



THE
SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.



SPiritUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx ; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare, and destiny ; and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a *continuous* Divine inspiration in man ; it aims, through a careful reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe ; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the Spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.

S
3559

VOL. IV.
NEW SERIES.

LONDON:
JAMES BURNS, 15, SOUTHAMPTON ROW,
HOLBORN, W.C.

1869.



INDEX.

	Page.
ADARE'S (Viscount) Book	468
Apparitions ... 83, 95, 96, 275, 381, 416, 425, 515, 521	521
Artist, Inspired	230
BEAMISH, RICHARD, Translation of	
Mr. Kardec on Fluids	159
CARLYLE, Mr. 476, 519	
— Again	535
— A few more Words on Mr. Carlyle's Letter	538
CHILD, Mrs. L. M.—Things Un- accountable... ..	497
COLEMAN, Mr.—Passing Events 40, 68, 318, 460, 542	542
— The Twin Sisters	401
DIALECTICAL SOCIETY, 72, 135, 168, 276, 318, 325, 377, 419, 461	
Dreams ... 80, 84, 85, 86, 87, 130, 134, 477, 522	522
— Shelley on	35
DUNRAVEN, Earl of—Haunting in Clare	215
ECSTATIC in Belgium 18, 361	
— Whitehaven	227
— Wales	227, 277
EDMONDS, Judge	279, 337
External World, on Existence of, 200	
FAVRE, M. LEON, Remarkable	
Cure of	529
Fire-test	44, 81
FISHBOUGH, Rev. W.—Physico	
Aromal Theory of Life	492
Fluids, M. Kardec on	159
From an Outsider	540
GHOSTS, Mr. Berkeley on	89
HALL, Mr. and Mrs. ... 337, 469, 518	
HARDINGE, EMMA, Rules for Spirit	
Circles	197
HARNISS, Rev. Wm., the late	561
HARRIS, T. L., Brotherhood of the	
New Life	26, 181, 282, 425
Hauntings	185
HOME, D. D., Fire-test, &c., 44, 81, 82, 176, 178, 334	334
— Levitation, &c.... ..	82

	Page.
HOME, D. D., Through Window	177
— Extension and Contraction	178
HOWITT, Mr.—Baroness Krüdener	5
— <i>Revue Spiritualiste</i> —In- teresting Facts	49, 119
— Leon Favre, Story of	119
— Dialectical Society	168
— Classical and Modern Notions of Matter and Spirit	347
— Spirit Music at Moulsey	427
JAMES, ABRAHAM, the Medium	68
KARDEC, on Fluids	159
KRÜDENER, Baroness Barbara	
Juliana Von	5
MANIFESTATIONS:—Shelley at his	
Death	34
— Baroness Krüdener... ..	5
— Berkeley on Ghosts	39
— Passing Events, 40, 68, 318, 460, 542	542
— Mr. Home, Fire-test, &c. 44, 81, 82, 177, 178, 334	334
— By Mr. Banks	48
— In <i>Revue Spiritualiste</i>	49
— From <i>Atlantic Monthly</i>	53
— Mr. Powell's Experiences	63
Notes & Gleanings, various 34, 79, 126, 174, 226, 272, 329, 375, 474, 517, 553	553
— Ecstatic in Belgium	81, 361
— " Whitehaven... ..	227
— " Wales	227, 277
— Dreams, 35, 80, 84, 85, 86, 87, 130, 134, 477, 522	522
— Apparitions, 83, 95, 96, 275, 381, 401, 409, 416, 425, 521	521
— Leon Favre	119
— A. J. Davis, Vision... ..	128
— In Brazil	130
— Mr. C. F. Varley's Ex- perience ... 175, 318, 325, 368	368
— Hauntings, 185; Lord Dun- raven's Narrative, 215; 423, 476	476
— Spirit Photographs, 226; Mumler's Trial, 241, 329, 421	421
— Inspired Artist	230

	Page.		Page.
MANIFESTATIONS :—Handay's Ex-		REVIEWS :—A. J. Davis's recent	
periences	239	Works	88
Musical Séance, 266, 390, 427		Planchette, or Despair of	
Gold Discovery in Shet-		Science	229
land	276	Home for the Homeless ...	234
Twin Sisters	401	The Gates Ajar	382
Signor Damiani	452	Lord Adare's Book	468
Mrs. Everett	469	A Glimpse into the Hidden	
Prayer, Answer to	474	Life of the Human Spirit 568	
Clairvoyance	497	Revue Spiritualiste, Interesting	
Obsession and Possession 504		Contents	49, 119, 225, 557
Notre Dame de Lourdes ... 512		SARGENT, Mr. EPES, "No More	
Mrs. C. Matthews	515	Metaphysics"	433
A singular Manifestation 561		SHALLEY	34, 35
Music, Voice, and direct		SHORTER, THOMAS.—The Passing	
Writing	563	Years	1
MORGAN, Professor de	47	Remarks on an Article in	
MOUNTFORD, Rev. W., on Super-		the Atlantic Monthly ...	53
naturalism	97, 145, 289, 481	Recent Works of A. J.	
Mourning, on Wearing	193	Davis	88
NEWTON, A. E., on Spiritualism ...	385	A Forcible Argument ...	270
NOTES AND GLEANINGS, 34, 75, 126,		Professor Huxley and Sir	
174, 226, 272, 329, 375, 474, 517, 553		David Brewster on Sub-	
OBITUARY :—Allan Kardec	231	jective Sensations	301
OLIPHANT, Mr.	181	A few more Words on Mr.	
PASSING EVENTS, by Mr. Coleman,		Carlyle's Letter	538
40, 68, 318, 460, 542		Supernaturalism, Reverend W.	
Photographs, Spirit, 226, 241, 329, 421		Mountford, on	97
POETRY—J. G. Whittier	47, 133	VARLEY, Mr. C. F., Experience	
The Inner World by Mrs,		175, 318, 325, 368	
Stowe	408	WARNINGS	84
The Old Year, by Robert		Welch Girl	227, 277
Leighton	572	WHITTIER, J. G.	47, 133
POWELL, Mr., Experiences of 53,		WILLIS, Dr. F. L. H., in London 518	
209, 356		Wonders of Dream Life ..	550
Prayer, Answer to	474	YOUNG, Rev. F. R., Healing ...	138



THE
Spiritual Magazine.

JANUARY, 1869.

THE PASSING YEARS.

THE Earth and the *Spiritual Magazine* have again completed their annual revolution. As they have spun

Down the ringing grooves of change,

each, it is hoped, in its own way and measure, has added something to our knowledge and experience, and aided the good cause of progress, widening the thoughts of men with the process of the suns.

The past year has been an eventful one, with its reforms and revolutions—its changes and indications of coming change in every sphere of life—social, political, and ecclesiastical. It has sent forth its stormy petrels, warning us of coming tempests: it has, like a beneficent angel, troubled the stagnant pools of thought, that those who step in may be freed from their infirmities and made whole: it has taken from us many dear and valued friends—taken them, it may be, only that they may be more really, truly, intimately with us than before.

It is a foolish conceit that Spiritualism tends to deaden our sensibilities to all or to aught that pertains to the true interests of the present life, or that it diminishes our care and active participation in its concerns. On the contrary, it gives to them a higher significance—a deeper interest. It makes us feel the intimate blending of the two worlds; that the future life is the inevitable outgrowth from the present,—that the great Ygdrasil tree of human life reaches into eternity, and touches the very heavens. Spiritualism gives us higher motives, purifies the affections, and strengthens the springs of action, for it invests with larger meaning the needs and duties of the hour; it enables us to realise the momentous issues, the privileges and responsibilities of earthly existence as those cannot do whose horizon is bounded

by the present life, or whose faith in the life beyond is faint and dubious, or whose vision of its true character is dimmed by the films of conventional theology; it strengthens us to bear the heaviest burdens of the present, and amid our deepest sorrows and afflictions to look forward to the Future with a serene hope and joyous assurance impossible to those who feel that the vigour of youthful life, and the strength and joys of manhood, are slipping from them with no prospect but a dry and withered age, and then—"a leap in the dark—"

To die, and go we know not where;
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
 To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
 Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
 Imagine howling.

To the Spiritualist, the years as they sweep by but carry us on their waves to that farther shore—that "land of pure delight" where age shall bloom into immortal youth; where, in restoring to us all we love, and realising to us more than all for which we hope, we shall gain infinitely more than the years for a season have taken from us, only that with "more excellent glory" they may be ours for ever; where—"The gates shall not be shut at all by day, for there shall be no night there; and there shall be no more death; neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

"For those people who do nothing, for those to whom Christianity brings no revelation, for those who see no eternity in time, no infinity in life, for those to whom opportunity is but the handmaid of selfishness, to whom smallness is informed by no greatness, for whom the lowly is never lifted up by indwelling love to the heights of divine performance,—for them, indeed, each hurrying year may well be a King of Terrors. To pass out from the flooding light of the morning, to feel all the dewiness drunk up by the thirsty, insatiate sun, to see the shadows slowly and swiftly gathering, and no starlight to break the gloom, and no home beyond the gloom for the unhoused, startled, shivering soul,—ah! this indeed is terrible. The 'confusions of a wasted youth' strew thick confusions of a dreary age. Where youth garners up only such power as beauty or strength may bestow, where youth is but the revel of physical or frivolous delight, where youth aspires only with paltry and ignoble ambitions, where youth presses the wine of life into the

of vanity, there indeed Age comes, a thrice unwelcome guest. Put him off. Thrust him back. Weep for the early days: you have found no happiness to replace their joys. Mourn for the trifles that were innocent, since the trifles of your manhood are heavy with guilt. Fight to the last. Retreat inch by inch. With every step you lose. Every day robs you of treasure. Every hour passes you over to insignificance; and at the end stands Death. The bare and desolate decline drops suddenly into the hopeless, dreadful grave, the black and yawning grave, the foul and loathsome grave.

“But why those who are Christians and not Pagans, who believe that death is not an eternal sleep, who wrest from life its uses and gather from life its beauty,—why they should dally along the road, and cling frantically to the old landmarks, and shrink fearfully from the approaching future, I cannot tell. You are getting into years. True. But you are getting out again. The bowed frame, the tottering step, the unsteady hand, the failing eye, the heavy ear, the tremulous voice, they will all be yours. The grasshopper will become a burden, and desire shall fail. The fire shall be smothered in your heart, and for passion you shall have only peace. This is not pleasant. It is never pleasant to feel the inevitable passing away of priceless possessions. If this were to be the culmination of your fate, you might indeed take up the wail for your lost youth. But this is only for a moment. The infirmities of age come gradually. Gently we are led down into the valley. Slowly, and not without a soft loveliness, the shadows lengthen. At the worst these weaknesses are but the stepping-stones in the river, passing over which you shall come to immortal vigour, immortal fire, immortal beauty. All along the western sky flames and glows the auroral light of another life. The banner of victory waves right over your dungeon of defeat. By the golden gateway of the sunseting,

‘Through the dear might of Him who walked the waves,’

you shall pass into the ‘cloud-land, gorgeous land,’ whose splendour is unveiled only to the eyes of the Immortals. Would you loiter to your inheritance?

“You are ‘getting into years.’ Yes, but the years are getting into you,—the ripe, rich years, the genial, mell years, the lusty, luscious years. One by one the crudities your youth are falling off from you,—the vanity, the egotism, the isolation, the bewilderment, the uncertainty. Nearer and nearer you are approaching yourself. You are consolidating your forces. You are becoming master of the situation. Every wrong road into which you have wandered has brought you by the knowledge of that mistake, so much closer to the tr

You no longer draw your bow at a venture, but shoot ~~surely~~ ^{surely} at the mark. Your possibilities concentrate, and your path ~~is~~ ^{is} cleared. On the ruins of shattered plans you find your vantage-ground. Your broken hopes, your thwarted purposes, your defeated aspirations become a staff of strength with which you mount to sublimer heights. With self-possession and self-command return the possession and the command of all things. The title-deed of creation, forfeited, is reclaimed. The king has come to his own again. Earth and sea and sky pour out their largess of love. All the past crowds down to lay its treasures at your feet. All that the ages have of greatness and glory your hand may pluck, and every year adds to the purple vintage. Every year comes laden with the riches of the lives that were lavished on it. Every year brings to you softness and sweetness and strength. Every year evokes order from confusion, till all things find scope and adjustment. Every year sweeps a broader circle for your horizon, grooves a deeper channel for your experience. Through sun and shade and shower you ripen to a large and liberal life. The possible tomorrow has become the secure yesterday. Above the tumult and the turbulence, above the struggle and the doubt, you sit in the serene evening, awaiting your promotion.

"Come, then, O dreaded years! Your brows are awful, but not with frowns. I hear your resonant tramp far off, but it is sweet as the May-maidens' song. In your grave prophetic eyes I read a golden promise. I know that you bear in your bosom the fulness of my life. Veiled monarchs of the future, shining dim and beautiful, you shall become my vassals, swift-footed to bear my messages, swift-handed to work my will. Nourished by the nectar which you will pour in passing from your crystal cups, Death shall have no dominion over me, but I shall go on from strength to strength and from glory to glory."

AN ANGELIC VISITANT TO MARGUERITE DE LA VALOIS QUEEN OF VALOIS.—"One night, in the Autumn or Winter of 1549, while she was asleep, a beautiful female, clothed in white, and bearing in her hand a crown composed of every kind of flowers, appeared to her in a dream. The apparition approached her, and held up before her the crown, muttering at the same time the word 'Quickly!' The queen was deeply impressed by the vision, as being a supernatural intimation of her speedy removal, and the crown as a symbol of eternal life. She made preparations for her death, which occurred December 21, 1549. It should be stated that her health had been for some time failing.—*Ladies of the Reformation*, p. 377.

THE BARONESS BARBARA JULIANA VON
KRÜDENER.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

MADAME VON KRÜDENER was at one time—the end of the great French war—the woman who excited the greatest attention in Europe. In her earlier years (she was now about fifty) she had been a greatly distinguished person in the most fashionable circles of Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg. Her rank, her beauty, her talents and fascinating manners had given her a *prestige* which almost eclipsed the fame of her friend, Madame de Stael; but at the time of the congregation of the Allied Monarchs and their armies and ministers in Paris, after the final defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, she appeared in a new character,—new at least to those who were not well acquainted with the history of her later years. She appeared as a preacher of religion, displaying a zeal, an eloquence, an apostolic dauntlessness in singular contrast to the gaiety and freedom of her former life. She had splendid apartments in the Champs Elysée, near to the quarters of the Autocrat of all the Russias, and held prayer meetings several times in the week, which the Allied Monarchs and their ministers and generals, the astute Talleyrand and the obstructive Metternich amongst them, attended, in which she and M. Empeytas, who might be considered her chaplain, delivered discourses or engaged in prayer, in French or German. A thousand speculations on the causes of this extraordinary influence were quickly afloat in Paris; amongst which stories of her prophecies of what had recently come to pass, and her consequent conversion of the Emperor Alexander, and her influence over his allies, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, were uppermost. It was soon confidently asserted that Madame von Krüdener dictated to the Monarchs their course of action; that she was the originator of the Camp of Virtue, and of the celebrated Holy Alliance. From that time for a long while afterwards, not only was she held to be the founder of that most unpopular alliance, but she became the subject of articles of the press throughout Europe, and especially in England, in which the wonder of the writers was amusingly mingled with a desire to make themselves merry over her reported powers of inspired eloquence and divination. In our magazines of that period, many such articles are to be found. One of the most impartial and rational is that of the *Gentleman's Magazine* of ten years later; and one of the most elaborate

pretentious is that of the very clever journal of its day, the *London Magazine*, in which Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Bowring, Leigh Hunt, &c., wrote, and whose unfortunate editor, John Scott, was shot in a duel at Chalk Farm, originating in his severe retort on Lockhart for his most offensive personalities towards the writers of the so-called Cockney school.

On the Continent the biographical and critical notices of Madame von Krüdener have displayed the same conflicting features—the excess of partizan eulogy on the one hand, the excess of misrepresentation on the other. We have at length, I believe, obtained a just and authentic estimate of her character and actions in a handsome volume published at Bern in July of the past year, 1868, under the title of *Frau von Krüdener ein Zeitgemälde*. The author, of this “Picture of the Time,” I regret to say, has not favoured us with his name, probably having sufficient reasons for withholding it in the religious jealousies still existing in Switzerland in the clerical mind in connection with the very home-thrusting Christianity of Madame von Krüdener, and the expulsion of her and her minister and friends from that country. But the author, it appears from the work, is a descendant of Madame von Krüdener’s, and as he has not only based his narrative on the best works, German and French, concerning his distinguished ancestress, but has added many private letters and facts known to the family, we may feel satisfied that this is the most complete work that we are likely to have on the subject. The writer appends a list of his printed authorities to his book, amounting to twenty, with the exception of Eynard’s *Vie de Madame Krüdener*, in two vols.; and Empeytas’s *Notices sur l’Empereur Alexander I.*, chiefly in German. He seems very impartially to have weighed these authorities, and displays no desire to veil the faults of his heroine, nor to overstate her merits. If to the references of the author we add *Brescius und Seiler, Beiträge zu einer Characteristic der Frau v. Krüdener, Berlin, 1818*, and *Wraxall and Wehrman’s Memoires of Queen Hortense*, we have the chief memoirs and criticisms on this lady, a mass of writing which demonstrate the great interest which she excited in her day.

Let us then endeavour to sketch a brief history of this extraordinary woman, who not only preached openly and from land to land the most bold and unequivocal principles of the Christian religion, but announced to the astonished and incredulous ears of kings coming events, which at the moment appeared the mere dreams of an enthusiast, but which quickly proved themselves the most startling realities, shocks of a political earthquake which had awoke not the slightest foreboding in the acutest diplomatic minds.

Madame von Krüdener was born at Riga, on the 21st of November, 1764. She was the second daughter of Privy Counsellor von Vietinghoff, who though generally called Count Vietinghoff, had refused all titles offered to him, unvaryingly saying, "I am Vietinghoff!" Her mother was the daughter of the celebrated Prussian diplomatist, Marshal Münnich, General Director of the Baltic harbours; a man who through his independent spirit had seen many ups and downs in his career, being at one time before a Court-martial, at another banished to Siberia, and again seen occupying the highest posts. The eldest daughter of Herr Vietinghoff was deaf and dumb, and was placed in a home for such unfortunate individuals of the aristocratic class. On this account all the more attention was bestowed on the education and social advantages of Juliana. During her early years her parents took her with them to the fashionable resort of Spa, to Paris, Rome and London. Music and dancing were taught her to the utmost perfection, and she acquired French, German, Italian and English with the correctness and fluency almost of a native of each of these countries. French became her habitual tongue. In Paris not only the chief Russian families but also many of the most distinguished French *litterati* frequented her father's house, as Buffon, D'Alembert, Diderot, &c. When they returned to Riga in 1779, Fraülein Vietinghoff was but fifteen, but her beauty, accomplishments and the reputation of a great heiress, made her the object of general attraction. Her appearance at that period is thus described:—"She possessed an enchanting countenance; an elegant and ready wit, with flexible features, which always expressed mind and sentiment. She was of the middle stature, beautifully formed; her blue eyes always displayed serenity, with an animation which, as Diderot expressed it, traversed the past and the future. Her brown hair fell in ringlets on her shoulders, and there was something in her person and manner that seemed new, singular and striking."

Her high accomplishments, and the distinguished society into which Juliana von Vietinghoff had been thus early and habitually introduced, had naturally given her a keen taste for refined pleasure, and must, of necessity, greatly have fostered in her no little vanity and love of admiration. Under such circumstances almost everything tending to the happiness or wretchedness of her life's career would depend on the real engagement of her affections in her married life. This matter does not in the least seem to have been considered by her parents. The attempt to bestow her on a man of great wealth and static without troubling themselves about her consent. Her aversi to the match, however, produced so violent an illness that

compelled the abandonment of the project: but it was not long before the parents in the same unceremonious way conferred her on the Baron von Krüdener, a very distinguished diplomatist under Catherine of Russia, who had been ambassador at Madrid and Warsaw. At the time of her marriage she was only eighteen, and her husband was only two years short of forty. He was a man whose whole soul and taste lay in his diplomatic life; he had been twice married and twice divorced already. For the rest, he appears to have been a rather dull and decent fellow, very fond of her and indulgent to her; but Fräulein von Vietinghoff appears clearly to have gone into the connection with the full assurance that it was her fate and not her choice. She said candidly, "If they will marry me to a man to whom my heart does not incline, I shall expect him to allow me complete enjoyment of my tastes, and whatever my vanity demands." Her husband had already a daughter of nine years old, whose care and education the young step-mother, not out of her teens, was neither qualified nor anxious to discharge.

This education, terminated by this bargain of a marriage, laid the sure foundation of all the errors and aberrations of Madame von Krüdener's life for many years. Her husband became successively Russian Ambassador at Venice, Copenhagen, and Berlin. In all these cities Madame von Krüdener had to receive her husband's guests, and to live in the midst of the highest society, as became the wife of such a man. In Venice and in Italy, everywhere, she found herself as in a paradise. The charms of the climate and of the society were all that she could imagine of delightful. She was the centre of a brilliant circle where she was admired even to worship. At Venice, her portrait was painted by Angelica Kauffmann. Here a circumstance occurred which made a deep and lasting impression on her. Alexander von Stakieff, an *attaché* of the embassy, fell deeply in love with her—common report says that he committed suicide in consequence, but this was not the case; he took a much wiser course; he withdrew himself from the embassy, leaving a letter for Baron von Krüdener explaining the reason. Twice after in their lives Stakieff and Madame von Krüdener met, and on each occasion Stakieff conducted himself with the greatest propriety. Baron von Krüdener had made his wife acquainted with the fact of Stakieff's attachment, and it is evident how much this event had dwelt on her mind, as she afterwards made it the subject of her celebrated novel, *Valérie*.

Copenhagen did not much please Madame von Krüdener, and still less the atmosphere of the Court of Berlin, where the amiable and unfortunate Queen Louisa alone awoke a lively and

lasting sympathy in her soul. Madame von Krüdener had two children—her son Paul, who became like his father a diplomatist, and a daughter who married a Baron von Berkheim, and who, both before and after her marriage was her constant companion. Herr von Berkheim became one of her most firm and zealous adherents in her future religious labours. But all this time, except in her children, Madame von Krüdener found no home life which answered to her vivid yearnings after enjoyment. Her husband's mind was fully engrossed and satisfied with his diplomatic affairs. He seems to have put little restraint on his wife, and she sought for her happiness where she thought she could find it. She loved gay and intellectual society. She was formed to shine in the highest and the most brilliant, and she loved to shine there. She was ambitious of a literary and worldly distinction too. She had no lack of that vanity of a woman of talent and beauty, which she had declared that she should indulge. She had an ample income from an estate left her by her father, and she made frequent excursions to Paris and to Switzerland, and stayed there for many months together, whilst her husband plodded on amid his state affairs, and must have found his home very dreary. In Paris she made a great friendship with St. Pierre, the author of *Paul and Virginia*; with Chateaubriand, and others. In 1793, in Germany, we find her making a visit, though only of an hour, to Jean Paul Richter, then in the zenith of his fame, who was wonderfully fascinated by her. Jean Paul said in a letter to a friend, "That unlike as Madame Krüdener was to all other women, so was the impression she had made upon him different from that of all other women," and he wrote to her:—"The hour in which I saw you floats like the evening glow still lower beneath the horizon. You came like a dream, and fled like a dream, and I still live in a dream." Jean Paul and Madame von Krüdener continued to correspond for years. At Geneva, Madame von Krüdener found a great friend in Madame de Stael and was constantly one of the brilliant coterie at Coppet.

In one of her long sojourns in France, which she excused to her husband on the ground of necessity for seeking health, she made the acquaintance of a young officer at Montpellier, Count de Fregeville, who soon acquired a complete hold on her affections. In consequence of this connection, Madame von Krüdener solicited a divorce from her husband, who would not hear of it, but received her back again, as if it were enough for him that she sat at the head of his table, and did the honours of his house. After the death of her father, however, she made another of her journeys into Germany and Switzerland. Her husband wrote her a letter, in which he upbraided her with her

desertion of her home and of him in a strain of gentleness which must have made itself deeply felt; and the news soon after of his sudden death came upon her like a thunder-clap, and caused her to review in a remorseful mood her past life and conduct towards him. Again, however, she returned to the usual career of her life of fashion; went to Paris, published her *Valérie*, and basked in the reputation and the flatteries of the literary and gay world, which it and her elegant entertainments brought her. We pass the more lightly over this portion of her life to the subsequent one, in which she came forth in a new character. Hitherto, with all her charms, talents, and accomplishments, she was but one of the thousand butterflies of aristocratic existence, who clothe their follies and vices with a delusive grace, die, and are forgotten. Providence had a nobler sphere of action in reserve for her.

She had passed some time on her estate at Kossé, and had returned to her house in Riga. One day, as she sat thoughtfully at her window, a young nobleman rode up the street, looked up, saw her, made his greeting, and in the same instant fell by a stroke of apoplexy dead from his horse. The terror of this sight went home to her soul and conscience. The idea of death came with a new and awful force. "Who knows how near I am to my own end?" was her thought. Had she laid up treasure for the mysterious eternity? She had acquired a dubious fame on earth; but how had she prepared for the other side of existence? What would be all her reputation and distinction in the presence of the Omniscient? These reflections sunk into the depths of her heart. She had no peace night nor day. The night terrified her; the day did not relieve her. She shut herself up from all society, and brooded over her condition. Sending, however, for a shoemaker to measure her for shoes, she was struck with the marvellous expression of happiness in the man's face. "My friend," she said, "you are happy!" "The happiest of men!" replied the shoemaker. All day and all night she pondered on the causes of this very poor fellow's happiness, and with the next morning she hastened to his humble dwelling. She found that he was a Moravian by profession. In her conversation with him he soon pointed her to the sole source of happiness, faith in Christ and in full forgiveness of all sins though they might be as scarlet, in and through Him. Madame von Krüdener went back a new woman. She neither sought for instruction or consolation from bishops, priests or confessors; she went to the humble Society to which this poor man belonged, and by what she heard in its teachings and in conversation with its ministers and members, a new existence broke upon her, more lovely, more inspiring, more glorious

than all her dreams and quests of enjoyment in the most intoxicating regions of this life. She commenced an eager and persevering study of the Scriptures; and in a while she came forth into the world again learned in the simplicity of the truth. She had not sought for truth at the secondary conduits of Greek or Roman or Protestant professors, but had gone to the fountain-head of Christ and His Gospel, and by this means she came forth free from all human sophistications, canons and traditional cobwebs of human churches and creeds; armed with a power above all such powers; fed and invigorated by the Bread of Life and the Water of Life, eternally administered to the hungering and thirsting soul from the banqueting hall of God and His Son, where the banner of Almighty love is over all His children. She had no longer any ambition to shine before men, but to hold up to them the lamp of faith by which every man who cometh into the world may be enlightened, and in which all human glory is veiled in the glory of the Divine, and is hidden with God in the fulness of his unspeakable felicity. She was prepared to suffer shame and persecution for the testimony of the one great Truth; henceforth her creed and doctrine,—the pardon of all sins through the love of God in Christ. This she was prepared to preach to the highest and the lowest, and spend in preaching the Gospel to the poor, not only her strength of body and of intellect, but her worldly wealth to the last farthing. In this she persisted to the end, and in this practice of pure and primitive Christianity is found the key to all her successes, her sorrows, her persecutions by kings, republics, and church-made ministers alike; for her walk in the freedom and the liberality of the Gospel was a standing censure on them all. Christ and his Apostles went forth as lambs amongst wolves; and whoever goes through life as they did, not in the mere name, but in the full and faithful discharge of the magnificent unselfishness of living, un mutilated Christianity, the love of God to the death, and the love of our neighbour as ourself, must always experience the same fate. This is the immutable law of heaven—this is the eternal verdict of the earth.

Madame Krüdener now prepared to commence the campaign of Christian duty. She put her estate into able hands, so that it might be well managed and the proceeds duly sent to her. She cut off all frivolous and unnecessary correspondence; she changed her intercourse from the fashionable world to the world of piety and usefulness, and began that work of spreading the knowledge of the Truth and of ministering to the wants of the poor, which continued her work ever after. In the winter of 1806 she was, however, suffering an affection of the nerves, and in the following summer sought relief at Wiesbaden and in

pret
Lou
Lei:
Sec
sev
tov

M:
fc:
es
I
| a
| t
| e
| l
| l

... and weeping
... she said she was
... indignity was to
... Her father gently took the
... for her, notwithstand-
... saying at the same time that
... royal race, and Jesus Christ, the
... labour with their hands, and that,
... our could not be degrading. To do our
... however humble it might be, had its honour in
... Her kind words, her sympathizing manner

and her example had a wonderful effect, and she left the poor girl smiling and happy.

In these labours of love thus happily engaged, she unfortunately became acquainted with a Pastor Lafontaine the minister of St. Marie aux Mines, who had acquired a great fame as a preacher. This M. Lafontaine had a *clairvoyante* named Maria Kummrin, a peasant woman of very little education, but who frequently announced in her trance extraordinary things beforehand. It was not long before she vaticinated that Madame von Krüdener had to do a great work for the truth, by buying an estate on which a colony of the faithful should be established, whence the labourers in the heavenly harvest should go forth for the reformation of Germany. The *clairvoyante*, no doubt, spoke under the influence of *rapport* with the Pastor Lafontaine. Madame von Krüdener, who was yet little experienced in the mysteries of the lower regions of clairvoyance and Spiritualism, in her zeal for the Gospel consented. An estate was bought, as Maria Kummrin declared that it was at the express command of God. The *clairvoyante* and Lafontaine soon found themselves comfortably installed on it. The seeress, however, became too bold, and announced publicly that the Duke of Würtemberg would be made king by Napoleon. The thing took place, but the new king did not choose to owe his crown in any degree to the prophetess. He arrested her, and because Madame von Krüdener ventured to speak with her through the prison window, he ordered her to quit Würtemberg in four-and-twenty hours, and her colony of Boningheim was confiscated. This did not open the eyes of Madame Krüdener to the real character of Lafontaine. Another time, when he had become minister of a church near Karlsruhe, he induced her through the communications of Maria Kummrin, to open an institution for the furtherance of the Gospel. Lafontaine, the *clairvoyante*, and a good-for-nothing brother of Lafontaine's were speedily in possession of it, and it very soon ended in Madame von Krüdener's loss of a very large sum—the sole result of the undertaking. This teaching was effectual, and we mention these two incidents together to clear the narrative of them.

During the years in which these selfish traps were laid for her, she was still pursuing her plans of good among the people. She paid a visit to Geneva to her beloved friend Madame Armand, who shared all her sentiments and views of religion, where she made many other valuable acquaintances with people of her own mode of thinking. During these years she was often so reduced by her support of the poor under the terrible distresses of those times of the French spoliation, that she and her daughter frequently had only a crust of dry bread for their

own dinners. Frequently she had ten or twelve families depending entirely upon her, when she would find herself with only a few pence in her pocket, and her remittances from Riga cut off by the war; yet, like Stilling, she called on God to help, and was continually broken into tears by the arrival of unexpected supplies. In these times of trial of her faith she derived a wonderful support from her perusal of the works of Madame Guyon and Antionette Bourignon. Amongst her firmest adherents and encouragers was Benjamin Constant, who imbued his philosophy with her teachings. In the summer of 1810, she lost her great friend and coadjutor in works of human love, Queen Louisa of Prussia, who died broken-hearted by the miseries of her country under the insolent despotism of Buonaparte.

Almost immediately on the death of Queen Louisa followed that of Madame Krüdener's mother, to whom she had been much attached, and whose closing days she had greatly comforted. In the north, at Königsberg, Ebel was rousing a feeling of living piety, and gave origin to the class called Pietists, or contemptuously "Mucker," or fanatics; in Dresden, Pastor Stephan, minister of the community of Bohemian exiles, was doing a like work. Madame von Krüdener, therefore, once more turned her steps towards Geneva, where she now, with better auspices, revived her religious association. She there made the acquisition of a young student of theology, M. Empeytas, who, disgusted with the Rationalism openly avowed by the heads of the Theological Academy, and by the *Venerable Compagnie des Pasteurs*, had with other serious students formed themselves into an association for religious intercourse, and had, with his friend Guers and M. Merillac, a workman amongst the Moravians, established a Sunday school. These zealously came round Madame Krüdener, and M. Empeytas, eloquent and honest, became through her future great campaign for the Gospel her right-hand man. Madame Krüdener had the happiness of having her son Paul not far off, at Strasburg, where she visited and made the friendship of Count Lezay and his wife, most excellent people. By them she was introduced to the venerable apostle, Oberlin, at Steinthal, in the Ban de la Roche, whither also Empeytas came, and occasionally relieved Oberlin by addressing his flock.

Here they saw in miniature what Madame Krüdener was anxious to see over all the world. Oberlin had found his parish and neighbourhood in Steinthal in the most pitiable condition of poverty and neglect. Not only by his preaching but by his example he had stirred his people up to improve their condition. He had established schools for the children and he was himself

the great schoolmaster to the parents. He took the axe, the spade and the hoe, and taught them how to cultivate their lands and their gardens. A new spirit was awoke, the fields became full of rich produce, their cattle flourished, were well housed; cleanliness and domestic comfort became general; poverty disappeared and peace and happiness took its place. In one thing the people had taught Oberlin. They had long had their spiritual eyes open and saw visibly the forms of their departed friends. Oberlin became convinced of the fact, and after the death of his wife for nine years received frequent evening visits from her, in which she advised him in difficult affairs and strengthened him for his works of good around him. In this little secluded heaven upon earth, Madame von Krüdener and M. Empeytas passed the early mornings in the most sympathetic conversation with Oberlin and his son on the great work of God in the earth, then all went their own ways till dinner-time, and again enjoyed their evenings in discussing what they had seen and done. On fine days they made excursions into the neighbouring parishes, where the people received Oberlin as their beloved father, and their presence made quite a little festival. Madame von Krüdener and Empeytas rejoiced Oberlin with their accounts of their labours and the enthusiasm with which they were responded to by the people in Geneva, Strasburg, Bâle, and other places.

In the midst of this delightful sojourn where they lived, as it were, already in the inner land, where the spirits of the happy departed seemed to walk almost visibly amongst them, they were suddenly startled by the news of the fall of Napoleon through his disastrous Russian campaign. The Allied Monarchs had followed him to Paris, and compelled him to abdicate and retire to Elba. In attending the entrance of the Duke of Berry into Strasburg, their friend, Count Lezay, was killed by the fall of his horse. Madame von Krüdener and M. Empeytas hastened to Strasburg to console the widow of this noble man whose hand had always been open to every good object, and who had given to Oberlin alone for the promotion his good Samaritan labours 30,000 francs. They then resur their Christian employment of succouring the poor. enormous was the need of it, for the passage of the vast French army to the North and the retreat and pursuit of the vast host of Austrians, Prussians, Russians, and Cossacks had desolated the whole intermediate countries, and spread a scene of popular miseries inconceivable and unprecedented.

In November, 1814, the Congress of Monarchs and Ministers was sitting in Vienna. Madame von Krüdener's eye began to turn on the Emperor Alexander as the one of the re

personages on whom there was a hope of operating towards a better state of things. He had the reputation of piety; and with her ardent and believing nature, she persuaded herself that by an earnest appeal, supported by the blessing of God, he might be induced to commence the work of a genuine reformation of society. The more she dwelt on this idea, the more her mind kindled upon it. She wrote to her excellent friend Fräulein von Stourdza, a maid of honour to the Empress of Russia, declaring her hopes of immense good through the Emperor Alexander, if this idea could be communicated to him. There can be little doubt that this was made known to Alexander from what followed.

But the monarchs were enjoying their triumph in Vienna, amid fêtes and festivities, believing Buonaparte safe at Elba, and Europe under their hands for partition at pleasure. Madame Krüdener, however, wrote again to Fräulein von Stourdza in the utmost alarm, to warn the emperor through the empress. "I speak," she said to her, "strongly, for I live at the foot of the Cross, and the coming events are shown me, and I am compelled in my conscience to declare them to you. It is no time for hesitation. It is not a time to waste in pleasures; the angel of judgment is passing over and sprinkling with blood the door-posts of the faithful; but the world sees him not, and the Congress sits on a volcano. The tempest is about to break; and these lilies, which are properly the symbols at once of purity and perishableness, which an iron sceptre crushed, but which God revived, and which should have been a call to purity, to the love of God and to repentance, have only appeared to be again swept away. Mankind has been taught in terror and agony. They forget it, and grow more hardened than ever in wild tumult. What! can they dance and parade in splendid array when millions mourn, and a gloomy spirit of vengeance is destroying the human race? What! can they enjoy pleasures which have sprung out of the bloodiest agonies of the nations? Let them awake from their infatuated feasts in which the demons wildly riot and which do homage only to the Prince of Darkness."

Fräulein von Stourdza was so struck with the warning of this letter that she immediately communicated it to Alexander, and he expressed a wish to see the writer. But Madame von Krüdener neglected no means of rousing the monarch to the sense of coming danger. She wrote to another lady at one of the courts of Baden-Baden—Fräulein Cochelet—declaring that the Congress sate over an abyss; that Buonaparte would return, and the terror and bloodshed of the year 1815 would be more dreadful than ever. "Think," she said, "on the year 1815! The Peace Congress will bring to bear no peace. The Powers

have learned no wisdom, and the scourging hand of God once more is over them. Well for those who hear and take warning in time!"

She saw Fräulein von Cochelet herself at Baden-Baden, and repeated to her the assurance that Buonaparte would return; that the year 1815 would be a most frightful year. "God has revealed it. All who take part with Napoleon will be tracked, persecuted, and punished. They will not have a place to lay their heads." She saw the Empress of Russia, and announced to her the same coming events. She saw and warned Hortense, Queen of Holland, and conjured her when Napoleon returned not to go to Paris, as nothing but destruction would attend his enterprise and connections. Messrs. Wraxall and Wehrman, in their *Life of Hortense*, describe her consternation on this warning. "Mon Dieu!" she said to Mademoiselle de Cochelet, "no one respects Madame von Krüdener more than I do; there is no danger in seeing and imitating her virtues, but let your reason discern in her what is good and what is dangerous. It is not that Madame von Krüdener appears to me mad when she says to me, 'Do not return to France,' for she may possibly be right. Seeing the turn things have taken there, I believe I shall have a difficulty in living there tranquilly. But when she tells me I ought to go to Russia; that the Congress will not finish; that the Emperor will return, and those who join him will be ruined,—how can she know that?"

Yes! "How can she know that?" was the cry of the incredulous multitude—crowned, diplomatic, military, and fashionable. To them all Madame von Krüdener was simply a mad woman, crazed by religion, whilst, in fact, she was about the only sane person of them all. March the 1st, saw Buonaparte step on French ground at Cannes; March 10th, saw him in Lyons; March 20th, he was at Fontainebleau; two days after the whole army had declared for him; March 25th, the allies signed an act of extermination against him, and were again *en route* for France. Waterloo awaited the shock of nations. The terrible tramp and march of hostile armies again scathed the springing corn of Germany, and desolated with fire and rapine the villages of France. Russians with their savage Cossacks, Prussians, Austrians, all burning with the recollection of French rapacity and barbarities, swept like hosts of fierce demons onwards over the blasted lands. Famine and fever followed on their rear. The Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia had quartered themselves at Frankfort, the Emperor of Russia was directing his course to Heidelberg.

One evening Alexander, who had been making his way wearily for days through the crowds of exulting people, accre

Bavaria and Württemberg, amid acclamations and overpowering honours, for they looked upon him as a saviour, entered an hotel at Heilbronn, borne down by fatigue. He shut himself up in his room and was sunk in deep reflection and not at peace in himself. Alexander is supposed to have been aware of the intended murder of the Emperor Paul, his father, and that spite of his wishes to be the benefactor of his people, he never could rise long above the dark memories that haunted him. "Oh! that some holy soul might be sent to me," he said to himself, "who could solve the mysterious enigma of my life?" At that moment, Prince Wolkonsky entered with an air of the greatest impatience, and begged pardon for disturbing his imperial highness, but that Madame von Krüdener insisted upon seeing him. "Madame von Krüdener! Madame von Krüdener!" exclaimed Alexander, "let her come in." The next moment she entered, and he told her he had been praying for her arrival. They sat down to a conversation which lasted for three hours, and in which Alexander was repeatedly melted into floods of tears. Madame Krüdener bade him throw himself on the love of Christ who was the propitiator for all sins, and on that of the Father who welcomed with joy every returning prodigal son. The Emperor declared that every word she had uttered was music to his soul, and would not allow her to go again far from him. This was equally agreeable to Madame Krüdener, for she had come burdened with the sights of the miseries of the people and charged with their entreaties for aid, for they were perishing of starvation, the passing of the Russian armies having cleared the country of every trace of provisions. She had witnessed the excesses of the Russians at Altdorf. Her representations were effectual, and the Emperor sent out orders to supply the perishing population with food as far as possible.

Alexander fixed his head quarters at Heidelberg in a large house facing the Neckar, a little outside the city gate, the Karls Thor. He was attracted to it by a large crucifix which stood attached to the garden wall, and which stands there now. In this house I myself resided two years, 1840 and 1841. In the hilly shrubbery behind there stood the Russian Imperial Crown on a stone pillar, and over the front door was a brass plate on which was engraved a command to any Russian army who might again invade Germany to spare that house. The last time I was there I observed that some ignoramus had painted over this inscription. Madame von Krüdener located herself at a pleasant villa about a mile up the Neckar valley, near the village of Schlierbach, also facing the river, and charmingly surrounded by forest hills. She was thus enabled to see the

Emperor daily, to strengthen his religious sentiment, and to incite him to great plans of human amelioration.

On June 21st the news of the defeat of the Prussians at Ligny reached Heidelberg, creating great alarm, but it was quickly followed by that of the decisive victory of Waterloo; and the triumphant monarchs hurried on to Paris. Alexander desired Madame von Krüdener to follow, and on the 14th of July, 1815, she entered Paris, and found that her son-in-law, Baron von Berkheim, by order of Alexander, had taken for her the Hotel Montchenu, near to the Emperor's own head quarters, the Elysée Bourbon. A private way through the garden behind the Elysée Bourbon enabled the Emperor to visit her any time without public observation; keeping himself the key of the door betwixt the gardens. Here Madame Krüdener had the happiness of having with her her daughter and son-in-law, Herr von Berkheim, and Madame Lezay, who was in Paris for the health of her son. Alexander paid Madame Krüdener a visit the first evening to welcome her arrival.

Here then we reach that point of our heroine's life, which fixed upon her the eyes and wonder of all Europe. Three times a week she held religious meetings in the Hotel Montchenu which were attended by all the princes, ministers and great generals of Europe. There, in the simplest costume, described by some as that of a Dominican nun, by others as in a plain black or dark blue dress with her hair cut close; yet, although past fifty, still bearing evidence of her former beauty. There she addressed the assembled Powers of Europe in an animated eloquence calling upon them in the plainest terms of the Gospel to put an end to the horrors which had so long made wretched the world, by adopting fully and effectively the principles of Christianity. To accept Christ in his completeness, and thus inaugurate the reign of peace and freedom on the earth. It was an extraordinary spectacle to see those who commanded the destinies of Europe sitting humbly, and often sunk in tears, at the feet of this inspired woman. The monarchs had been rescued by the arm of God from a long term of humiliation and of dreadful calamities to their kingdoms, and they felt, or thought they did, grateful for the deliverance. Madame von Krüdener, by the wonderful fulfilment of her predictions, and the inspired power of her preaching, had herself become one of the powerful princes. In private she laboured with Alexander to induce to establish a real reign of Christ in his dominions, and to his efforts with his brother monarchs to do the same in their

It has been said that the result of these inculcations was the celebration of the great fête of the Russian troops in the

of Chalons, where Alexander, at their head, gave glory to God for their final triumph over Napoleon; whence the camp was termed "The Camp of Virtue;" a scene described by Madame von Krüdener in a pamphlet at the time. Still more, the institution of "The Holy Alliance" has always been ascribed to her influence. Her present biographer, who appears to be one of her own descendants doubts this, probably not wanting to appropriate to her the origin of a league so detestable as it proved. But Mademoiselle de Cochelet, who visited her when she was using her influence for Queen Hortense, says expressly that she told her that she had been exhorting the Emperor Alexander to raise the banner of Christ. "The reign of Christ," she said, "will come, sire. Glory and honour to those who fight for Him! maledictions and woe to those who fight against Him! Form a holy alliance of all those who belong to the true faith, and let them take an oath to combat the innovators who wish to overthrow religion, and you will triumph eternally with it."

That Madame von Krüdener never proposed a Holy Alliance such as it became we are quite sure; hers was for the promotion of truth and freedom; but truth and freedom do not proceed from despots! Their religion was for the moment a pleasing phantasm—a mere thing of sentiment and feeling. The seed had fallen on the stony ground of royal egotism, and only sprung up to perish, because it had no earth. Christ declared that His kingdom was not of this world, but the kingdoms of the autocrats were of this world and this only. Madame Krüdener must soon have perceived this; for though, on quitting Paris, Alexander pressed her to go with him to Petersburg and fix herself there, she did not do it. As one of her biographers observes, "She found to her grief that no permanent good effect was to be produced by working in the gilded chambers of the great; that revival of religious feeling has never yet proceeded from palaces, but always from cottages." The monarchs marched homeward with their armies, to forget as quickly as possible their brief fit of piety in Paris—to break every promise of liberal constitutions which, in the hour of degradation, they had made to their people in order to excite them to expel their conqueror, and they riveted still faster on them the fetters of their imperial wills.

From this period, Madame Krüdener devoted her life to preach the Gospel to the people. Before we follow her, however, we must notice two incidents which occurred during the time of her vain effort to convert Herod, Caiaphas, and Pontius Pilate to the faith. The restored French King determined, amongst his other victims, to put General Labedoyère to death. Madame Labedoyère entreated Madame Krüdener to engage the interest of Alexander to save him. He declined to interfere. Madame

von Krüdener, however, visited him in prison, spoke with him of religion, and did her utmost to comfort him. Wolf, the celebrated missionary and traveller, who saw Madame Krüdener in Switzerland, says that after his execution, Labedoyère appeared to her in daylight, and said to her, "*Madame, Je suis sauvé.*"

The other incident is that Lafontaine, with his *clairvoyante* Maria Kummrin, on hearing of Madame von Krüdener's great influence with the Emperor of Russia, hastened to Paris, forced their way even into the presence of the Czar, and began begging for money on the pretence of propagating the Gospel. They only succeeded in disgusting the Emperor, and were quickly sent adrift to make their way back to Rappenhoff.

Over the latter, and by far the most useful portion of the life of Madame von Krüdener we must, of necessity, pass briefly. It was one constant endeavour to enlighten the people on the grand and simple truth of Christianity—the forgiveness of sins by direct application to Christ, without the intervention of priests, bishops, churches, and confessionals; and the constant array of all these powers against her, and their success in driving her from country to country, where she as constantly alarmed all the legions of priestcraft by feeding and teaching the poor. The fact of a woman presuming to preach was denounced as contrary to the Gospel,—not of Christ, however, but only of Paul. Then the spectacle of a woman spending the whole of her large income—her strength and life in feeding and clothing the poor, though she thus trod in the steps of Christ—was a standing reproach to all those who taught a doctrinal Christianity, but did not practise Christianity itself,—who said, but did not; who "did not do it even unto the least of these." All the teachers of all creeds, with some noble exceptions, were against her; for she adhered to neither Papal, Greek, or Protestant Church, but only to the Church of Christ, wherever and under whatever forms it might be existing. The cry of enthusiast, fanatic, and incendiary was everywhere raised, and the arm of the State was called in to relieve the Scribes and Pharisees of her very inconvenient presence. Everybody saw that the enthusiast who produced the fruits of self-renunciation, and of unstinted love to the neighbour, was a far nobler creature than the non-enthusiast who, in his orthodox orderliness, produced only self-indulgence and the pride of life.

Those were times when the horrors of a long war, and the marching and counter-marching of vast armies had reduced the populations to a most frightful condition of misery. Madame Krüdener did not say to them, "Be ye warmed and fed," but she set out public tables for them where she preached, and a little party of friends, her son-in-law Baron von Berkheim

her daughter Madame Berkheim; her minister, M. Empeytas, and her agent, M. Kellner, and others exerted themselves to wait on them. Often she stood on a little hill or a table and addressed five or six thousand people with an effect that nothing but such apostleship of heart and soul can ever produce. Wherever she was heard of, the people, of all classes, flocked from the whole country round. Such was the power of her preaching, that ministers of religion, professors and philosophers, were deeply affected by it. Even learned sceptics we are told, were convinced, a miracle equivalent to the raising of the dead. These, however, were the better specimens of their different classes. The rest of them ran to the authorities, crying "Great is Diana of the Ephesians:" and the order promptly came for the dreadful aggressor who presumed to teach Christ, and feed and clothe the poor, to march over the border. When the sound of one of Gellert's hymns sung on the open hills by several thousand voices—in French or German—"Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden." "I have now found the ground," or "Great God, we praise thee; or "Thy grace, it is for all,"—came floating on the summer air,—to use the words of Madame von Krüdener herself, "Hell always rose and raved; for it knew that Love was at work;" and the fiat of expulsion came. "Neither in the early ages," said this perpetual exile of Christ, "nor in the middle ages—which eclipse this age of philosophy—should I have been reduced to the necessity of vindicating my conduct. Catherine of Sienna—to whom, indeed, I am not bold enough to compare myself—preached before assembled convents, and was always surrounded by hungry or appeased souls, who longed for, or gratefully enjoyed the mysteries of the Word of Life; she was not banished, nor compelled to plead her cause."

One of the first places from which she was driven for the intolerable offence of preaching truth and feeding the poor, was Basle, that cradle of the Reformation, that battle-place of Melancthon, Ecolampadius, and many another warrior of the Divine Life. She had there stripped herself of everything to relieve the dreadful necessities of others. She sold her jewels for 30,000 francs, and applied them to abate the intense sufferings of the poor. Her exertions and loving counsels were at the same time applied to recall the fallen from their immoralities, and raise the general tone of the multitude, sunk as much in vice as in poverty. As she preached, her eyes were also open to the diseases and sicknesses amongst her hearers. In her ardent faith she laid on her hands and cured them. "I have seen," says the author of *Madame von Krüdener in Switzerland*, attributed to a clergyman of Schaffhausen, the sick made suddenly well on their beds. Physicians who saw these things, and

who confessed that the complaints were otherwise incurable, became believers. Amongst these were Doctors Siegrist and Stork, who became so friendly in consequence, that they offered their services gratuitously to the poor and suffering who crowded about the inspired preacher.

Madame von Krüdener, expelled from Basle, crossed the Rhine, and accepted the use of a farm-house at the village of Hörnlein, which was generously offered to her by its owner. Here she and her friends were soon surrounded by the poor, the sick and the seekers after spiritual comfort. Invited to Aarau she had an extraordinary and most interesting interview with Pestalozzi in the diligence going thither. At Aarau, her labours not only in preaching to the adults, but in instructing the children of the manufacturing workmen were so exhausting that she sought a little relaxation in the village of Suhr, but in vain: the place was quickly surrounded by thousands impatient to hear her. Near Suhr she spent a day at the Chateau of Liebegg, the seat of M. Diesbach, a religious man. An immense crowd surrounded the house, and the day became a grand religious festival, the impression of which remained on the people to the end of their lives. In the neighbourhood of Grensbach she saw an old woman of 92 sitting amongst the people whom she was addressing, weeping and telling her beads. She took her aside into a private room, and asked the cause of her distress. She said she had come that day nine miles to confess to the priest; that she had made fifty pilgrimages to Einsiedel in penance for her sins. She was too old to make another and must die unforgiven. Madame von Krüdener told her that her sins were already forgiven; that Christ died for the worst of sinners, and that His last words on the cross were,—“It is finished.” His mission of universal pardon to all who accepted it was complete. The old woman listened in astonishment, was silent for a time, then starting up, exclaimed, “It is true! my sins are forgiven!” She threw her rosary into the fire and was filled with joy. This was a striking example amongst many others, of the mischief keeping the Scriptures out of the hands of the Catholics. Madame von Krüdener gave her a French Testament she could read, and she departed in the highest delight.

A second invitation came from the Chateau of but Madame Krüdener was withheld from going by warning of evil, and at the moment that the meetings have been held, and the house crowded with people, of an earthquake shattered the old mansion and rendered thenceforth uninhabitable.

In Aarau, Madame von Krüdener saw Joseph missionary, then a young man, and addressed a

letter to him which is given in this work. The authorities of Aarau did not actually expel Madame Krüdener, but they exercised a strict surveillance over her proceedings. A policeman on one occasion drew his sword on the congregation, but Madame Krüdener's mild expostulation with him completely subdued him. The pressure on her friends at Hörnlein soon after recalled her thither. The state of distress increased, and the crowds flocking to her at Hörnlein and Unterholz became overwhelming. She and her friends spent everything they had on food and clothing. Her doctrine of Christianity was the simplest in the world. She did not trouble herself about a multiplicity of tenets and mysteries. "The religion of Christ," she said, "is love;" and her every-day life exemplified it. Often she had only a few pence left; but she knew that the Great Banker would send fresh funds, and these came; for the spirit of this noble woman had become contagious; and the people of wealth, especially the ladies, were constantly sacrificing their money or jewels to the intense needs of the poor.

The crowds were carefully watched by the police, who rendered great service by picking out and expelling mere impostors, habitual beggars, and thieves; but the excitement became so great that an order was issued for the little community to quit Hörnlein and Grensbach in April, 1817. The little band of exiles of love and benevolence betook themselves to Erlesbach, in the Canton of Solothurn, and, not allowed to remain there, they proceeded to Lucerne. There both laity and clergy flocked around them; and the head of a theological seminary published a most cordial commendation of Madame von Krüdener, comparing her to Tauler and his coadjutors. He called her, "The lady who puzzles the brains of both learned and unlearned; the lady whom people so hate and love. To me she is welcome, and must be; for she dedicates herself to the most sacred of studies, and proclaims Christ her God and mine."

She located herself in a charming country house, and in the midst of that glorious scenery which she had always so deeply loved, seemed to have found at last a place of rest. But the same causes, the jealousy of the priests, soon sent her forth, and she removed to Zürich, only to pass through the same process of admiration and hatred. The venerable Antistes Hess, the friend of Lavater, now deceased, was her zealous advocate; but she was soon conducted by the police over the borders to Lottstetten, which was on the forbidden ground of Baden.

At Lottstetten, many celebrated people flocked to her from Schaffhausen, Professor Schleiss, George Müller, the brother of the celebrated historian, &c., &c. Pastor Hurter who wrote against her, like the objectors of our time, took care never to

hear her. Expelled from Baden she pursued her way northward through Leipsic to Königsberg, and thence to Petersburg. Two years had passed since Alexander had so warmly invited her thither. But now she only received a letter of eight pages from him, explaining the difficulties of his situation, excusing himself for his lukewarmness towards the liberation of Greece, for which Madame von Krüdener had boldly upbraided him; and advising her not to remain in Petersburg. She retired awhile to her estate at Kossé, and thence with her daughter and son-in-law Berkheim, she followed the Princess Gallitzin to a settlement which she had founded at Karassu-Bazar in the Crimea. Her eloquent coadjutor Empeytas had married and settled down in his native Geneva; her stout friend and manager, Kellner, who had accompanied her to Petersburg, was dead. She felt these bereavements acutely. Her own constitution was worn out by her long career of exertions, excitements, exposures and persecutions. She longed for rest, and found it with her beloved and faithful daughter and son-in-law, and a few other congenial friends. One of her last enjoyments was the reading to her by her daughter of the spiritual poems of Terstegen, one of the noblest of the Mystics.

