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SPIRITUALISM, AND SOME OF ITS RECENT CRITICS.

BY "M. A. OXON."

WE Spiritualists would seem to have fallen on evil days. Three consecutive numbers of this Journal—those for December 7th, 14th, 21st ult.—contain three vigorous onslaughts on certain cardinal dogmas of our faith. We have the advantage of the ripe criticism of one whose experience dates back five and twenty years; of another who has for "over a dozen years had manifold opportunities of investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism in all their varied forms," and who may be supposed therefore to speak with some weight. And lastly, to complete our discomfiture, we have the Theosophists about our ears with the president himself flourishing the tomahawk of demolition.

We have believed, in our confiding simplicity, that through the gate of mediumship we have access to the world of spirit; and that through the same gate the spirits of our dead were able, under certain restrictions, to return and speak with us. What those restrictions are we cannot always tell; that some *révenants* are pretenders we entirely know; but we have believed that the master-passion—a pure and holy love—has availed sometimes, aye, many a time and oft, to draw back the emancipated spirit, and to bring it once again within the sphere of the loved ones left behind.

It is this that I designate "a cardinal dogma of our faith." I will so far vary my language as to add that it is the central fact round which the whole fabric of Spiritualism is built up. Demolish that faith and you have cut out from the body the heart whose action gave it life. Take away that belief—that pious hope if you prefer to call it so—and you have robbed Spiritualism of that which, in the vast majority of instances is its sole attraction. There remains—what? A scientific something with which the *savant* may amuse himself: the action of a force, the possibility of a transfusion of thought. A curious questioning as to elementals and elementaries, and the possible action of infra-human (or as the theologian calls them, diabolic) agencies: a body from which the soul has been wrenched, and for which most men will care nothing.

Baldly stated (and I am quite aware that there is far more than that left to the earnest students of nature and of self—I will admit and emphasize the fact before I have done)—this is the situation.

Dr. Wyld tells us that all the phenomena are or may be produced by the spirit of the medium: that we have no proof of the return of the departed: and that the entranced spirit of a living human being is the final cause of all. Elaborated at length, in a paper, the clearness and boldness of which are admirable, he disposes of our departed friends completely, and "leaves us poor indeed" to contemplate our own nakedness, and the desperate wickedness of our common selves, which when freed from the control of the body can play such pranks, and so "fool us to the top of our bent."

T. J. is only a little more merciful. He leaves us one spirit beside that of the medium, but, alas! he is such a deceiver, that we are a little worse off than before. T. J. has had the fortune, or misfortune, to fall in with what I hope he believes to be a very exceptional man, "a middle-aged man, who was a medium without knowing it," and who, "from a mere child, had been a victim of spirit manifestations, haunted by a familiar spirit." This uncanny spook seems to have amused himself in picking the brains of his medium and those who came near him, and producing a series of counterfeit presentments of friends whose images he found there. Nay, so cunning was he, that he would not take the first image that turned up, but would select a

curious and unlikely name, or "an uncle deceased, who *might* have been a soldier, and who had, *perhaps*, lost a limb"—what an alarming conjunction of perhapses!—as a child might plunge his hand to the bottom of the bag on the chance of getting a bigger apple. With these materials he produced, as might be imagined, extraordinary results, one of which was to impress T. J. with a belief in his "personality" and representations, and so to upset his belief in spirit identity altogether.

Lastly come the Theosophists, propounding much, doubtless, that is true, much that is matter for fair speculation, and a good deal of what none of us can say more than that we can neither prove nor disprove it, just as they who assert it labour under the same inability. Passing by all other points, saving those which bear on the immediate subject of this paper, I remark that Colonel Olcott widens the area very considerably. He tells us that the medium through whom objective physical manifestations are produced, may belong to one of two classes—(a) "those who are moved by the spirits of the departed," and (b) "those whose occult phenomena are attributable to the agency of their own doubles in concert with other potencies."

These are very noteworthy statements. We *may* be in communion with our departed friends, even through a physical medium; and further, Colonel Olcott "thoroughly concedes the action of pure, disembodied human spirits in the sublime phases of inspiration, prophecy, trance-vision, and direct writing." This admission, which covers the whole area of the Spiritualist's faith, is, however, toned down by a reservation. "But not in all cases; far from it. The medium's soul may manifest itself in all these, as may also the elementaries." "Judge this tree, like others, by its fruits."

The Theosophists then tell us that our faith, as Spiritualists, may or may not be true, that each case must be judged on its own merits; but that, at any rate, we must be prepared to widen our range of vision very considerably, so as to admit the action of the medium's spirit, of elementaries and elementals, as well as of the departed spirits of mankind. Furthermore, they warn us that mediumship, at its best, is a risky business; that we should strive after adeptship, cultivate magic, and develop our own spirits, which have at best only a precarious chance of immortality.

How, then, do we stand as Spiritualists in the face of the three mentors who have been raised up to "smite us friendly and reprove us"? Are we the victims of T. J.'s masquerading spook—who surely must be a Theosophical elementary of the deepest dye—or, are we befooled by the loose spirit of a medium? Or must we admit that the Protean powers of the world of spirit are such that we do not know where we are, or even whether we are ourselves at all?

Before I attempt to say what is in my mind on these important points, let me emphasize their importance and express my own satisfaction that they have been openly raised. I believe it to be entirely beneficial that such theories should be put forward, and that we should have an opportunity of canvassing and discussing them. I distrust any all round theory, and while I gladly admit the modicum of truth that I believe underlies all these views—and some have a wider grasp of fact than others have—yet I must say that I do not believe that any one of them, or all three of them combined for the matter of that, has any monopoly of truth. Though the Theosophist comes nearest, inasmuch as his platform is widest, I say for myself that I cannot accept any one of these theories as entirely sufficient to cover the facts. And, though I speak here and elsewhere for myself alone, I believe that that

statement will carry with it the assenting affirmation of a great number of persons, who have a very good reason to give for the faith that is in them.

It is manifestly impossible, with any due regard to space, to enter here into any exhaustive review of the evidence which leads me and those who think with me, to arrive at this conclusion. It is the less necessary because those who, as is the case with our present critics, carry their experience so far back, must at least have read, if they have not personally seen, many cases which their theories will not cover. I shall content myself with a brief reference to well known cases.

And let it be premised, as is very necessary in the case of any theorist, that an argument is never answered till it is answered at its best. A theory which pretends to explain facts must explain *all* the facts, or it is worthless. If it reaches only to a certain extent, and stops short of explaining the most marked phenomena—*valeat quantum*. But it fails of its purpose.

Dr. Wyld's theory that the liberated spirit of the medium is responsible for all the varied phenomena has been already ventilated by Serjeant Cox, and before him by other theorists. I am ready to admit, and am glad that investigators should recognise the potency of the human spirit. It is a great fact in psychical phenomena. I have experimentally proved its power, and have no doubt that to ignore its effects is to pass by in our observations an element which we cannot afford to despise.

But, this admitted, it must be stated further that to say that the liberated spirit of a medium does all, is responsible for all the varied phenomena recorded week by week in this Journal is to rush into the other extreme. Dr. Wild predicates of the human spirit while yet incarnated something very like omniscience, omnipotence, and omnipresence. Such a startling theory must be supported by some very widely extended observations before we can be asked to accept it. As a matter of fact no evidence whatever is brought forward for so sweeping an assumption. Even the facts of mesmerism, though they tell us more about the potency of the human spirit than any other source of information, fall far short of establishing any such claim.

Moreover, these phenomena occur in the presence of a passive medium, and we are asked to believe that his spirit causes the various results which we observe. We are referred by way of corroborative testimony to such facts as those recorded by Madam Blavatsky and to such experience as my own. But mark the difference! I speak from experience. Nothing short of the severest exercise of Will, so severe as to paralyse the mental powers for a long subsequent time, can avail to produce any objective effect. Yet the medium, passive *ex hypothesi*, and in many cases *not entranced*, produces them without (so to say) "turning a hair." To any one who has tried it the hypothesis carries on its face its own plain refutation.

Once more, the spirit of the medium, a fairly honest and respectable person in normal condition, as soon as it becomes free from the controlling influence of the flesh, must be supposed to lose all sense of veracity, and to become a miserable and mendacious impostor. Are we, then, kept in check by the physical body? And when we "shuffle off this mortal coil," are we to come out in our true light? Or are we to suppose that we are all psychologised, stage-struck, gone mad with a desire to masquerade? Surely, such cases as (for instance) that of Abraham Florentine, recorded in this journal, are not explicable on any such theory. Certainly, no one who has seen the method of communication, who has observed the definite and distinct individuality of each Intelligence, to say nothing of their moral consciousness and direct honesty of purpose, will be persuaded to entertain any such idea.

T. J.'s hypothesis covers very little ground indeed, and is important only as showing some of the methods of deception which are open to spirits who are not scrupulous in their treatment of us, and who are not governed by any moral consciousness. Such there are, no doubt, and, unfortunately such there will continue to be, for spirits disembodied have no monopoly of deception, and we, on our side, "do our level best" to keep up the supply. The

plain remedy is to purify our circles. Into an atmosphere of sincerity fraud does not readily enter. If we ourselves attend to the conditions which will, we know, facilitate the approach of the higher Intelligences, we shall have steadily decreasing reason to lament such exposures of frauds as are now only too frequent. So long as we have our promiscuous circles, held under the conditions under which they are now held, accessible, as Col. Olcott says, "to any chance moral leper who has a sovereign to spend," so long we shall have fraud; fraud too often charged on the unconscious medium, when the moral responsibility rests with those who have made it possible, probable, aye almost certain.

When these conditions, for which *we* are responsible are removed, and when the phenomena are not made a rare-show of to anybody who wants to gape and gibe at them, T. J.'s hypothetical spirit will find it necessary to exercise his abilities elsewhere.

The Theosophist platform, so far as it concerns the subject now under notice, is far more worthy of consideration. There is much in it that must commend itself to one whose prepossessions are dormant, and whose perceptions are wide awake. So far as it goes, it seems to me to embody a true rationale of the fact; so far as I can comprehend it, I believe it to be worthy of all attention. I wish it had been in the mind of my friend to state more clearly his belief in, or acceptance of, what I may be allowed to call the pure Spiritualist as contradistinguished from the Occultist theory. Though I accept, so far as concerns my present subject, what the Theosophist believes respecting the care that should be exercised in encouraging mediumship; the dangers that beset promiscuous circles; the power of the incarnate human spirit; the rich field of research in the cultivation by development of the WILL; of our own inherent capacities; and of the key that the study of mesmerism furnishes to many problems; I could wish that he had given a more prominent place in his review to the "action of pure disembodied spirits," of which he makes so little. It is there that I find myself constrained to avow myself a Spiritualist *pur sang*. While I know that the human spirit can act, and does act under certain conditions, and those (by the way) not such as readily obtain; while I believe that deceptive agencies, frequently evoked by ourselves, are at work; while I do not refuse to recognise indications of the presence of infra-human intelligence in some cases; admitting all this I should be false to my strongest convictions were I to burke for one moment my belief in something far higher and nobler than all this. I believe—it will not add to the weight of my statement if I say I know—that man can choose his own company more easily among the unembodied than among his own fellows. In the future, we are taught to believe, man will gravitate of necessity to the place which he has prepared for himself. And so I believe that here by his moral rectitude and integrity of purpose, by the pure aspirations of its spirit, by the atmosphere which surrounds him, and by the craving which is in him, he can avail to draw around him influences and intelligences which are higher and nobler than anything contemplated by our critics.

Those who return to us are animated some of them by enduring affection. I *cannot* put aside the evidence which so many sincere and capable observers produce for the return to them of those whose identity they are best able to judge. Others come as instructors, and of these I have had large experience. I should as soon suspect them of playing a part, of acting a lie, of palming off on me a pious fraud, as I should impugn the honour and veracity of my best friend. Is that strong language? I mean it to be such. If there be not moral consciousness in those of whom I speak, then I have no standard. I am reduced to a mighty incredulity as to any such thing as truth, and should not even trouble to ask Pilate's question in despair of getting an answer. Thank God! I have not come to that.

