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(ESTABLISHED 1873.)

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THE BRITISH NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

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The Spiritualist Newspaper

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

VOLUME TWELVE: NUMBER FIFTEEN.

LONDON, FRIDAY, APRIL 12th, 1878.

ARE SPIRITS IN THEIR NORMAL STATE WHEN MANIFESTING?

THE narrative about the appearances of a spirit at Mepal, Cambridgeshire, published in these pages three weeks ago, set forth how the departed mother of a child dragged him out of bed almost nightly, so that the boy had to be dressed in thick flannel that he might not catch cold. The spirit of the mother was drawn to the child by strong affection, and it is not easy to suppose that had she been in her normal state while manifesting, she would have acted so irrationally, or behaved so like a wild animal. Again, in ordinary materialisation manifestations through mediums, the personality of the communicating spirit is so masked and obliterated by the conditions, that proofs of identity through this channel are rare in the extreme.

"In the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man," it may be that the links between body and soul are loosened, and that the freed intelligence then manifests more or less perfectly in the world of spirits. Yet the chains binding it to the body are so firm, that a physical ailment, or a noise in the room, will bring it back to its tenement of clay. Under these conditions, the suddenly awakened mortal would not be disinclined to admit that his actions in the upper world, supposing he had gained temporary access thereto, were probably of an erratic character.

"Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also," and the bridge of love seems to be nearly the only one which spans with power the chasm between the two worlds. The things of time and the things of matter give way before this strongest of spiritual powers. All the evidence tends to show that in the world of spirits affection forms the strongest bond of union, and that no breaking of the law of love is possible in the higher realms of spiritual existence; such infractions are of necessity seen only in the lower and self-poisoned grades of human life.

AMERICAN SEANCES EXTRAORDINARY.

DR. RHODES has sent us from Philadelphia a newspaper account of the detection of a medium of the name of Gordon, "playing ghost," and the circumstances are set forth with much delight by the editor of the journal. All the heavy blows which Spiritualism has received from imposture by real mediums in America, have been the result of Spiritualists accepting alleged phenomena as genuine, before they have been produced off the premises, or out of the cabinets of the mediums themselves. Yet if anybody had suggested to enthusiastic Spiritualists in Philadelphia that they must wait till the phenomena were produced on other premises, he would have been almost torn to pieces by his more weak and inefficient brethren. In England, when two mediums some years since were giving *séances* near the Marble Arch, and subsequently when two mediums gave novel *séances* near Bloomsbury-square, this question was well argued. Mr. Crookes, Mr. Wallace, and other good observers, scarcely ever attest new phenomena until they have been presented several times off the premises of the medium, since the objections to the facts are otherwise so numerous as to prevent in most cases their acceptance by the public mind. In England, there is a stronger force of public opinion to countenance those who wait for perfect demonstration, rather than accept the first weak evidence which comes to hand, and Spiritualism in America has had terrible blows because of carelessness in this matter.

A PRINTED postcard, from Mr. Enmore Jones, announces a meeting of Spiritualists under his presidency, at Grafton-hall, Grafton-street, London, next Wednesday, at 7.30 p.m. He requests visitors to bring hymn-books, so it would appear that some kind of religious service is intended by him.

A WELL-AUTHENTICATED CASE OF DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS.

TRANSLATED FROM "LA RELIGION LAIQUE," DECEMBER, 1877, BY J. H. GLEDSTANES.

THE inquiry we have commenced embraces all facts capable of throwing light upon the existence of the soul and the future life. There is a case to which the scientific world gave attention for a moment, but as it was not explicable by any known law of physiology, it was disregarded by medical science. I do not know but that the academy of Moral and Political Sciences, whose attention had been called to it, also made an investigation; if so, it was well worth the trouble, for the case refutes the metaphysical theories which hitherto have served as bases for the theory of the immortality of the soul. The case also disturbs the notion of the *Ego*, which is the foundation of all certainty in our comprehension of things, for how can I be sure of the existence of objects, if, in the first instance, I am not sure of my own identity, if I cannot assure myself that I am to-day the same person that I was yesterday, and shall be to-morrow? This phenomenon of a double existence, or of two lives, is neither so exceptional nor so novel as one might suppose. Many such examples are to be found in medical history, and they have often been seen as the effect of mesmeric treatment; but the case to which Dr. Azam directed the attention of scientific men has the great advantage of not having been provoked by any exterior mesmeric action, which is always suspicious, but of having been spontaneously and naturally produced, and observed in all its phases, before all the world by a perfectly unprejudiced man of undeniable capacity. There is no doubt as to the reality of the phenomenon. We will give Dr. Azam's account of it, abridging it, as it appears in *La Revue Scientifique* of May 20th, 1876, edited by Germer Baillière:—

"Felida X. was born in 1843 at Bordeaux, of healthy parents. Her father, a captain in the merchant service, died when she was quite young, and her mother, left in precarious circumstances, was obliged to work for her living. Felida had been well brought up by her mother, and was well-informed for one of her social position, which was that of a sempstress, obliged to live by the labour of her hands. At thirteen years of age she exhibited the well-known symptoms of hysteria, and at fourteen and a half years old she presented the curious phenomenon of a double personality. Of course, she was considered mad, and Dr. Azam, then doctor of the Public Insane Asylum, was called in to treat her. Here is a summary of his observations:—

"Without any known cause, and sometimes under the influence of an emotion, Felida would feel a violent pain in the temples, when her hands would be observed to let her work fall into her lap, and then remain motionless by her side. She then became suddenly overcome with a sleep so sound that no noise, pinching, or shaking could awaken her. These states of cataleptic prostration continued for rather a long time at the commencement of the illness, but at the time Dr. Azam first made his observations, they lasted only for a few minutes. At the end of these few minutes, Felida awakes, but she is no longer the same person; her countenance, which is, in her normal state, sad and sullen, brightens up, and wears an expression of joyousness; she resumes her work, and goes on with her sewing, humming some lively air; whereas before she had been working in a most melancholy frame of mind. When she rises, her gait is lively, and she no longer feels the various pains of which she had been complaining a short while previously. She occupies herself with household matters, goes out, walks about the village, and pays visits. Her gaiety is almost boisterous; her character, in short, is completely changed. Her pre-

vious indifference to everything is now changed into excessive sensibility. Now she remembers perfectly all that has taken place during previous similar states, as well as during her normal life; but while in her normal state, she has no remembrance of what has happened during the attacks. "It is to be remarked that Felida always maintains that the state which she is actually in, whichever it may be, is her normal one, and that the other state, which she is not then in, is her seizure. Thus, she always declares herself to be her proper self, without reference to which of the two selves may be at the time in possession. In this second life, as well as in the other, her intellectual and moral faculties, although different, are incontestably complete, and free from any unsound ideas, false conceptions, or hallucinations of any kind.

"I now quote Dr. Azam:—'I would even say that while in this second state all her faculties are fuller and more developed than in the other. This second life, in which there is no physical pain, is a superior one in every way. It is especially so from the important fact already mentioned of Felida's remembering, all the time it lasts, not only what happened during the preceding attacks, but also during her normal life, whereas during her normal life, she has no remembrance whatever of what transpires during her attacks. If it had been possible for me to have had any doubts as to the separation of these two existences, they would have been removed by what I am going to relate. A young man of eighteen or twenty years of age had known Felida from her childhood, and was in the habit of coming to the house. These young people, having a mutual affection for one another, were engaged to be married. One day Felida, sadder than usual, said to me, with tears in her eyes, that her malady was increasing, and that every morning she felt sick. In short, she perfectly described the symptoms of incipient pregnancy. The disturbed looks of the bystanders caused me to suspect what was shortly confirmed; for in an attack that shortly came on, Felida said to me before these same people—"I remember perfectly what I told you; you must easily have understood what was the matter with me. I confess now, without reserve, that I believe myself to be *enceinte*." In this second life her pregnancy did not trouble her; she did not mind in the least about it. Having become *enceinte* during her second life, she did not know of it in her normal state, only being aware of it in the other states. This ignorance, however, was not allowed to continue, for a neighbour who had heard her speaking so plainly, and who being unreasonably sceptical, was under the impression that Felida was fooling them, abruptly told her when she was not in the attack of her confession when in it. This disclosure made such an impression on the young girl, that she had a violent attack of hysterics, and I was obliged to attend her for some hours. The child is sixteen years old now (1876). In 1859 I mentioned this case to several of my colleagues; most of them thought me imposed upon and deluded; three eminent men alone, after having seen Felida with me, encouraged me to continue my investigation of this case, namely, Parchappe, the celebrated mad doctor; Bazin, senior physician of the public mad-house for women, and professor of medical science at Bordeaux; and Gintrac, president of the Medical College of Bordeaux. *For all the other doctors, science was in a state of finality, and anything extraordinary must be imposture.*"

Observe, it is Dr. Azam who says, *for all the others science was complete*. Oh, mandarins, you are indeed all alike everywhere. You have stopped all progress in China, you are doing your best to prevent France advancing, and if you were allowed you would keep the world stationary. Dr. Azam goes on then to tell us that he lost sight of Felida after her *accouchement*, and only found her again sixteen years afterwards. This gap, however, is filled up by the observations of Felida's husband, the father of her child, whom she had married, and who had carefully noted his wife's state during all this time. When seventeen years and a half old, Felida had her first child, and for the two following years her health was excellent, nothing unusual occurring; but between the age of nineteen and twenty the incidents already mentioned recurred, and the periods of the attack, which in 1858 and 1859 had only lasted altogether for a tenth of her life, gradually became of longer duration.

They gradually became equally divided with her normal life, and finished by being nearly perpetual. Thus she lived the life of her second self. During the summer of 1874, after some violent emotion, she was taken with what she mistakenly called her attack, which lasted several months, during which time, as usual, she had no memory of her previous state. This was the condition of her first life, which we will call *Ego I.* One day, being in the second condition, now mostly the habitual one, which we will call *Ego II.*, Felida was returning from a funeral with some other ladies in a carriage, when, after having fallen asleep without attracting the attention of her companions, she woke up in a few minutes in the other state (*Ego I.*) in complete ignorance as to why she was sitting in a mourning coach in company with people who, as is usual on such occasions, were expatiating on the good qualities of some one deceased, but whose name was unknown to her. Not unused to similar predicaments, she waited until by skilfully put questions she learned what she wanted to know, without letting it be perceived what had happened to her.

When she lost her sister-in-law while in her second condition, *Ego I.* knew nothing about this death. Her two children took their first communion while she was in her second state, and *Ego I.* knew nothing about it. At first Felida was unconscious during the short transition periods between the two states, but afterwards she was not so. Gradually, the transition state became shorter and shorter, and although there was always a complete unconsciousness, it lasted so short a time that she was able, wherever she happened to be, to prevent it being noticed. In her second condition Felida is proud, and more attentive to her dress; she is less industrious, but seems to have more feeling, and is more affectionate to her friends. In her normal state she is hopelessly sad, and sometimes even has a tendency to suicide. She manifests also an indifference and want of affection to her friends; she resists the authority of her husband, and complained of it in the following words to Dr. Azam, "He is always saying, *I will*. That does not suit me. In my other state, I must have let him get into this habit. It is most painful to me to feel that I cannot conceal anything from him; not that I have anything to conceal, but if I wished I could not, for it is quite evident that in my other state I tell him everything I think." It has often happened that going to sleep in her normal state, in the morning she awakes in the other one, without either herself or her husband being cognisant of the change, which thus we see can take place in her sleep. At the time (1876), when Dr. Azam published his investigation, the periods of *Ego I.* only lasted a few hours in the course of two or three months; *Ego II.*, finally, almost entirely dominated Felida's life, taking the place of the original *Ego*, which returned only at long intervals, so we must admit that there are in Felida two distinct personalities, two *Egos* entirely different, occupying by turns the same organism, like two tenants inhabiting the same house. If the second personality continues more and more to usurp the place of the first one, we are entitled to suppose that the latter will eventually be entirely turned out of its home. Dr. Azam himself thinks this probable and thus expresses himself on the subject: "It will come to pass that the second state becoming paramount, Felida will have a complete individuality, with perfect intelligence and entire memory of the past, but she will be no longer the same person she previously had been: she will have lost nothing by the change; but, on the contrary, will have gained by it, inasmuch as there is no loss of memory connected with it; but the fact remains that she will be another person."