On the 13th of December, 1824, Madame von Krüdener calmly and happily closed her extraordinary pilgrimage. Her work was done. In Switzerland alone, it is said that 25,000 souls had become her adherents, and she had scattered the seeds of faith in Christ, as the all-sufficient far and wide. She was another proof of the divine assurance that whosoever follows Christ in absolute faith shall have enough and to spare, *with persecutions*. Her daughter and her husband, the Baron von Berkheim, continued to live in the Crimea, and both died there. The remains of Madame von Krüdener were deposited in the Greco-Catholic church at Theodosia in the Crimea. I will terminate this notice with the estimate of one of her biographers, when she was living, and not by any means one of the most favorable to her:—"Whoever sees and hears her with an unbiassed mind will allow that she is as venerable and praiseworthy as she was formerly amiable and full of feeling. Neither vanity nor hypocrisy are the motives that have led her to strange and trying mode of life. From the imputation of fanaticism, perhaps, it may not be so easy to free her; but the dull observer, every motion of a mind that outflies his, seems fanatical. This nobly-formed female stands above contemporaries; she has passed her early years in pleasure and gaiety; she has enjoyed the intimacy of kings and princes, now she knows of nothing better than to preach happiness and the doctrines of Jesus to the poor. Surrounded by a small

faithful band of friends; inhabiting a wooden cottage; clad in a plain blue dress, she is accessible to every one, during the few hours that she abstracts from solitary contemplations; and then she speaks with decent eloquence and lively inspiration, the words of exhortation to a Christian life,—words which she always admirably adapts to circumstances of time and place, and the characters of those whom she is addressing. Her two great objects not even scandal can defame. The first is that of bringing together Christians, disunited by doctrines, in the universal grasp of holy charity; and the second, the regeneration of society and the establishment of peace on earth, by causing the rich to become brethren of the poor. In the pursuit of these objects, she is chargeable with faults. She goes to work with pious levity and blind zeal; yet she not only surpasses many of our clergy in eloquence and spirit, but also sets them an example by discharging intrigues and pretension from the service of religion.”

T. L. HARRIS AND HIS “BROTHERHOOD OF THE NEW LIFE.”

(By a Clergyman of the Church of England).

MR. HARRIS has made for himself a name in certain quarters. He was first known to me through a gentleman in London. This gentleman, who was one of Harris's enthusiastic admirers, sent me a few of his sermons, and lent me a volume of his *Arcana of Christianity*. I was struck with the extraordinary character of his language, which certainly is not thin and bald, but thick-set and, in many places, unkempt and inextricably matted together. He has evidently the gift of words, and he too frequently revels in words simply for the sake of words. An intimate and dear friend of mine compares his writings to Turner's later pictures—there is too much colour and too little form. This, in my opinion, is true of all his writings that have come under my notice, and from first to last I have attentively perused no inconsiderable number of them. He has an extraordinary imagination; its sweep is vast and wonderful; and had his mind been carefully educated and accurately balanced, he might have been a grand and most instructive poet. But his reasoning powers are very defective; his logic is not logic at all; his arguments are generally as ropes of sand; his conclusions have no more connection with his premises than his so-called celestial sense has with texts in the early chapters of Genesis; as far as his writings go, he is often wanting in sober, practical common

sense; he is an enthusiast and a visionary, and in my opinion a very dangerous visionary, as I intend to shew before I have done. That he is a man of uncommon experiences is indisputable; that he has a wide and keen perception of the evils which have long been devouring society is also obvious; that he has given expression to many holy aspirations and sublime truths I willingly and thankfully acknowledge; and that portions of his writings have fed and nourished the devotional spirit in many of his readers I fully admit and am glad to believe.

During his first visit to this country, he, by his impassioned preachings, shook the Swedenborgian sect to its very foundation. This sect, calling itself the New Jerusalem Church—not knowing that the New Jerusalem, contradistinguished from the *old* or earthly and ceremonial Jerusalem, is the Christian Church *in* the souls of all who are Christian indeed, irrespective of name or creed, of class or country—was chained and imprisoned in English translations of Swedenborg's theological writings, without, generally speaking, understanding, or wishing to understand, the grand philosophical principles which underlie these writings, and by which alone they can always be correctly read; this sect, dwarfed and starved by the husks of verbiage—settled upon the lees of dry verbal statements—a creed-bound thing that was hard and unsympathetic—was startled by the freedom and range and heart and spirit of Harris's preaching, which was independent of any man's *dicta*, which was something more than the bare repetition of another man's words, and which made some of the best minds that listened to it feel that, whether all that he advanced were true or not, one thing was certain, *viz.*, that the church of the living God was a something warmer, higher, freer, and more comprehensive than the sect which called itself the New Jerusalem Church. Harris disputed the accuracy of some of Swedenborg's statements, showed up the narrowness of the Swedenborgians, and taught the gospel doctrine of universal redemption. The blow which his vigorous preaching gave to this sect literally staggered it; and though it continues to serve a providential use in the publication of Swedenborg's works, it is not probable that it will ever recover from the shock which it then received, since, as enlightenment and religion increase, revealing and realising the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of all mankind, sectarianism of every description must necessarily dwindle and die away.

But whilst Harris struck a fierce and telling blow at Swedenborgian narrowness, and broke the fetters by which some of the best of the Swedenborgians were bound, thus setting them free, he attracted to himself a number of admirers, who, and

nately, exaggerated his powers, and paid to his words and pretensions a kind of adoration which should never be paid to any human being. Some of these admirers became ardent Harrisites. Between the Harrisites and the Swedenborgians there were bitter feuds. Swedenborg was accused of wordiness; and the coldness and narrowness of the Swedenborgians were attributed to the cold and narrow spirit which was said to be found in the writings of their "author." On the other side, the Harrisites were reproached as *Spiritists*; Harris was denounced as an egotist, and his writings were excluded from the catalogue of "New Church publications." The Swedenborgians were New Churchmen; of course the Harrisites were not. Harris and Swedenborg were two targets for the opposite parties to shoot at. Shooting in the blindness and bitterness of party spirit, no wonder they frequently missed their marks.

Such was the zeal for Harris on the part of his friends, that every new scrap from his pen was devoured with joyful avidity. When his *Great Republic* appeared, the Harrisites made such a noise about it, that I was induced to get it and read it in my Lancashire retreat. The following, as accurately as I remember, may express my unbiassed judgment on the book.

(a.) It contains many passages of surpassing beauty. Many high truths are given in exalted language. It reveals a vast and uncommon amount of spiritual experiences.

(b.) It shews a wonderful insight into the rascality which is abroad in the world.

(c.) It takes a false and exaggerated account of human evil. No human being is or can be so thoroughly and abominably wicked as the Jews are described to be, for at bottom all men are good—being sustained by a never-ceasing supply of the purest life from its Infinite and Eternal Fount. Evil is necessarily external and mortal.

(d.) There is a great deal of revolting sensualism in the book. Subjects of delicacy are treated in a manner at once unseemly and shocking.

(e.) Harris's ideas about internal respiration are utterly delusive. It is to be the grand means of human regeneration. Why, then, does not God give it to us? It is said the most ancient races had it, and that because men at length profaned it, and consequently fell, morally, intellectually, and physically, it was withdrawn. What proof have we, then, that men would not profane it again? How, then, with safety can it be pronounced an infallible saviour? Moreover, Harris declares it will be utter destruction to the wicked. What! Is the Lord, then, a destroyer? The Father of the human race, the Good Father whose tender mercies are over all His works, the Divine

Shepherd who goes after every lost sheep until He finds it—until He finds it safe within the heavenly fold,—is He to be thus libelled as the destroyer of His wayward children? Not without an emphatic protest against the libel, as one of the wildest superstitions that ever proceeded from a disordered brain. But, whether we are all conscious of it or not, we all must have this internal respiration, if our bodies, which breathe, be the exponents of our souls; and this internal respiration is nothing else than the continual reception on our part of that life from the Creator by which we are from day to day borne up and sustained in our being. Besides, neither salvation nor spiritual destruction ever comes independently of man, as would be the case if Harris's imaginings respecting the "opening of the internal respiratories" were true. This is the old horrible Calvinistic doctrine in a new form—a doctrine which every rational intellect has only to examine in order to discard.

(*f.*) Harris describes the institutions of some distant sphere which he had visited, I think the sun, as the prototype of the regenerated institutions which are to be upon this poor earth, of course after our "respiratories" have been opened. But this also is a manifest delusion. Every people, having an individuality of its own, must have institutions possessing an individuality too. These institutions, then, cannot be duplicates of institutions either in the sun or out of the sun.

(*g.*) This book reveals the fact that Harris is a despot, whether he has fully acknowledged it to himself or not. He laughs at all modern reformers. He will have it that the great mass of men have not and cannot have time and ability to think for themselves; rare and elect minds must do the thinking for them; all these inferior ones must accept the Word of God at the hands of their illuminated guides; these guides will in time be dotted over the face of the earth, and will attract and group around them large bodies of men, who will receive the law at their mouth and execute their high behests, without a doubt, without a question, without hesitating for a single day! Then the earth is to be redeemed and regenerated by a few autocrats and vast multitudes of obedient slaves! This is what we are destined to come to through the gift of internal respiration!

This despotic spirit in Harris is the worst and most dangerous element in the man. Many who have read his books have not detected it, but there it is, coiled up and almost hidden like a craft snake. Much that he has written may amuse, without doing any mischief. The monstrous demon that he describes as having stolen into the garden of Eden and there tempted Adam and Eve; the stoppage of the earth in its rotations when it is to be struck with a devouring comet, whirled out of its orbit, puri

by fire, and afterwards brought back into its position to serve as the hallowed habitation of redeemed men; the instantaneous suffocation of all devildom; the re-creation of every suffocated devil into a pure human being; fairies and aromal men,—all these, and a good deal besides of a similarly eccentric character, may serve to amuse some minds, and cannot do very much harm to such as are childish enough to believe them. But the lurking despotism is a mischievous power to all who are either proximately or remotely brought under its sway. I know of excellent persons, longing for a heavenly life upon earth, and taking Harris to be the purest personal embodiment of the Christian spirit; I know such persons who had read many of Harris's works, who had made his personal acquaintance, and who had not had the faintest suspicion that he had or could have a passion for ruling despotically or popishly over the souls and bodies of his fellow-men; I know persons of this description who broke up their house in England and went with their little children to Lake Erie to join Harris's community, thinking they were going to join the wisest and happiest society in this world, where they would have the best chance of being prepared for the world to come; but no sooner had they got fairly within the precincts of this new community, called "The Brotherhood of the New Life," than they found they were required to resign into Mr. Harris's hands their own personal responsibility; they were not to think for themselves and express opinions of their own; Harris was to stand between them and their God; he was to interpret to them what was the will of God, and they were to be automata under his directions. These good people had too much soundness of character to allow themselves to be thus deluded and practised upon by a fanatic and a despot, though they required all this hard experience to open their eyes to Harris's true character. They might have seen what he was if they had read his books with discrimination and sober judgment; but this they had evidently not done; neither could anyone who was able to estimate Harris at his true value have disenchanted them; they had to go all the way to America before the scales could drop from their eyes.

There are still persons living in this Harrisian colony, hugging their chains, and willing to hug them; I say living, but this is hardly a proper word, for they cannot truly live and grow whilst their individuality is crushed down into an artificial uniformity. Their faculties are in prison, and they must burst open the doors of their prison before they can freely live and develope and rise up to the manhood and womanhood which is their rightful inheritance. As God has given to every man distinctive faculties, every man is bound to cultivate these

faculties according to *his* light, which would not have been given to him if he had not been intended to follow it. If God had not intended every man to use his own reason and obey his own conscience, He certainly would not have wasted upon him either reason or conscience; but having these gifts, it is clearly man's duty to employ them, taking the Lord for his God, never allowing any man upon earth, or any angel in heaven, to come between his God and his soul. No human being should ever yield himself up to spirit dictation, as Harris himself did at one time, whereby he could not fail to weaken his intellect and deprave his conscience; neither should any man take any other man as an infallible authority, whereby he would necessarily reduce himself to the condition of an irrational imitator. Spiritualism has done good, and I believe is destined to do more good. It has opened to sceptical minds the existence of the inner world—the second life. It has also helped to disperse, to some extent, the dreadful fictions of an angry God and an endless hell, together with all the enfeebling superstitions of priestcraft and sectcraft, among which I may instance tripersonalism, salvation by substitution instead of obedience, a bodiless soul and an almost omnipotent devil, ascription to the Lord of one day in the week, one book, one kind of house in a parish, *viz.* the church, one world, *viz.* heaven, one species of occupation, *viz.* praying and preaching, &c., &c.; whilst all other occupations, all other worlds, especially this world, all other houses, books, and days are stigmatised as not the Lord's. Against these and many kindred dogmas, Spiritualism has erected tremendous batteries which cannot fail to pulverise and annihilate them. Moreover, many high practical truths will doubtless reach the earth through the instrumentality of the Spiritual worlds. But, then, we should be very careful not to admit anything as truth unless it commend itself completely to our heart and reason. I would use books, men, angels &c., as helps; none of them would I accept as my ruler; I would judge them all for myself impartially and strictly; I would take nothing on trust; I would doubt where I saw ground for doubt; I would condemn where I saw reason to condemn; I would freely disprove whatever I was able to disprove; and I would accept only what I saw to be worthy of acceptance. Thus I keep clear of Harrisism, Swedenborgianism, Spiritism, &c., though assimilating what I find to be good from any of these sources; and if my words should lead any other to similar independence and freedom, what I have here written will not have been written in vain.

3, Richmond Terrace,
Middleton, Manchester,
December 3rd, 1868.

WM. HUME-ROTHERY.

On the subject of the foregoing article we have received the following very important letter. The statements in it may, we believe, be relied upon.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—You ask me to put on paper the gossip I told you about Mr. Harris and his followers on Lake Erie. I comply with this request, premising that the subjoined matter was told to my household in my absence by a lady lately come from Erie, and by them was told to me. On her arrival among Mr. Harris's people, this lady, whom I will call Mrs. X—asked for pen and ink to write to her husband, but was told that these things were not allowed in this place. She submitted, and two days afterwards she was supplied with writing materials.

She took her young son with her, and during her stay Mr. Harris informed her that this boy was designed to play an important part among the children of the New Age.

She saw among the people some of her friends whom she well knew in England, but found that all intercourse was forbidden, that forced silence reigned in the houses. Once she came upon an inmate who was drinking out of his hand from a water vessel, and she offered him a cup which she carried with her but he put his finger to his lips as a sign of non-intercourse.

The rule seems to be, no speech. When Mr. Harris was in London with his wife, he usually silenced her when she spoke in my presence on the ground that it disturbed his state. He now seems to have extended to his community the command of silence which he first put in force upon his wife. The life at Erie is gagged.

Mrs. X—left, as I gather, because she found it impossible to put up with the vagarious injunctions of Mr. Harris. Her son voluntarily remained behind her; but he was sent away after her two days subsequently to her departure.

"Internal Respiration" is the creed of the Erie people. And they take orders for each day's work from Miss Waring, who is the administratrix of the whole affair under Mr. Harris. Field-work, garden-work, house-work, handicrafts are the employments here. The aim seems to be to do everything on the premises. The whole machinery of existing social service is set aside, and ladies and gentlemen, and their children have to commence society anew by hard labour from the very bottom. Inspiration is supposed to guide all the commanded day's works of this community.

Mr. and Mrs. Y—, whom I know well, went there to enter the new life. Mrs. Y—'s delicate daughters were ordered to do garden-work in the hot July sun, and on refusal, to rise at 4 o'clock in the morning for the same task; Mrs. Y—expostulated, but Mr. Harris counselled her husband to send her from the place. He and she were however of the same mind. Their property was to be invested in the Erie community; and Mr. Harris insisted that absolute faith should be placed in him as the depository of the trust. Mr. Y—demurred, and wished to see the deeds. He was told that he and his family must leave within four days. Shortly afterwards a command came that they must leave in two hours. This they did, being forced to take temporary shelter in the hovel of a neighbouring farmer.

It is long since Mrs. Harris was sent away to New Orleans: Mr. Harris says she is no longer "a pivotal woman."

Mrs. Z—still continues devoted to the New Life. She is cook among the people; but does not see Mr. Harris more than once a month. Her husband is away disciplining himself with the lumber trade in Michigan. After his departure his wife had a miscarriage, and Mr. Harris told Mrs. Z— that this was well for that the creature was a monster, and had it attained birth, and lived, would have destroyed all his work of internal respiration, and the New Life therewith.

Mrs. Z—'s living son Mr. Harris declared would be a pivotal man; but o late he says he is a common-place person.

Mr. Harris took with him some Japanese, on the ground that he had a new revelation of a Japanese New Testament to deliver to them, which would induc

Japan into the New Christian Life. The Japanese have left him long ago. Mr. Harris proclaims himself infallible, and says he is an incarnation of a part of the Word of God.

Whatever he says is divinely right, and must be done. This seems to extend to all mundane things. Obviously, the faculties, the affections, the ties, the hearts of other people about him, and who yield to him, only hinder his holy ghost in so far as they do not obey utterly, and speechlessly. They are a desert before him: through his breath they blossom as a rose.

Mr. X— reports that Harris has his yacht on Lake Erie, and is out yachting for days together—a privilege not allowed to others—and that his house is furnished luxuriously. When a new comer arrives, his or her baggage goes to Harris, and is rummaged by him, and what he has need of he appropriates. All the silver plate of Mr. and Mrs. Y— was thus taken possession of, and their carpets; and when they left, Harris brought them in a bill of £200 for expenses. They sent in a counter bill for carpets. They got away ultimately, paying £200 in full quittance. Harris's meddling with the personality of his people, and with their deepest relations is indescribable. Since they have left Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Y— sometimes are stricken with long laughter at the awful ludicrousness of their experiences in the Brotherhood of the New Life.

In this "New Life," which seems to be a final form of irresponsible despotism, there is internal breath, but no speech, no thought, no intercourse, no inviolate family, no acceptance of the vastness of social service, no publicity, and no recognized worship. Menial drudgery for persons unfit for it, the prison of mute unsociality, the gothead of Mr. Harris, and the goddesshead of Miss Waring, are all I can see of distinct figures in what has reached me of the New Life in Erie.

I could say more from letters I have seen, but am precluded from using them.

Yours,

W.

[Can anything be more painful than the grim weird details here given of the vagaries of a man possessed of such a soul as was that of Harris—perhaps rather we might say—how painful to recognize such opposing qualities in so great a soul! Greatly admiring very much that Harris has done, and written, and spoken, we are bound to ask ourselves how it is that he has come to make shipwreck of himself in this pitiful, almost ludicrous, fashion. How is it that he has made himself so miserable an antithesis to himself, and has brought his admirers to shame. One hardly knows whether to laugh or to weep over so strange an exhibition as these last doings in "The Brotherhood of the New Life." We believe that the solution is not far off to seek, nor exceeding difficult to find. As we read, and have read, the character of the man, we find him to have been penetrated, amongst his most prominent qualities, with a love of dominion and of power, which has been absent from him, and has never ceased to be oh throughout his successive changes. Yet it was ne+ ent in his earlier phases as in these latter days. has grown by what it fed on, till now the lean ki up the fat kine, and selfhood stands as the stark figure in this miserable hoax of a new life. I have to learn from this great-little man—tl devouring vampire, which gradually destroys is good

N.S.—IV.

and great, and noble, and true. And we may also learn from his example how this overwhelming vice grows and grows from small beginnings, till it outshadows the whole soul—till the man, who commenced with the words on his lips that he was a servant of the Lord Jesus, sets up at last as a god on his own account, and whilst he thinks that he has evolved a vast new heaven and a new life of brothers, is seen to be really ruling over a little hell composed of himself, and himself alone.—ED.]

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH SHELLEY'S DEATH.

“A YEAR before Shelley's death” writes his widow, “he had poured into verse, (in writing the *Adonais*, a poem upon the death of Keats) all such ideas about death as give it a glory of its own. He had, as it now seems, almost anticipated his own destiny; and when the mind figures his skiff wrapped from sight by the thunder-storm, as it was last seen upon the purple sea; and then, as the cloud of the tempest passed away, no sign remained of where it had been—who but will regard as a prophecy the last stanza of the *Adonais*?

The breath, whose might I have invoked in song
 Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng,
 Whose sails were never to the tempest given
 The massy earth; and sphered skies are riven!
 I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
 Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
 The soul of *Adonais*, like a star,
 Beacons from the abode, where the Eternal are.

“Captain Roberts watched the vessel with his glass from the top of the lighthouse at Leghorn, on its homeward track. A storm was driven over the sea—it enveloped them. When the cloud passed onward, Roberts looked again, and saw every other vessel sailing on the ocean except their little schooner which had vanished.”

Mrs. Shelley relates that during the whole of their stay at Zericli, previous to the loss of her husband, a terrible presentiment of coming evil hung upon her, and seemed to brood over the beautiful scenes by which they were surrounded, and to make melancholy the brightness of an unusually glowing summer. When the hour of Shelley's departure with his friend Captain Williams, who was to share his melancholy fate, arrived. Mrs. Shelley's foreboding increased she says “till a vague expectation of evil shook her to agony,” and she could scarcely bring herself to let them depart; not that she anticipated any

special danger for them at sea, since Shelley's love of boats and ships had caused the ocean to lose for her all association of danger.

Shelley himself was in unusually "brilliant spirits" during the week of his absence upon his fatal voyage. Mrs. Shelley, however, remarks "not long before talking of presentiments, Shelley had said, the only one that he ever found infallible *was the certain advent of some evil fortune when he felt peculiarly joyous.* Yet if ever fate whispered of coming disaster, such inaudible, but not unfelt prognostics hovered around us. The beauty of the place seemed unearthly—all things seemed to lead the mind to brood over strange thoughts, and to lift it above common every-day life, and make it familiar with the unreal."

JEALOUSY OF FAITH.

"There are, in all ages, certain pious persons whom nothing more disturbs and annoys than when any one points out how their faith is to be found also under other forms. In other words they fear to lose their *own* God, if He should become a common possession of mankind."—BUNSEN'S "*God in History.*"

SOME OBSERVATIONS BY THE POET SHELLEY UPON DREAMS.

In two volumes published by the wife of the Poet Shelley, after his death, and containing various essays on philosophical subjects, fragments of diaries and translations, are several curious and noteworthy references to things spiritual. It was, we believe, Captain Medwin who tells us, that at one time Shelley, who always experienced extraordinary and very vivid dreams, proposed to himself to each day write out the remarkable dreams of the night previous; but that he was soon obliged to abandon his chronicle, finding that were he to carry out his idea, each day would be absorbed in transcribing the dreams of the night, and that no leisure would be left him for other occupations.

In the fragments of an essay in these volumes on the study of metaphysics, we discover some results of Shelley's observation of his own dream-world, and can only regret that he has given us simply a glimpse of his experiences, and here and there an inference drawn from these experiences.

Shelley evidently regarded the study of our interior as the sole means possessed by the most metaphysic unravelling the mysteriously involved clue of our spiritual life,—that clue which can alone lead us to the perception of Deity, or lead to a comprehensive

vague—of the connexion existing between man and God. He tells us that “we do not sufficiently attend to what passes within ourselves.”

In another place he says, “First, I am bound to present a faithful picture of my own peculiar nature relatively to sleep. I doubt not that were any individual to imitate me, it would be found that among many circumstances peculiar to their individual nature, a sufficiently general resemblance would be found to prove the connexion existing between those peculiarities and the most universal phenomena.” The poet here evidently possessed a vague perception of the universal and individual or concrete “law of correspondence” to be observed in all dreams, or *clair-voyant* or prophetic vision. The universal use of certain objects from age to age, and in every nation, to express certain general ideas and spiritual conditions,—as witness in the Scriptures the constant repetition of the self-same images, varied according to variation of circumstance and individual—and the more subtle, and at first the far more bewildering correspondential symbols taken out of the private life’s experience of the dreamer or seer. It is as though in dreams, two modes of expression mingled, were invariably employed; one the language in general use, the other a dialect; a full comprehension of the idea to be conveyed being alone possible to a person conversant with both the language in its general, and the dialect in its more narrow sense.

Shelley believes that “In dreams images acquire associations peculiar to dreaming, so that the idea of a particular house when it recurs a second time in dreams will have relation with the idea of the same house, in the first time, of a nature entirely different from that which the house excites, when seen or thought of in relation to waking ideas.” He says, “I distinctly remember dreaming three several times, between intervals of two or more years, the same precise dream. It was not so much what is ordinarily called a dream; the single image, unconnected with all other images, of a youth, who was educated at the same school with myself, presented itself in sleep. Even now, after the lapse of many years, I can never hear the name of this youth, without the three places where I dreamed of him presenting themselves distinctly to my mind.”

In another place he says, “I have beheld a scene which has produced no unusual effect on my thoughts. After the lapse of many years, I have dreamed of this scene. It has hung on my memory, it has haunted my thoughts at intervals with the pertinacity of an object connected with human affections. I have visited this scene again. Neither the dream could be dissociated from the landscape, nor the landscape from the dream, nor

feelings such as neither singly could have awakened, from both. But the most remarkable event of this nature which ever occurred to me, happened five years ago, at Oxford. I was walking with a friend, in the neighbourhood of that city, engaged in earnest and interesting conversation. We suddenly turned the corner of a lane, and the view, which its high banks and hedges had concealed, presented itself. The view consisted of a windmill, standing in one among many plashy meadows, inclosed with stone walls; the irregular and broken ground, between the wall and the road on which we stood; a long low hill behind the windmill, and a grey covering of uniform cloud spread over the evening sky. It was that season when the last leaf had just fallen from the scant and stunted ash. The scene surely was a common scene: the hour little calculated to kindle lawless thoughts; it was a tame, uninteresting assemblage of objects, such as would drive the imagination for refuge in serious and sober talk, to the evening fireside, and the dessert of winter fruits and wine.

“The effect which it produced on me was not such as could have been expected. I suddenly remembered to have seen that exact scene in some dream of long—Here I was obliged to leave off, overcome by thrilling horror.”*

“This remark closes the fragment written in 1815,” adds Mrs. Shelley. “I remember well his coming to me from writing it, pale and agitated, to seek refuge in conversation from the fearful emotions it excited. No man, as these fragments prove,” she continues, “had such keen sensations as Shelley. His nervous temperament was wound up by the delicacy of his health to an intense degree of sensibility, and while his active mind pondered for ever upon, and drew conclusions from his sensations, his reveries increased their vivacity, till they mingled with, and were one with thought, and both became absorbing and tumultuous even to physical pain.”

Mrs. Shelley tells us that had not her husband “been lost to us so early, so that all his vaster projects were wrecked with him in the waves, he would have presented the world with a complete theory of mind; a theory to which Berkeley, Coleridge and Kant would have contributed; but more simple, unimpregnable and entire than the systems of those writers.”

The poet's mind having thus familiarly dwelt upon metaphysical character of dreams and visions, and he having unquestionably experienced their poetical beauty, as as their fantastic dramatic character, it is no wonder that d

* Doubtless, according to spiritual law, this scene corresponded w interior condition of the Poet's mind—was, in fact, its external express.

and visions have been so beautifully and spiritually introduced into his poetry. Indeed many of his poems, such as *The Witch of Atlas*, the *Sensitive Plant*, and *Triumph of Life*, resemble the world of dreams far more than they resemble the world of waking life.

QUEEN CAROLINE A BELIEVER IN THE SUPERNATURAL.

In a fragment of *Shelley's Journal* kept at Geneva in 1816 he says, "Lewis recited a poem (upon a supernatural subject) to Byron and myself which he had composed at the request of the Princess of Wales. The Princess of Wales, he premised, was not only a believer in ghosts, but in magic and witchcraft, and asserted that prophecies made in her youth had been accomplished since."

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND SPIRITUALISM.

"One of the most noted American mediums, named Home, has frequently practised his magic art in presence of the Emperor: the spirits of deceased persons are supposed to enter into and possess these mediums whose faculties of articulation they make use of to speak to their earthly acquaintances: the spirit of Napoleon I. is reported to have often communicated in this manner with his imperial nephew; and it was probably in direct allusion to this, that Louis Napoleon once said to the French Senate: 'What most affects my heart is the thought that the spirit of the Emperor is with me, that his mind guides me, and his shade protects me.' . . . Those who deride the marvels of Spiritualism and regard them only as displays of legerdemain or sleight-of-hand, manifest exceeding blindness and ignorance."—*Rev. M. Baxter*.

EXTRACT FROM THE LETTER OF A FRIEND IN ITALY.

"I had at Bologna an interesting experience. I went to see Professor Amico, whose wife is a most clear *somnambule* for the cure of diseases. She every year receives about 2,000 letters from sick people. The daughter has also become a *somnambule*. I was present at the reading of one of the letters during her sleep. The Professor only tells her to look at his photograph and immediately the effect produced is sleep. I began to speak of Spiritualism with this family, and discovered that the Professor had lost all his faith in God, and in the existence of spirits; but the wife, who sees the spirits continually, has the most entire belief in them. She sees them whilst awake. She believes in

God ; also in the Virgin who appeared once to her when very ill. She has, however, no power to convince her husband, who laughs at all she tells him. Still the wife stands firmly to her belief. The Professor not speaking French, I found difficulty in making myself understood in Italian, but his daughter translated for me. I said to him, ' You clearly perceive that your wife sees the deceased people and can describe them ; and at the same time she tells you that she sees spirits. Would it not be illogical to suppose that she sees two beings at once and describes one accurately and the other inaccurately, when they are equally visible ?'

" He answered, without any reasoning, saying that I ought to read a great deal on various subjects and that then I should discover that he was right.

" You see these people lose their own common sense through study, because in them the primary logical principle is not developed—as indeed is the case with the Italian people generally."

GHOSTS.

" I have slept in old castles and houses, some rooms in which were said to be haunted, and the last of them, at the time of my thus writing, was at the ancient and interesting seat of my friend Sir Thomas Barret Lenard, at Bellhas, in Essex. The form of an old domestic female is reputed there as occasionally seen haunting the galleries and stairs between the rooms. Somehow or other, one night, perhaps a cold one, she had taken it into her head to seat herself by the fire in the bedroom in which more recently I slept, and was there beheld by one whose word I do not doubt, though she admits to having been so frightened in her passage through the room by a seated figure, ' the old shrivelled hands of which rested on her knees,' that she stayed not for further observation, question, and reply, but hastened at once to reach more agreeable quarters. In the red glare of the dying embers, or by the fitful beam of an expiring lamp, the old chair in that bedroom of the hospitable house of my kin and friend, has pressed itself on my gaze in connection with that of the ghost, but I never saw it filled by any other form of my own, nor do I wish to see that chair or any other of my kind a visitant from beyond the grave."—*Hon. Grantley D'A...*
Recollections.

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

THE "IMPOSSIBLE" DEMONSTRATED.

"DON'T tell me, sir," said a highly cultivated and very able man, "don't tell me that inert matter can move about and exhibit force, nor that a table can be suspended without mechanical arrangement, in defiance of natural law—the thing is simply absurd—impossible! I cannot believe it! I don't think any man has ever really seen such a thing. It is a delusion of the senses and unworthy of serious investigation." Such was the tone in which I was met by Mr. H—— when speaking to him recently of what I had frequently seen and which I assured him were matters of every-day occurrence, and could be attested by thousands of credible witnesses.

"Suppose," I argued, "that I could prove my assertions by practical demonstrations, would you be disposed to ignore the evidence of your senses?"

"I cannot suppose anything of the kind," was his reply; "I have been a student of science all my life. I know that the laws of nature cannot be suspended or set aside; I don't of course believe in spirits, or, as you call them, spiritual agencies, and if tables and other solid bodies move about as you describe, there must be a rational solution. I agree with my son-in-law, Professor ——, one of the best thinkers of the day, that the whole thing is absurd and unworthy of serious consideration."

"But," I argued, "has your learned son-in-law, or have you, ever investigated the subject?" *You have not!* and yet with a full knowledge that many men of science, who were once on your plane of thought, *have* investigated and have become believers in the reality of these seeming 'impossibilities,' you think it fair and philosophical not only to deny them without investigation, but to denounce serious men who have that advantage over you, as fools or impostors! We don't say that nature's laws can be set aside! But *if* the phenomena of which we speak be real, and you may be assured that they *are*, then we say there *must* be some other law at work which you have not recognised; and it is absolute folly, if it be nothing worse, that men in authority, experimental philosophers, who won't try *this* experiment, should go on misleading the world with denials and false theories, which

humble unlearned men like myself possessed of the facts can overthrow in a moment."

It seems strange enough that we Spiritualists should have to listen to the same objections, and be obliged to repeat the same answers year after year to men of common intelligence. But despite all opposition, we know that Spiritualism spreads, and happily it is now strong enough to withstand the learned ignorance and culpable indifference of its detractors. After our second interview, Mr. H—— challenged me to demonstrate the "impossible." "Let me see some of these things," he said, "though I am not sure that I should trust the evidence of my senses: I would really be more disposed to mistrust them than to receive evidence so opposed to my ideas of the possible." Thus challenged, though the task of satisfying such a mind seemed hopeless, I determined to undertake it, stimulated in a measure by the knowledge that he was so closely related to one of our scientific authorities, who has not ventured, I believe, to grapple with this great truth, and to whom I thought Mr. H—— must state his convictions, however much they might run counter to his prejudices; and first obtaining from him a pledge that he would boldly proclaim the facts, even if they should unsettle his erroneous theories. I accompanied him to visit Mrs. Marshall, whose medium power for the display of physical manifestations as I have often said is amongst the best I have ever met with. Fortunately we were the only visitors, and I had, before an hour had passed, the satisfaction of overwhelming my sceptical friend with *unmistakeable proof that tables can move about, and rise up apparently against the law of gravitation, without human agency or mechanical contrivances of any kind.*

The room in which we sat *was brilliantly lighted.* There was with other furniture in the room a cabinet piano, a sofa, and two tables, the larger one would weigh at least fifty pounds, and upon this there remained, waiting the servant to remove it, a tray with tea things upon it. The small one at which we and the medium took our seats, is a strong and solid mahogany table, weighing about twenty pounds. As soon as the rapping sounds commenced I asked if any spirit present would give its name, and it was spelt out, "Eliza, his mother," followed by Mr. H——'s own Christian name, both names being correct and one unknown to me. There was then some confusion, and we did not pursue the enquiry in this way, as my companion clearly indicated by a little impatient manner that that was not what he had come to see. No doubt the thoughts present in his mind were that any one could tap on the leg of the table, and the names spelt out were merely coincidental guess work. He did not say so, but this I know by

is the way that sceptics dismiss that part of a puzzling subject. "You want," I said, to see the anti-gravitation feat performed by this inert piece of wood. Now, spirits, raise this table to the level of my hand, and keep it firmly in that position!" My request was instantly complied with, the medium's fingers only touching lightly the surface of the table; and there the table stood a foot or more from the floor, remaining steadily poised without the slightest motion, whilst I deliberately counted one hundred. I then requested the medium to put her fingers upon the surface of the table at her side, and my companion to place his under the table and lift it at his side, and with this arrangement the table rose up evenly as if hands supported it on both sides, and thus it remained for a few moments suspended. This experiment, for Mr. H——'s satisfaction, was repeated three several times. Other manifestations followed of a similar character, the table being made light or heavy in obedience to my request. I went from the table and wrote, "I wish you to go to the sofa, and lie upon it." The table, without my touching it shuffled away to the other end of the room, and approaching the sofa, made a spring from the medium's hands towards the sofa, and alighting on the edge of it, tumbled to the floor. To prove that the sounds were not made by the medium, I asked Mrs. Marshall to put her hands upon the piano, which was closed, and I requested the spirits to strike ten times upon the strings; which was done, the vibrations being heard, and felt by all of us. This experiment was repeated twice. At this point I paused and invited Mr. H——'s consideration of the facts I had demonstrated. The table had exhibited "intelligence" and "force," and by some means, not mechanical, it had overcome the "law of gravitation;" all of which he candidly admitted. Whilst we were conversing, we were startled by the large table jumping up of its own accord, *no one touching it*, by which movement the tea cups were scattered about, and the sugar basin turned over and emptied of its contents. Fearing that some damage might be done, I removed the tray, and sending for Mr. Marshall to bring his violin, we three again sat down to the small table, and I requested the spirits to make the table dance to the music, which it did most gracefully, keeping exact time, by striking the floor with its legs, and afterwards at my request it went through the same movements in the air—not touching the floor, and occasionally striking out at one and the other of us with a force which was somewhat alarming, and caused Mr. H—— to retreat for shelter behind the large table, where he was hardly safe from assault, for as the music went on in quicker time, the small table like an Irishman at Donnybrook Fair, frisked about in the wildest manner, and striking the

large table several times, seemed to invite it to join in the fun, and, nothing loath, it actually began to dance too; and thus for some time both tables were in active motion *vis à vis*, the medium being hardly able to keep her fingers upon the small table, *whilst no one whatever touched the large table!* With this exhibition of non-mechanical force, our very remarkable *sednce* ended. Mr. H— (who I am bound to say acted with great fairness throughout,) seemed overwhelmed with the extraordinary character of the manifestations; and somewhat excited, he proposed to go away at once. I detained him, however, for the purpose of reviewing the performances of the evening.

I said, "Now I know how difficult it is for a man in your frame of mind to realise all you have just witnessed, and you may reason yourself out of your present convictions to-morrow; I therefore ask you before we leave this room, to fix upon any weak point, that I may if I can remove erroneous impressions." He replied very candidly, "I do not doubt the reality of what I have seen; everything has been done with perfect fairness; I do not understand it; it is all very curious and well worth investigation. I must think over it; but to talk of spirits having anything to do with it is absurd." We went home together and on our way we talked of nothing else but of the strange scene we had witnessed, Mr. H— frequently ejaculating, "Very curious certainly," "I cannot understand it," "I must say that there is something there worth investigating."

Some days elapsed before I heard from Mr. H— and judging from past experiences, I did him the injustice of suspecting that rather than yield, he had reverted to his first position, and would be prepared after all to ignore the evidence of his senses.* He however relieved himself of that suspicion by calling upon me to talk over the occurrences of that remarkable evening, and at once proclaimed that he was "entirely at sea without chart or compass, and saw no way of landing upon *terra firma*, since like Sir David Brewster, spirit was the last thing he would give in to," and in this condition he still remains.

* One of these experiences was with another Mr. H— who also resides in my neighbourhood, and whom I accompanied at his request some months since to witness similar manifestations. I was rewarded for my trouble by an accusation that I was a confederate to palm off a gross imposture. ^{But} the spirits have since then taken up my defence in a very practical way. I have made this sceptic a medium for the lowest and most unsatisfactory of physical manifestations. He is I am told pulled about and made some very undignified and unseemly antics, if he be not very upon the credulity of his friends; he says he really cannot help him.

FURTHER MANIFESTATIONS THROUGH MR. HOME.

THE last number of *Human Nature*, contains an account of manifestations of more than ordinary interest. We believe the following to be

A NEW MANIFESTATION.

“Rising from his seat at the hearth, Mr. Home stepped up quickly to Lord —, and placing Glanvill’s book underneath his extended hand, made several passes over Lord —’s hand; and, after balancing the book on one finger, gently withdrew his hand. The book, only just touching Lord —’s outstretched hand, remained *suspended in space* for three minutes, and only fell to the ground upon Mrs. J — passing her hand underneath the book and Lord —’s hand. My friend described his feeling as if a cushion of steam had held the book in its position. Fortunately the full clear light of the wax tapers on the mantelpiece enabled us to watch this phenomenon with the utmost precision, and enabled us to verify the truth of what we were witnessing by our own eyes. This manifestation was repeated twice.”

In the last volume of the *Spiritual Magazine*, in the article on “Preservation by Spiritual Agency from the Effects of Fire,” at p. 217, is the letter of an eye-witness to this wonderful phenomenon. The writer of that letter furnishes in the account we are now quoting this

INSTANCE AND EXPLANATION OF THE FIRE TEST.

“Mr. Home’s address” (in the trance) “now became interrupted, saying, ‘There are spirits present arguing with Dr. Elliotson and Dr. Jencken; they have brought many here to witness the manifestations, and they are dissatisfied with the result. They want to see the *fire test*—I will shew it them; they won’t believe it possible.’

“Mr. Home then proceeded to the hearth, and, breaking up the back of burning coal with his hands, placed a lump, the size of a very large orange, on the palm of his hand, and then, still addressing the invisible guests, continued to explain what was going on. After carrying the coal about for three or four minutes on his hand, having allowed each of us to test the intense heat, he put it back on the grate, and, to further satisfy us, showed his hands, which were not even blackened, and, strange to say, emitted a perfume, to which he called attention. After a moment’s pause, in which, evidently, a discussion was going on between the invisibles themselves, Mr. Home said,

“They still doubt the phenomenon; I must take another lump of burning coal; they say one side was black.’ He then proceeded to the hearth, and selected the hottest incandescent lump of coal, not quite so large as the last, but burning hot; then turning round to us, said, ‘Only imagine, they will not allow it possible.’ He then thrust his head into the grate, holding his face over the burning coals, and receiving the flame points on his hair. To those who have never witnessed this there is something awfully solemn, I might all but say terrible, in this ordeal, the dread fire test, that stands on the highways of the past warning mankind of the horrors of the power of superstition. Withdrawing his face from the flames, ‘See,’ he said, ‘Daniel has not burnt a fibre of the hair of his head.’ I cannot conceal that I shuddered. But the *fire test* did not terminate here; walking slowly up to Lord —, who was seated next to me, he said, ‘I will farther convince you of the truth of the phenomenon. Now, my lord, if you are not afraid, I will place the coal on your hand.’ I interrupted and proffered my hand, but was soon warned that my power could not shield me; though I only touched the burning coal on the dark side, and that for a moment I burnt my finger. With singular *sang froid* Lord — put out his hand, and received the burning coal upon his palm. I closely watched what was passing; the heat of the coal was intense, sufficient to have charred an inch plank right through. Mr. Home said, ‘Now, I will further convince them (meaning the invisible guests), and, taking the other hand of Lord —, pressed both hands firmly upon the glowing ember. The heat permeated through the back of the hands, which felt as if on fire; I could hardly bear it. After two minutes, the grasp was relaxed, and, on examining the hands of Lord —, not a trace of injury, or burn, or even blackness was visible. Fortunately we had a good clear light in the room, and those present, by their quiet and thorough investigation, aided to satisfy beyond doubt that the marvellous fire test applied to a guest who was not a medium was really being witnessed.

“Mr. Home then again addressed us, and said—‘I have convinced them now; their incredulity is pretty well conquered but they want some other spirit to try, who does not understand how this is done. Well, let him, but they must not hurt me but I do not think he (meaning the spirit) knows how to do the experiment.’ He then proceeded to the hearth, and took a small piece of coal, not thoroughly hot or glowing, and said, ‘See, Daniel has hurt his hand; the coal has blackened and burnt his hand.’ Mr. Home now stepped up to a side-table which was placed a flower-stand, and, holding his hand eighteen inches to two feet above the flowers, said:

moisture and perfume—the finger tips becoming bedewed with large drops of perfumed liquid. Again, speaking to the spirits, he said: ‘You see this also can be done; we can extract the perfume from flowers, and carry fluids through space.’”

“He then appeared to be speaking to some of the invisibles, and, opening the door, made the usual parting salute; then, conversing with his spirit friends, he appeared to enjoy a laugh, and reiterated his satisfaction at the result, which had puzzled some of the spirits; after which, he re-seated himself and addressed us:—‘Are you aware, do you realise that the phenomena you have seen to-day is what mankind call a *miracle*; that you have witnessed the *fire test*—the terrible, traditional *fire test*? . . . Yet what you have seen is no miracle—no suspending of the laws of nature, of the laws of God. This cannot be; we only passed currents of what you call electricity round the coal, and prevented the heat from attacking Daniel’s hand. Mankind do not know their power—they, too, ought to be able to do this; their power over all materiality is boundless, only they do not know how to use their power. Faith is a potent force in nature; how few of you understand this, and yet every page of the history of the past teaches this. We repeat, we performed no miracle, nothing supernatural; all we did was by arranging the electrical currents to shield the hand from injury. Look at the hand; no harm has been done, the epidermis is as uninjured as ever—not hardened nor covered by an artificial coating. From all we have told you, you will learn that it is a natural law that has produced these phenomena—one of the laws God has created . . . We made passes over Lord ——’s hand; these shielded him from injury, whilst Mr. J——, though he willingly proffered his hand, burnt it, and yet he only touched the embers for a moment with the point of his finger. In the first instance, preparatory measures had been taken, and all understood this, whilst those who had not been protected were certain to sustain injury by contact. The selfsame coal placed upon an inch plank would have burned a hole through it. Are you now satisfied?’”

The phenomenon of the Elongation of the Body was also presented at this *séance*, but as this phenomenon has been fully described in the article *New Spirit Manifestations* in our last volume, p. 30, and is further attested by evidence in the same volume at pp. 321 and 424, we need only advert to this as a further instance of it.

THE OLD AND NEW.

By JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Oh! sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right!
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

That all of good the past has had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here—
The still small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood, the burning bush.

For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold;
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.

Through the harsh noises of the day
A low sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

Correspondence.

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN'S TESTIMONY.

To the Editor of the "*Spiritual Magazine*."

SIR,—As I am not in the habit of taking anything for granted, without what appear to me adequate reasons for so doing;—and, as I was not satisfied with the bare assertion that Professor De Morgan, the eminent living mathematician, had really lent the sanction of his great name to these so-called delusions (of modern Spiritualism), I some months back wrote him a letter on the subject of the book *From Matter to Spirit*, published anonymously in 1863, and received from him the following reply:—

A. B. Tietkens, Esq.

91, Adelaide Road, N.W.,
April 3rd, 1868.

Sir,—It never has been any secret that the book "*From Matter to Spirit*" was written by *my wife*, and the *preface* by *myself*.

For the last two years, I think, Longman has advertised names. I vouch, of course, for the facts mentioned in the end of the preface; but there are some in the book of which my knowledge is personal. And of nearly testify that I heard them long before they were printed they did not *grow*.

Yours faithfully

A. DE

So then here we have a living philosopher who tells us, after 15 years of investigation of these phenomena, and patient consideration of their bearing, "I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard in a manner, which should make unbelief impossible, things called Spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me."

Such evidence as this, in connection with that of Mr. Varley, Mr. Wallace, and a host of other scientific witnesses, is very significant of the fact that although Professor De Morgan's facts did not grow in the telling, Spiritualism is growing apace.

A. B. TIETKENS.

A FEW FACTS IN SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—In your July number I gave an account of my first experiences in Spiritualism, and offered to communicate any further results of my inquiry into the subject. Since then, my friend the Rev. F. R. Young has visited America, and come back a healing medium. During his stay in America I was permitted to recognise him in the crystal, and each day to witness some event in his history; the hour of landing and embarking was most minutely given. These facts were authenticated by a comparison of notes on his return. The portrait of Dr. Newton I at once recognised, as that of the person who had laid hands upon Mr. Young. Such manifestations as tipping, rapping, writing, have been going on continuously.

About a fortnight ago sounds began in my bed room and in other parts of the house as of a person ascending and descending the stairs. At times the room became half illuminated. Thinking that it might be some departed member of the family wishful to speak to me, I placed a slate and pencil on the table. The next morning I found a flourished circle, in which could fairly be traced the name of a very dear relative. Lights and sounds are nightly seen and heard by us between the hours of twelve and three, they are often most beautiful and pleasant. Our little circle has gained some power in medium writing, for at the Rev. F. R. Y.'s retreat for Spiritualists there is a medium, whose communications are appearing in *Daybreak*. Our messages are not very lengthy at present, still they have been very comforting to friends for whom they were given, and perhaps as much as we can bear.

After some signal manifestations on Monday last—September 28th—I received a letter from an unknown hand, apprising me of the death of my mother, alleging that she had been killed. I immediately telegraphed to my friends in North Staffordshire, but pending the answer, I consulted the spirits and obtained an answer in the negative, which was confirmed by a telegram subsequently received. I may say that I have been entranced several times, but have not had many satisfactory moments to myself at those seasons, as I am not able to remember what I say or see.

A few evenings ago I was taken into the higher spheres, where sights and sounds the most ravishing greeted me. So grand was the burst of harmony from the great multitude forming the celestial choir, and so grand was the sight. And whilst I heard in rapture, I could only look in wonder, bow in silence, and adore. When I awoke, I found myself in a state of intense perspiration, cold as death, and tears coursing down my cheek.

I cannot say how much this agrees with spirit manifestations in general. I have not, nor have my friends, sought to establish any theory in respect to it. We have the facts, faithfully and honestly attested, which I shall most jealously guard. Meantime, I leave theory to bolder speculators, and such as delight in projecting theories. This I can say, that it has banished doubt and revealed the heaven which lies so near to all of us, and has enabled us to hold communion with those, not lost, but gone before.

W. BANKS.

2, Providence Road, Swindon, Wilts.



THE
Spiritual Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1869.

INTERESTING CONTENTS OF THE LAST NUMBERS
OF THE *REVUE SPIRITUALISTE*

M. PIERART has for some time been arduously engaged in bringing out his *Drame de Waterloo*, a volume of 500 pages, in which, with his accustomed love of truth, and an immense amount of research and careful collating of evidence, he has thoroughly exposed and blown to the winds the historic lies and mystifications of Napoleon I. and of Thiers. The work is written with an enthusiasm and eloquence worthy of the subject. M. Piérart, who is a native of that side of France where the last great acts of the dreadful drama of the *Napoleonic* butcheries were enacted, has gone over all the geographical as well as historic ground of that final conflict; and his work, after all that has been written on the subject, is as fresh and living as if produced in 1818 instead of 1868. But the time so absorbingly devoted to his history has thrown his *Revue* into arrears. He is now bringing up his issues at the rate of two in a number, and at very short intervals. The present are the 7th and 8th, leaving four yet due for the year. If, however, M. Piérart fills his laggard numbers with matter as interesting as that of the present two, we shall have nothing to complain of. One of the articles of this double number is called *The E* y
of a Spiritualist, and that Spiritualist is no other than n
Favre, the Consul-General of France. It is a most r
account, and one which is so confirmatory of the pri
constant peculiarities of this mysterious phase of li
propose to give it a particular examination aft
noticed some other contents of the *Revue*, which are
of our attention.

N.S.—IV.

A SEANCE WITH MR. HOME.

The *séance* here reported was communicated to M. Piérart by Mr. Gledstones. It took place in a family circle at Campden Hill. Amongst many of the manifestations at this *séance*, there was extraordinary music played by the spirits, "The March to Calvary," amid the sound of the tramp of many feet, and "The Resurrection," both executed in a manner only to be conceived by those who heard them. Mr. Home was taken up from the floor, wrapped in the window curtains, and suspended for some time in the air. The spirit of a child appeared; presented each of the company with a flower, and asked Mr. Home to go and see his mother. Again, and a third time Mr. Home was floated in the air, and on the last occasion made a cross on the ceiling with a pencil.

A CLAIRVOYANTE ACCUSED OF SORCERY.

M. Piérart copies this curious circumstance from *Figaro*. "Nothing is more difficult, even for justice, than to repress the manœuvres of somnambulism and magnetism. Lately a miner of the Rive-de-Gier having lost a watch, went to a pythoness celebrated in that part of the country. After the customary formalities, she gave him this answer:—'Your watch is in the mine. He who has taken it cleaves wood and attends to the horses. He wears earrings, and to those earrings is attached a small piece of glass. You ought to know him.' 'Yes I know him,' said the man.

"Enchanted at this revelation, the miner paid her six francs, returned to the mine, and caused Claude Dupuy to be arrested, who gave up the watch to him. In addition to the prosecution of the thief, the magistrate instituted one against the pythoness of the Rive-de-Gier. He did not accuse her of the practice of magnetism as a crime, but he charged her with a fraudulent manœuvre. That she had a woman placed in her waiting-room who pumped the facts from the people who came to consult her, and privately repeated them to the divineress. This was, of course, a mere supposition, that of all the incredulous. The miner asserted with indignant energy that he had held no conversation with any one whatever on the subject, before consulting the magnetist, and that full of doubts himself, he had taken care to tell her herself nothing more than the simple fact of the theft. In the face of these affirmatives the charge against the *clairvoyante* fell to the ground, and the tribunal acquitted her. The man who stole the watch, brought to justice by these means, was condemned to three months' imprisonment."

REACTION AGAINST MATERIALISM IN FRANCE.

M. Piérart notices in different publications and in popular lectures unequivocal symptoms of a reaction against the predominant disease of the age, scientific materialism. He quotes the journal *La Solidarité* as entering the list boldly and ably against the prevalent doctrines of disbelief. It says:—"We shall not allow the belated disciples of Holbach and Lamettrie to divide the world of thought into two parts betwixt which every reasonable man has only to choose. For our part we pretend neither to class ourselves with the Materialists nor the Catholics; it is pleasant to us to know that we are not obliged to fall into one or the other of these abysses.

"Now-a-days there are people who think their follies are sanctioned by the mere name of science. But what science? That of Epicurus, a sage without doubt, but what has he produced? What have his morals created? A society or a herd? The true *savants* are modest. They do not believe that with a few notions of physics and chemistry they can solve all problems. Especially, they do not confound life with consciousness, and do not demand that after we have withdrawn morality from the prescriptions of theology we should subject it to spiritual law.

"You pretend," it continues, addressing the Materialists, "to attach yourselves to our 18th century; but the 18th century as you understand it,—the 18th century without Rousseau, whom you continually insult by calling him a weeper, a rhetorician, a mystic,—the 18th century would not have been able to accomplish the Revolution. Do you think then in traversing the Revolution, that you can give your hand to certain individuals concerned in it,—Diderot, Helvetius, Holbach and Naigeon, and can personify them only as the 18th century? No, Voltaire stands sadly in your way, and were it not for his work of criticism and of demolition, you would exclude him too. But was he not at times a Deist and a sentimental?"

"Do you know what you do in proscribing Rousseau and in ignoring Voltaire? In attaching yourselves to the materialism of Diderot, the materialism of Holbach, the materialism of Helvetius? You deny the two principles which constituted the virtue of our fathers, and which progressively renewing the face of the world. I reject equality; in Voltaire, liberty! Call you revolutionists, still less men of progress, for he who produces any new thing into the world, if you do not impregnate fact by idea, science by faith, ought to be to spring from that which is? ▲

setting up a superannuated materialism against the entire body of philosophy. What do you hope for in endeavouring to reduce the intellectual heritage of humanity to what has been transmitted to us only by intelligence of the second order? Do you not see at the side of, or rather standing aloft above those mere vulgarizers rather than philosophers, rather the soldiers of the idea than the authors of the idea, a whole world of creator spirits, inventors, initiators, revealers, philosophers, *savants*, *artistes* and poets who have made us what we are, and whose heritage it would be at once foolish and ungrateful to reject? No, we are not the children of the 18th century, we are the children of humanity. Let us give our hands to Diderot; so be it, but that shall not cause us to abandon Descartes. We desire not to know whether Leibnitz was greater than Spinoza, whether Plato transcended Aristotle; we desire to know only the ideas which they have brought into the world, and we are not anxious to weigh each individual ray which our intellectual fathers have contributed to the luminous hearth at which we warm ourselves."

This able article concludes by denouncing materialism as a senseless and cheerless act of retrogression, and declaring that the present age requires for the worthy accomplishment of its duty to mankind, the amenities of science united with the sacred fervour of faith as its principle. "But," it adds, "you do not believe in principles, for you admit only the material fact; and you carry into science the spirit of inquisitors."

M. Piérart next quotes a vigorous essay on the immortality of the soul, from the same journal, *La Solidarité*, and follows it up by another showing that Fichte, an authority that Materialists are continually quoting, is anything but a Materialist. The sentiments of Fichte as there given on the nature of death, which he declares to be really a birth, and on the spirit-world as revealed to the soul just entering it, are extremely fine. "In fact," says Piérart, "Fichte was a great Spiritualist as have been many of the noblest intellects of Germany: and one before whom Hegel and his disciples must bow their heads, is Bader, a new man, destined to make an immense revolution in the philosophy of his country."

These selections from *La Solidarité* are concluded by the report of a lecture by M. Chavée in the Hall of the Boulevard des Capucines, on the question of the immortality of the soul in its relation to the sciences of observation. The outline of this lecture is very imposing and we are told that the hall was far from large enough to contain the crush of people who were anxious to hear the courageous professor. This learned discourse, based on historical and philosophical arguments, was concluded

by a brilliant peroration on the greatness of our destinies, and terminated with the words of Dante:—

“Noi siam vermi nati a formar il divino farfallo.”

It is cheering to see the spirit of a better and more rational philosophy thus rising in France. In truth, the stream of science is leading inevitably to the ocean of truth, and its votaries must soon make up their minds to swim or drown.

M. Piérart has a continuation of his article on the history of the medicine of nature, in which, from a host of facts, he shews how many cures the natives of different countries possess, such as positive remedies for the bites of serpents, for the poison of arrows, for fever, gout, rheumatism, &c., which our medical men do not possess because they are too proud to learn from what are called savages; who are, in fact, the pupils of the ages, and the possessors of a Positivism infinitely superior to that of Comte. This knowledge exists in every quarter of the world, and genuine science would collect and adopt it. Surely it would be better to be cured by the practices of savages than left to death or to years of physical torment by the one-sided science of our medical schools.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

(From the *Atlantic Monthly* for August. With Remarks by T. S.)