One word as to magic. What is there in the cultivation of one's innate powers to their highest possible to frighten a man? I, for one wish that every Spiritualist would cultivate his own spiritual faculties to their utmost. I wish every Spiritualist would face the criticisms that can be made, and do his best to vindicate for his faith the plane of moral grandeur that it should occupy. Nine-tenths of our diffi-

culties are of our own making. We shall never be free—how should we?—from assault by spiritual foes. Is not advanced truth always an object of detestation to those who from ignorance cannot see any beauty in it that they should desire it, as well as to those who have aversion to light? But we, ourselves, do our best to make pure spirit-communion a thing rare as it is lovely. That is the indictment, and it is true.

For the rest, the theories advanced, like many others less *vraisemblable*, cover only a part of the ground, and while it is well that they should have their due weight, no undue prominence can be given them without ignoring what is the very heart and life of Spiritualism.

Though it is obvious, I guard myself from possible misconception by saying that there is much in Colonel Olcott's valuable paper which I have not touched, as not coming within my present scope.

December 24th, 1877.

THE ANIMAL CRAVINGS OF EARTH-BOUND SPIRITS.

THE *Boston Sunday Herald* of December 9th last, contains an account of its reporter's visit to an eccentric doctor, who has put aside most of the ordinary conveniences of life, in order to show his neighbours that a man can live, without cares or troubles, on five shillings a-week, to the great chagrin of tax-gatherers, landlords, and the vendors of innumerable articles brought into use by civilisation. On Prospect Hill, Waltham, near Boston, U.S., this doctor has, partly by excavation, and partly by construction, built himself a queer kind of house, something after the fashion of a rabbit burrow; he has fenced in a piece of land round it, and lives almost entirely on the produce of his garden, which he cultivates himself. He is versed in philosophy, also in several branches of mystical rubbish, and he is known [in the locality as "the hermit." He is a Spiritualist, lively and good-natured, and, on some subjects, sensible.

He admits the doctrine, now well established, that vicious spirits can taste the pleasures of earth over again by entering into mesmeric *rapport* with a medium, the community of sensation, so often witnessed in mesmeric experiments, being then established between them. But in pushing this theory to what he believes to be its consequences, he pictures, according to the *Boston Herald*, the following results:—

"Obsession by spirits who control the appetites of their victims he regards as very common, readily accounting for inclinations to gormandise, and for all unnatural cravings of the stomach. 'What,' he asks, 'caused an acquaintance of mine to arise from bed at midnight, to go down stairs, and to eat an entire pot of baked beans?' An unsympathising listener suggested 'gluttony.' The doctor protested, and said 'he was impelled to do so by the spirit of some person who died craving baked beans.' This theory claims that persons who possess unnatural appetites in this world retain the same in the next, and, fastening themselves upon unfortunate human beings, gratify such tastes through them. Thus arises much of the drunkenness of the present day. The spirits of drunkards, to satisfy the cravings of their appetites, compel individuals here on earth to drink for them. The worst of it is that the poor mortals derive no benefit from this continual imbibing; the spirits absorb all good in the liquor, and leave only the dregs. Thus, if one unfortunate happens to be fixed upon by a number of intensely bibulous spirits, how dry he must continually be. He becomes a sort of filtering machine for his spiritual *attachés*. Some men seem to be always possessed by a legion of such spirits. But the doctor proposes a remedy for this kind of spiritual oppression; the experiment has already been successfully tried. A philanthropic gentleman of Boston, pitying these thirsty denizens of the spirit world, procured the services of a medium to assist in appeasing their habitual thirst. A liberal supply of all kinds of liquors was provided, and the spirits summoned. One ordered brandy, another whiskey, another gin, and so on. The medium drank all that was called for, and the spirits, getting the benefit of it, were absolved from the necessity of resorting to other mortals, for that day at least. Upon being reminded of the fact that the 'mixing of drinks' in this prodigal manner will quickly overcome the most hardened drinkers,

the doctor said that the spirits, out of gratitude, prevented evil effects to the medium. This theory and experiment suggest a new way of dealing with intemperance. If we can only satisfy the spirits, drunkenness will cease. 'The Society for Suppressing Intemperance by Supplying the Spirit-World with Rum' should be at once instituted.

"As an instance of spirits preventing injury to the person drinking for them, the doctor relates the blood-curdling story of the Newburyport sailor. This individual was one morning attacked by an insatiate thirst. He hastened to a drug store, where, being unable to procure liquor, he ordered the clerk to prepare him some good strong prescription. This was done, he drank the mixture with a smack of his lips, paid his money, and departed. After he had gone the horrified clerk discovered that by mistake he had given a dose of prussic acid. It was too late to follow after the customer and remedy the evil, and the clerk saw in imagination the state prison and gallows looming up before him. What was his astonishment, about an hour after, to see the same sailor, whom he thought to have been a corpse long ere this, walk into the store alive and well. Stepping up to the counter, he said, 'That drink was first-rate. Give me another like it.' It appears that the spirit impelling him to drink had such a depraved appetite, that it enjoyed its dose of prussic acid much as a Boston alderman enjoys his champagne in a pitcher; and the sailor was doubtless protected from injury so that the spirit could get another dose."

THE RECTOR'S GHOST.

BY LUCIA C. STONE.

IN the ancient town of Dorchester, Dorset, one Christmas-tide (I cannot fix the exact date, but it was not earlier than 1814, and might probably have been the following year), a rumour arose that a ghost had appeared in the old church of St. Peter's to the clerk and sexton. They were both dreadfully frightened, and the former, I think, was insensible for a time. The spirit was said to be the Rev. Nathaniel Templeman, the late rector, who died in 1813.

The story reached the ears of the then rector, the Rev. Henry John Richman, a learned and intelligent man, genial and kindly (I have the pleasantest recollections of him). The action he took in this affair was attributed to his eccentricity, of which he certainly gave proofs in regard to some other matters. He had an invalid wife and sister-in-law, both very nervous; so, to avoid annoying them, he examined the clerk and sexton both together, and apart, at the house of my aunt. I was quite a child then, but can just remember the whispering and excitement, and the men being shut in with the rector. The particulars of the story I heard afterwards.

It was the custom in Dorchester, on Christmas Eve, for the clerk and sexton to decorate the church, not in the artistic fashion of modern times, but with large bunches of holly and mistletoe stuck about indiscriminately. Afterwards they gave the church a good cleaning for Christmas Day. On this Christmas Eve, the clerk and the sexton, after locking the doors of the church in order to prevent the intrusion of curious persons, busied themselves, as usual in Christmas preparations until the winter day drew to a close, when they sat down, on a form in the north aisle, to rest from their labours.

Then it was, as they told Mr. Richman, that the temptation came upon them to take a glass of the Sacramental wine, which was kept in the vestry. After obtaining the wine, they became aware that some one was sitting between them on the form. There had been no sound of steps, and the figure passed neither of them, but seemed to grow upon the seat. They both recognised the late rector, or "Old Master," as they called him; he had the old familiar look and dress. He turned with a stern countenance from one to the other shaking his head in his peculiar way, but did not speak. The sexton, Ambrose Hunt, was able to say the Lord's Prayer; Clerk Hardy was utterly unable to utter a word, and shook with extreme terror. The spirit after a while rose, and retreated down the aisle, turning round occasionally with the same awful look. He seemed to melt or vanish over the family vault, where his body lay. I never

heard any explanation, except a surmise that somebody concealed in the church, and dressed like the late rector, frightened the men, but the "somebody" was never discovered, and I believe the other good rector believed the men's story.

Shute Haye, Walditch, Bridport.

THE INFLUENCE OF RELIGIOUS ENTHUSIASM OVER MORALS.*

BY PROF. V. B. DENSLAW, LL.D.

RELIGION, however open to criticism its moral influence may be in some points, is still, and must continue to be, the main moral force in the world, the function of science and philosophy continuing to be that of critics and faultfinders, necessary of course as critics, but not practically efficient as moral workers, while religion, the cowed monk, the headed priest, the mitred bishop, the fat, sleek, chess-playing curate, the shoulder-hitting Spurgeon and Moody, with their praying bands, and, above all, the superstitious and bigoted but faithful praying women, will of necessity do the great part of the world's moral work, *i.e.*, of the work of holding the world's conscience up to certain standards of right, and holding its conduct to its conscience. Such a result might be assumed from the fact that philosophy, in all its comprehending generalities, can only come to the conclusion that whatever is, is right, and science utterly refuses to discuss or frame moral standards, and so ignores the questions of right and wrong altogether; in this dilemma comes religion, with the fine egotistical frenzy that whatever is, is wrong, that depravity pervades alike the pictures of Raphael, the form of woman, and the corollas of the lily, and that it is its mission to set all this right.

Religion is a necessary force in civilisation, but it never includes all truth nor all duty. It needs the antagonism of a vigorous scientific and philosophic infidelity, not only to prevent it from running civilisation down into ecclesiastical bondage and barbarism, as illustrated by the great religious crimes, wars, and persecutions, of which I shall say little to-night, because they have all made their due impressions on your minds already, but religion needs to be antagonised by a powerful philosophical infidelity in order to express, by the joint operation of the two opposing forces, the whole truth and the whole duty of man.

THE VALUE OF RELIGION.

Let us first consider the necessity of religion as a social force, and then the like necessity of irreligion, with the advantages and disadvantages, the rewards and penalties of each.

Religion is necessary as the cohesive, binding force in society—irreligion as the emancipating, disintegrating force. The whole truth, including both, is symbolised by the granite rock which underlies all other strata, and from which all others are formed by the action of the elements. Granite has two ingredients, the felspar or adhesive element, which decomposing forms the slates, shells, and clay—one-half the basis of every fertile soil; the quartz, or disintegrating element, which, decomposing is formed into sandstones and finally into sand, the other half of the basis of all fertile soils. Clay symbolises adhesion, religion; the shifting sands symbolise liberty, free-thought, infidelity. Either an excess of the adhesiveness or an excess of liberty, produces barrenness in the physical soil, as in the moral, while both in due combination result at once in the fertility of the valley that blooms with fragrance, and in the grandeur of and durability of the icy peaks that lift up their heads among the stars, and control the courses of the winds and rains in a manner as essential to the fertility, though it seems so desolate, as the sod of the valley itself. Religion, I say, is the adhesive power, the only one capable of insuring unity among men in the promotion of moral and spiritual ideas which are the first steps toward intellectual and philosophical ideas.

To this end religion unites minds into sects, between whose members unity is produced, while reason or philosophy never produces anything but discord. Religion says to the crowd, "Hear ye the Lord," Philosophy says, "Hear me." In the latter stages of development, for a man to profess to teach another in the name of God excites the feeling that it is impudent. But in the infancy of the human mind, a man feels that any attempt by another to teach him anything, of his own superior wisdom, is impudent, while the pretence that it is in the name of God allays his vanity, subdues his pugnacity, and makes him ready to listen. Religion supplies motives, to wit, the desire to feel assured and at rest concerning things we don't understand, concerning the mysterious forces of the universe, to appease the gods, to win their favour, to secure rewards, and avert punishments, which sway every mind except the philosophical. Its means also tend towards unity. It avoids inquiry and disputation, and all wrangling such as divides philosophical clubs. All its congregations meet together at the sound of the same bell, kneel together, view together the same ceremonies, blend their voices together in the same harmonies of song and praise, unite their heart and life in the same positions, listen without expressed dissent, but in that same respectful silence, to the same doctrines, and thus unity is promoted by the same physical drill as in an army, accompanied by the same mental drill as in the school-room. Auguste Comte's effort to introduce united worship into his philosophy, as a means to secure mental unity was illogical, for in philosophy not unity but diversity is wanted. When unity walks in philosophy must walk out. The more logically the church is based on supernatural assumptions alone, like the Catholic, the greater its capacity for accomplishing numerical unity, *i.e.*, of uniting vast masses into one sect, and thus the greater the force and power it can give to what may happen to be its ideas. Catholicism believes in an inspired church, one of whose works is an inspired book.