What do the doctors, the *savans*, the philosophers say to this extraordinary case of the alternation of two beings in the same person? Nothing! or else words void of meaning. Dr. Azam himself, after having so well described the facts he witnessed, escapes from the consequences of his own declaration by calling this a case of loss of memory (*amnésie*). This is no explanation of a well-proved case of a double personality and the alternation of two *Egos*, with the progressive substitution of a second personality, which finally ousts the original one altogether. Another doctor, one of our medical celebrities, and what is rare nowadays among our eminent practitioners, a Spiritualist philosopher, Dr. Bouchut, enters upon the question of a dual personality,

several cases of which he has met with in his practice, but without, however, attempting to solve the problem. He says, "Medical attention should be directed to the psychological phenomenon of dual personality, as this double consciousness may be called, since, in the case of these patients, one finds oneself in the presence of two persons physically alike but intellectually different. What is wanting here is the connecting link to maintain the continued identity of the individual, the real *Ego* suddenly disappearing to make way for another *Ego*, thus making the same envelope contain, at different times, two distinct beings separately responsible." This is fairly put. The Spiritual theory—did one feel oneself entitled to accept it—would furnish an explanation simple and clear. The existence around us of spirits, or—to speak more correctly—of the souls of those who have ceased to exist materially upon our earth, but who are likely to come here again in new incarnations, is a hypothesis which has nothing in it repugnant to reason. It is in accordance with the belief in the immortality of the soul, which is the foundation of all religions and of nearly all philosophies; it agrees also with the most recent discoveries of science, which is proving that neither matter nor force can be lost, shows us life existing everywhere in the universe in an endless cycle of change and transformation. Reason hesitates to admit the possibility of establishing means of communication between those we call *dead* and ourselves whom we believe to be *living*. One can understand that our minds should hesitate to admit a fact of such importance. Doubt about everything is the commencement of wisdom; but reason must not decline to accept what is not contrary to reason, and science has no right to refuse to examine a subject belonging to her domain, presented to her by us, who, like herself, deny miracle and the supernatural and assert our observations to be rigorously based upon experiment and analysis. Those who in the name of science refuse to examine our facts are unworthy to represent her. The *savant* who turns his back on the light is like the soldier who turns his back to the enemy, for as Sir William Thomson says, "The eternal law of honour calls upon science to give its attention fearlessly to all problems that are loyally presented to it." If I am told that science cannot occupy itself with what is absurd, I ask what is there absurd (the immortality of the soul being conceded, which means the continuation of life after the dissolution of the body) in admitting the existence of forces common alike to embodied and disembodied souls and at the disposition of the latter? Observed facts seem to prove the existence of these forces, and the possibility of making uses of them for purposes of communication between one world and another, when favourable conditions are established and the presence obtained of certain persons specially endowed, called mesmeric subjects, psychics, or mediums. If, in these experiments, errors arise, we must endeavour to rectify them, and employ more rigorous methods of observation. If imposture is mingled we must unmask the authors of it. It is really absurd to refrain from studying facts certified to be true by a large number of men as honest and disinterested as they are well-informed—facts which concern the most important questions of life and which help to solve the greatest of all problems. We would add that it is criminal to be guilty of the cowardice of waiting to investigate a truth till the time shall arrive when it is likely to triumph and to reward its adherents. May we be permitted, before concluding, to refer for an instant to our subject, not for the purpose of endeavouring to solve the problem of the dual life, but to reassure those who fear that the principle of unity and personal identity may be shaken by these phenomena which are not so rare as are generally supposed.

It is not true, as the Materialists would have us believe, that the *Ego* is nothing but the result of organic functions and especially of cerebral action; our *Ego* is undoubtedly influenced by our acts and thoughts, and by the entire working of our cerebration; and it is the chief factor of our psychic dynamism of which it remains the ruler so long as we remain masters of our reason and in harmonious relation with our surroundings. Every organised body is made up of an association of forces put in motion by the soul, which unites them and places them under the direction of conscious reason; thus is constituted our *Ego*, our will, our soul, our

autonomy. If, however, it happens that we are inspired or directed by another spirit than our own, whether belonging to this world or the other, incarnate or disincarnate, it is because we have allowed the link that kept our organism together to get broken, from a malady brought on by our vices or inherited from our parents. Then it becomes out of our power to govern ourselves. It may be also that we do not exert sufficient will-power, in which case we are in the position of a subject under the control of a mesmerist whom he has allowed to deprive him of his reasoning powers. Thus it is, that those alone are *possessed* who have not known how, or who have not sufficiently willed to possess themselves. In order to be masters of ourselves, either in this life or in the next, we must not for a moment cease firmly to will to be so. With time, labour and perseverance, will is omnipotent.

CHARLES FAUVETY.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM AND CHRISTIANITY.*

BY MORELL THEOBALD.

THAT Spiritualistic manifestations and experiences exist, and run through the whole of the Bible as a golden thread—interwoven and incapable of separation from it—need scarcely be asserted in a meeting of Spiritualists; but the attitude which Spiritualism and Christianity should relatively assume is a question which needs discussion, as I think that Christian Spiritualists may be fortified on their stronger ground against the undermining assaults of those Spiritualists who make no profession to discern in Christianity a revelation, nay a life, from our Father God.

My observations to-night will be made to those who recognise in Christ, not a wonderful medium only, but a unique incarnation of God's nature as of God's spirit. We accept the New Testament Scriptures as a veritable history, and although recognising many human discrepancies in the book, we accept the *spirit and pith* of Christ's life, as therein contained, as substantially correct.

We gather from them what has been called the miraculous conception of our Lord, and receive without misgiving the inauguration of His wonderful life in the midst of the ministration of angels.

That we may clearly appreciate the fact of the God-life among us, and the surrounding circumstances, let us briefly glance at the time, the place, and the actual fulfilment of the prophetic yearnings which found their answer in Jesus Christ.

Far away over the snowy mountains, and beyond the dark blue sea, there is a country whose name is not numbered among the nations of to-day, and whose history must be sought in the records of the past. It is a land now of ruined cities and deserted sepulchres, and of spots hallowed by the remembrance of feet that once trod there. About 2,000 years ago there dwelt in that land a people who were different from all surrounding tribes. Not numerous, nor great, nor powerful; they were distinct in this—that they possessed a knowledge of the true God. They were in reality a peculiar people, whom God had separated for the especial purpose of receiving a knowledge of Himself. He had often communicated to them by extraordinary means, which we now recognise as Spiritualistic, and by these means had so imbued their minds with the simple expectancy of a great event, that they looked forward on the tip-toe of expectation for the coming Messiah. They did not know *how* He was to appear, or *where* He was to come from, but had a vague idea only that He was to be a special messenger sent from God, aided by His power, and that He was to effect some grand change in their Jewish nation.

Nightly they used to meet, to read together their sacred books; and out by the wells of their villages, where they all daily assembled for conversation and gossip, they talked over this larger hope.

About this time, out in the wilderness, was a strange-looking man, wild in his appearance; but he had within him the true spirit of the old prophets. He must have had a strange fascination in his speech, for multitudes flocked to listen to him. They followed him from place to place, the poor and the rich alike, and his message was this, "Prepare! Prepare for the coming of the King you have been so long expecting."

As the people returned to their homes, still the burden of their conversation was "Where is this Jesus?" Some time before this (at a distance) the angels had appeared to some shepherds, and a spirit light had appeared in the heavens, which led the seekers to the babe. He was lost sight of for some years; and it was *now*, the time I have introduced to you, when John was saying "Prepare," that Jesus, as a young man, came amongst them.

And now He comes to where this wild prophet was, in fact, heralding His approach. He comes to where John was baptising, is baptised by him, and at once the heavens open and proclaim Him to all as the promised Messiah. "This is my beloved Son," said a voice from heaven. He could no longer wait. His mission must now begin. Two men only followed Him away, and asked where He dwelt. "Come and see," said He; and there, in a humble cottage, He first unfolded to them who He was, and the three go forth together to begin that wondrous teaching which is the highest inspiration of our best life to-day. But soon there are twelve of them in company. Coming to a well, they leave Him, while they go and buy food, and there, to a woman, He unfolds Himself, and proves His power and knowledge by telling her of "all things that ever she did." "Is not this the Christ?" said she, and was added to His followers.

* A paper read last week before the Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism.

From the villages He now goes up to the Temple at Jerusalem, and in the early morning teaches the people in one of its courts.

There—in one of the porches—was a strange contrast to the golden beauty around them. Sitting on the marble steps was a young man, poorly clad, asking alms. Jesus, who let nothing escape His observation, especially where a kindness was to be done, stopped and looked at him. Love beamed from His face, but the poor man could not see it; he had been born blind. The glorious light was hidden from him, and His disciples asked a curious question, "Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" It was neither, but that the power of God might be made manifest in him. And that power He proceeded to show. Light was restored to the man, and the tunnel darkness vanished at Christ's command.

But again, Jesus and His band, now fast increasing, are out among the hills. He had many lessons to teach, and now see the Master in His primitive pulpit. There He stands in a boat drawn away from the shore. No sound is heard but the ripple of the water against the boat side, except that calm, earnest voice, which was now telling them of the future life, gradually opening their eyes, and clothing their dead creeds with new existence, telling them of heaven as a place He *knew*, not as a speculation, but a certainty; and seeds are sown which never perish. The music of His voice remains. He finishes His teaching by *power*—by demonstrating His power over all material things. "Let down your net," said He to Simon. "We have been fishing all night, and caught nothing," said he; "but at Thy command, which is always obeyed, I will." And, lo! the bright, sparkling fish are drawn up in such numbers that the net is broken. That was a grand end to teaching; no wonder that multitudes now followed Him.

It was thus day after day. Over hills and plains might be seen this great multitude moving quietly along from one village to another. Now they stop, as Jesus, with loving eyes, sees a poor cripple, and bids him be made whole. Now a leper, afar off (for none would let him approach), calls to the Great Healer. "Jesus," says the miserably afflicted one, "Thou canst heal." "Be thou healed," said Jesus. And so one after another, wherever He goes, is made glad. Wherever He moves, gladness and hope are left as a trail of glory over the path He has trod.

No acts or words before or since have had such mighty power. On He and His followers go, gathering as they go; while He feeds them, not only with the bread of life, but miraculously making five loaves feed five thousand, yet leaving more to be gathered up in fragments than they began with. Again, coming to the mouth of the grave, at His bidding the dead come forth, proving His victory over death, even before his subsequent resurrection.

His message was this—love and self-sacrifice are the highest forms of life possible to man: and to-day we have found no higher, nor ever shall.

Now, in this very simple, hasty sketch (and much more could be added), it is easy to see how all forms of mediumship culminated in Jesus Christ; and I think it is as easy to see why He used mediumship and in such power as had never before been seen. It was to inaugurate a new development of religious life; not to cancel the old, as one which had not served any good purpose, for He always acknowledged that it had; but to bring out from it a new and nobler growth. Spiritualism, as we now call it, was used by Christ as a *proof of his authority to teach*: He never used it but for some beneficent purpose, and no one has ever used it to *such* purpose since.

Without such an exhibition of marvellous power, such as to associate Him even with the God Himself, think you so many multitudes would have believed on Him? No wonder the scribes and rulers put Him to death. To death? As though they could kill Him, who had the keys of death! It was permitted simply to fulfil his purpose of sacrifice to the uttermost; but the grave could not hold Him. And by many infallible proofs for forty days He showed His renewed life, and His union at the end with the heavens about us.

Such is the basis of Christian faith. Many creeds have clustered round it, with which we have nothing to do. Love, and the great Fatherhood of God, comprise all I claim as an essential part of Christianity. I rest upon them as upon a rock, and from that standpoint I would examine all the curious and multiform beliefs which cluster around us to-day.

In this light alone I consent to look at the teachings of Spiritualism, though I would examine into its phenomena and facts as a science, as I would any other science. The science may prove even true, *i.e.*, I may be led by facts irresistible to give in an unfeigned belief in the spiritual origin of all so-called Spiritualistic facts; but I look upon them only as buttresses *outside* to testify to the strength of that Christian life which ever must be the mainspring of all my beliefs.

It will assist us to come to an accurate estimate of the relationships which subsist between Spiritualism and Christianity, if I now take a brief outlook at the state of public opinion, and the various driftings towards materialism, and a decline in religious belief, which were asserting themselves from all quarters as this marvellous revelation which we call modern Spiritualism appeared among us.

Thoughtful, and especially thoughtful *Christian* men, were becoming perplexed at the rampant march of atheistic teaching, which was undermining all settled convictions respecting religious truth, more especially truths concerning the immortality of man.

No doubt the origin of this new phase of thinking was greatly owing, not to Christianity pure and simple, but to the doctrinal creeds which had accumulated round the beautiful teachings of Jesus Christ, until even Christians themselves were bewildered, and were asking, "What is truth?" The idea of hell and future torments had grown, until they were repulsive to our thoughts, and the living Father had become a vindictive tyrant, such as any Christian might well be ashamed of. Creeds had been manufactured (which many of us were taught in our childhood), which fenced around the light of Christianity until it was

well-nigh obscured; the literal interpretation of the Scriptures was insisted upon to such an absurd degree, that any man of culture, not to say science, almost lost his reverence for them, forgetting that modern men were claiming more for them than ever did the Scriptures themselves: and so bitter had become the hostility between various classes of thinkers, that it is a marvel to me how Christian life subsisted at all.

No wonder, then, that men of science, seeing the weak pitfalls we had made for ourselves, widened the breach until a yawning gulf of infidelity lay open before us.