“MARY CARRICK is an Irish girl, 18 years of age, who came to this country in the month of May, 1867. She is very ignorant, like the most of her class, but quick to learn anything required. Previous to leaving her native land she had, for a short time, lived in a gentleman's family as a ‘maid of all work,’ and she has always been healthy with the exception of a severe attack of fever occurring a few months before she left home. By a correspondence with the gentleman in whose service she had lived in Ireland, we find that nothing remarkable was ever discovered concerning her, except that at one time she had been a somnambulist, but seemed to have recovered from her tendency to sleep walking. Immediately upon her arrival, she went to live with a very respectable family in one of the larger towns of Massachusetts. At this time she appeared to be in perfect health. She performed the duties required of her in a most acceptable manner, and nothing whatever in her appearance or behavior excited particular remark. She seldom left the house, and during the time when the occurrences we are about to describe took place she did not have the acquaintance of six persons of whom we

family. She had lived in this situation about six weeks, when upon the 3rd of July, the bells hanging in the kitchen and communicating with the outside doors and chambers commenced ringing in an unaccountable manner. This would occur at intervals of half an hour or longer, during the day and evening, but not during the night. It was at first attributed to the antics of rats upon the wires. An examination showed this to be impossible; though, to put the matter beyond doubt, the wires were detached from the bells; but the ringing went on as before. These bells hang near the ceiling of a room eleven feet high. They never rang unless the girl was in that room or the adjoining one, but were often seen and heard to ring when different members of the family were present in the room with the girl. The ringing was not a mere stroke of the bell, but there was a violent agitation of all the bells, such as might have been produced by a vigorous use of the bell-pulls, had they been connected. A careful examination by the writer and others showed that there was no mechanism or other appliance by which the ringing could be produced.

“A few days after the bell-ringing commenced frequent loud and startling raps were heard, which seemed to be on the walls, doors, or windows of the room where the girl might be at work. The noises thus produced were quite as loud as would ordinarily follow a smart application of the knuckles to any article of wood. They were heard by all the members of the family, and many others whom curiosity prompted to come in for the purpose of verifying, by their own senses, what they were slow to believe. These occurrences increased from day to day, and became a source of great annoyance. The girl, ignorant as she was, and naturally superstitious, became very much excited; and it was with the greatest difficulty that she could be kept in a comparative state of calmness during her wakeful hours, while in her sleep at night she was continually raving. She wept very much, protested that she had no action in the occurrences, and begged of the family not to send her away, for she had not a single friend in the country to whom she could go, and none of her countrymen would take her in, for the matter had already become notorious, and they shunned her as they would the Evil One himself. Several applications were made by professed Spiritualists, offering to take the girl, and provide for her; but it was not deemed advisable to place her under such questionable supervision. It was finally decided to retain her, and try to endure the disagreeable phenomena which, as will be seen, were only the beginning of troubles. It should be stated that the raps referred to followed the girl from room to room, and could be heard in her chamber at night, when she was found to be in a

profound sleep. Thus had matters gone on for nearly three weeks, when occurrences of a more extraordinary character began to take place. Chairs were upset, crockery-ware thrown down, tables lifted and moved, and various kitchen utensils hurled about the room. No particular record of these occurrences was made until August 1st; after which time, and until the phenomena had entirely ceased, accurate daily memoranda were noted, from which some extracts are here taken:—

“ On the 5th of August, Mary was washing clothes, when a bench, having upon it two large tubs filled with water, was suddenly moved several inches. The lid of a copper wash-boiler was repeatedly thrown up, when the girl was not near enough to touch it. These occurrences were observed by different members of the family. August 6th, Mary was ironing. The table at which she worked continually lifted itself, and troubled her so much that she took her work to another table, where the same operation was repeated, and her flat iron, which she left for a moment, was thrown to the floor.’ This annoyance was always repeated whenever she worked at ironing, and more or less at other times. It was seen by all the members of the family and other persons. The writer saw the table thus lifted when neither the girl nor any other person was near enough to touch it. It has happened when a child, nine years of age, was sitting upon it, and also when persons have tried to hold it down. This *lifting* propensity seemed to communicate itself to everything movable. The covers to the wood-box and wash-boiler were constantly slamming. A heavy soapstone slab, one and a half inches thick, weighing forty-eight pounds, which formed the top of a case of drawers, was often affected in a similar manner. ‘ On the 6th of August, as Mary was putting away the tea things, and about to place a metallic tray filled with dishes upon this slab, it suddenly flew up and struck the bottom of the tray with such force as to upset the dishes upon it.’ This was seen by one of the family, and frequently occurred afterwards. The stone would also often be thrown up violently when Mary was at work at the sink near it. On the last occasion that this happened—August 25th—the writer was seated near to it, and watching for the movement, which had been repeated several times within an hour. Suddenly it raised itself and fell, with great force, breaking in two through the centre, Mary, at the moment being in the act of wringing out her ‘dish-cloth,’ after one half of the same was thrown to the floor; the fragments were then thrown out of the house on the street, where they remained quiet. This peculiarly active phenomenon should be added, had a few days previous been taken place, and laid upon the floor of a room adjoining, with

bucket placed upon it; but, as the same movements continued, it was replaced in its position for the purpose of noticing the effect, and with the result before stated. It had also, at one time, been fastened in its place by wooden clamps, which were forcibly torn away.

“It is moreover worthy of particular notice, that another soapstone slab, in which the copper wash-boiler is set, and which had become loosened from the brick-work, was split and thrown to the floor in like manner; showing that the force, whatever it may be, has a striking effect upon this kind of material. A piece of the same, weighing several pounds, was also thrown into the kitchen from the wash-room, no person being in the latter room at the time. A common cherry table, standing against the wall in the kitchen, often started out into the room, and at one time was hurled completely over upon its top. On the 20th of August the table movements occurred many times. On this day a large basket filled with clothes was thrown to the floor. A small board, used for scouring knives, hanging against the wall, was thrown quite across the kitchen. The doors were continually slamming unless locked or latched. August 26 and 27 were very stirring days, there being hardly a half-hour of quiet. The rappings (which occurred daily) were particularly vigorous on these days. The chairs, and other moveables, were thrown about; a large wash-tub, filled with clothes soaking, was thrown from the wash-form to the floor, and emptied of its contents; a stool, having upon it a pail filled with water, moved itself along the floor; a porcelain-lined kettle, standing in the sink, was lifted over the side, and dropped upon the floor. The moveable furniture in the girl's room was so much agitated, that, with the exception of the bedstead, it was all taken from the room for the sake of quiet. The foregoing are a few only of the various phenomena occurring from the 3rd to the 27th of August, there being but one day during the whole time when nothing of the kind took place. On the date last mentioned the girl was sent away for two days, to observe what the effect might be. On the evening of the 29th she returned, and reported that she had not seen or heard anything unusual during her absence. It should also be remarked that the family experienced no trouble while she was away. But, within two hours after her return the demonstrations again commenced. It is needless to follow them further in detail. It is sufficient to say that similar scenes to those of the previous days and weeks were daily repeated from the date of her return until the night of September 12, when her nervous system succumbed, and she was suddenly seized with a violent attack of hysteria. During the paroxysm, which continued two or three hours, she was in

an unconscious state, and could be restrained upon her bed only by the combined strength of her attendants. After the subsidence of the paroxysm, she slept quietly until morning. For several days she remained in a very excited state, and on the nights of the 15th and 17th there was a return of the paroxysm, but without a loss of consciousness. These attacks were not characterized by any very peculiar symptoms, excepting, perhaps, a very distressing sensation referred to the base of the brain. From time to time she would seize the hand of her attendant, and press it upon the back of her head, and at the same time complain of strange noises. She also had severe attacks of bleeding at the nose, which seemed in some measure to relieve her.

“From the date of her prostration until her removal to an asylum, on the 18th, no phenomena occurred. At the end of three weeks she was thought to be sufficiently recovered to return to her work; and pity for her condition, as well as curiosity to observe if the phenomena would return, induced the family to receive her back to service again. She returned in a very happy frame of mind, and comparatively calm; but it was noticed that she was quite nervous, and would start suddenly at any little noise at all resembling the rappings or movements of furniture which had formerly so much annoyed her, and driven her to the verge of insanity. But none of the phenomena ever again occurred. She seemed very well, grew very fleshy, and performed her duties with alacrity. Being desirous of learning to read and write, a member of the family undertook the task of teaching her. She proved a very apt scholar, and made remarkable progress. At times, however, she complained of great distress in her head; but nothing of a serious nature occurred until some six weeks after her return, when, on the night of the 28th of November, she had an attack of *somnambulism*, it being the first instance of the kind since coming to this country. She arose and dressed herself, went to the room of her mistress, and asked permission to go out to clean the outside of the windows. Her condition was at once discovered, and she was with some difficulty induced to go back to bed. She remembered nothing of this in the morning. On the following and for five consecutive nights this was repeated. At about the same hour of the night she would get up, go downstairs—in her night-dress, with no light—and go about her work; would sweep rooms, dust clothing, scour knives, go out (cold weather as it was), and brush the steps, sit down in darkness and study her reading and spelling lesson, in an hour or two, return to bed. On the fifth night nature gave out, and she again passed into the

hysteria. She was again conveyed to the asylum, where she now remains, though she seems to have entirely recovered, and is there employed as a housemaid. So much for the facts in this extraordinary case,—facts well attested and beyond contravention. As to a theory of the ‘moving cause’ we have none. But we now proceed to give results of observations and experiments bearing upon the case, referring their explanation to those competent to give an opinion. At an early stage of the phenomena we sought to trace their production to electricity, and the results of some experiments seemed to give support to this theory. It has already been stated that the rappings were repeatedly heard in the girl’s room by members of the family who went in after she was asleep. The noises seemed to be on the doors, and sometimes on the footboard of the bedstead; and at times, as they came very loud, she would start in her sleep, and scream as though in the utmost terror.

“Conceiving the idea that the sounds might be produced electrically, the writer caused the bedstead to be perfectly insulated by placing the posts upon glass. The effect was all that could be desired. Although the raps continued to follow her all day from room to room and to her chamber at night, yet, so soon as she was fairly in bed, everything of the kind ceased. For six weeks or longer the bedstead was kept thus insulated; and no raps were ever heard, except once, when an examination showed the insulation to be destroyed, one of the posts having slipped off the glass. It was replaced with the same effect as before. Another experiment, similar to the one described was tried. The cherry table in the kitchen before alluded to, at which Mary took her meals, was nearly always agitated when she sat down to eat. At such times, also, the rappings were very loud and frequent, troubling her so much that she had no desire to eat. On one or two occasions this was peculiarly the case, and a remedy for it was sought in insulation. The table and her chair were placed on glass; but before she was ready to sit the former suddenly jumped off the insulators but was at once replaced, when she took her seat and was able to finish her meal in peace, there being no movements and no raps. This was afterwards repeated with the same success. It was evident that, whatever force this might be,—whether electricity or not,—there did seem to be some sort of attraction between the girl and these inanimate objects of wood, stone, iron and other material, which set them in motion whenever she was near them, and they were not insulated. In this connection it should be noticed that the movements of furniture, &c., seldom occurred in rooms with woollen carpets on the floors, but were mostly confined to rooms with bare floors or oil carpets and

matting. The raps, also, were more frequent and louder in such rooms. In the daily journal, which was kept, the state of the weather each day was carefully noted, and for a time it was thought that the phenomena were much more frequent on a clear day than on a damp or sultry one; but a careful study of that record shews that some of the most marked and violent demonstrations actually occurred on very rainy days, though the latter were generally more quiet than the days of fair weather. Thus it would seem that the phenomena, though appearing in some degree electrical, did not in all cases follow the known laws of electricity.

“The writer has heretofore stated that he is a thorough sceptic concerning the so-called doctrine of Spiritualism. The same may be said of every member of the large family (ten persons) in which these things occurred. With the exception of the girl herself, no one of the household ever became in the least degree nervous, much less inclined to believe that the spirits of the departed had returned to earth only to make their presence known by means so palpably ridiculous. But the Spiritualists, of whom there are many in the community where these occurrences took place, became very much exercised about the matter. The family were excessively annoyed at frequent applications from this class of persons for the privilege of coming in to witness the ‘manifestations,’ as they call them, and to see the girl. But not one of them was ever admitted, nor has the girl ever yet held any communication with a person of this character. Of Spiritualism she had never heard in the old country, and when any one spoke of ‘mediums,’ she seemed to have an idea that they were something dreadful to contemplate. But although no Spiritualists were invited to enlighten us, we did on three occasions hold ‘circles’ among ourselves, being willing to test the matter. At such times, seated around a large dining-table with the poor simple-hearted and terror-stricken girl in the midst, we in all seriousness went through the farce of inviting communications from the spirits present. Occasional raps were heard, questions were put, and the alphabet used after the most approved manner of those mysterious circles, but without ever eliciting the first intelligence; and the conclusion was reached, that if there were any spirits present, their education must have been neglected while on the earth, and that no improvement could be made since they had passed into the other world. This was soon given up, having only resulted in high excitement in the girl, whose nervous system had now reached its limit. Day by day she became more and more excited, and at length she would complain of great distress in her flesh. She would complain of great distress in her flesh.”

great noises in her ears. At times she would sink into a sort of lethargy bordering upon the 'trance state.' But she still kept about her work. One of the ladies of the house was in the habit of going to church to practise organ-playing, and sometimes took Mary to 'blow,' with which she was quite delighted; but the great difficulty at such times was to keep her awake, the music made her so sleepy; and this peculiarity was noticed, that, so long as the organ was played softly, she was wakeful, and performed her part at the 'bellows,' but when the loud playing commenced, she invariably became sleepy, and the failing wind would soon give notice that she had sunk into slumber. At night, in her sleep, she would sing for hours together, although she had never been heard to sing in her wakeful moments, being in a very unhappy frame of mind.

"We have spoken of her somnambulistic habits. To this should be added still another *accomplishment*, that of 'clairvoyance.' The most marked instance of the latter was shown in a declaration by her, that a young lady member of the family, who had been absent in a distant city for several weeks, was sick. She seemed in great distress of mind about it, but was assured that she had just been heard from and was quite well. But she would not be quieted, and declared that the young lady was ill, and suffering much from a very bad sore upon her hand. And this proved to be exactly as she had stated, and is only another evidence of this extraordinary power, of which science now allows the existence, though it cannot fully explain it. These things are mentioned here simply on account of the possible bearing they may have on the physiological aspect of this remarkable case. The question may be asked, Why during the long continuance of these strange phenomena, which occurred nearly every day for a period of ten weeks, was no scientific investigation instituted? We answer, that such a one was sought for by the family and others interested. At the end of four weeks from the commencement of the phenomena a plain statement of facts was made in writing, and submitted with proper indorsement to two of the learned professors of one of our educational institutions, with the request that some proper person might be sent to witness and experiment. To our surprise the communication was treated with contempt, and returned with the statement that we were being imposed upon; that such things could not take place save through the agency of some person; they advised constant watchfulness in order to discover the 'trickery.' As may be supposed, after meeting with such a rebuff, a second attempt to invoke the assistance of these wise men would not soon be made. However, acting upon the only advice they did volunteer, 'constant watchfulness' was maintained; the girl being watched in every available manner to detect the

tricks, if any were attempted. It is sufficient to say that the question of her honesty and innocence in the matter was put beyond a shadow of doubt. It was at this time that a daily journal of the occurrences was commenced, and continued so long as the phenomena lasted; and from this journal the instances noticed in these pages are taken."

Were this case now first published in the *Spiritual Magazine*, we should expect it to be received with the same scornful incredulity with which other narratives we have given, knowing them to be true, have been encountered. But as it appears in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the leading magazine on the American Continent, and in high repute among ourselves, it will perhaps command a little more attention. The case is similar to that of Angelique Cottin, of which the account given by Arago, has been often quoted; and to that of Charlotte Smith, the "Infant Magnet," as she was called, which excited much attention a few years ago;—by simple contact, and without the slightest effort, she would lift heavy irons, chairs and other articles, despite the efforts of the strongest men to prevent it; but when completely insulated the power altogether ceased. We do not say that these physical phenomena are of spiritual origin; so far as reported there is no evidence to connect them with intelligence. That Mary Carrick is a natural medium (as Charlotte Smith has proved to be) we do not doubt, and had she been placed under the care of intelligent Spiritualists the links wanting to complete the chain of evidence would in all probability have been supplied. That no intelligence was elicited at the sham circle held by the family in which she was the servant is no presumption to the contrary, when we consider that the primary conditions were wanting,—that instead of being at ease in a passive or receptive state, the poor simple-hearted girl was seated, "highly excited," and "terror-stricken," in the midst of a circle sceptical and hostile to the belief in spirit-communication, who regarded it as "folly," and who, the writer tells us, "in all seriousness went through the *farce* of inviting communications from the spirits present."

It is amusing to note the simplicity with which the writ records "our surprise" at "the contempt" with which "communication was treated" by the "learned professors" whom a plain statement of the facts with proper indorsement had been submitted; apparently quite oblivious to the circumstance that they were only treating it in the same spirit manifest by himself "concerning the so-called doctrine of Spiritualism and which he displayed to those Spiritualists who applied the privilege of being admitted to see the girl and witness phenomena. His testimony, however, to the facts—being that

a "thorough sceptic" to this doctrine—is the more valuable. We are glad to learn from him "that science now allows the existence of clairvoyance, though it cannot fully explain it;" which must be very condescending on the part of science after having so long declared clairvoyance, as it now declares Spiritualism, to be "impossible."

We trust that our "thorough sceptic to the so-called doctrine of Spiritualism" may be led to continue his investigations. In accepting clairvoyance he is already on the threshold of Spiritualism. If the correct description of distant persons and of what has happened to them proves this doctrine of clairvoyance, correct descriptions of persons unknown to the clairvoyant who have departed this life equally proves the doctrine of Spiritualism,—that the vision of the seer transcends the conditions of matter as well as the conditions of space.

Whatever may be the elements or forces concerned in the production of such physical phenomena as is related in the case above given, there is abundant evidence to shew that under proper conditions, and in circles for genuine investigation, invisible beings employ these elements and forces, use them for definite ends, and superinduce manifestations of intelligence, volition and personal identity. As in the phenomena described in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "learned professors," may ignore this, may deny that these things can take place or attribute them to imposture; but in good time we shall no doubt be told, as the writer of this article tells us of clairvoyance—"Of this extraordinary power, science now allows the existence, though it cannot fully explain it." We congratulate him that in recognising the reality of clairvoyance, and the genuineness of the physical phenomena he has placed before us, he has at all events crossed the *pons asinorum* and parted company with the professors.

SEPARATION.

And yet this may be less so than appears,
 This change and separation. Sparrows five
 For just two farthings, and God cares for each.
 If God is not too great for little cares,
 Is any creature, because gone to God?
 I've seen some men veracious, nowise mad,
 Who have thought or dreamed, declared and testified
 They've heard the dead a-ticking like a clock,
 Which strikes the hours of the eternities,
 Beside them, with their natural ears, and know
 That human spirits feel the human way,
 And hate the unreasoning one which waves them off
 From possible communion. It may be.

Mrs. Browning.

TWELVE MONTHS' SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA.

By J. H. POWELL.

PART II.

IN my last communication I promised to detail some experiences with Anderson, the spirit-artist, and other mediums.

I gladly availed myself of a complimentary ticket to a *soirée* at Mr. Anderson's rooms for the benefit of one of the New York Spiritualist societies. Before the programme of the evening began, I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. The former is tall, dark, with dreamy expression of countenance; the latter a short spare woman, quick in thought, and of an extremely sensitive nature. Mr. Anderson kindly took me into his picture gallery, and into the room in which he sits, with the room darkened, pencil in hand, for portraits of the departed. His wife sits in a room immediately under him. Both enter the entranced state, and remain so during the sitting; meantime, through Mr. Anderson's hand some portion of a picture is transferred to the paper, which is pinned against the wall. The picture may be finished in one or two sittings, or it may take many sittings, according to size and work. I saw some pictures life-size, which took them nearly twelve months, and required numerous sittings. It is probable that either could obtain pictures alone, as both are mediums, but not with such rapidity and perfection. This, I think, will be readily understood by those who have studied the philosophy of magnetism.

I could only take a cursory glance at the various pictures in Mr. Anderson's gallery, before the entertainment in the room below commenced; but Mr. Anderson having promised to favour me with a sitting, I determined to reserve till then a closer inspection of them. On my second visit I found Mr. and Mrs. Anderson at leisure, and gleaned from them various particulars of their past history.

Mr. Anderson's development commenced in the workshop; he was engaged as a coach-painter, had little knowledge of painting, and no faith whatever in Spiritualism. One day a gentleman entered the shop or factory where our coach-painter was at work, and left in his charge a large sheet of drawing paper, promising to call for it in the course of an hour or so. During the interim, Anderson went to sleep, and awoke somewhat confused. The gentleman called for the drawing paper, when, to his amazement, he found upon it a

executed likeness of a deceased friend. He called Anderson, but Anderson was as ignorant of how the painting was produced as himself. Soon after this incident spirits began to appear to him, and hold audible converse. He was told that he must quit coach-painting for portrait-painting. He obeyed, and thus launched on the ocean of Spiritualism.

After our conversation closed, Mr. Anderson fetched a large sheet of drawing paper, and bade me tear off a corner. I did so. He then left me to inspect the various pictures in the gallery, whilst he and his good lady went to sit for a spirit-drawing. I took note of my watch. In 28 minutes, Anderson brought me a drawing of an ethereal face, the head wreathed in flowers. On inquiry, I learned that the picture was intended for my little girl, Marion, who went to the angels at the age of 17 months. I think I never saw a more spiritual face. I looked at it a long time but could not trace a likeness. Had Marion lived in the form she would at that time have been about 14 years of age. Charles H. Forster described her as about 16. Anderson's portrait was about the same age, to all appearance. My wife, had she seen it, might possibly have traced some resemblance to our child; as it was, I could not accept the picture as a test, although I admired it much, and could feel only delighted to think that my cherub in heaven looked so divinely beautiful.

It is proper to say in this place, that I have in my travels met several persons who have had pictures from Anderson, which they declare to be very like the persons for whom they were intended. I afterwards, through Mansfield, was told by the alleged spirit of Marion, that her grandfather's spirit said that her likeness was a good one, excepting a little too much length in the outline. Putting aside the question of recognition, I was astounded at the rapidity with which the picture was produced. The wreath of flowers, circling the head, I am convinced would have taken any ordinary artist several hours.

I saw several letters speaking in the highest terms of pictures taken by Anderson. One from Robert Dale Owen states, that at the request of Mr. Anderson he tore two corners from a piece of drawing paper, and after 28 or 30 minutes, Mr. Anderson brought him a correct likeness of a friend who had been in the spirit-world 37 years. Mr. Owen makes this statement without the solicitation of Mr. Anderson, hoping it may do him good. I remarked to Mr. Anderson that I thought I understood the philosophy of allowing persons for whom he sits to tear off a corner or two of the drawing paper. My theory is that the person requiring a spirit-likeness, by handling the paper, and retaining a portion, connects his or her magnetism with the spirit and spirit-artists controlling the

medium. He agreed with me; adding that sceptics who sat for portraits believed that by holding a corner or two of the paper, they had satisfactory means of detecting imposition.

There is one picture life-size, which should be photographed. It is the portrait of an Indian chief. He stands up full dressed, pipe in hand, and feathers girdling his waist. There are pencil touches in it which I think could not be surpassed. There is also a picture of an Indian squaw, smaller, yet life-size: it is well executed, but pales before that of the great chief. Two portraits of Benjamin Franklin, a few smaller pictures, and a few heads, make up the gallery. I was permitted to inspect an unfinished picture of a group of spirit-figures. It bids fair to eclipse any I had seen as a work of art. I particularly noticed the almost inimitable delicacy and naturalness of detail in Mr. Anderson's best pictures. Nothing seemed either omitted or overdone. Each told the whole story it was intended to convey.

Mrs. Anderson is also a *clairvoyante* and developing medium. I was invited to sit with her. Marion came to me, bearing a banner with the motto, "*Truth and Justice—ever upward and onward.*" She was followed by little "Violet," a child spirit, who interested me much with her quaint remarks, which betokened a wisdom above the average of children on earth.

I could not count on my fingers the number of mediums, neither can I remember the names of some of them, who, at different times and places have described my spirit-friends, and especially darling Marion. Before I proceed with my own experiences, I transcribe a letter written, sealed, and sent to Mr. Mansfield, by my little girl Jessie, under nine years of age, and posted from Vineland, N. J.

Vineland, Box 158, N. J.

MY DEAR SISTER MARION,—Do you know the pleasure it gives me in being able to write to you? and do you know how I long to see you, and to know all about your beautiful spirit-home? I do so often wish I had a sister here in this world, that I could talk to and play with. Do you think you will be able some day to write through me?—and do you love me?—and do you love Harry, and George, and Baby? We all love you dearly, and talk about you almost every day. Do you remember Walter, how he used to play with you, and love you, and your aunt Ellen? Will you send them both a little message?

My dear sister Marion,
I hope you are well;
And if you are,
I pray you tell.

Accept a sweet kiss of
love, from Mother, Harry, &
Baby, and me.

From your loving sister,

JESSIE POWE

The above letter was accompanied with a private one from Mr. Mansfield, containing a couple of little pictures, cut from an old almanac, which Jessie in perfect simplicity de-

him to give to Marion for her. I had nothing to do with the correspondence whatever. I was at the time nearly five hundred miles from home.

Through Mr. Mansfield came this answer to the sealed letter:—

MY DARLING SWEET SISTER—How can I sufficiently thank you for allowing me to come to you through this mortal source? When dear grandfather Powell came to me, and said, "My dear angel grandchild, haste—haste away to talk with thy little sister, Jessie, who has succeeded in opening an avenue that reaches from earth to Summer-land: she has placed herself receptive to favourable conditions, and is just outside awaiting you;" so frantic with delight was I, I could not for a moment reply to my dear grandfather; but collecting myself as best I could, I started off in haste for this medium, who now acts as amanuensis for me to talk with you, and my dear father, mother, and brothers. O! my darling sister, many years ere you was born, I had become a dweller of the shadowy realms; and no one was more delighted than your spirit-sister Marion, when it was announced I had a sister in mortal form. Day by day would I come to you, and dear mother, and fancy myself really with you. But you could not quite see me; so, year after year, have I visited you, and our dear parents, and all that I could possibly do to harmonise and bless your surroundings, have I done.

Grandma, darling one, is so kind—so fond of me; she calls me to her almost daily, and we go hand in hand all over these beautiful plains—through shady groves—along the banks of beautiful, and yet deep rivers. Sometimes we take grandpa with us, and not long since we were accompanied by Sacha, the once and will-be-again wife of that dear Mr. Home, the pioneer of Spiritualism in Europe. She is a dear spirit; the pet of all that know her. Oh! my dear, sweet sister Jessie, I long to have you with me in Summer-land, and yet I see your years are many on earth. But be they few or many, they will soon pass by, and you, and mother, father, Harry, George, and baby will join our happy circle, never more to be separated.

When you think of me, do not think of me as dead and buried underneath the shade of that cold, dark, and dismal wall, where they placed all that was mortal of your spirit-sister; but imagine me in my spirit-home in Summer-land; think too, my dear sister, that you will come here by-and-by, and find a bower too beside mine, that I have builded and embellished with rosebuds and evergreen, for you, my sweet sister Jessie.

Now again, I wish to impress on your mind, and the same on the minds of all the dear family, I am not now the little child I was fourteen years ago. I am in stature as large or as tall as I would have been had I tarried in the body-form until the present time.

I have several times attempted to shew myself in such a way that I could impress my personal appearance on the medium, and have but once succeeded. Father has seen the attempt, but cannot recognize it as being his sweet Marion. But it is a faithful likeness, so says grandfather, with one exception, that is the length of the features; grandfather says they are too round for my face now, other than that, they could not be improved upon. Will you thank the artist and his dear companion, for allowing me to come to them as I did. I will bless them ever.

Now, my dear sister, you would know "if I will ever be able to write through your hand." As to that, I will say I hope so. Tell mother I will through her, if she will allow me to shew confidence in her medium power.

I do not remember about Walter playing, I may after a while. Say to Walter and aunt E., that we shall meet again.

Kiss dear father and darling mother, and our brothers, for me. Accept thousands for your own dear self, my sister Jessie.

From your sister in Spirit-land,

MARION POWELL.

I thank you—I thank you for your pictures.—MARION.

To me this correspondence between my little daughter Jessie and her spirit-sister is exceedingly interesting. I present the correspondence (which I have copied *verbatim*), leaving the reader to form his own conclusions. Mr. Mansfield's mediumship in answering sealed letters, I have already described in my former paper.

I accepted an engagement to lecture two Sundays in Brooklyn, and for the first time availed myself of the opportunity of visiting Plymouth Church to hear Henry Ward Beecher. I was highly interested in the sermon, which was as full of Spiritualism as one could wish, and in which he especially protested against the gross belief in the resurrection of the physical body. The church is large and circular, capable of accommodating nearly 2,000 people. There is no preacher on this Continent so popular as Henry Ward Beecher; wherever he speaks the church or lecture-hall is full to overflowing.

At one of my lectures at Brooklyn I met an old gentleman, Mr. J. P. Wilkinson, verging on 80. He had come from the country for the first time to sit with a medium, and I suppose mine was the first lecture on Spiritualism he had ever heard. I met him at a private house the next day, when he told me, with tears streaming from his aged eyes, of his experiences with a Miss Griffin, a medium, residing at Brooklyn; and he handed me a communication from his son in the spirit-life. Here it is:—

Yet a little while I am with you now; yet it will not be a very great while, ere you will be with me, and my mother too. My death was like going to sleep quiet and peaceful. What rest—what happiness I enjoy! Still it could not be so if denied the privilege of visiting you.

There is nothing happens by chance here. Oh, no! It was right for me to go. My dear father, forgive me if I was not always right: I was too fond of my own way. I am carrying out all my plans here. Don't grieve for me; it makes me feel sad. But when you sit down in the quiet evening, and think of me, do not think me lost; I am around you, infinitely more happy than I could have been on earth; surrounded by every advantage—wonderfully cared for. There are few who live right in this world. If I had lived, I would not have been all you anticipated for me. . . Now, just look at it, father. Suppose I had lived—gone into the world, as I desired—how much worse you would feel than you do now to see me cheat and do wrong, like the world. God doeth all things well. You will not have to part from me: I will come to you: it will be a happy meeting. You will know then that you have been blest, for often when men are in the greatest sorrow, the Lord is blessing them most. Keep a good Bright angels are around you. They bless you; for you are good to the need your help. It is not time for you to come here yet. The angel you a good work in the world yet; and that you sow in weakness will be in power. I am very sorry that I can't take some of your work. . . You are going away from here; but you are not going away from me. . . ber, you can't go without me.

I asked Mr. Wilkinson how he was satisfied that the of his son made this communication? He said the ~~was~~

gave the right name, "George," and personated the manner of his death by placing her hands firmly upon her head, and taking on herself the character of one dying from concussion of the brain. This was entirely satisfactory, for "George," who was a bricklayer or mason, lost his life from the fall of a chimney pot on his head.

I was struck with the manifest pleasure and grief of the old man, and parted with him assured that he had found a consolation in Spiritualism worth more than gold and silver.

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

ABRAHAM JAMES, THE MEDIUM.

The practical in Spiritualism in a worldly sense is exceptional. Spiritualism commands as a rule no worldly rewards. On the contrary, those who have taken a prominent part in the dissemination of this, as yet, unpopular truth, have been called upon to make many sacrifices in their efforts to sustain and to promulgate it. Even the professional mediums—most of whom have been irresistibly pressed into its service—obtain but little of this world's goods, and all who enter its portals must be content to receive their reward in something better than the mere worldling seeks for.

There are, however, instances where wealth has followed from direct spiritual guidance; and the most remarkable of this character are those discoveries made through the mediumship of Mr. Abraham James—*viz.*, the Artesian Well at Chicago, and the Oil Wells in Pennsylvania.

Mr. James's history is a highly interesting one. Of comparatively humble parentage and with a country-school education only, he commenced life on his father's farm at Chester, a small village in Pennsylvania. Leaving home he wandered about to various places, filling first a clerkship, then, having improved himself by study, he became teacher in a school, and afterwards conductor upon a railroad, commanding in all situations the regard and esteem of his employers, and bearing at all times the character of a steady, truthful young man.

In his wanderings he visited California, and there he made the acquaintance of Mr. James Chandler, who introduced to him for the first time the subject of Spiritualism, and lent him Andrew Jackson Davis's first book—*Nature's Divine Revelations*—the perusal of which opened his mind to new thoughts and to the memory of some strange personal experiences which had occurred in past years. Returning to the Northern States he met a friend who was a confirmed Spiritualist, and by him James was induced to visit a test medium, who was influenced to enact the precise scene and incidents which accompanied his mother's last hours. The medium, controlled by the spirit of his mother (who was a Quakeress), then addressed Mr. James, giving him unmistakable proofs of her identity, and concluded an earnest appeal to be true to the "silent voice within," in the following prophetic words:—"Thou art a medium thyself, and if obedient to heavenly visions vouchsafed unto thee, and to the teaching of thy spirit guides, thou shalt prove a blessing to the children of men, and departing, leave foot-prints precious with sacred memories."* This lady and "other noted mediums, not only revealed in a distinct manner his own mediumship, and the spiritual import of past premonitions and prophetic visions, but gave to his aspirational nature golden glimmerings of the great work he was commissioned to accomplish."

From this time Mr. James's spiritual gifts rapidly developed; he soon found that he possessed nearly every phase of mediumship, including trance, clairvoyance, drawing, speaking inspirationally and in many foreign languages, being in his normal condition unacquainted with any but the English tongue.

Mr. George A. Shufeldt, of Chicago, says of him—"He is a simple-minded man, perfectly truthful and upright in his character with a full knowledge of the man—his antecedents, education, history—I know it to be a perfect impossibility for him in his natural state or unaided by the higher powers, to do what he has done and what he is doing every day of his life." At this time (1835) Mr. James was at Chicago, where it is known he discovered the Artesian well, which now, it is said, supplies that city with a million and a half gallons of the finest water per day.† It is stated upon the authority of the same writer, and confirmed by hundreds of witnesses, that Mr. James, without any knowledge of the art of drawing or the science of geology, drew a series of maps illustrating the formation and stratification of the earth's crust

* *Vide Biographical Sketch of Abraham James*, by J. M. PEEBLES, a very interesting book recently published.

† See *Spiritual Magazine*, Vol. I., New Series, page 3.

in that vicinity, before the work was commenced, and which proved subsequently when boring for the spring (discovered at the depth of 700 feet), to be strictly accurate and truthful. These drawings are said to be artistic, though they were done with great rapidity (the medium being unconscious, in a state of trance), "with from two to six pencils, and with one or both hands, each pencil doing a separate part of the work at the same time. It makes no difference whether it be in the light or dark, and indeed the best pictures are done in a dark room."

THE OIL WELLS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The discovery made a few years ago of petroleum in Pennsylvania has been a mine of wealth to some of the adventurers; but as they sink their wells by guess work from surface examinations many have failed, and much labour and capital have been wasted.

The success which attended Mr. James's clairvoyant discovery at Chicago, brought him many tempting offers to visit the oil-well region of Pennsylvania; but his uniform reply was—"Gentlemen, I must move in these matters as I am moved upon," and for some time he resisted all temptations. At length, when entranced at a spiritual circle, he said, "The time is near when we shall take this medium into that country, and open up a vast territory in strict harmony with the principles of geological science—a territory rich in this production not ever dreamed of now by oil companies. The oil stratum will be fully reached by drilling through the fourth sand So sure as the prophet said, 'The rocks shall pour forth rivers of oil,' so sure will this work when commenced eclipse all others in that direction."

On the 31st of October, 1866, Mr. James made his first visit to Pleasantville in Pennsylvania, accompanied by three gentlemen, to examine some property belonging to one of the party, situated three miles south of that town. "Seated in a carriage with Mr. Eaton, they had proceeded but a little distance when Mr. James became violently influenced by his attending spirit guides. The control becoming absolute, he was taken over the fence into a lot on the east side of the road, moving rapidly, and his companions following. Reaching a certain locality, he was thrown heavily upon the ground, and making a mark with his finger, he thrust a penny some inches into the earth, and then became stiff and apparently lifeless." Partially raised up by these unseen influences, he addressed those present, and said, "in language pointed and positive, that they were then upon a superior oil-producing

territory, extending many miles in a certain direction. That directly under their feet were flowing streams of oil, that if opened would yield rich supplies." The parties present staked out the spot, "and left the penny in the precise point indicated by the spirits." "Pleasantville, then a small quiet place, is situated on high land 500 feet above Oil-creek, and entirely out of the supposed petroleum regions." Many prophecies were made by the spirits through the lips of Abraham James, and among others, it was said "that remarkable changes would be wrought in the vicinity of Pleasantville within the next two or three years. Strangers would gather from different points; the streets would be lined with people; a vast amount of business would be done; many poor would exult in a competence; old buildings would be repaired and new ones erected; and the first well, though put down amid the sneers and the jeers of the thoughtless, would become the Mecca whither thousands would flock to behold the oil bubbling and flowing, as from a perpetual fountain."

The land being leased, Mr. James left Pennsylvania, visiting Boston and other cities, where he proclaimed the fact that the spirits had fixed upon the spot for commencing operations; and after the lapse of some months the necessary capital was obtained. The work was commenced on the 31st of August, 1867, and proceeded with incidental impediments, such as storms, frost congealing the water, and impairing the machinery; but at length in the early part of 1868 oil was struck, and speedily, within two years of the first discovery, every prediction made by the spirits was realised. Two other wells followed. The three were named by the spirits Harmonial Wells, Nos. 1, 2, & 3; and each one was yielding an average of 100 barrels per day. Mr. James has since "located" many others, and, contrary to all previous experience in the oil regions, there has been absolutely no failure in anything he has done in that district under the direction of his spirit guides. Land has risen in value from 200 dollars per acre to 2,500 dollars; the quiet village of but a year ago "has all the appearance, all the stir, thrift and enterprise of a Californian city." Thirty and forty stage coaches bring their passengers daily into its streets. Many that were poor have acquired within a few months large fortunes; and, in a word, the band of spirits who selected Abraham James as their medium, have proved their power and wisdom in unfolding nature's secrets, and thereby of accumulating sufficient wealth to carry Spiritualism throughout the land; Abraham James—who has the reputation of being an entirely unselfish man of high principles, intends "building halls; supporting libraries for children's Progressive Lyceums

sustaining able and faithful lecturers; and spreading generally through wisest methods the principles of this true and beautiful philosophy."

Mr. Peebles, the writer of the narrative which I have epitomised, is himself a man of high character, and an earnest worker in the cause. He has visited Pleasantville, and vouches for the facts. He knows Abraham James intimately, and speaks of him as a man of sterling worth; of tender sympathies; of boundless liberality; and one who seeks only to know and do the will of God through and by his angelic messengers.

The progress of this great work will be regarded by all Spiritualists with deep interest. It is the commencement of a new era in the history of Spiritualism; wealth it appears is rapidly accumulating; the recipient has but to be faithful to his solemn trust and by diffusing this wealth through agencies in different parts of the world, Abraham James may speedily make the beneficent design of his spirit-guides an assured success.

SPIRITUALISM AT THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY.

WITHIN the last two or three years a society bearing the above title has grown up in London, its object being (as we gather from its printed report) "the philosophical consideration of all subjects with a view to the discovery and elucidation of truth." The following remarks which also occur in the introduction to the report shew the excellent theory on which the Society is based:—

The London Dialectical Society will have effected much good, if, by its means, persons are made to feel that to profess a belief on a disputed question with regard to which they refuse to examine the evidence, is an act altogether unworthy of a rational being; and that the only method of arriving at truth is by submitting one's opinions to the test of unsparing and adverse criticism. Freedom of speech and thought are, not less than personal freedom, the natural birthright of all mankind. To refrain from uttering opinions because they are unpopular, betokens a certain amount of moral cowardice,—engendered by long-continued persecution. To state fearlessly the truth, or what we believe to be the truth, even though it be held only by a few, is the act of all who consider the exercise of private judgment a right, and the extension of human knowledge a duty. But society generally has not yet reached such a stage of progress, as to allow individuals to give expression to their honest and deliberate convictions, without inflicting upon them penalties more or less severe. The effect of this is to deter men from expressing opinions, which might be corrected if erroneous, and accepted if true. In the London Dialectical Society, however, not only will no person suffer obloquy on account of any opinion he may entertain or express, but he will be encouraged to lay before his fellow-members the fullest exposition of his views. Even if this were not so, it is to be hoped that Members of the Society will possess sufficient moral courage to disregard, in the interests of Truth, that social tyranny—the weapon of Ignorance and Intolerance.

“ They are slaves who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
 Rather than in silence shrink
 From the truth they needs must think.
 They are slaves who dare not be
 In the right with two or three.”

Let us be mindful of the fact, that throughout the whole history of the world, the voice of Authority has constantly opposed new truths; and with an earnest desire both to learn and teach, let us zealously follow the practice of Dialectics, unaffected by the praises of some, undeterred by the denunciations of others, but conscious of honesty and purity of motive, and desirous for the wisdom and happiness of Man.

On Wednesday evening, January 6th, the subject on which a paper was read, and discussion afterwards took place, was “Spiritualism.” It will be seen, from the following brief account, how far some of the members were from carrying into practice the theory above quoted as the fundamental principle of the Society.

It is to be regretted that in a meeting composed to a very large extent of scientific men, none of those gentlemen of scientific repute who have embraced the doctrines of Spiritualism should have been present to speak in its defence; and we cannot but think it would have been a graceful act of courtesy on the part of the Society had they invited any of those gentlemen whose names were frequently mentioned during the discussion, *e.g.*, Professor De Morgan, Mr. Varley, Mr. Wallace, Mr. W. Howitt, &c.

It must, however, in fairness, be said that Spiritualists could not complain on the whole of the way in which the subject was handled by this Society. The reader of the paper, Dr. Cameron, whilst fully conceding the reality of the phenomena, and repudiating the idea of trickery, confessed to the same difficulty as to the source of them to which Professor De Morgan pleads guilty in the preface to *From Matter to Spirit*. Dr. Cameron however, stated that he had devoted as much time as possible for the last ten years to an examination of the subject, and that he was “naughty enough” still to hold a *séance* on Sunday afternoon for its further elucidation. He spoke as any sensible man would speak of the absurdity of Faraday’s theories of “involuntary muscular action,” “unconscious cerebration, &c.” and of the ridiculous requisitions he made to avoid Mr. Home’s challenge; and also alluded with regret to the closeness with which Professor Tyndal followed in Faraday’s steps by refusing to convince himself of the truth of the phenomena. He also dwelt on the statistics of the growth of Spiritualism in the United States in England and on the Continent. Dr. Edmunds in opening the discussion, made an allusion to a “crop of fools,” for which he was promptly called to order, and then went on to confess that he also had entered on the study of Spiritualism, but with considerable prejudice in favour of the “laws of nature.”—

that is, the laws of nature *as understood by himself*. He had found Spiritualism run counter to these, and therefore it was all trickery and imposture, &c. Another gentleman followed in the same strain, adding that Spiritualists were generally men of no creed, were, in fact, Materialists who, in their unconscious strivings after *something* had lighted upon this, the last new heresy. A second was glad to notice the spread of Spiritualism, regarding it as "the last gasp" of Religionism altogether. Dr. Roberts shifted his ground in an illogical way from the truth of the phenomena to their *utility*, and repeated the original remark that when the spirits would warn him of the fluctuations of the money market he would believe in them. "Why did they not warn the passengers by the *London*," &c.? Decided Spiritualists were represented only by two speakers, whose names we failed to catch; but these did battle very fairly for their opinions, and many others declared themselves in favour of the truth of the phenomena, though they could not accept the spiritual explanation. Even Mr. Bradlaugh, while regarding spirit as only a product of the animal organization, confessed to having witnessed the facts laid claim to by Spiritualists under circumstances where delusion or imposture was impossible. Truly 'a Saul among the Prophets!'

The discussion proved so animated, and occupied so much time, that an application is to be made to the Council for its resumption on some subsequent evening. In the meantime a Committee is formed to meet and test the phenomena, and report progress at the adjourned debate.

This—although not much perhaps—strikes us as a step in the right direction. It is, at all events, breaking new ground. The subject is admitted as a possibility amongst a class of men too prone to mistake their knowledge of the "laws of nature" for those laws themselves, and to follow the unworthy example of a Tyndall or a Brewster, shutting their eyes to facts lest they should happen to discover something unpopular.

The Society meets on alternate Wednesdays at 32A, George Street, Hanover Square. The adjourned debate, therefore, cannot occur before the month of February, as Wednesday, January 20th, is already appropriated to the discussion of "The connection of Metaphysics with Theology." It may not be amiss, then, for those Spiritualists who feel an interest in the matter to obtain a report of the Society's proceedings from the Secretary, D. H. Dyte, Esq., at the above address; as a list of members is appended, and each member has the right of introducing a friend, whilst visitors as well as members take part in the discussion. It should also be added that ladies are admitted and invited to speak. If Mrs. Hardinge could only be pre-

vailed upon to avail herself of this privilege, she would be able to enlighten and please the members on both sides of the question.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE METROPOLIS.

THIS winter a series of weekly conferences on subjects of interest in connection with Modern Spiritualism was commenced in London; we believe the first of the kind in this country. It was tried as an experiment, and it has been eminently successful. The attendance has been good, and the interest so considerable, that at the close of the first series of six conferences, it was resolved to carry them on without interruption through the winter season; and funds were forthwith subscribed to continue them at Lawson's Rooms, 145, Gower Street, Euston Road, on Monday evenings, at eight o'clock.

Mr. Thomas Shorter, by request, delivered the Inaugural Address, in which, after adverting to the circumstances in which the meetings had originated, he pointed out the need of these Conferences, the uses they might serve, and the spirit in which it was hoped they would be conducted.

The following subjects have engaged the attention of the Conference:—"What reliable evidence have we that Spirits commune with Man?" "What are the dangers of Spiritual Intercourse, and how may they be avoided?" "What are the best methods of obtaining Spirit-Communications?" "How may we promote Spiritualism in this Metropolis?" "Can the phenomena called 'Spirit-Manifestations' be accounted for on any other hypothesis than that of the agency of disembodied Spirits?" "What is Spiritualism?"

With two exceptions, the subject has each evening been opened, and at its close a *resumé* of the discussion has been given, by Mrs. Emma Hardinge. Miss Houghton, Mrs. Spear, Messrs. Burns, Chevalier, Cooper, Harper, Home, Jencken, Knitesmith, Shorter, Simkiss, Spear, and others, have taken part in these discussions, which have elicited many interesting experiences, and much valuable argument.

Last summer the plan of a Spiritual Institute was circulated among the friends of Spiritualism in the Metropolis and provinces. It was proposed to obtain a central building, which should combine with a publishing house a Lecture Hall, Children's Lyceum, a library, rooms for committee meetings and *séances*, and a secretary's office for inquiry, and wh

Registry of Spiritualist Societies and Circles with their times and places of meeting, and of mediums, lecturers, and persons willing to correspond with and give information to enquirers, or who would otherwise assist the promotion of Spiritualism, might be kept for reference. Difficulties which could not be surmounted have for the present prevented the realization of this plan, for which, indeed, the time, perhaps, is not yet ripe; but many of its several parts have, on a small scale, been begun to be separately carried out. Mrs. C. H. Spear is in attendance daily from 12 to 3, and on Wednesday evenings from 7 to 10, at 26, Bryanstone Street, Hyde Park, where the principal books and periodicals relating to Spiritualism are on sale, and where information relating to Spiritualism may be obtained; and if secretaries and those who can give the requisite information as to their several localities will co-operate, a Registry of the kind indicated will be compiled.

Rooms have also been taken at 2, Great Coram Street, Russell Square, to serve as a Central Home, where *séances* are held every Thursday evening, and where committee and other small meetings may be held.

Mr. Burns, we understand, contemplates removing as early as practicable to a more central business position: we shall then have a publishing house, and a good library of works on Spiritualism, and progressive subjects generally, where they will be easily accessible, and so supply a want which has been long felt.

At the East end of London a few Spiritualists (consisting chiefly of working men) have formed themselves into the "East London Association of Spiritualists," and at their invitation Mrs. Hardinge has delivered three lectures on Spiritualism at the Stepney Temperance Hall, Mile End Road, with the best effect. The lectures were well attended, questions were asked by the audience, and both the lectures and the answers to questions gave great satisfaction. We commend the example of this Association to Spiritualists in other parts of the Metropolis and its neighbourhood.

As an instance of the interest Spiritualism is exciting in the Metropolis—even where it might be least expected—we may mention that "Spiritualism" has been the theme chosen for discussion by, and which (as shown in the preceding article) has greatly exercised, the Dialectical Society of London during the past month.

SPIRITUALISM IN SCOTLAND.

A spirited controversy on Spiritualism has been lately going on in the *North British Daily Mail*, but we do not see that either

the editor, or his colleagues in opposition to Spiritualism, make any new point against it, or do anything else, indeed, than repeat in the old way the current blunders and fallacies which have so often been corrected and exposed. Our friends in the North in this controversy have shown themselves well able to hold their own and something more—to advance their cause by the opening thus afforded them. In the metropolis we can afford to smile at such statements as that—Spiritualism is on the decline—that our meetings are less frequent—that we dare not openly avow our convictions—that Mrs. Hardinge is now silent, and the like. Our note on *Spiritualism in the Metropolis* (in type before seeing anything of this controversy) supplies some comment on these wild and reckless assertions, and our friends in Glasgow have been quite pointed and specific in denial and refutation of equally glaring mis-statements so far as they are concerned. The chief point of the opposition has been the very trite one, that some communications are unworthy of the spirits from whom they profess to emanate—a very fair specimen of what logicians call the *ignoratio elenchi*. The question not being as to the identity of the spirit with the name given in every instance (which no well-informed Spiritualist affirms), but whether these and other things are done by the agency of spirits. Besides wilful deception by spirits (for those who delight in falsehood and mystification here may carry on their practices in intercourse from the spirit-world) other sources of error and imperfections in these communications may exist; one of which—that of the communication being unconsciously influenced by the medium—is thus commented on by Clara Sherwood, one of the correspondents of the *North British Daily Mail* in this controversy:—

You will also see that, being transmitted through a medium, the message is very apt to become mixed up in some way, or influenced by the medium's peculiar ideas and phrases. To make this more plain—Mrs. A. conveys to Mrs. B. a thought in the form of a message intended for me. Mrs. B. writes it down and sends it to me, but on reading it I discover the taint. It is not a pure message from Mrs. A. to me; it has passed through a medium, and immediately I discover the handwriting, style, and phraseology of Mrs. B. Thus you will at once see the danger there is of the communication being influenced by the medium. Notice even the danger there is of mistakes occurring in the transmission of thoughts through the simple medium of words. I pause in the middle of a sentence, and thus entirely alter its meaning. I put the emphasis on a wrong word, and thus convey a wrong idea. Now communications from spirits are subject to all this danger, and far more whilst, on the other hand, there is a danger of our misunderstanding message even if we receive it correctly, for much of the language of spirits to us is necessarily symbolical, because if we were told its reality could not understand them. How, for instance, would you describe a sea landscape to a man who had been born blind? Tell him of its green slope sunny skies, and he would ask what you meant by green and sunny. You explain it symbolically to the senses he has got. Tell him it is beautiful like the touch of velvet, or sweet to you like the taste of honey, and, explanation from you, he may partially understand you, but never en

We, then, are that blind man, receiving the truth in symbols. These may fail in conveying the whole truth, and we may fail in grasping that which they do convey, and because to us they appear confused, shall we say they are not spirit messages at all? It says little for the reasoning faculties of him who would do so."

SPIRITUALISM.—MODERN SPIRITUALISM.—SPIRITISM.

It is customary with the opposition to disparage Spiritualism by calling it "Spiritism." The term, however, is incorrect and misleading. Spiritualism in its primitive and largest sense is, to adopt the dictionary definition of it, "The opposite to Materialism." It is the recognition of man as a spiritual being; and it embraces all facts and truths concerning man's spiritual nature, his future destiny, his relations to the spiritual world, and the world of spirits, and to God, the Father of Spirits. No inquiry which may throw light on these great themes is foreign to it. It thus underlies and is interwoven with all religion; it is the philosophy of the deepest thinkers of every age and clime. As remarked by Cousin, "it is the natural ally of all good causes; it sustains religious sentiment; it seconds true art; it is the support of right." It is a genuine and comprehensive term; and its spirit is catholic and progressive.

Modern Spiritualism is only a new reading of this old Gospel of Truth. It however brings it more closely home to the general apprehension and the common heart by sensuous demonstration and by proofs which appeal alike to the understanding and the affections; and perhaps by its more systematic and scientific methods of spirit manifestation, and of communion between spirits embodied and disembodied.

Spiritism is the name adopted by Allan Kardec and his followers: their most prominent and distinctive doctrine is that of re-incarnation, a doctrine which finds few adherents and little sympathy in England and America, and in France itself is vehemently opposed by M. Piérart and the Spiritualists in agreement with their brethren in England and America. To confound Spiritualism with Spiritism, then, is either ignorance or wilful misrepresentation; and is a gross abuse of terms, not unfrequently employed expressly to invoke prejudice, to degrade Spiritualism, to make it appear small and mean by restricting it to its rudimental phases only and cutting off all connection with its higher relations and uses. It is taking a part—and a very small part—for the whole. It is like giving to a universal religion the name used to designate the distinctive doctrines of a sect—as though, for instance, we were to use "Mormonism" as synonymous with "Christianity." In saying this, we mean

no disrespect to the Spiritists, who are well able to defend themselves. We wish only to mark the distinction between things different, and to expose a disingenuous artifice.

MATERNAL SPIRIT LOVE.

A distinguished physician, Dr. J. M. G., favours us with the subjoined narrative:—

“The following *historiette* points most touchingly to the guardianship of the maternal spirit, whilst the mother's body is mouldering in the soil. I had it from one to whom it was told by the widower whose wife the spirit had been on earth, and it is as authentic as any domestic event ever was. The mother's love has always been held to be the most undying of all loves; here it is surviving her ashes:—About fifteen years ago, the wife of a gentleman who resided in Sussex, passed away in her confinement with her eleventh child. The widower, unable to endure the house, every room and passage of which recalled his loss to him so painfully, removed to another abode some twenty to thirty miles off, a few months after her departure. Before doing so his own sister had joined him and now had charge of his children. The house to which they removed was an old one, with odd in-and-out ways, and such as one would be inclined to explore. A day or two after the removal to it, the aunt of the children was busied in an upper room arranging furniture, books, &c., when four of the smaller children asked her permission to roam over the new house. It was given; but after an absence of an hour or more, the aunt began to wonder where they had got to, as she ceased to hear their voices. She searched the whole of the upper parts of the house in vain, and then, in some dismay, descended to the region of the cellars. In a passage leading to one of the cellars she came upon the children flushed with excitement, and all crying out together “Oh, aunty, we have just seen mamma; and she put her hands up as if she didn't wish us to go near her; she beckoned us to come again; so we came.” “Where did you see her?” “In a dark room at the end of this passage.” The aunt went to the kitchen, lighted a candle, and told the children to lead her to the room. Arrived at it, she bid them tell her where they had seen their mamma, and they pointed out the exact spot. This the aunt proceeded, candle in hand and cautious, to explore. Her horror discovered at the spot which the children indicated, and from which the mother's spirit had descended into a deep unguarded well, into which they must all have gone on with their frolic search.

"I think this is one of the prettiest spirit stories I ever heard, and I can vouch for its truth. Spiritualists of any experience or thoughtfulness can comprehend how the spirit of the mother, stimulated by strong love and fond anxiety, might have the power of manifestation without the aid of a living fleshly medium; and they gather comfort from the *certainty* that loving footsteps are ever side by side with ours, and in circumstances of peril or trial, may give us palpable and visible evidence that their affection has not passed away with their chemical bodies."

SINGULAR DREAM.

Captain Hungerford told me a story relating to the father of Dr. John Grant, of Calcutta. The said father was a Highlander of the old school, and, returning one day much fatigued from visiting his haymakers, he sat down under the shadow of an old tower and fell asleep. He dreamed that he saw an old friend who had long been dead, and who held out his hand to him. Knowing that his friend had been dead some years, the old gentleman felt reluctant to take his hand, upon which he said, '*If you ever had any friendship for me, I entreat you to take my hand.*' Mr. Grant gave his hand, which was firmly seized, and he felt himself violently pulled up from his reclining position and dragged forward. He awoke with the shock, found himself on his feet a few paces from the tower, which immediately fell with a crash, and must have buried him in its ruins had he been still sleeping.—*Six Years in India.* By Mrs. COLIN MACKENZIE, pp. 182-3.