Protestantism, less logically, holds that an invisible and uninspired church produced a visible and inspired book. Catholicism says of the scriptures, "We wrote them." Protestantism, "They wrote us." Protestantism says, "Hear what the men of old said when men were inspired." Catholicism says, "Except the church of to-day be also inspired, it cannot comprehend what these men of old taught. If it is inspired, then hear directly what the church says." Being thus completely furnished in its religious assumptions, its aggregation of numerical force, and its power to promote a moral idea is proportionately great. Its kingdom numbers 140,000,000 of subjects, while the divided forces of Protestantism are only 120,000,000. At times it has placed its foot upon the neck of kings, but it was an unfortunate day for Rome when it said to Henry the Eighth, "Your marriage is indissoluble—keep your wife. You are a king, but marriage must bind you as it does a peasant."

It lacks alike the ecclesiastical power to depose a preacher that is eloquent, or to censure a member that is rich. Of course the liberty to serve God according to the dictates of our own conscience, uncurbed by the moral power of any organisation, carries with it inseparably the liberty to serve ourselves according to the dictates of our own lusts, and to stand by each other with our church organisations in this service. And this in turn resolves a church into an ecclesiastical pleasure club for sustaining oratory, and which feels no particular solicitude about saving anything from hell, unless it may be the pew rents and the minister's salary. The reformers could not set the congregations free from pope and bishop in faith without also freeing them in morals. Free thought, if it is to have a moral code, must base it on expediency and sense of interest alone. It is the consciousness of this fact that now constitutes the chief intrenchment of Protestantism against an utter abandonment of all authority.

Shall I attempt to sketch the advantages of that religious organisation whose bright side is the unification of thought, whose dark side is sectarianism? It was to print the Bible that Faust invented types. It was to serve or overthrow religion that sciences and philosophy have been studied. They have not had the effect desired, but all their beneficence has resulted from the delusion that they would have that effect, just as the alchemic search for the philosopher's stone introduced chemistry, and the astrologer's search for the hidden clues of human destiny revealed the undreamed-of glories of astronomy. To extend the lustrous triumphs of the Cross Columbus was commissioned. Oxford, Cambridge, Dartmouth, Harvard and Yale were founded, and that collegiate system which everywhere precedes the common-school system of education was introduced. Motives have little to do with results. As a means of converting Indians Dartmouth failed. As a means of educating Webster it succeeded. The church has always abounded sufficiently in the good and humane works of every kind, so that the class of men who want to brace their reputations morally always join it in preference to a philosophical society. Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue. If there were no sound, healthy, valuable fish swimming under the surface of the great religious deep, there would be no gulls hovering over its waters, seeking and illustrating corruption.

Not that I would concede that civilisation is in any more distinctive sense religious than it is intellectually religious. Whence comes monogamy, and with it the glory of the pure and holy union of one man to one woman? Not from polygamous Judæa, but from Greece, Rome, and Germany; from the Aryan, not the Semitic races. Whence come our art, in all its varieties of poetry, painting, sculpture, music, gymnastics, dancing, literature, history, architecture, and the like. Not from sombre and mercenary Judæa, but from pagan Greece, Rome, and the Gothic races. Whence come the masculine theories of virtue which, fortunately, reassert themselves through the power of scepticism, and make it consist in courage, fidelity to the truth, industry, ambition, prowess, health, physical nobility, blood, pedigree, race, culture, gentility, and the other Roman virtues, thus practically repudiating the Christian or feminine virtues of humility, patience in suffering, self-denial and self-sacrifice, poverty, chastity; which in Christian churches are taught by men, but hardly believed or practised, except by women. Nor ought they to be. If the vigorous sceptical common sense of the male sex, and their endowment of intellect, positive force, industry, and will by their Creator were not sufficient to make them ignore in practice the feminine theory of virtue which was enunciated by Jesus, and to substitute therefor the Roman standard of virtue, in which ambition is the pivotal quality, industry would cease and civilisation would drift backward into barbarism. It is the exaltation of the feminine virtues above the masculine, those that fit for suffering above those that fit for conquest, that has always made Christianity seem natural, healthy, and easy for women; awkward, hypocritical, and half-hearted in men. Very few men ever become religious except through female influence. It is not the man that preaches the gospel, but it is his mother, wife, or sister, who has retained his intellect by some fee of affection, to act as her attorney. These feminine virtues are very useful to soften the asperities of the world after the masculine virtues have conquered it. As they are the cause of women's subjugation by man, so if man should practise them they would cause his subjugation by nature, *i.e.*, his decline from wealth, power, and civilisation, into poverty, weakness, and barbarism.

THE VALUE OF IRRELIGION.

And now let us turn to irreligion, or the emancipating force as a social power. The world's rulers, thinkers and revolutionists; its Platos, Copernicuses, Napoleons, Bismarcks, Garibaldis; its Shakespeares, Franklins, Humboldts, Goethes, Voltaires; its philosophers, historians, poets, inventors, explorers, and originators, are essentially all irreligious.

Irreligion brings out the individual in his emancipated manhood, and bids him make the most of himself, for no vicarious mantle of any merit will ever reward his indolence, or give him glory in exchange for

* A lecture delivered before the Chicago Philosophical Society.

his mere wishes. In Protestantism it makes him his own pope, in Parkerism his own priest, in Unitarianism and deism his own Christ; and, finally, in the atheism of pure philosophy and the scientific materialism of Darwin it makes him his own God. There is none higher.

One of the most noted philosophers now living, and the ablest one of the economic school that America has ever produced, once said to me, and not, I think, at all in a manner that forbids its repetition, it being simply the blunt expression of his inmost faith:—"These preachers," said he, "go into the pulpit and try to persuade the people that salvation is in Jesus Christ. But I tell you salvation is in ME, and in my books." He meant that morality grew, as man grew in wealth, and that the science of wealth was the key to morals. All philosophic minds of intense originality and individualism approximate to this feeling; if they do not express it.

The advantages of the irreligious position are the independence, integrity, and often dignity which it imparts to one's thoughts, investigations, and statements of truth. It renders a man fitter for scientific analysis, for discovery in the domain of physics, for historical narration, and often for representing and wielding government over men.

The religious statesman, the religious general, the religious philosopher, and the religious physician, are all contradictions, and are very likely to be hypocrites. The state is never so bloody or so unjust as when it attempts to promote the gospel. Sectarianism is the very worst qualification a man can have for dealing with questions of the weal or woe of nations. Had Nero not been a sectarian bigot of the heathen pattern—had he been as free from religion as Augustus Cæsar, he would not have persecuted the Christians. Had the lion-hearted Richard been as free from religion as Lord Palmerston or Disraeli, instead of dyeing the sands of Palestine with English blood, in the wars to recognise the holy sepulchre, he might have imported Arabian scholars to teach the arts of the Saracens to his subjects. Had Queen Mary been as free from religion as Voltaire, she would have been as free from the blood of the innocent. Had Cromwell and William of Orange held creeds in statesmanlike contempt, they would not have cursed both England and Ireland with centuries of mutual hate. Some one has said, "When men are on the throne, women govern." Certain it is that when saints are on the throne, the devil reigns. Righteousness is best defended when men of no religion wield the state, and religion itself flourishes best when it cannot budge a bayonet or a constable.

History is told with least bias, the law is framed and administered with most integrity, and science discloses its facts most instructively to those on whom creeds rest lightly. This gain to the world is often purchased at the cost of painful isolation to the individual. The man who thinks is more solitary than the hermit on Mount Athos cliffs. To the extent that he is original he is alone. In the degree that he is loving this solitude is exile. Byron has said of mere social isolation, which is not to be compared with the religious—

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And human foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold,
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean,
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's charm, and view her shores unrolled.
But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To see, to hear, to feel, and to possess;
And roam along the world's tired denizen,
With none to bless us, none whom we can bless;
None that with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that followed, flattered, sought and sued,
This is to be alone; this, is solitude.

To differ from prevailing sects and schools, whether of the religious or the irreligious, in one's views of life, duty, and destiny, adds to the gloom of solitude the vulgar insults of suspicion. It is to live under another God, in another life.

Perhaps some souls are driven by this isolation into moral recklessness. Usually, however, few men reach this religious solution until the very studies which brought them hither have, by their drain on nervous power, subdued the passions which might make their isolation dangerous. But, to the more richly endowed, this solitude is peopled with a nobler race than society. To this class belong that chosen few, who came forth upon society like Mohammed from his cave, like Swedenborg from his dreams, like Moses from the mountain of the law, or Buddha from his slavery, or Jesus from his temptation; armed with a Koran, a vision, a decalogue, a gospel or an emancipation, that shall be infidel to all the past, only that it may bequeath a nobler orthodoxy to all the future. Such willingly receive their temporary crucifixion by the vulgar idea that they may win a truer homage and a wider fame than could have been theirs by chiming in weakly and pleasurably with the religious fashion of the hour. There is a one-sided class of, as I think, unphilosophical philosophers, who are determined to account for the world on a simple plan by throwing away or denying the facts which make it complex; they insist upon running it by some one force instead of through the antagonism of opposing forces, and especially in the world of ideas they would insist that no one truth, which is but a name for some force in nature or in thought, should clash with any other truth, but that all facts shall be but to harmonise with some one theory, instead of being left as they are in nature, to sustain conflicting theories. Such men ask how can it be that a religion, if begun or sustained in part upon myths and fictions, can end in utility and truth? Well, science began in the fictions of incantations, fortune-telling, alchemy, sorcery, magic, witchcraft,

astrology. Its origin is as full of myths, and its history as full of romance, lies, and impositions on the human mind as is the history of religion. The faculty of deceiving and being deceived is not arrested by turning one's attention to science. Does not Herodotus tell of a race, I think the Hyppoopophagi, who carry their heads under their arms? This is part of the early science, ethnology. And did not a reverend scientist of early New England write that the Connecticut river at a certain point flows through banks so narrow that its waters by pressure become indurated, and as solid as iron, so that the point of the sharpest knife could not be thrust into them? That was part of the science of the day. In cosmogony science is now riding two horses in opposite directions—one that the earth has been constantly cooling since it became a planet, the other that most of its early cosmical changes were produced by ice. We cannot measure all truth by one standard. We discover the truths of anatomy by the dissecting knife. But if we search with that implement to find the source of life, or the cause of beauty, we convert both life and beauty into a hideous mass of disgusting entrails. We cannot detect all truth by one test, or measure it all by one standard. Scientific truth is proved by experiment. Mathematic truth requires demonstration. Poetic truth is too subtle for either. Its only test is, does it so shadow forth those things that universally please, and conceal that which in nature mars our pleasure, as to render one pleasure refined from the dross of the actual, and complete in the charms of the ideal. The truth of the Greek Slave or of Powers' Eve, as a work of art, lay not in the question, Did she ever actually exist? but in the question, Is it a perfect grouping of the elements that please—does it delight the cultivated taste? If so, it is true to nature and to art. Religious truths may be drawn alike from historic truths or from historic fictions. Their test is, Do they exalt the religious passion; the passion to live a pure and holy life—a life very near to the divine and ideal—to the suppression of the other passions of ambition, avarice, self-indulgence, sensualism, and the like? Whether Jesus was crucified is not so important as the broader fact it shadows forth, viz., that all men who seek to change man's standard of right and wrong will be crucified, for the bigotry of the human heart arrays itself against every moral revolutionist; if it did not do so moral law could have permanency. And it does not follow that because one man who was crucified was a Christ that therefore the balance were not criminal.

Whether Moses found the decalogue engraved on tablets of stone, is less important than the fact that he succeeded in engraving it on those tablets of the human heart, which in their eternal succession are more durable than stone. Whether Jesus was of immaculate conception, or whether He rose from the dead, is less important than the fact that He is the most influential mind that ever walked the earth by virtue of His vaster influence upon its intellectual and moral development. Next to him probably ranks Buddha, the Hindoo prince, who, at the sight of a slave beaten by the lash, descended voluntarily from the palace to the hovel, and became and continued for years a slave, in order that, having been made perfect through suffering, he might, not by war but by love, gently lead the masters out of despotism and the bondsmen into liberty. Resembling Jesus more nearly than any other in the benevolence of his life, he resembles him also in the extent and nature of his influence. And next to these might rank Confucius, Moses, Mohammed.