Now was the time for science to disprove the letter, and thereby kill the spirit which had so madly espoused it. I need not stop to point out that these false creeds were no part of Christianity, and in course of time they would have destroyed themselves.

But science had been so long tabooed (foolishly) by Christian men, and their thinking had become so inexact, no wonder a new phase of thinking, diametrically opposed, set in, and we were flooded with literature, and our reviews crowded with articles, not only disproving the inaccuracy of Christian thought, but arguing away immortality, and placing the idea of a future state among guesses and sentiments. Live again! asked the men of science! Yes; we see human nature clings to immortality, we cannot obliterate that; but you shall have an immortality which we will create for you. Know this, no good action can ever die! the good must be immortal; and when you die the beneficent acts of your life shall enter into a grand spiritual influence, which shall contribute to elevate the world. Grand idea!!! And poor Harriet Martineau used to go out at midnight to feel the awfulness and the grandeur of the silent heavens, until it was so beautiful she could be content to exist in the future among the everlasting silences! And Mr. Frederick Harrison still continues the alluring song, and would fain have us believe most truly in the glory of a noble life, but most miserably, as I think, in its greater glory, as it is absorbed into the essence of good in the great universe when we are no more. Will you consent that that shall be the end of man—man formed in the image of God?

Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love creation's final law,
Tho' nature, red in tooth and claw,
With rapine, shrieked against his creed.

No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the time
That lave each other in their slime,
Were mellow music matched with him.

O life, as futile then as frail,
O for thy voice to sootho and bless,
What hope of answer or redress?
Behind the veil—behind the veil!

Yes; and from behind the veil there came the answer. Those loving spirits, ministering spirits as they are truly called, could be silent no longer. Their life was a protest to the falsity; the veil shook; nay, was rent asunder, and they entered amongst us.

William Howitt has truly said, "The true mission of Spiritualism (and it is a great and magnificent mission) is to recall to the knowledge and restore to the consciousness of mankind, the Christian faith with all its divine evangels. Its business is to exhibit the reality of its connexion with God and the angels with the life and spirit of the Divine word, and to open our earth-dimmed eyes to perceive all the wealth of celestial wisdom in the Christian revelation. And surely this is enough. It is a pity he has belied himself, and in a recent number of *The Christian*, made sweeping assertions against Spiritualism, which have no truth. I can fully sympathise with him in his indignation against the beliefs of many Spiritualists; but they are not essential to Spiritualism any more than creeds are to Christianity.

In its very first and simplest form, Spiritualism, in its tiny raps, resounds as if it were the undertaker's hammer upon the coffin of materialism. Once establish the fact that a rap is of spirit origin, and the whole fabric of materialism crumbles to the dust. But Spiritualists have claimed more than this; they have claimed for Spiritualism all the authority of a new revelation, and for its teachings the same authority as our forefathers in their blindness claimed for the creeds and doctrines which we awhile ago referred to. Have these Spiritualists forgotten what we asserted at the outset, that it is no new revelation at all, but as old as the world? Have they read history so blindly as not to see that Spiritualism has always been used to establish truth, and not to teach it? We can understand those multitudes who, without having had previously any settled belief in Christ and his noble teaching, and who put aside the Divine, and accept not the Holy Scriptures, now cling to Spiritualism as a glorious truth (which undoubtedly it is), and imagine that now they have found a sure anchor and a resting-place. It is a glorious unfolding to them, yearning after immortality, and groping for it in darkness. But the influx of Spiritualism periodically has been already anticipated by the Christian; it teaches no new rule of life whatever, though I admit it gloriously supplements the divine teaching of the Master, and recalls to the world His life. To all outside the Christian faith it will act as a hand-maid, bearing an immortal lamp to light the way to the heavenly path.

But consider for a moment the result of accepting Spiritualism as a new religion?—as some do. What does it teach? Its teachings are as various as its votaries; to one it clamours of reincarnation, to another of free love, to another of Theosophy (whatever that may be), to another of Christ: and I frankly confess to you that if Christianity were not to be found among its teachings, I should suspect it all—as I do much of it—of coming from the devil.

Then, it's dangerous ground? Most assuredly it is, and there is no safety in its research except by the aid of a prior light.

I say it has been anticipated by the Christian, and he has been

taught to "try the spirits" before he yields allegiance to their teachings.

But with prayer in the heart, and a trust in God, the great Father of Spirits, we need fear no evil; but we shall gather around us those nobler intelligences from the spirit world, who can teach us much, minister to our wants, and ennoble our life.

Spiritualism itself belongs rather to the region of *science*, than to religion. But, inasmuch as all science is, I believe, a handmaid of God, so I look upon all the avenues of science as leading up to Him. Does not astronomy? When I consider Thy heavens, and the work of Thy fingers which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?

The undevout astronomer is mad, said one of our poets. And if the astronomer's telescope has led us up to the mighty power and majesty of God, has not the microscope revealed a hidden world where not only power, but love and care are written? So is it, and will it be, with Spiritualism, earnestly and devoutly followed up. It will introduce, not to the threshold, but to the very interior, of the spirit world; it will add fact to faith; it will make certain what is necessary to ennoble us, viz., the assurance of immortality.

I hail the advent of Spiritualism as a mighty boon to those who could not walk by faith, and as a glorious confirmation to those more blessed, who, not having seen, have yet believed. My own impression is that Spiritualism will never discover its noblest phases to the outside world; but its happiest influences will be associated with family life.

I cannot tell you the sacred thing it has been to me. It seems to enter into the holiest privacies of our nature; but, as it does so, it conducts onward, even to the Holy of Holies.

The riven heart which has successively parted with one, two, three little ones cannot tell a stranger all that was associated with even the first raps upon his table; much more when the living voice again called him papa, and stroked his cheek in the darkness.

Those despised raps! Were the raps of those Welsh miners imprisoned in a coal mine despicable which led brave, noble men to toil on night and day until they fought their way through fifteen or twenty feet of coal, and wept like children as they gathered their half-dead comrades again to their embrace?

Despised! Never! No more will Spiritualists despise the tiny little rap upon their table which tells of the nearness of those the heart weeps for, while it heralds their advent again among us.

To such Spiritualism at first assumes almost the form of a religious life. But what is religion in its broadest sense? I think the definition given by a preacher the truest, who described religion as "a sense of utter dependence"—the weak soul putting forth its hands to grasp something stronger. If you accept this as a true definition of religion, mark how gloriously Catholic it is. The poor ignorant heathen feels a want for something to look up to—to cling to—and he fashioneth a graven image, at which we, in our enlightenment, may afford a smile—but not one of scorn.

That man is as truly a religious man, aye, more so, than many who bow to the Cross, or to the name of Jesus. The Mahomedan, as he leans upon the prophet, and looks up to God through him, is a true worshipper. The Roman Catholic and the Christian are all encircled in the same loving cord; truly a three-fold chord of love!

Now, as we consider all these worshippers, it is easy to see what a glorious part Spiritualism has played, and will play again, in leading from a dim to a fuller light.

God adopted this means, and used this wonderful weapon, to disperse the Egyptian darkness, and to lead his Israelitish children into the nobler light. By *direct writing* on stone he gave them their commandments; by *spirit light* he guided them continually, until they recognised the Shekinah of His presence. Through years he sustained the spirit of religion by prophets and seers—and manifestations too numerous to mention—until writing with a glory on the wall of Belshazzar, and until (as we referred to in the outset) he heralded a wider revelation by his son, Jesus Christ.

Are we to stop here? That is, where we are to-day; but I by no means say God has said His last word, and uttered His fullest speech to the world.

As Spiritualism has always inaugurated a fuller life, let us hope that this modern influx may do the same; but let us not mistake the means for the end.

Those in our day who are now trying to put Spiritualism into the place of religion of any kind, whether Christianity, Mahomedanism, or Buddhism, are, I submit, doing so. It may be only a *first* mistake, and they may be led to mount us upon a stepping-stone to higher life. Such is my conviction they *will* do. And I predict it with more confidence when I see Spiritualism gathering into its ranks what I may not disrespectfully call such a motley crew.

I am delighted to see it produce inquiry, nay, a new life, among many who had before no settled belief, and among many who had also a settled *disbelief* in all that pertains to what we hold sacred and most dear.

But, while welcoming these, I look for higher phases and nobler developments of Spiritualism when men with settled religious convictions prosecute their inquiries at this shrine.

At a *séance* I attended not long ago was present at my invitation a learned man who had no belief whatever in a future state. He was, as all true students should be, open to conviction; he had for months looked into Spiritualism, but always, as he thought, detected imposture. Now, raps came plentifully on the table and on his chair, then on his head; scents were wafted over the room, which he could see were not caused by the sitters; the voice came and reasoned with him, responded to his curious inquiries (and they were curious and crude), and he had to give in to facts. In that *moment* the settled conviction of years was shattered, and he was introduced to a new life.

That is the place, then, I assign to Spiritualism—the introducer to a new life. For a while it may teach, but its teachings must ever lead upward and onward, and, as the ultimate appeal of all teaching must be to the reason, it must decide whether it will be satisfied with leaning upon spirits, however lofty, when a Mightier One is here.

Allow me, in conclusion, to quote from a spirit message or two on this very point. The first is a direct spirit writing, which commenced with a Latin quotation, and was given by John Locke; and in reading John Locke's life, you will be interested to find he was years ago greatly interested in spiritual manifestations and kindred topics.

The message (or, I should say, a part of it only) was this:—

"When, by reading or study, you find yourselves thoroughly convinced of the truth of any article, and of the reasonableness of your belief in it, you should never suffer yourselves to call it into question. You may perhaps forget the arguments which occasioned your convictions, but you ought to remember the strength they had with you, and therefore still retain the conviction which they once produced. This is no more than you do in every common art or science. It is in this manner the mathematician proceeds upon propositions which he has once demonstrated, and though the demonstration may have slipped from his memory, he builds upon the truth; he knows it was demonstrated. There is nothing which strengthens faith more than morality; faith and morality naturally produce each other. A man of sound reason cannot forbear closing with religion upon an impartial examination of it, but, at the same time, it is certain that faith is kept alive, and gathers strength from practice more than from speculation.... The devout man does not only believe, but feels there is a Deity. He has actual sensations of Him. His experiences concur with his reason."

If I have made clear my case before you to-night, it is this. That Christianity, pure and simple, is the highest revelation and the noblest life to which we can at present attain. It is God's last word, which was introduced by His Son Jesus Christ. Spiritualism was used by Him in its inauguration, and is being used now to recall attention to it, and to rebuke the materialism which is now rife, but which is a natural outcome of antiquated creeds which are now in process of decay.

Christianity will survive the ordeal, and Spiritualism is one of the handmaids now being employed for that purpose. Whether Spiritualism will introduce a yet higher revelation I do neither affirm nor deny, but I am anxious for you to see clearly the relationship which I assign to the two.

If my arguments prevail, stand upon your present faith as upon a rock, and when by study and careful thought you are convinced, accept the Spirit's advice not again to call the settled belief into question. Had I not done this, years ago, I should have given up Spiritualism and all further research into it. Convinced as I might be of its truth as a science, it was unsatisfactory to me as a resting-place. Spiritualism is a handmaid, and bears *in* her hand light from the eternities by which we may decipher many dark or well-nigh obliterated traces of ancient life; and as she becomes purified and detached from claims which belong not to her, so will she inaugurate a new era of more earnest thought, more settled belief—possibly, even a loftier life.

Our little systems have their day—
They have their day, and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell—
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster.

THE BRITISH NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

MEETING OF THE COUNCIL.

LAST Tuesday night, at the ordinary monthly meeting of the Council of the British National Association of Spiritualists, at 38, Great Russell-street, London, Mr. Alexander Calder, President, occupied the chair. The other members present were Mr. Morell Theobald; Mr. Stainton-Moses, M.A.; Mr. Desmond Fitz-Gerald, M.S.Tel.E.; Mrs. Maltby; Mr. C. C. Massey; Herr Christian Reimers; Mrs. Fitz-Gerald; Mr. Dawson Rogers; Miss Withall; Miss Houghton; Mr. R. Pearce; and Mr. E. T. Bennett.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

Three new ordinary members were elected. There were no resignations.

Mr. Morell Theobald read the report of the Finance Committee, which set forth that the Association had £152 11s. 8d. in hand. It recommended payments, including rent, to the extent of £88 8s. 11d. It estimated the outstanding liabilities at £5; and said that £34 had been received since the report had been drawn up.

The following letter from Mr. Eglinton was then read:—

THE RECOGNITION OF MEDIUMS NOT TESTED BY THE ASSOCIATION.