THE ROPE-UNTYING TRICK.

Everybody knows that the rope-untying trick was the speciality of the Davenport Brothers, but everybody may not know that it was done infinitely better by the Indians of the Upper Missouri, long before either Jackson Hartz or the Davenports were born. A friend of ours, now residing in Alton who spent many years of his early life as an Indian trader in the Yellow Stone Region, informs us that the Assiniboin tribe were remarkably skilful at this "spiritual manifestation." He has frequently seen their chief "medicine man" allow himself to be stripped to his breech clout, tied at every joint, from toes to neck with buffalo thongs, then rolled in a blanket and tied again, then rolled in a buffalo robe and tied the third time, until he was apparently as helpless as a log. In this condition the "red-skinned medium" was placed in a small tent sur-

rounded by a ring of spectators, and an Indian drum, flute, and a gourd of water laid by his side. Within three minutes the drum and flute would be heard, and at the end of five "Mr. Lo" walked out untrammelled. And the men who tied him were whites, who had bet heavily against the performance of the feat.—*St. Louis Republican.*

FIRE TEST.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

"15, Ashley Place, Victoria Street, S.W.

"SIR,—I state facts without explanation or comment.

"On the 27th December, I was sitting with nine other persons in my drawing-room. Mr. D. D. Home left the table, went to a bright fire, took thence a lump of "living coal," brought it red to the table, and placed it on my head: not a hair was singed, nor did I sustain any injury; the coal remained on my head about a minute. Mr. Home then took it and placed it in Mrs. Hall's hand without injury to her, and he afterwards placed it in the hands of two of our guests. The gas light and two candles were burning in the room. I add that the nine other persons present would depose to these facts. Your obedient Servant,

S. C. HALL.

[At the Conference at Lawson's Rooms, January 14th, Mr. H. D. Jencken, who was present on this occasion, publicly stated the facts here given by Mr. Hall; and added several instances of the same kind which he had witnessed. The Fire Test, he said, had now been seen recently at different times by more than fifty persons in the Metropolis and its neighbourhood.—EDITOR.]

A NEW ECSTATIC.

The *Impartial de Soignies* devotes five columns to a description of a new ecstatic, named Louise Lateau. It appears from the statement of the Belgian journal that for some months past this young girl presents every Friday the phenomena which are called the stigmata of the Passion. She has on her hands, feet and over the heart sanguineous blisters which exude abundantly. The ordinary functions of life are suspended. The eyes open and turned obliquely towards heaven, appear to be attentive fixed on some object. The pupils are dilated, the face is pale, the mouth partially opened, and the features express a sentiment of admiration, mingled with a sweet sorrow. At times the object she seems to contemplate produces a painful starting. When in ecstasy, she is in catalepsy. At three o'clock she starts up

at once, and suddenly flings herself on the flags, without the least attempt to protect her face with her hands. Yet she receives no injury. She remains for an hour in this horizontal position, her arms and feet crossed. About 4.30 she raises herself quickly without any assistance, her arms still in the form of a cross, as if some invisible power had placed her in this vertical position. She then falls on her knees, next sits down, and in about ten minutes the body is subjected to a kind of torsion, and the Ecstatic of Bois d'Haine—for so she is called—throws herself supine on the ground. Then it is that she is waked up; but to accomplish this the persons about her must belong to the Order of the Passion.—*Star, January 21st.*

MR. HOME'S MANIFESTATIONS.—LIFTING OF A HEAVY BOOK-CASE—EXTRACTING ALCOHOL—LEVITATION OF THE BODY.

We make the following extracts from a letter to *Human Nature* for January last, signed H. D. Jencken, and dated from Norwood. Mr. Jencken states that he has the narrative from the Hon. the ———:

Late in the month of November last the Hon. the ——— was engaged sorting papers at the family residence in ——— Square; my friend was alone in his library, and deeply intent on his work, when loud raps aroused his attention; on looking round he noticed that the book-shelf, which was 12 feet by 8, full of books, and must have weighed upwards of half a ton, raised itself horizontally off the ground 12 to 15 inches, and then bumped on the floor as it descended with a crash, so loud as to bring up the housekeeper and servants from the adjoining rooms, who, alarmed at the noise, thought some accident had occurred. After a short pause raps came, and on asking what was meant the raps spelt out—"Go to Daniel." At first the gentleman doubted his senses, but finding the message quite distinct and intelligible, at once went to Ashley House, Victoria Street, where Mr. D. D. Home resides. On entering the room he found Mr. Home absent, only Lord ——— present, who had been for some time an invalid, confined to the house. Not finding Mr. Home, the Hon. the ——— left, but being strongly impressed, as he describes it, returned about 11 p.m. By this time Mr. Home had returned, and, strange to say, all but impelled by the strong influence exerted upon him. So strangely brought together, the three seated themselves to see if the influences would produce any manifestation.

After the usual preparatory movements of the table, and raps unusually loud, Mr. Home passed into a trance state; suddenly rising up he stepped into the adjoining room, with a bottle of cognac and a wine glass; this he filled with brandy, and then, holding the glass high over his head, proceeded to the window. From the centre of the glass a bluish light appeared, increasing in intensity until finally a flame two or three inches long rose out of the glass, flickering up and down, at times becoming extinguished. Mr. H. was now raised bodily off the ground, so high that the flame point rising out of the glass appeared to touch the ceiling. After two or three minutes he descended to the floor, and then the phenomenon occurred of the brandy being extracted from the glass. The Hon. the ——— says he could visibly see the brandy as it was extricated, but to satisfy Lord ——— of this, Mr. Home inverted the empty wine glass upon his lordship's hand. The same agency that had removed the liquid now poured it back into the glass, and the fluid, as it filled the glass, could be seen falling. The manifestation was repeated, accompanied by the click-clack sound of water falling; but this time, in all probability to satisfy Lord ———, the fluid

was poured over his hand, then over Mr. Home's hand into the glass. Mr. H. then said they would extract the alcohol, and which at once took place, filling the room with the unmistakable odour of spirits of wine.

Mr. Home had placed himself at the window which he opened, and deliberately stepped upon the ledge outside, looking on to the street, some 80 feet below, with utter unconcern. The Honourable the ——— said he shuddered, alarmed at what he was witnessing. Mr. Home noticing this stepped down and reproached his friend, saying—"Little faith, little faith; Daniel will not be injured!" After a few minutes Mr. Home deliberately stepped down from the ledge and re-entered the room, much to the relief of his two friends. The manifestations now closed, and Mr. Home awoke, as usual, very much exhausted. The first thing to do was to verify what had occurred with the brandy, and on examining the contents it was found that the alcohol had been completely extracted. This test was so far satisfactory, as it evidenced a former fact of the same kind which had happened to him.

APPARITION OF AN INDIAN OFFICER.

The *Times*, a few weeks ago, in reviewing Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft*, relates the case of an apparition of an officer, who died in India, to a young English lady, which, it says, "has quite recently fallen under our own observation." It is thus related:—

A young English lady had been betrothed to an officer before his departure to the East. During her lover's absence she was taken abroad by her mother, and on their arrival late one evening at a French inn they found it necessary to occupy rooms on different floors. As Miss C—— was in the act of getting into bed late at night, she suddenly beheld the form of her lover standing in a remote corner of her chamber. His countenance was extremely sad, and she observed that round his right arm he wore a band of crape. Indignant at the conduct of her betrothed in entering her sleeping apartment, she called on him loudly to depart; the form of her lover remained speechless, but as she lifted up her voice his brow grew yet sadder, and as he glided silently out of the room he seemed a prey to the gloomiest feelings. After a time Miss C—— summoned up sufficient courage to descend to her mother and recite her adventure. They caused diligent search to be made for the returned officer, but without success. Nor could the smallest trace of him be afterwards discovered. Several weeks later the young lady received the news of her lover's death in a general action in India.

LIFE SAVED BY A SPIRITUAL WARNING.

Mr. David S. Fuller, in a letter to the *Banner of Light, Boston*, written from Davenport, Iona, under date of November 13th, 1868, and published December 12th, writes thus:—

"In your issue of Oct. 10th, in an article from Des Moines, you make mention of the mediumship of Mrs. Hattie P. Glover, (who is now located here as a clairvoyant physician and medium.) Although she does not claim to be a test medium, she has a list of over twelve hundred names, mostly persons in this State, to whom she has given tests in the last two years, many of which are much more pointed and perfect than the one I am about to relate. I am an engineer, and have run the engine I am about to speak of nearly six years. On the evening of Oct. 27th, while receiving a communication (through Mrs. Glover) she said, 'You are in much danger of being killed before many days.' She then described a steam-boiler, the inside of which presented a foaming, gaseous appearance, and said the accident would result from that; but my spirit-friend

would try to warn me in time to avert it. I knew it meant an explosion. One week after, while about my work, an impression that seemed an audible voice came to me saying, 'Stop it.' I obeyed quickly, and stopped the engine, for I remembered the warning; found on examination my pumps choked, and the water in the boiler frothing, so that it appeared to be above the middle gang. After wetting my fire out, I found my boiler nearly empty. I cannot too sincerely thank my spirit-friends for this warning. Five minutes later, and I should never have written this article.

"Once before I was saved from a similar accident by impressions from spirits through myself. I am at times impressible, and have been used to heal by laying on of hands."

A SPIRITUAL VISIT.

The other day, in a case heard before the Sheriff at Dundee, it turned out that a husband, who was supposed to have been dead years ago, had returned to his wife after an absence of nearly fifteen years. The husband's story was curious. He said he had believed his wife to be dead, and remained wandering in South America. He then added:—"In the latter part of October, 1867, while lying in bed one fine night, I fancied I saw the form of a female figure approaching my bedside. I at first thought it was a thief, which made me grasp my revolver from under my pillow, where I always keep it at night ready for any emergency. Well, the form of a female stood by my bedside, and said, in a low voice, 'Robert, go to Dundee!' repeating the words twice. It seemed to glide towards the door, which was in the darkest part of the room, and vanished. The vision caused me great uneasiness; night and day it was never out of my mind, until at last I resolved to ship in some vessel, and proceed to Dundee as soon as possible."

A STRANGE DREAM.

An Australian paper, the *Albury Banner*, recently told a singular tale. Several months ago a man named Piall was accidentally drowned in the Murray at Thologolong and his body was not recovered for some weeks afterwards. Some time after Piall had been drowned, a boundary rider on the station named Greenwood told persons that he had dreamt that he was fishing in the Murray, and that the deceased appeared to him on the bank of the river and asked him what he was doing there. Greenwood, in his dream replied, "Oh, I am fishing for your body, as I hear you are drowned." "You needn't look there," said the shade of the drowned man, "my body is lying on yon log," at the same time pointing towards the place where the body was afterwards found.

THE *TIMES* ON DEMONOLOGY—DREAMS—BIBLE MIRACLES—GHOSTS AND SPIRIT-RAPPING.

MESSES. TEGG have been re-publishing Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft*, and the *Times* of 26th December last gives a whole page to a review of the subject. In the course of this, the reviewer gives us a notion of his capacity for the office he has undertaken; and in his out-spoken, easy way settles several incidental questions, which have hitherto been considered important. We beg our readers to listen to the oracle:—

Magic has died out, but its place has been usurped by newer forms of superstition, and although the popular errors of our day have not the same importance for the historian, they possess a painful interest to the philosopher. . . .

The causes of the belief in demons and witches lie deep in the human heart. The belief in the immortality of the soul is the main inducement to credit the occasional appearance of spirits. . . .

The phenomena of dreams shew us how us how often supernatural apparitions are presented to the sleeping sense. Sometimes the patient may retain sufficient consciousness as to recognize the familiar objects around him, and in such a case it becomes futile to argue with him against the reality of his dream. The undeniable facts lend weight to those to which we cannot reasonably assent. Again, if such an event as the death of the person dreamt of should occur so as to correspond with the nature and the period of the apparition, the mere coincidence seems perfect and the evidence complete. But if we consider how often such coincidences must occur, since dreams almost always refer to the accomplishment of the ideas which absorb the mind when awake, we need not experience the smallest surprise. . . .

The broad truth now universally recognized by educated persons in all countries, that we cannot accept the authority of Scripture in matters of physical science, and that it is therefore idle to quote the Old or New Testament to establish a scientific doctrine, was hardly recognized in its fulness by Sir Walter Scott. He is at pains to discover whether the "wise men of Pharaoh were sorcerers or conjurors; whether they obtained their art from supernatural powers or from sleight-of-hand." For our own part, we do not hesitate to reply, from the latter. The Egyptians were a cunning and a cute people, and, for aught we know, they may have acquired the art of legerdemain ten thousand years ago. What more probable, then, than that they who lived by the impostures of Isis should pretend in other matters to the possession of supernatural powers? . . .

The explanation of the phenomenon is easy. The female choristers were placed and sang in an adjoining room, and our hero fired at their reflection which had been thrown into the room by a concave mirror. *And either in this manner, or through some physical causes we believe all apparitions of ghosts may be explained.* . . .

What we have said of ghosts and witches will apply equally well to the forms of superstition—spirit-calling and rapping, mesmerism, and chiro-mancy. The nearest approximation to exact evidence in this case generally is that of some person who has himself received the story at second hand, or often who is merely acquainted generally with the persons to whom the happened, or with the localities mentioned. In the so-called "spirit-rapping" in the vast majority of cases the professor of the art—in their language medium—is a mere mercenary cheat, who enriches himself at the expense of the credulous vulgar. . . .

We have dwelt long upon this case, both because it shews in a manner the credulity of even some well-educated and cultivated minds—a simple explanation which can be often applied to the most startling ap-

We cannot help wishing that the reviewer had given us his name. If we can find it out we will certainly make it public. To us it reads like the joint production of Professor Tyndall and his friend Mr. Palgrave. At all events it is foolish enough for both of them put together, with a touch of Dr. Smellfungus besides.

TWO REMARKABLE DREAMS.

THE CORPSE IN THE CELLAR.

MR. JOHN TAYLOR, the author of *Monsieur Tonson*, and who, in 1832, published his life, abounding with anecdotes of celebrated actors and actresses, relates the following circumstances, on what he affirms to be most reliable authority. The first relation he received from a Mr. Donaldson, a man well known in his day, and to whom this matter was communicated by the gentleman to whom it happened. This gentleman was a Member of Parliament, and in order to attend the House of Commons, had taken apartments in St. Anne's Churchyard, Westminster. On the evening when he took possession, he was struck with something that appeared to him mysterious in the manner of the maid-servant, who looked like a man disguised, and caused him a very unpleasant emotion. This feeling was strengthened by a similar deportment in the mistress of the house, who soon after entered his room, and asked if he wanted anything before he retired to rest. Disliking her manner, he soon dismissed her and went to bed, but the disagreeable impression made on his mind by the maid and mistress kept him long awake. At length he fell asleep and dreamed that the corpse of a gentleman, who had been murdered, was deposited in the cellar of the house. This dream, co-operating with the unfavorable, or rather repulsive, countenances and demeanour of the two women, banished all further sleep, and it being summer time, he arose about five o'clock in the morning, took his hat, and resolved to quit so suspicious a house. To his surprise, as he was leaving it, he met the mistress in the entry, dressed as if she had never gone to bed. She seemed to be much agitated, and inquired his reason for going out so early. He told her that he expected a friend, who was to arrive by a stage in Bishopsgate Street, and that he was going to meet him. He was suffered to depart, and when revived by the open air, he felt, as he afterwards declared, as if relieved from impending destruction. In a few hours afterwards he returned with a friend, to whom he

had told his dream, and the impression made on him by the maid and mistress, who only laughed at him for his superstitious terrors. However, on entering the house, they found it deserted, and calling in a gentleman who was accidentally passing, they all descended to the cellar, and actually found the corpse in the state represented in the gentleman's dream.—*Taylor's "Records of My Life,"* Vol. I., p. 66.

SECOND DREAM.—THE GAROTTER.

"The other extraordinary story," says Mr. Taylor, "I heard from what I consider unimpeachable authority. Mrs. Brooke, whom I have already mentioned, said she was drinking tea one evening, in Fleet Street, when a medical man was expected, but did not arrive till late. Apologising for his delay, he said he had attended a lady who was suffering under a contracted throat, which occasioned her great difficulty of swallowing. She traced the cause to the following circumstance. When she was a young woman, one night, sleeping with her mother, she dreamed that she was on the roof of a church struggling with a man, who attempted to throw her over. He appeared in a carter's frock, and had red hair. Her mother ridiculed her terrors, and bade her compose herself to sleep again; but the impression of her dream prevented the return of sleep. In the evening of the following day she had appointed to meet her lover at a bowling green, from which he was to conduct her home when the amusement was ended. She had passed over one field, and sung as she tripped along, when she entered the second, and accidentally turning her head, she beheld in the corner of the field just such a man as her dream represented, dressed in a carter's frock, with red hair, and apparently coming towards her; her agitation was so great that she ran with all her speed to the stile of the third field, and with great difficulty got over it. Fatigued, however, with running, she sat on the stile to recover herself, and reflecting that the man might be harmless, she was afraid that her flight on seeing him might put evil and vindictive thoughts into his head; whilst so thinking, the man had reached the stile, and seizing her by her neck, he dragged her over the stile, and she remembered no more. It appeared that he had pulled off all her clothes, and thrown her into an adjoining ditch. Fortunately, a gentleman came to the spot, and observing a body above the water, he hailed others who were approaching, and it was immediately raised. It was evidently not dead; and some of the party remarking that the robber could not be far off, went in pursuit of him, leaving others

to endeavour to revive the body. The pursuers went different ways, and some at no great distance saw a man at a public house sitting with a bundle before him; his alarm at the sight of the gentlemen determined them to examine the bundle, in which they found the lady's dress. They, of course, seized the villain, and took him before the magistrates. As soon as the lady was sufficiently recovered to give evidence, he was brought up. Immediately on seeing him the lady fainted in terror. On her revival she gave decisive evidence against him. He was committed for trial, condemned, and executed."

The medical man added, that when the lady had finished her narrative, she declared that she felt the pressure of the man's hand on her neck while she related it, and that her throat had gradually contracted from the time when the frightful event occurred. At length her throat had become so contracted that she was hardly able to receive the least sustenance. Mrs. Brooks never had an opportunity of knowing more of the lady.—*Ibid*, p. 67.

Notices of Books.

RECENT WORKS OF ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.*

THESE three latest works of Mr. Davis are all in some degree, though in different ways, autobiographical, and have an interest in that connection, apart from the consideration of their immediate subjects. What is said of one of them in the introduction might truly be said of all, that they are to some extent a continuation of *The Magic Staff*, in which Mr. Davis records his earlier experiences.

The *Memoranda* (as the title implies) is mainly, though not altogether occupied with a statement of the external facts of the writer's personal history; the others give us more the revelation of his inner life—the autobiography of the spirit—its floundering through the Slough of Despond, its ascent of the Hill Difficulty, and its passage over the Delectable Mountains

* *A Stellar Key to the Summer Land, Part I. Illustrated with Diagrams and Engravings of Celestial Scenery.*

Arabula; or the Divine Guest; containing a New Collection of Gospels. Memoranda of Persons, Places, and Events, embracing Authentic Facts, Visions, Impressions, Discoveries in Magnetism, Clairvoyance, Spiritualism. Also Quotations from the Opposition, with an Appendix, containing Zschokke's Story of Hortensia. Boston: White and Co. London: May be had of J. BUNN, Camberwell.

towards the "Summer Land," of which Mr. Davis in one of these volumes presents us with *A Stellar Key*.

"This volume," in the words of its author, "is designed to furnish Scientific and Philosophical Evidences of the Existence of an Inhabitable Sphere or Zone among the Suns and Planets of Space;"—a circular belt of refined and stratified matter, to which Mr. Davis gives the name "The Summer Land." He assures us that according to his most careful examination of its physical structure, "the fertile soils, and the lovely groves and rivers and flowers which infinitely diversify the landscapes, are constituted of particles that were once in human bodies!" These emanations, like the lights and flowers of crystals and magnets, flow forth unceasingly in millions of tons daily, into the soils of the celestial lands." We are further told that "the spirit-world is made up of the aggregate emanations, in zonal forms, of all the teeming planets of our great circle of suns, each one of which contributes its quota of spiritualized elements. . . . You may see these emanations, by means of spirit-vision, sweeping toward the South Pole, surging toward the spiritual zone, moving upward into the vast magnificent ocean of the spirit-sphere, and thus forming a vast zonal circle." Mr. Davis "has seen the flaming aura of these forms in Nature," which Science by means of the Spectrum-Analysis is now demonstrating. "And what is most remarkable and memorable is, that the seven ascending scales of spiritual zones, with their intervals of suns and planets, were discerned and described by the author, just as they were seen before he lived, and as they have been frequently perceived and pictured by others since his first account was published." And this, too, not only independently of each other, but without any external knowledge or hint of the geometrical law by which Mr. Davis considers the truth of this discovery is explained and demonstrated.

The Spiritual Universe then, according to Mr. Davis, is built up by geometrical law of emanations from the suns and planets, their products and inhabitants. The Physical Universe itself being an effect of spiritual causation through the "essences" which is "the region of 'magnesian' link' in the chain which unites the positive side the negative side or 'matter.'" "This spir must repeat on a higher scale, in reverse order. . . . career of world building." The ascending p to spirit thus corresponding to the spec matter, with this difference, that spiritual fo from its central source takes form thr individualised.

"The plane of solids is reached by

ascending action of the primordial positive Powers ;" for "everything is rooted and grounded in spirit;" the physical universe "is nothing but the covering, the material garment, the organized body of that more interior and spiritual universe which was 'not made with hands eternal in the heavens.'" Thence the correspondence between the "Summer Land" and the Winter Land—as we suppose Earth in the comparison may be designated. We may here quote the very beautiful and touching testimony of a dying child, which Mr. Davis adduces as corroborative evidence of his view of the Summer Land :—

The little child was dying. His weary limbs were racked with pain no more. The flush was fading from his thin cheeks, and the fever that for many days had been drying up his blood, was now cooling rapidly under the touch of the icy hand that was upon him.

There were sounds of bitter but suppressed grief in that dim chamber, for the dying little one was very dear to many hearts. They knew that he was departing, and the thought was hard to bear; but they tried to command their feelings, that they might not disturb the last moments of their darling.

The father and mother, and the kind physician, stood beside dear Eddy's bed, and watched his heavy breathing. He had been silent for some time, and appeared to sleep. They thought it might be thus that he would pass away, but suddenly his mild blue eyes opened wide and clear, and a beautiful smile broke over his features. He looked upward and forward at first, and then, turning his eyes upon his mother's face, said, in a sweet voice:

"Mother, what is the name of that beautiful country that I see away beyond the mountains—the high mountains?"

"I can see nothing, my child," said the mother; "there are no mountains in sight of our home."

"Look *there*, dear mother," said the child, pointing upward; "*yonder* are the mountains. Can you not see them now?" he asked, in tones of the greatest astonishment, as his mother shook her head.

"They are so near me now—so large and high, and behind them the country looks so beautiful, and the people are so happy—*there are no sick children there*. Papa, can you not see behind the mountains? Tell me the name of that land!"

The parents glanced at each other, and with united voice, replied:

"The Land you see is Heaven, is it not, my child?"

"Yes, it is Heaven. I thought that must be its name. Oh, let me go—but how shall I cross those mountains? Father, will you not carry me, for they call me from the other side, and I *must* go."

There was not a dry eye in that chamber, and upon every heart fell a solemn awe, as if the curtain which concealed its mysteries was about to be withdrawn.

"My son," said the father, "will you stay with us a little while longer? You shall cross the mountains soon, but in stronger arms than mine. Wait, stay with your mother a little longer; see how she weeps at the thought of losing you!"

"Oh, mother! oh, father! do not cry, but come with me, and cross the mountains—oh, come!" and thus he entreated, with a strength and earnestness which astonished all.

The chamber was filled with wondering and awe-stricken friends. At length he turned to his mother, with a face beaming with rapturous delight, and, stretching out his little arms to her for one last embrace, he cried: "Good-by, mother, I am going; but don't you be afraid—the strong man has come to carry me over the mountains!"

In brief, then, the *Stellar Key* may be considered as a treatise on *Spiritual Astronomy*, based on the most recent discoveries of astronomical science (of which so far as the writer deems it

bearing on his subject an admirable synopsis is presented), and his own clairvoyant perceptions confirmed by the testimony of other seers. We have not space to present his reasonings, and as this volume is only Part I. of what promises to be an extended work, it would be premature to judge of its conclusions. The theme is captivating, and the author's speculations have the boldness and freedom which distinguish all his writings. It is certainly one of the most interesting volumes, and when completed, the work will probably be one of the most valuable, that he has written.

In the *Stellar Key* we see something of the intellectual aspect and history of Mr. Davis's mind: in *Arabula* it is presented to us chiefly on the moral and spiritual side. *Arabula* is a record of experiences both personal and representative. In the one work intellect wanders through immensity, guided by "the light of stars," in search of the "Summer Land;" in the other the soul seeks for guidance from the Father of Light, that by the light within it may, though it be through darkness and stumbling mid devious paths, attain to Truth, and after all its weary wanderings find peace and rest.

Arabula is *The Light*—"The light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world,"—the *Logos*,—the *Word*,—the *Divine Sophia* or *Wisdom*,—the *Holy Spirit*; the Divine Guest which by whatever name it may be called descendeth from the "heaven of many mansions," redeeming the world, warring with and overcoming its evils, and, as men listen to its soft pleadings, lifting them ever more and nearer into the light of God.

In the selfishness of the instincts and the unregenerate intellect Mr. Davis finds the prime source of all evil in human society. It is "the original sin, the Mephistopheles that overshadows the glory of human nature." He beholds "the dark breathings of universal selfishness poisoning the very air with evil emanations—blinding, polluting, degrading, and filling with torment and consuming anxiety every human heart." This is "the opponent of *Arabula*—the devil of selfishness who fought and fled the presence of the Light of the World."

"While in the superior condition," Mr. Davis did not
 "because the *Arabula* had said, and was always say
 man's materialistic intellect: 'You must be born
 Indeed, intuitively realizing with my impersonal consci
 as I reverently did, the existence of the grand cardin
 and the inherent omniscience of the unchangeable pri
 infinity, I should have marvelled if the Light had
 human ignorance and selfishness, 'Ye must be born

Here, as it seems to us, we have the very cent
 all deep true religious teaching. It is the Chr

proclaimed in the language of a seer and teacher of the nineteenth century; and it is worth more than all the "New Gospels" of the "uncanonized Saints," with which in this volume Mr. Davis has favoured us.

Many portions of the work—interesting as they are—are only held together by some slight thread of association in the personal experience of the writer, and would well admit of detachment and separate publication. Such is the case with the chapter entitled "God revealed to Intellect," which in certain quarters might be circulated with advantage, and which we would especially commend to the consideration of those professed disciples of Mr. Davis who teach that "our theology may admit of a personal God or not," as though it were quite a matter of uncertainty or indifference; and as if without the recognition of a personal God, theology were even possible. The circumstance which led Mr. Davis to the construction of his argument is thus related by him:—

One beautiful evening in May I was reading by the light of the setting sun in my favourite Plato. I was seated on the grass, interwoven with golden blooms, immediately on the bank of the crystal Colorado of Texas. Dim in the distant West arose, with smoky outlines, massy and irregular, the blue cones of an offshoot of the Rocky Mountains.

I was perusing one of the Academician's most starry dreams. It had laid fast hold of my fancy without exciting my faith. I wept to think that it could not be true. At length I came to that startling sentence, "God geometrizes." "Vain revery!" I exclaimed, as I cast the volume on the ground at my feet. It fell close by a beautiful little flower that looked fresh and bright, as if it had just fallen from the bosom of a rainbow. I broke it from its silvery stem, and began to examine its structure. Its stamens were five in number; its green calyx had five parts; its delicate corol was five-parted, with rays expanding like those of the Texan star. This combination of five three times in the same blossom appeared to me very singular. I had never thought on such a subject before. The last sentence I had just read in the page of the pupil of Socrates was ringing in my ears—"God geometrizes." There was the text written long centuries ago; and here this little flower, in the remote wilderness of the west, furnished the commentary. There suddenly passed, as it were, before my eyes a faint flash of light. I felt my heart leap in my bosom. The enigma of the universe was open. Swift as a thought I calculated the chances against the production of those three *equations* of five in only one flower, by any principle devoid of the reason to perceive number. I found that there were one hundred and twenty-five chances against such a supposition. I extended the calculation to two flowers, by squaring the sum last mentioned. The chances amounted to the large sum of fifteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five. I cast my eyes around the forest; the old woods were literally alive with those golden blooms, where countless bees were humming, and butterflies sipping honey-dew.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings. My soul became a tumult of radiant thoughts. I took up my beloved Plato from the grass where I had tosed him in a fit of despair. Again and again I pressed him to my bosom, with a clasp tender as a mother's around the neck of her sleeping child. I kissed alternately the book and the blossom, bedewing them with tears of joy. In my wild enthusiasm, I called out to the little birds on the green boughs trilling their cheery farewells to departing day—"Sing on, sunny birds; sing on, sweet minstrels; Lo! ye and I have still a God!" Thus perished the last,

doubt of the sceptic. Having found the Infinite Father, I found also myself and my beloved ones—all, once more.*

The collection of so-called "Gospels" which Mr. Davis has incorporated in *Arabula* as illustrating its spirit, consists of passages mostly interesting and some valuable, from various writers, ancient and modern, chiefly American, thrown into a shape which we think is not indicative of good taste, to say nothing of the respect due to the sincere, if mistaken, religious feelings of the community in general. In name, form, headings, type, and division into chapter and verse, it suggests a travesty of the New Testament writers: the extracts from Theodore Parker being called "The Gospel according to St. Theodore;" those from Eliza W. Farnham, "The Gospel according to St. Eliza," and so forth; the whole thing looking like the irreverent joke (not an original or a very brilliant one) of some smart pupil of the Children's Lyceum; and is quite unworthy of Mr. Davis, as a philosopher. It is a blunder, too, the more to be regretted that it will confirm the prejudices needlessly excited against the book by the stale objections to the Bible which Mr. Davis therein goes out of his way to retail at second-hand.

In these works we note also an occasionally vague and shifting sense in the use of terms with which, if not very careful,

* The above anecdote calls to mind the touching incident related by the celebrated African traveller, Mungo Park. He says:—

"After the robbers were gone, I sat for some time looking around me with amazement and terror. Whichever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. All these circumstances crowded at once on my recollection, and I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion, however, aided and supported me. I reflected that no human prudence or foresight could possibly have averted my present sufferings. I was indeed a stranger in a strange land, yet I was still under the protecting eye of that Providence who has condescended to call himself the stranger's friend. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to shew from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsula, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not. Reflections like these would not allow me to despair. I started up, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed. In a short time I came to a small village, at the entrance of which I overtook the two shepherds who had come with me from Kooma. They were much surprised to see me; for they said they had never doubted that the Foulahs, when they had robbed, had murdered me. Departing from this village, we travelled over several rocky ridges, and at sunset arrived at Libidooloo, the frontier town of the Kingdom of Manding."

the reader may be much perplexed, as in the words, "Matter," "Mind;" "Nature," "Spirit;" which are sometimes used as inconvertible antitheses, sometimes as correlatives.

Thus, Mr. Davis tells us "Mind has been called 'immaterial;' but it is as much material as anything else. All things are really the same thing. Matter and soul, though said to be so different, actually consist of the same principle, though in different degrees of development. Soul is a more attenuated form of matter, this accounts for the imperceptibility of soul by the physical eye." This looks explicit; mind or soul (in the foregoing extract the two terms are used indifferently) it would seem are regarded only as highly refined matter, and as you convert ice into water, and that again into steam, so you have only to apply a sufficient degree of heat to further convert steam into soul; and by the reverse process to reconvert a soul into steam, and thence condense it into a block of ice; as "the two actually consist of the same principle, though in different degrees of development." Mr. Davis indeed anticipates and expressly guards against a misconception that would land us in such an absurdity, assuring us that "This is not our meaning; nor is it true in any logical sense. Our philosophy is that the universe is a twofold unity—two eternal manifestations of two substances which, at heart, are One, but eternally *twain* in 'the realms of Cause and Effect.'" But in the very next sentence to that in which this correction occurs, Mr. Davis lapses into the same confusion of expression which he foresees would, if uncorrected, lead to a misapprehension; and again speaks of Matter and Mind as "interchangeable, convertible, essentially identical." What we apprehend Mr. Davis really means is this:—there is one primordial substance proceeding from Deity (not "two eternal manifestations of two substances") discreted into two forms of manifestation—Spirit, and Matter. Is there no term to difference these?

Mr. Davis tells us (and puts it in capitals), SPIRIT is SUBSTANCE; and he speaks of the "*Substantiality* of the Summer Land." He cautions us that matter is a word which ought to be applied not to the original substratum of things, but, only to the *form* or *body* of things. The distinction between spirit as substratum, permanent substance, as distinguished from evanescent body or form, is one on which Coleridge (following the best philosophers of Germany) strongly insisted; it guards alike against the abstractions of the metaphysician and the Naturalism of the Materialist and the Pantheist. This distinction strictly and uniformly adhered to would have precluded such terms as "material immateriality," the "physical structure" of the Summer Land, and so forth. The charge of Materialism and Pantheism

has often been brought against the writings of Mr. Davis, and they are perhaps generally regarded as having this tendency; a conclusion which, so far at least as these his latest writings is concerned, we believe to be without foundation,—a misconception which probably a more careful use of terms would have gone far to have prevented.

The error, we may even say the absurdity of regarding matter and spirit as the same thing, but in different stages of development, matter being only a grosser form of spirit which can, and is by sublimation transformed into spirit, is evidenced in the clairvoyant experience of Mr. Davis and other seers.* When physical dissolution occurs, the body of man is not sublimated into a spirit, but the spirit is separated from the material body which is buried in the earth, while the spirit comes into its own sphere of existence; thus demonstrating a perfect distinctness between the natural and the spiritual part of man. The spirit is *eliminated* from the body,—drawn forth an entire man, leaving behind all of the material body. And therefore the two are distinctly separate substances, which are not to be confounded together.

Now what is true of the relative nature of the spirit to the material body, is also true of all spiritual substances in relation to matter. They are distinctly separate from each other, "Ever separate, yet for ever near." There are intermediates—connecting links between the spiritual and the natural world; yet both worlds are so separated that the one can never merge into and become the other.

Reverting to our original point of view, and regarding these latest works of Mr. Davis as an autobiography of the inner life of the writer, they, on the whole, indicate a marked growth in knowledge, in culture, and in power; and as compared with his former writings, they evince a spirit of reverence, a deeper moral and spiritual insight, and, consequently, clearer, larger, higher perceptions of Truth and Duty.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

PROFESSOR K—, of Strasburg University, M.D., at a dinner party at Frankfort on the Maine, warmly combated the idea of supernatural visitations,—while one of the guests, an army captain, argued in favour of their appearance. The latter requested the Professor to accompany him to his country home

* See, for instance, *The Philosophy of Death*, reprinted from Mr. D work, *The Great Harmonia*, Vol. I., p. 163.

near which the former traced a large circle on the ground, and left the Professor by himself, with the following caution:—"If you step beyond this circle it will be your immediate destruction." Shortly afterwards a small spark of fire seemed to approach the circle, when the Captain "seemed surrounded with a fiery atmosphere, every object became invisible except a remarkable figure, with a terrific brilliancy gleaming from its eyes." He fell prostrate on the ground, and, shortly afterwards, the light gradually disappeared, and the host re-appeared. After supper, K. explained the whole circumstance to the Captain, who—shortly afterwards—saw the entrance of the same figure, with a terrific frown. A large dog whined and trembled, and both K. and his friend followed the apparition to the spot where the circle was traced. There the figure stopped, and a sudden bright column of light shot up. A shriek was heard, and a heavy body seemed to fall from a considerable height. Darkness prevailed, and, upon obtaining light, the almost lifeless body of the Captain was found on the ground, and he died a few days afterwards. "Down one side, from head to foot, the flesh was livid and black, as if from a fall or bruise. The affair was hushed up in the immediate neighbourhood, and the sudden death (according to the narrator in the *European Magazine* for the year 1821,) was attributed to apoplexy."

Dr. Yarborough, Rector of Tewing, Herts, received the following story from General Sabine, Governor of Gibraltar:—"A person of honour, veracity, and good sense, once when dangerously ill of his wounds, as he lay awake with a candle lighted in his room, he saw the curtains drawn back, and his wife—then in England—presented herself to his view at the opening of the curtains, and then disappeared. He was amazed and deeply affected at the sudden sight. Shortly afterwards he received from England news of her death at about the same time when he had seen the phenomenon. He continued ever afterwards convinced of the certainty of apparitions. This event occurred about the year 1780, and was much noticed at the time of its occurrence.

CHR. COOKE.



THE
Spiritual Magazine.

MARCH, 1869.

THE ANTI-SUPERNATURALISM OF THE
PRESENT AGE.

By the Reverend WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

It is proposed to consider the subject of miracles as connected with Christianity. And, perhaps, than this, there is no religious topic which has been more variously and strangely treated, during the last century. And this is saying a great deal. For how has it fared with Christianity, and even at the hands of those, sometimes, by whom it has been accounted as the Tree of Life? Often and often, among other anomalous doings, it has been treated as though a gardener should take up a tree and turn it about to humour every change of wind upon it; and as though to prove it to be a living thing, he should lay bare its roots for every questioner, and even paint them, to make them more seemly.

Miracles are the possibilities of a miracle-bearing tree; but commonly they are regarded as though they were some arbitrary manufacture. In the New Testament they are simply called "signs and wonders;" but in this age, among both believers and unbelievers, it is agreed that they are suspensions of the laws of nature, or else are nothing. Miracles prove the existence of a spiritual world containing spiritual forces, with laws peculiar to it, and with spiritual forces, capable of intertwining and inosculating with man's nature and of the material world. And the advocates of their reality, miracles are as simply as material occurrences, and quite apart from their nature, and, indeed, as though there were no philosophy known. And this is because of the force of the material which is so strong in us all. It is no matter what

whether philosopher, theologian, or anything else, almost inevitably, in some way or other, the spirit of the age will have its say through him, and pervert, if not quench his meaning.

No doubt, things have often been credited as miraculous which were no miracles at all. But the precise opposite of credulity is not always wisdom. And if it be said that it is only at Naples that the blood of St. Januarius will liquefy, it may be answered that there has also been such a place as that in which neither would "they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." And to-day there are eminent places, where men hold that neither their own eyes, nor the eyes of all other persons are to be trusted for a miracle,—or, as they would say, for anything different from the laws of nature. But with all their scepticism, these sceptics do not remember that a law of nature may be one thing, and their notion of that law be something else, or something a little different. But indeed, when incredulity becomes so intense as that, it is self-confounded, self-confuted, even though it should be in regard to such a miracle as that which happened when the axe-head fell into the water, and Elisha "cut down a stick and cast it in thither, and the iron did swim." For, if a man cannot trust his eyes and ears, how can he rely on his doubts? And how does he know but doubting his senses may be an unworthy, untrustworthy act, and even may perhaps be a mere nervous boggling? And how should even a materialist trust the wisdom which has been filtered for him, as he thinks, from outside through his eyes and ears, if he cannot trust his eyes and ears themselves? But, in the spirit of his times or neighbourhood, a man will think and hold what, under other influences, would have been for him only a speculative, tentative position. And because of its being in us and of us, it is the last thing to be suspected as vitiating sound judgment.

It is in this spirit of the age to judge of everything by uniformity, whether as regards the world or mankind. And so from what he understands to be the uniformity of the laws of nature, a man of the time thinks himself competent to check the report of the past, and to decide that there never could have been water changed into wine, nor a demon exorcised, because at this present time water is never seen changing into wine, nor a demon known to be dispossessed of his corporeal lodgings. And because of what he fancies must be the uniformity of human nature, this man of the time thinks, too, that from himself he knows of everybody else, as to what they can have seen or cannot have seen; can have heard or cannot have heard; can have felt or cannot have felt; and in the same way, as differing from himself, he is certain that in the past they must all have been loose

thinkers; and not the Jews only, but the Greeks and Romans too, and even Socrates and Plato, because of their having reasoned about things which he himself has never met with, and which, if he did meet, he would never believe his own eyes about.

It is by availing himself of this temper of the times, that Ernest Renan largely gets his strength as a controversialist. For what he has to say on the subject of miracles would have been but feeble talk anywhere, one or two hundred years ago, and would sound but inanely even to-day in such regions as are clear away from the influence of Paris and London. "A miracle is not to be regarded, because it never could have happened; and because even if, perchance, it had happened, there never could have been any people who could have been believed about it." This, in form, is the argument of Renan. But, of course, it is good only for people of that way of thinking, only for persons sensitive to the spirit of the age, and who are ready to add, without another word, "And so I think, because so I am sure."

The following quotation is from the introductory chapter to "The Apostles," by Ernest Renan: "The first twelve chapters of the Acts are a tissue of miracles. It is an absolute rule in criticism to deny a place in history to narratives of miraculous circumstances; nor is this owing to a metaphysical system, for it is simply the dictation of observation. Such facts have never been really proved. All the pretended miracles near enough to be examined are referrible to illusion or imposture. If a single miracle had ever been proved, we could not reject in a mass all those of ancient history; for, admitting that very many of these last were false, we might still believe that some of them were true. But it is not so. Discussion and examination are fatal to miracles. Are we not, then, authorized in believing that those miracles which date many centuries back, and regarding which there are no means of forming a contradictory debate, are also without reality? In other words, miracles only exist when people believe in them. the supernatural is but another word for faith. Catholicism, in maintaining that it possesses miraculous powers, subjects itself to the influence of this law. The miracles of which it boasts never occur where they would be most effective. Why should not such a convincing proof be brought more prominently forward? A miracle at Paris, for instance, before experienced *savans* would put an end to all doubt. But, alas! such a thing never happens." But now, oracular though this might be judged the manner in which it has been bowed to, what is there in it more than the mere sceptical spirit of the age? What does

do more than simply tickle the humour of the time? Psychologically, it is a curious passage, because the sweep of its intention is so wide, while the wording of it is like the unconscious, innocent expression of a child. It is as though a boy, as the easier way of settling with a problem in mathematics, should say, "There is nothing in it. There never was anything learned from that direction. O my master! all the best boys have looked at it, and say that there is nothing in it—nothing at all. And so, now, how can there be? And please, even if it be true, it cannot really be, without we let it be." But here it may be asked, whether it is likely that Ernest Renan, as a boy, ever talked in that manner; and to this it may be answered that it is very unlikely, considering that he was born in Brittany. And it is just as unlikely, too, that he could ever have written the preceding quotation from one of his works, but for his education, direct and indirect. For he was born in Brittany—a country of simple, fervent, unquestioning faith as to the Church. Thence he was carried to Paris, and placed in a primary theological school, whence he was passed on to a similar school elsewhere. Having finished with the latter school, he became a resident in the Seminary of St. Sulpice; which indeed, inside, is wholly ordered by members of the Society of Jesus, but on the outside is pressed upon by the light, sceptical, and anti-Christian air of Paris. Ernest Renan had been brought up like a child of the Middle Ages, and then found himself, as a young man, where with a few steps out of doors, he was in the atmosphere of Paris and under the influence of the Sorbonne. And now, with all this, was it not natural that Renan should have become a Rationalistic author instead of a Catholic Priest? And because of his being a simple, earnest, intellectual man, was it not all the more natural still, that by contrast with the air of St. Sulpice, he should mistake for the spirit of truth itself what was but the spirit of the age manifesting itself through a highly-educated class, in a city singularly self-centred and self-sufficient?

But, says the critic here criticised, "A miracle at Paris, before experienced *savans!*" Elsewhere, too, he explains more exactly what would suit him as to a miracle; that it should be wrought under conditions as to time and place, in a hall, and before a commission of physiologists, chemists, physicians, and critics; and that when it had been done once, it should, on request, be repeated. And no doubt, to the writer, this appeared to be a very fair way of dealing with miraculous pretensions; and no doubt, too, of his most emphatic opponents, there are many to whom, in their secret thought, it would be a puzzle, if such a proposition had been made to Jesus at Jeru-

saalem, why it should not have been accepted at once for the market-place or the court of the temple. For Renan is simply strong in that way of looking at things which is characteristic of this present age, and which commonly is called sceptical, but which, also, sometimes is called practical and even business-like. Not jocosely, but in all seriousness, every now and then are put forth and read invitations to the miraculous, such as that which Ernest Renan makes. One man writes in abstract, scientific terms, and another in plain English; but both one and the other mean the same thing. "Let miracles come to me in my study, and shew themselves inside of my crucible, while my friends are all standing round, and at the moment exactly when it shall be said that we are all ready, and then I will believe; though of course, even then, I should not be absolutely forced to give in, but still I should, I think. And now what do you say to that?" And there really is nothing to say to it. Martin Luther indeed said once, what probably he would have remarked again, if he had heard this scientific, common-sense proposal, that for certain, sometimes, over some of his creatures God Almighty must laugh.

But now, as to miracles, it is not pretended that they are absolutely at the ordering of any man, as to time and place. But indeed is it so that science treats a subject even less foreign to its own domain than miracles?

Are earthquakes as facts, accounted incredible, as not occurring at a time and a place known beforehand, and submissive to the directions of men with clocks and spirit levels, and with magnetic and other machines all ready for use? And indeed a miracle coming to order, would scarcely be a miracle. For, coming to order patiently, punctually, and as a scientific certainty, it would by that very fact have parted probably with something essential to its nature as commonly understood.

But really a Kamtschatkan, unmitigated and simple, arguing with Ernest Renan on Sanscrit, could not shew himself more insensible as to the laws of philology than Renan shews himself on the subject of miracles; for he is utterly unconscious, apparently, of there being any philosophy connected with them, and of there being laws as to miracles, known more or less by some men in all ages, and as certain as gravitation.

But it may be asked how this can be, Renan being sensible writer. And so a man may write well on geon yet shew himself to be very stolid as to poetry, and as to those thoughts akin to the spiritual universe, suggested by the strange properties of numbers, or in upon the mind like corollaries on the demonstrati problems. Thus, even by his constitution, Renan

strong, keen, serviceable, excellent sense of the life which Jesus lived as other men live, and yet be utterly insensible to the life of Jesus Christ, as fed by the Spirit, and going out in miracles, and incapable of seeing corruption. But indeed for his manner of writing, the spirit of his age abundantly accounts just as it accounts for some of the more fervent of his admirers, who like in his writings what is weakest as much as what is best.

Of what use, it is asked, can miracles ever have been among people not fit to be believed about them, such as were the people of old time and the people of the Middle Ages, and such as are all the people of the provinces of France, and men of the people and men of the world everywhere? For, as Renan says, neither men of the world nor men of the people are "capable of establishing the miraculous character of an act." An act is as he says, any act, any miraculous act, and not merely some very recondite thing hard to notice. This is one of those general statements which often pass unchallenged, because nobody thinks that they are intended to apply to him; but it is not, therefore the less mischievous. Perhaps there is not a man of the world who allows this opinion, as he reads it, but thinks, though he is no physician and has never been publicly recognized as critic, chemist, or physiologist, that somehow, certainly, he must have science and art enough for being one of Renan's judges of the miraculous, and must have been intended, indeed, to be included amongst them. Physicians, physiologists, men of criticism and chemistry, men of science, the only competent judges as to miracles! For some conceivable miracles, they might be; but for some others detective policemen would be far better witnesses. And, for still some other miracles that men of the world, as judges, are inferior to chemists, this is a sentiment which can come only from scientific folly, or from much learning gone mad. As to whether the true magnetic pole could be made to swerve for a moment in the heavens, professional men would be the better and perhaps the only proper judges. But men of the people and men of the world are as good judges as men of science on a miracle like this, which occurred in the wilderness: "His disciples say unto him, Whence should we have so much bread in the wilderness, as to fill so great a multitude? And Jesus saith unto them, How many loaves have ye? And they said, Seven, and a few little fishes. And he commanded the multitude to sit down on the ground. And he took the seven loaves and the fishes, and gave thanks and brake them, and gave to his disciples, and the disciples to the multitude. And they did all eat and were filled; and they took up of the broken meat that was left seven baskets full. And they that did eat were five thousand men, beside women and children."

But now what a want of taste and feeling it seems not to pause here for a little while, after such a glimpse into Galilee at that wonderful time. But it is not permitted, as the world now is, to those who know it theologically. For in comes on the mind the recollection of David F. Strauss, the famous writer on the Gospels, who says himself that he cannot believe in a miracle until he has had a solution of the philosophical views which he entertains against the possibility of such a thing. So that with him, even seeing would not be believing, unless, by good luck, there were some sophist standing by, more cunning than himself, who could unloose for him in his mind the knots of his own tying. Any man, down in the depths of learning, or up on the heights of science, in a difficulty of that kind, is to be pitied, because of the pains which he must have taken, before he could get there in his senses. But, now for David F. Strauss himself, pity is not the word, but sympathy. And the sympathy to be felt for him is profound, and as though for a pioneer in the grand advance of civilization, who had got bewildered in a thicket, and at whose position only they can laugh who cannot even faintly conjecture what it is to try a step forwards in theology under religious responsibility. Still, however, it is a certainty that such an avowal as that which Strauss makes of himself is the self-exposure of "philosophy falsely so called."

And now let us consider the arguments against the supernatural, from the uniformity of human nature. At present, almost everybody feels the force of it more or less, and not the less unduly, often, because unconsciously. But as a dogmatic position, it is commonly assumed by persons belonging to two very different classes,—by studious, scholarly men, and by people who call themselves self-made men, and who boast themselves of having been sharpened by collisions with their fellows. Human nature, it is supposed, is everywhere and always the same, and as uniform as a law of nature; so as that everybody knows of himself whether a spirit has ever been seen anywhere, or a vision ever been had, or a miraculous cure ever been experienced. Now, certainly, human nature is everywhere human. But then what is this humanity? For, before beginning to deny from it as a ground, it should be absolutely certain how far the ground reaches. Plainly, we are not all the equals of Plato, or Solomon, or Newton. And if now and then individuals have proclaimed themselves sensitive to a world of spirit it would hardly seem to be a greater variation in human nature than what is common in every city, where one man wallows the mire of sensuality, while another feeds on fruits ripened the topmost boughs of the tree of knowledge. And certain seer does not vary from a Troglodyte more than Plato does,

so why should he not be believed in, on good evidence as to his character?

But, indeed, for those who hold that man is body and spirit, why should it be incredible that there should be varieties of spiritual experience among men, considering that some men do nothing but live to the body, while others live earnestly to the spirit?

If there be a spirit in man, and a spirit with the powers of a spirit, why should it be reckoned a thing impossible that it should make itself more distinctly felt in one man than another? And why should it be beyond belief or expectation even, that now and then there should be a person with whom some faculty of the spirit should be more than dormantly alive?—the eye for spirits even, if any should be near; the ear for more than mortal sounds; and the spiritual understanding for a prompting other than that of flesh and blood? But the fact is, that the anti-supernaturalism of our times is the result of thought akin to materialism. And from this effect of materialism very few persons are wholly exempt. For even the partizans of a spiritual theology argue it commonly like materialists,—argue it as though it were some field of nature, reaching out of sight, indeed, but to be pronounced upon from familiar analogies. Even those who rank themselves farthest from the professors of materialism, shew themselves to be inwardly affected by it, from their unwillingness to have spirit defined in any other way than negatively. They say that spirit is not substance, because matter is substantial; that spirit cannot be known of by men, because though they may be spirit themselves, they can learn only through the five senses; and that spirit cannot act upon matter, because it cannot touch it, from the want of some property in common with it. So that, for some fervent disciples of a spiritual philosophy, spirit is not much more than the indefinable. The universality of the materialism of the age is illustrated by the manner in which even the immaterialists agree with their opposites on some most important points of denial and disbelief. Some of them talk reverentially of George Fox and his doctrine and experience of the spirit; but they resolutely ignore all the signs and wonders in his history, which by Fox himself are ascribed to the spirit. Others of them hold the writings of Jacob Boehme like oracles of spirituality, while they treat like an idle, unmeaning preface the assertion prefixed to one of them, that it was not written out of his mind, but from thoughts which forced an utterance through him from the spirit. And still others of them affect Plotinus, as a great spiritual teacher; but they shut their eyes on the intercourse with spirits which he held, and on his experiences of the ecstatic state.

A man may hold the creed of his sect or party ever so firmly, but yet his thought will be largely governed by what he can never quite escape from,—the spirit of his age. And narratives or doctrines of the supernatural, in a time like this, can be at best only just not rejected. At present, in meditative stillness, spiritual perception may be attained, but out in the world it fails at once, from being stifled by the atmosphere of the world's common thought.

True, thousands and tens of thousands of clergymen preach the supernatural, and millions of persons, week by week, sit and hear them. But this is not evidence of faith, any more than the discords, deceits, and discontent, the treacheries, sensualities, and blasphemies of Monday are proofs of what was preached and acquiesced in, on Sunday. I suppose that nearly every learned and thoughtful clergyman might express himself in something like this manner, "I am one of His witnesses for these things. I see that they were so, and are so. And yet, strange to say, I cannot preach as I feel; or, rather, I cannot make my hearers feel what I wish to preach. And the sermon, which I thought was full of the arrows of the Lord, hits no one where I aim, and is indeed no more than the 'lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument.'" And more than that, the sermon does not sound like the same thing, even to himself. And the words, which, while they were meditated in secret, were fraught with the Spirit, being uttered in public, do not reach the spiritual man, but only the ear of the natural man, and are powerless except as they may chance to be approved by the intellect, testing them by logic, rhetoric, history, and some of the natural sensibilities. And the reason is very simple, for the atmosphere of the world and of a worldly church is not that of a Christian study, with its windows opening towards Jerusalem. And even a preacher may be really "in the Spirit on the Lord's day;" but he must be very happily constituted if he does not find that, with crossing the street, on his way to the pulpit, the Spirit has been more or less quenched within him. And, from exchanging looks with his hearers, he is conscious that he is not quite what he was, while in presence with the fathers, in sympathy with Jeremy Taylor, fellow-ship with Baxter and Doddridge,—while sha in the communion of the saints. Partly his rationa as and forms of speech do not admit fully of either t or the utterance of the Spirit; and partly, what utt Spirit his words suffice for, often his hearers are ne ceiv- ing; because in them the sense of the s very commonly almost suspended; and so "th not and hearing, they hear not; neither do th And

with the people, as well as the preacher, all this is not so much their fault as their misfortune,—the tendency of the time which they belong to, and which it is not possible to quite escape. And this tendency, this spirit of the age, is not of yesterday merely, but of previous ages,—an effect of the manner in which the souls of men have been stupefied by the astounding disclosures of science, and a result, too, of the ordinary modes of religious administration having been persisted in, without the slightest modification, since the days when they were the agony of George Fox's soul, and the scorn of Robert Barclay's logic; and in part, also, a consequence of altered ways of life, the growth of luxury, the increasing subordination of the individual to the body politic, and the predominance of the peculiar influences of the city over those of the country.

Perhaps never before has there been as much unbelief innocent in its origin, as there is at present. In former ages, widely prevalent unbelief has been caused by moral corruption. But the peculiar scepticism of the present age is not so desperate as that. It is not mainly of the heart, and thus the issues of life are not thereby corrupted, as they otherwise might be. And so at present, in their inmost hearts, men have really more faith than they themselves think. And often it is observed that, apparently, while sickness thins away the body, there is also a mental incrustation which gives way, too, and through which the soul seems to look out with a sweet surprise, and a glad sense of the God, who is nearer than was thought. If it may be so expressed, it is for the comfort of the strong more than even of the dying, that faith, at the present day, needs to be strengthened. What general uneasiness there is theologically! Every church is opposed to every other church, and yet also is divided against itself. And the same want of faith or satisfying conviction is largely evident in individuals. Vast numbers are simply acquiescent in their creeds, and timidly recoil from even learning about them. And how often it is to be seen, that if an individual thinks for himself, he is at one time zealous for ceremonies, and at another time resolute against them, as embarrassing crutches; and is a believer in mainly one article of his creed, one year, and another article another year. And from those hearts, which best know themselves, what an unceasing prayer must be rising, from closet to closet, from church to church, from town to town, all round the world, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!" The unbelief which is specially of this age, is so far from being atheistic, that it even prays. For such atheism as is possible now, is what really may be confuted within the range of the mind of a child. Indeed, the unbelief of our time is mainly anti-supernaturalism, or more

precisely, perhaps, anti-spiritualism. It is not, however, a denial of the angels any more than of God. But exactly it denies that man, as a class of creatures occupying that particular place in the universe which is the kingdom of nature, is liable to be visited by any other creatures, whether higher or lower, not also denizens of nature. It denies, too, that there are any other avenues to the human mind than what the anatomist can indicate with his scalpel; denies, therefore, that the human spirit is open to be acted upon by the Holy Ghost, as in the early days of Christianity; and denies, too, that men are ever approachable in any way, or for any purpose whatever, or ever so slightly, by angel, spirit, or devil. The denial runs thus, "As to spirit, I have never seen it, and I will believe it when I have. And, what is more, I never have heard of any one, worthy of belief, who ever did see a spirit. When I am told about my head or my hand, I know what is talked about; but about spirit I know nothing, nor anybody else, either; and my common sense tells me the same thing. And that God has given me common sense, I do know. I do not mean to say that we shall not live again; but I mean to say that at present spirit is what my common sense knows nothing about; and I am for common sense." True; but uncommon things may require an uncommon sense, or rather a sense which is too commonly fast asleep. For the purposes of the natural man, which are common sense, the faculties of the natural man suffice; but things which are of God, or which look towards Him, are not discerned so. Says St. Paul, "Now we have received not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God, that we might know the things which are freely given to us of God."