I have thus tried to show forth a few faint outlines of this difficult, wonderful picture which the history presents to us of the moral influences of religion. The libraries of the world are filled with volumes upon it. I have not even hoped to do justice to it in an hour.

In conclusion, let me say that the great intellectual forces which antagonise religion, viz., science and philosophy, are like the day. They open up to us the world in which we dwell, its infinite capacities, its minute beauties, its myriad wonders, its grand anthem of causation. As we admire it all, we shudder at the thought that night, the mantle of all this beauty, the cover of crime, the terror of simple minds, will in a few hours spread its dark pall over all, and lock the world in its death-like embrace. We start back from that darkness and blackness of terror—the night! And religion is that night! In it the soul rests the sweeter for not knowing aught but that it feels the sense of rest. It says to man—work not, but trust! It locks the mind fast in its peace, while now and then horrible crimes stalk forth under its shadow, and win the execrations of the ages. But while the mind thus rests, high over all breaks forth the glory of the heavens—star upon star, world upon world, which the day had hidden, pierces the great depth of God until the soul exclaims, "Why did I think the day revealed knowledge? It wholly hid a thousand worlds to reveal imperfectly but one. But night mantling one world to reveal millions is the great revealer!"

Happiest and sanest is he to whom the day discloses its near work and useful knowledge, and the night its rest and gleams of other worlds, to whom observation, reason, and experiment unfold their daily lessons of utility, and with regular alternation. Religion lifts up its sombre, gloomy wings, dripping with darkness from every pinion, like the night, that through them may glint and glisten the stars of a loftier though trembling, wavering, twinkling hope. If the world it reveals should be rolled away, as a scroll, and death, as an eternal sleep, should prove that these glistening hopes were delusive; that in grasping for the dazzling prize of immortality our ambition had o'er-leaped the beneficence which guides the universe, if there be any sentient minds anywhere, who will see these hopes go out, these stars extinguished, they will weep for pity that fate was not more just to those who dreamed so nobly. But if aught of these sublime and heavenly visions, which through all ages have canopied the earth in its darkest hours with unnumbered and celestial glories, is to be realised, if indeed the enfranchised soul

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
A thought unseen, but seeing all;
All, all in earth and skies displayed,
Shall it survey, shall it recall.

Before creation peopled earth
 Its eyes shall roam through chaos back,
 And where the furthest heaven had birth
 The spirit trace its rising track;
 And where the future mars or makes
 Its glance dilute o'er all to be,
 While sun is quenched and system breaks
 Fixed in its own eternity;
 Above, as love, hate, hope, or fear,
 It lives all passionless and pure;
 Its age shall fleet like earthly year,
 Its years as moments shall endure.
 Away, away, without a wing,
 O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly
 A nameless and eternal thing,
 Forgetting what it was to die.

If this, or aught like this, vision be converted into our after death experience, as we look back on the speculations and philosophies which came to dull our sense of these bright religious dreams, we shall say, Why, indeed, did we suppose it was the day that lighted up the world? It was night—deep, illimitable, mysterious night—aye, darkness and mystery, these were the great revelators.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

THE TESTIMONIAL TO DR. SLADE.

THE following testimonial to Dr. Slade, reached him in Berlin only a few days ago:—

In view of the deplorable termination of Henry Slade's visit to this country, we the undersigned desire to place on record our high opinion of his mediumship, and our reprobation of the treatment he has undergone.

We regard Henry Slade as one of the most valuable test mediums now living. The phenomena which occur in his presence are evolved with a rapidity and regularity rarely equalled.

Moreover, they possess this most invaluable merit, that they occur in full daylight, and under conditions which permit of their verification by three independent senses, hearing, touch, and sight.

Professor Lankester, who made the attack on Henry Slade, and who has since prosecuted him in the Courts of Law, is entirely without knowledge of or experience in the phenomena of Spiritualism.

To this ignorance there was superadded on this occasion special prejudice, in consequence of his annoyance at the introduction of the subject of Spiritualism at a section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

Under the influence of this ignorance and prejudice we believe that Professor Lankester visited Henry Slade for the express purpose of carrying out a predetermination to expose what on *a priori* principles he had already decided to be an imposture.

Furthermore, Professor Lankester's ignorance of the subject showed itself in his manifest inability to understand or accept as a possible fact the phenomenon of direct writing. This, however, we assert to be of regular occurrence in the presence of Henry Slade, as testified to by many unimpeachable witnesses; and we further state that in at least one case, as proven by actual experiment, it has occurred in an almost inappreciable space of time, *i.e.*, in less than two seconds.

Having in view, therefore, the ignorance, prejudice, and subsequent animus of the prosecutor on the one hand, and on the other the knowledge we ourselves have of Henry Slade's powers as a medium, and the testimony, corroborative and cumulative, of the many observers who have recorded their repeated experiments with him, we unhesitatingly avow our high appreciation of Henry Slade's powers as a medium, our sympathy with him in the great anxiety and distress which he has undergone, and our unshaken confidence in his integrity.

He leaves us not only untarnished in reputation by the late proceedings in our law courts, but with a mass of testimony in his favour which could probably have been elicited in no other way.

Furthermore, we desire to avow our conviction that in the present state of public feeling and ignorance of the subject of Spiritualism, it is impossible that Henry Slade should obtain a full and fair measure of justice. His Defence Committee have, therefore, on their sole responsibility, advised him to decline the further jurisdiction of English law courts, it being their opinion that every claim of honour has been already satisfied.

The above testimonial, engrossed on vellum, and most handsomely illuminated, has appended to it among others the signatures of Mr. Alexander Calder, President of the British National Association of Spiritualists, and officer of the Legion of Honour; Mr. George Wyld, M.D.; the Rev. W. Stainton-Moses, M.A., F.R.S.L.; Mr. C. C. Massey; Mr. Algernon Joy, M. Inst. C.E.; Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, M.R.I. (one of the Middlesex Magistrates); Mrs. C. Burton Burton (daughter of the late Archdeacon Hale); Mrs. Tennyson Ker (sister of the Poet Laureate); The Countess of Caithness; the Duke de Medina Pomar; Mr. C. Carter Blake, Doc. Sci., Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy at Westminster Hospital; Mr. Henry G. Bohn (the publisher); Mr. Desmond Fitz-Gerald, M.S. Tel. E.; Miss Douglas; Mr. Benjamin Coleman; Mr. J. H. Gledstones; Mr. F. W. Percival, M.A.; Mrs. Makdougall Gregory; Mrs. Weldon; and many others.

Immediately upon receipt of the testimonial, Dr. Slade sent us the following letter:—

To the Editor of "The Spiritualist."

SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the testimonial which was forwarded by one of the members of the Defence Committee, to all of whom, as well as to those friends who have subscribed their names to that important document, I desire in this public manner to convey, as far as possible, some expression of my gratitude: also to say that it will ever be my ambition to prove, by my labours in spreading and advancing the cause of Spiritualism, that their confidence has not been misplaced.

Its beauty, both in design and execution, together with the declaration of abiding faith in my integrity and mediumship, will greatly aid in dispelling the clouds of prejudice arising from the persecution to which I was subjected while in London.—I have the honour to be, yours, most gratefully,
 HENRY SLADE.

Hotel-Kronprinz, Berlin, Dec. 24th, 1877.

SPIRITS AND MEDIUMS.

BY WILLIAM WHITE, AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF SWEDENBORG."

It is satisfactory that Dr. Wyld does not ascribe *all* manifestations to the spirit of the medium, but only *some* manifestations. So limited, I am left without objection; and would only press for evidence of the fact. Whilst we cannot in spiritual, as in physical investigation, adduce and repeat evidence at command, we should none the less jealously regard assertions with no warranty beyond their maker's prepossessions. For example: Dr. Wyld advances as fact "that our spirit, when entranced, is a departed spirit," "having identical powers with spirits of the departed." It may be so, but the assertion appears to me highly questionable.

As to the wider assertion that *all* manifestations are due to the spirit of the medium, I might adduce my own experience with Mr. Home. Whilst manifestations of varied character were in transaction, he was an unconcerned spectator, conversing freely, and no more entranced than I was. It is true a man's mind consists of several storeys, but I have yet to learn that the storeys can be so disconnected that we can have a Mr. Home *vis-à-vis*, whilst another Mr. Home is performing a multiplicity of prodigies that would tax the energies of an Ariel. Much experience has taught us that spirits are apt at personation, and have little respect for truth; yet it would be to speak in haste, like King David, and say they were "all liars;" and it would be equally hasty to assert, as some do, that spirits never know more than their medium. When Mr. Coleman first visited Kate Fox, in New York, he was addressed by a spirit, who gave her name as Ann, and a relative. Mr. Coleman objected that he had no such relative, living or dead, and that he desired to hear no more, as he did not wish to be deceived. Nevertheless, the spirit vehemently insisted that he was wrong, and wrong he proved to be. His wife's mother was named Ann; she had been opposed to his marriage with her daughter, and appeared in order to

apologise for having withheld her consent! Mr. Coleman has never been satisfied with indifferent results in this class of phenomena, nor has he hesitated to exact severe tests. A party of four, in his own house, were about to hold a *séance*, when a visitor was announced. She did not object to join the circle, but protested she had no faith in the business, though all the while Mr. Coleman had reason to believe that she was a medium. Placing a clean sheet of paper and a pencil before the confessed medium, and before the visitor, the ladies sitting at opposite sides of a large drawing-room table, Mr. Coleman suddenly said, "Now, Spirits, write, if you please, the same sentence through each of these medium's hands at the same instant." In a moment the medium dashed off, "God is good," whilst the visitor, with her eyes fixed on the ceiling, laboriously wrote something that could not at first be deciphered, "Dog si doog—Mamma;" but presently it was discovered to be, "God is good" written backwards, and that Mamma (as was afterwards learnt through the alphabet) was the spirit of the visitor's mother.

It would be easy to multiply such incidents, which it is difficult, if not impossible, to reconcile with the hypothesis that the entranced medium is the operator. Reasonableness and credibility are, I am aware, no proof of truth. The universe was never so intelligible as in the days of the Schoolmen when all phenomena were logically classified and accounted for, but at the same time, why should we reject a sufficient explanation for an insufficient? The late Dr. Maitland suggested, "Why may not the Spirits be of another race who have not lived on earth?" Why not? and why? We may lose ourselves in conjecture, but I apprehend common sense will draw us back to the conclusion that spirits are what they represent themselves to be, namely, men and women, young and old, who have lived in the world and have left the world, and are altogether kindred with ourselves.

Hampstead, 1st Jan. 1878.

VEGETARIANISM.

WHEN those of the savage and paint-clad ancestors of the present human race, who first imbibed the idea that eating each other was not necessarily the best mode of feeding, their more intelligent brethren must have looked upon them as half mad, and treated them accordingly. But with the growth of civilisation, cannibalism died out; and as regards eating, another step in advance seems to be not far off, since so many thinkers are now raising the question whether it is necessary or desirable to eat the flesh of dead beasts. The long correspondence on the subject, once printed in these pages, amply proved that many persons live and thrive upon vegetable diet, popular prepossessions to the contrary notwithstanding. With some few, vegetable diet did not agree, possibly from hereditary predisposition towards the eating of flesh.

Not a few Spiritualists had turned their attention to this subject before it came up for public examination, and Sir Charles Isham is at the present time warmly advocating the vegetarian system. He has written and personally lithographed a poem on Vegetarianism, with illustrations; the second edition is just out; it is a great improvement on the first, and is illustrated with original designs and drawings, some of them in colour. Once we heard Mr. Ruskin point out how every man imprints his own spirit, and his own nature, upon every carved device he cuts, upon every drawing he executes. He said that after a period of prolonged war, men build simply and strongly, without spending time upon ornamentation; but later on, when the arts of peace once again spring up, ornamentation begins to creep over the rough buildings, and the decorations usually represent the trailing vine, flowers, or other natural objects. This, he argued, was the healthiest period of a nation's history. Time rolls on. The nation becomes corrupt. Expensive and extravagant ornamentation then prevails; natural forms are no longer seen. By way of illustration, he pointed to some specimens of the wildly designed and elaborate flamboyant architecture of

the Valley of the Somme, saying, in effect, that it symbolised a time when the nation was in a state of decay; when the people had become bad and heartless; when that which was natural no longer gave pleasure. He said that there was a cruelty and an unhappiness about the designs, and he maintained that each particular specimen could only have been designed by the man who did it and none other, and that he had unconsciously stamped his spirit and his nature upon his work. If these ideas be true, Sir Charles Isham's taste is in the healthy period of growth, for he presents us with bold mechanical designs, and with ornamentation in which organic forms prevail. This taste for what is natural is seen very commonly among Spiritualists, whose houses are not unfrequently distinguishable from those of their neighbours by the quantity of tastefully arranged flowers and shrubs in front of them. In the early days of Spiritualism in London, the spirits often asked that the *séance*-rooms should be decorated with flowers.

