUALISM DESERVES INVESTIGATION.

SPIRITUALISM deserves investigation because within the last twenty years it has found its way into all the civilised countries on the globe; it has also a literature of thousands of volumes and not a few periodicals.

The London Dialectical Society, Adam-street, Adelphi, under the presidency of Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., appointed a Committee to investigate spiritual phenomena. The Committee was appointed on the 26th January, 1869, as follows:—

"H. G. Atkinson, Esq., F.G.S., G. Wheatley Bennett, Esq.; J. S. Berghem, Esq., C.E.; H. R. Fox Bourne, Esq.; Charles Bradlaugh, Esq.; G. Fenton Cameron, Esq., M.D.; John Chapman, Esq., M.D.; Rev. O. Maurice Davies, D.D.; Charles R. Drysdale, Esq., M.D.; D. H. Dyte, Esq., M.R.C.S.; Mrs. D. H. Dyte; James Edmunds, Esq., M.D.; Mrs. Edmunds, James Gannon, Esq.; Grattan Geary, Esq.; Robert Hannah, Esq., F.G.S.; Jenner Gale Hillier, Esq.; Mrs. J. G. Hillier; Henry Jeffery, Esq.; Albert Kisch, Esq., M.R.C.S.; Joseph Maurice, Esq.; Isaac L. Meyers, Esq.; B. M. Moss, Esq.; Robert Quelch, Esq., C.E.; Thomas Reed, Esq.; O. Russell Roberts, Esq., Ph.D.; William Volekman, Esq.; Horacio S. Yeomans, Esq.

"Professor Huxley and Mr. George Henry Lewes, to be invited to co-operate. Drs. Chapman and Drysdale and Mr. Fox Bourne declined to sit, and the following names were subsequently added to the Committee:—

"George Cary, Esq., B.A.; Edward W. Cox, Esq., Serjeant-at-law; William B. Gower, Esq.; H. D. Jencken, Esq., Barrister-at-law; J. H. Levy, Esq.; W. H. Swepston, Esq., Solicitor; Alfred R. Wallace, Esq., F.R.G.S.; Josiah Webber, Esq."

After inquiring into the subject for two years, the Committee issued its report, which, with the evidence, forms a bulky volume, published by Messrs. Longmans. Among other things this Committee reported:—

"1. That sounds of a very varied character, apparently proceeding from articles of furniture, the floor and walls of the room—the vibrations accompanying which sounds are often distinctly perceptible to the touch—occur, without being produced by muscular action or mechanical contrivance.

"2. That movements of heavy bodies take place without mechanical contrivance of any kind, or adequate exertion of muscular force by those present, and frequently without contact or connection with any person.

"3. That these sounds and movements often occur at the time and in the manner asked for by persons present, and by means of a simple code of signals, answer questions and spell out coherent communications.

One of the sub-committees of the Dialectical Society reported:—

"Your committee studiously avoided the employment of professional or paid mediums. All were members of the committee, persons of social position, of unimpeachable integrity, with no pecuniary object, having nothing to gain by deception, and everything to lose by detection of imposture."

HOW TO FORM SPIRIT CIRCLES.

INQUIRERS into Spiritualism should begin by forming spirit circles in their own homes, with no Spiritualist or professional medium present. Should no results be obtained on the first occasion, try again with other sitters. One or more persons possessing medial powers without knowing it are to be found in nearly every household.

1. Let the room be of a comfortable temperature, but cool rather than warm—let arrangements be made that nobody shall enter it, and that there shall be no interruption for one hour during the sitting of the circle.

2. Let the circle consist of four, five, or six individuals, about the same number of each sex. Sit round an uncovered wooden table, with all the palms of the hands in contact with its top surface. Whether the hands touch each other or not is usually of no importance. Any table will do, just large enough to conveniently accommodate the sitters. The removal of a hand from the table for a few seconds does no harm, but when one of the sitters breaks the circle by leaving the table it sometimes, but not always, very considerably delays the manifestations.

3. Before the sitting begins, place some pointed lead-pencils and some sheets of clean writing paper on the table, to write down any communications that may be obtained.

4. People who do not like each other should not sit in the same circle, for such a want of harmony tends to prevent manifestations, except with well-developed physical mediums; it is not yet known why. Belief or unbelief has no influence on the manifestations, but an acrid feeling against them is a weakening influence.

5. Before the manifestations begin, it is well to engage in general conversation or in singing, and it is best that neither should be of a frivolous nature. A prayerful, earnest feeling among the members of the circle gives the higher spirits more power to come to the circle, and makes it more difficult for the lower spirits to get near.

6. The first symptom of the invisible power at work is often a feeling like a cool wind sweeping over the hands. The first manifestations will probably be table tiltings or raps.

7. When motions of the table or sounds are produced freely, to avoid confusion, let one person only speak, and talk to the table as to an intelligent being. Let him tell the table that three tilts or raps mean "Yes," one means "No," and two mean "Doubtful," and ask whether the arrangement is understood. If three signals be given in answer, then say, "If I speak the letters of the alphabet slowly, will you signal every time I come to the letter you want, and spell us out a message?" Should three signals be given, set to work on the plan proposed, and from this time an intelligent system of communication is established.

8. Afterwards the question should be put, "Are we sitting in the right order to get the best manifestations?" Probably some members of the circle will then be told to change seats with each other, and the signals will be afterwards strengthened. Next ask, "Who is the medium?" When spirits come asserting themselves to be related or known to anybody present, well-chosen questions should be put to test the accuracy of the statements, as spirits out of the body have all the virtues and all the failings of spirits in the body.

9. A powerful physical medium is usually a person of an impulsive, affectionate, and genial nature, and very sensitive to mesmeric influences. The majority of media are ladies.

The best manifestations are obtained when the medium and all the members of the circle are strongly bound together by the affections, and are thoroughly comfortable and happy; the manifestations are born of the spirit, and shrink somewhat from the lower mental influences of earth. Family circles, with no strangers present, are usually the best.

Possibly at the first sitting of a circle symptoms of other forms of mediumship than tilts or raps may make their appearance.

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