Often, in the very arguments which they employ, persons writing in defence of the Christian miracles evince their own latent anti-supernaturalism. Continually, in theological works, miracles are defended as realities by those who have no perception whatever of spiritual laws, and no sense whatever of the miraculous. How infected by materialism a person may be who fancies himself to be very spiritual in his views, is in the attempt which frequently is made to render credible by analogy with Babbage's Calculating Machine wonderful machine is said to work accurately through series of figures, till suddenly it throws up a number out of order, and which cannot be accounted for, but is supposed, may possibly result from some undiscovered mathematics. And it is gravely suggested that, in some occult property, the great machine of nature there, and especially about Palestine, stopped its work an instant, and thrown out a miracle, at a time for

the making of the clockwork. Anything rather than suppose the intervention of God, or angel, or spirit! Anything rather than a miracle, as being out of the order of nature, even though really it should be in the order of heaven! A thousand miracles of the strangest origin may be brought in at the back gate, if only they can be used for barring the front door of the intellect against admitting the possibility of signs and wonders having ever been fresh from heaven,—ever having been supernatural, willed, that is to say, in the spiritual world, outside of nature, and at the very seasons respectively of their being shown.

By certain professors of theology there has been lately published an explanation of the day of Pentecost, as having been a day of misunderstanding among the frightened apostles, in consequence of there having been an earthquake, which they thought was a mighty rushing wind, in the house where they were sitting. And the speaking with other tongues, at which the foreigners were amazed, is argued to have been altogether a mistake, and in keeping with the impenetrable darkness plainly discernible in the ingenious but excusable manner in which the Acts of the Apostles are narrated, up to the day of Pentecost, from the resuscitation of Christianity, whenever and whatever that may have been.

The operation of the spirit by its gifts, as described by St. Paul, tests Scriptural expositors very curiously. One says, virtually, that it means what it means, without attempting to realize it in any way. Another sees into not only the credibility but also the philosophy, of the various gifts; and yet, as even Neander does, finds the gift of tongues to be unintelligible and improbable. And a third expositor teaches that the gifts of the spirit are simply natural endowments; that coveting earnestly the best gifts is merely attempting self-culture; and that by the gift of tongues is to be understood not a power for speaking languages, foreign or unknown, but the interjectional, broken utterance of a man choking with emotion. The spiritual blindness of the age is such, that often there is not much more light to be perceived in the Church than there is out of it. And everywhere, too, and in every section of the Church, are to be seen blind leaders of the blind; and continually one or other of them looks up, and with authority says some such thing as that the gift of tongues means broken utterance, that is really an inability to speak.

The anti-supernaturalism of our time is shown, again, in the state of feeling which generally exists on prayer, the Holy Spirit, and on everything else which supposes either that the spiritual world can open in upon the soul, or the soul open out

on that. Of modern treatises on the nature, operation, and effects of the Holy Ghost, the best which can be said is, as Coleridge expresses it, that they believe that they believe. They believe, indeed, but with a faith which has never realized itself. Why is it that so rarely the Scriptural doctrine of prayer is enforced, except by such men as preach everything which is written, and everything alike? Why is it that so commonly men pray by the way of duty merely, and with no sense of the Divine bosom to lean against? Why is it that so many good men pray only the prayer of self-recollection before God, and never the prayer of faith? Why is it that they go through their daily supplications as a spiritual exercise, but never both delighted and trembling at once, feel their souls in that state when they not only speak but are spoken to, when they not only humble themselves, but are lifted up? And in almost any church, anywhere, why is it that it feels as though the heavens overhead were like brass, but that men's hearts fail them for fear, lest praying with the apostles, they should be really hoping against the laws of nature? There is hardly anything which is more foreign to our modern ways of thinking than that a sensible sick man should ever have thought to be the better for calling the elders to pray over him. Says the apostle, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick." But to-day faith feels itself powerless for such a prayer, being benumbed by the phrase "laws of disease." And yet the very same persons who would scout a miraculous cure of the Middle Ages, because of the laws of disease being as inviolable as the bands of Orion or the law of gravitation, these same persons continually forget themselves, and allow or assert that the will of the patient helps on a cure. But, in doing this, they indicate the way exactly in which a miracle is to them incredible. For their objection to believing in a miracle, is precisely because it implies a hand thrust into nature from outside of it; is because it implies the will and action of some one, not of this world, God, angel, or spirit.

It is an old proverb, "Like people, like priest." Of course instances to the contrary must be allowed for; and then it may be said that the spirit of the age preaches from every pulpit. Nor can this be reasonably expected to be otherwise, unless the preachers should at least be all men of rare genius, or have been educated in some other earth than this. The spirit of the age is like the atmosphere; it reaches men everywhere, as they sit at the fireside or in the lecture-room, and as they wander in solitude or kneel in the closet. And with breathing it, when baleful at all, there are very few persons, if any, who can resist being injured by it. And notwithstanding creeds and articles

of admission, it is yet no more to be shut out of church than air is. And if it could be so excluded, then the remedy of intellectual suffocation would itself be worse than the disease. And thus everywhere among the clergy, when they utter themselves, is manifested something of the same anti-supernatural, anti-spiritual state of mind as what plagues other people. It is true, that the doctrines of supernaturalism are almost universally preached, but a discernor of spirits judges not only from doctrine, but also from the manner in which it is developed. And a preacher, may set forth doctrines of a supernatural character and support them by arguments from history and logic, and he may grace them, too, with rhetoric, and lend them also a sincere utterance, and yet have no lively sense of the miraculous, nor much perception of the spiritual, of which miracles are a manifestation. Miracles are for signs; but they are no proper signs, unless there be in us some faculty or mental state to which they signify. A miracle, believed merely from the force of testimony, and from simply the same state of mind which believes in the reports of the diving bell, is not rightly believed, is not believed in the right way, is not believed from the spiritual state from which it ought to be believed, and through which only is it of any good. And that state of feeling is conscious of susceptibilities of its own, and of an order higher than that of nature, and of relations to high answering purposes in God, through which there is not a soul but may possibly be vouchsafed a miracle,—and not a neighbourhood but may have the Spirit poured out upon it.

In order to have the miracles of the Bible answer better the purpose of doctrinal proofs, the theologians of this century have often largely availed themselves of the spirit of the times, for the prejudices which it prompts against the possibility of the supernatural in any other locality or age than the Scriptural. But now Chubb, Toland and Anthony Collins were unbelievers; and yet they were harmless men compared with the hapless clergyman who thinks to uphold the miracles of the Holy Scriptures by denying the possibility of any others. He may not know the mischief of his course, but his successor will inevitably develope it.

On the evidences of Christianity, there is an argument often made, according to which one well-attested ghost story would countervail all the angels who have ever visited this earth, whether singly or in hosts, and all the words of the Lord which have ever come to prophets, and all the miracles of Jesus and his apostles, and all the visions of John the Divine. But Richard Baxter knew better what he was arguing about than perhaps any English controversialist of this day, and his manner of

arguing was the very opposite of that. For he published two collections of narratives of supernatural occurrences in his own time, which had been attested to him as being true, by the persons to whom they happened, or else had been vouched for, as well authenticated, by friends whose judgment he thought he could trust. Such histories were becoming unfashionable in his day, but Baxter saw clearly and published, that to yield the credibility of such things to the sceptics, was blindly to betray Christ to the Sadducees.

Let facts be facts, and good evidence be evidence everywhere, or truth can never be itself. Christianity will never be itself while disciples fear for its fate, or feel it necessary to argue among themselves as to its essence. As an inheritance from the past, the gospel is defensible easily and perfectly; and, when it is itself, it is its own sufficient evidence. But, even as Jesus in his own country had to marvel at unbelief, and "could there do no mighty work," so might Christianity now, in its own country, complain of unbelief, not as directed upon itself, but, worse than that, as general anti-spiritual sentiment, weakening the air, so as that the soul of man can get no breath nor strength, nor can think freely, nor look clearly into the past, nor hope for what is offered it from above, nor trust even its own faculty for receiving.

In those in whom it is strongest, the spirit of the age boasts itself against all the ages of the past, as being unworthy of credit on the greatest things which they have to tell about, and as being incapable, incompetent witnesses on even some very simple subjects of observation. And this it does, notwithstanding that, though calling itself the spirit of this enlightened age, it is the avowed spirit of perhaps not one person in a hundred. Every now and then comes forth some one, who says aloud, after this manner, "I know it, and also every man living, knows by his own eyes and ears, that there has nothing ever been known of the spiritual world—not a word from it even, not a miracle. That there is a state, a region, a fountain-head, a something of spirit, it is now agreed shall be considered as certain. But that anybody knows, or ever has known more about it than anybody else, is nonsense. I am myself the standard by which you may measure Abraham the patriarch; and as to his visions, they were merely dreams, such as I have myself. I am the measure of the man Paul. And, you may believe me, as to voice or light from heaven ever having come to him at the time of his conversion, that it was not so. Simply, at that time, he had an attack of vertigo, such as we all know something about. Oh, the glorious freedom of the spirit, by which I am free to ignore the weary past, so hard to understand, with its miracle and its histories! Oh, the glorious clearing of the mind, b

which now, in my view, there is nothing higher anywhere than the level of my own experience! Oh, what a comfort it is to have miracles shrink into common earthly things, and to know that nobody has ever seen them, any more than I have!" This would seem to be odd comfort; but there are persons whose needs it would seem to meet, because, perhaps, of some particular stand-point or turn, at which they have stopped on their path as enquirers.

The spirit of the age! Just as it is of this age precisely, so certainly is it but a bubble on that stream of spirit which comes down through all the ages of the past, and which will run on for men and through them, till they all on earth shall be no more. Soon, of the self-gratulation and self-glorification of the spirit of the time, all that will remain as palpable effect, will be a few very curious lines in the History of Man.

As certainly as the pendulum swings from side to side, as certainly as feeling is subject to revulsion, as certainly as man walks by one step to the right and another step to the left, so surely will the child born this year see in his generation, as a class, the merest men of science to be reverent believers, not only in the supernatural of the Scriptures, but because of analogy, curious students also in the idolatries of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, and interested even in the superstition of the tribes of Africa, as seeming to suggest the possibility of some singular variations from the commonly received opinion as to spiritual influx.

This world of ours,—this world of our eyes, and of the optical, electric, and other instruments, with which our eyes are helped,—this world of our bodily senses has circumfused about it and permeating it a world of spirit, as to which philosophy conjectures confidently, and which faith is sure of, and as effects resulting from which experience tells of miracles. It may be that in some, perhaps even in many respects, this world may be the antitype of that world invisible; and it may be, as Plotinus has said, that we human beings are the dregs of the universe; but even if it should be so, between us dregs and the wine above there may be a great difference by inferiority, but there must also be a great likeness. To that spiritual world and this world of ours at least there is one thing in common, a great thing,—the company of vanished friends we have had, who know of our wants and ways and wishes, and, at least, who wonder about us. Between us here and them over there, on some points there there must be affinity. And it may be, as sometimes philosophy has taught, that the atmosphere of that world, or rather, perhaps, an effluent, diffusive effect from it, may be necessary to our consciousness as thinking beings, just as the atmosphere

of this earth is the breath which we draw in common with other earthly creatures, such as cats, dogs, and horses. It may be so; and even should it be, that atmosphere of influences might be expected commonly to be imperceptible, and only very rarely to be distinctly noticeable, and strikingly so only in things which at once are denominated miraculous. But, whatever may be the philosophy of the connection between the world invisible of spirit and this visible world of us people in the flesh, that connection exists.

It is true that above and beyond the ordinary experience of mankind there is an influence sometimes felt, of which the effects are what is called miraculous, or wonder-causing; and in the strength of which, it is possible that a common man might shew himself like an angel, for wisdom; and, with stretching out his hand, have it answer like the finger of God for miracles; and have indeed the inborn, latent faculties of his spirit so quickened as that both his words and deeds together would be like signs and wonders from heaven. And, it is true that the outgoings of this world are capable of being quickened by power from the world invisible, so as that a man might be converted from sin to holiness in a moment; and a man that is a leper be restored in an instant; and even in such a manner as that a dead man in the tomb might hear and come forth; and so as that in a vessel, water might be so affected as that upon it might occur instantaneously what could otherwise only be the result of slow processes in the earth, on the vine, and at the wine-press, and afterwards. It is true, also, that now and then in the process of the ages there have been seasons in which, from the outpouring of the Spirit, young men have seen visions, and old men have dreamed dreams, which were signs and wonders, and proofs of that higher order of things which mortals belong to.

It is true that, from outside of the circle of human nature, there are influences for human spirits such as those which once for a simple maiden quickened forethought into the power of prophecy, and made strong feeling be the outgoing of angelic power, and caused the life of a peasant-girl of Domremy to become the career of Jean d' Arc; and such as those, with the experience of which George Fox grew to be a prophet and the mouthpiece of power from above; and under the sense of which John Wesley was wrought up to the recognition of spiritual marvels which the multitude could not believe, and at which still the majority can only laugh,—influences by which even now and then persons are able to affirm, some that they felt themselves called, warned, or comforted; others, that have been inspired for work such as otherwise they could have wondered at and never have done; others, that they

been conscious of having been guarded in times of exposure, sometimes by angels in form, and sometimes by tendencies started upon them, angelic as to their ends; and others, who have known, like Paul, what it is to be lifted up above the beggarly element of mere law into that liberty with which Christ has made men free,—the liberty of the Spirit,—which, indeed, as to the ends of service, is stricter than even the letter of the law, and which sometimes works on the mind of a person with all its power at once,—a manifold power which makes itself felt simultaneously as conviction for sin, absolution by grace, inspiration from above, and acceptance with God.

It is true that the Waldenses are worthy of belief, and that they believe that among them, at certain periods in their history, have been events sensibly pointed by the finger of God on their behalf. It is true that in the Cevennes, when the Huguenots were nearly in the last agony from persecution, there opened among them a power, by which the machinations of their enemies afar off were sometimes disclosed to them, as though by sudden revelation to one or other of their members,—a power which clothed them with such terror as that almost in the manner of the old promise, one of them could chase a thousand; and so as that, indeed, a mere handful of men, as they were, they resisted for years, and successfully, the concentrated armies of France; a power which, going out from a speaker, made even Catholic enemies succumb and confess themselves; a power which often uttered itself from the mouths of little children; a power through which they believed many times, and where it is impossible to think that there can have been mistakes, that there were let in upon their mortal ears the songs of the hosts of heaven. It is true that men worthy of all credence have testified of experiences by which the early history of the Church of Scotland is not unlike a continuation of the Book of Acts. And it is true that, by what the Spirit has been and has done amongst them, the Friends have been justified in trusting to it. It is true that, even in these latter centuries, there have been branches of the Church which have blossomed with the marvels of ancient times, because of the Spirit which has been in them. And it is true that still and now, there are good reasons for trusting and expecting the Spirit.

It is true, and the saints of all ages cannot have been deceived, or been self-deceived, as to what they felt and trusted; the martyrs who, one after another, laid down their lives for Christ, until they became a great army; the fervent spirits, like Augustine, who tried one way of life and another, till at last, with turning about, their souls caught the light, at which they rejoiced with trembling; the scholars like Thomas Aquinas,

who, with studying themselves as to the natural, became but the more persuaded as to a something that touched, or held, or drew, or whispered them that was supernatural; or students like Cudworth, who gathered up the experiences of the ages, and the thoughts of all great writers, as to what of a spiritual nature had ever been known or felt, and who gazed upon it till they saw the Intellectual System of the Universe take shape in it; and hosts after hosts of gentle souls, such as Madame Guion and the poet Cowper, who tasted, as they thought, of the powers of the world to come. It is true that, except when it gets impeded and disbelieved, there is an opening between this world and the next as it is called, by which comes the Holy Ghost, and through which it may be that sometimes we, some of us, are approachable by various occult influences, some of a high origin, and others of a nature not so good. And it is true that there are good reasons for believing that when Christians can pray again as Christians used to do, and have fitted themselves by acts of faith for seeing it, that there will be felt the approach of a day which, with its coming, will assimilate still more nearly than at present the lives of modern disciples to the experiences of the saints of all ages.

One swallow does not make a summer, nor does one Christian make a church. A believer separated from his fellows by convictions which they do not share; a man living apart from the sin about him, in loneliness; a woman shrinking from unsympathetic contact, and dwelling in seclusion with her own heart,—for these all there is communion with God by the Spirit. But there is an answer from above which is specially for the prayer of two or three. And on an age of controversy separating believers from one another, even though through it there should be higher and better ground to be reached, there is an irremediable, unavoidable drawback attendant,—the loss of the unity of the Spirit. The joy which a man has in common with a multitude is not the same joy which he has all to himself in his closet. And, however a man may be sanctified by the Holy Spirit, through religious experiences apart from his neighbours, yet should he ever become one with a **gr** body, wherein by that same Spirit all the members are simulated to one another and harmonized together, he **w** feel a triumphant joy quite new to him, and he would **l** such a sweet confidence of God's love to men **everyw** and in every state, as would be for him like a **new sen** salvation.

Fearful is the penalty which the holiest of dissenters and sometimes without knowing it, and even while, **pe**

it is the voice of Christ from heaven which they obey; but they do not go without compensation from the grace of God, nor yet without that crown which is specially vouchsafed for the martyrs. But yet so it is, that in the Church of Christ, with losing the unity of the Spirit, or the Holy Spirit in common, there is a great, grievous loss.

The Spirit may be quenched, in the present age, from one cause and another, as so largely it is; but it can re-assert itself. If to-day be clouded by scepticism, to-morrow may be broad daylight from a "sun with healing on its wings." And if in this age, because of sectarianism, Christians can hardly be what they ought to be, as to faith, hope, and charity, in the next age, perhaps, divisions will have ceased altogether. It may be asked, perhaps, how such a thing as that can ever be hoped for. And certainly it cannot be expected humanly, as though from controversies argued out. But, even as Jesus Christ, after his resurrection, appeared among his disciples suddenly, while the doors were shut, so perhaps, will it be that the various churches of Christendom, which to-day have their doors shut against one another, will sometime find themselves all included in one great fold, by the manner in which, through the spirit, Christ will manifest himself, so as to be recognised of all, in one church and another, irrespectively of their walls of separation.

And at that time,—oh, dear anticipation, sure though as the heavens themselves, however far off,—at that time Christians will know one another, almost without a word, because of the spirit; and with assembling together they will feel joy in the Holy Ghost, such as at present public worship stirs but rarely. In meditation, also, because of the ease with which men will apprehend spiritual things, it will be as though they "were all taught of God." And while inquiring in some particular direction, where there is no seeing for the eye, and no hearing for the ear,—strange and holy experience, which only the holiest hearts are fit for!—while so inquiring, often for the natural man the darkness will yield to a light not of this world, nor of mere reason, but of the spirit quickening him from within, by which man sees what he could not otherwise have seen, and understands what is only to be spiritually apprehended; "for the spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."

Strange and incomprehensible language this is for many persons. But yet it means what is the same thing as the words, "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you;" that is drawing nigh to God, as a God to be met, for that is his nature, and meet you He will. Men, too, are encouraged to hope even

more than that and to believe that God will help our helplessness, and inform our ignorant prayers, if we will let Him. "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." And now again, because of this age which we live in, does this text seem to need still further translation? It means that there is direct action of God upon the soul, and which a man may yield to or resist; and that that operation is not merely such force as that by which the eagle lives, or the pulse beats, but rather is like the presence of a dear father on his son, in a time of trouble, by which the child feels himself fill with courage and grow strangely quick of apprehension.

In the next age, when men shall have learned how and where to find themselves; when they shall have escaped from the bewildering effects of human science imperfectly mastered and disproportionately esteemed; when they shall have come to see how this earth revolves, and may yet very well have been visited by angels at times; when science, in some great professor, shall have been baptised by the spirit, then will begin great and multitudinous effects to ensue; and because of the spirit of the times then, science will grow poetic with rainbow beauties, and poetry will grow towards prophecy, from the deeper strain which will be in it of spiritual and eternal truth. It will sing familiarly in a style which Milton reached only a few times, which (Eschylus just knew of, and which more exactly will be as though King David should have returned to chant from his heavenly experience fresh psalms for his friends on earth.

Also, under the influence of the Spirit from on high, social problems, which now seem to be hopeless, will become very easy of solution. For, when people shall wish to stand right before God, when they shall be willing to let their hearts be drawn and draw them, it will be wonderful in all righteousness how soon and naturally and easily they will find themselves standing towards one another very much as they ought to do. Wit' general experience of the spirit, yet no greater than the to-day of scepticism,—but with such an experience of the what is there socially which might not be hoped for? | because of the spirit in common, there will be a feeling exactly the opposite origin, however, from communism,— will be a feeling with the rich for letting their wealth ; common uses as far as prudence and political econom the state of the world will allow; like the impulse for | all things in common which was felt by the first Chu during the first few days after Pentecost. And things w

present are continually being reformed, and always to no purpose; things invincible to reason and incapable of being corrected by utilitarian philanthropy, will yield at once to the sweet, subtle effects of that spirit, by which believers will feel themselves all "baptized into one body," and by which they will know themselves for glory and shame, for joy and sorrow, to be really and vitally "members one of another."

There are some special causes of scepticism to-day, which in perhaps the next age, will have ceased almost altogether. And, in that better temper of the times, Christianity as the work of Christ through the Spirit, will manifest itself still more distinctly than it does to-day. It is oddly characteristic of these times that, as regards the gospel, men are more dutiful than believing. They act out of a higher spirit than they are quite sure of. "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!" This precisely is their state of mind. With their hearts they believe, but not quite, not altogether with their minds. They would believe wholly but for an accident in social progress,—a temporary humour,—the mere spirit of the age.

But already signs are visible of a new period, and with its arrival fresh purpose will be felt from "the powers of the world to come;" and God will be known more dearly as a mighty fatherly Presence about us and awaiting us; and by every believing heart Christ will be more tenderly felt as its personal friend; and by every bereaved and suffering spirit more vividly still than now will be felt across the grave the communion of saints.

And, because there have been wonders in the past, they will not, perhaps, be wanting to the glory of the future; and again, it may be, will the gifts of the Spirit subserve the work of the Spirit in the Church; and one man find himself preternaturally quickened in wisdom for the benefit of his fellows; and another, by the way of prophecy, become like the mouthpiece of thought from outside of this world; and another, by reason, perhaps, of some personal and fitting peculiarity, be known as a channel of healing power for the afflicted; and still another from perhaps some special susceptibility, be remarkable for the faith that will possess him, and through him that will strengthen the brethren.

These are things which we may never see, perhaps, but yet as mere possibilities, they have some meaning for us. It is for human beings and not for any other creatures, that the order of nature is orderly. And when signs and wonders are vouchsafed on earth, it is only to men that they are significant at all. And no doubt, if men could be the better for it, the heavens themselves would be bowed and brought down. The

Lord is willing to meet man as far as possibly He can, consistently with allowing man himself to stir at all.

Creatures, as we are, that have but just lately struggled out of the dust, that often we should feel as though the dust were everything, is very natural. But, beyond the realm of the natural, is the region of the supernatural, which we know of, and to which, as knowing of it, we must certainly belong. And reasonably and rightly may we trust those glimpses of it which have been caught and reported by previous voyagers across the sea of Time, and even though they may have been but as momentary as the observations at noon which sometimes have to suffice for a stormy passage across the Atlantic. For, even of ourselves, we can judge as to whither the current sets which carries us. And, for comfort, we have faith given us by God himself, and as reliable therefore, as He himself is,—faith which, like the magnetic needle in a starless night, by its pointing is “the evidence of things not seen.”

THE HISTORY OF A SPIRITUALIST—ABRIDGED FROM THE *REVUE SPIRITUALISTE*.

THE Spiritualist, who gives us his experiences in the mysterious regions of this extraordinary phase of human life, is no other than M. Leon Favre, the Consul-General of France. It is copied by M. Piérart from the *Magnétiseur de Geneve*, to which it has been contributed by the author himself. It is particularly satisfactory to have the authentic narrative of so distinguished a man; and more especially as the phenomena which he records occurred to him originally in a part of the world distant from Spiritualists in general. When we see the same manifestations with all their truths, their falsehoods, their singularities, contradictions and revealed verities, repeating themselves in every quarter of the globe, and to minds of every class, we are compelled to concede the reality of the dispensation itself; and, amid all its puzzles and discouraging bewilderingments, to renew our convictions of its divine purpose, and of its ultimate vast benefit to humanity.

“I arrived at the commencement of 1858 at Havar lodged at the Countess de Gaalon’s. Three days before departure she asked me if I had ever seen a table turn. replying in the negative, a small table on three legs was brought and we placed our hands upon it, and in a few minutes I perceived that one foot of the table was raised from the floor. I

this must be the effect of its swaying to the pressure of the hands of my friend, and I pressed vigorously on my side to counterpoise the weight. But the effect continued in spite of my effort, and I was astonished immediately to find the table announce the Christian name, and then the full name of my father. A conversation with it commenced, and my amazement was augmented by finding the table utter questions and answers in perfect accord with the character of my father, and that he would not have spoken otherwise if he had been still living.

“The next day it was the daughter of Madame Gaalon, a child of from eight to nine years of age, who sate with me. Térésa was more of a medium than her mother, and I was able at my ease to observe the power which manifested itself under her hand, which no force of mine was able to counteract. Then came a spirit, ‘Who are you—a man?’ ‘No.’ ‘A woman?’ ‘No.’ ‘What, then?’ ‘A child.’ And the name pronounced revealed to me the apparition of a sister who died at the age of three or four years, when I myself was only seven or eight; that is to say, more than forty years before. Certainly I was not thinking at all of this child, whom I had so little known, and who retained so small a place in my memory. I continued my questions, but she could not answer them, alleging the early age of her departure. I asked her if she could find the spirit of my mother, which she promised to do at once, and in fact, in a few minutes afterwards, the table foot rose actively and announced my mother. Then commenced a curious conversation; my mother speaking to me of things with which I alone was acquainted, and put questions and gave answers not only remarkable in themselves, but stamped with the impression of her own character. This double *séance* upset me. Such an emotion would perhaps appear puerile to those who are familiar with this species of phenomena, and probably would seem absurd to those who deny them; but all my ideas were confounded.

“My hostess had no interest whatever in making a proselyte of me—her daughter still less. They acted only out of complaisance to satisfy my curiosity. Neither one nor the other knew my family, and did not understand the terms of the conversation with my father and mother, which were perfectly clear to me. I had resisted the force which raised the foot of the table by an effort much superior to that which Térésa could have applied had she been playing the comedy. I had, therefore, the consciousness of a power acting outside of Térésa and myself, and that power must possess intelligence, since it put and answered questions. What could this phenomenon be?

“I am an enquirer and analyst: the unknown attracts me

•

powerfully—so much so, that the solution of the first mystery never satisfies me, and I never stop until I have reached the utmost limits of my comprehension. But at the same time I have been a magnetizer these thirty-five years, and I have thence acquired a tenacity of will and a force of concentration which prevents any discouragement. I resolved to sound the depth of this problem so irritating, which overturned my habitual ideas and half opened to me the portal of the infinite. For this purpose it was necessary that I should rely only on my own experiments, on the evidence of my own senses, and thence draw the inductions, which should appear to me relatively true, under the condition, which is the rule of all my belief, not to admit as definitive any solution, but always to reserve for my adoption a superior light, if it should appear to me.

“It was in this disposition that I arrived at Tampico, and began to magnetize a light stand or work-table. Every day for three months, in solitude and concentration of spirit, I and a companion held our hands for half an hour on the table. Certainly our will was strong, and our desire immense. Notwithstanding which the result was only disappointment. Still we persevered, and three months after our first attempt, the foot of the little table raised itself slowly and pronounced the name of my mother. We then proceeded conscientiously to the examination of the force which revealed itself, and as, above all, we desired not to be the dupes of our fancies, we endeavoured sometimes to press simultaneously, yet differently, on the table so as to prevent its movement, at others only to touch it with the tips of our fingers, to convince ourselves that the movement was not our own. Quickly, however, the table performed somersaults, like something mad,—sudden, impetuous, irresistible,—showing us that something was at work beyond our will, and even in opposition to it. We could no longer doubt of the acting power, nor of the independence of the character belonging to that power.

“But what was the nature of this force? Was it magnetism, electricity, a disengagement of a fluid in conditions not yet understood? We did not pause at the puerilities which represent these phenomena as those of an excited imagination, or of unconscious movement. These are childish objections, not worthy of the slightest notice.

“We began to read the works already published on this subject: *The Revue Spiritualiste de la Nouvelle Orleans*, edited by a good man, the lamented M. Barthet; *The Revue Spiritualiste de Paris*, conducted by M. Piérart, a conscientious and profoundly learned gentleman,—the only genuinely scientific treasury of such facts that you can recommend to the enquirers

after truth. To these we added all the works of M. Allan Kardec, who has become the accepted leader of a considerable number of adepts, and the originator of the term *Spiritisme*.

"We read with avidity, with astonishment and doubt. We there saw that the different schools—that of the Americans, which did not admit of successive existences, and called itself *Spiritual*; and the French, which adopted re-incarnation as its chief, and so to say, absolute principle, and called itself *Spirite*—that these two great factions of the same original thought attributed all the phenomena of which we have proved the prolegomena, to the intervention of spirits, that is to say to the souls of those who had lived visibly on the earth, and who continue to inhabit it in particular conditions which give them an action upon matter.

"Speak to them," said Kardec, "and they will answer you!" Well, M. Leon Favre and his friend spoke, and they were answered by such a rushing hubbub of contradictory voices, as confounded and astounded them. It was like the eager congregation of spirits in Hades at the invocation of Ulysses or Æneas. Some assured them one thing was the only truth, some another, and other some gave them other dictations as the only eternal verity. Some were Christian, some Judaic, some Protestant, others Catholic, vast numbers were Pagan, and invited them back to Plato and Pythagoras. The spiritual noviciates had yet to learn that all the departed had taken along with them their faiths and feelings, and that beyond the great and important fact that all their spirits really continued their existence, their identities and their passions, all doctrinal truth must be learned here by the only tests of reason and history by which such truths can be established. "From the first step," says M. Leon Favre, "I was struck by contradictions, by daring hypotheses, by impossibilities of all sorts presented as realities, with which the mediumistic dictations abounded."

The inquirers determined to steer their way stoutly through this chaotic Babel of the spirit-world. They had still to learn that it had its Sothorns, its Addison, and the like creatures who were ready to mystify simple and trusting believers.

"New phenomena presented themselves. Names completely unknown were rapped out by the table; others that had belonged to beloved objects stirred our hearts by tender recollections. What was strange was, that the movements of the table indicated faithfully the character of the person who professed to avail himself of the instrument: and this so well, that without words, and simply by its oscillation, the table revealed to us whether the spirit demanded our prayers, whether it was happy, whether known to us or unknown. These comparative experiences con-

tinued for six months, and we acquired a dexterity of comprehension perfectly compatible with the serious examination to which we had devoted ourselves.

“A singular circumstance occurred to corroborate the beliefs that began to form themselves in us. The table related a history very complicated concerning persons of our intimacy who lived two thousand leagues from us. The names, the places, the details, the analyses of characters, all were scrupulously correct. The events, full of an augmenting excitement, went so far that they might sensibly influence our future fortunes. Each day the table developed a new theme, and the spirits confirmed the recitals. We waited with anxiety the arrival of the courier, who should confirm or annihilate these revelations. It came at last. Not a single word in these mystifications, which had lasted three months, was true. They had amused us with a romance, and the better to deceive us, had made use of our relatives and friends, and we were ourselves personally interested in the conclusion of this phantasmagoria.

“But who was the mystificator? Doubts had before shaken us; but this romance? But these relatives, these friends, who at the distance of two thousand leagues, continued their ordinary lives, without an idea of the parts which were assigned to them; and whose habitudes and character were wrought into a rational story having a logical development, affecting us by the interest of events of importance to us, and the details of which were presented with the most minute exactness, so far as they were known to us, and thus more readily causing us to credit what was unknown? Could we in good faith attribute to our investigations an invention of which we ourselves were the dupes? What power in ourselves could possibly be engaged in such manifestations?

“It must be observed that this romance had been conceived outside of ourselves; that we were simply auditors, palpitating with curiosity in the expectation of events which an invisible author was unrolling before us. There *was* then an author, an agent, a power; and as the table was merely an instrument like the pen which now traces out my thoughts, there was then an intelligent being acting exteriorly to us. Still further, this romancer had not invented everything. The names, the characters of the personages, their habits, the places of their abode, were painted with that precision which gives a perfect acquaintance. Who had revealed all this to the invisible one? Perhaps he had read all this in the reservoirs of our memories, and had thence drawn the elements of his fiction; or he may have transported himself to those whom he introduced into his narrative, and studied that which he had to describe. We had

seen one or the other of these powers acting in connection with somnambules, but from what source did they really emanate? We were, in fact, compelled to admit that there was a power independent of us which moved the table; then, that this power was intelligent and manifested in itself all the characteristics of a human being, present but invisible."

This was an astounding *denouement*, in the progress of spiritual experiences: but who have not had such, who have not been confounded by them? They have been the startling discoveries of nearly all earnest enquirers. For a time all has gone on smoothly and deliciously. Friends and the nearest and most beloved connections have come apparently from the depths of the unknown to hail you with all their old affection, and to paint the elysium of immortality to which they assured you that you were advancing; and then in the midst of this heavenly confidence, has come the savage blow of a stupendous, gratuitous and barefaced lie, come as from the same hallowed lips, and struck you down into the abyss of midnight despair. Hundreds have never recovered this cruel catastrophe; but have abandoned in the bitterness of their souls, the whole province of Spiritualism, as wholly and solely diabolical. We have seen not long ago, one of these individuals, after a single week's experience, fling down the instrument of his communications, and rush violently into print, denouncing the whole proceeding as the work of the devil. M. Leon Favre was of more sturdy and philosophical stuff. He adds calmly,—

"We continued our experiments, which confirmed constantly this theory which both our senses and our reason were compelled to admit, at least provisionally, as a truth, namely, that the manifestations were the work of an independent spirit. The table replied in all languages, revealed the name hidden in thought, presented the phenomenon of spirits coming without being called, to assist by their counsels, to utter words of affection, to declare truly future events, displaying an absolute independence, and exhibiting all the manners of the living."

M. Favre had the sense to perceive that *all* was not false; that the inhabitants of the invisible, at least on the confines of the visible were very much like those still in the flesh, good and evil, loving and true, mischievous and mocking. Put upon his guard, he accepted the true and let the false drop; for the false like the clouds must in its own nature quickly disperse, leaving the true, like the sun, the moon, and the stars to shine on for ever. And who that has walked on bravely in spiritual as in daily life, has not soon had to acknowledge even single benefits which were ample recompense for all the falsehoods encountered? Who that discovers in the mine a diamond of princely value, regrets

or remembers the host of false brilliancies, the world of mocking delusions, the cruel disappointments, the deadly toils through which he has had to hew his way?

We cannot follow M. Favre through his detailed experiences: they are extremely curious and interesting, adding luminous attestations to the now ascertained laws and persistent phenomena of this great branch of psychology. He soon adopted the planchette, and noticed with great satisfaction how each different spirit presented its different and characteristic style, both of diction and of caligraphy. He mentions an Abbé who used to attend their *séances* in Mexico, who frequently had the planchette under his left hand, a pencil in his right, and used, whilst talking and even arguing enthusiastically, to have two subjects going on in writing, each as different from the other as possible in handwriting, in topic, idiom, and style of reasoning. So far from the spirits following their particular wishes, or coinciding in their views, they displayed not only the utmost independence, but often the most obstinate contradiction of them. Sometimes when questions had been put to spirits, and they were about to answer a higher authority came in and forbade it. On one occasion a sceptical acquaintance asked them to give him a winning number in the lottery: they gave it, and it succeeded. He asked for another on the next occasion: they refused, on this plea, that they gave the number to convince him; they should not give another merely to gratify an avaricious desire. Nor could any answer afterwards be obtained to such requests.

But the most extraordinary truths now were communicated to them. In Mexico, in 1858, the spirits told them of the coming of the war in Italy, and they announced to them successively the victories of Montebello, Magenta and Solferino, correctly. They also made a prediction regarding M. Favre's personal affairs, which realized itself nine months afterwards.

Here we may pause till M. Favre has completed his important narrative, when we may have a few remarks to offer upon it. In the meantime we cannot avoid noticing the vast difference betwixt the careful and persevering examination of such a man as M. Leon Favre, and the contemptuous treatment of so important and prominently palpable a subject by the majority of our scientific men, and by our newspaper scribes who sneer in their folly at what the most distinguished and reflective men approach with serious and anxious research, as if wilful and shallow ignorance could possibly be wisdom.

W. H.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

WHAT IS THE NUMBER OF SPIRITUALISTS IN THE UNITED STATES?

THIS question, put to us by a correspondent, is not easy to determine. Those who profess to give information on the subject are all at variance concerning it. About eight years ago, Mr. A. E. Newton, of Boston, in an admirable article which we hope to republish, estimated the number of Spiritualists in the United States as between two and three millions. Uriah Clark, in his *Plain Guide to Spiritualism*, published in 1863, tells us "The decisive believers number about two million, while the nominal are nearly five million." Mr. Andrew Leighton who visited America in 1865, in his "Notes on Spiritualism and Spiritualists in the United States," published in this Magazine, estimated the number of Spiritualists there as about three millions. Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his *New America* (published about two years ago), considered three millions to be rather an over-estimate. From Mr. A. J. Davis's *Memoranda of Persons, Places, and Events*, we learn that in 1868 he estimated the number of Spiritualists in the United States to be about four millions two hundred and thirty thousand. In 1866, Judge Edmonds estimated their number to be between five and six millions. In a work published in New York in 1867, entitled *Christianity and its Conflicts, Ancient and Modern*, the Spiritualists of the United States are set down at six millions three hundred and thirty-three thousand. Warren Chase, in a recent article in the *Banner of Light*, estimates their number at about eight million. In 1867, Judge Edmonds, adopting an estimate said to have been compiled by the Council of Roman Catholic Bishops and Archbishops assembled that year in Baltimore, in a letter to the *Spiritual Magazine* gave the number of Spiritualists in the United States as between ten and eleven millions—"persuaded," he says, "that the number is twice as large as my estimate," of the year before. While Mr. Edwin Harrison Green, who made a four months' tour in America in the autumn of 1866, assured the Convention of the British Association of Progressive Spiritualists in 1867, that the numbers of Spiritualists in the United States was thirteen millions. Amid these conflicting statistics one thing is clear:—that the Spiritualists of the United States are very numerous. Another thing seems equally clear:—that there are at present no sufficient data on which a reliable, or even approximately correct estimate of that

number can be formed. This being so, it becomes sensible men to be modest and guarded in their statements on this subject, and to discountenance loose rhetorical flourishes in which a few million more or less seem to be thought of no consequence. It would be a useful exercise to persons of sanguine temperament who are given to this weakness to *count* a million: they would then realize more clearly what that number signifies, and so their patience would be rewarded, and their time not altogether thrown away.

THE LONDON CONFERENCES.

These Conferences grow in interest, and the attendance at them, despite the inclement weather, has steadily increased, so that it has been sometimes difficult to find even standing room. The committee have agreed to vary the programme by the occasional delivery of short lectures, with answers to questions. The first of these lectures was given by Mrs. Emma Hardinge on "The Science of Spiritualism," and this formed the subject of conference on the Monday following. Mr. Harper, of Birmingham, opened the subject of "Spiritual Sight" in an able address; and in the course of the evening Mr. Cromwell F. Varley made a most clear and convincing speech, with illustrations from science, and from his own personal experience. Mr. D. D. Home introduced the question "What is Spiritualism?" and also the subject of "Spirit-mediums, ancient and modern." At each Conference opposition, in a friendly spirit, has been invited: this invitation has in some measure been responded to, and has secured additional spirit and interest to the Conferences.

NOT THE DEVIL.

Mr. Horace Greeley, in a chapter of his "Recollections" devoted to Spiritualism, writes:—

Nor can I unreservedly accept the hypothesis which ascribes the so-called "spiritual" phenomena to a demoniac origin. That might account satisfactorily for some of them, but not for all. For instance: in the township of Wayne, Erie county, Pa., near the house of my father and brother, there lived, twelve or fifteen years ago, a farmer well known to me, named King, who had many good traits and one bad habit, that of keeping a barrel of whisky in his house, and dealing out the villainous fluid to neighbours. Having recently lost a beloved daughter, he had recourse to "*Spiritualism*," and received many messages from what purported to be his lost child:—one or more insisted that the aforesaid whisky barrel must be expelled from his premises and never be reinstated. So said, so done, greatly to the benefit of the neighbourhood. Now, I feel confident that the devil never sent or dictated *that* message; for, if he did, his character has been grossly belied, and his biography ought to be re-written.

A. J. DAVIS'S CLAIRVOYANT VISION OF WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

In his last published work—*Memoranda of Persons, Places, and Events*, Mr. Davis records the following experience: it is extracted from his private journal:—

PORTLAND, ME., March 10, 1854.

What keen, cold weather! The very atmosphere seems to sparkle and crackle like a silk dress loaded with diamonds. . . . There is something mysteriously delicious in this frosty, crispy air; it fills me with live lightning, so to say, and promotes lucidity of clairvoyant vision.

Yesterday I had a trans-Atlantic observation. . . . Saw many places and persons of renown. I penetrated the shadowy walls, and had a pleasant view of William and Mary Howitt, the noted authors and translators of several volumes from the German. . . . There was a sick person in the house and a child. I could not clairvoyantly approach Mr. Howitt without feeling an influence from his sphere. He possesses a wonderful concentration of mind—few things disturb him; yet he is remarkably sympathetic, and alive to the nobler impulses. Music imparts a sense of pleasure to his mind, but chiefly phenomenal displays of divine guidance, with some philosophical investigations absorb his thoughts. He is a very excellent judge of human nature; and sometimes can almost perceive and scan the motives of men. The organization of his person is extremely well balanced. His mind is deep and reflective; and the spiritual and intellectual nature predominates over the public and social. He seems to be a bright and beautiful spirit, and his sphere delights me. . . . He could have been a kind-hearted and much-beloved minister of the Established Church. He has a keen appreciation of true wit; takes a peculiar delight in what others term "vagaries;" he sincerely loves the fine arts and good society; and the Truth he worships, but is not independent of precedents and accredited authorities.

Another person I perceive. . . . Mrs. Mary Howitt, a self-poised, lady-like, matronly, finely organized woman. Her round body is wearing away somewhat under the industry of her feeling, sentiments, and thinking powers. Not selfish, but is rather easily absorbed in the comfort and education of others. She causes others to feel brighter, happier, better than herself. Her magnetism is stimulating, and acts tonically upon those she is moved to aid. Is fond of retirement; is spiritual (religious) in feeling; loves poetry better than philosophy, and beautiful word pictures better than either. . . . I see harmony and much independence in the life of these noble persons.

My visit to-day over the Atlantic was of short duration—about thirty minutes. . . . I went entirely for another object, a *use*, to obtain a fact in geology for one of my lectures; but, incidentally, under invitation of their guardians, I could not refuse to look into that home. For some reason I did not observe London as a great city, but only this family by itself.

MRS. L. M. CHILD ON "UNACCOUNTABLE THINGS."

Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, author of *The Progress of the Religious Ideas* (a work which deserves to be republished), has written in *The Independent* of New York, an article on "Unaccountable Things," in which she condenses the account of a "Remarkable Case of Physical Phenomena," which we reprinted in our February number from the *Atlantic Monthly*, and shews that though such phenomena are identified with Modern Spirit-

ualism, they are of much older date; and concludes by saying:—

“It is neither wise nor kind to treat with contempt any who testify of what they have seen or heard. It is far better to receive their testimony with equal candour and caution, and be ready to profit by any truth that may be evolved therefrom. Though science has been groping about with her lantern for thousands of years, and though her lamp is often newly trimmed and burns brighter and brighter, yet she has merely discovered a few things that lie on the surface; of the interior depths she knows nothing. Since she cannot explain how the smallest insect came to be a living thing, it is surely presumptuous to assume cognizance of all the relations of men with the Universe. Coleridge spoke wisely, as well as beautifully, when he said: ‘There are errors which no wise man will treat with rudeness while there is a probability that they may be the refraction of some great truths still below the horizon.’”

TEACHINGS OF THE TALMUD CONCERNING ANGELS.

Dr. Emanuel Deutsch, in a recent lecture on the Talmud, thus speaks of its teachings concerning angels:—

Next to women, angels were the most frequent bearers of some of the sublimest and most ideal notions in the Talmud. “Under the wings of the seraphim,” said the Talmud, “are stretched the arms of the Divine mercy, ever ready to receive sinners.” Every word that emanated from God was transformed into an angel, and every good deed of man became a guardian angel to him. On Friday night, when the Jew left the synagogue, a good angel and a bad angel accompanied him. If, on entering the house, he found the table spread, the lamp lighted, and his wife and children in festive garments, ready to bless the holy day of rest, the good angel said, “May the next Sabbath and all following ones be like unto this; peace be unto this dwelling—peace!” and the bad angel, against his will, was compelled to say “Amen.” If, on the contrary, everything was in confusion, the bad angel rejoiced, and said “May all your Sabbaths and week days be like this;” while the good angel wept and said, “Amen.” According to the Talmud, when God was about to create man, great clamouring arose among the heavenly host. Some said, “Create, O God, a being who shall praise Thee on earth, even as we sing Thy glory in heaven.” Others said, “O God, create no more! Man will destroy the glorious army which Thou hast on earth, as in heaven.” Of a sudden, God turned to the contesting host of heaven, and deep silence fell upon them all. Then before the throne of glory there appeared, bending the knee, the Angel of Mercy, and he prayed, “O Father, create man. He will be Thine own noble image on earth. I will fill his heart with heavenly pity and sympathy towards all creatures; they will praise Thee through him.” And there appeared the Angel of Peace, and wept: “O God, man will disturb Thine own peace. Blood will flow; he will invent war, confusion, horror. Thy place will be no longer in the midst of all Thy earthly works.” The Angel of Justice cried: “You will judge him, God! He shall be subject to my law, and peace shall again find a dwelling-place on earth.” The Angel of Truth said: “Father of Truth, cease! With man you create the lie.” Out of the deep silence then was heard the divine word: “You shall with him—you, my own Seal, Truth; but you shall also remain a denizen heaven—between heaven and earth you shall float, an everlasting link betw both.”

SPIRITUALISM IN BRAZIL.

In an article on this subject the *Banner of Light* says—

We have before us the translation of a letter from Lima, in Peru, written by a person of character and standing, in which is given the art of natural, or magnetic healing, by certain classes of doctors in Brazil. The writer is conversant with the people of that part of South America, and recites facts of great and general interest. They are of special interest also, because the system of curing diseases which is followed by these native doctors is based on the acceptance of great spiritual truths. Their practice may be more or less confounded with rank superstition, but any one at all conversant with the laws of communication and influence will be readily able to separate what is real and true from what is exaggerated and the offshoot of mere mysticism.

There are classes of these doctors, who are in reality mediums. They hold themselves subject to the direction of a leader, whom they style their Master Spirit, and who does not hesitate even to use corporal punishment in order to keep them in subjection. On stated days the sick are brought to a designated place of meeting, usually in a scattered neighbourhood outside of a city, where the circle of doctors is to be held. The time chosen is usually just at night, and the healing process consumes the whole of the time until morning. The lights are turned down as low as possible for the larger portion of the session. Several spirits dictate modes of cure, and present themselves to the different doctors as called for.

The medium doctors never attempt cures while in their natural state, but use certain charms for inducing a condition much like somnambulism. They smoke tobacco, and blow the smoke over their arms and person. After they sit silent for a while, they walk to the nearest wall of the room and strike it hard with the palms of their hands. The medium doctor personates always the spirit which is supposed to take possession of him, and not himself but the spirit is addressed by those present. A variety of superstitious incantations are practised, and movements are made in the same spirit. The sick are minutely examined, passes are made, and the prescriptions ordered for their diseases. The remedies are generally herbs, barks, and resin. So wonderful are many of these cures, people from choice pass by the educated doctors and apply to these natural magnetic physicians.

That the laws of magnetic influence work in tropical countries with amazing effect is no new fact in the history of modern scientific investigation. Climate and habits of living make everything different from what it is in the temperate belts.

 A DREAM AND ITS FULFILMENT.

A correspondent writes to the *Edinburgh Courant*:—In 1850 I was a salesman in a large West India house in Glasgow, and, though not a part of my duty, was commissioned with our head bookkeeper to find out a trifling error in the ledger which had already cost a great amount of unavailing labour. What our governor said he meant—"The balance must be made ere I return to-morrow, and you two must work all night, if need be, to find out this error." The sum, I think, was 13s. 6d. I need hardly add that the books were kept by double entry. We toiled on till past midnight, when my eyes got so wearied I could with difficulty trace the figures in ledger or journal. I made Mr. F., my companion, aware of this, and added, "I shall knock you up

(our lodgings were in the same street) at 5 a.m. to resume the work." On reaching my bedroom, I hurriedly doffed my clothes, and was almost asleep as soon as my head was on the pillow. With an almost equal amount of speed I shuffled on my garments at 4.45 a.m., and was knocking at F.'s bedroom window at five. I could not then, while waiting for him, resist the idea that I had actually gone over all this before—every action was stamped on my mind, but I said nothing. When we reached the office and I was in the act of lighting the fire, I could resist the impulse no longer, and told Mr. F. what I was certain had been a dream. Passing from this point, I told him I had dreamed all this procedure, and that then we sat down to the books, and I took the ledger and allowed it to open at any page, and in this folio was the long looked-for error. Mr. F., with the natural impetuosity of an Irishman (for he was one) exclaimed, "By St. Patrick, we will try it." We did so. The account was that of a respectable sugar refining firm in Greenock still in existence, and in less time than I can take to write it, we discovered the 13s. 6d. mistake.

BRAIN WAVES.—A THEORY.

Mr. Woolner, the sculptor, tells me the following story of two young men—one of them a personal friend of his own, now living. These two men lived very long as great friends, but ultimately quarrelled, shortly before the departure of one of them to New Zealand. The emigrant had been absent for many years, and his friend at home (Mr. Woolner's informant) never having kept up correspondence with him, had naturally almost lost the habit of thinking about him or his affairs. One day, however, as he sat in his rooms in a street near Oxford Street, the thought of his friend came suddenly upon him, accompanied by the most restless and indefinable discomfort. He could by no means account for it, but, finding the feeling grow more and more oppressive, tried to throw it off by change of occupation. Still the discomfort grew, till it amounted to a sort of strange horror. He thought he must be sickening for a bad illness, and at length, being unable to do anything else, went out of doors and walked up and down the busiest streets, hoping by the sight and sound of multitudes of men and ordinary things to dissipate his strange and mysterious misery. Not, however, till he had wandered to and fro in the most wretched state of feeling for nearly two hours, utterly unable to shake off an intolerable sort of vague consciousness of his friend, did the impression leave him, and his usual frame of mind return. So greatly was he struck and puzzled by all this, that he wrote down precisely the date of the day and hour of the occurrence, fully expecting to have news shortly of or from his old friend. And surely, when the next mail or the next but one arrived, there came the horrible news that at that very day and hour (allowance being made for longitude) his friend had been made prisoner by the natives of New Zealand, and put to slow death with the most frightful tortures. Of this same kind, though happily different in result, is a story of his own experience, which Mr. Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, tells me, viz., that some years ago he was induced to try (successfully) the curative effect of mesmerism by passes of the hands upon a patient, who became so sensitive as to be aware on one occasion of his approach by railway two hours before he reached the house, and when his coming was entirely unannounced and unpremeditated. On another occasion, the same patient positively asserted to a third person that Mr. Tennyson

had been there the day before, when Mr. Tennyson himself was equally positive to the contrary—till he afterwards remembered that he had come as far as the grounds of the house, and then changed his mind and turned back.—*The Spectator, January 30th.*

[Will Mr. Hutton explain what he means by "brain waves?" Without an explanation, these are mere words without meaning.—ED.]

THE ARTICLES ON SUPERNATURALISM.

These articles, of which we give the first in our present number, are appearing anonymously in the *Monthly Religious Magazine* published at Boston, and with the third of them the editor gives the following curious narrative:—

The Publisher of this Magazine has received a communication which illustrates the idea which a very excellent Unitarian minister has of the freedom and range which belong to religious investigation. We should be glad to print it; but, fearing the author might object, we give its substance,—which is, that his name be removed from our subscription list on account of the sudden fit of Spiritualism which he thinks has overtaken us in the article "On Science and the Supernatural;" that he can scarcely believe his own eyes when he reads, in the Monthly which he has trusted hitherto, a declaration of faith in the table-rappings as "revelations from on high," and the article is editorially recommended.

We do not understand the writer of the articles to recommend table-rappings as revelations from on high, or to regard the methods of Spiritualism as safe and trustworthy. We certainly do not so regard them. But, however this may be, we should be ashamed of our intolerance as conductors of a liberal periodical if we attempted to cripple the free utterance of an able writer and Christian scholar and thinker on this or any other absorbing question of the day.

Per Contra. We received three communications from eminent clergymen of different denominations, expressing warm sympathy with the spirit of the articles. One is from an eminent Orthodox divine who ranks among the first of our living writers and thinkers. We hope and believe he will not regard us as guilty of any impropriety if we make a single extract from his letter, knowing our motive and the cause we have at heart.

"I have received two late numbers of your Magazine, December and January: I know not from whom, but I am greatly obliged for them. I suppose they may have been forwarded on account of the two articles on supernatural truth. These articles I have read with a really profound interest, thanking God that you have any man among you who could write them. I feel greatly drawn to him: he is a good deal more than Orthodox to me. Would to God there were half as much spiritual insight in any of our good people who call themselves believers, and sound in the faith!"

WHERE THE LIARS GO TO.

An anecdote is told by a correspondent of the *New York World*, the editors of which, in printing it, seem charmingly unconscious of its personality. A clergyman, catechising a little boy, was trying to impress on his tender mind some useful lessons from the Bible. "Where, my child, do the liars go to?" "To New York, sir, to write for the newspapers." We think some of them have found their way to London.

REMARKABLE CASE OF PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

"To the Editor of the "Leader."