We do not intend to reopen the discussion on Vegetarianism, for these few lines are printed merely to call attention to the second edition of Sir Charles Isham's pamphlet, which is dedicated to Miss Paul, and entitled *The Food We Live On*. It may be obtained on sending eighteen stamps, for the benefit of Northampton Orphanage, to "Sir Charles Isham, Bart., Lamport Hall, Northampton."

Just now the Vegetarian Society is actively circulating information, pointing out how cheaply children in charitable institutions can be supported on sweet pies and puddings, without meat, and how thoroughly they like such diet. Another proof that public attention is being called to this subject was presented by the town of Folkestone being placarded with bills this Christmas, to the effect that the Quakers there were about to hold a "fruit banquet." Last Tuesday we were at a vegetarian dinner of a dozen or more courses, in West Brompton, and passed through the hospitable ordeal satisfactorily. There was a vegetarian dog on the premises, a model dog, who—despite his teeth and Dr. Carter Blake—had never tasted meat, and was perfectly healthy and respectable. One obstacle in society to the adoption of vegetarian diet, is also commonly felt in relation to Spiritualism, namely, that when a solitary member of a materialistic family is sufficiently refined and sensitive to be the first to take in new ideas about Spiritualism and cognate subjects, all the other members make as much noise as pigs in their sty would do, if they discovered one of their number to believe that there is something better worth living for in the universe than pig-wash. When they see one of their number with the nose no longer in the family pig-trough, and no longer fighting for those objects which they and their fathers and mothers before them fought for as the sum and substance of the results of existence, of course they know that one in their midst has no sense, and must be pulled down into the habits, motives, and modes of thought of the rest of the family group, to the great discomfort of all concerned, for none of them can help their inbred nature. Illustrations of this are plentiful everywhere.

A SOCIETY of Spiritualists has been established in Toronto, Canada, under the presidency of the Rev. John Marples.

ON Sunday next, January 6th, Mr. J. J. Morse will deliver a trance address in the Spiritualists' Hall, Newgate-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne; subject, "Religion." Service commences at 6.30 p.m. On Monday, January 7th, Mr. Morse will deliver a brief trance address, after which questions from the audience will be answered; to commence at 8 p.m. Mr. Morse will also hold a special chamber lecture in Sunderland on Tuesday evening, Jan. 8th; to commence at 8 p.m.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.—The unwisdom of the Council of the National Association of Spiritualists having delegated to individuals the power of printing matters in the name of the Association, which have not been sanctioned by the Council, is to be seen in the last agenda. There the Association endorses the powers and character of mediums it has never tested, and has by this unasked mark of recognition placed them on a level with others whose powers it has tested for years. All the mediums mentioned, so far as we know, may be very respectable people, but should any one of them prove not to be so, he now has the power to point out to any court of law in which he may chance to be prosecuted for any offence, that he is recognised by the National Association of Spiritualists, a fact upon which hostile newspapers will seize at once, and permit no explanation.

Poetry.

MAKING THE BED: A NEW YEAR'S MEMORY.

YEARS ago—let me think how many—
 Ere my father and mother died,
 I was at home for my holidays
 In the olden Christmastide.

And in my thoughtless girlhood,
 I sat by the fire and read,
 While my mother with the servant
 Bustled and made my bed.

My father chid me softly,
 But I only pouted and cried;
 How could I be bed-making
 In my happy holidaytide?

Other girls had not to do it,
 And so no more was said;
 I sat and read my novel,
 While my mother made the bed.

For I fretted we were not richer,
 Though I knew from morning to night,
 They worked till her hands were feeble,
 His head grew weary and white.

But soon, Oh, how soon it now seems!
 I tended her latest breath,
 I made the bed for my mother,
 But it was her bed of Death.

And with tears I am strewing the flowers.
 Where rests my father's head,
 As I sit in the cemetery,
 And weep by his lowly bed.

Oh, father! Oh, mother! How was it
 I never seemed to know
 How very dearly I loved you,
 In that happy long-ago?

You were poor. Your earthly riches
 Had taken wings and fled:
 But you spent your lives to win me,
 My girlhood's board and bed.

And now from your peaceful mansions,
 Up in the spirit spheres,
 You know my late repentance,
 You can see my bitter tears.

And I'm sure that you forgave me,
 Or all my peace would be fled,
 As I sit in my mourning garments
 Watching your daisied bed.

1878.

P. D.

Correspondence.

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

THE UNTRUSTWORTHINESS OF DR. CARPENTER'S QUOTATIONS.

SIR,—The last number of the *Athenaeum* contains a letter from Dr. W. B. Carpenter, in which he rebukes Mr. A. R. Wallace for negligence in not ascertaining, and consequent misrepresentation of, the real conclusion arrived at by the French Academy of Medicine on the subject of Animal Magnetism.

Does Dr. Carpenter never show negligence, is he never mistaken in his representations of other peoples' opinions? Let us see.

On page 558 of *Fraser's Magazine* for November, Dr. Carpenter says "the Reverend C. Maurice Davies, a well known author, who was far from being unfavourably disposed to Spiritualism, and who was at the time a member of the council of the British National Association of Spiritualists, thus describes, in his *Mystic London*, the part taken by Mr. Crookes (whom he styles 'the professor') at a *séance* at which he was present. . . . And he afterwards speaks of Mr. Crookes' conduct in the matter, as having given the final death-blow to his belief that there might be 'something' in the face-manifestations!" All the pronouns in the above passage unmistakably refer to Dr. Davies.

Now, will it be believed that, with the exception of the "his" before *Mystic London*, they all (in the original) as unmistakably refer to a different person, a friend of Dr. Davies, whose name is not given.

Again, Dr. Carpenter's words "thus describes," evidently refer the description (which I have omitted for brevity) to Dr. Davies, but it is really by the nameless friend.

The passage I have taken from Dr. Carpenter has reference to pages 314, 318, and 319 of *Mystic London*. But every paragraph on those pages has marks of quotation, by tracing which, back to page 307, it will be found that Dr. Davies expressly says that the three following chapters are "the communications of a friend" who has investigated this mysterious Borderland (Spiritualism) on his own account, and that he (Dr. Davies) is "not responsible for the conclusions at which he (the friend) arrives."

Perhaps I ought to apologise to Dr. Davies for thus writing about him, but my object is not to defend a man so well able to take care of himself, it is merely to expose the negligence and untrustworthiness of Dr. Carpenter.

My view of Dr. Carpenter's onslaught is that Spiritualists ought to be very thankful to him for having written it. If he—a man of known and acknowledged ability—can find nothing more conclusive to bring forward against Spiritualism, it is fair to infer that nothing more con-

clusive can easily be found, and I, therefore, congratulate Spiritualists on the prospect of their cause soon triumphing over its opponents.

Dr. Carpenter evidently intends to crush our little party if he can, but we can afford to be magnanimous, so let us laugh at his small attempts and elect him by acclamation an honorary member of the British National Association of Spiritualists. W. WHITEAR.

High-street, Hornsey, Dec. 24th, 1877.

WHAT IS THE INTELLIGENCE?

SIR,—Mr. Massey's article containing Mr. Simmons's observations is, as usual, pregnant with exact facts and reasoning. We have to thank him for a sentence which should be inscribed in letters of gold over our portals, "The powers of the human spirit are like a heritage, of which the permanent enjoyment is deferred."

The most important point in Mr. Massey's paper is the theory that the duplicated limbs of the medium, which are admittedly instrumental in many physical phenomena, may be the sources of force whence the pencil is moved in a *bonâ fide* case of slate-writing, like those of Slade or Watkins. Such theory involves the supposition that there is a hand which moves in a confined space between a slate and a table, or, in the case of some book slates, in a space into which it is impossible to introduce a paper cutter. Such hand presupposes for the act of writing, a substantial elbow, and an arm to it, with radial, wrist, and finger muscles of normal proportions in cases where the writing is of the normal size.

It is impossible for the ordinary human "accidental" hand to be placed above or within the slate, and the inquirer has, I humbly submit, to advance only two hypotheses which explain the genuine phenomena.

Either, the hand, which must move with a certain amount of flexibility to produce any writing, must be so diminished in size as to be extremely minute, so as to be able to grasp no object larger than the crumb of slate-pencil which is usually employed; or, the force so producing the writing must have its fulcrum beneath or outside the slate, and must pass through the matter of the slate.

If such a theory were to be adopted, it would be well to consider that the writing so produced would be reversed on the slate, unless, of course, the "medium" or "control" were to will the contrary. Such a case has never been seen by me, though, of course, I am far from denying its possibility.

The conclusion must therefore be arrived at, either that the "astral form" (I adopt, as the leaders in the science have done before me, M. Blavatsky's highly convenient nomenclature, which no doubt will soon be universally employed, for the reason that it is better defined than that hitherto used by Spiritualists) is smaller than, or as large as, the actual hands of the medium.

The few cases in which writing has been obtained with long slate-pencils placed on the slate, and held at a distance of some inches beneath the table by the sitter, while the medium's actual hands have been on the table, and in full view, with good light, are not, I submit, explicable under the first theory, but may, perhaps, be so under the second.

To my mind, the phenomena, though rare, produced when a long pencil is employed, are even more interesting than those with the pencil crumb, though they possibly require a far greater amount of force.

The next point in Mr. Massey's article is that in which he speaks of knowledge being displayed which has never been in the mind during its earthly experience. If there are such cases (I do not mean to hint that there are not), I think we ought to have a tabulated statement of them, with dates, and names of witnesses. Such a table would take months to prepare, and would be of inestimable value to those persons who seek to find out "What is the intelligence?" and who in that investigation have received material assistance from the theories, each of which covers many facts, of M. Blavatsky, Miss Kislbury, Mr. Massey, and Dr. Wyld.

In conclusion, let me thoroughly coincide with Mr. Massey that my friend Mr. J. Simmons is "one of the most intelligent Spiritualists it has been my fortune to know." It is but rarely in this science that he who has seen much is identifiable with him who has thought much, and that the perceptive qualities of the observer have been united with the reasoning faculties of the philosopher. Had it been otherwise, the science would have been before now in a higher position. But with regard to such cases as that of Mr. Watkins, Mr. Simmons has assumed the existence of a "spirit" independent from the minds of Miss Kislbury or the medium. I hope he will give us the reasons which lead him to advance the hypothesis, as I for one cannot see my way to its acceptance. Such a hypothesis, if advanced, should cover all, and not some of the facts; and metaphysicians have only to cast their eyes to France at the present moment to see that a loyal obedience, and perfect faith in the *contenant*, is not incompatible with a vigorous denial of the *contenu*; whilst there are to be found ingenious persons amongst whom I would be sorry to be numbered, who can manage to justify a converse proposition to their own minds. But Mr. Simmons is nearer to the seat of war than I am.

C. CARTER BLAKE.

SIR,—In Mr. Massey's excellent comments on Mr. Simmons's no less excellent observations with regard to psychographic phenomena, there are one or two points on which I will venture a few remarks.

Mr. Massey is of opinion that little difficulty need be felt in accepting the view that the pencil is moved by the duplicated hand of the medium. The fact that the crumb of pencil generally used has often been seen falling from the vertical position employed in writing, just as the slate has been drawn from under the table, would point to the conclusion that the writing agency had grasped and used the pencil

after the manner of human fingers. But how about the cases, of which many are on record, in which the writing is produced without any pencil at all?