To the Council of the National Association of Spiritualists.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I wish, most respectfully, to call your attention to the existing state of the monthly agenda of your Association in its relationship to mediums. For some time past a whole list of the professional mediums now residing in London has been published in the agenda, concluding with a notice that "the Association offers no guarantee *whatever* to any of the mediums above-named," or words to that effect. This, I cannot help thinking, is scarcely fair to those mediums who have placed themselves under your care, and who have been repeatedly tested by committees, who have proved their perfect honesty and good faith. And yet, in face of this, your Association sends forth to its members a statement that it cannot guarantee its own mediums, placing, in the same category, those mediums of whom the Association knows nothing, and who have never submitted their

powers to a critical committee. I, therefore, respectfully beg to suggest some alteration in the existing agenda, that, if the Association cannot offer any guarantee as to any medium, it can, at least, state that one or two mediums have been repeatedly tested under their auspices and found perfectly honest. If the Council cannot come to any determination upon this subject, I must beg that they will leave my name out altogether in a list which, in its present condition, is so unfair to the one or two mediums who have ever willingly offered to guarantee their good faith.

W. EGLINTON.

32, Popstone-road, Earl's-court, London, April 7th, 1878.

The Chairman remarked that the Association did not guarantee the members of the Council.

Mr. Morell Theobald said that the facts certainly seemed rather hard upon Mr. Eglinton.

Mr. Stainton-Moses said that the question would come up again over the report of the General Purposes Committee.

Miss Kislingbury, Secretary, read her suggested "Report of the Council."

It was resolved, that the proposed report be printed, and a copy given to any member of the Council who applied for one.

Tuesday, May 28th, was fixed as the day for the general annual meeting of the British National Association of Spiritualists. Time—6.30 p.m.

It was unanimously resolved that the subscription for the full privileges of the Association to new members be £2 2s. per annum; that any other member of the family of a £2 2s. subscriber should be admitted to all privileges for 5s. per annum; and that membership, with voting power, but without the use of the rooms and library, should still be attainable as heretofore, by a minimum payment of 5s. a year.

Mr. Stainton-Moses announced that about £70 had been contributed towards the £150 required this year, because of the expiration of the Guarantee Fund.

It was resolved that the agenda should henceforth be entitled *The Proceedings of the National Association of Spiritualists*, and its issue continued. A modification of the present way of printing in the agenda the addresses of alleged mediums recognised by the Association, was adopted at the suggestion of Mr. Fitz-Gerald, to meet Mr. Eglinton's objections.

The proceedings then closed.

Spiritualism at the Universities.

A SEANCE AT CAMBRIDGE.

BY J. W. CAMPBELL.

A *séance* was held here on Thursday evening, March 21st. There were in all eleven persons present, of whom eight were undergraduates. Mr. Eglinton was the medium. An electric bell was fixed on the wall, a yard from the medium's seat, one wire being connected with the bell; the other hung over a nail fixed in the wall within about a foot of the bell itself. After sitting for half an hour or more, faint raps were heard on the floor, and places were arranged by "Joey," the medium being tightly held by two undergraduates, one on either hand, they also resting their knees against his. The light was then extinguished, and in about a quarter of an hour the medium was controlled by "Daisy," who told us to be very careful about conditions, especially the holding of hands, and presently "Joey" greeted us in his pleasant little voice. He then rang the electric bell violently, took it up and carried it about for a few seconds in the air, ringing it at intervals, thus showing that he held bell and connecting wire in his two hands. He then laid it on the table, tapped out a little tune with it, still ringing the bell, and answered several questions upon it. Afterwards, he took it off the table, and laid it on the mantle-piece, below the nail from which he had at first taken it. A very heavy musical box was next wound up, and placed on the heads of several sitters; bells, tambourines, and tubes moved about freely, and spirit hands were felt by several of the sitters, "Joey" out of gratitude to the one who had brought the bell, patting him on the head, hands and knees, again and again. Both "Joey" and "Ernest" spoke to us several times. Then a heavy sofa-cushion was taken from the corner of the room behind the medium, and laid across the table on the hands of those sitting opposite; the fender was taken out and placed up against the table, between two of the sitters; the sofa was turned over, four chairs were taken away, including the medium's, and one was laid on the top of the sofa-cushion on the table. The sitting was most convincing and satisfactory to those present. It ended shortly after ten, the actual manifestations having lasted under forty minutes.

10, King's-parade, Cambridge, Thursday, April 4th, 1878.

We, the undersigned, do solemnly, on our word of honour, declare that the hands of Mr. Eglinton were firmly held by us, and that our knees rested against his during the whole

of the *séance* held at 10, King's-parade, on Thursday, March 21st, 1878.

A. HUNTER, *Jesus College*.
A. KEIGHTLEY, *Pemb. Coll.*

A SEANCE AT OXFORD.

BY ST. GEORGE W. STOCK, M.A.

ON Wednesday, March 6th, Mr. Williams came down from London to give a *séance* at my house. We had a party of eight, including the medium. Manifestations began almost as soon as the light was put out. Some flowers which were in a glass vase on the table were taken out and strowed all round, and finally the water was upset out of the vase. Three of the sitters nearest the medium were frequently touched, sometimes, as they declared, by hands. The four others received very little attention, but once a roll of brown paper, which we had made up for a speaking-tube, was thrust into my face and then passed on and touched my wife on the head. One of the sitters remonstrating at the lack of attention shown him, said, "Come round here, Peter," and a tiny, childish voice, quite away from the medium, immediately answered, "Me tum." After that we heard Peter's voice at intervals during the evening; though it was very difficult to catch what he said; and it hardly needs stating that he said nothing worth catching. A hand-bell, which we had placed on the table, was taken up at our request and rung through the air. It was then thrown down in front of the gentleman who held Mr. Williams' right hand. We asked to have it brought over to my wife; but though several attempts were made to move it, none of them were successful. Some of the company saw lights now and then which were invisible to me. After an unusual lull in the proceedings, the gentleman who held Mr. Williams' right hand began to complain of a loss of power in his left arm just above the wrist. No sooner had he said the words than a sudden noise was heard caused by the medium's chair striking the piano; and medium, chair and all, were discovered to be on the table. Shortly after this, Peter bade us all "Good-night," and we lighted up. The hind legs of the chair were exactly on the edge of the table, and the medium's head just escaped breaking the globe of the gas. Mr. Williams seemed to be in a trance when he was lifted on to the table. The gentleman retained his hold on the medium all the time, but the sudden pull made the lady on his left leave go. Before the *séance*, Mr. Williams remarked to me that we ought to have a spare chair in the room, no doubt anticipating the phenomenon of levitation, which is a common one at his *séances*. During an interval, when the gas was lighted, I pointed out to him a wicker chair behind me in response to a repetition of the same remark, but he said it was out of the radius of the influence. It is important to ascertain the exact relationship between the medium's mind and the manifestations. Did Mr. Williams' desire for the extra chair on this occasion indicate only a general probability or a particular expectation? Only mediums themselves can enlighten us on such points. A most valuable contribution to the philosophy of Spiritualism would be a "True History of a Medium's Mind."

8, Museum Villas, Oxford, Sunday, April 7, 1878.

REMARKABLE PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

BY T. L. NICHOLS, M.D.

MANIFESTATIONS IN THE ABSENCE OF MORTAL WITNESSES—MATTER PASSING THROUGH MATTER—PROFESSOR ZÖLLNER'S EXPERIMENT WITH THE KNOTTED CORD REPEATED IN LONDON.

It may seem tiresome to you to repeat facts and cumulate evidence, but this appears to be the only way to convince the sceptical. Then you are to consider that each number of *The Spiritualist* falls into the hands of some who have seen no other. So I give you some facts new to me, though they may be familiar to you and most of your readers.

Busy at my writing the other day in my study, at about two p.m., the housekeeper came with her eyes "round" with wonder, and begged me to go instantly to the drawing-room over my head. It seemed an urgent case, and I ran upstairs and found every chair but three turned upside down; the large and heavy sofa lying forward in the room

legs upward, and the upright pianoforte prone upon the carpet, flat upon its face.

The windows are sixteen feet from the ground; no person in the house had visited the room that morning; no one could by any possibility have come in from the street to do this work, and it certainly was not done by any of the inmates of the house. At my desk I can hear every foot-step in the drawing-room. In a word, it is certain that no visible being had done it. It required two strong men to lift up the pianoforte and restore it to its proper position. The *bouleversement* seems to have been accomplished while most of the family were at lunch, between one and two o'clock; with them were Mr. W. Eglinton and Mr. A. Cölman. Mrs. Nichols was with them at table, and reports that as they were conversing, loud raps responded, and the heavy table loaded with dishes, when no one touched it, rose up some inches from the floor, and so remained while she stooped down to see that all its feet were in the air. This is common enough in the presence of mediums, but the very powerful action in the drawing-room, in the light of mid-day, with no person near, seems to me novel and remarkable.

I gave you some account, I think, of chairs being "threaded" on the arms of persons while they were firmly holding the hands of others. This is as great a wonder as that reported by the German astronomer at Leipzig—the tying of knots in a cord, the ends of which were sealed together. I have seen the chairs on the arms of seven persons, whose word I could perfectly trust, but I wished to make assurance doubly sure; so at a recent *séance* I tied the two wrists together with cotton-thread. In three seconds the chair was hanging upon the arm of one, and I found the thread unbroken. I then held the hand of Mr. Eglinton as firmly as possible in mine, and in an instant the chair, one of our cane bottoms with bent backs, was hanging on my arm. This, beyond all doubt, was matter passing through matter, but whether the wood passed through flesh and bone, or flesh and bone through wood, I have not yet been able to determine.

On Saturday, by special appointment, four of us sat at noon, Eglinton, Cölman, Mrs. Nichols, and myself. Supposing there might be writing or drawing, I laid a sheet of marked note paper and pencil on the table, around which we sat. It is a small room, and, sitting in a good light, we heard a slight noise of something moving, of light raps or knocks in one corner. Looking, we all saw a light cane-bottom chair about six feet from the table, tilting itself upon two legs, rocking backward and forward, tilting back and balancing on its hinder legs, answering our questions with its movements; and finally, at our request, it walked forward on two of its legs and placed itself at the table, pressed against my knee caressingly, and behaved in all respects like a chair gifted with sense and locomotion. It was a weird spectacle. But it was also a very interesting fact, seen for ten or fifteen minutes, by four persons, without the possibility of trick or hallucination. I examined the chair carefully, though it was quite needless to do so, for no conceivable machinery could, under the circumstances, have produced the phenomenon.

Then the light was turned off for a minute or so, during which we heard rapid movements of a pencil, and on relighting the gas, we found on the marked sheet of paper the portrait of a deceased friend, and a letter of more than a page in the well-known handwriting of a beloved child whose spirit often visits us. I have now from her hand five elaborate drawings and four letters, no one of which occupied two minutes under absolute test conditions. No living artist could make them in from ten to twenty times the time occupied in their production.

Your readers may be glad to know that, on the night of April 7th, we had repeated, in my house, in the presence of six persons, including Mr. W. Eglinton and Mr. A. Cölman, Prof. Zölner's marvel of tying knots in a cord, the ends of which were tied and sealed together. I have the sealed cord, which I prepared myself, with the knotted ends firmly sealed to my card, on which the fingers of every person present rested while five knots were tied, about a foot apart, in the central portion of the cord. I have no doubt that this splendid manifestation can be repeated at any time under like conditions.

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.]

COLONEL H. S. OLCOTT ON RECENT CRITICISMS—PSYCHICAL DRAWINGS.

SIR,—When Theosophists were invited to discuss the phenomena and philosophy of mediumship, I supposed that that was the paramount object in view. This conviction was strengthened by our hospitable reception in the columns of the organ of educated British Spiritualists. What we had to say was courteously given space, and, to our great satisfaction, the critics whom we found arrayed against us were the best of their wranglers. Having myself been what may properly be termed an orthodox Spiritualist for a quarter of a century, familiar with most forms of the phenomena, an observer of mediums, acquainted with the notions of leading writers upon Spiritualism and the personal friend of some, I was measurably qualified to comprehend the meaning of our opponents, and enter into sympathy with their motives. Their ideas had long been my ideas, their difficulties in accepting new ones identical with those which presented themselves to my mind when the Eastern notions of psychological phenomena were first explained to me.

The substantive issue between Theosophists and Spiritualists, as we understood it, was whether the transmission of intelligence through mediums, and the occurrence of verifiable physical phenomena, were *prima facie* proof of the agency of our deceased friends. I aim to be brief, but I think this phrase about defines the matter. Mediumism accepted as a fact, the transmission of intelligence conceded, the occurrence of psycho-physiological phenomena, not explicable on the theory of fraud, our debate was narrowed down to nature of the intelligence. And yet in this was embraced the All; in this speck, the Kosmos.