"Sir,—I read with considerable interest the article in your last issue entitled 'Remarkable Case of Physical Phenomena,' and reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly*. The singular circumstances therein narrated somewhat resemble those that occurred some years since in my own family, at home in England. A servant that we had then was attacked with a peculiar species of fits, having outwardly much the appearance of hysteria, but in her case the noises were confined to raps only; whatever room she was in, it mattered not, these raps came on the walls, floor, chairs, ceilings, and even on her own person they were often distinctly audible. I had medical advice for her, but my doctor could do her no good, and was evidently puzzled with the case. She at last became seriously ill, but I found that she derived the greatest benefit by my simply placing the open palms of my hands upon her head; this would often quiet her when in the most violent paroxysms, and by making the usual de-mesmerising passes, I was enabled to bring her to. In doing this, however, great care was required, as it appeared as though there were a struggle going on within her, and she was very violent, foaming at the mouth and tearing at anything within reach. When she was 'herself' again, she used to be quite unaware of what had passed while in this state, but she had a vivid recollection of seeing 'spirits' all around her, and this impression she continually persisted in, seeming very frightened of them. After this state of things had lasted some months, I got her removed to a distance, thinking that change of air and scene would possibly do her good, and it had the desired effect, she got better and ultimately entirely recovered her health. She has since married, and is now living in London. I am, &c.—SYDNEY J. SAUNDERS."—*The Leader, Melbourne, Australia, 24th October, 1868.*

J. G. WHITTIER, THE AMERICAN POET, ON MESMERISM AND CLAIRVOYANCE.

It is too late now to regard mesmerism wholly as charlatanry and imposture—to rank its phenomena with the tricks of Cagliostro and Count St. Germain. Grant, if you will, that the everlasting and ubiquitous quack has taken a share of it—that he has engrafted upon its great fact the fictitious and shadowy domain of common jugglery—still a FACT remains, attested by a host of witnesses, which clashes with all our old ideas and our habitual relations—a miracle made familiar—an impossibility realized—the transfusion of spirit made actual—the mysterious trance of the Egyptian

reproduced. This first fact in mesmerism dimly reveals a new world of wonder—a faint light falling into the great shadow of the mystery which environs us like an atmosphere of night. It affords us a vague and dim perception of the nature of what we call life; it startles the Materialist with phenomena fearfully suggestive of the conditions of a purely spiritual being. In the language of another, when we plant our first footfall upon the threshold of the portal to which this astonishing discovery introduces, long and deep are the reverberations which come forth from the yet dark depths which lie beyond it. Having made this first step, we are prepared to go “sounding onward our dim and perilous way,” passing from one wonder to another, like the knight of the nursery tale, in the Enchanted Castle—

“His heart was strong,
While the strange light crept on the floor along.”

Without assenting in any respect to this theory, I have been recently deeply interested in reading a paper from a gentleman who has devoted much of his leisure, for the last seven years, to a patient investigation of this subject. He gives the particulars of a case which occurred under his own observation. A young girl of great purity of character, in a highly exalted state of what is called clairvoyance, or animal electricity, was willed by the magnetizer to the future world. In the language of the narrator, “The vision burst upon her. Her whole countenance and form indicated at once that a most surprising change had passed over her mind. A solemn, pleasing, but deeply impressive expression rested upon her features. She prophesied her own early death; and when one of her young friends wept, she said: ‘Do not weep for me; death is desirable, beautiful! I have seen the future, and myself there. O! it is beautiful, happy, and glorious!—and myself so beautiful, happy, and glorious! And it is not *dying*, only changing places, states, and conditions, and feelings. O! how beautiful! how blessed!’ She seemed to see her mother, who was dead, and when asked to speak to her, she replied: ‘She will not speak; I could not understand her. They converse by willing, thinking, feeling, without language.’”

All this may, in part, be accounted for on the theory of cerebral excitement—the disturbed over-action of a portion of the brain, or, to speak phrenologically, of the “religious organs.” Yet the mystery even then is but *partially* solved. Why in this state of exaltation and preternatural mental activity should similar images and thoughts present themselves to persons of widely varied temperaments and beliefs, from the cold Materialist to the too ardent Spiritualist; from the credulous believer to the confirmed sceptic?

For myself, I am not willing to reject at once everything which cannot be explained in consistency with a strictly material philosophy. Who knows the laws of his own spiritual nature? Who can determine the precise conditions of the mysterious union of soul and body? It ill becomes us, in our ignorance and blindness, to decide that whatever accords not with our five senses, and our every-day experience, is an impossibility. There is a credulity of doubt which is more to be deprecated than that of belief.—*Stranger in Lowell.*

A CHILD'S LIFE SAVED THROUGH A DREAM.

In the work of a physician, published a few years since, we read that a mother dreamed that her child, who was out at nurse, had been buried alive, and hastening to the place in great alarm, found that the child supposed to be dead was already buried. She insisted upon having the grave opened, and succeeded in restoring her son, who grew up to man's estate.

THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY AND SPIRITUALISM.

WE find that the debate referred to in our last number was resumed unexpectedly on the evening of Wednesday, January 20th, in consequence of the absence of the gentleman who was to have read the paper on "Metaphysics and Theology." The discussion on this occasion was even more favourable to Spiritualism than on the former, one or two gentlemen finding themselves in so very small a minority that they were fain to modify their previous assertions. One of the nameless speakers above mentioned went so far, in an outburst of candour, as to say he did not think he would doubt the evidence of his senses if they seemed to prove the truth of the phenomena! The committee is to proceed to its work forthwith; and the presentation of their report will give rise to another discussion, when, probably, Spiritualism will be more adequately represented.

The committee began by the following invitation in the newspapers:—

To the Editor of the "Star."

"Sir,—Will you allow me, through the medium of your paper, to inform those of your readers who are interested in the above question, that a committee has been appointed by the council of the London Dialectical Society for the purpose of instituting a thorough and searching inquiry into these so-called spiritual manifestations, with a view of obtaining a satisfactory elucidation of the phenomena.

"As the committee have undertaken this task solely in the interests of science and free inquiry, it is hoped that many of the believers in Spiritualism will recognise the advantages to be derived from a careful and honest investigation of the subject; and will be willing, either by personal attendance at the *séances*, or by forwarding any experiences or suggestions of their own, to assist the committee in arriving at a sound and just conclusion.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

"G. WHEATLEY BENNETT, Hon. Secretary.

"32A, George-street, Hanover-square, W."

Letters to the same effect have also been privately addd to various persons. The following among other answers been sent:—

"Oakfield, Kilburn, N.W.

"7th February, 1861

"Sir,—I have seen your letter informing the public committee, appointed by the Dialectical Society, is a

institute a thorough and searching 'inquiry into so-called Spiritual manifestations, with a view of obtaining a satisfactory elucidation of the phenomena,' and you ask believers 'to assist the committee in arriving at a sound and just conclusion.'

"I am a believer in the occurrence of the facts, both from my own observation, and from testimony, the latter mode being of course the more extensive, inasmuch as it embraces the observation of all those who have witnessed the phenomena in all ages, down to our own. Of course the sum of what all have seen, is greater immeasurably than what any one can see. I consider testimony therefore of the first importance in a matter which, if it be true, cannot, in its very nature, be done to order, and submitted to pre-organized tests. Its laws are not known, nor the conditions under which it appears. If they were, and phenomena could be had the moment you say 'now we are all ready,' they would cease to be what they evidently are.

"The first thing in such an investigation is to assume nothing, not even that a committee of the Dialectical Society can 'obtain a satisfactory elucidation of the phenomena.' No committee has ever done so yet. A committee of Professors of Harvard University, amongst whom was Agassiz, after having made an examination, did not think proper to publish their report, though they had published their intention to do so, and were frequently and publicly asked for it.

"I do not think a committee seeking test phenomena will arrive at a sound conclusion, unless it also take full cognizance of testimony in books, and by a personal examination of witnesses who will depose to what they have seen. There is an extensive array both of written facts, and of witnesses, of the highest range and value. The committee might easily obtain the attendance of 20, 50, or 100 witnesses of repute in literature, the sciences, and the professions, who will give their testimony. Testimony is all important if only for this consideration, that the report of this committee will, when made, itself fall into the category of testimony; and it would be inconsistent to claim a greater weight for it than for other testimony from a credible source. Credible testimony has already been given in many thousands of instances. Your committee will only add one more to the list. If it report in favour of the phenomena, no one will believe it; and if it report against, the facts will still occur, as they have done throughout recorded history, sacred and profane.

"The 'phenomena of so-called Spiritualism' are in fact a history of the supernatural (using the word in its common sense). That is a wide inquiry for your committee, and one of supreme importance. If their report is to have the effect of settling that great question of humanity, I should like to know their

qualifications for the post. You ought to have at least one of the Archbishops amongst you, to represent the religious side of the question, with Professor De Morgan and Professor Tyndal to represent the pure and applied mathematics, and you should have all history and testimony at your fingers' ends. Otherwise, I for one shall hold myself at liberty to object to your report, whether it be favorable or unfavorable.

"One thing is essential to give your report even a negative value, and that is that you rigidly state all the conditions under which each investigation takes place, because your doing so may at all events shew under what conditions spiritual phenomena will *not* occur.

"I hope you may have more success than I anticipate; and if you follow the very excellent programme of your society, and can give even this subject fair treatment, you will be entitled to the best thanks of the community.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"W. M. WILKINSON.

"G. Wheatley Bennett, Esq.,

"32A, George Street, Hanover Square, W."

"23, Russell Road, Holloway, N.

"February 11, 1869.

"G. Wheatley Bennett, Esq.

"Dear Sir,—I beg to thank you for your courteous letter of the 6th ult. which I regret has only just come to hand. At the present stage of the inquiry I have but two suggestions to urge upon the committee:—

"First. That in investigating phenomena with the laws of which (should the committee decide such phenomena to be genuine) they do not even profess to be acquainted, they should confine themselves (in the first instance at all events) to simple observation without attempting to dictate the conditions under which the phenomena shall, or shall not, occur.

"Second. That as it is only a very small fraction of the whole body of facts bearing on the case which can come under the personal observation of the committee or of any committee, it would be highly desirable to obtain the evidence of persons of known intelligence and veracity, especially of men of science who have preceded them in this investigation; and that to this end a letter of inquiry be addressed to them requesting them to state any facts in relation to the subject which have *come under their personal observation*. I would more particularly suggest that

such application be made to the following gentlemen, whose addresses I append as far as they are known to me:—

- “ CROMWELL F. VARLEY, Esq., Fleetwood House, Beckenham.
- “ ALFRED R. WALLACE, Esq., 9, St. Mark's Crescent, N.W.
- “ PROFESSOR DE MORGAN, 91, Adelaide Road, N.W.
- “ CAPTAIN DRAYSON, R.A., Woolwich.
- “ DR. J. M. GULLY, The Priory, Great Malvern.
- “ DR. J. J. G. WILKINSON, 4, St. John's Wood Villas, N.W.
- “ DR. DIXON, 8, Great Ormond Street, W.C.
- “ S. C. HALL, Esq., 15, Ashley Place, Victoria Street, S.W.
- “ NEWTON CROSLAND, Esq.
- “ WILLIAM HOWITT, Esq., The Orchard, Hare Green, Esher, Surrey.
- “ ROBERT CHAMBERS, Esq., St. Andrew's, Edinburgh.
- “ H. D. JENCKEN, Esq., Kilmorey House, Norwood.
- “ J. G. CRAWFORD, Esq., 52, Gloucester Crescent, N.W.
- “ W. M. WILKINSON, Esq., Oakfield, Kilburn.
- “ LORD ADARE, 5, Buckingham Gate.
- “ THE MASTER OF LINDSAT, Grosvenor Square.

This would probably at present be sufficient. I must however add that I have held no communication on the subject with any of the gentlemen named (some of whom are not even personally known to me), and that I cannot say how far they may have the time and disposition to respond to such an inquiry, but I think the application would be well worth making.

“ Yours respectfully,

“ THOMAS SHORTER.”

THE REV. F. R. YOUNG'S ACCOUNT OF HIS CURE BY DR. NEWTON, AND OF HIS OWN POWER OF HEALING.

WE briefly referred to the cure of Mr. Young by Dr. Newton in our August number. A full narrative of the case is given by Mr. Young himself, in No. 3 of *Daybreak*, which we here present. Mr. Young writes:—

“Friday, May 22, of the present year (1868) will for ever remain one of the most memorable days of my life. It was on that day, when the sun was shining brightly and bathing the world with its light and heat, that I arrived at Newport, Rhode Island, and first came under the healing powers of Dr. J. A. Newton. I had heard of him through the *Spiritual Magazine*, Mr. William Howitt, and Mr. Coleman, and was assured that if I placed myself in his hands I should be speedily and radically cured of the neuralgic affection in my head, for which I had been suffering for eleven years. The accounts which had been given me of

this remarkable man were so altogether astonishing and so very much resembled the accounts we have in the Gospels of the miracles performed by Christ, that my first feelings were those of simple surprise, and it was not until I had become a little more familiar with some of the facts and phenomena of modern Spiritualism that I felt a quiet faith in the power of Dr. Newton to remove my disease. Having once attained to that state of mind, and becoming satisfied that it was my duty to cross the Atlantic in search of health, I made arrangements for doing so, and left Liverpool for New York on Saturday, May 9, arriving at the latter place on Tuesday evening, the 19th. After spending a day in New York, I embarked on one of the river boats for Newport, and arrived there in about eleven hours. Fortified with letters of introduction from Mr. Coleman and Mr. Howitt, I at once wended my way towards Dr. Newton's residence, a fine old house built entirely of brick, and having certain associations connected with it of the war of the Revolution. As the sunshine of that bright May morning lighted up the face of the waters and made the very streets of the town look cheerful, it seemed like the divine benediction falling out of the heavens upon the step I was taking; and as I entered the office, or, as we should call it in England, the surgery of Dr. Newton, I felt a quiet confidence that I was in the path which God designed me to walk in. The moment Dr. Newton and I met, I found in his face and simple kindly manner a human image of the outside sunshine, and but few words had been spoken when I was convinced that the errand upon which I had come would be fulfilled. I was about to give him the history in detail of my affliction when he stopped me by saying, that after I had been cured he would be very glad to listen to anything I might wish to say, but that the cure itself was the first matter to be attended to. He then poured a large quantity of very hot water upon my head while I was leaning it over a basin into which the water fell. After my head had been dried with a coarse towel, I was made to sit upon a moveable seat, similar to a music-stool, the doctor standing behind me, and placing my head against his chest with his hands crossed upon my forehead. He then moved my head in various directions until all at once a clicking noise was heard at the top of my spine. The doctor immediately cried out, "That noise is the sign that you will be cured; the disturbance of the nerve current has been removed." He then faced me, and lifting both his hands towards he looked me hard in the face, saying, "Look at me. In the name of God our Heavenly Father, and of the Lord Jesus Christ the Great Healer, I bid this disease depart from thy suffering brother and never more afflict him. It is gone."

gone—it is gone for ever, my brother ; you are cured ; rise up on your feet and be cured.” At that instant I felt a strong current of new life flowing into and through every part of my body, and I was conscious that I had entered upon an altogether new phase of existence. From that day to the present hour, July 13, I have been entirely free from my pain, and have felt as well, I should think, as it is possible for any human being to feel. Physically speaking, I am a new creature; old things have passed away and all things have become new. Of course it is not for me to say absolutely that the cure will be permanent, but, if I may judge from my present experience, I see no reason why it should not be so. But even if a relapse should take place, Dr. Newton is now *en rapport* with me and could at once operate upon me. Wonderful as my case is, it is only one of thousands, so far as Dr. Newton is concerned. He has cured almost every form of disease, and removed almost every kind of suffering. In fact, he appears to have done everything but raise the dead. And yet even he does not cure all cases, and this failure enables him to keep alive the consciousness that it is not he who cures, but God who works in and through him. He tells me that he has cured something like a quarter of a million people, and that he could cure as many more if they had the needed faith. Dr. Newton is an extremely simple-minded and very benevolent man; and gives himself none of the airs of a charlatan. His long experience must have convinced him that the power he possesses is a delegated and not an original one, and, therefore, that it would be in the highest degree indecent for him to be puffed up or to pretend to be what he really is not. Most of his cures are done without fee or reward. In my own case he steadily refused to take a single dollar, and I saw him act in like manner towards several others. During my stay I witnessed several instances of his healing power; some of them being so manifest as to defy all attempts at explaining them away. On the very morning that my own cure was effected, I witnessed his cure of a paralytic who for three years had been unable to walk without the aid of crutches, and even then, only in a partial degree. This woman was brought by her parents to Newport, and, in less than five minutes from the time when she came under Dr. Newton’s hands, she got up from the couch on which she had been laid, and walked away up the street and back again, a full mile, and afterwards walked and ran and jumped and danced, as so many signs that her cure was a complete one. I also saw him cure a young man who had a withered hand. Indeed I might have seen day by day, and almost hour by hour, examples of this healing power had I chosen to have done so. Every now and again, there are trains from Boston and Providence freighted

with the lame, the halt, the blind, and the diseased, sometimes to the number of 500 or 600. These come to Newport, and a large majority of them are sent away perfectly cured. In one part of Dr. Newton's house there is a room of considerable size, full of crutches, sticks, spectacles, eye-shades, bandages, and other memorials of disease and sickness which have been left behind by patients as so many signs and trophies of their cure.

"There is one question which unbelieving or doubting persons may put. 'If what you say of Dr. Newton be true, how is it that the suffering world does not go out after him so far as it has the opportunity of doing?' The reply is a simple, and, as we would venture to add, satisfactory one. Dr. Newton does not cure every case which is brought to him, nor does he attempt to do it. Now these cases of failure are just so many stumbling-blocks in the way of the faith of those who might otherwise believe in Dr. Newton. Because he fails in some cases out of, say a thousand, therefore, for such is the inference, he cannot cure. Of course the logic of such an argument is very pitiful. When our Lord was on earth He could not do many of His mighty works because of the unbelief of the people; and, if in His day and in the East the power of such a Being as He was could be doubted and restricted, is it very wonderful that even Dr. Newton's power may be called in question? 'The disciple is not above his Master.'

"Dr. Newton asked me if I had faith in his power to cure me; when I replied that I had come 3,000 miles to see him, and I could give him no better answer. No doubt faith in the patient has a very great deal to do with his cure. And why should we, who profess and call ourselves Christians, be surprised at such a condition, or sneer at those who demand it? Have we not read that most beautiful and touching narrative in the 9th chapter of St. Mark's Gospel, which treats of the cure of the poor boy who had been suffering from epilepsy, and whose disease had at last resulted in dumbness and deafness? When the father of the child appealed to Jesus, He said unto Him—'If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.' As though he had said 'The question is not about my ability to cure your child, but about your faith in that ability.' I grant, most freely, that Christ often cured without the faith of the patient, but this only proves not that faith is unnecessary, but that it is not an absolute condition. The place and power of faith have been so misapprehended, and therefore misrepresented by theologians, that few people realise how simple and yet how powerful a thing faith is. The history of the world, and especially of all great movements, attest beyond dispute the truth of what Christ said to the two blind men,

'According to your faith be it unto you.' When I went to America, I did so believing fully that Dr. Newton could cure me, and I do not know that there is anything unreasonable in the supposition that my confidence had something to do with the cure.

"Let me just add that I made many searching inquiries in Newport, Boston, New York, and other places, relative to Dr. Newton; and that all the replies I obtained were eminently favourable to him. Even those who still had lingering doubts about some of his cures never for one moment attempted to cast the slightest suspicion upon him as a man. Indeed I do not see what room they could have for doing so. He is so open-hearted and childlike that any man who comes into contact with him must feel that he is dealing with an honest man.

"FREDERICK ROWLAND YOUNG,

"Minister of the Free Christian Church, Swindon."

In a subsequent communication to *Daybreak* Mr. Young writes:—

"After Dr. Newton had laid his hands upon me, and commanded my disease and pain to depart from me, he told me of a strong impression on his mind that I myself possessed a similar power of healing; and after praying, which he did with much simplicity and earnestness, that God would be pleased to help me to realise the truth in respect to that matter, he urged upon me to put this impression to the test. I ought in this connection to state that several months before, some members of my family were told, by spiritualistic means, that I should be completely cured, and also become 'a healing medium of great power.' And yet, with the knowledge of this fact brought freshly to my mind by what Dr. Newton had said and done, the bare thought of the possession of so great and wonderful a power was almost too much for my belief; and it was not until I had made it a matter of very solemn and serious prayer to God, that He would 'make His way plain before my face,' and enable me to do His will, whatever that will might be, that I found courage in my heart to put my possession of this power to the test of actual experiment."

Mr. Young then gives several instances of his successful exercise of this power, honestly confessing that in other cases he has failed; adding:—"My failures have been quite numerous and palpable enough to convince me that this power of healing is not mine, or dependent for its exercise upon my mere will. Sometimes, when my own faith and the faith of the patient have been all that could be desired, and when, as far as one could see, no hindrance to a cure has existed, I have failed, and have taken no pains whatever to conceal or break the force of

the failure, in so far as it could be used as evidence against me. But I have *succeeded* quite often enough to be equally convinced that God has been pleased to endow me with this power; and to Him, and Him alone, I desire, and wish my patients, to give all the glory and gratitude. If it be thought that my failure, in any single case, tends to cast an honest doubt upon the reality of my possessing the power of healing, it may be sufficient to remind my readers of what they may find in the New Testament. In the 19th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and at the 11th and 12th verses, it is thus written:—‘And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul; so that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them. These words prove, at all events, that the Apostle Paul was endowed by God with the power of healing. But it is also written in St. Paul’s Second Epistle to Timothy, fourth chapter, and 20th verse:—‘Erastus abode at Corinth, but Trophimus have I left at Miletum sick.’ Now if the possession by the Apostle Paul of the power of healing involved the certainty of his being able to exercise it under all circumstances and upon all persons, then he certainly would not have left this friend of his sick at Miletum. But it is quite evident that the power was not at the absolute disposal of the Apostle; and yet, who, because such was the case, would pretend to challenge the reality of his possessing it? If such were the circumstances under which St. Paul was endowed, surely I may be pardoned for now and again failing in my attempts to cure others.” He adds:—

“Several persons, through the press and in more private ways, have been pleased to speak of my cases of healing as *miracles*. I WISH IT TO BE DISTINCTLY UNDERSTOOD THAT I HAVE MOST CAREFULLY AND CONSCIENTIOUSLY AVOIDED DESIGNATING THEM BY THAT TERM; partly, because I have not wished to use a word which has certain sacred and Scriptural associations; and partly, because I am far more anxious to confine myself to the facts of the case, than to use any term which might imply that I had any fully-formed theory to account for my healing. I speak of ‘healing the sick by the laying on of hands, faith in the living God, and prayer to Him.’ As far as the use of these terms carries with it the implication of any theory, I am content that it should be so, but no farther. The facts are something like these:—I have been called to attend a person suffering from pain, or some such physical affliction which has baffled the resources of such of the medical profession as have been applied to for its removal. I have in each case explained that I have no more power, in and of myself, to cure the sick than I have to create a world; but that I am quite v

to do what in me lies, and then leave the result to Him who, first or last, is the only Healer of all our diseases. I have then prayed with my patient, laid my hands upon the part affected, and called upon the disease and pain to depart, and invoked the names of God the Heavenly Father and our Lord Jesus Christ. The disease and pain have there and then departed, wholly and entirely, to the immense relief and joy of the patient, and in so manifest a way as to disarm the possibility of unbelief in the minds of those who have witnessed the cure."

Correspondence.

A SPEAKING MEDIUM.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Sir,—Yesterday I went for the first time to hear a speaking medium, a Mr. Jackson, evidently a plain good man, who at one time was a policeman in this town. The character of the addresses delivered through the medium was proof positive that they could not be the production of his own powers. One of these addresses came professedly from George Fox, and was certainly in character with the keen inspiring criticism so abundant in Fox's Journal. I venture to hope that no good Friend or Quaker would feel hurt on perusing some of the salient points of this remarkable address; for if they be untrue they could be easily refuted, and if they be true it would be the greatest kindness to publish them for the purpose of revealing the Friends to themselves, and moving them to the cultivation of a free, genial, and noble life. The spirit who had possession of the medium, said, speaking of the Society of Friends, "They set me up as their founder." Disclaiming all intention of founding a sect of "keen traders," of people whose religion was in a great measure a negation, whereby they had contracted "a hard crust of prejudice;" he said they needed the love of God and man operating in their hearts and lives "to enliven the torpidity of their spiritual nature." If so enlivened, they would divest themselves of the "secluded cramped fashion of earth." Again, "It is said that a century and seventy and odd years ago, I sowed the seed of their body, but the tree bears little fruit."

Supposing this scathing criticism to be all true, I should not infer that the Friends are a worse sect than any one of the other sects. It appears to me that all sects, established and voluntary, are rapidly decaying, and that, instead of mankind continuing to be broken up into hostile parties, the doctrine of human brotherhood and solidarity will be more and more recognised, appreciated and lived.

Several other of the addresses were instructive and edifying. There are four leading characteristics of spiritual teaching which are very beautiful. It affirms,

- I. That God is all-good, and is ever loving unto every one.
- II. That true religion consists in doing honestly, thoroughly and continually what its individually perceived and believed to be the ever-wise will of this Good Being.
- III. That every created human being will sooner or later be saved.
- IV. That the Church is the human mind, the spiritual temple of the Lord. Surely these bright truths are destined to effect a wonderful revolution, sweeping all our wretched priestcraft and sectcraft, with innumerable other evils that oppress and deface the world, into the realm of night.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

WM. HUME-ROTHERY.

8, Richmond Terrace,
Middleton, Manchester,
Feb. 22nd, 1869.



THE
Spiritual Magazine.

APRIL, 1869.

THE ANTI-SUPERNATURALISM OF THE
 PRESENT AGE.

By the Reverend WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

No. II.

MIRACLES, or many things in the Bible which commonly are so denominated, may be exceptions to what are called the laws of nature, as at present understood by the best student; but, as witnessed by a seraph, they may have been but the effect of laws more in number than we know of, and some of which acted marvellously, by being in connection with a mind as peculiarly organized as a prophet's is, at a moment of faith in the head of the universe, as almighty and good. Some other miracles may have been momentary effects from this cause,—“There is a spiritual body.” Every mortal is both body and spirit; or, as it would be better to say, he is and has what St. Paul means when he says, “There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.” By death, the natural body is loosened from the spiritual body, and drops and begins to decay, like an old cloak; while the spiritual body has its senses slowly open to the world, in which it finds itself. But, even while cased in flesh, it is possible that some of the faculties of the spiritual body, either by accident or by the grace of God, may be so quickened as to act independently of the flesh. The eye, with which I am to see hereafter, might be opened for a moment, so that I should get a glimpse of spiritual marvels; and that opening of my eye would be a miracle, like what happened when the prophet Elisha, with his servant beleaguered by the army of Syrians. “And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee open his eyes, that he may

see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." And in the same manner might the dormant ear also of my spiritual body be momentarily quickened, so as to catch just a word or two, a sound, an alarm, a message, from the spiritual world; which indeed is intimately near, and also infinitely far off. And this would be a miracle, like what Paul experienced at his conversion. Also, if by some chance, through some inward predisposition, a man should catch a breath from the air of that world, where the Great First Cause is first felt, where spirits are made messengers, and where ministration looks like flaming fire, the effect on him would be a miracle like what the last words of David tell of,—“The spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue.” These illustrations may be enough for hinting, that there is a philosophy of religion, in which faith and science are to be reconciled, and in which the natural and the supernatural may be of one accord. But let now one other illustration be taken. It is conceivable, what in many ages has been generally believed, under the best philosophy of the time, that between us and God, neighbours of ours almost, far below the region of seraphs, not nearly as high up as where angels, with their archangels, congregate, and indeed near upon and sometimes fairly within of the realm of nature, are beings who could, for momentary effect, and as though from a long distance, play upon the laws of nature, so as to work what Hugh Farmer and Baden Powell would even call miracles, as being in their estimation acts suspending the laws of nature. Philosophy had very close blinders on, when it decided with Farmer, that for the elevation of a man in the air, without human assistance, there must be a suspension of the laws of nature. A law of nature suspended for that! It was no more necessary for that, than it is for a man's lifting his hand in the air. Something additional to the laws of nature, as catalogued by philosophers, may have been necessary,—some occult law it may be, in unusual strength, or perhaps an agent from a foreign world. But a suspension of the law of gravitation, it certainly is not necessary to suppose. As Jesus with the law of Moses, so miracles with the laws of nature, do not destroy, but fulfil.

Also, in view of an argument, it is always to be remembered that the phrase “laws of nature” is a figure of speech, good enough for ordinary purposes, but liable to be deceptive at a critical point. Law is what has been written for the purpose of being read; and also it is what has been written for the purpose of being read, on the supposition of there being a joint

understanding between the writer and the reader. That is law; and it is because of that sense of the word "law," that the phrase "laws of nature" is used against miracles. But now has ever the God of nature been pledged to any text-book of natural philosophy, so that Science, or any son of hers, should be able to say, "Because of this book of mine I know all about God, as to what either he will do or he can allow in this earth?"

Also, it is of the nature of "law," in its primitive meaning, that it should need and from time to time should admit of adaptation, or of amendment by interpretation. But that exactly is what is forgotten when the majesty of the word "law" is adduced in a controversy on the subject of miracles. And thus it is that against the possibility of miracles, a phrase of fallible origin is urged as an infallible argument.

Laws of nature working together, and yet distinguishable from one another, like powers harnessed in machinery,—of the ongoing of nature, this may be a good definition for most purposes; but when by this definition it is proposed to falsify the truthfulness of our Lord Jesus Christ, as to his miracles, then, in the sense intended and for the purpose in view, let it never be forgotten that really there are no laws of nature, and never were any. Men talk of forces centripetal and centrifugal, and as though one might have been enacted first, and then the other: but the truth probably is, that the two are but diverse manifestations of a common cause; or, rather, that the two are one, while seeming diverse. Also this common cause seems to man like two different forces or laws, only because of the peculiar and limited manner in which he apprehends. What poor creatures really men are, as they look about them, with no very wide or keen gaze, as even telescopes and microscopes might remind them! For with far better instruments than have ever yet been made, and with better eyes than children have ever yet been born with, what marvels might not men see, to their amazement! And yet these men, or some of them, dwellers, too, in a little earth surrounded by infinity; born also in time as they know they are, yet having also some sense of eternity; these men of a day, and creatures of God,—Feuerbach, the German, an Strauss, a German too, and Renan of France, and Buckle, who was English, with others like-minded, too numerous to count these all have proclaimed aloud, that, because of what they know, there cannot have been anywhere, at any time, anything but what they might have expected, and precisely that thing never has been a miracle. But for all that, and in spite of their logic, "the Lord knoweth the thoughts of the wise, th

they are vain." This sentiment a Psalmist uttered once among the Hebrews, and long afterwards it was quoted by Paul in a letter to Corinth; but it was never more pertinent than it is to-day. Arago said that outside of mathematics the word "impossible" for anything was rash. Perhaps he said it out of what may be called the common-sense of science; which common-sense, however, is as rare in connection with science as with anything else. Or it may be that he said it, because of his having studied the case of Angelique Cottin, a girl who was attended by some curious phenomena. But any way, he was very unlike Faraday and some others. "Possible and impossible pronounced upon by the last edition published of the laws of nature!" This is what is continually being proclaimed by one man and another. It would make people all laugh or else pity, but for the spirit of the age; for, indeed, we are all of us much inclined to the same thing. But no matter for these philosophers and their followers, as to who they are or where,—the wise men. For certainly somewhere there is wisdom higher than their wisdom, and from the height of which this self-complacency must be something very curious to witness. But, above and beyond all, there is the truth of the text that "The Lord knoweth the thoughts of the wise, that they are vain."

Laws of Nature arrayed against miracles! For an argument in that direction, there are no such things as laws of nature. Or if the phrase "laws of nature" should be allowed to stand on being made right by accompanying explanation, it would be found then to be the same thing as the spirit of God, which, like "the wind, bloweth where it listeth," and not merely for human creatures on their way from the cradle to the grave, but for worlds, also, while slowly growing into form, and while lengthening out, with change and time, the fulfilment of their respective purposes. It is that spirit, which is the transient life of the butterfly, and the inspiration which "giveth man understanding;" that spirit, which holds the earth to its time and place, and which yet also strives with men through the conscience; that spirit, which is the life of all lives, from the worm to the seraph, and of which the Spirit of Nature, as it is called, is but one of many manifestations.

On arriving at the point of view which we have now reached, there have been persons who have felt the atmosphere about them grow more favorable to faith, and who have exclaimed, "Now I hear them more plainly—those witnesses of old, chosen beforehand. Now I am less at variance with some of the possibilities of faith. Now some things which were hard to be understood are easier. O holy prophets and apostles! forgive me in these

times when the pathway of thought goes winding about, if I have sometimes, with turning head, heard you but indistinctly, and fancied that the fault was all with you."

But there are others, to whom all this would be quite unintelligible, and who simply iterate and reiterate words outside of the circle of which they cannot see. And now for them, also, let us see if there be anything more to be said, which may avail. It is an eclipse of faith for us all at present: and things which were simple enough formerly, in the broad daylight, now look strangely; and what once would have been comparatively of little significance, may now be a great help.

And now let us hear again exactly what Strauss would say. And he says, very emphatically, "There is no right conception of what history is, apart from a conviction that the chain of endless causation can never be broken, and that a miracle is an impossibility." But how then has it been with almost every historian, of every age, before David Hume? How was it with Josephus, Herodotus, Thucydides, Plutarch, Tacitus, Diodorus Siculus, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Pausanias the Topographer, and their company all? According to that little formula by Strauss, they would all be disqualified. Surely, surely, by attempting to prove too much, Professor David F. Strauss has disproved his own position. He is famous for his work on the four Gospels, in which he laboriously eliminated every miracle from the life of Jesus. It was after the publication of this work, that there was offered to him the Professorship of Theology in the University of Zurich, and which he would have accepted, but for an insurrection of the people of the city. The end of the matter was a letter in which he stated his opinions, and in reference to which it may be said, that he perhaps had more faith even in denying than possibly some others had even in the heat of dogmatizing, and that not improbably Jesus Christ would sooner accept even his unbelief than the unmitigated virtues of some of his opponents. But still, in his attempt to go to Zurich as Professor of Theology, he was in the curious position of proposing to lecture on Christianity without believing in a single miracle; and of attempting it, too, by the help of historians, not one of whom as he thought, had any right conception of history. Alas, alas! but so it is, that every step forward costs one hundred failures first; and it is with tears and misery on the road to knowledge that the flints of difficulty are worn smooth for the multitudes behind.

There has lately been published a volume entitled *the Spirit*. It is the serious work of a devout mind str

with theological difficulty. Says the author, E. A. Hitchcock, in regard to the Scriptures, "If, therefore, we accept these miracles as historical realities, we must refuse the idea of law, and must admit that there is no truth in the doctrine which affirms an order in the course of nature." Perhaps the force of this opinion may have been anticipated, and even perhaps prevented, by some previous remarks. Also it is said, that, if those miracles are to be believed in, there is no such thing possible as science. But that would not appear to have been the judgment of Newton, the man of all men best fitted to judge. And further it is added, that, if those miracles are to be believed in, then reasonably Grecian mythology must be believed. Grecian mythology might, for that reason, claim to be examined; but not necessarily claim, therefore, to be believed. And also it is not theology, but sciolism, which would wish to argue Christianity in ignorance of the philosophy and religion of Greece. Light, and still more and more light, let us have, wherever we may be, and even though it should fall on our Bibles, through some crevice in the wall of a Grecian temple.

And now who offers himself next as a witness on this subject? It is Henry T. Buckle, who would tell us, out of his *History of Free Thought*, that there is little reason to hope for the enlargement of the ground of the evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion; that the materials already exist from which thoughtful students must make up their minds finally on the questions at issue; that already men are taking up their places, in hostile array, on subjects where no further evidence can be offered, and where there is little reason to hope for the alteration of the state of parties to the end of time; that, as regards Christianity, there never has been an age so hostile to it as the present, and never an age, either, so much actuated by it. Nothing more to be expected on the greatest possible subject of thought! Why, what advanced times we live in! and without our knowing of it, some of us. The field is cleared by scientific method, and there is no chance of anything to the end of time! This may be true for a near-sighted thinker, but hardly for any one else. Are there, then, experts who can look through the universe as though it were machinery? Electricity, magnetism, and odic force, with which man has affinities, and by which indeed, apparently, he has all manner of possible connections,—have these all been thoroughly explored? And is it so absolutely nothing, as not to be worthy of mention,—the chance of there being a master for the great Machine, with a will of his own; the possibility of there being a Father in heaven with children on this earth? "Man proposes, but God

disposes." That is a French proverb, and every now and then there is a wonderful point to it.

And now next, let what Baden Powell would say be considered. Savillian Professor of Geometry at Oxford, and a clergyman,—he is of opinion that it would be a great good done, if Christianity could be relieved of its responsibility for miracles. Prophecy, however, and some other spiritual marvels, he thinks may rationally be connected with Christianity. This, however, Renan would not agree to; for he holds that miracles are no more possible or credible for the souls than for the bodies of men. However, Baden Powell is certain that the order of nature is the first thing, and everything for belief; and then he argues, very properly, for patience with untoward facts, as likely some time or other, to get subordinated. He has heard, however, of apparently marvellous occurrences, "such as implied a subversion of gravitation, or of the constitution of matter; descriptions inconceivable to those impressed with the truth of the great first principle of all induction,—the invariable constancy of the order of nature." But, then, as about a thing with which he could have no patience, nor his system either, he cries out that he has "heard it positively affirmed by veracious, educated, and well informed persons, in perfect good faith, that a solid mahogany table has been seen to rise from the ground and its surface to move in waves." For that, of course, was a thing for which, in his philosophy, there was no hope of a place, any more than for the miracles which he wished Christianity could be freed from. Order of nature! always only the order of nature—as though there were no such thing conceivable as the order of the universe. And yet, by way of analogy with his special studies, it would seem as though he might have been impressed with it. For problems which are utterly insoluble by arithmetic, and which are outside of its range, are the objects and beauties of algebra, which is a diviner arithmetic, with wonder-working laws.

And now, on this subject of the order of nature, has Baden Powell ever been answered? A table rising in the air, if such a thing might be, would be a sufficient answer for his style of scepticism, according to his own words, apparently. But, apart from that, has any answer been made, by which to justify a belief in the miracles of Christianity, against the Oxford professor with his grand argument against it? A: now, in the sequence of thought, appears James A. Froude also of Oxford, and late Fellow of Exeter College. A: in a recent publication, in a passage which specially refers to the volume of *Essays and Reviews*, of all the authors of which Baden Powell was the most notable, J. A. Froude says, the

against that style of thought there has nothing been adduced, but "the professional commonplaces of the members of a close guild, men holding high office in the Church, or expecting to hold high office there." Professional commonplaces! Many others besides Froude have found them such, and have thought them to be insufficient answers for the new scepticism. But now, like Baden Powell, J. A. Froude, by implication at least, distinctly acknowledges that the miracles of the Scriptures would be credible if some of the phenomena of Spiritualism should be realities. To these things his attention had been drawn; and to his knowledge, he says, they have been vouched for by persons who would be good witnesses on a criminal trial. But yet he says, "Our experience of the regularity of Nature on one side is so uniform, and our experience of the capacities of human folly on the other is so large, that, when people tell us these wonderful stories, most of us are content to smile: we do not care so much as to turn out of our way to examine them, The Bible is equally a record of miracles." The Bible! But, indeed, of what use is it to mind anything which he may say about the miracles of the Bible, when, according to his own showing he would not even go out of his way to see whether they might not be true? For things which to his mind—whether rightly or wrongly is no matter—things which to his mind were of a piece with the miracles of the Bible, he would not even turn out of his way to examine. But against a belief in miracles, he urges not only that they are impossible, but that "The miracles of St. Teresa and of St. Francis of Assisi are as well established as those of the New Testament." And now, even if this should be so, what then? Are we for that to forego our belief in the miracles of the Bible? No: quite otherwise. And, if there be anything to be learned from Assisi, so much the better.

Next in order of time, with an argument upon this subject, appears Dr. Louis Buchner, with his volume on *Force and Matter*. Says this author, "We should only waste words in our endeavour to prove the natural impossibility of a miracle. No educated, much less a scientific person, who is convinced of the immutable order of things, can now-a-days believe in miracles. We find it rather wonderful that so clear and acute a thinker as Ludwig Feuerbach should have expended so much logic in refuting the Christian miracles. What founder of any religion did not deem it necessary, in order to introduce himself to the world, to perform miracles? The miracle-sceker sees them daily and hourly. Do not the table-spirits belong to the order of miracles? All such miracles are equal in the eye of science: they are the result of a diseased fancy." These are the words

of a man very clear in his mind ; though his mind is not of the same order with Plato's, certainly. "Do not the table-spirits belong to the order of miracles?" Dr. Buchner himself would seem to think so, by the way in which he asks the question. Baden Powell too, no doubt, would have agreed with him ; and so also would Froude, the historian. But Buchner has one other word for us. "Even to this day, there is no deficiency of miracles and powerful spirits among savage and ignorant tribes." Are we, then, to be frightened from believing in miracles, because, if there are any at all, there are some also among savages? Just as well might Dr. Buchner expect a Christian to be ashamed of the sun because the red Indian hunts in the light of it. "Miracles and powerful spirits among savage and ignorant tribes!" Well, the better we know about that thing, the wiser we shall be, and the better it will be for our theology ; and it is not everybody who is afraid of learning.

Baden Powell, James A. Froude, Dr. Buchner, and with these might be joined one or two other leaders in the argument against the credibility of miracles,—these would all apparently be ready to test the reality of the miracles of the Bible by the phenomena of Spiritualism, or perhaps more definitely by the reality of the raps, which are called spirit-rappings. In some sense, they may even be said to dare the experiment ; and by many high authorities of the Catholic Church, from early down to more modern times, it would have been deemed a simple and very cheap way of settling such a controversy,—not because the thing exactly which is called spirit-rapping had ever been known to them, but because of its being of a piece with many possibilities which the Catholic Church has always maintained, and faith in which has been a large part of that Church's vitality. The early Fathers of the Church did not think it to be derogatory to their charge as Christian chiefs even, to shew Pagans how to draw an inference from their own Pagan prodigies ; and it would not have seemed a discredit to philosophy, but a sacred duty and a chance to catch at, if to Henry More and Richard Baxter the opportunity had been offered of arguing from spirit-raps to the truth of the Scriptures, as is abundantly evident from their many works respectively. It would have been an argument, to the nature of which Ralph Cudworth would have assented, and for which at once he would have found a place in the "Intellectual System of the Universe." And Jeremy Taylor, with eyes glancing from high to low, and from unearthly depths to prophetic heights, and with a power of vision for following the strange lines of similitude which permeate creation, and which make it continually in one quarter or another glitter and flash with the light of unexpected analogies ; Jeremy

Taylor—but indeed, as sanctions for the purpose in view, it is superfluous to name names beyond Cudworth and More and Baxter, for probably with them would have assented nearly all the great men, who were eminent in theology, in the days when theology itself was eminent. But now, before attending to an incident of yesterday, let Kenelm H. Digby tell us of what Marsilio Ficino said to Lorenzo de Medici on the subject of the Christian religion: “I certainly think, that, to us undeserving, certain miraculous signs have been divinely given. But all things are not shown to all: many also are not written down, or, if written, are not credited, in consequence of some wicked and detestable men imitating miracles. I have heard of some miracles in our own time, and in our City of Florence, which are to be believed. Do not be surprised, my Lorenzo, that Marsilius Ficinus, studious of philosophy, should introduce miracles; for the things of which we write are true, and it is the duty of a philosopher to confirm everything by its own proper kind of argument.”

A short time since in London, one evening, a gentleman enumerated jocularly what he thought were Yankee notions, and he named spirit-rappings. The speaker was a distinguished man of science, and religiously a man after the manner of Baden Powell, with a truly Christian heart, but on the subject of miracles having perhaps the eyes of his understanding somewhat “dazed with excess of light” from the sun of science. Suddenly he was accosted by a stranger present, who said, “I am a denizen of that New World; and it is said that in some places there, with walking briskly over the floor at certain times, a man emits sparks from his fingers, with which even gas can be lighted. What would you say to that?” It was replied, “Nonsense! it is impossible.” Then said the American, “It was because I expected that answer, that I asked you the question. In a scientific circle, I once knew twenty-eight persons out of thirty assent to that same opinion which you have now expressed; but there is not one of them to-day that would. In New York certainly, and in Boston, and perhaps all over America on a frosty night, in a house warmed by such means as they have there in the better class of houses, a person can hardly walk briskly over the carpet and approach his finger at the knuckles quickly to any metallic object, but it will give off a blue detonating spark. And now, by experience as common almost as that of those electric sparks, I tell you that what are called spirit-rappings are true; or, rather, that those rappings are real which are called spiritual. And now I will ask you in all honesty and fair dealing to answer me as you would in your place in the Royal Society. Supposing that you

heard on a table raps, the origin of which you could not possibly connect with cheating, nor yet with science, as it is understood to-day; and supposing, too, that these raps evinced as much intelligence as a boy of five years old,—what now would you think?" Said the man of science, thoughtfully, and after a long pause, "I should say, that, to my present belief, it was the greatest thing which had happened since the creation of the world." To this the American rejoined, "Those raps are of far less peculiarity as to significance than you think. But, like many other persons in pursuit of a special business, you have got lodged in a mere corner of the broad field of knowledge, and where you are capable of being astonished by what would be no absolute novelty to the Esquimaux or to the Maoris of New Zealand."

What is called "rappings" is the most common of all the Spiritualistic manifestations, and for the purpose for which the thing is referred to in the preceding anecdote, it would no doubt have been agreed to by Baden Powell and his fellow-philosophers, as being a sufficient test. But also for that thing precisely which he mentions of the rising of the table from the floor, there is abundant evidence, and some of which is of the very best kind. Buchner says, that because of the laws of nature "there exist no supersensual and supernatural things and capacities, and they never can exist;" and so he denies at once table-spirits and all other spirits and also the possibility of Revelation: but luckily he does also, with other things, deny that any one can read an opaque sealed letter, or guess the thoughts of another. For besides being mesmeric experiences, these things are spiritual phenomena connected with the rappings, of the certainty of which whole armies of witnesses could testify.

That these rappings do really exist, and that they are as real as gravitation, or as thunder and lightning, may now be fairly and properly assumed; since about them it is no longer a question of the value of testimony. For persons open to evidence on the subject, one hundredth part of the testimony which now exists would be enough; and, for those who cannot believe the present evidence on the matter, a thousand times more evidence ought to be insufficient, and probably would be. Whatever it may be, whether good or bad, the thing is real. Multitudes may have had no opportunity of personally knowing about it; and many persons may think, very properly, that they would themselves be none the wiser for meddling with it: but still it may now reasonably be assumed as a fact. As a matter of evidence, the thing is not as it was 20 years ago, when it was first known of by rumours from Rochester; nor as

it was 10 years ago ; nor even as it was five years since. And science and people who believe by its permission, may as well accept the fact to-day, as wait 50 years. For if those rappings should stop to-morrow, as suddenly as they began, which not improbably some day they will ; yet certainly in the next century, they would be believed in as having been real, because of the testimony and literature and wide belief existing to-day on the subject.

But perhaps it may be said that mere unaccountable rappings, even though somewhat intelligent, are no great matter. And they are not any great thing for a child learning the alphabet, it is true ; but they become of infinite importance, when, by dominant science, they are pronounced to be impossible. A scientific impossibility proved to be true, is a wonderful thing ; and so wonderful that under no magnifying glass can it be made to seem too wonderful. But still more ; it is a wonderful thing with all manner of wonders behind it, possibly.

And it may be asked whether it is good or devilish. For our argument, that does not matter. And besides, that question implies what has not been at all assumed, that the rappings are connected with the spiritual world. But, with a view to the next question, let it be allowed that they are so connected. And now perhaps it is asked whether they are Christian or Mohammedan ; and the answer is, that they are both, just as talking is. They are a way of conversing with spirits, who may be good or bad, wise or silly, and in connection with which, a man may have some such experience as though in his native town, after a long absence, he should go into a crowded hall, and from a gallery, in the dark, talk with voices down below.

But an argument on Spiritualism started from "the rappings" would be about the same as though, because of having learned the first letter of the alphabet, a man should think to read Hebrew, and want to argue the value of the Mazoretic points, or the nature of prophecy, or the comparative antiquity respectively of the various parts of the Book of Genesis. Spiritualism, as it is called, is a field as broad nearly as the presence of the human race, and as long almost as the ages themselves have been. It illustrates the pneumatology of the Scripture ; it is a key to the innermost rooms of the temples of Greece ; and it avails for the better understanding of Plato. It solves enigmas as to Mahomet, and it accounts for the career of Joan d'Arc. It is the light, by which in these days to read intelligently the history of Salem witchcraft, the Journal of George Fox, and the account of Edward Irving and the Unknown

Tongues. It is enriched with the reading of the Talmud, and not confused; and it answers for information, when it is tried on the religion of almost any primitive tribe, which has been reported upon, even the very latest.

Spiritualism is of many grades; and it may be connected with every sect in Christendom, and with every sect that follows Mahomet, with Buddhism, and with Brahminism. It is the silliness of silly people to-day, multitudes of them; and it is the wisdom of wise men, not a few. Spiritualism, as intercourse with spirits, has its dangers, and in ancient times was helplessly prone to idolatry; and it was on this account, probably that it was guarded, limited, and directed for the Jews by severe legislation. But like the circumnavigation of the globe by which, with sailing straight on, man goes out on one side of the world, and returns on the other; so what was the peril of the ancient Jews religiously seems now to stand opposed to that idolatry of science, by which the laws of nature are pleaded against the miracles of God.

A strange land is that, of which glimpses are got through Spiritualism; a border-land between this world and the next; a region whence spiritual causes can start material effects; and wherein the laws of Nature are in some degree pliant to spiritual agents; and along the line of which, with strange consequences, spirit and matter interoscuate through their respective laws; a region where it is suddenly bright, uncarthy light, and then as suddenly darkness, and wherein easily a man gets bewildered and befooled; a realm where flits the will-o'-the-wisp, and where fog-banks roll; where often truth looks like illusion, and where, too, illusions are often taken for truth; a field where light is reflected and refracted in a hundred ways, and so as to confuse sometimes like darkness itself; a land whence voices call, sweet and saintly perhaps, but liable in a moment to be cut short like telegraphic wires, and to be continued perhaps by impostors; a region of marvel, with gazing at which many persons have found themselves actuated as though by enchantment; a realm in creation, which sceptics may ridicule, and which some good Christians may ignorantly deny, but in connection with which exist pathways of thought, and across which are distinctly discernible objects, which theology ought to know of.

There is a proverb, that "any stick is good enough to beat a dog with." And the first stick out of the thicket of Spiritualism silences the argument short and sharp, and as incessant as the barking of a dog, which has been kept up so long in Germany, especially, about the order of Nature.

By the rappings which come upon a table in the presence of

a medium, the laws of nature call out against the philosophy of Baden Powell; and they protest against the notion of Buckle, as to there being nothing new to be expected; and they deride the contemptuous self-complacency of Froude; and they explode the dreary vantage-ground whence Buchner would deny the immortality of the soul.

And now, perhaps, some one will wonder whether the writer thinks that his argument is a cure for scepticism. For every variety of scepticism he certainly does not think that it can be. There is scepticism, which is a part of good sense. And of scepticism as a mental disease, there are degrees, just as there are varioloid, small pox, and confluent small pox. There is a mild scepticism, which is simply the spirit of the age, and there is a scepticism which is the result of undue constitutional tendency combined with the temper of the times; and of the same thing, viewed as a disorder, there is an extreme degree, which may be called confluent scepticism, and which mostly is incurable. It is more common in Paris than in this neighbourhood. It is the state of a person with whom every thing runs to doubt. It is a mental state, in which a man might see a miracle, only to wonder whether it could be done again; and who would not believe either though one rose from the dead; and who, if he saw nine men out of ten raised from the dead, would only doubt nine times the more, as to whether the remaining tenth man could possibly be raised. This is confluent scepticism; and it is what converts even remedies themselves into disease.

There have certainly, however, been intellectual Christians, who had been caught at their studies by the spirit of scepticism and been manacled by the logic of science, who had been unable to get themselves exorcised or liberated by the greatest divines of Protestantism, who yet have felt themselves freed by the first sound of those unaccountable rappings, and able to enter "into the temple walking and leaping, and praising God;" being enabled to pray and trust and hope, by having learned that the order of nature is not everything, and that their souls may perhaps be free of it, and free for something higher. And these persons have continued in the same state of joy and freedom and holy hope, comparatively careless as to whether the rappings had been spiritual or demoniac; being only too happy with simply believing them to be something supernatural,—something towards a proof, that perhaps the heavens are not brass against us, and that the order of Nature does not close about our souls like a living tomb.

That the writer thereof should ever have had this to say, of his own knowledge, would have seemed to him in those days, when his faith was according to Mill's *Analysis of the Human*

Mind, to be just as unlikely as his becoming a dancing dervish; or a silent, barefooted Trappist; or a turbaned hadji, squatting on the ground, and intent on the Koran, all day long, at Mecca; or a missionary to the ten lost tribes of Israel; or a Roman prelate, pleading with cardinals against the devil's advocate, and for the canonization of monks and nuns. But the world is wide, and the world of thought is wider still. And wider and wider still it grows, and at an ever-growing pace, in these days, when, with many running to and fro, knowledge is increased; when every ancient history is being drawn forth, to be perused afresh by every light which can be got to bear upon it; when every savage tribe is being respectfully solicited for its traditions; when the monasteries of Mount Sinai and along the frontier of Christendom are yielding up their ancient parchments to enthusiastic scholars; when the King of Siam suddenly stands forth, an eminent astronomer, as the shadow of a great eclipse comes along to cross his kingdom; when, too, the old foundations of Jerusalem are being carefully explored by an English commission; and when, also, the Great Pyramid is being questioned, stone by stone, as to those singular secrets of which it is believed to be the depository.

How much of what is knowledge to-day will be ignorance to-morrow! And how certainly truths, which in this age are taken for errors, will subserve the pioneers of thought in the age to come! But in this world, where light leads up to a wall of darkness, and where darkness yields indeed, but only recedes, scarcely could man dare to advise with man, but that certainly all things human must be rounded by the infinite mercy of God.

THE NATURE AND PROPERTIES OF FLUIDS.

Translated from the French of ALLAN KARDEC, by RICHARD BEAMISH, F.R.S., &c.

OF the many interesting questions to which Spiritualism has given rise, that relating to the operation of FLUIDS is one which seems to possess a very high degree of interest.

In the translation from *Le Ciel et l'Enfer*, of M. Allan Kardec, in the September number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, reference was made to the magnetic fluid, which is said to be the *périsprit*, or fluid body of spirit, and which plays so portant a part in the "*Dark Passage*." This naturally lead a consideration of the nature and properties of fluids genera

a subject discussed by M. Kardec, with his usual ability, in his recent work, *La Genèse*.*

The following is a translation of the chapter on fluids:—

“1.—Science has afforded us the key to miracles,† which have their origin in the elements of matter; whether by offering an explanation of their nature, or by demonstrating the impossibility of their existence, in accordance with the laws which regulate material agency; but science fails to answer when we ask for an explanation of phenomena in which the spiritual element preponderates. Such phenomena present, above all others, the characters of the marvellous. For the key to miracles coming under that category, we must look to the laws which regulate spiritual life.

“2.—The cosmical, or universal fluid, is a primitive elementary matter, the modifications and transformations of which constitute the innumerable variety of the bodies of nature.‡ It is presented to us under two distinct conditions; that of etherization, or imponderability, which may be considered as the primitive normal state, and that of materialization, or ponderability, which involves the condition of uninterrupted sequence.

“The intermediate state is the gradual transformation of the fluid into tangible matter, and which must be taken to represent the mean between two states, each of which presents special phenomena. To the first belongs the invisible; to the second the visible world.

“The one class being specially connected with spiritual existence, presents spiritual, or psychical phenomena. The other, being the object of scientific investigation, properly so called, is considered natural. As spiritual and corporeal life are in constant contact, the two orders of phenomena present themselves simultaneously. Man, at the time of incarnation, can have perception only of those psychical conditions, which are directly connected with corporeal existence. These escape the material senses, and can only be perceived in the spiritual state.

“3.—In the state of etherisation, the cosmical fluid is not uniform: without ceasing to be ether, it is subject to modifica-

* *La Genèse, les Miracles et les Prédications selon le Spiritisme.* Par ALLAN KARDEC. Paris. 1868.

† Miracle (*Mirari*): something extraordinary or surprising. The definition given by the academy is, a “Divine act, contrary to the known laws of nature, or the established constitution and course of things.” Presuming the knowledge of the course of things to be established.

‡ The existence of a peculiar elementary matter is now pretty generally admitted by the scientific world, and is confirmed by communications from the spirit-world.

tions, as varied in kind, and more numerous in character, than are the tangible forms of matter. These modifications constitute distinct fluids, which, although proceeding from the same source, are endowed with special properties, which give rise to the particular phenomena of the invisible world. Everything being relative, these fluids have for spirits, which are themselves fluidic, an appearance as material as that of tangible objects to the incarnated, and are for them what substances of the terrestrial world are for us. These fluids are elaborated and combined, in order to produce the desired effects; just as material substances are employed by man, though by processes widely different. But there, as here, it is only the most enlightened spirits, who can comprehend the *modus operandi* of the constituent elements of their world. They who are ignorant of the principles which govern the evolutions of the invisible world, are incapable of explaining the phenomena which they witness, and in which they take part almost mechanically. Similar to those who ignorant of terrestrial phenomena, are unable to explain the causes of light or electricity, to say why they see or hear.