Mr. Massey speaks of "views advanced" by me on this subject. Without, I hope, being considered captious, I must demur to this expression. I have merely experimented in the direction pointed out by others, and my experiments, as far as they went, seemed to verify their theories. But I agree with Mr. Simmons that all that was proved was the possibility of interposing our own will, and causing it to predominate over any other will that might be present. But here we stumble upon a very important fact, viz., that the will of the embodied spirit is as good, *i.e.*, as strong as that of the disembodied spirit, if such be present. Where then, is the superiority of the disembodied over the embodied? Wherein lies the presumption that we are communing with immortal spirits, if those spirits are so much weaker than our own?

I am aware that I am here trenching upon dangerous ground, which is also somewhat foreign to the question before us. But it grows, to my mind, out of the inquiry started by Mr. Massey, "What is the intelligence?" and which is really at the back of the question, "What moves the pencil?"

At my first sitting with Mr. Watkins, I wrote on slips of paper the names of my father, a brother, and a sister in the other life. In a subsequent communication signed with the name of that sister on a slate held by me, and not touched at all by Mr. Watkins; the names of my father and brother were repeated, but that of another brother who would probably have been in the same group, if they had really visited me, was not mentioned. Why was this? was it because I had not mentioned him, and that, therefore, the spirit of the medium did not read his name in my astral surroundings? This seems more likely than that a pure and noble spirit such as his should refuse to recognise me because I had not written his name on a piece of paper. An excellent opportunity was here given for my sister to prove her identity by introducing a name not already mentioned, and which would have been the most natural thing for her to do.

On the other hand, I do not pretend that this experiment proves anything. It merely indicates that the knowledge of the communicating intelligence is bounded by the knowledge, expressed or latent, of embodied minds. Further experiments may land us in a region whose supermundane position will be beyond dispute or doubt.

I think it of the utmost importance that we should not "make haste" to fix our views with regard to the various phenomena which we are only in course of observing. It is often difficult, while considering certain specific theories, to avoid appearing as if those theories were the only ones worth considering. But thoughtful persons will not be led away by such appearances. The mind cannot occupy itself exclusively with two propositions at one and the same moment, and it is necessary, in the important inquiry in which Spiritualists are engaged, for them to examine with more than usual thoroughness every theory which may possibly lead them to a complete generalisation of the facts with which they have to deal.

I, therefore, deprecate most strongly the tacking together of names and views merely because they are, as they must be, sometimes temporarily associated for the purposes of investigation.

EMILY KISLINGBURY.

33, Great Russell-street, London.

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIST ON SPIRITUALISM.

SIR,—I wonder how many people are aware of what the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* says about Spiritualism? In the treatise on occult science, extracted from thence and published by Griffin in 1855, the author says:—"We deem it unwise to pronounce dogmatically either for or against any given fact until the evidence be fairly ascertained. Every one, however, must of necessity meet such announcements in a certain attitude of mind. For ourselves we accept these two fundamental principles, not as idle theories, but as an essential part of Christianity:—1st, the continued personal identity of the human spirit after death; and 2nd, the possible intercourse of disembodied spirits with mankind. Here is the common ground on which, we presume, all believers of the revealed word may stand together. The laws of spiritual intercourse, or the power that spirits have to effect any purpose in this world, or that men, on the other hand, have to converse with spirits; are they fair subjects of experimental and philosophical inquiry; as rational and likely to lead to valuable results, as the inquiries of Franklin and of Priestley into *electricity*. Inadvertently, we have named one of the standing miracles of the age, by which space is annihilated and the friendship and interest of mankind have girdled the globe with Ariel-like swiftness. The lightning already speaks for us, and the sunbeams paint ourselves and the scenery we move in with a fidelity which no mortal hand can equal; yet these discoveries, every one feels, are only the dawns and shadows of things to come."—Pp. 203, 204.

Would the *savants* set down the Encyclopædist as a fool or knave—or both?

CHRISTIAN POSITIVIST.

THE "SPIRITLESS SOULS" OF THE THEOSOPHISTS.

SIR,—In the *Revue Spirite* of November we find the following:—"It would require much space to enumerate the services already rendered by typtology, and to note the facts of importance elicited thereby. It is to table-rapping that we are indebted for the remarkable poetry of the *Spirit-Rapper of Carcassonne*. Spirits have been reproached frequently for their mediocrity in prose; the spirit-rapper of Carcassonne carried away the prize at the floral games of Toulouse, for a fable in verse." A specimen of the poetry of this spirit versifier, through table-rapping, has appeared for a long time in the *Revue Spirite* almost monthly, although physical mediumship is not held in much esteem in France. You kindly inserted in your journal, some months back, an attempt of mine to

render into English a fable, in allusion to the present unfortunate war, from the verse of the spirit-rapper aforesaid. I have now made another attempt to translate the spirit-rapper of Carcassonne's verse from the *Revue Spirite* of November. It touches upon what we all understand when we talk of the spirit of the Pharisee, who had the character of being full of his own self-assertive superiority and self-righteousness, while he despised others. Whether that pride be materialistic or Spiritual; whether assumed on vicarious grounds, or otherwise, it has the same source and the same fruit. Here is my attempt:—

What! said a *savant* proud. Can fools be led
To think it possible to raise the dead!
You, friend of yore, so versed in views material,
Do you now seek to call forth ghosts aerial?
Come, be sincere; can you raise up the dead?
The Bible; Socrates . . . You have lost your head!
Saul and his peers are wholly out of season;
The shado of Socrates defies all reason.
You are mad or mountebank, the which you will,
One of the two; yet, more presumptuous still.
Dost understand me now; what can you prove?
Sir, our device is Charity and Love.
Much can we prove, but prudence is our aim;
To learn and apprehend is what we claim
To be our duty; what is more, our right.
We use our private judgment, ears, and sight.
This is our stand-point firm; nor will we botch it,
And mar its fair results for anybody's crotchet.
Folly! . . . Not so. We know the pride of science.
The *savant* true is different, without defiance.
He meditates, observes; but boldly goes *en avant*,*
He knows the *savant* proud is nothing but "a *savant*."

(Signed) THE SPIRIT-RAPPER OF CARCASSONNE.

One certainly regrets that this unhappy table-rapper, according to Col. Olcott, "cannot bring forth good fruit;" although it has been said that by our words we shall be justified, and by our words condemned; because "physical mediumship in general" comes under the Theosophist's ban. Colonel Olcott, their champion, says, "Evil influences are alone drawn towards such magnets." He tells us "That mediumistic physical phenomena are not produced by pure spirits, but by 'souls' embodied or disembodied." And what is his definition of "soul"? He calls it "the astral man, or double, or soul," and he tells us, "From a being thus brutalised, the divine, immortal spirit has shrunk in horror, and death finds the man but a duality, of which one part goes into the ground to rot, the other wanders in and about the habitations of men, obsessing sensitives, to glut vicariously its depraved appetites, until its life is burnt out by their very intensity, and dissolution comes to crown the dreadful career. These earth-bound souls then, that the Romans called the *larvæ*, are the 'elementaries' of the Theosophical society." Mark, all Spiritualism produced by physical mediumship, without exception, all deceased souls, whom we may have supposed to be the spirits of our nearest and dearest ones—our mothers, fathers, children—who may have given us, by some tender and well remembered signs, the strongest proofs of their identity; who may have come to us also, before and did since, uncalled, whether in sleeping or waking, friends whom we may have often seen clairvoyantly, or heard clair-audiently, in the same way as all ancient books on religion give hundreds on hundreds of instances of; not to mention many other spirits—for I must still call them such—whom, judging them by their words and works, it would be hard to contaminate with the felon's brand, *all*, I say, brought before us by any physical mediumship whatever, "from rapping to full form manifestations," are, according to Colonel Olcott, but mere "souls," "elementaries," who, whether in bodily or fluidic life, have already lost their immortal spirits, and are only waiting until, burnt out by their own vice, they shall be "annihilated"! And, since they are not the beings they profess to be, are necessarily deceivers, liars, demons—*all, all!* And you, too, spirit-rapper of Carcassonne, with your moral, witty, pungent sayings, coming, as they do, through physical mediumship, are but one of Colonel Olcott's spiritless "souls"; "glutting vicariously your depraved appetites, until your life shall be burnt out by their very intensity," in honest, worthy satire of self-righteous Pharisees! I should like to know, if this spirit-rapper be vicarious, who is his rector? for he is assuredly not an "elemental" to be made a slave of. Certainly, those who would believe the Colonel, and say that his spirit-rapper has lost his spirit, cannot say he has lost the spirit of candour, and truth, and repartee.

All this of Colonel Olcott is very sweeping indeed. "Let them," Bismarck is reported to have remarked when Paris was surrounded by German troops—"Let them stew in their own juice." But this, be it remembered, was only spoken of the bodies of men, not of their souls, which many believe are never separated from their spirits, either before or after leaving earth; which last, I mean the *spirits* of men, we quite agree with Col. Olcott, are at any rate eternal and immortal, as sparks of Divinity. Bismarck would, I verily believe, have shrunk at that which a Theosophist, taught by "elementals," can allege with such infinite coolness; but who can possess, we think, but little of the spirit of the despised "Spirit-Rapper of Carcassonne" (for I must still aver that it has a spirit, the Colonel notwithstanding), whose "device is Charity and Love;" little of the spirit of the angels' text, which is, "Good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people;" and perhaps but a cloudy remembrance of who it is that has made us all, and not we ourselves, consequently, whose people we are of necessity and right, just as much as a watch is just such as its maker has fashioned it. Many of those whom Colonel Olcott calls "souls," bereft of spirit, "astral men," "elementaries," are bad enough, doubtless, in all conscience; but we cannot take for granted all that "elementals," under compulsion, teach Theosophists concerning "elementaries." We cannot but think that

* Forward.

there must be a good deal of calumny somewhere, and a good deal of weakness in receiving as gospel much that may come from, perhaps, the doubles of the inquirers, those "cloud-compelling Joves," the Theosophists. All "elementaries" have lost their spirits, according to Colonel Olcott, whether in the body or out of it; and all souls who come to physical mediumship are without spirits. This may be the teaching, also, of some of the caste-ridden Brahmins of the pagodas, at whose "practices, penances, and phariseism," Max Müller tells us, Sakya Muni, the great Buddha was so shocked. But, wherever and however these sentiments may take their rise, Col. Olcott's is, at any rate, a genuine attempt to explain Spiritualism without spirits.

I rejoice to find that Kardec's *Ciel et l'Enfer*, translated by Miss Blackwell, is at length coming out; for, I think, it deals with evil men who have left the world, and also with some in the world, more rationally and more justly than does Colonel Olcott, yet stringently enough for any but those whom the great statesman Burke called, "these bitter professors of the graces of religion." This book deals also, shortly, with the power of mediums over spirits lower than themselves, among which M. Kardec enumerates primitive spirits (*esprits primitifs*), which appear to be synonymous with the "elementals" of Colonel Olcott. Signor Bosco, the conjuror, gave proof of this power of mediums over low spirits when he used to produce most extraordinary *Spiritual* effects by making lads on his platform say, in Italian, words which, being translated, mean—"Infernal spirits, obey!" "Spirits," I would remark, infernal though they were called, but not, as Colonel Olcott would call them, mere "souls," bereft of spirit.

It would not be, I think, difficult to show that Colonel Olcott is not only inconsistent with reference to the great Eastern religions, to which he professes to adhere, as well as mistaken as regards the teaching of Jesus which he advances; but also that he does great injustice to the grand doctrine of evolution, and that of the selection of the fittest, by forcing them into the support of his most unscientific assumption that souls or anything else can be "annihilated." I think the great philosophers he quotes would be the first to tell him that nothing is ever lost, but that everything that may seem lost only, reappears under new combinations; and it is unjust, too, to quote Darwin and Wallace in confirmation of his most illiberal doctrine that—"The indiscriminate attainment of immortality would be contrary to the analogies of nature, and repugnant to the ideas of strict justice." As if the attainment of immortality could be without discrimination, or any of God's works devoid of justice or incompatible with goodwill towards mankind, God's offspring.