As far back as 1854, when the leading Spiritualists of New York thought it expedient to inaugurate a series of Sunday meetings for the purpose of instructing the public about the phenomena, a meeting was called at the office of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, and a board of trustees chosen to collect subscriptions, invite speakers, and "take the whole management of the meetings." The trustees were nominated as persons "who entertain, or are supposed to entertain, different views upon the subject of Spiritualism." Of these trustees Dr. R. T. Hallock was one, and I another. There were two preambles adopted with the resolution to elect the board, the second of which recited that, since the great diversity of "human temperaments, intellectual developments, and spiritual experiences, tend to different conclusions upon spiritual as well as temporal things," it was becoming in "seekers after truth to bear and forbear, and patiently hearken to the reasons of another's faith." The shade of opinion that I was supposed to represent was that not only mediumship, but its fruits, should be tried by the inexorable standard of utility: what promised to be beneficial, either to the individual or to society, should be encouraged, all else discountenanced. This idea was fully discussed by me in the *Telegraph*. And as the same divergence of opinion respecting the phenomena still exists, we imagined that the debate was still open.

Upon examination, I find that the issue of *The Spiritualist* for March 1st, 1878, bears the serial number 288, the journal being in its eleventh volume; its sub-title is "Journal of Psychological Science." It therefore appears that to the discussion of psychological science this publication has devoted nearly three thousand five hundred pages since its foundation. How natural for American students of this subject to take as a matter of course that what they should say, if grammatically and decently expressed, would be welcomed as lending fresh interest to an old theme? What wonder that we should have attributed the polite attention we actually received to a genuine wish to learn what else than had been said was to be said upon this theme? Or, that we should have rejoiced to find ourselves spared the necessity to establish an organ of our own, when so admirably edited and high-toned a journal as *The Spiritualist* was in existence? Let our surprise then be imagined at finding ourselves bowed politely out of court by the editor, and favoured by certain contributors with epithets that would not be out of place in the mouths of William Eddy's band of vituperative angels.

Debate upon my "Views of the Theosophists" paper, in *The Spiritualist* of December 7, including all of the articles on both sides, and the paper itself, measures less than sixty-four columns—not much when compared with the 6,888 columns that have previously appeared in the paper—but our welcome is already worn out. "Welcome the coming, speed the parting, guest"—the old legend seemed written in invisible ink, as a headline over every page of the number for March 1. Well, if so it must be, we will e'en trudge along the dusty road that leads up-hill, leaving you our corporate and individual blessings for what you have done for us. "It is now high time to cease endless and profitless talk about matters of doctrine," says the editor, in a leading article upon "Unproved Speculations." Profitless talk; unproved speculations? Now, pray, to what profit has been all this talk since 1848, if, after witnessing millions of phenomena, we find that they may be, or that there is, very strong probability that they may be accounted for on another hypothesis than that hitherto accepted? And whose speculations, when we come right to the point, are more unproved than those that have been current among us these thirty years? Translated into plain English, the editor's rap at us Theosophists would read thus:—"We have plenty of phenomena to amuse and startle us; a pretty and captivating theory of essential immortality with the necessary corollary of inevitable progression upward; inspired poets to sing to us; Oxford and Cambridge men to dogmatise for us; the priceless consolation of feeling that our sainted dead are near us, to guard, to counsel, strengthen, and to warn—leave us alone! You are intruders, obstructionists, word-choppers. We do not want to be told what your countless generations of sages believed or taught; nor to undergo the self-discipline you say

is a pre-requisite to adeptship. There are phenomena in India, Thibet, and Egypt, no doubt; but the Thaumaturgists are all mediums, as were Gantawa, Buddha, Jesus, Apollonius, Porphyry, Plotinus, and every other wonder-worker in history. If you have anything to show us in the way of phenomena, show it or shut up; but we warn you in advance that your phenomena will be those of mediumship, and that we denounce and metaphorically sit upon your Eastern doctrine of potential immortality!"

That is about the meaning of what has been written by our opponents in *The Spiritualist*—Mr. Harrison, "M.A. (Oxon)," "Scrutator," "M.A. (Cantab)," and all the rest. "None of your doctrines, gentlemen," they say, "we want facts. Gradgrind for ever!" And we answer that if the dogmas of Spiritualism are not on trial; if our profane hands may not touch this ark of the covenant; if cycles of human experience weigh nothing as compared with the undemonstrable theories of one generation, then we move the previous question and close the debate. Time enough for us to describe our phenomena when those of the circles have been satisfactorily explained: *the burden of proof lies with Spiritualists, not with us.*

Grant that the language quoted by Mr. Harrison in his leader of March 1st was used in the inaugural address of the President of the Theosophical Society, what then? It may have been in questionable taste for me to use it, but no one familiar with what had been passing in American Spiritualistic journals, could blame us for making some retort. I am no passive non-resistant. If I have an opinion I am always ready to fight for it, and return blow for blow. Madame Blavatsky and I were even charged with being in the employ of the Jesuits to break up Spiritualism—we who have crossed swords, everywhere and always, with Christian theologians; who ask no quarter, nor give any to them; who would see Christianity replaced by that Oriental religious philosophy from whose maternal bosom it drew the very nourishment upon which it has existed for almost nineteen centuries! I said—and I would not obliterate a word now—that if Mr. Felt made objective to the public, by his chemical vapours, the spirits of the elements, it would be a sorry day for dogmatic Spiritualists, as for physicists and the Christian clergy. Whether Mr. Felt did this privately or not, is nobody's business outside our society, but it is within the knowledge of witnesses, myself included, that there are such beings, that they can produce the phenomena of mediumism, and can be made objective to the senses. My statement is not proof, but it is all that will be furnished at the moment; and, as I see the situation, even that is superfluous, since it is the philosophy of Spiritualism which is on its defence, not the views of the Theosophists.

To "M.A. (Oxon)"s demand for our seers and our phenomena, I referred him to those Eastern countries where both may be found by every earnest and courageous inquirer. Am I unreasonable? Then why not demand that a peak of the Himalayas shall be brought to Great Russell-street, or Jaccoliot's Covindasamy be put into the Psychological Society's hall, before you will believe that the mountains exist, or the fakir's power to produce marvels is a verity. We must take the testimony of our fellow-men upon every physical fact not witnessed by ourselves, and I always found my fellow Spiritualists disposed (and very justly) to denounce scientists for not crediting the cumulative testimony of so many thousands as to the reality of the medial phenomena, whatever they might think as to their source. But there was a time when none but the inmates of a very obscure hamlet in New York State had had the smallest proof that such things could happen. How did the general public learn the truth? By going to the place where the mediums were, and personally witnessing the manifestations. So, now, we Theosophists tell Spiritualists, who have no love for anything but facts, to go to the East, and see things even more wonderful than medium's show, done in utter violation of all recognised medial conditions.

I have said not what I had hoped, first and last, to say, but as much as the limits of the time and space granted allow. In parting from the numerous, and, with a few exceptions, respected public of *The Spiritualist*, we do so without anger, and with sincere regret that there is not room for us in *The Spiritualist's* family pew. If it had been incumbent upon us to give our facts, believe me there would have been no lack of material. We are not of the kind to build fortifications and give battle on shifting sands. What we know we know, and that experience is our private property; our criticisms upon the alleged agency of pure disembodied spirits in producing the modern phenomena, are entirely amenable to the review of our antagonist. Nevertheless, there have been proofs of the potencies of the will given to various persons not within our society. Among many equally convincing, I will, in parting, cite the following:—

On an evening in December last, we had dining with us, at the "Lamasery," a French physician, Dr. Marquette, and Mr. W. Q. Judge, of the New York bar, and, until recently, associated in practice with a gentleman who was successively United States' District Attorney and Counsel to the Corporation of New York. Returning to the library after dinner, an illustration of the power of the will to imprint a permanent tint upon paper, the reflector of the adept's thought, was vouchsafed us by Madame Blavatsky. Taking a half sheet of my note-paper from my desk, she asked Mr. Judge to name a subject, which he did. She laid her hand, palm downward, upon the page, rubbed the paper with it a few times, and—there was the picture Mr. Judge desired—the portrait of a Hindu ascetic. I had seen a hundred experiments of this sort, but this was almost a novelty to the other witnesses. Let them give their own version of the occurrence:

City and County of New York, U.S.

William Q. Judge being duly sworn says, that he is an attorney and counsellor at law, practising at the bar of the State of New York; that he was present at the house of Madame H. P. Blavatsky, at No. 302 West 47th Street, New York City, on one occasion in the month of December, 1877, when a discussion was being held upon the subject of Eastern magic, especially upon the power of an adept to produce phenomena by an exercise of the will,

equalling or surpassing those of mediumship. To illustrate the subject as she had often done in deponent's presence previously by other experiments, Madame Blavatsky, without preparation, and in full light, and in the presence and sight of deponent, Col. Olcott, and Dr. L. M. Marquette, tore a sheet of common writing paper in two and asked us the subject we would have represented. Deponent named the portrait of a certain very holy man in India. Thereupon laying the paper upon the table, Mme. Blavatsky placed the palm of her hand upon it, and after rubbing the paper a few times (occupying less than a minute) with a circular motion, lifted her hand and gave deponent the paper for inspection. Upon the previously white surface there was a most remarkable and striking picture of an Indian fakir, representing him as if in contemplation. Deponent has frequently seen it since, and it is now in possession of Col. Olcott. Deponent positively avers that the blank paper first taken was the paper on which the picture appeared, and that no substitution of another paper was made or was possible.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of March, 1878,

SAMUEL V. SPEYER, Notary Public, New York County.

State of New York,
City and County of New York. } ss.

I, HENRY A. GUMBLETON, Clerk of the City and County of New York, and also Clerk of the Supreme Court for the said City and County, being a Court of record, do hereby certify, that SAMUEL V. SPEYER, before whom the annexed deposition was taken, was, at the time of taking the same, a Notary Public of New York, dwelling in said City and County, duly appointed and sworn and authorized to administer oaths to be used in any Court in said State, and for general purposes; and that his signature thereto is genuine, as I verily believe.

In testimony whereof, I have hereto set my hand, and affixed the Seal of the said Court and County, the 20th day of March, 1878.

HENRY A. GUMBLETON, Clerk.

The undersigned, a practising physician, residing at No. 224, Spring Street, in the City of New York, having read the foregoing affidavit of Mr. Judge, certifies that it is a correct statement of the facts. The portrait was produced as described, in full light, and without there being any opportunity for fraud. Moreover, the undersigned wishes to say that other examples of Madame Blavatsky's power to instantly render objective the images in her mind, have been given in the presence of many witnesses, including the undersigned; and that, having intimately known that lady since 1873, when she was living with her brother at Paris, the undersigned can and does unreservedly testify that her moral character is above censure, and that her phenomena have been invariably produced in defiance of the conditions of mediumship, with which the undersigned is very familiar.

L. M. MARQUETTE, M.D.

So much for the circumstances attending the production of the portrait; now let us see what are its artistic merits. The witnesses are well qualified, Mr. O'Donovan being one of our best known sculptors, and an experienced art critic, and Mr. Le Char occupying a place second to none as a portrait painter:—

To the Editor of "The Spiritualist."

SIR,—For the benefit of those among your readers who may be able to gather the significance of it, I beg to offer some testimony concerning a remarkable performance claimed by Col. Olcott and Madame Blavatsky to have been done by herself without the aid of such physical means as are employed by persons usually for such an end. The production referred to is a small portrait in black and white of a Hindu Fakir, which was produced by Madame Blavatsky, as it is claimed, by a simple exercise of will power. As to the means by which this work was produced, however, I have nothing at all to do, and wish simply to say as an artist—and give also the testimony of Mr. Thos. Le Char, one of the most eminent of our portrait painters, whose experience as such has extended over fifty years—that the work is of a kind that could not have been done by any living artist known to either of us. It has all the essential qualities which distinguish the portraits by Titian, Masaccio, and Raphael, namely, individuality of the profoundest kind, and consequently breadth and unity of as perfect a quality as I can conceive. I may safely assert that there is no artist who has given intelligent attention to portraiture, who would not concur with Mr. Le Char and myself in the opinion which we have formed of this remarkable work, and if it was not done as it is claimed to have been done, I am at utter loss to account for it. I may add, that this drawing, or whatever it may be termed, has at first sight the appearance of having been done by washes of Indian ink, but that upon closer inspection, both Mr. Le Char and myself have been unable to liken it to any process of drawing known to us; the black tints seem to be an integral part of the paper upon which it is done. I have seen numbers of drawings claimed to have been done by spirit influences, in which the vehicle employed was perfectly obvious, and none of them were of more than mediocre artistic merit; not one of them, certainly, could be compared at all with this most remarkable performance of which I write.

WM. R. O'DONOVAN.

Studio Building, 51, West 10th Street, New York.

To the President of the Theosophical Society.

DEAR SIR,—My experience has not made me at all familiar with magic, but I have seen much of what is termed spiritualistic phenomena. Among the latter, so-called spirit drawings, which were thought by the mediums and their friends very fine, but the best of which I found wanting in every element of art.

I do not wish to be censorious, but an experience of fifty years in portrait-painting has perhaps made me exacting, when it is a question of paintings alleged to come from a supernal source. This much by way of preface to the subject of my present note.