"4.—The fluid elements of the spirit-world elude our senses and our instruments of analysis, which are applicable to tangible matter only; there are, however, those which belong to a middle state, so far different from ours, that we can only judge of them by comparisons as imperfect as those by which a blind man seeks to form a theory of colours; still, as amongst those fluids, some are intimately connected with corporeal life, and belong in a measure to mid-earth, we may, in default of a direct knowledge of causes, observe the effects of such fluids, and acquire, with a certain amount of precision, a conception of their nature. This knowledge is important, because it furnishes the key to a multitude of phenomena, which are totally inexplicable by the laws which govern matter.

"5.—Of the absolute purity of the central source of the universal fluid, it is impossible to convey an idea. If we conceive it concentrated in a point, then that which is immediately opposed to it, will be its transformation into tangible matter. Between those extremes innumerable transformations are found, which approach one another in infinite variety. The fluids immediately contiguous to matter, and consequently the least pure, form what may be termed the terrestrial spiritual atmosphere. Within this, various degrees of purity are found; and it is here that the incarnate and dis-incarnate spirits of earth draw the elements of existence. These fluids, however subtle and impalpable they may be to us, are, as compared with the ethereal fluids of superior regions, gross and impure. It is the

same at the surface of all worlds. The difference being due to the constituent properties of each. The less life is material, the less the affinity of the spiritual fluid for matter, properly so called.

“The expression, *spiritual fluid*, is not rigorously exact, for that fluid is still matter, more or less refined. There is nothing really spiritual but the soul, or principle of intelligence. It is as a term of comparison that the designation is adopted. It may be defined, in short, as the matter (substance) of the spiritual world.

“6.—If we reflect for a moment, we become aware how little we really know of the constituent elements of tangible matter. The density of matter is only in relation to our senses. This may be understood by the facility with which matter is traversed by electric, and especially by spiritual fluids, as well as by spirits themselves, to which it presents no greater obstacle than do transparent bodies to the passage of light.

“Tangible matter, having for its primary element the cosmical ethereal fluid, should, when resolved, return to the state of etherisation; similar to the manner in which the diamond, the hardest of all bodies, can be volatilized into impalpable gas. In reality, the solidification of matter is simply a transitory state of the universal fluid; which, when conditions of cohesion cease to exist, may return to its primitive condition.

“Who can say whether the state of tangibility of matter be not capable of acquiring a sort of etherisation, which may impress it with peculiar properties? Certain phenomena, which appear to be authenticated, tend to that conclusion. At present, however, we possess only glimmerings of the invisible world. To the future, no doubt, is reserved the knowledge of those laws, which will enable us clearly to comprehend what is now involved in mystery.

“7.—The *périsprit*, or the fluid body of spirit, is one of the most important products of the cosmical fluid; it is a condensation of the fluid around the centre of intelligence, or the soul. We have seen that the carnal body has also its principle in the same fluid, transformed and condensed into tangible matter. In the *périsprit*, the molecular transformation operates differently, for the fluid preserves its imponderability and ethereal qualities. The *périsprital* body and the carnal body have their source in the same primitive element. Both are material, though under different conditions.

“8.—Spirits draw their *périsprit* from the atmosphere by which they are surrounded. In other words, the envelope is formed of the fluids in which they exist; it therefore follows that

the constituent elements of the *périsprit* will vary according to the particular world.

“Jupiter, being more advanced in its condition than the earth, corporeal life should be less material there than here; and, consequently, the *périsprital* envelope of its inhabitants would possess infinitely greater purity. For as our carnal bodies could not exist in the atmosphere of that world, so our spirits could not assimilate with the *périsprit* of theirs.

“On quitting the earth, the spirit disengages itself from its fluid envelope, and receives another adapted to the world for which it is destined.

“9.—The nature of the fluid envelope is always *en rapport*, with the decree of moral advancement of the spirit. Inferior spirits cannot change it at will, and cannot, therefore, transport themselves from one world to another. The fluid envelope, however ethereal and imponderable, is, if we may so express it, too heavy in relation to the spiritual world to permit of their being dissevered, or emancipated from their surroundings. In this category we must place those the *périsprit* of whom is so gross as to be confounded with their carnal bodies, and who, for that reason, believe themselves to be still the denizens of earth. These spirits, the number of which is very great, remain bound to this world, and are under the conviction that they must still continue to be engaged in their mundane occupations; others are somewhat more dematerialized, though not sufficient to elevate themselves above the terrestrial atmosphere. . . .

“10.—The strata of spirit-fluids, which surround the earth, may be compared to the different strata of the atmosphere, which, as they recede from the surface, become more and more rarefied. These fluids are not homogeneous. They are a *mélange*, or commixture of molecules of different qualities, amongst which are found those elementary molecules which form the base of all fluids; and their effect is in proportion to the amount of pure particles which they contain. They may be compared to a mixture of rectified spirit and water, or other liquid, in different proportions; the specific gravity of the spirit being increased by the mixture, while its force and inflammability is diminished.

“Spirits destined to live in this medium, draw from it their *périsprit*; and it depends on their own condition how the selection of its particles will be made. Hence this important result, that the intimate constitution of the *périsprit* is not identical amongst all the incarnate or dis-incarnate spirits which peer the earth, and the atmosphere which surrounds it. Not so with the carnal bodies, which have been shown to be formed of the same elements, whatever may be the superiority or inferiority of their spirits. Another important consideration is, that the

spirital envelope becomes modified, in accordance with the moral progress of each spirit.

“ 11.—The medium in which life is sustained, has always relation to the nature of the things which exist in it: water for fish, air for terrestrial creatures, spirit-fluid, or ether, for spiritual beings. Even on earth, the ethereal fluid is to the wants of the spirit, what the atmosphere is to the corporeal frame. As fish cannot exist in air, nor terrestrial animals in an atmosphere too much rarefied,—so inferior spirits are unable to find support in the purity and brightness of higher or more ethereal fluids. They do not die, because the spirit never dies, but an instinctive impulse prompts them to avoid the trial, as animals shun strong fire or dazzling light. Hence it is why spirits cannot leave the medium appropriate to their natures; to change the medium, they must first change their moral condition, and disengage themselves from those material instincts which retain them in a material medium; in a word, they must purify themselves, and undergo a moral transformation, before they can identify themselves with a purer medium, which ultimately becomes for them a necessity. As the eye which has been long accustomed to darkness, must be insensibly habituated to the light of day and the brilliancy of sunshine.

“ 12.—Thus, in the universe, all things are linked together; all are bound together; all are subject to the great and harmonious law of unity, from the most dense materiality to the purest spirituality; as a vase from whence issues a heavy perfume, which, as it ascends and expands, becomes more and more rarefied and attenuated, until at length it loses itself in space. Divine power shines through all parts of this glorious whole.

“ 13.—The spiritual fluid, which constitutes one of the conditions of the cosmical fluid, is then the atmosphere of spiritual beings; the element from whence those beings derive the materials on which they operate; the medium in which special phenomena take place, perceptible to the sight and hearing of spirit, but which elude our carnal senses, which can be impressed only by tangible matter. It is in effect the vehicle of thought, as air is the vehicle of sound.

“ 14.—Spirits act on the spiritual fluids by the force of thought and will; not by manipulating them as men manipulate gas. These fluids are to spirits what the hand is to man. By thought, spirits impress on them such and such directions; they collect, combine, or disperse them. They produce an *ensemble* from them, upon which they impress determined forms and colours; they change their properties as a chemist changes that of gas, or other bodies, by combinations, according to certain laws.

These fluids form the laboratory of spiritual life. Sometimes these transformations are the result of intention; often they are produced by unconscious thought. It is sufficient that the spirit desires to have the desire realized. It is thus, for example, that a spirit presents itself to the view of the incarnated, endowed with spiritual perception, under the form which it bore while in the flesh—costume, infirmities, scars, amputated members, &c. A decapitated spirit has, in fact, been known to present itself to a medium. It is not to be supposed that these appearances are preserved: certainly not; for as spirit, it is neither lame, maimed, one-eyed, nor headless; but the thoughts being carried back to the time when the body presented such and such an appearance, its *périsprit* instantly invests itself with that appearance, and as instantly quits it.

“By an analogous process, the thought of the spirit creates, fluidically, the objects which it had been in the habit of using. The miser handles his gold, the soldier his arms, a smoker his pipe, the labourer his plough and oxen, the old woman her distaff, and so on. These fluid representations are as real to the spirit, as the material objects which they represent are to the incarnate; but as they are the creations of thought only, so are they also as fugitive.*

“15.—A knowledge of the action of spirits, on the spiritual fluids is of the utmost importance to the incarnate. From the moment that these fluids become the vehicle of thought, that thought can modify their properties, it is evident that they may be impregnated with good or bad qualities, modified by the purity or impurity of the sentiments. Evil thoughts corrupt the spiritual fluids, as noxious miasmas vitiate the air we respire. While then the fluids which surround, or which are projected by evil spirits, become thus polluted, those which are influenced by good spirits, possess a degree of purity proportioned to the moral condition of the spirit. It is not possible to enumerate or classify good and bad fluids; nor to specify their respective qualities, seeing that the diversities are as great as the thoughts.

“16.—If then the surrounding fluids are modified by the projection of the thoughts of the spirit, the *périspiritual* envelope of the spirit, which is a constituent part of its being, and which

* In the *Livre des Mediums*, chap. viii, M. Kardec has given his authority for this theory of spirit-action, and which, he says, affords the explanation of a fact well known in magnetism, but which has hitherto remained inexplicable, *viz.*, the change effected in the properties of water by the will of the magnetizer, often with the assistance of another spirit, by the aid of the magnetic fluid, and the substance drawn from cosmical matter, or the universal element. If a modification of the properties of water can be effected, an analogous phenomenon can be equally produced in the fluids of organism. The faculty of healing by the imposition of hands—a faculty possessed by many—may be thus explained.

receives directly, and in a permanent form, the impression of its thoughts, ought yet more strongly to bear the impress of its good or bad qualities. * * * *

" 17.—Man being an incarnate spirit, possesses many of the attributes of spiritual life; often exhibited during sleep, and sometimes in the waking state. The spirit, in becoming incarnate, preserves in its *périsprit* the qualities proper to it, and which we know are not circumscribed by the body, but radiate all round, enveloping it with a fluid atmosphere. The *périsprit* by virtue of its intimate union with the body, performs a principal part in the organism. By its expansion, it is enabled to place itself *en rapport* with free or disincarnated spirits.

" 18.—As spirit fluids act on the *périsprit*, so the *périsprit* in its turn re-acts on the material organism, with which it is in molecular contact. If the efflux be of a good kind, the body experiences salutary and agreeable impressions; but if it be bad, the impressions are unhealthy and painful. If the bad impressions become permanent and strong, they produce physical disease; certain maladies, have in fact, no other cause. The medium in which evil spirits abound is impregnated with baneful fluids which may be absorbed through all the pores of the *périsprit*, as pestilent miasma is absorbed by the pores of the body.

" 19.—It is the same in an assembly of incarnate spirits, which becomes a centre from whence radiate thoughts the most diverse. Thoughts act on the fluids, as sound acts upon the air; the fluids transmit the thoughts as air propagates sound. Waves and rays of thought cross each other without becoming confounded. As from a chorus there may proceed discordant as well as harmonious sounds, so from thoughts may there be propagated harmonious and discordant impressions. If the assembly be harmonious, the impressions are felt to be agreeable; if discordant, they are painful—whether formulated in words or not. * * * *

" Hence, we may understand why it is that a sympathetic union, animated by benevolent and superior thoughts, affords such entire gratification. In the salubrious and moral atmosphere which prevails, the mind expands, and existence becomes at once elevated and ennobled; and also how it is, when sympathy is wanting, and when malevolent thoughts disturb the spirit, such an undefinable irritation and *malaise* is experienced; just as a current of foul air brings offence to the olfactory nerves.

" 20.—Thus Spiritualism, and Spiritualism only, is competent to explain how it is that thoughts produce a sort of physical effect, which again re-act on the moral faculties; and that the human mind instinctively seeks that society which, in its

sympathy and homogeneity, affords the best aid in the renovation of its moral powers.* As wholesome aliment repairs the waste of the body, so does such society, in a measure, restore the loss of fluid, caused by the daily radiation of thought. When it is said that a physician relieves, and sometimes cures his patients, by kind and tender words, the expression is absolutely true; for benign thoughts carry with them those salutary and healthful fluids, which act quite as much on the physical organism as on the moral faculties.

"21.—It is urged that bad men may be avoided; but to be freed from the influence of the multitude of malevolent spirits, which are in constant though in unseen action around us, is impossible; and yet the means are very simple. In the will, with support of earnest prayer, ample protection will be found.

"Those fluids, which are similar in their nature readily attract one another; while those which are dissimilar as readily repel each other. The amalgamation of good and bad fluids is as incompatible as is the union of oil and water.

* The following illustrative anecdote was related to the translator by a gentleman, a distinguished lawyer of Pesth, with whom he became intimately acquainted in 1842, at Gräfenberg, in Austrian Silesia.

About a year before, the Baroness A—— had become a resident in Pesth. She was a person of striking personal attractions and accomplishments. Her house was the resort of the highest circles, and she dispensed her hospitality with a munificent hand. Her benevolence was manifested in liberal subscriptions to the charitable institutions of the city, and in ministering to the individual sufferings of the poor. In short, her name was on every tongue, and blessings followed her steps.

Connected with the leading families of Pesth, there was a lady and her husband, M. and Madame B——, whose society the Baroness A—— much desired to cultivate. This lady was, however, of so peculiar a nature, and so sensitive to the proximity of evil in every form, that she was compelled to retire altogether from general society. At the approach of impurity, she would impulsively extend her arms and fingers, crying out at the same time, "Leave me—leave me!"

Her husband was frequently the honoured guest of the Baroness A——. His friends often rallied him upon what they could only look upon as affectation, or something worse, on the part of his wife. On one occasion, the Baroness had issued invitations for a more than usually brilliant assembly, and she pressed M. B—— so strongly to permit her to make the acquaintance of his amiable wife, that he was unable to decline. Madame B——, with painful reluctance, yielded at length to the solicitations of her husband. The evening arrived; the names of M. and Madame B—— were scarcely announced, when the Baroness hastened to meet and welcome her long-wished-for guests; to the consternation of all, poor Madame B—— instantly extended her hands towards the Baroness, and in more than usually painful accents, cried "Leave me—leave me!" and fell upon the floor in a swoon.

M. B—— was overwhelmed with dismay. His friends made him the subject of mockery and derision; as it was now clear, apparently to all, that to attach evil to one who was known as the benefactress of the poor, and the associate of the best and wisest of the city, was simply absurd. Time passed, and when this remarkable anecdote was related to me, by my lawyer friend, he had received a pressing summons to proceed to Berlin, to defend the noble lady against charges involving the deepest crime.

“ To restore vitiated air to a wholesome condition, the nucleus of the miasma must be destroyed, and pure air allowed a free passage; so, to prevent the intrusion of malignant fluids, benign influences must be evoked; and each possesses in his own *périsprit* a permanent supply of fluid. The remedy is really placed within the power of all. It is only necessary to purify the source, and to give it such qualities as shall repel, and not attract, any hurtful influxes. The *périsprit* is then a *cuirasse*, which must be carefully tempered; for as the qualities of the *périsprit* determine the character of the mind, it is of the last importance that the *périsprit* should be fully prepared and strengthened. The imperfections of the mind open the passage to the admission of evil.

“ Flies congregate around the centre of corruption, destroy the focus of attraction, and the insects disappear. In like manner, bad spirits are attracted by the impurities of the *périsprit*: remove the impurity, and there is nothing more to fear.

“ Truly good spirits, whether incarnate or disincarnate, have nothing to apprehend from the influence of evil.”

THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY.

THE following letter was addressed to the committee by Mr. Howitt, in answer to an application by the Secretary for information and advice:—

“ The Orchard, Esher,

“ February 26th, 1869.

“ Dear Sir,—On my return from a fortnight's absence, I find on my table a letter from you on behalf of the Dialectical Society, wishing for information on the subject of Spiritualism in reference to an investigation into its phenomena, proposed to be made by the Society. This statement will explain the cause of my silence. I reply to you now at once.

“ I am by no means sanguine of any good result from the inquiries of such committees. Englishmen, otherwise well advanced in the intelligence of the time, are, as it regards Spiritualism, 20 years behind the literary and scientific publics of France, Germany, Switzerland and the United States of America. Scores of societies and millions of individuals have entered upon and passed actively through the investigations which you are now commencing, 10, 15 and 20 years ago. However, ‘ Better late than never.’ Like the ‘ Seven Sleepers’ and Rip Van Winkle, some few of our English men of science

and literature are at length waking up to find the world of intelligence abroad gone far ahead of them. Though late, it is still laudable. Perhaps when the Dialectical Society has determined the present point, it will set on foot a similar enquiry into the correctness of the theory of the Copernican system, of that of the circulation of the blood, of the principle of gravitation, and of the identity of lightning and electricity; for Spiritualism, having now received the assent of about 20 millions of people in all countries, after personal examination, stands obviously on the same basis of fact that they do. Pray do not, however, imagine me disposed to be satirical. I am simply asserting what appears to me a most prominent and unavoidable truth.

“ You ask me to give you any suggestions which I may think calculated to assist you in your enquiry. Most willingly; but I am afraid that it will be much easier for me to suggest than for you to adopt my chief suggestion, which is, to divest your minds of all prejudice on the subject. The tendency of both philosophy and general education for more than a century has been, whilst endeavouring to suppress all prejudice, to create a load of prejudice against everything spiritual. Science, philosophy, general opinion, have assumed, more and more, a material character, and in no country more than in this. I would say to you as judges say to juries—‘ Gentlemen, divest your minds of all mere hearsay; fix them only on the evidence.’ It is not easy; but till you have done this, you can make no real progress in your present enquiry. You may as well expect the delicate flowers of your conservatories to flourish in a night’s frost out of doors. To produce correct results you must establish the necessary conditions. Now, if you follow the example of Messrs. Faraday and Tyndall, and insist on dictating conditions on a subject of which you are ignorant, failure is inevitable.

“ You must come to the subject with candour, and be willing to study the laws and characteristics of the matter under consideration. It is from obedience or disobedience to this principle that enquiries instituted by societies, or small companies of persons with minds open to the truth, have succeeded or failed. The results of such enquiries are, that whilst societies and committees have retired generally from the investigation without obtaining positive facts; and therefore, believing that no such existed, private companies and individuals have obtained the most unquestionable spiritual phenomena, to the amount of twenty millions of believers. From time to time, accordingly we have heard that Spiritualism has been demonstrated undeniable to be a myth and a delusion; that it was dead and gone. The Davenport and other mediums have been proved impostors and utterly put down; the truth being all the time that

Davenport remained as genuine mediums as before, and that Spiritualism has gone forward advancing and expanding its field of action, without the least regard to the failures, the falsehoods, the misrepresentations, and the malice of men.

"Your second wish expressed is, that I would 'endeavour to throw some light on the connection apparently existing between Spiritism and Animal Magnetism; or would refer you to any books other than Reichenbach, Gregory, Feuchtersleben, Ennemoser, Lee, Ashburner, myself,' &c.

"In referring you to a few of the leading works on the subject, and especially to those more particularly dealing with the connection between Spiritism and Magnetism, I may excuse myself entering on my own views on this subject, which would extend too far the limits of this letter.

"From the first fact to which I have alluded,—that of the very late period at which English men of letters have entered on this enquiry compared with those of other countries—there exists an extensive Spiritual literature in both America, France, Switzerland and Germany. I can, for your present purpose, indicate only a very few of these works, and those exclusively by scientific and learned writers.

"Amongst American works on Spiritism, you should read carefully the introduction by Judge Edmonds to *Spiritism by Judge Edmonds and G. T. Dexter*, where you have the experiences of an able lawyer testing evidence as he would do in a court of justice.

"Next, the investigations of Professor Hare, in which, as a great electrician, he details his severe and long-continued scrutiny into the nature of these phenomena; both he and Judge Edmonds having undertaken these enquiries in the full persuasion that they should expose and put an end to the pretensions of Spiritism.

"I do not refer you here to the numerous works of A. J. Davis; which, though most remarkable in another point of view, are not so necessary for your purpose.

"The *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*, by the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, a carefully and clearly reasoned work, might be of service to you.

"Of German works:—

"*Die Seerin von Prevorst von Justinus Kerner, M.D.*

"*Die Zwei Bessener.*

"*Die Somnambülen Tische. Zur Geschichte und Erklärungen dieser Erscheinungen.*

"Dr. Kerner was a man of profound science, and distinguished by his works in different departments. His *Seeress of Prevorst*, who was his patient, has been translated by Mrs. Crowe. The

remarkable phenomena recorded in this work are especially valuable, as they have been so fully and widely confirmed by the experiences of Spiritualists of all countries since.

"Next in importance to these are the enquiries of Herr D. Hornung, the late Secretary of the Berlin Magnetic Association.

"1.—*Neue Geheimnisse des Tages durch Geistes-Magnetismus.* Leipsic, 1857.

"2.—*Neueste Erfahrungen aus dem Geistesleben.* Leipsic, 1858.

"3.—*Heinrich Heine, der Unsterbliche.*

Also a brief continuation of his enquiries.

"These works contain the steady and persevering researches and experiments of Herr Hornung and a select body of friends through a course of years. Hornung commenced the enquiry as a practical magnetist, and continued it with unwearied assiduity, tracing the phenomena through all their phases, and availing himself of the experiences of scientific men in all parts of Germany, in Switzerland, France, and Italy.

"The works of Görres, one of the most learned journalists and historians of Germany, especially his *Christliche Mystik*, abound with extraordinary facts, but would require a long time to peruse them.

"In French:—

"*The Pneumatologie of the Marquis de Mirville.*

"*Extracts de la Pneumatologie, etc.*

"*Tables Tournantes ; du Surnaturel en Général et des Esprits, of Comte de Gasparin.* 1854.

"*Tables Tournantes de Comte de Szapary.* 1854.

"*The works of Baron Dupotet and of Puysegur.*

"*Pneumatologie Positive et Experimentale, par le Baron de Guldenstubbé.*

"The works of M. Segouin, who, through magnetism, was convinced of the truth of Spiritualism.

"*Cahagnet's Arcanes de la Vie Future Dévoilé ; and his Encyclopédie Magnetique et Spirituelle.* 4 tom.

"But, perhaps, most important of all as regards your enquiry, is the correspondence of the two celebrated professors of magnetism, M.M. Deleuze and Billot, who, in prosecuting their magnetic researches were, each unknown to the other, surprised by the presence of spiritual phenomena of the decided and varied kind. Glimpses of an *arrière pensée* in published works led to an explanation between them, which was published in two volumes, in Paris, in 1836.

"I may add the *Journal de l'Ame*, of Dr. Boerhaave, Geneva, and his *Fragment sur l'Electricité Universelle*

"In Italian:—

"Consoni's Varieta Elettro-magnetico et relativa Spiegazione.

"These works by men chiefly of scientific eminence are more than can be mastered in a short time. They are only a sample; the rest are legion; spiritual literature comprising many hundreds of volumes: for, as I have said, your society is entering on a field as new which has been traversed and reaped many years ago. And, after all, though evidently disembodied spirits come into contact with embodied spirits through the agency of magnetism and electricity, there is probably an inner cognate force operating in the process, which, like the principle of life, lies too deep for discovery by any human power.

"With my best wishes for the successful prosecution of your proposed labour.

"I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
"WILLIAM HOWITT.

"George Wheatley Bennett, Esq."

Mr. Howitt requests the editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* to allow him this opportunity of recommending to the Dialectical Society the profoundly learned work of Dr. Doherty, *Organic Philosophy*, which he most unaccountably overlooked in writing to Mr. Bennett. This work, of which two volumes are only yet published, *Epicosmology* and *Ontology*, are the work of a life of unwearied research and thought. The system of Dr. Doherty, in Mr. Howitt's opinion, is the only philosophical one of the present age, based on the TRUTH, namely, that all life and every species of force exist *ab origine* in the invisible world, and are thence developed into the visible one. If this be so, the almost universal body of our scientific men and philosophers are dealing merely with the outside of things and putting the cart ludicrously before the horse: a matter for the Dialectical and other Societies to think a little upon.

MR. NEWTON CROSLAND AND THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY.

"London, 9th March, 1869.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

"Sir,—In accordance with a suggestion which appeared in your last number, I have been applied to by the London Dialectical Society for any evidence I can offer respecting 'Spiritualism.'

"I shall feel much obliged if you can find room for my reply, as I wish to set myself right with many people who are under the impression that I have 'deserted the cause.'

"Your obedient Servant,
"NEWTON CROSLAND."

“ London, 6th March, 1869.

“ Dear Sir,—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th inst.

“ All that I and my wife know of the facts of Spiritualism is contained in my Essay on ‘ Apparitions ’ and my wife’s book, entitled ‘ Light in the Valley.’

“ By being too early in the field in my advocacy of the cause of Spiritualism, I lost several hundreds per annum. The consequence is that I am now obliged to work hard, and I have no time or leisure to devote to teaching others a subject which I consider profound, complicated, instructive, fascinating, and ennobling.

“ The facts of Spiritualism are to me as certain and indisputable as those of the multiplication table. To be asked now-a-days whether I believe in the spiritual phenomena is about as playfully irritating as to be questioned respecting the grounds of my opinion that 12 times 12 make 144.

“ One caution however I must give,—and that is, that the subject cannot be grappled with and mastered without the most careful, elaborate and anxious study.

“ It took me 18 months’ patient investigation to learn the simple elements of the subject. The religious philosophy, which underlies and is suggested by the outer phenomena, is of the choicest and most sterling value.

“ It does therefore amuse me when I hear clever people talk of ‘ arriving at conclusions ’ after a few hours’ examination. Let us therefore take care what path we choose in our progress of investigation. It ought to guide us to a world of light and beauty, but we may more easily drift into a quagmire of dangerous nonsense.

“ As far as my comfort and convenience are concerned I would rather you asked me to go through a course of mathematics with you than a course of spiritualistic study.

“ The former would be light in comparison with the latter.

“ I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

“ NEWTON CROSLAND.

“ G. W. Bennett, Esqre.”

THE DAVENPORTS.—We hear that these gentlemen are again in prison in America for showing their manifestations without a conjurors’ license, and this in the land under the shadow of the eagle, which is always screeching out for liberty. It seems strange that such a thing could happen, if there were really so many millions of believers there as we frequently hear asserted.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

LECTURES AND CONFERENCES.

SPIRITUALISM in this country has hitherto been asserted chiefly by the press; the platform, however, is now beginning to assert a wider influence among us on this subject than it has done—both in London and the provinces. The Manchester mind has lately been powerfully awakened by Mrs. Emma Hardinge. In addition to the four lectures on Spiritualism that had been announced for delivery by her at the Free Trade Hall, a fifth, by request, was delivered in the same place on a Sunday evening, when the Hall was crowded. A lecture was also given by her at the neighbouring town of Hyde. These lectures have received highly eulogistic notices from the local press, and we understand that a fund has been formed for their publication.

At Norwood, the earnest indefatigable Mr. John Jones has been carrying on a war against all comers in the *Norwood News*. This culminated in the delivery of a course of lectures; the first by Mr. D. D. Home, on "Spiritualism and its Phenomena;" the second, by Mrs. Emma Hardinge, on "The Uses of Spiritualism;" and the third, by Mr. John Jones, on "The Phenomena of Spiritualism and its Witnesses." Notwithstanding that a small knot of rowdy respectables came to disturb the lectures and insult the speakers, the lectures were received by the audience with attention and evident interest.

The East London Association of Spiritualists has continued the weekly lectures, at the Stepney Temperance Hall. Mr. J. Burns has lectured on "Spiritualism: its Facts and Phenomena," and "Spiritualism: its Philosophy and Religious Teachings." Mr. J. M. Spear has presented "A Bible Reading of Spiritualism." Mr. Thomas Shorter, "An Answer to the Question, 'What are the Uses of Spiritualism?' with answers to questions and replies to objections from the audience." Various other lectures and addresses have also been given by members and friends of the Association, and though not large, the audiences have been orderly and attentive.

The London Weekly Conferences at Lawson's Rooms, have been occupied during the past month with considering "The Psychological and Physical Differences between Clairvoyance and Spiritualism," opened by Mr. H. J. Jencken; "The Relations between Mesmerism, Electro-Biology, and Spiritualism," introduced by Mr. Reynolds; and "What are the Uses of Spiritualism?" brought forward by Mr. Thomas Shorter.

MR. CROMWELL F. VARLEY'S PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

At one of the Conferences on Spiritualism at Lawson's Rooms, Gower Street, London, the subject of the evening was "Spiritual Light." In the course of a very able address, bearing on the scientific aspects of Spiritualism, Mr. C. F. Varley, the eminent Electrician, gave in illustration the following personal experience. A writer in the *Eastern Express*, March 6th, relates the anecdote as being also told to himself and other friends. He says—"I will try and give his account in his own words." Having heard the narrative from Mr. Varley's lips, we can confirm the accuracy of the report. Mr. Varley said:—

"At one period during the construction of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable it had to be subjected to some very delicate tests, and I had become so wearied from the incessant attention given, that sleep at night was of the first importance to me. One day I was more wearied than usual, and to insure sleep made my room totally dark before retiring. After I had been in bed some time Mrs. Varley awoke me, telling me she had been much disturbed by a noise as if some one were in the room. I at once rose and lit the gas, but found no one. At Mrs. Varley's request, I left the gas faintly burning, and returning to bed was soon again asleep; but my sleep was short, for Mrs. Varley again awoke me, and said, 'There is some one in the room, you must turn the gas full on.' I did so, and searched the room, but found no one. I returned to bed somewhat anxious, but soon slept again from sheer exhaustion, this time to be myself awakened by the noise. I jumped up, and looking between the curtains at the foot of the bed, I there saw a man, who held up his hand as if to assure me. I then noticed that the man was not opaque, for I could see the wall through him. I turned to my wife and said, 'Can you not see that figure at the bottom of the bed?' She said, 'No! where?' I replied, 'It is between the foot curtains.' She made no answer, and I, looking at her, saw her to be going into a trance, so I waited to see what next. Soon she spoke, being in a trance; but I found it was not her voice, nor herself who was speaking, and I was addressed nearly as follows:—'Mr. Varley, I am very glad I am able to make myself visible to you. I was afraid at one time I could not have done so, and I am much more pleased that I can communicate to you. I am —, brother of your friend, who is now at Birmingham. He is very anxious about a matter in which he fears he will fail (this brother was prosecuting some tests many miles away from where I was at that time). Tell him he will

not fail in it; he is going the right way to work in it, and all will be as he wishes. You may also tell him, for his identification of me, that I am he who made myself visible to him last night, but could not communicate. Tell him also, in order that he may have confidence in my statement, that I am his brother C—, who went to school at —, in France, and was killed there (stabbed in the breast) by a schoolfellow. Then my body was brought over to England to be buried; and my mother, who went for it, placed some blotting paper over the wound, and between it and the shirt in which my body was wrapped, in order that the blood which might ooze out should not stain the shirt, and thus call attention to the manner of my death.' He also gave me his age, place of interment, and many other details, that I might have certain proof of his identity. He then left, and we slept the remainder of the night without further interruption. In the morning I wrote to my friend, telling him of the appearance and communication of the night; and in the course of post had a reply confirming all the particulars, and adding that his brother had twice appeared to him—the second time the night before he wrote the letter I was then reading—at which second appearance he was able to communicate to him personally, and he then told him he had appeared to me, and also the communication he had given me; so that before he received my letter, telling him of the occurrences before mentioned, he himself knew of them from the mouth of his brother. It is necessary to add that I did not know my friend had a brother who had met his death in such a manner, nor did I know any of the family matters connected with it until I had the communication from his brother's spirit."

MANIFESTATIONS THROUGH MR. HOME.

Mr. Home had passed into the trance state so often witnessed; rising from his seat, he laid hold of an arm-chair, which he held at arm's length, and was then lifted about three feet clear off the ground; travelling thus suspended in space, he placed the chair next Lord A—, and made a circuit round those in the room, being lowered and raised as he passed each of us. One of those present measured the elevation, and passed his leg and arm underneath Mr. Home's feet. The elevation lasted from four to five minutes. On resuming his seat, Mr. Home addressed Captain —, communicating news to him of which the departed alone could have been cognisant.

The spirit form that had been seen reclining on the sofa now stepped up to Mr. Home and mesmerised him; a hand was then seen luminously visible over his head, about 18 inches in a vertical

line from his head. The trance state of Mr. Home now assumed a different character; gently rising he spoke a few words to those present, and then opening the door proceeded into the corridor; a voice then said—"He will go out of this window and come in at that window." The only one who heard the voice was the Hon. —, and a cold shudder seized upon him as he contemplated the possibility of this occurring, a feat which the great height of the third floor windows in Ashley Place rendered more than ordinarily perilous. The others present, however, having closely questioned him as to what he had heard, he at first replied, "I dare not tell you;" when, to the amazement of all, a voice said, "You must tell; tell directly." The Hon. — then said, "Yes; yes, terrible to say, he will go out at that window and come in at this; do not be frightened, be quiet." Mr. Home now re-entered the room, and opening the drawing room window, was pushed out demi-horizontally into space, and carried from one window of the drawing room to the farthest window of the adjoining room. This feat being performed at a height of about 60 feet from the ground, naturally caused a shudder in all present. The body of Mr. Home, when it appeared at the window of the adjoining room, was shunted into the room feet foremost—the window being only 18 inches open. As soon as he had recovered his footing he laughed and said, "I wonder what a policeman would have said had he seen me go round and round like a teetotum!" The scene was, however, too terrible—too strange, to elicit a smile; cold beads of perspiration stood on every brow, while a feeling pervaded all as if some great danger had passed; the nerves of those present had been kept in a state of tension that refused to respond to a joke. A change now passed over Mr. Home, one often observable during the trance states, indicative, no doubt, of some other power operating on his system. Lord — had in the meantime stepped up to the open window in the adjoining room to close it—the cold air, as it came pouring in, chilling the room; when, to his surprise, he only found the window 18 to 24 inches open. This puzzled him, for how could Mr. Home have passed outside through a window only 18 to 24 inches open! Mr. Home, however, soon set his doubts at rest; stepping up to Lord —, he said, "No, no; I did not close the window; I passed thus into the air outside." An invisible power then supported Mr. Home all but horizontally in space, and thrust his body into space through the open window, head foremost, bringing him back again feet foremost into the room, shunted not unlike a shutter into a basement below. The circle round the table having re-formed, a cold current of air passed over those present, like the rushing of winds. This repeated itself several times. The cold blast of air, or electric

fluid, or call it what you may, was accompanied by a loud whistle like a gust of wind on the mountain top, or through the leaves of the forest in late autumn; the sound was deep, sonorous, and powerful in the extreme, and a shudder kept passing over those present, who all heard and felt it. This rushing sound lasted quite ten minutes, in broken intervals of one or two minutes. All present were much surprised; and the interest became intensified by the unknown tongues in which Mr. Home now conversed. Passing from one language to another in rapid succession, he spoke for ten minutes in unknown languages.

A spirit form now became distinctly visible; it stood next to the Hon. —, clad, as seen on former occasions, in a long robe with a girdle, the feet scarcely touching the ground, the outline of the face only clear, and the tones of the voice, though sufficiently distinct to be understood, whispered rather than spoken. Other voices were now heard, and large globes of phosphorescent lights passed slowly through the room.—*Human Nature for February.*

EXTENSION AND CONTRACTION OF THE HAND—MISS BERTOLACCI
—FLOWERS UNINJURED BY FIRE—TONGUES OF FIRE.

Mr. H. D. Jencken, in the March number of *Human Nature*, continues his interesting account of the spirit manifestations through the mediumship of Mr. D. D. Home, as personally witnessed and carefully examined by himself and other competent investigators. He narrates another instance of the elongation of Mr. Home's body, and gives the measurements (carefully made at the time) of the elongation of each part of the body. The most unique and striking portion of the phenomenon in this instance was the elongation and shortening of the hand, of which a sketch is given from a tracing made at the time, showing (1) the extreme extension; (2) the normal size; and (3) the extreme contraction of Mr. Home's hand. Mr. Jencken says:—

As the weight of the testimony depends much upon the accuracy of the tracing taken, I will describe my method in making the outline. I caused Mr. Home to place his hand firmly on a sheet of paper, and then carefully traced an outline of the hand. At the wrist joint I placed a pencil against the "trapezium," a small bone at the end of the phalange of the thumb. The hand gradually widened and elongated about an inch, then contracted and shortened about an inch. At each stage I made a tracing of the hand, causing the pencil point to be firmly kept at the wrist. The fact of the elongating and contracting of the hand I unmistakably established, and, be the cause what it may, the fact remains; and in giving the result of my measurements, and the method adopted to satisfy myself that I had not been self-deceived, I am, I believe, rendering the first positive measurement of the extension and contraction of a human organism.

The phenomenon of elongation I am aware has been questioned, and I do not quarrel with those who maintain their doubt, despite all that may be affirmed. In

my own experience I have gone through the same phases of doubt, and uttered disbelief of what I was seeing. The first time I witnessed an elongation, although I measured the extension at the waist, I would not, could not, credit my senses; but having witnessed this fact some ten or twelve times, and that in the presence of fifty witnesses, from first to last, who have been present at these *séances* where those elongations occurred, all doubts have been removed; and that the capacity to extend is not confined to Mr. Home, was shown some months ago at Mr. Hall's, where, at a *séance* held at his house, both Mr. Home and Miss Bertolacci became elongated. The stretching out and contracting of the limbs, hands, fingers, above described, I have only witnessed on this one occasion, and I was much pleased to have a steady Oxonian to aid me in making the measurements above detailed.

Mr. Jencken also relates the following incident of this *séance* :—

Mr. Home (in trance), now took a violet and a few leaves, and, kneeling down at the hearth, stirred the fire with his hand. He then showed us the flower, and, seizing it with the fire-tongs, placed it in the fire. I distinctly saw the leaves burn away, and, on withdrawing the fire-tongs, only the stem was left. Twice he repeated this burning of the flower, then, handing the fire-tongs to Miss —, he stepped on one side, and we saw the flower being replaced between the nippers of the fire-tongs. I asked whether they had re-formed the flower, to which he replied, "No; the flower has never been burnt, only shielded, protected from the fire; the freshness of the flower has, however, been destroyed." He then handed me the violet and leaves, which Miss P — took, and I believe has preserved. Mr. Home then showed his hands, which felt harsher and harder than in their normal state.

Mr. Jencken adds that at a recent *séance* with Mr. Home, tongues of fire formed in an irregular circle round Mr. Home's head, flickering in fits and starts, from one to three inches long.

A STRANGE SYMPATHY.

Prochaska, the eminent physiologist, used to mention in one of his lectures how, travelling in Bavaria, he put up at a small inn at Tetschen Brod, where, being weather-bound, he passed his days in writing. Not liking the meagre accommodation of a little village inn, he begged that at least they would provide him with a comfortable arm chair. After some delay a large, high backed, old leathern throne was placed in his room, with injunctions to treat it carefully. He welcomed the ann with delight, and at once proceeded to avail himself of its comfort. Scarcely, however, had he been seated in it an hour, when he was seized with a violent pain in the back of the neck, which extended gradually down the spine. The pain left him after he went to bed, and returned when he replaced himself in the chair next morning. Sometimes they came moderately, and forced him to cry out; sometimes they came slightly, and increased in severity, gradually engaging the centre after another, and causing intense suffering. The symptoms would slowly subside on removal from the chair, and would return instantaneously when he went back to it.

scarcely a form of neuralgia he did not experience. The facial nerves were constantly the seat of suffering, and his sciatic agonies were terrible. He examined the chair carefully and thoroughly. He ripped open the leather covering, and he investigated the hair stuffing beneath. He tested the varnish on the wood, and, in fact, left nothing undone that might throw light on the curious influence of evil this antique piece of furniture possessed, but to no purpose. Nothing came of all his perquisition, and he was driven to seek if the history of the chair could afford any explanation of these phenomena. To his amazement he learned that his landlady had borrowed the chair from a doctor in the village. He had used it for years in his study, and in it some hundreds of patients had undergone the various operations of surgery. The well-worn arms, showing where agonised hands had grasped convulsively the patched leather, attested the violence which had attended these struggles. "I bought the vicious old seat, and had it hacked up before my eyes, and the fragments thrown into the Elbe," said the Professor, "but the lesson it taught me I have never forgotten."—*Saint Paul's Magazine.*

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS—TURNING THE TABLES!

A correspondent writes to us as follows:—

"I was somewhat surprised to find the following paragraph in a report of the proceedings of the Old Change Microscopical Society:—

In a dark room upstairs there were some interesting experiments carried on under the guidance of Mr. W. Ludd, and accompanied with explanations by Mr. Geo. Griffith, of Harrow, showing first the general principles of spectrum analysis, and next giving the spectra of some among the most interesting of the stars including that of the star in the constellation Hercules, which was by means of the spectrum analysis discovered three years ago to be a world on fire; and that of the star Sirius, which, by a delicate application of the same tests, was found to be receding from the earth at the rate of twenty-nine miles per second. The spectra of different metals, especially of copper and zinc, were most successfully shown, and were singularly beautiful.

"After all the objections raised by the *savans* to the dark *séances* of Spiritualists, it is somewhat too much for them to expect us to believe what takes place in their dark rooms upstairs. If (according to their own argument) spectrum analysis be a reality, why cannot it be gone into in the daylight, instead of in this hole-and-corner fashion? If Sirius be a respectable star, or the constellation Hercules no humbug, let them come out into the daylight, and we will believe in them. Don't talk to us of 'conditions'; why should stars demand 'conditions' any more than spirits? Zinc and copper spectra beautiful indeed! Let us see them by daylight and then we will confess it. O Pepper,

Tyndall, *et hoc genus omne!* We fear you are a very 'Microscopical' Society indeed. If you are the *savans*, I am proud to sign myself
 "IGNORAMUS."

WHERE IS MR. LAWRENCE W. OLIPHANT.

Ever and anon in Catholic countries some person of distinction disappears, and inquiry is met with the answer that he or she has gone to seek peace in monastic seclusion. We are not accustomed to such dramatic effects in England, and therefore are the more startled at their occurrence. When Amelia Opie left the gay world and reappeared in the garb of a Quakeress, the event was the sensation of a season. So we suppose society will be similarly affected when the fate of Mr. Lawrence Oliphant is known. Mr. Oliphant was a world-wide traveller, and related his adventures in several excellent books, and was a highly valued contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*; he served Lord Elgin as secretary in his famous embassy to China; subsequently he went to Japan, where he was dangerously wounded in an attack by the natives on the British Legation; he returned to England, and was elected M.P. for the Stirling district in 1865. Mr. Oliphant is said to have originated, and for some time edited the *Owl* newspaper; the title of which the Hon. Mrs. Norton got the credit of suggesting, as a reversal of Mr. Oliphant's initials, L. W. O. Young (he was born in 1829), distinguished, accomplished, on terms of intimacy with the Prince of Wales, and in the highest circles, any position in life seemed possible for him, and his friends and constituents reckoned with confidence on a brilliant political career. But he had fallen under a strange influence. About 1860 there came to England from New York a preacher named Thomas Lake Harris, with claims to intimacy with the spiritual world surpassing those of Swedenborg himself. Gradually Mr. Oliphant became convinced of the veracity of Harris, and of the importance of his revelations, and in proof of his sincerity, he resigned his seat in Parliament, renounced all his worldly prospects, enrolled himself in the "Brotherhood of the New Life," and learnt the craft of tailoring. Of the community so-called we know little, save that it recognises in T. L. Harris the Vicar of Christ, and that every member thereof submits to this will with unflinching obedience. The Brotherhood are settled on a large estate named Brocton on the New York bank of Lake Erie, and occupy themselves in agricultural labour, chiefly vine culture, and doing everything for themselves, keep no servants. Mr. Oliphant's mother, Lady Oliphant, we believe, preceded her son in the community, which includes not a few from the upper classes of English and American Society.—*The North Londoner*.

The Rev. W. Mountford writes as follows:—"Last Sunday, I went in the afternoon to hear a trance-speaker, Cora V. Daniels, in the Music Hall, Boston. There were about 2,000 persons present—I should say, fully that number, judging from the appearance of the hall, which accommodates 2,500; and though few people have a wider acquaintance than I have, yet I doubt, in all that assembly, whether there was more than one person whom I ever meet or see in any other than Spiritualistic connections. It is amusing—almost amazing, and instructive to think of—that there should be such a deep extensive earnestness co-existent with apathetic incredulity. It illustrates the manner in which the early Christians assembled and persevered, and grew in numbers and power; while Pagan literature was babbling on and apart in serene unconsciousness, preparing that puzzle for after days, of how philosophers and statesmen could have thought at all, and apparently never have thought of Christianity or the Christians.

A HEARTY LETTER.

We have much pleasure in inserting the following letter in our praise, from a working man. Such a testimony is most grateful to us, and tends to antidote the apathy of our more wealthy friends, who take advantage of our labours for years, and give no answer to our appeals for a little help to prevent pecuniary loss. This poor man, as he cannot give money, gives us a testimonial from his heart which we highly prize:—

"March 8th, 1869.

"Dear Sir,—Though a stranger to you I make free on the present occasion to state the pleasure, and I trust, profit, I have received in the reading of that most truthful and well-written article on *Miracles*, by the Rev. William Mountford. I do not ever remember to have read anything like it before, in no work that my eye had rested upon, nor even in the *Spiritual Magazine*, of which, I have been a constant reader from its beginning, with interest and advantage in many ways. If more of such clever and valuable writing was seen in works of the kind one would be led to think that the religious public would only be too glad to patronize such, and much of the ignorance and prejudice now so painfully witnessed in all directions, would, I verily believe, be removed. I have read it over twice and am wishful to peruse it again when I can find *time*, for not much of *that* falls to my lot, being but a working man of very humble means, constantly engaged from morning until often midnight, in, at times, laborious and dirty work. The chance I had afforded to me lately of doing as I have said, was owing to being laid by on a

bed of sickness these last three weeks; and as I was gradually recovering, I was only too happy to make good use of my time thus allowed me. I had got so low, and near the mouth of the grave, that my friends had serious doubts of my recovery; but by the good hand of my Heavenly Father, blessing the means used and by the kind attention of my esteemed friend, Dr. D—, under whose care and friendly advice I was satisfied to repose, I am getting on nicely; and what was greatly in my favour, being for nearly a quarter of a century a *staunch teetotaler*, I generally recover rapidly.

“About three years back, I had a paralytic attack, on which occasion I was as helpless as an infant, and it nearly landed me on the spirit-land. It was brought on for the most part by exhaustive labour and toil of mind and body; so you see, kind sir, I have much cause for gratitude for the kind Providence over-ruling my destiny, therefore, I trust I am spared for further usefulness, though now advancing on to 65 years in the battle of life. I cannot help saying that I am more concerned to see such glorious deep and sublime subjects and principles in the *Spiritual Magazine* than the accounts of the phenomena; wonderful though they be, and founded upon facts irrefutable, because there is not much ground for dispute and unbelief in such utterances. May the Great Father of Spirits hasten the day, when the scales may drop from the eyes of our professing friends the wide world over, and so we all live according to the pattern of Our Lord and Master, the *Man Christ*—whose footsteps we shall do well to follow. I was very much interested in Mr. Young’s account of his cure, it is manly and straightforward, becoming a person of his profession; may the time soon come when we may have the privilege of seeing many a *Dr. Newton* in this country. In these days of sham and puffery there are wanting sterling and unmistakable evidences of the finger of God, in the cure of the maladies of poor frail mortality according to His will and pleasure. I presume, sir, on your kind forbearance in my freedom on the present occasion, but I am anxious to add my testimony, perhaps with others, by way of encouraging you on in your labour of love and much self-denial and responsibility. Trusting the *Spiritual Magazine* will greatly flourish and prosper, I subscribe myself,

“Your humble Servant,
“W. B——.”

FROM A. J. DAVIS.

We have received from Mr. Davis a very kind and fraternal letter, from which we make the following extracts:—

“The *Spiritual Magazine* is a welcome visitor at our

home. The February number contains your notice of 'Recent Works,' &c. For every word I thank you most sincerely, and my conviction is that your plain distinctions and critical reflections will accomplish good in a large circle of readers. I do not realize any personal (or rather external) relationship to any works bearing my name, and yet there is *internally* a deep and delightful sense of sympathy between their teachings and my own existence. Perhaps you will be confused by this confusion of words. Well, I shall not complain, for in fact I am often not a little confused myself. . . . Spiritualism in this country continues to expand: the interest is more general, less concealed, and decidedly more intelligent. The South is just entering upon its spiritual education. Mediums are coming forth every week, with powers adapted to the materialistic wants of the public. And yet, when we think of the earth's millions, how *very slow* seems the work of Spiritualization."

Human Nature for March contains a most able article by Dr. F. Chance, on "Spiritualism and Science," in answer to some theories propounded by Mr. H. G. Atkinson, of whom Douglas Jerrold said, "There is no God, and Atkinson is his Prophet." We strongly commend this article to our readers. The following is from a note by Dr. Chance:—

If I move a pen or a table, it is (according to the spiritual theory) my spirit, which, through the agency of my brain, spinal cord, nerves and muscles, causes the pen or the table to move; and, again, if a pen or a table moves without any visible agency, it is still (according to the spiritual theory) a spirit which causes the motion, though the means by which it does so are not apparent.

I am aware, of course, that even the ultimate molecules of matter (if there are such things) are supposed to be separated by air or some impalpable ether, and so not to touch one another, but, surely, even if this be so (of which there is no proof), this air or this ether is itself only matter, so that even then matter would absolutely touch matter. But that two objects may be as close one to another as the ultimate atoms of the same substance are, is well shown by what not unfrequently occurs in plate-glass manufactories, where, if two highly-polished plates of glass are carelessly placed one upon the other, it is frequently impossible to force them asunder without leaving large flakes of the one upon the surface of the other into which they have been, as it were, incorporated. If our hands were uniformly and evenly in contact with any object we laid hold of, we should, on the same principle, or the principle of the sucker (that is in consequence of the absolute exclusion of air), with difficulty be able to pull them away again; but the skin of our hands is fortunately constructed on the ridge and furrow plan, so that, while the one half of the surface of the skin, which is occupied by the innumerable, prominent papillæ composing the ridges, is (no doubt) actually in contact with the object laid hold of, or (in common parlance) touched, the other half of the surface of the skin, which is occupied by the equally numerous depressions and furrows, that intervene between and separate the individual papillæ and the ridges, is kept from actual contact by the air which remains in the depressions and furrows, and thus the sucker-principle is effectually prevented from coming into operation. Mr. Atkinson is, therefore, I believe, wrong in saying the hand does not touch the object, for, if what I say is correct, about half of the under surface of the hand as nearly as possible, or actually, touches the object, whilst about half does not touch the object, and is separated

from it by the air (contained in the depressions and furrows), which allows of the ready removal of the hand.

Mr. Atkinson has no right to *assume* that *force* can emanate from a person's brain into space; he ought to *prove* it. According to the ordinary notion, the force which we apply by means of our muscles, is, I will not say "created" with Mr. Atkinson, but excited or evoked in the muscles themselves in obedience to a stimulus (that is, a very much smaller quantity of force) communicated to them from the brain or spinal cord. Mr. Atkinson seems to maintain that the whole of the force comes from the brain or spinal cord. If so, then the brain or spinal cord might perhaps, possibly, give forth force-emanations into the surrounding air. But, till I have Mr. Atkinson's proof—which he promises us—I must adhere to the ordinary doctrine.

HAUNTINGS.

A clergyman of the South of England writes to us:—"We have had some uncalled-for phenomena here. In the autumn the servant came to my study, two or three times, and said I had rung, which I had not. She went away looking surprised. Soon after I went from home for a few days, and when I returned, my family said that whilst I was away my study bell had frequently rung though no one was in the room. The servants declared that the house was haunted. A niece of mine lately living with her brother, a clergyman, in Suffolk, says that they had rappings all about the house whilst she was there.

"One night last November, the bell wires in my study began to rattle and there were raps about the room. As I went to bed, in passing a closet, a volley of raps came from the closet. When I got to my bedroom, my wife, who was already in bed, said there had been extraordinary noises in the closet of the bedroom, which was distant from the closet I had passed on the staircase. Soon after I had got to bed, the spirits began dancing about the room; my wife was frightened, but I laughed saying they were only tricky spirits, and I would ask them if I could do anything for them. My wife begged that I would not, but I did mentally; the noise ceased, and I went to sleep.

"A young officer lately told us that the military officers at Gosport have *séances* amongst themselves, and have *dark séances* and phenomena like the Davenport's. An officer lately said at our house, that the house in which his family lived was haunted; that everybody knew it; and that it had the reputation of a haunted house.

"But the most extraordinary and apparently inexplicable thing is what I am now going to state. A young lady, who has a brother in Australia, and who is well known to us, some time ago saw this brother repeatedly in the day time. One day he appeared to her in the garden, and she adjured him to depart. She was quite convinced that he was dead; but the mail, in due course, brought the news that he was not only alive, but in excellent health, in which he continues. That is an authentic story of a

double;—how are these things to be explained? I may add, too, that last November, I and my wife were frequently annoyed by rappings at night. A loud bang would come just as we were dropping to sleep, and would be several times repeated. The *Spiritual Magazine* noticed that in November the accounts of tricky spirits were unusually numerous at that period. Why in November?"

Probably this gentleman's second question is more easily answered than the first. There may be something in the electrical condition of the atmosphere in November—or was in last November—favourable to the manifestations of such spirits. As to the appearance of the forms of living persons, nothing is more certain than that they do present themselves; and nothing less certain than the mode of the occurrence. Sceptics argue that in these cases the apparition is purely subjective—that is, is purely an imagination or mental impression of the person seeing it; and they argue, therefore, that all ghosts are nothing more. Till the double is proved philosophically to be merely a mental impression, nothing whatever is proved either for or against ghosts; but if the magnetists are right that we have a power of projecting our minds, or *imago mentis*, to a distance, and of making it sensible to the person to whom our thoughts are intensely directed, the theory of the actual appearance of spirits is, in truth, confirmed by it; for in both cases the spirit of a person incarnated or dis-incarnated is really and positively presenting itself to, and operating upon the spiritual senses of the person concerned. When a ghost announces the fact of his departure from the body in some distant place at that specific time, quite contrary to any intelligence or belief of the person thus visited, as has been the case times innumerable, the fact is plainly enough no mere imagination of the person thus informed; and to deny the actual apparition of a spirit in such a case, is about as rational as to deny the real presence of the *Times* newspaper, which announces to you some important fact unknown to you, and unexpected by you the moment before.

CONCERNING "SPIRITUALISM."

TESTIMONY OF A CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

[A Letter to a Friend.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Yes, I know perfectly well what that disreputable jade *Rumour* has whispered here and there concerning my relationship to what is called "Spiritualism:" and, to tell you the truth, I find that people who congratulate themselves, in a lofty

and compassionate way, on their freedom from "delusions," are just as hungry, just as pruriently curious, just as greedily credulous, as "Spiritualists" are said to be. To *Rumour's* whispers I have nothing to say. Let her go on till she is tired, I generally find that her children eat one another up in time if they are left to themselves. But it may be useful, or at all events it will gratify you if I state in a few words what I know and believe concerning the subject. And, indeed, a *very* "few words" will suffice.

I am one of those who think that a seeker after truth has no right to choose his facts, or even, in certain circumstances, his subjects;—that he has no right to shut and open his eyes at will, and please himself as to what he will see or not see. Such an one has no business to say—"This is a kind of thing I dislike," or "This is a subject that I had better leave alone," or "This is not dignified and respectable." I hold that the seeker after truth has only one thing to do—and that is, to keep his eyes continually open, and his judgment continually on the alert. Hence, to him, all such cries as "impossible," "absurd," "delusion," "imposture," "childish," and so forth, are positively heretical and abominable. He knows that these have always been the cries of the unscientific and the ignorant, and that, in spite of them, from poor beginnings, faithful men have won rich results.