I am, however, happy to find that all Theosophists do not agree with Colonel Olcott. I may say, without sorrow, that there is a division in the camp. Doctors differ among the Theosophists, as they do even among the Brahmins. So, while Colonel Olcott is seeking the self-assumed aristocracy of ancient Brahmin caste, with its "practices, penances, and phariseism," that "shocked" the great and righteous Buddha, we find that these very practices are on the wane among the Hindoos themselves. We will not be so uncharitable as to say of them what Colonel Olcott says of the souls of so many men, that "they are burning out by their own intensity, until dissolution comes to crown their direful careers." No, let us take a milder tone, let us say, with Bismarck, "Stewing away in their own juice." We will quote Mr. G. M. Tagore, himself a Brahmin, in our behalf, who tells us, in *The Spiritualist* of February 25th, 1876:—"Wherever monotheistic ideas gain ground, caste gives way before them. Castes, consequently, are breaking up in India."

But it is not alone the mysteries of the Pagodas to which the "inner ring" of the Theosophists "adhere," which are now being avoided by the more liberal Brahmins themselves, but there exists evidently also a striking diversity of opinion among the Theosophists themselves, judging from their writings; for "An English Member of the Theosophical Society," in most exact contrast to Colonel Olcott's condemnation of "souls," or "elementaries," to "annihilation," quotes in *The Spiritualist* of March 10th, 1878, "A very learned Occultist," who tells us, "When the elementary dies out of one state of existence he is born into a higher one; and when man dies out of the world of gross matter, he is born into one more ethereal; so on, from sphere to sphere, man never losing his trinity!" Just as I now say of the Colonel's explanation of an elementary, and his description of the super-abounding loss of trinity among men, "This looks a deal too bad." So when nearly two years ago I read this learned occultist's pleasing account of the destiny of "elementaries," and the agreeable allotment of a happy, unruffled progress after death for all mankind, I exclaimed, "This, I fear, looks too good;" and I was irresistibly reminded of an ancient ditty—one, I believe, of what were called *The Bailey Ballads*—in which Mr. Bailey, their author, avowed, as his idea apparently of the summit of bliss, that—

He'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,
Where roses and lilies and violets meet;
Roving for ever from flower to flower,
Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

So far Mr. Bailey, and all the Theosophists, not omitting Colonel Olcott, seem to be in most sweet accord as regards their own personal souls. But now, when I come to the next verse, where Mr. Bailey owns that—

He'd never languish for wealth or for power,
He'd never sigh to see slaves at his feet,"

I am struck with the utter discord of his sentiments with those of Colonel Olcott, who, as a "perfect initiate, has absolute dominion over the forces of nature," which he makes his obedient servants, so would naturally scorn unfortunate Mr. Bailey, who was so evidently an adversary of slave-driving, and one who was quite willing to let the elements, and the elementals also, take their own course. But whatever may be the views on these points of the more liberal members of

the Theosophical Society, one nevertheless regrets that, when we thought we had a right to expect something tangible and consistent from the Theosophical camp, we only get opinions the reverse of harmonious, or rather, in one sense, so entirely diverse, that beyond it the force of contrast can no further go. SCRUTATOR.

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

SIR,—I would, with your permission, submit to your readers, particularly to "T. J.," the following account of a *séance* held with E. W. Wallis; it may also be an encouragement to that gentleman to go on in the good work in which he has been engaged. Any of your correspondents who may think that he can account for the facts in any way other than that the spirit who gave the message was then and there present and controlling the medium, may give us the benefit of his views.

On the 18th July, 1876, I was in London with a son, twenty-one years of age, and learned that public *séances* were held at the house of Mrs. Burke. We called at the time for holding one of the meetings, were joined by Mrs. Burke and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Wallis, all of whom formed the circle. Mr. Wallis was entranced, and in the character of a rollicking Irishman gave me some appropriate personal advice, when suddenly the control changed, the medium seemed much distressed, and to suffer great pain in trying to speak to me. The only word we could make out was "Son, son." I asked if he were my son. Signs were then made for writing materials. A fly leaf was torn from a sheet of note paper, and with pencil he wrote (with great distortions of the medium's body) "I am in great pain or I would be able to speak. I have been wounded by the kick of a horse in my leg and head. I am not your son, but a friend of his" (signed Burt). The signature, like many we meet every day, was not so well written as to enable us to be sure what it was; but on the 27th August following, when at Edinburgh, I received a letter from my eldest son, dated Melbourne, 10th July, in which he, mentioning the death of a number of Colonists, says, "Mr. Burt, brother-in-law to Mr. R—, was killed off horseback during the month." I at once looked up the communication, and had no difficulty in making the signature out. I send now a photographic copy of the writing, so that any interested may judge for themselves.

The accident is mentioned in a telegram in the Melbourne papers of Saturday, 1st July, as having occurred on the previous Saturday.

To the above I may add that we were total strangers to the medium and the persons we sat with; that neither the son with me, nor myself, had ever heard of such a person as Mr. B.—, yet no doubt he was known to my son in Melbourne; that unless a telegram had been sent from Australia of the death, no one in the room could be aware of it, the sitting being held about a month after the death; that we had no conversation with those we sat with to lead them to know or infer who we were or where we came from.

J. R. CARSON.
4, Warwick-crescent, Maida Vale, London, W., Dec. 26th, 1877.

MEXICAN Spiritualists have established at Vera Cruz a new institution, or college, called Esperanza.

THE death of a remarkable medium, Professor Ladières, of Vienna, Austria, is announced in the *Revue Spirite* of Paris.

MARVELLOUS cures are reported as being made at Alicante, Spain, by mesmerism.

THE Viscount de Torres Solanot has resumed charge of the Madrid Spiritualistic journal. He is still busy in an attempt to have Spiritualism represented at the Paris Exhibition.

SPIRITUALISM IN DALSTON.—At a meeting of council of the Dalston Association of Enquirers into Spiritualism held recently, Mrs. Corner, vice-president, occupied the chair; Mr. Thos. Blyton, Mr. Edwin Dottridge, Mr. R. A. March, Mr. R. Pearce, Mr. J. Rouse, Mr. J. Toseland, and Mrs. Wood were also present. Messrs. Edwin Dottridge, Richard Pearce, and R. A. March were elected members of council. Letters of general interest were read from the Rev. Samuel Watson, Dr. Wm. B. Carpenter, F.R.S., Mr. Wm. Crookes, F.R.S., Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, F.R.G.S., Mr. Edwin Dottridge, Miss F. J. Theobald, and Mrs. Wm. Tebb. Presentations were laid upon the table and accepted with a cordial vote of thanks to the respective donors, viz., Mr. Wm. Crookes, F.R.S., Miss Kisingbury, Rev. Samuel Watson, Mr. Edwin Dottridge, and Mrs. Tebb. Mr. A. L. Elder was elected to a life membership, and Miss Edith L. Stone, and Mr. A. Tucker to ordinary membership. On the recommendation of the committee appointed at the last meeting of council, it was unanimously resolved "that a committee be appointed consisting of Mrs. Corner, Mrs. Wood, Messrs. J. Rouse, J. Toseland, Thos. Blyton, and Edwin Dottridge, with power to add to their number either from members or non-members of the association and from which body sub-committees may be formed, for the purpose of organising regular *séances* for the express object of evolving advanced phases of spirit manifestations. The *séances* to be conducted at the private residences of members of the committee as may be agreed upon. A careful record of all the proceedings to be kept, certified, and reported by the committee to the council for recording in the books or discussion before the association from time to time." The consideration of the proposed new year's entertainment, under the auspices of the several metropolitan spiritualist and psychological societies, was deferred *sine die*. The usual instruction was given for drafting the annual report, and Mr. R. Pearce was deputed to act in conjunction with Mr. G. R. Tapp in auditing the accounts for year ending 31st inst. The hon. secretary was authorised to make the necessary arrangements for the fortnightly Monday evening discussion meetings in January next. The seventh annual general meeting was formally announced for Thursday, January 31st next. The council then adjourned.

THE BRITISH NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

SEANCES FOR INQUIRERS.

At a *séance* for inquirers held at the rooms of the British National Association of Spiritualists, 38, Great Russell-street, London, on Wednesday, the 26th December, 1877, the circle consisted of ten persons, including the medium, Mr. W. Eglinton. After the usual preliminary examination of the cabinet, and the secure fastenings of the medium's hands, feet, and body, the gas was turned down till it gave a dim light, and the sitters had scarcely seated themselves before the manifestations commenced. A hand was distinctly seen to pull aside the curtain at the extreme end of the cabinet, and was again visible in front of the medium, removing several articles which had been placed on the Oxford chimes upon his knees; at the same time, raps and sounds were heard at the back of the cabinet.

At the suggestion of one of the sitters, a book was placed on the medium's knees, and was opened and shut several times, without any hand or finger being visible; in answer to inquiry, "Joey" said it was not necessary to materialise for this purpose, as he threw off the power from the medium's hands to produce the result.

After sundry jokes and remarks, "Joey" requested that the sitters who were nearest to the cabinet should enter it as quickly as possible after a hand was made visible in front, to examine the position and fastenings of the medium's hands; this being done, it was found that the medium's hands and all fastenings were intact; scarcely a moment's interval elapsed between the time of the hand being visible in front of the cabinet, and the examination of the medium's hands securely fastened behind him. The genuineness of the phenomena appeared to be satisfactorily proved to all present.

T. H. EDMANDS,

Member of the Séance Committee, in Charge.

FAY VERSUS CARPENTER.

(To the Editor of the "Banner of Light," Boston, U.S., Dec. 22nd.)

I wish to state a few facts in reference to an article in your paper of Dec. 8th referring to myself, in a letter of Mr. Crookes on Dr. Carpenter's attack.

First, it is untrue that Mr. Crookes gave me a letter speaking of the spiritualistic nature of my manifestations, and referring to Fellows of the Royal Society. The only letter, to my knowledge, that Mr. Crookes ever wrote regarding my mediumship (with the exception of the one written to Mr. Cooper) appeared in the London *Daily Telegraph*, and other journals, March 11th, 1875.

Second, in reply to Dr. Carpenter's statement that an offer was made by my managers in May, 1875, of an equivalent sum of money for me to "expose the whole affair," I will now say to Dr. Carpenter, as I did to my managers, *I have nothing to expose.*

I am in receipt of a letter, dated November 18th, 1877, asking me if I will fix a price to visit England under the title of an "Exposée," and show how I am supposed to have hoodwinked members of the Royal Society.

My reply was as follows:—"As poor as I am, and as clever as I am supposed to be by Dr. Carpenter and others, I am obliged to decline your tempting proposition to replenish my exchequer by attempting impossibilities. I sincerely hope to be able to maintain myself and child in a more honourable occupation."

ANNIE EVA FAY.

Akron, Ohio, December 10th, 1877.

THE *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, the Chicago Spiritualistic newspaper, lost several thousand dollars a few weeks ago, through the failure of two or three banks. It can well afford to bear the loss.

ON Monday, Jan. 14th, the fortnightly discussion meetings at 38 Great Russell-street, will be re-opened with a paper by Mr. Thomas Shorter on "Form-Manifestations; are they due to Embodied or Disembodied Spirits?"

Mr. J. M. Peebles reached London last Saturday. He has taken the degree of Doctor of Medicine in Philadelphia, after working for it, and has shown us the diploma authorising him to follow the profession in the United States.

THE Council of the National Association of Spiritualists holds its monthly meeting on Tuesday next. One of the notices of motion is that Mr. Algernon Joy, M.Inst.C.E., be asked to resume his former post of honorary secretary to the Association; the mover will be Mrs. Makdougall Gregory.

THE *Boston Herald* says:—"The published accounts of the recent meeting of the French Medical Society chronicle the investigations of a physician into the temperature of the surface of the head in health and disease. The instruments he employed, the methods adopted, and results obtained, will be of service to those students who are experimenting in the same direction with medicine in a normal and abnormal state."

A CATHOLIC CANON ON INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING.

To the Editor of "The Banner of Light."