I have seen in your possession a portrait in black and white of an Indian religious ascetic, which is entirely *unique*. It would require an artist of very extraordinary power to reach the degree of ability which is expressed in this work. There is a oneness of treatment difficult to attain, with a pronounced individuality, combined with great breadth. As a whole, it is an *individual*. It has the appearance of having been done on the moment, a result always inseparable from great art. I cannot discover with what material it is laid on the paper. I first thought it chalk, then pencil, then Indian ink; but a minute inspection leaves me quite unable to decide. Certainly, it is neither of the above.

If, as you tell me, it was done instantaneously by Madame Blavatsky, then all I can say is, she must possess artistic powers not to be accounted for on any hypothesis except that of magic. The tint seems not to be laid on the surface of the common writing paper upon which the portrait is made, but to be combined, as it were, with the fibres themselves.

No human being, however much genius he might have, could produce the

work, except with much time and painstaking labour; and, if my observation goes for anything, no medium has ever produced anything worthy of being mentioned beside it.

Studio Building, 31, West 10th Street, New York.

I hope this will suffice to show that when we Theosophists have been charged with putting forth "unsupported assertions," injustice has been done us, and that we are not quite the rash fools we have been taken for. Men who have had a quarter of a century's experience with the medial phenomena, and who have no sympathy whatever with materialists, or Christians, or any other class which opposes their investigation, are neither to be regarded as incompetent observers, nor as banded together to split the great body of Spiritualists into factions for the mere sake of carrying out a sinister design. HENRY S. OLCOTT,

President of the Theosophical Society.

New York, March 12th, 1878.

SPIRITUALISM IN HULL.

SIR,—The business that brought me to Hull being concluded, I take my farewell, bearing with me pleasant remembrances of the kind and cordial manner with which I was treated and received by the local Spiritualists.

The public Spiritualistic services commenced at Foresters' Hall met with a fair degree of success, such as will encourage the promoters to continue them. It is probable that Mr. E. W. Wallis, of London, may speak at them after the 20th April. A gentleman of scholarly attainments has offered to deliver a course of six lectures on the "Philosophy of Spiritualism" in the event of Sunday public lectures being continued. Mr. Bland, who is a trance medium and clairvoyant, will occasionally occupy the platform. Mr. Thirwell, a gentleman who has done much to promote public knowledge of Spiritualism, will read papers on the subject from time to time.

So far so good. A little more energy, and a little more fraternal unity amongst the Spiritualists of Hull, and the Sunday public services may be considered an established phase of the movement.

Being pressed for time, I could not avail myself of the many invitations to attend *séances*. Mr. and Mrs. Pawson, of 24, Spenser-street, hold two *séances* weekly—on Tuesday and Friday nights respectively—Tuesday night for trance addresses, and Friday for physical manifestations. These *séances*, it may be said, are thrown open to the public, for scarcely any one asks for admission to them but obtains permission.

On Friday evening there were sixteen persons present. Mr. Pawson is the medium. He is a physical medium, who has a dislike for dark *séances*, I am informed, and is now beginning to get feeble manifestations in the light. The *séance* just referred to was a dark one, in which the usual phenomena took place. "Peter," a spirit claiming to be well known to the *habitués* of London *séances*, carried on a spirited conversation in the "direct voice," promising materialisation and other great things in the future.

Mr. Pawson is a powerful medium, and I have no doubt, in time, would obtain the Mrs. Marshall class of phenomena so much in demand at present.

One thing which I should recommend to the consideration of those desirous of bringing Spiritualism before the public, is to bring its facts prominently forward. Let the ethics follow as a matter of course, and, above all, let there be less harping at the faults of others who cannot see as Spiritualists are supposed to see by their superior light.

If modern Spiritualism is a better and purer light to guide the feet of men in their sojourn through this world, let the world, the masses, know it; but do not take the rushlight away before you can replace it with a candle.

There is little or nothing to be gained by propagandists by everlastingly rolling over in their mouths as a "sweet morsel" the errors and shortcomings of non-investigators, scientific or theological, past or present. It only disgusts inquirers, and prevents that investigation of the facts and phenomena of modern Spiritualism which its public advocates seek.

Here I take affectionate leave of the friends in Hull, wishing them success in their public work, patience in their private investigation, and friendly union amongst themselves; seeking truth and diffusing truth; sowing in hope, and waiting in patience for a rich harvest.

I am staying at present in Scarborough, where I shall remain during the Easter holidays. I shall be happy to form the acquaintance of any Spiritualists in the town, and to attend *séances*. Sunday services given by me without fee.

J. COATES.

2, Albormar-lo-torraco, Scarborough.

THE WAIL FROM THE STATUE OF MEMNON.

SIR,—In Edward Balzer's *Allgemeine Religion's Geschichte*, I find the following passage relative to the statue of Memnon, and proceed to give a very brief translation, which I hope you will be kind enough to publish for Mr. Gerald Massey's information.

"An earthquake destroyed the upper part of one of the statues of Memnon twenty-seven years before the Christian era. Since then the statue has been heard to utter a mournful sound at sunrise. Many extraordinary legends were invented in consequence, and the circumstance of the sound was generally regarded as a fable; but its truth has since been established beyond doubt, and the tone has been discovered to proceed from a sudden change of temperature in the Colossus."

When, in addition to this, we consider that several "Savans of the French expedition" were hardly likely to have experienced the "singing in their ears," which they mistook for a "wail," *simultaneously*, I think it may fairly be regarded as a matter of doubt whether as yet

"Memnon's lyre has lost the chord
That breathed the mystic tone."

103, Seymour-place, London.

FREDERICA SHOWERS.

SIR,—The following letter from Capt. O'Grady to Madame Blavatsky has been handed by Colonel Olcott to me, at her desire, with a view to publication. Capt. O'Grady was born at Madras, his father and grandfather having been in the army. His brother is now on the staff of the Governor-General of the Madras Presidency, and although a young man, he has written much in American newspapers about India.

I shall not indicate to your readers how thoroughly Capt. O'Grady endorses Madame Blavatsky's statements, and certifies to her competency as a critic of Hindoo esotericism.

C. CARTER BLAKE.

DEAR MADAME BLAVATSKY,—Not being a Spiritualist, nor having the happiness of being a member of the Theosophical Society, and private affairs having caused my seclusion for some months past from any likelihood of being brought in contact with the present phases of Spiritualism, I was somewhat surprised to learn that my letter to the London *Spiritualist*, showing up some remarks by Mr. Peobles, had created quite a "stir."

As I understand it, there has been quite a fuss made lately about four special points in "Isis." To these I will give categorical attention.

1. As to the Todas, my personal acquaintance with them was limited. I one day saw five or six. They were of light complexion, not fair or ruddy, having indeed no colour, but decidedly lighter than any other natives of southern India, even than the Namburi Brahmins, and the Nairs of the best families in Cochin and Travancore. They were very handsome, well-made, but dressed with the most primitive simplicity, and I must say, didn't look clean. My wife was brought up on the Neilgherries, where she was taken when an infant, and she probably knew more about the traditions and general native opinion regarding the Todas than any masculine investigator. Of course the natives are more or less communicative among themselves, and ladies who are kind to their servants, and are in one way or another brought so much in contact with them, find them communicative, too. The *ayahs*, or tirewomen and nurses, are as full of legendary lore as any Scotch erone that ever lived. My wife picked up a good deal of this, and so did I, at second-hand. Now, so far as I could make out, the Todas are regarded by the tribes immediately surrounding them, and even by the low-country natives, who, since the opening up of the Neilgherries some forty years ago, have moved up there in the train of the Europeans, as a very superior people; and it is said of them, and believed, that they never cut their hair, never carry any weapon but a long staff, which they only use as a symbol of authority, or by way of a walking-stick, and not as a weapon at all; never work at any sort of labour, and as lords of the soil are supplied with clothes, food (except milk), and everything they require, by another hill tribe, the Badagas, who are quite industrious, and in some cases even wealthy. The Todas have herds of buffaloes, which supply them with milk, and it is said, protect themselves from tigers, and their masters from the consequences of over-population. There is probably no sort of authority for the assertion, or Government would have taken steps to prevent the barbarity; but the natives say that all but a certain percentage of female infants, and all deformed children, are trampled to death by the buffaloes. The Todas, it is said, practise polyandry—it is certain few women are ever seen with them—and, it is popularly believed, are never molested by wild beasts or reptiles, although they move with perfect freedom about the hills. Their numbers are supposed to be but small—not more than 400.

2. The tiger-shooting on the hills is one of the great enjoyments of the place, and the Neilgherries are famous for supplying fine sport. Colonel Hamilton, of Ootacamund, and his two sons are famous *shikarris* (or hunters), and have scores of trophies. I went out one day—the only time I got a chance—after one of the largest tigers ever shot, with the two young men and the Hon. John Napier, of the 92nd Highlanders, and *aide-de-camp* to his father, Lord Napier (of Ettrick), Governor of Madras. The *sholas*, or thickly-wooded ravines between the grassy knolls of the hills, are a favourite lurking-place for tigers. Panthers have been killed actually in gardens at Conoor. As to serpents, I have heard there were none on the hills, and take it for granted they are there, as everywhere else in India. If there were none, there would certainly have been as much said about it as about the freedom of Ireland from snakes—by the grace of St. Patriek. Personally, I don't think I saw more than ten live snakes (except, of course, with the jugglers) all the years I was in India, yet, I understand, the most trustworthy statistics charge an annual death rate of 30,000 to snakes.

3. A Goparam is the great pyramidal gateway of the Pagodas, but—by a figure, common enough in all languages—the part is often taken for the whole, and the word Goparam used, both in literature and conversation, to signify the whole temple. And very naturally, I should say, for the gato of the Temple, or, at best, its outer courts, as it is narrated of the Israelites, are all that the masses have anything to do with. They never penetrate to the inner precincts. Any hair-splitting about this word really seems to me excessively childish, and scarcely in good faith.

4. As I believe the great masses of Hindoos are in as absolute ignorance about their own cults as the lazzaroni of Naples, or the wild Irish of Galway, or the bask slums of New York, or the Liberties of Dublin, about the theology of Catholicism, and that it is with the lower castes alone Europeans ever have any sort of intimate relations, I believe the mysteries of Brahminism to be something very difficult, indeed, well-nigh impossible for any European to penetrate, even after many years of investigation on the spot. With all courtesy and gentleness of demeanour, the Brahmin is impenetrable as to his inner self. The Europeans, too, with the pride of race natural to conquerors, do, even the best of them (with few exceptions), and while not admitting the fact to their own consciences, look down on the "niggers." And the natives feel this with an almost miraculous sensitiveness. That there are friendships between Europeans and high caste natives I do not deny. There are, and of the most noble character. But, in the exchange of good offices, of esteem and ready helpfulness in every way, the sort of friendship where men's hearts and souls are thrown open to each other, does not exist between the antagonistic races. They may share purses, but they don't show their love-letters.

The Hindoos certainly guard their faith too closely for any casual observer to find out anything about it. It is the one thing which they will fight for against any odds. They may put up with extortion, torture, the vilest fruits of tyranny, if their religion is let alone. The East India Company, to the disgust of Exeter Hall, subsidised the Pagodas, and would not allow missionaries to land, and the present Government, to the disgust of the missionaries, whom, however, it allows to land, continues the subsidies, but contributes nothing to the missionaries.

It was with great difficulty that suttee and sitting Dhurna (a creditor deliberately starving himself to death before a debtor's door, and so bringing his blood on his soul) were abolished as customs (though cases still sporadically occur), and it was only by proving that the Shastras had been misinterpreted,

and having the fact authoritatively proclaimed by prominent Pundits, that the abolition was brought about.

In conclusion I would say that all information about Indian religions, mysteries, sacred men, mystic brotherhoods, such people as the Todas, esoteric beliefs and explanations of occult phenomena, should be taken with the greatest caution, unless it is known that the narrator is in perfect accord with the natives on religious questions, and possessed of their entire confidence. As to both of these requisites, I am convinced that you show in what you have written, and still more forcibly by what I have heard you relate, where things that I personally know and can explain have been dovetailed with things which I knew of, or had heard of, and were previously not intelligible to me, but which you made perfectly clear and logical, that you, Madame Blavatsky, are an unquestionable authority on all these matters. I have not even heard of any one—except perhaps the Abbé Dubois, who I suspect knew more than he committed to paper—to approach you. Believe me, with the greatest esteem and respect, yours most truly,
W. L. D. O'GRADY.

176, Broadway, New York, March 27th, 1878.

THE TODAS.