La Renovation, of Belgium, has an article on Dr. Slade from the pen (I think of its editor) of the *Chanoine X. Mouis*. This authorised Canon of the "holy church" devotes nearly three columns of the *Renovation* to a couple of *séances* held with said American medium. I will give here, very briefly, what he has to say:—"Being an attentive reader of what the Belgian papers have, with all laudable and praiseworthy frankness, reported concerning Dr. Slade, I was, with some friends, desirous of studying seriously the phenomena alleged to take place in his presence." The table being thoroughly examined, and the medium seated to the satisfaction of the visitors, Dr. Slade took a slate with a bit of pencil upon it, as usual, and held it under the table. "Suddenly," says the *Chanoine*, "we heard a kind of grating noise, and presently a knock, which signified that the slate could be withdrawn. Upon it were two sentences, one in French, the other in English, as follows:—'*Paul, serviteur de Dieu et apôtre de Jésus Christ, pour instruire les élus de Dieu dans la foi et dans la connaissance de la vérité qui est selon la piété.*' And, 'They are glad I come and give you proof of my presence; we hope it will impress in your souls the love of God and His high works.'

"Now," said Dr. Slade through the interpreter, 'if you desire it we will try to raise the table.' I placed my feet upon his while his hands with ours formed a chain on top of the table, which rose suddenly twenty-five or thirty centimetres, then fell heavily upon the floor. 'Let us try and raise M. X. with his chair.' He placed his outstretched right hand upon the back of M. X.'s chair while his left hand remained in the chain, and suddenly M. X. and chair rose to the height of some thirty or forty centimetres.

"At a second *séance* the Doctor was in front of me, and on my left was Mr. L—, a learned philosopher (or *un grand philosophe*). Dr. Slade's hands were on the table while we felt others patting us upon our knees. A chair in the room was overturned, and a bell upon the table was thrown over my head into a distant corner of the chamber, Dr. Slade's hands and feet remaining perfectly immovable. Lastly, I myself placed a slate, well verified, under the table, with a bit of pencil upon it. Immediately we heard writing going on, and when, at a signal, I withdrew the slate, it had on it, beautifully written and well lined, an extract from the New Testament, but too long to be here quoted. Behold here the facts in all their simplicity, as have been reported, and are sustained by the *Chronique, le Progrès de Charleroi* (given in my late Review in the *Banner*), &c., &c. . . . Spiritualists like Socrates and Plato, like those of the great school of Alexandria, *know*; yes, we know through science certain bases, not only metaphysical, but facts multiplied daily of this immense science, too little known, mesmerism, that the soul exists; that it often quits the body and makes voyages by itself. . . . Dr. Slade has a familiar spirit, which attends him day and night. . . . He is his *Fidèle Acathe*. Though superior to the Doctor, he is, nevertheless of an inferior order in the world of spirits. . . . And this is not our first experience; we have experimented a thousand times, and we are Spiritualists from the force of facts. . . .

The heavens may fall, but truth will survive the ruin."

G. L. DITSON.

ANOTHER of Allan Kardec's works, *Heaven and Hell*, most carefully translated by Miss Anna Blackwell, was published yesterday.

MEDIUMS who can obtain strong physical phenomena in daylight, like those once common in the presence of Mrs. Mary Marshall, are much wanted in England. Probably this demand can be met from America.

THE publication of the second edition of the late Professor Gregory's book on *Animal Magnetism* has given considerable impetus to the study of mesmerism, for there is a large and continuous demand for it in all parts of the globe where the English language is spoken.

A NEW SPIRITUALISTIC BOOK.—We are about to bring out a new scientific book in connection with Spiritualism, written by "M.A. (Oxon)"—whose name is a guarantee of good literary work—on "*Psychography*," or "direct writing," summarising the many test *séances* given by Dr. Slade, and other mediums, and drawing conclusions therefrom. It will be published next month. "*Rifts in the Veil*" will be published to-morrow or on Monday.

A FASTING GIRL.—Martha White has died at Market Harborough, Leicestershire, under very peculiar circumstances. She has been ill five years, and is popularly supposed to have taken no food for four years. She was at first attended by Mr. Francis, surgeon, and latterly by Dr. Grant, his successor, and has been kept alive by the injection of morphia into her system. The case has excited considerable interest among the medical profession. It is stated that a *post mortem* examination fully satisfied the doctors who made it that no food had passed the stomach for a long time.—*The Times*.

RECEPTION AT MRS. MAKDOUGALL GREGORY'S.—Last Wednesday night Mrs. Makdougall Gregory gave a reception to Spiritualistic and other friends at 21, Green-street, Grosvenor-square, London. Among those present were Dr. George Wyld; Miss Wyld; Mr. St. George Stock, M.A.; Mrs. Ramsay; Mr. Stanhope Templeman Speer, M.D.; Mrs. Speer; Mrs. Wiseman; the Hon. Mrs. Forbes; Miss Spencer; Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Fitz-Gerald; the Rev. Cosmo Gordon, D.D.; the Rev. C. Maurice Davies, D.D.; Mrs. Davies; Miss Showers; Mr. Nugent James; Dr. Allman, F.R.S.; Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, M.R.I.; Signor Rondi; Mr. Algernon Joy, M.Inst.C.E.; Lady Brewster; General Brewster; Mr. Mayne; Mr. C. E. Williams; Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher; Mr. Eglinton, and others. Mr. and Miss Dietz gave some excellent recitations, and Mr. Tamplin some high-class music.

"THE DEMONS OF DERRYGONELLY."

UNDER the above title Professor W. F. Barrett has written an interesting article in the December number of *The Dublin University Magazine*, in which he narrates how, in the County Fermanagh, Ireland, phenomena broke out spontaneously like those which once made their appearance in the Fox family at Hydesville. In the course of the article Professor Barrett gives the following statement, made by the farmer:—

"My poor wife," he began, "died in March last, and after her death we were all very lonesome and sad, and fretted a good deal. On Good Friday night, just three weeks after her death, after I had gotten to bed, I heard a little weeping at the door foreninst where I lay, and it kept on rapping till about two o'clock in the morning. I thought it was our cats, or some rats, and it would go away soon, but it didn't. The next night it began again, so I fetched a light, and got up to see what it was, and it then ceased; but when I lay down again it began again. Then I got a stick, thinking I would scare it away, so when it began again I hit the door a crack with the stick, but instead of scaring it, it struck harder than before at the door, and when I struck again it struck too. Then when I found I couldn't daunt it, just a wee dread came over me, for I knew then it couldn't be rats or mice. So I got up and searched all the house; the cats were surely asleep by the fire, and no one was about. Then I began to take a thought what it was, but could pass no opinion. Then I woke the children, but when I went to bed again it kept on rapping till daylight, when it went away till next night. After this a great dread came over us all, and we kept a candle burning all night, but the knocks would still come when the light was burning, but not so loud. Then we all laid ourselves down in the same room, and now it wrought on the quilt of the bed, making sounds like tapping the quilt, and touching my daughter Maggie, so she says. One morning we found fifteen or sixteen small stones had been dropped on her bed. The noises and the tapping continued nearly every night, and once it wrought all night till the children were getting up in the morning; and so it went on, and with the dread and the loss of sleep we all felt very sick. Then it began to steal. We found this first on May 24th: I know it was that day, because it was Derrygonelly Fair. It first took a pair of boots and an odd one from out of the press in our sitting-room, and we searched the house for them everywhere, but could not find them; and we looked in the fields, but never a one of them could we find. Then one of us said, Let us ask the raps to tell us. So that night I said, 'If the boots are in the house, give a rap;' and instead of rapping it gave a scratch; then I said, 'If the boots are out of the house give a rap,' and it gave a loud rap. Then I said, 'Give a rap if they are in Garrick's field,' and it gave a scratch; then I asked other places, and at last I said, 'Are they in the plant field?' And it gave a loud rap; and I said, 'What o'clock will they be there?' as I had searched the plant field already. Then it gave six knocks. So a little before six in the morning I went out and searched the plant field again, but could find nothing; then I came in to see the clock, and it do be only just six; so I went out again, and I found them in the very place I had looked before. And sure, sir, I am of this. The three boots were all tied together with a bit of selvage wound round and round them, and with a string of knots we couldn't undo; so we had to cut them apart, and they were quite dry, as if from the fire. Then we locked up all the boots, but it did no good, for another night it took a boot from a locked drawer, and after a great search we found it in a chest of feathers in the loft.

"Other things besides boots it stole; some things it took in daylight, and many of them we have not found yet. It took a pair of scissors, and then it began to steal our candles. First it took a pound of candles; then we had to light the little lamp; it then stole the lamp-chimney, and after that three more lamp-chimneys, so we couldn't get our lamp to burn. Then we borrowed a lamp which burnt without a chimney, and it stole the bottle of lamp oil. None of these things could we find, nor would it tell us where they were,

but kept on scratching, and seemed to be angry. We got some more oil, and it came that night and stole the lamp we had borrowed, and this vexed us badly. Then Jack Flanigan came and lent us his lamp, saying he would engage the devil himself could not steal it, as he had got the priest to dip it into holy water. But that did no good either, for a few nights after that it stole that lamp too. We were then forced to get more candles, and the children hid them in the byre [the cow-house], in a little hollow between the thatch and the rafters, so that no one could have found the candles, they hid them so close; but it seen them, and I think, too, it heard us speaking of the good way we had managed to trick it this time, for when we went to get a candle from the byre, an hour and a half after they were hid, they were all gone; so we were forced to leave our candles in a neighbour's house till we wanted one, but it was very troublesome, for there is no house very near, and we couldn't keep a candle at all unless it do be burning, for it would take the candle-end away if the light were put out. It tried to keep us in darkness, so that it should be able to make most disturbance.

"One day I bethought me of putting a candle in a lantern, and tying the lantern up to the ceiling. So I bought a candle of a woman who comes this way to sell things, and I put the candle in the lantern, shutting the door tight down myself, and then tied up the lantern, and set the two young children after watching it like a cat would a mouse; but they didn't keep their eyes on it all the time, but every now and again they looked up. We were down working in the bog, and before night came the children came running down to us, saying the candle had gone out of the lantern; and sure it had, for when I got home there was no candle in the lantern; it had been stole out, though the lantern door was close shut all the time, and no neighbour had come nigh the house. After that I said it was no use getting more candles, so we had to use the light of the turf fire. Lately, however, it has left off stealing, and we can now keep a light, though every day we fear it will be taken.

"Many people came now to see us and hear the knockings, for the news of it had gone about, and some said it was only rats, and others thought it were trickery, and some said it was fairies, or maybe the devil. Several neighbours wanted us to get the priest, but we are Methodists, sir, and believed the Bible would do more good. A class leader one day told us to lay the Bible on the bed; so we did in the name of God, but a little after we found the Bible had been placed on the pillow, and was laid open at the book of Jeremiah. Then I got a big stone, about 28 lbs. weight, and laid it on the Bible in the window sill, for I was afeard it might take the Bible away; but before long we found the Bible had been moved, and we found the big stone laid on the pillow and the Bible open on top of it. After that it moved the Bible and prayer-book out of the bed-room, and tore seventeen pages of the Bible right across, as you see, sir, here."

THE second part of the "Reading from Shakespeare's play of *Hamlet*, with special reference to the Ghost, by Mr. R. A. Marsh, which was adjourned from 22nd November last, will take place at the rooms of the Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism, 53, Sigdon-road, Dalston-lane, Hackney-downs, E., on Monday evening, the 7th January, 1878, at 8 o'clock. Visitors are invited to attend.

THE "SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE."—We have received the following funeral post-card—"We rest during 1878. The why is clearly stated in the December month's number of the *Spiritual Magazine* of phenomena, physical—ethereal—spiritual. The usual monthly number will be issued 1st January, 1879.—The Editor." The earlier volumes of the *Spiritual Magazine* are of considerable historical value, and for the first ten years, or thereabouts, contain records of all that is of value in relation to the progress of Spiritualism in Great Britain. But within the last few years the magazine has steadily declined in quality, until of late it has favoured the public with so many absurdities, in the way of announcing that the sun shines by reflected light, that some of the heavenly bodies travel in zigzag courses, and so on, that its disappearance is a matter for congratulation. If it had been in the hands of an experienced journalist its decline in quality and interest would not have taken place, and we wish that it had retained its early standing.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. F.—Your enclosures have already been published elsewhere, and the previous communication you sent, was only a circular sent to various journals.