SIR,—For my answer to the sneer of your correspondent "H. M." about my opinion of the Todas (*Spiritualist*, March 8th), a few lines sufficed. I only cared to say that what I have written in *Isis Unveiled* was written after reading Colonel Marshall's *A Phrenologist among the Todas*, and in consequence of what, whether justly or not, I believe to be the erroneous statements of that author. Writing about Oriental psychology, its phenomena and practitioners, as I did, I would have been ludicrously wanting in common sense if I had not anticipated such denials and contradictions as those of "H. M." from every side. How would it profit the seeker after this occult knowledge to face danger, privations, and obstacles of every kind to gain it, if, after attaining his end, he should not have facts to relate of which the profane were ignorant? A pretty set of critics the ordinary traveller or observer, even though what Dr. Carpenter euphemistically calls a "scientific officer," or "distinguished civilian," when, confessedly, every European unfurnished with some mystical passport, is debarred from entering any orthodox Brahman's house, or the inner precincts of a pagoda. How we poor Theosophists should tremble before the scorn of those modern Daniels when the cleverest of them has never been able to explain the commonest "tricks" of Hindu jugglers, to say nothing of the phenomena of the Fakirs! These very savants answer the testimony of Spiritualists with an equally lofty scorn, and resent as a personal affront the invitation to even attend a séance.

I should have let the "Todas" question, therefore, pass, but for the letter of "Late Madras C. S.," in your paper of the 15th. I feel bound to answer it, for the writer plainly makes me out to be a liar. He threatens me, moreover, with the thunderbolts that a certain other officer has concealed in his library closet.

It is quite remarkable how a man who resorts to an *alias* sometimes forgets that he is a gentleman. Perhaps such is the custom in your civilised England, where manners and education are said to be carried to a superlative elegance; but not so in poor, barbarous Russia, which a good portion of your countrymen are just now preparing to strangle (if they can). In my country of Tartaric Cossacks and Kalmucks, a man who sets out to insult another, does not usually hide himself behind a shield. I am sorry to have to say this much, but you have allowed me, without the least provocation, and upon several occasions, to be unstintedly reviled by correspondents, and I am sure that you are too much of a man of honour to refuse me the benefit of an answer.

"Late Madras, C. S.," sides with Mrs. Showers in the insinuation that I never was in India at all. This reminds me of a calumny of last year, originating with "spirits" speaking through a celebrated medium at Boston, and finding credit in many quarters. It was, that I was not a Russian, did not even speak that language, but was merely a French adventuress. So much for the infallibility of some of the sweet "angels!" Surely, I will neither go to the trouble of exhibiting to any of my masked detractors, of this or the other world, my passports visé by the Russian embassies half a dozen times, on my way to India and back. Nor will I demean myself to show the stamped envelopes of letters received by me in different parts of India. *Such* an accusation makes me simply laugh, for my word is, surely, as good as that of anybody else. I will only say, that more's the pity that an English officer, who was "fifteen years in the district," knows less of the Todas than I, whom he pretends never was in India at all. He calls *goparam* a "tower" of the pagoda; why not the roof, or anything else, as well? *Goparam* is the sacred pylon, the pyramidal gateway by which the pagoda is entered; and yet I have repeatedly heard the people of Southern India call the pagoda itself a *goparam*. It may be a careless mode of expression employed among the vulgar; but when we come to consult the authority of the best Indian lexicographers we find it accepted. In John Shakespear's *Hindustani-English Dictionary* (edition of 1849, p. 1,727), the word "goparam" is rendered as "an idol temple of the Hindus." Has "Late Madras C. S.," or any of his friends, ever climbed up into the interior, so as to know who or what is concealed there? If not, then perhaps his fling at me was a trifle premature. I am sorry to have shocked the sensitiveness of such a philological purist, but, really, I do not see why, when speaking of the temples of the Todas—whether they exist or not—even a Brahmanam-Guru might not say that they had their *Goparams*? Perhaps he, or some other brilliant authority in Sanskrit and other Indian languages, will favour us with the etymology of the word? Does the first syllable, *go*, or *gu*, relate to the roundness of these "towers," as my critic calls them (for the word *go* does mean something round), or to *gop*, a cowherd, which gave its name to a Hindu caste, and was one of the names of Krishna, *go-pāl* meaning the cowherd? Let these critics carefully read Col. Marshall's work, and see whether the pastoral tribe, whom he saw so much, and discovered so little about, whose worship (exoteric, of course) is all embraced in the care of the sacred cows and

buffaloes; the distribution of the "divine fluid"—milk; and whose seeming adoration, as the missionaries tell us, is so great for their buffaloes, that they call them the "gift of God," could not be said to have their *goparams*, though the latter were but a cattle-pen, a *tirieri*, the *mand*, in short, into which the phrenological explorer crawled alone by night with infinite pains and—neither saw nor found anything! And because he found nothing, he concludes they have no religion, no idea of God, no worship. About as reasonable an inference as Dr. W. B. Carpenter might come to if he had crawled into Mrs. Showers's *séance* room some night when all the "angels" and their guests had fled, and straightway reported that among Spiritualists there are neither mediums nor phenomena.

Colonel Marshall I find far less dogmatic than his admirers. Such cautious phrases as "I believe," "I could not ascertain," "I believe it to be true," and the like, show his desire to find out the truth, but scarcely prove conclusively that he has found it. At best it only comes to this, that Colonel Marshall believes one thing to be true, and I look upon it differently. He credits his friend the missionary, and I believe my friend the Brahman, who told me what I have written. Besides, I explicitly state in my book (see *Isis*, vol. ii., pp. 614-15):—"As soon as their (the Todas) solitude was profaned by the avalanche of civilisation . . . the Todas began moving away to other parts as unknown and more inaccessible than the Neigherri hills had formerly been." The Todas, therefore, of whom my Brahman friend spoke, and whom Captain W. L. D. O'Grady, late manager of the Madras Branch Bank at Ootacamund, tells me he has seen specimens of, are not the degenerate remnants of the tribe whose phrenological bumps were measured by Colonel Marshall. And yet, even what the latter writes of these, I, from personal knowledge, affirm to be in many particulars inaccurate. I may be regarded by my critics as over credulous; but this is surely no reason why I should be treated as a liar, whether by late or living Madras authorities of the "C. S." Neither Captain O'Grady, who was born at Madras, and was for a time stationed on the Neigherri hills, nor I, recognised the individuals photographed in Colonel Marshall's book as Todas. Those we saw wore their dark brown hair very long, and were much fairer than the Badagas, or any other Hindus, in neither of which particulars do they resemble Colonel Marshall's types. "H. M." says, "The Todas are brown, coffee-coloured, like most other natives;" but turning to Appleton's *Cyclopædia* (vol. xii. p. 173), we read: "These people are of a *light complexion*, have strongly marked Jewish features, and have been supposed by many to be one of the lost tribes." "H. M." assures us that the places inhabited by the Todas are not infested by venomous serpents or tigers; but the same *Cyclopædia* remarks that the mountains "are swarming with wild animals of all descriptions, among which elephants and tigers are numerous."

But the "Late" (defunct?—is your correspondent a disembodied angel?)—"Madras C. S." attains to the sublimity of the ridiculous when, with biting irony, in winding up, he says:—"All good spirits, of whatever degree, astral or elementary, . . . prevent his (Capt. R. F. Burton's) ever meeting with Isis—rough might be the unveiling!" Surely—unless that military Nemesis should tax the hospitality of some American newspaper, conducted by politicians—he could never be rougher than this Madras Grandison! And then, the idea of suggesting that, after having contradicted and made sport of the greatest authorities of Europe and America, to begin with Max Müller and end with the Positivists, in both my volumes, I should be appalled by Captain Burton, or the whole lot of captains in her Majesty's service—though each carried an Armstrong gun on his shoulder and a mitrailleuse in his pocket—is positively superb! Let them reserve their threats and terrors for my Christian countrymen.

Any moderately equipped Sciolist (and the more empty-headed, the easier) might tear *Isis* to shreds, in the estimation of the vulgar, with his sophisms and presumably authoritative analysis, but would that prove him to be right, and me wrong? Let all the records of medial phenomena, rejected, falsified, slandered, and ridiculed, and of mediums terrorised, for thirty years past, answer for me. I, at least, am not of the kind to be bullied into silence by such tactics, as "Late Madras" may, in time, discover; nor will he ever find me skulking behind a *nom de plume* when I have insults to offer. I always have had, as I now have, and trust ever to retain, the courage of my opinions, however unpopular or erroneous they may be considered; and there are not Showers enough in Great Britain to quench the ardour with which I stand by my convictions.

There is but one way to account for the tempest which, for four months, has raged in *The Spiritualist* against Colonel Olcott and myself, and that is expressed in the familiar French proverb—"Quand on veut tuer son chien, on dit qu'il est enragé."

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

New York, March 24th, 1878.

SPIRITUALISM IN IRELAND.

SIR,—As I see that Ireland is rarely mentioned in your pages in connection with the spiritual movement, it may perhaps interest your readers to know that we are waking-up here; and, notwithstanding the religious bigotry and priest-ridden condition of the general public, Spiritualism has been notably airing itself here for the last six months. Professor Barrett's paper in the December number of the *Dublin University Magazine*, giving an interesting account of phenomena at the bogs of "Donnebellegau," created a great sensation amongst a circle where our "ism" is spoken of in a whisper. I, myself, was forced into publishing and lecturing, through the rumour being circulated of my "being a little off my head."

The lecture, *Why am I a Spiritualist?* is a fair proof of a sane mind, and it sold very freely, through my notoriety as the "first lady barrister in Ireland." You see, I am not vain enough to think it sold exactly on its own merits. In fact, the apathy of the people to any

progressive idea is proverbial. But I found that if you are able to obtain an audience, under any plea, you soon impress them. The general notion is that Spiritualism means table-turning. But, in speaking with the editors of papers, I astonished them by announcing it as a science, a religion, and a philosophy.

In order to secure audiences, I announced an *entertainment*, part concert, part short discourses, and part free discussion. So, those who would not come to hear a lecture on Spiritualism, came to hear music and singing. Because I used my talent for singing, they forgave me a good deal, I saw. And, however prejudiced they came into the halls, I found that they left with the decided belief, "There is something in it."

Numbers of the more thoughtful waited to speak to me, or called after the lectures, expressing great surprise at the view of this despised "ism" being a philosophy, a science, and a religion. I had most attentive audiences through the north. The south I did not attempt, the church being so antagonistic.

I feel I have awakened a spirit of inquiry which will bear good fruit. The published lectures contained directions to families to form circles for themselves, without professional mediums. I am sure many will experiment, and learn truth through this means. Thus, I feel cheered to go on in this (to me) labour of love, for more barren soil than Ireland can hardly be conceived. At the same time, if the people are once impressed with this, or any other subject, they are such natural born mediums, so enthusiastic and impressionable, they will be hereafter as loyal as they are now antagonistic. They seemed more pleased with my own experiences, and how, in America, I became a medium and Spiritualist, than even with the philosophical lectures.

The press everywhere behaved with great courtesy, and gave most flattering notices, deprecating belief all the time. The experiments with planchette at my father's, Mr. Gauly's, amused these northern people greatly, they knowing him as a strict, unbending, old-fashioned Presbyterian. His little granddaughter, ten years old, was the medium through whom planchette told him most wonderful things—secrets which neither she, nor I, nor any of his family knew. He could not refuse to believe the evidence of his senses, declares it is the "devil," but now greedily reads all he can get on the subject.

Before starting for Cape Town, on my way to Melbourne, I return thanks to all my good friends and the supporters I had during my lecturing tour; also to the Irish press.

I feel happy to say I can give the lie to the old proverb—"A prophet has no honour in his own country." Through the liberality and courtesy of the press I have been able to sow broadcast seeds of progress which will bear much fruit in the near future.

SARAH PARKER.

Dublin, April 8th, 1878.

SPIRITUALISM AT THE CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW'S.

SIR,—Tavistock-place was yesterday morning the scene of an event worthy of record in the annals of modern Spiritualism. For the first time, probably, the Spiritualist creed was publicly and authoritatively declared within a consecrated building to be in harmony with Scripture and primitive Christianity. Dr. Maurice Davies, so well known by his talented word-painting of orthodoxy and unorthodoxy, was announced on printed handbills as about to deliver a course of sermons, the first to be preached that morning, on "Modern Spiritualism and its Dangers." Whatever ambiguity as to the preacher's personal opinions attached to the title, was quickly removed by the opening sentences of his discourse, in which he fearlessly avowed himself to be a Spiritualist in the modern acceptation of the term. The text was taken from 1 John iv. 3, which he held to be as applicable to communion with disembodied spirits of to-day, as with the embodied ones originally intended. After avowing that many of the alleged manifestations of spirit power were referable to credulity and fraud, Mr. Davies declared his unalterable conviction that there was "a residuum" that could not be so accounted for, but which afforded irrefragable proof of the action of intelligence or intelligences extraneous to man's. Much stress was laid on the argument that the days for ignoring Spiritualism were past; that "this thing is undoubtedly in our midst," and that therefore it behoves us in a religious and trustful spirit to enquire wherefrom it is come. Dr. Davies assured his hearers, from his personal knowledge, that, while he had known instances where Spiritualism had done harm, he had known many more where it had been a blessed means of turning men from infidelity to Christian faith and hope. The lesson to all was to "try the spirits" by the Scriptural test, confession of the exceptional divinity and sacrificial atonement of Jesus of Nazareth. The church, which was comparatively empty during the earlier portion of the service, became crowded as sermon time approached, and the preacher was listened to with intense attention. To advanced Spiritualists the sermon was of course as "milk for babes." To outsiders it was probably as "strong meat" as they could assimilate; in any case remains the cheering fact that 'mid the vestments and lighted tapers of Ritualism, the bold hand of an honest Anglican priest has raised our glorious banner, and so openly put his hand to the plough of "modern Spiritualism," as henceforth to be enrolled among its best champions. LOUISA LOWE.

64, Berners-street, W., 8th April, 1878.

DR. T. L. NICHOLS will narrate "A Ghost Story," at the fortnightly meeting, to be held by the Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism, on Monday next, at 8.30 p.m. Inquirers are invited to attend.

MR. W. J. COLVILLE will return temporarily to London on Thursday next. He will deliver a trance address at Langham Hall, 43, Great Portland-street, on Good Friday, at 8 p.m. Subject, "Woman: Her True Position and Divine Mission." He will also lecture on Tuesday, the 23rd instant, on "Art as the Handmaid of Religion."

IDEALITY AND MORALS.

BY J. T. MARKLEY, AUTHOR OF "STRAY THOUGHTS ON MANY THEMES."

THANKS to an early acquaintance with phrenology, and an intuitional interpretation of the human temperaments, I can tolerate all faiths, dispositions, and opinions. I believe that there are beauty and goodness in all creeds and creed-makers, and, oftentimes, much that is commendable in earnest people without any creed at all. But, without a genuine basis of sweet-smelling morality—creed or no creed—I have little faith in the good intentions of ordinary human nature. To be a true man, a person must needs be a good man. All faiths cannot be true. All men are not good. But there may be in each a measure of both goodness and truth: even when fire-awakened churchal piety, or the cooler sway of social morals, exist only in narrow, or fragmentary, forms. Historic experience will buttress this argument: Catholic haughtiness, or Protestant sect-sneering, to the contrary, notwithstanding. Carlyle is a big, and a bold, thinker; but in spite of the rough-shod Emersonian splendour of his literary dogmatism, I, for one, will not admit that the "twenty millions of Englishmen are mostly fools!" Rather let us say that all separate individualities feel the impulse of warm other-world inspiration, good, bad, liberal, or conservative, whether of theological sourness, or the pure, sweet-briar exhalations of artistic and ideal religion. Was it not Charles Kingsley who told us that the English Puritans had their specialities of poetic romance? Dean Stanley also grandly advocates the same tolerant inference. Cromwell was certainly iconoclastic, even to the most prosaic extremes of monumental destruction. His natural pre-disposition against art may be somewhat excused as a reaction in national morals. But the bent of his non-flowery soul was in all points the reflected gloom and musicless severity of a common Scotch Sabbath. If the Spiritualists' "sphere" theory be correct as regards the after-life, I hope that I shall do some wickedness in this world, which will banish me to a "sphere" of Elysian liveliness—to some happy hunting ground—where Cromwell and his angels are not. I want to be with Shakespeare, Mozart, Macaulay, Tom Hood, Hazlett, Fénelon, Keble, and all the best, sweetest poets, artists, divines, and rare intellectual folk of all ages, which I am sure will also include the *Times* editorialists, the learned jesters of *Punch*, and every member (not in arrears) of the British National Association of Spiritualists.

To this end I plead for ideality in morals. Religion must be a sweet smelling savour. Spiritualists must set the example. Their piety must not be vulgarised by intense creedal conceptions of professional goodness. The God they serve must not smell of brimstone. The joy which Keats drew from Beauty must be theirs for ever. Hence the need for that cascade-like flow of "sweetness and light," which Arnold spiritualised amid the uprisings of culture, but which living Cromwellians affect to despise, through their normal lack of intelligent sympathy with things noble in the musical and statuesque province of art. Let me here bring up an illustrative parsonic antithesis. Take four representative popular preachers—Spurgeon, Dr. Begg, Haweis, and Paxton Hood. The excellent pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle deserves almost international love and esteem for his now historic good works. His racy gifts of speech continually bless thousands within the range of his moral influence and advice; his pulpit "gems" almost make Calvinism poetic; and his useful orphanage at Stockwell makes all impartial people love him. But his theology at times sours his finer feelings. Not so long ago, Pastor Spurgeon expressed himself in a style worthy of the worst tastes of earlier Geneva. Preaching in a chapel where God is worshipped with organ grandeur of song, the pet of Non-conformity, turned from the solemn musical instrument in a fit of impassioned scorn, and urged a "matchwood destruction" of such chapel organs. His brother minister—Dr. Begg—also, in another place, observed that he should like to see the boys in the street throw stones at all stained or ornamental church windows. Just imagine with what mental anguish the above, otherwise excellent, divines, would view the famous churches of the Continent, and how intense would be their spit-fire bitterness in lands and in temples where matchless art inspires the holy understand-

ing, and gives an ideal reverence to objects and associations, sacred to religionists in all ages.

How different would be the opinions, tastes, and feelings of the Broad Church and Congregationalist clergymen—Haweis and Paxton Hood. No sense of the mind which hastens to appreciate things beautiful; no relict of genius which appealed to the *spirituelle* sympathies; and no emblem in art which could charm the idealistic feelings and attachments would escape the reverent attention of those two front rank moralists. Their personal goodness of heart would receive at once a stimulant and a blessing where loud lip-service happened to intrude less than sculpture, painting, and the vast voice of God emphasised in marble, and the frost-work magnificence of holy shrines and awe-quieted aisles. Happily, most readers of this journal share this gift of cultured imagination; and if “like attracts like” in the great beyond, the heaven of the Spiritualists will be a glorious place indeed. I hope the editors of many of the sectarian newspapers will not get into the heaven above-named; for the exceeding wrath which evaporates from certain “orthodox” prints might continue to flow with a spleen not congenial to persons of affectionate and refined disposition. But even theologians may mend their manners as cultivation advances; for, before now, the most hardened sinners have been converted, and have become, almost instantly, happy, charitable, and friendly towards people who differ, and upon points which caused the difference.

In common life, morals often fail through habitual inattention to idealistic culture. We see but feeble piety—even in strong doctrinal quarters—where the imagination is neglected. Take the cottage without pictures, window-flowers, and suitable furniture. Only half the finer faculties get developed, and the over-eating of reeking food in badly ventilated dwellings, and without anything artistic to educate the wandering eye to a sense of ideal pleasure, the vacant mind of the poor man, woman, or child yields to the “evil communications” which corrupt good manners. The Sunday sermon and the crowding flow of tracts are lost upon such unfortunate people. They may even be well-intentioned church or chapel folk; but unless the artistic attributes of the soul find suitable encouragement and expression, the Sabbath goodness will in time give way before animal inclinations, aggravated by the causes just mentioned, and unrelieved by the needful pictures, flowers, plants, and other attractive surroundings.

In fact, religion is only half developed in the soul without the ideal spirituality of beauty and art. Herein lies the secret of firmly-established morals. The dramatic shouts and semi-secular song-service of Moody and Sankey suited huge emotional crowds; and God blessed the circus-like, moral dash of their exceptional efforts to do good. But such hot-house piety invariably lacks the ascetic spirituality of that less impulsive moral training which appeals to, and controls, the reverence for pure thoughts felt by peoples of advancing intelligence. Doctrines alone will not make men good, or society happy. Even the new sacerdotalists call in flowers, music, feast-days, bell-melody, and the “dim religious light” of Gothic aisles, to supplement and bind together extreme theological opinions and statements. In short, Ritualism—mocking the great Latin Church—seeks to spiritualise the ideals of art, and invites the dreaming new births of landscape nature to contribute to the subtle popular sway of a moral thesis, where priests only are presidents. But High Churchism only touches a section of society. Even the Romanists confine the ideal and the imaginative too much to fixed dates, corporate conditions, and mere altar influence. To succeed against the restless, selfish, vulgar passion-cries of materialistic society, the cultivation of clean lives and clear thoughts must rest upon well-disciplined individual morals. All men cannot possibly, or conveniently, imitate John Henry Newman, in his holy retirement, his severe biscuit-dinners, and spiritual meditations. Fleet-street must have its surging crowds, and the cattle from a thousand hills continue to be sacrificed for the ravenous million. It is right that men should feed as well as think and work. But man, as an animal, must be gradually spiritualised by religion, by nature, and by reaching upward to the ideal standards of art. Hodge, the ploughboy, may have no classic conception of pure Grecian

severity in personal training, but he is educated unconsciously to a certain model chasteness of disposition by green lanes, April skies, and the daily songs of birds, which London mechanics know not of; and the result is shown, by remarkable contrast, in comparative conduct and conversation. But even town life affords sufficient of the idealistic, in themes, privileges, and artistic surroundings to make men muse morally, and the dinner-hour a period of politeness.

Unfortunately, among the masses, feeding-time is a season of irreverence and animal vulgarity. Meet a factory crowd soon after their mid-day meal, returning to work, and the language uttered is certainly not the language of flowers. Also, except in the parks, during Sunday, the “*esprit de corps*,” youths of all cities seem to have no subjects of mental and moral introspection; and the closed shops combine with the dulness of street traffic to produce *ennui*, and a consequent expression of manners, inartistic, to say the least. Here we have the secret of national moral decadence, and behold collective sympathies, of which poetry is the timid antithesis. May we not conclude that morals, to be firm and effective, must be attractively idealised, as general society grows in worldly wisdom? Doctrinal piety only commands one side of the human understanding. The soul must run out after the beautiful, or theology will only aid the designs of the beast. De Witt, Talmadge, and the brimstonites may swear, in their pulpit wrath, that men shall not enter into earth’s loveliness and laughter; but dry abstractions will not do for intelligent seekers after God. Morality must be loving, enlightened, and sweetly poetic, such as Christ inspired. In the Church we want more men like Robertson, of Brighton, and such living teachers as Dean Stanley, who call in, for idealistic soul-progress, all that is of good repute in history, in science, art culture; in the flowery alphabet of upland meadows, and the sermonic whisperings of groves and seas.

MR. J. COATES is at 2, Albermarle-terrace, Scarborough, willing to assist local Spiritualists in any way he can.

EXPERIENCED Spiritualists sometimes remark that psychological phenomena are strongest in the spring months of each year. Our pages this week seem to show that there is some truth in the idea.

A BOOK by Almira Kidd, full of spirit messages, entitled *The Laws of Being*, has just been published by Messrs. Colby and Rich, Boston, U.S.

ON Sunday next, April 14th, Mr. J. J. Morse will deliver trance addresses in the Camden Hotel, Camden-street, Liverpool. Morning service at 11 o’clock. Evening service at 6.30. Mr. Morse will give a special meeting in aid of the funds of the Liverpool Psychological Society on the following evening, April 15th.

MRS. MAKDOUGALL GREGORY’S usual weekly *séance*, with Mr. Eglinton as medium, was broken off in the middle last Saturday evening, in consequence of Mrs. Gregory’s sudden illness. She had been more or less unwell for a week or two previously. We are glad to be able to state that this faithful and efficient worker in the Spiritual movement is now much better.

MR. RUSKIN ON SPIRITUALISM AND MATERIALISM. — The difference between the spiritual and the material is very well brought out by Mr. Ruskin in a chapter, entitled “Athena in the Heart,” in one of his works. He says: “It is of great consequence that you should fix in your minds, and hold against the baseness of mere Materialism on the one hand, and against the fallacies of controversial speculation on the other, the certain and practical sense of this word ‘spirit’; the sense in which you all know that it really exists, as the power which shaped you into your shape, and by which you love and hate when you have received that shape. . . . And so long as you have that fire of the heart within you, and know the reality of it, you need be under no alarm as to the possibility of its chemical or mechanical analysis. The philosophers are very humorous in their ecstasy of hope about it; but the real interest of their discoveries in this direction is very small to human kind. It is quite true that the tympanum of the ear vibrates under sound, and that the surface of the water in a ditch vibrates too: but the ditch hears nothing for all that; and my hearing is still to me as blessed a mystery as ever, and the interval between the ditch and me quite as great. If the trembling sound in my ears was once of the marriage-bell, which began my happiness, and is now of the passing bell, which ends it, the difference between these two sounds to me cannot be counted by the number of concussions. There have been some curious speculations lately, as to the conveyance of mental consciousness by ‘brain-waves.’ What does it matter how it is conveyed? The consciousness itself is not a wave. It may be accompanied here and there by any quantity of quivers and shakes, up or down, of anything you can find in the universe that is shakable—what is that to me? My friend is dead, and my—according to modern views—vibratory sorrow is not one whit less, or less mysterious to me than my old quiet one.

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