Certain facts, then, have come under my eyes—facts which I need not describe here; but which were altogether so singular, so astonishing, and yet, apparently, so simple, and certainly so far removed from all contact with impostors or fools, that I had no choice but to say—There must be something in this. There I might end: for that is positively all I have to say:—"There must be something in it"—and that something is *not* delusion or fraud. I am sorry to say that I have neither had the time nor the opportunity to fully investigate the subject: but if evidence can prove anything, *this* is proved—that, in certain circumstances, unseen somethings, exhibiting intelligence and a command of forces, are able to indicate their presence and prove their independence of material conditions. This is the very farthest to which I can go. What or who these unseen forces or persons are I know not. That many things which are done as by or given as from them are absurd, childish, and altogether repugnant to even an ordinary refined mind I know, and I do not wonder that many who have got a glimpse of these things turn away bewildered, sick at heart, and pitying. Nor do I wonder that others believe the prosecution of the enquiry will only lead to disorder, injury, and disappointment. But I put in a plea in arrest of judgment:—Is it not possible that they who are

enquiring in this direction are only groping in the dark amongst preliminary dust and ashes; and that, presently, they will clear away these and come to the palace door? I know not; I hardly hope: I also am only standing afar off, and do not profess to be even amongst those who have got so far as the "preliminary dust and ashes." I only say—Do not let us be in a hurry to condemn those who may be only repeating the process which precedes all discovery, in passing out of darkness into light.

But it is not *all* disappointing, puerile, and unworthy; as some of the brightest and purest souls I have ever known can testify; who, nevertheless, do not desire to unveil to the world the most sacred experiences of their lives. I am not pleading for the truth of Spiritualism: I am only pleading for sobriety and cautiousness in our judgments: I only say—do not too readily join the vulgar outcry against it as an affair of silly table-turning. You might as well say that our awfully earnest human life is an affair of morning calls and silly gossip. I know, indeed, and to my sorrow, what miserable puerilities and absurdities degrade the subject in some directions: but I think an earnest seeker after truth will not be sorry to find that there is something else in it—something that *does* satisfy and not disgust the sensitive, the intelligent, and the good.

For myself, I regret I am unable, for many reasons, to take part in the investigations which I know are being set on foot and pursued by some of the best people I have ever known. I bid them *God-speed*; and, so far from blaming them for bearing with trivialities and confusion, I thank them, as I think every lover of truth ought to do. If nothing comes of their investigations, they will fare no worse than men of science have fared who experiment with dust and ashes for years, without result. But if they can only succeed in firmly establishing the fact of the possibility of any kind of communion with the unseen world, I do not think they will less deserve our blessings than they who established the fact of the possibility of flashing a communication beneath the Atlantic.

I hope I am what I know you are,—a seeker after truth, and you will therefore understand me when I say that I know nothing of *closed* or *improper* questions, that I do not believe we know everything yet, that I call no fact "common or unclean," that I deem nothing "childish" or "unworthy" which may lead to truth, and that I take it to be the sign of truest wisdom when one is free from rash assumptions, hasty condemnations, and scornful pride.—Heartily yours,

Dukinfield, Dec. 10th, 1868.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

(From the *Truthseeker*).

Correspondence.

REMARKABLE MANIFESTATIONS AT HEIDELBERG.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

"Dear Sir,—Your readers will be interested in hearing of some remarkable manifestations which took place two days ago, at the house of Mrs. Blackbourne, the well-known Spiritualist from Boston, and were witnessed by some of the first scientific men of Heidelberg. I, myself, had been a constant visitor at Mrs. Blackbourne's house for nearly a year and a half, and had seen more than enough to convince myself of those wonderful spiritual truths, which are, as yet, but dawning on the world, but will inevitably soon bathe mankind in a flood of light. At the same time, I could not conceal from myself that the manifestations with which we had been favoured were not of a nature to convince men whose minds have been narrowed by a life-long course of exclusive scientific study, who are wilfully incredulous, insultingly unsympathetic, and who, as they refuse to join in any lengthened continued investigation, can only be silenced and impressed by ocular palpable demonstrations of the most reliable sort. I had, therefore, abstained after a few unsuccessful efforts, from seeking proselytes among the teachers and students of science. But, ten days ago, Mrs. B—— received the visit of a young niece of hers, Miss Florence Elson, now travelling in Europe for her health; and when I joined the ladies in the evening for our accustomed *séance*, the phenomena we witnessed were of so extraordinary, so novel, so startling a kind, the intensity of our magnetic currents was so heightened, the facilities of spirit-intercourse and action were so increased, that I felt at once assured now or never was the time; and urged upon Mrs. B—— the sacred duty of imparting to our fellow men the wonders of which we were the happy instruments. She consented, and was soon as eager as myself. I immediately paid visits to those of our professors with whom I am acquainted, and without defining the object of my invitation, prevailed upon two of them to meet me at Mrs. B——'s on the evening of the 20th.

The evening came, and my heart beat high with expectation. Professor H——, the most celebrated physiologist of this age; Professor D——, the well-known chemist; Dr. F——, a physician of note, and several others were assembled. When Miss Elson entered the room in a simple dress of white tulle, with a rose in her hair, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon her,

her bearing was so beautiful a mixture of modesty and confidence, that I felt certain her wonderful gifts would not fail her. As she passed through the darkened doorway, I could see the magnetic fluid streaming with a pale blue light from the tips of her slender fingers. She approached the heavy round dining table which had been cleared for the purpose, and placed in the centre of the room, and it immediately began to manifest uneasiness. She laid her hands lightly on its border, withdrew them after about 15 seconds, and the table rocked from side to side, making the most uncouth attempts to follow her as she retreated from it. She repeated the process three times; each time the table seemed to grow more elastic, more agile, more obedient, until at last it followed her about like a dog, executing little jumps whenever she made a rapid turn, and causing the gentlemen to shrink into corners with a nervous agitation which once elicited her melodious, silvery laugh. I saw Professor H— press his hands repeatedly over his eyes and brow, as if struggling to overcome what doubtless he considered a fantastic dream. The room was well lighted by three lamps with globes of ground glass, placed on brackets round the walls. At last, Miss Elson conducted the table back to its original position, and raising her hands which hitherto had always pointed towards the table, but not touching it, it resumed its former inertness.

Miss Elson was now evidently much exhausted by the loss of fluid—she sank into an easy chair, closed her eyes, and remained rigid as in a trance. I availed myself of this state, which I had witnessed in Miss Elson twice before, to point out to our guests a remarkable characteristic of it. In one corner of the room, there stood a small round table which we generally used when playing draughts, of which Mrs. B— is very fond. This table I drew to Miss Florence's side, and raising her right arm cautiously, rested it so that it stretched across the table and lay quite straight and stiff. All this was done most rapidly, for I knew that the first moments of exhaustion exhibit the phenomenon most distinctly, and hastened my operations accordingly.

I had hardly concluded when Dr. F— noted the change I had anticipated even before I had had time to point it out. The arm gradually grew shorter and shorter, still remaining perfectly straight, until the hand which at first hung partly over the edge of the table, was now quite drawn up upon it. I should say this shortening could not have amounted to less than two inches. Miss Elson remained perfectly rigid; her shoulder moved no more than if it had been of marble, and the light gauze covering her arm would have enabled any one to detect at a glance any bending at the elbow. This wonderful shortening

may have lasted three minutes, though as I said, it was most perceptible at first; gradually the arm began to lengthen out again, and before ten minutes had elapsed, it had regained its former beautiful proportions. The spectators were breathless. I took the opportunity to remind them of the well-known occasional elongation of Mr. Home, and to suggest that as this shortening of Miss Elson's limbs is caused by great radiation of magnetic fluid, so the elongation of the above celebrated medium may be caused by a proportionate absorption. After a few minutes more, Miss Elson awoke, and was perfectly unconscious of what we had observed in her trance. Miss Elson now called for pen, ink, and paper, and proposed that one of the gentlemen should write some words or figures down, which she would then decipher at a distance. Accordingly Professor D—— stepped up to the piano, at the other end of the room, turned his back to the company, who were all around Miss Elson, squared his elbows so as to form an additional bulwark against intruding glances (I could not help smiling at all his precautions), and traced something on a slip of paper which he immediately folded and enclosed in an envelope. Miss Elson, on her side, had already taken up a pencil. For a few seconds she seemed uncertain: her pencil hovered over the paper without touching it. On one of the guests remarking this, she said in a low tone, "Be patient; the spirits must have time." Hardly were the words out of her mouth, when the pencil descended and traced as follows:—

" $N a^2 S O^4 + \varnothing a q = \text{Unterschweifigsaires Natron.}$ "

"Wrong!" exclaimed Professor D—— triumphantly, opening his envelope. The spectators compared the two writings in silence for a moment. "Why no," remarked at length Professor H—— in a low tone, the name of the compound is the same—only Miss Elson has written its formula differently, and indeed, written it according to Hoffmann's theory. (Professor Hoffmann, I need hardly remind you, is the celebrated chemist now teaching in Berlin), formerly in London, and perhaps the most prominent expositor of the modern chemical theory of types, of which Miss Elson had therefore unconsciously given us a most beautiful confirmation. Professor D——, who had written his formula according to antiquated notions—

" $N a O. S^2 O^2 + \varnothing H O = \text{Unterschweifigsaires Natron,}$ "

turned very red, and seemed about to utter some angry remarks, but good breeding restrained him, and he only turned away. Professor H—— could not suppress a smile.

Some wine glasses were finally brought in. Miss Elson selected three of them, filled them with Affenthaler (a favourite red wine), and placed them in the middle of the dining-room

table. She then held her hands over them for some seconds, murmuring what seemed to me a blessing, the words of which none of us could distinguish. Before long, withdrawing her hands, she called the gentlemen to observe that the wine would now be drunk. The glasses indeed began to move; once a faint ring was heard, then the contents gradually fell. You may imagine how the empty glasses were scrutinized. When the first burst of astonishment was over Miss Elson had disappeared.

I left the house in a state of exultation more easily conceived than described. Here, at least, was evidence indisputable, such as no honest man could deny or explain away. Now, surely scientific men would begin to investigate seriously, patiently, and cease to shrug their shoulders over phenomena which they had been pigheaded enough to ignore. Once such a celebrity of Professor H—— was gained, others would not be slow to gain. Spiritualism would gain a hold such as nothing could dislodge.

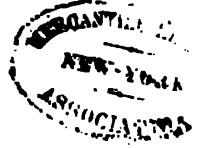
Alas! I had counted without the blindness, the inveterate prejudice arising from long habit, narrow training, from neglect of the noblest, most exalted faculties of man. These grovelling materialists, who boast of their one-sidedness, and scoff at everything that the scalpel cannot lay bare, consider not that this mutilation of their nature unfits them even for the miserable researches they have so much at heart, and that he can see nothing, who cannot see spirit! When I visited Professor H—— next day, he talked of headache on the preceding evening; of dimmed eyesight; of little fibres swimming in the "*humor vitreus*;" of the peculiar overheated atmosphere, until I left him in despair and disgust. Professor D—— was worse still; he talked of jugglery, legerdemain, and scouted the idea of being convinced of *anything* in a house of which he had not examined the walls with magnifying glasses, and the furniture with knitting needles!

I gave him my blessing (inwardly) and walked away wondering whether indeed I had become crazed, or whether the rest of the world was so! On reaching my rooms, I found a little note from Dr. F—— thanking me politely for the trouble I had taken, but begging me excuse him from further attendance at such *séances*, "*as such phenomena, if real, would overturn the whole fabric of science.*" So you would rather keep your science than possess truth, would you? Oh, fainthearted triflers! A hundred years hence, the world will wonder at your blindness, as much and now as you more wonder at our credulity.

I am, dear Mr. Editor, yours sincerely,

9, Unter Neckarstrasse,
Heidelberg, Feb. 22nd, 1869.

PAUL G. STANLEY.



THE
Spiritual Magazine.

MAY, 1869.

ON WEARING MOURNING.

AMONG the many curious anomalies of our modern—so-called Christian—civilization, there are surely few more remarkable than the almost universal custom of wearing mourning. That heathens who know of, or infidels who believe in, no life beyond the present life—regarding man, save for his superior faculties, power, and other advantages enjoyed in this earthly life, but as the beasts that perish,—should wear mourning for the dead, and treat their disappearance from this earthly scene as the most heartrending of calamities, would indeed be natural and conceivable enough. But that Christians, that any who profess belief in a better and immortal life, to which what men call death is but the entrance-gate,—this material body being but as the chrysalis out of which the fully developed human soul is to take wing into a purer region of ethereal purity and bliss,—that these, we say, should nevertheless treat this death as the King of Terrors, and drape themselves and all belonging to them in a garb of midnight darkness, as if determined to surround his solemn visitations with all the gloomy horrors they can devise, must seem to every mind capable of rising above the fetters of custom and attaining an attitude of unbiassed contemplation, as extraordinary a paradox as did solid water to the untutored and untravelled dweller in the tropics. But in both cases, the seemingly incredible is a stubborn and indisputable fact.

One noble body of Christians, the Society of Friends, who, with a few scattered exceptions, were the first in modern times to herald the dawn of a new day of spiritual life in religion, have long borne witness among us, by their consistent practice, to the un-Christian and un-spiritual nature of this custom. But the dawn still brightly tinges the eastern hills alone, while the

great plains of human faith and understanding are yet wrapped in the darkness and night-born vapours of a gross Materialism; though a wavering in the gloom, a billowing of the vapours, even here indicates to discerning eyes that some change is at hand; the most discerning know the nature of the change and rejoice in the coming daybreak. With the numerous phases of this Materialism we should here lack time and space to deal; from Ultramontaniam down to the lowest of Low Churchian religions are full of it, to say nothing of the Materialism equally prevalent without the pale; from the upper ten thousand to the lowest pauper class, society is full of it: spending its money for that which is not bread—wasting the energies and sacrificing the true dignity of living humanity, in a vain pursuit of the dead god Mammon, and of other fleeting shadows cast on this earthly stage; none of which, even their blindest votaries venture to hope, can be taken hence with them to that immortal scene they expect (?) so soon to enter on. For, in a word, the human heart is full of it; man loves—too often loves supremely—the material advantages and the sensuous enjoyments which should be prized only as subordinate and subservient to his spiritual welfare and development; and out of the fulness of the heart, not only the mouth speaketh, but the head thinketh and the hand worketh, till the whole atmosphere man breathes is impregnated and tainted by the effluvia diffused from the one central spring of corruption. I speak in figures, but such figures I think as my readers will readily accept and interpret, and earnestly turn with me to enquire how this plague of Materialism can be stayed,—how the spirit of practical disbelief in anything beyond the sphere of the senses which rules so widely (glibly as professions of faith in eternal and spiritual realities may run from the tongue the while), may best be met and combated by those who have escaped its thralldom, and who desire to use their freedom for the good of their fellow-men. Now I believe the most essential help we can afford our fettered brethren is precisely to use our own freedom. Wheresoever the light vouchsafed to us shews us that the principles and customs of the world are erroneous—are materialistic—let us, at whatever cost, boldly and openly oppose those principles and abjure those customs. Let us not *act* as if we sat in the same darkness in which we see the world around us wrapped. If we be favoured dwellers on those heights already tinged by the sunrise of Divine Eternal Spiritual Truth, let us “arise and shine” because “our light has come.” It is idle to plead that by separating ourselves from others in this or that custom, opinion, or the like, we shall be violating the laws of charity by hurting the feelings of others. Do the hills reject the sunbeams because

the valleys might feel injured at their brightness? No, friend; the excuse is specious, but this is the real meaning of it: we are afraid of the censures, the opposition, the unkindness perhaps, which faithfulness to our convictions may bring upon us. But did ever martyr or apostle bear faithful and fruitful witness to a truth, who did not dare all this and much more? The power of the world, the sneer of "society" may be dreadful, but should be dreadful only to those who still wear their chains, and have no living practical faith in any better world, any more blessed societies of angel kindred wooing us to the free and joyous service on which they have entered. Let none, therefore, who claim to be Spiritualists, if they have the faintest conception of the scope and dignity of significance involved in the name, plead any secondary or unworthy excuse for not acting out into life any truth received from above. Let them be as faithful to their light as Materialists are to their Materialism; and it will not be long before they find a power at work with and through them, of which the world as yet knows little.

Now one social custom which I hold that every Spiritualist who understands his position is bound to abjure at once and for ever, is that alluded to at the commencement of this article, the custom of putting on mourning when any whom we love, or who are linked with us by ties of relationship, leave this world, die, as the expression is. Un-Christian as the custom is, there is yet an excuse to be pleaded for those Christians who have been brought up in the materialistic and semi-heathen notions, which put off the resurrection to a judgment-day so indefinitely distant, that the intermediate nothingness of the long grave-sleep is the one reality most vividly dwelt upon. But for any one who believes, as do all Spiritualists, that when the eyes of the body close for the last time on this earthly scene, the eyes of the soul then open on a scene of purer and more lasting uses, delights and realities,—any one who believes that every friend withdrawn from us here, is living, acting, growing and progressing there, loving as we love, working as we work, only far more purely and fruitfully,—for such a one, I say, to put on the mourning garments and adopt the dreary funeral countenance the world prescribes, is treason, high treason, to the majesty of the faith vouchsafed to him; a bowing down, at best, in the house of Rimmon in solemn homage to the idol Self, whose claims are thus exalted above those of the love or friendship which should teach us to rejoice with those who have gone hence—not to death but to life. But what? Must we not then weep for our friends? Well, a mother may weep when she parts with her daughter at the altar, but what should we think of her if she sullied her darling's happiness by an assumption of funeral

garments and a sorrow that refuses comfort? We may sorely miss the friend or brother whom "circumstances," as the saying is, compel to seek his fortune abroad, and who leaves us for long years, perhaps never to return in this world; but not having been taught to think it a necessary respect to the departed, it does not occur to us to treat the separation as the one intolerable misery which an all-loving Father relentlessly inflicts upon His creatures. Respect for the dead, alas! Might it not fairly be supposed by any person uninitiated in this paradox of custom, that persons so clothing and demeaning themselves on the departure of a friend must suppose the friend departed to some sphere the antipodes of heaven? And when we translate the phrase and say "respect for the living!" then alone may we fully realize the perversity, the absurdity, of this time-honoured—be it so—but eternity-dishonouring custom.

I, then, will never offer to those who, though no longer here, *are not here for that they are risen*—risen to a higher state of being—such mockery of respect again; and I would earnestly invite all those who really and vitally believe with me, that our friends gone hence are gone, not to a gloomy grave, but to a better, purer, more living world than our own, to join me in this protest against the practical disbelief of the world around us in those sacred facts, immortality and Divine Unchangeable Goodness, which are outraged by the customs of mourning. For if God be really an All-Loving and All-Wise Father, what insanity to treat as the most grievous of afflictions that change of state which His immutable decree appoints for all the creatures of His love. Is it not enough to say "What He does is well done: the death for which He permits us to be born, what then can it be but a blessing?"

MARY C. HUME-ROTHERY.*

3, Richmond Terrace,
Middleton, Manchester,
Jan. 16th, 1869.

* As a young girl, urged by a growing feeling against this un-Christian practice of wearing mourning for the dead, I used to say to young friends: "Some day I will found an Anti-Mourning Association." Three years since, I carried out my resolve; and though, as yet, but a handful of members have joined it, I feel that at least "*liberavi animam meam*" in the act. The association is entirely unsectarian—its cards of membership simply expressing the determination of members no longer to wear mourning for the dead. No annual subscription is annexed to membership; a trifling subscription on entrance—optional, from 6d. upwards, and not desired from the really poor—towards defraying the expense of the cards of membership, being alone requested.

M. C. H. R.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED FOR THE SPIRIT CIRCLE.

By EMMA HARDING.

THE Spirit Circle is the assembling together of a given number of persons for the purpose of seeking communion with the spirits who have passed away from earth into the higher world of souls. The chief advantage of such an assembly is the mutual impartation and reception of the combined magnetisms of the assemblage. These in combination form a force stronger than that of an isolated subject: first, enabling spirits to commune with greater power; next, developing the latent gifts of mediumship in such members of the circle as are thus endowed; and, finally, promoting that harmonious and social spirit of fraternal intercourse which is one of the especial aims of the spirit's mission.

The first conditions to be observed relate to the persons who compose the circle. These should be, as far as possible, of opposite temperaments, as positive and negative in disposition, whether male or female; also of moral characters, pure minds, and not marked by repulsive points of either physical or mental condition. The physical temperaments should contrast with each other, but no person suffering from decidedly chronic disease, or of very debilitated *physique*, should be present at any circle, unless it is formed expressly for healing purposes. I would recommend the number of the circle never to be less than three, or more than twelve.

The use growing out of the association of differing temperaments is to form a battery on the principle of electricity or galvanism, composed of positive and negative elements, the sum of which should be unequal. No person of a very strongly positive temperament or disposition should be present, as any such magnetic spheres emanating from the circle will overpower that of the spirits, who must always be positive to the circle in order to produce phenomena. It is not desirable to have more than two already well-developed mediums in a circle, mediums always absorbing the magnetism of the rest of the party, hence, when there are too many present, the force, being divided, cannot operate successfully with any.

OF TEMPERATURE.

Never let the apartment be overheated, or even close; as an unusual amount of magnetism is liberated at a circle, the room is

always warmer than ordinary, and should be well ventilated. *Avoid strong light*, which, by producing excessive motion in the atmosphere, disturbs the manifestations. A very subdued light is the most favourable for any manifestations of a magnetic character, especially for spiritual magnetism.

OF THE POSITIONS TO BE OBSERVED.

If the circle is one which meets together periodically, and is composed of the same persons, let them always occupy the same seats (unless changed under spiritual direction), and sit (as the most favourable of all positions) round a table, their hands laid on it, with palms downwards. It is believed that the wood, when charged, becomes a conductor, without the necessity of holding or touching hands. I should always suggest the propriety of employing a table as a conductor, especially as all tables in household use are more or less magnetically charged already. If flowers or fruit are in the room, see that they are just freshly gathered, otherwise remove them; also, avoid sitting in a room with many minerals, metals, or glasses. These all injuriously affect sensitives of whom mediums are the type.

I recommend the *séance* to be opened either with prayer or music, vocal or instrumental; after which, subdued, quiet, and harmonising conversation is better than wearisome silence; but let the conversation be always directed towards the purpose of the gathering, and never sink into discussion or rise to emphasis; let it be gentle, quiet, and spiritual, until phenomena begin to be manifest. Always have a slate, or pen, pencil, and paper on the table, so as not to be obliged to rise to procure them. Especially avoid all entering or quitting the room, moving about, irrelevant conversation, or disturbances within or without the circle room, after the *séance* has once commenced.

The spirits are far more punctual to seasons, faithful to promise, and periodical in action, than mortals. Endeavour then, to fix your circle at a convenient hour, when you will be least interrupted, and do not fail in your appointments. Do not admit unpunctual, late comers; nor if possible, suffer the air of the room to be disturbed in *any way* after the sitting commences. Nothing but necessity, indisposition, or *impressions* (to be hereafter described) should warrant the least disturbance of the sitting, WHICH SHOULD NEVER exceed two hours, unless an extension of time be solicited of the spirits. Let the *séance* always extend to one hour, even if no results are obtained: it sometimes requires all that time for spirits to form their battery of the materials furnished. Let it be also remembered that all circles are experimental, hence no one should be discouraged if

phenomena are not produced at the first few sittings. Stay with the same circle for six sittings; if no phenomena are then produced (provided all the above conditions are observed), you may be sure you are not rightly assimilated to each other; you do not form the requisite combinations, or neutralise each other;—in that case, break up, and let that circle of members meet with other persons—that is, change one, two, or three persons of your circle for others, and so on until you succeed.

A well-developed test medium may sit without injury for any person, or any description of character or temperament; but a circle sitting for mutual development should never admit persons addicted to bad habits, criminals, sensualists, strongly positive persons of any kind, whether rude, sceptical, violent tempered, or dogmatical. An humble, candid, inquiring spirit, unprejudiced and receptive of truth, is the only proper frame of mind in which to sit for phenomena, the delicate magnetism of which is shaped, tempered, and made or marred as much by *mental* as physical conditions. When once any of the circle can communicate freely and conclusively with spirits, *the spirits* can and will take charge of and regulate the future movements of the circle.

OF IMPRESSIONS.

Impressions are the voices of spirits speaking to our spirits, or else the monitions of the spirit within us, and should always be respected and followed out, unless (which is very rare) suggestive of actual wrong in act or word. At the opening of the circle, one or more of the members are often impressed to change seats with others. One or more are impressed with the desire to withdraw, or a strong feeling of repulsion to some member of the circle, makes it painful to remain there. Let any, or all of these impressions be faithfully regarded, and at commencing pledge to each other the promise that no offence shall be taken by following out impressions.

If a strong impression to write, speak, sing, dance, or gesticulate, possess any mind present, follow it out faithfully. It has a meaning, if you cannot at first realize it. Never feel hurt in your own person, nor ridicule your neighbours for any failures to express or at first discover the meaning of the spirit impressing you.

Spirit control is often deficient, and at first almost always imperfect. But by often yielding to it, your organism becomes more flexible, and the spirit more experienced; and practical control is absolutely necessary for spirits as well as man. If dark and evil disposed spirits manifest to you, *never*

them away, but always strive to elevate them, and treat them as you would mortals under similar circumstances. Do not always attribute falsehoods to "lying spirits," or deceiving mediums. Many mistakes occur in the communion of which you cannot always be aware.

Strive for truth, but rebuke error gently, and do not always attribute it to design, but rather to mistake in so difficult and experimental a stage of the communion as mortals at present enjoy with spirits.

Unless strictly charged by spirits to do otherwise do not continue to hold sittings with the same parties for more than a twelvemonth. After that time, if not before, fresh elements of magnetism are absolutely essential. Some of the original circle should withdraw, and others take their place.

All persons are subject to spirit influence and spiritual guidance and control; but not all can so externalise this power as to use it consciously, or as what is significantly called a "*medium*;" and, finally, let it ever be remembered that, except in the case of "trance speakers," no medium can ever hope successfully to exercise his or her gift in a large or promiscuous assembly; while trance speakers, no less than mediums for any other gift, can never be influenced by spirits far beyond *their own normal* capacity in the MATTER of the intelligence rendered; the magnetism of the spirit and the spirit circle being but a quickening fire, which inspires the brain, stimulates the faculties, and, like a hot-house process on plants, forces into abnormal prominence dormant or latent powers of mind, but *creates nothing*. Even in the case of merely automatic speakers, writers, rapping, tipping, and other forms of test mediums, the intelligence or idea of the spirit is always measurably shaped by the capacity and idiosyncrasies of the medium. All spirit power is thus limited in expression by the organism through which it works, and spirits may control, inspire, and influence the human mind, but do not change or re-create it.

ON THE EXISTENCE OF AN EXTERNAL WORLD.

THE question concerning man's resurrection and the Spiritual body, appears to require for its solution that it should first be settled what is the true meaning of the natural body of a man and the true meaning also of any other object of the senses which we call a body, whether the body of an animal, a vegetable, a mineral, an earth, a sun or moon, an atmosphere, or water, or anything else which we call an object of sense or an object of nature. Are any of these things, including the



human body, what they appear to be, namely, things external to, at a distance from, and independent of, conscious or sentient beings? Could they have any existence if there were no conscious or sentient beings? Is any one of them anything besides a set of sensations connected together, the feelings and combinations of feelings of conscious or sentient beings incessantly deriving life from God who creates them and causes them to have those feelings in the order which we see, and which we call the order of nature? Is it a rational conviction that these objects of the senses are nothing but our sensations in a fixed order, however impossible it is for them to appear to be merely such to the sentient faculties? I answer that it is a rational conviction, a rational truth, that it throws light on spiritual things, and that any argument which assumes it to be irrational, or not truth, can lead to no rational belief whatever.

I say this is a rational truth; I don't say it is a natural or sensual truth; and, from not understanding this distinction, few are disposed to entertain the question at all, deeming it paradoxical or absurd. Such persons think the argument requires that we should see or feel that the objects of our senses are not external to, at a distance from, and independent of us; whereas the argument is, that so to see and feel is what makes a man a natural being, or gives him existence in nature; but that his reason can prove to him that this natural feeling, or sensual appearance, is an appearance, and nothing more,—a natural belief, but not a rational truth.

To illustrate the distinction between a rational truth and a sensual truth or natural belief, take the case of the sun's apparent motion. The sun neither rises nor sets, although such an appearance is presented to man, because the earth turns round every day on its axis. This apparent motion of the sun is a natural belief or sensual truth. Now, no demonstration that the earth thus revolves and moves round the sun can make it so appear to the senses, to the sight, to the sense of touch, to the muscular sensation, or to any other. When the philosopher says we must reason and think that the sun stands still, he does not mean that we ought to see or feel it standing still, and see or feel the earth moving from west to east: he does not mean that we ought to be sensibly conscious of the rational truth,—of a truth which does not belong to the domain of the senses; but he means that we must not suppose the apparent truth or natural belief to be the rational truth, and that all our subsequent reasonings must, to have any value, be based on the rational truth; the sensual truth, or natural belief of the sun's motion being merely a truth of sensation, or an apparent truth.

The same is the case with the rational truth that there is no

such thing as a material object or world external to, at a distance from, and independent of, conscious or sentient beings, or beings deriving their life every moment from God their Creator, and having their sensations according to the order fixed by Him. The belief of this rational truth does not require us to see or feel or believe it naturally or sensually, to see or feel that an object of the senses is not what to the sensual faculty it appears to be, namely, external to, at a distance from, and independent of, conscious or sentient beings. All that the rational truth, or the belief of it, requires of us is that we should believe all the conclusions which flow from it, and reject every belief as untrue which is opposed to it: reject, I say, every such *belief*, not reject any sensation: the *sensation* or belief of externality, distance, and independence, by a sentient being, is as natural, necessary, and inevitable, as the sensation of the sun's motion: while the natural belief of such externality, distance, and independence, is as irrational as the natural belief that the sun moves round the earth. Sensation or natural belief is one thing, and true as a sensation or natural belief, but true no further: a rational inference or belief therefrom is a different thing, and is not necessarily true. In a carriage in motion, fixed objects appear to sense and are naturally believed to be moving the other way; and such appearance is true to sense, but it is not true to reason, and the reason instantly corrects, or refuses to believe, the sensual truth, or the apparent truth, or the natural belief. The sensation of externality, distance, and independence of the perceiving or sentient mind, is the necessary condition of having sensation: they could not, it may be, be sensations if they had not such appearance: but the rational mind is no more logically obliged to believe that the objects of the senses are such as they appear to the sentient faculty, or such as we naturally believe, than it is obliged to believe that the objects said to be seen in a mirror are the same as the objects reflected thereon: or than the rational mind is obliged to believe that the objects said to be seen in dreaming or in insanity are independent of the mind having such feelings.

The rational truth does not attempt to "reason men out of their senses," as the phrase is: but simply says, let the senses be confined to their proper plane or province, and let them not be allowed to dictate to reason or have dominion over subjects which belong to the plane or province of the rational faculty. The rational faculty rises, or is raised, or has a resurrection (anastasis) against the sensual feeling that there is an infinitely spacious or extended world, independent of conscious or sentient beings; for it is in that case to believe that God is a being

infinitely spacious or extended, or co-existing with such an infinitely extended world or space; or, in order to get rid of the absurdity of two infinite extensions, the rational faculty under the dominion of the natural senses supposes that the external world is God, and not a creature of God.

The difficulty of defending the rational truth on this subject, arises greatly from the fact of common language being framed on the supposition or natural belief that there is an external world, or that the sensible world is external; so that almost every word we use in the argument keeps suggesting to the mind the very contrary to that to which the mind is intended to be directed. But this difficulty must be surmounted by a vigorous determination to be guided by rational truth, and not by sensual or apparent truth, in concluding whether there is or is not any object of the senses external to, at a distance from, and independent of, conscious or sentient beings.

The use and importance of this rational truth, namely, that there is no such world, appears to me great, affording a solution of several truths in theology, which, without this key, must appear to the natural mind of man to be foolish, weak, base, and despicable, yea, things which are not; whereas sensual things, or the things which apparently exist externally to the sentient faculties, are really "the things which are not," for they do not so exist; and the things which are not, in the estimation of the natural mind, are truly the things which are, and which God hath chosen to bring to nought things that have no other existence than that of appearing to exist, or of being perceived as if they existed externally to us; that no flesh or natural man should glory in His presence.

The interpretation of Scripture as the Word of God, notwithstanding any amount of historical, or natural, or literal infirmity, the doctrines of the incarnation of the Lord, of His natural life and death, of His resurrection, ascension, and coming again in spirit, of our resurrection and spiritual existence, can be rationally understood and believed only by this rational understanding of the nature of an apparently external world. Men may, of course, believe these things beneficially in simplicity, just as many and indeed all of us still believe that the earth is at rest and the sun in motion; but this faith in simplicity is losing its power to withstand the truths of science, and the rational faculty must have a resurrection to dominion over nature and science, that faith may continue to be the substance or support of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen.

We have need of patience, for truth rises slowly from its state of being as if it were dead in the human mind. Not merely

the Divine Truth lies naturally, as it were, made dead by and in the natural mind; not merely rational truth springing from faith lies dead therein; but even common rational truth (or what we may call natural rational truth, or rational truth which is natural) being obtained rationally or deductively partly from facts observed and partly from natural and legitimate suppositions, rises very slowly from, and receives the assent of, the rational mind. Let us take comfort from the history of scientific truth. In his Lectures on Astronomy, Airy says; "I dare say every person whom I see here has been brought up in the belief that the earth does turn round. But I ask, if they had not been brought up in that belief, whether they would believe it now from what I am telling them? I do not think they would. Amongst all the subjects of natural philosophy presented to the human mind, there is none that staggers it so effectually as the assertion that the earth moves. We must not be uncharitable then towards people in the middle ages who did not believe it. To think that the solid earth moves—that the solid ground is going round at the rate of one thousand miles an hour—do you believe it?" And then after giving grounds for the belief, the Astronomer-Royal concludes that "this is reasoning which ought to be received, and I cannot see why it was not received by those who were able to reason on the matter in more distant times."

Yet so it is. "The wisest men," says Mr. J. S. Mill in his work on Logic, "rejected as impossible, because inconceivable, things which their posterity, by earlier practice and longer perseverance in the attempt, found it quite easy to conceive, and which everybody now knows to be true. They could not credit the existence of Antipodes; were unable to conceive, in opposition to old association, the force of gravity acting upwards instead of downwards. The Cartesians long rejected the Newtonian doctrine of the gravitation of all bodies towards one another, because they thought it absurd to suppose that a body can act where it is not. Newton himself could not realize the conception without supposing a subtle ether, the occult cause of gravitation, the necessity of some intermediate agency appearing to him indubitable. It would seem that even now the majority of scientific men have not completely got over this very difficulty; for though they have at last learnt to conceive the sun *attracting* the earth without any intervening fluid, they cannot yet conceive the sun *illuminating* the earth without some such medium."

So again, "What does the sense of sight tell him, but that the objects that he sees are actually seen beyond, or out of himself? They all seem to occupy their respective positions in

a space, which frequently appears to be of vast magnitude. By day he sees the sun at a great distance, as he imagines, from himself, and by night he looks abroad into a space which, from the distance at which the stars are set, appears as if it were unlimited; and all this time, while he is wrapt in such sublime imaginings, he either knows not, or perhaps forgets what the natural philosopher has told him, that he is beholding nothing more than a multitude of minute images; and that, instead of infinite space, the little retina, on which his stars are all painted, could be covered with the finger's point; that the only space which he sees, or could see, is actually less than the little organ in which he thinks it is presented."—TULK'S *Spiritual Christianity*.

From these instances we may learn not to rely too confidently on our sensations, when they teach us that space has an existence distinct from those sensations, and that the earth was created before the conscious or sentient beings who were to dwell upon it, and not to suppose that there is an external world because to the senses it appears so, when no rational man has ever proved such a supposition to be rationally true.

All we know of what we call the objects of the senses or the objects of nature is certain sensations which we feel in a certain uniform order the same to-day as yesterday. The unchangeable Divine Life, the unchangeable Light of Life, the unchangeable divinely given Faith of God, rationally received and obeyed, will, no doubt, in due time, rise alive within us from being as it were dead therein. This rational Divine Truth will teach us that "all the objects of the senses, which seem to enter the sentient faculties from without, are actually from within, being creations of the Divine Life, according to the law which determines the relationship between natural effects and their spiritual causes, brought forth and exhibited by sensations in the ultimate faculties of the mind."—TULK'S *Spiritual Christianity*.

Let any man ask himself, concerning any object of sense he likes, his own body or any other body, what is it but a combination of sensations, as hard or soft, round or angular, large or small, distant or near, white or some other colour, hot or cold, heavy or light, sweet or bitter, and so on through as minute an analysis or examination as can possibly be made of the object? And sensations are states of sentient beings, of minds, and things apart from or even contiguous to minds. All the sensations combined, or associated together as one sensation the natural capacity which he has so to combine or connect them, constitute what he calls the external object of which is at the moment sensible.

But again, this object of his senses is to-day exactly 1

what it was yesterday, or years before; and other men, as well as himself, if in a similar state or condition to his now, have had before, will have now and hereafter, an exactly similar object of their senses, or rather exactly similar objects, for there must be as many different objects of the senses as there are persons seeing, or in any other way conscious of the objects. Having formed the conclusion that the object is external to them, they believe their several sensations to be one and the same object, existing permanently, independently, and externally, to every one, though they know nothing more of the object than that it is a combination of various sensations in the mind of each who perceives it, though the sensations which a man has now or which is the same thing, though the object which a man perceives now is *numerically* different from that which he perceives at another time, or which other men perceive at the same or any other time, yet these severally perceived objects being exactly alike are regarded but as one and the same object. This way of so regarding them is as absurd as if a man should think that the taste of an apple which he is eating to-day is numerically the same as the perfectly similar taste of the apple which he eat yesterday. They are numerically two different tastes as the apples are two different apples, just in the same way the cluster of sensations which a man has to-day, and which he calls his house and grounds, is numerically different from the exactly similar cluster of sensations which he had yesterday, and numerically different from the exactly similar cluster which he may have to-morrow, and numerically different from the exactly similar clusters which other people will have as often as they are in a state or condition of mind like his.

It is not a rational truth then that we ever again perceive the numerically same object which we have perceived before, though it is a natural or sensual, or apparent truth. We consecutively see two different objects, though each is perfectly like the other, or at all events so perfectly alike that we can distinguish no difference between them; and because they are so alike, we believe them to be, not two separate things, but one and the same thing. This is a natural, sensual, or apparent truth,—a proper, and even a necessary natural belief.

Thus, then, if the rational faculty is not “raised” above the natural or sensual faculty, but lies as it were “dead” under its dominion, it makes two false—that is, rationally false—suppositions. First, that the objects of the senses, or the things perceived by the mind are external to, and at a distance from the mind which perceives the objects—the perception of objects being nothing more than “having a certain number of sensations regarded as in a particular state of combination, that

is, of concomitance;* and, secondly, that these objects of the senses, or clusters of sensations, have a permanent existence; but the truth is, that these objects of the senses, or clusters of sensations, have no permanent existence, but are changed as often as we have new sensations, nor have they any existence at all besides that of being sensations of a sentient being or mind at the moment of being felt, and no longer than he perceives or is conscious of them. From this, the rational faculty proceeds in its slavish submission to, and, as it were, death, under the dominion of the natural man, mind, or faculty, to make a third false supposition, namely, that the objects of the senses, or clusters of sensations, are independent of sentient minds, existed before they existed, and would continue to exist, if there were no sentient beings having the clusters, called objects. No true theological doctrine can be firmly built on such a sandy foundation as this. Rational theology, founded on a Divinely given Faith, quickening and instructing the rational faculty, teaches that God or the Divine Life, received by the sentient faculties, is continually creating the sensible universe through the sentient faculties of created sentient beings by uniform laws, and discards the notion that once upon a time He began and finished creating a sensible universe of which there was no created being to be sensible. The first created being is man, and, the next, (if we must imagine a succession of time), man's sensations, the various combinations of which sensations seem to him to be what he calls external objects. This rational theology teaches that the sensible universe is changed as often and as far as the sensations of sentient beings are changed; but the sensations, their combinations, and the entire aggregate of them, being constantly alike or nearly alike, the aggregate is presented to the sentient faculty (and the natural rational faculty basely consents) as one and the same permanent, self-existent universe, independent of its Creator and of His sentient creatures through whom it exists. Such teaching is rational theology and the first step towards the rational understanding of Divine Truth. To embrace it and to reason from it, and to live according to it, is resurrection from the dominion of the perishable natural or sentient faculty to the dominion of the imperishable Life of God in man. This is a position from which it seems not irrational to suppose that we ought to be able to give a rational meaning to *post mortem* resurrection and spiritual existence.

In yonder field there are sheep bleating with bells on them ringing. The sounds which I hear are sensations which I have and nothing else. They appear to come from the sheep and

* See Mr. JAMES MILL'S *Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind*.

the bells, and so they do. But *where* are the sheep and the bells? They are at a certain distance from me. But "the notion of extension or distance, is that of a motion of the muscles continued for a longer or a shorter duration."* And what else are the muscles and their motion but clusters of sensations? All the phenomena, then, that is, all the things perceived by me, the sheep, the bells, the sound, the distance, are nothing but my sensations connected together under some invisible and unknown governing law, so that any one else in the same state as mine will have the same sensations according to the same invisible and unknown law. What is this invisible and unknown law? Clearly something that can be only rationally discerned, never naturally, for natural discernment would be mere sensations as before. Can it be rationally discerned *with irresistible assurance* without a Divinely given Faith (the substance or support of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen) IN Him in whom we live and move and have our being, now *naturally*, as well as hereafter *spiritually*; IN Him who is the *Arche* (the beginning not merely as to time but as to substance) of the creation of God, (Rev. iii., 14); IN whom all things visible and invisible are created and stand together (that is as one thing), (Col. i., 16) though they *appear* as separate things, by which appearance conscious beings acquire consciousness and a sense of individuality, and a natural belief of independence of one another and of God?

This fact (of being constituted as one body in God, but appearing to ourselves consciously as several members of such body, in this world without a natural belief in God) can be conceived to exist also when the belief in God is a *perfect* rational assurance, the feeling of independence of one another and of Him *still existing but never being attended to*; and this state, it is rational to believe, constitutes *post-mortem* existence. The *post-mortem* member of the one body may exist in Him as easily then as it lives and moves and has its being *in Him now*; having a body, organs of sensations, and sensations, then *as now*; but never thinking of the sensations (as he now does) as objects external to him, but solely as representative effects (in his sensitive faculty) of their corresponding causes in and from the body of which he is a member; and this is what I mean by spiritual existence. Now we think from space and appearances or effects. Then we shall think from causes, from realities, suggested by sensations, but no more consciously attending to the sensations than one attends to the sensations of the letters when one sees the meaning of the word. W. P. G.

* Mr. JOHN STUART MILL'S *Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy.*

TWELVE MONTHS' SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES
IN AMERICA.

By J. H. POWELL.

PART III.

I WAS called to Rochester, N. Y. State, where I met many who had seen the first manifestations through the Fox girls in 1848, and listened with deep interest to their recitals. Amongst others with whom I became acquainted were Amy and Isaac Post, whose names are associated with the early history of modern Spiritualism, and with the movement for the abolition of slavery. They are members of the Society of Friends, in the decline of life, and prominent as heretofore in advocacy of Spiritualism, and in befriending the coloured race. I stayed some portion of the time I was in Rochester at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Burtis, whose experiences in Spiritualism, some of which Mrs. Burtis read me from her diary, have been as remarkable as any of which I have heard or read.

She, at one time, had in her house a German girl, in the capacity of servant, who proved to be an excellent medium; most of the communications she received appearing in large legible letters on her arm. On one occasion, Frederick Douglas, the slave orator, sat with this girl, when lo! on her arm appeared the picture of a slave kneeling, with chains on his wrists. I mention this *en passant*, simply to give one fact to shew the character of the manifestations through this girl, who was both ignorant and uninterested in her own mediumship. Mrs. Burtis showed me likewise some spirit-photographs taken by Mrs. Butler of Buffalo, N. Y., of whom I shall say more anon.

I was present at the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of modern Spiritualism held in Rochester, and at which Isaac and Amy Post, Mr. and Mrs. Burtis, and other of the early pioneers gave their experiences, which were all full of interest.

On Sunday, April 26th, when I entered the hall to deliver the morning's discourse, I was attracted by a couple of pictures which hung on each side of the platform. Before, however, I had time to inspect the pictures, I was introduced to Dr. H. Slade of Michigan. After a while, I took a minute survey of the pictures. One is a portrait, in colours, of a female, painted in Scotch style; the other, in pencil, is said to be a correct portrait of Omasao, the spirit controlling the doctor in the physical demonstrations through his mediumship. I learned on inquiry that each picture was produced within a single hour,

the medium wholly unconscious at the time. The longer I looked at the coloured portrait, the more wonderful appeared to be the statement as to time. It is said by the doctor himself and others to be a perfect likeness of his departed wife. Every lineament appeared so natural, I almost fancied that I was looking at flesh rounded and glowing with life. Dr. Slade declares his inability to produce of himself anything approaching it.

In the afternoon, at the Children's Lyceum, Dr. Slade, under spirit influence, played and sang to his own accompaniment a pleasing improvised production on "spirit life." In the evening before my lecture, the doctor offered, under influence, an invocation, and closed the proceedings by sitting at the piano, and executing a piece to the delight of the audience.

The next day, Monday, April 27th, at two o'clock, I sat by appointment with the doctor at his room, No. 42, at the National Hotel, Rochester. No other person was present. The medium was provided with a slate, a piece of slate pencil, an accordion, and a common hand bell. The table at which we sat was a common flap four-legged sitting room table. The doctor taking the slate pencil, broke a piece off scarcely as large as the fourth of a pea, certainly not large enough for the thumb and fingers of a man to hold, so as to write with force and legibility. Before, however, testing the slate experiment, the doctor placed his hands on mine; immediately there commenced a series of light and heavy rappings—some muffled, others sharp. I had several distinct evidences of force, my coat being more than once pulled; the pulling not being done by any visible hand. At the time, both hands of the medium were visible to me. The doctor now took the slate, and threw the small piece of pencil on the top of it. He then desired me to observe minutely his position, and how he held the slate. He drew his chair right back, so that I could see his feet, and pulled off his boots to shew me that nothing was attached to his toes. He then held the slate almost three-parts under, close to the table top. I saw all the time the hand that held the slate, and could perceive a force applied to the slate, making it difficult for him to keep firm hold, and I heard the small piece of pencil scratching. When the doctor showed me the slate, there was written on it my surname, with a Christian name I could not decipher. This sort of thing was repeated with variations, then the medium placed the slate with the little piece of pencil on my shoulder; I could see not only his hand that held it, but a portion of the slate as well, yet still the scratching of the pencil was heard, and there was written, "*J. Powell.*" The slate and pencil were placed again on my shoulder, and there was written rapidly and

distinctly, "*All is well for you—have hope.*" The small piece of pencil was somewhere on the floor. The doctor asked the spirit to be good enough to restore it. This was done in the twinkling of an eye. It was next written, "*We will play.*"

Dr. Slade held the accordion at the opposite end to the keys, placed the hand bell under the table, and drew back his chair, so that his feet could not in any way aid. The concert commenced, the accordion taking the lead, accompanied by the bell. The beautiful tune, "Home, sweet home" (very appropriate to me, often sighing for home), was sweetly played by the mysterious musician.

This sitting could not have been more satisfactory; every chance was given for full and thorough investigation; *and all took place in broad daylight.*

The doctor desired me to call and have a second sitting, more time not being available for my special benefit. Accordingly, I set apart Thursday, April 30th, and on that occasion, sat with the doctor and a lady, in the same room, at the same table. Loud knockings were first heard all over the legs of my chair, and once on the wall several yards from where we sat. The doctor, as on a former occasion, provided himself with a small piece of slate pencil, and held the slate under the table, giving every opportunity for examination. The first communication in writing was for the lady:—"Tell Mr.—that he must come here." "Will he come?" Loud knocks signifying an affirmative. Next was written, "*Mr. Powell go West.*" I said, "*I feel dull to-day—want sympathy. Can you not say something to cheer me?*" The answer came rapidly written with the small piece of pencil, "*Have hope. All is well.—J. P.*" The slate at my request was again placed upon my shoulder. I could see, as before, Dr. Slade's hand that held it, and a portion of the slate. The lady could see nearly the entire slate. The scratching of the pencil commenced, and a communication was written.

I said to the doctor, "*I think you should go to England. Such manifestations as these would paralyse the scepticism of the scientific. Those who would turn away from dark circles might possibly be staggered by such as yours in the light.*" The slate and small piece of pencil were again in vogue, and there was written, "*This medium will go to England within two years.*"

Immediately following this, the doctor took the accordion, and held it as before with the keys facing us. The tune emitted this time was equally beautiful and well executed. In an instant, the force applied drew the accordion from his hand, and broke it. The slate was again taken up. The doctor took from his pocket a silver-bladed knife, and placing it on the slate,

blade shut, held the slate under the table. In an instant, the knife was thrown on the top of the table, blade open. The experiment was repeated by request, with a different result. The knife was carried from the slate, and, no one hearing it fall, we all wondered what had become of it. The impression came to me to feel in my coat pocket, and there, sure enough, was the knife, blade open.

This second *séance* concluded with the levitation of the table which was effected with great power. I have witnessed many physical manifestations, but, I do not hesitate to say, none more satisfactory than those in the presence of Dr. Slade; nor can I conceive how sceptics could witness such as I have through his mediumship and find a loop-hole of escape from the legitimate conclusion that what takes place is manifestly beyond his volitional powers.

I could detail various other interesting incidents relating to mediums and their manifestations in Rochester, but must pass on to Buffalo, New Zealand, the birth-place and home of the Davenport Brothers.

I did not forget that Mrs. Burtis had shown me spirit photographs, or what purported to be such, taken by Mrs. Butler, 250, Main Street, Buffalo. It so happened, too, that Mrs. Burtis was in Buffalo and was desirous of introducing me to the lady photographer. I was so far favoured. But what resulted from my visits to Mrs. Butler I shall relate in order. I had the necessary introduction on the first day I was in Buffalo and was promised a sitting.

On the evening of May 20th I accompanied a lady, Mrs. M——, to the house of Mrs. Hazen, a well-known and respected medium. We found ourselves unexpectedly in the presence of a large company who had met to hold a *séance*. The room was darkened, and in a few seconds a gruff, muffled voice was heard, purporting to belong to the deceased husband of Mrs. Hazen. After a brief interval another masculine voice, evidently different, answered to the cognomen "Ben." Some pointed and smart remarks were elicited from this spirit. Then followed in succession other voices male and female.

I was in the dark mentally as well as physically, and longed for light to learn who was who. Presently "Ben" was in full vocal force again. We kept up a long dialogue with him, in which he showed quick perception and ready wit.

When the light was introduced I saw the medium Hattie Tackerberry sitting entranced in a corner of the room.

The man near me who acted the part of manager of the *séance* told me that he was captain of the schooner "Comely" from Cleveland, and that Hattie was engaged on board the vessel

in the capacity of cook. I expressed a desire to have the opportunity of testing the medium at a future time. The captain invited me to come on board the "Comely" the next day.

True to my appointment I wended my way to the harbour in search of the "Comely," and a search it proved. The rain fell thick and fast and it required no small courage to face it on such a mission. Climbing up the slippery side of the vessel, I was glad enough to enter the little cabin, where the captain made me welcome. Hattie, the medium, was in her berth taking "a nap." I learned from her that she was under 25 years old, was married when she was only 15 years of age, that her husband had met his death at sea, leaving her with one child, and that she was born in Nottinghamshire, England.

I further learned that "Ben," the principal talker at her *séances*, is recognised by her as none other than Ben Tackerberry her husband. Other spirits that frequent her *séances* are named Mr. and Mrs. Wester, her own father and mother.

Hattie is below medium height, possessing small but marked features. She has realized experiences enough to fill a dozen lives, yet she does not display more than common-place intellect, and is certainly very deficient in scholastic culture.

Hattie, the captain, and myself sat in a small sleeping room. The bed was on the right, the medium sat in front near the window, which was darkened for the purpose for which we sat. The captain took his position by the door and I sat upon the bed, but owing to the smallness of the room our feet were necessarily in contact, which was an evidence to me that neither the medium nor the captain moved from their seats. A tin horn, commonly used for speaking through, was taken from some part of the room by invisible power. It was used to touch the captain and me. Presently "Ben" hailed us, and in return we each greeted kindly our mysterious interlocutor.

Several loud knockings came on the walls quite out of reach of either of us. Presently "Ben" said, "*Becker, I want you to hold the trumpet.*" The captain took it from the spirit and placed it on the bed behind me. Another voice, said to be Wester's, the father of Hattie, sounded close to the medium. "How is this?" exclaimed the captain, "can you speak out the trumpet?" "*I speak through the trumpet,*" was the answer. "How can that be!" queried the captain, "the trumpet is still on the bed?" I felt and found it there. The spirit said "*I speak through the trumpet, and send my voice.*" Here was an experiment worthy of note. It is not necessary to the production of these voices, and the supposition of jugglery, is supposed to use the trumpet. How did she get her mouth to the trumpet behind

satisfied that she did not move from her chair. I heard "Ben's" characteristic voice, "I say Becker, you put that trumpet down." The captain laughed, telling me that he had taken it in his hand. Another voice, called by the captain "Eliza," next held converse with us. She professed to understand the nature of disease and to prescribe, and gave me some advice respecting my health. I quietly took up the trumpet. She cried in a quick loud tone, "*Powell, put down that trumpet.*" A few minutes after I placed my elbow on the bed and my head upon my hand. The voice called out immediately, "*Powell, you are leaning upon your dignity.*" Other slight movements, as the putting of my fingers through my whiskers, were immediately remarked on by the same voice, although the room was so dark that I could not distinguish by sight a single object; yet it was evident that some invisible eye saw me. This is why I mention these otherwise trifling incidents, and this was doubtless the conviction arrived at. The voices during the evening were all distinct, and the various conversations, and other incidents too lengthy to note in detail.

A third *séance* at which Hattie was the medium, and at which I was present, took place at the residence of Mrs. M——, the lady I accompanied to Mrs. Hazen's. The sitting was a lengthy one, and the various voices singularly strong. "Ben," as usual, was the principal talker. When any one of the circle spoke out of order, "Ben" thundered "*Silence! one at a time,*" or words to that effect. Mary C——, a young lady present, received a large share of his attentions. He told her that she had in her pocket a love-letter, which she had that day received, and that she had found passages difficult to read. He described the writer, told of a rival. All "Ben" said on this interesting topic, excepting a statement that the writer of the letter lived in Chicago, was acknowledged by Mary to be perfectly correct. Several tests similar to those I have enumerated were given.

Apart from the variations of these peculiar voices, and the physical demonstrations of hands and rappings, which intersperse the conversations, there is an acquaintance manifested by the invisibles with the private affairs of the company (including strangers), truly surprising and removed out of the range of guess-work.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 7th, 1868.

HAUNTED HOUSE IN THE COUNTY OF CLARE, IRELAND.

[The Earl of Dunraven has forwarded the following authenticated account of a haunted house, drawn up by his lordship, then Lord Adare, in the year 1843, and which we have much pleasure in inserting.—Ed.]

MY DEAR M——,

The following is the account of the strange noises which were heard some years ago, and which I promised to draw up for you. Mr. and Mrs. Daxon went to live at Kilmoran, in the County of Clare, about the year 1824. They occasionally heard rumours from the old people of the place that two persons had often been seen riding, driving, and walking about the grounds, but no credit was given to these stories. The disturbances commenced on the 5th of September, 1828, with the following remarkable occurrence: Mr. and Mrs. D—— had retired to bed; a little boy a year and a half old sleeping in a cot by the bedside; and no light in the room, when a large dog seemed to arise with a heavy step and walk across the floor to the cot, where it made a noise as if going to eat or lap up something; the child instantly awoke and screamed violently. Mrs. Daxon held him while Mr. Daxon called up the servant to turn out, as he conceived, a large water dog but no dog was to be found. Some nights after they heard what seemed a barefooted person walking stealthily about the room; a candle was lighted, and search made, but no one could be found. Night after night the noises became more violent, the child appearing much disturbed by them, and often in the daytime screaming out, "Mamma, look at that black man;" at other times, "that large black dog." One night Miss P—— heard the trot of horses up to the hall door, she opened it and looked out, the moon was bright, but no horses to be seen; she retired to rest, and put the night-bolt in the door. Immediately after lying down she heard a person walk over to the fire-place and stir the embers, and then come to the side of the bed, when the pillow was pulled away and thrown into the middle of the room, and the bed-posts struck with a stick; the person then quitted the room, slapping the door with violence. At first Miss P——'s alarm prevented her from getting up; but on recovering her fright she found the pillow on the floor, and the door as she had fastened it. The noises now became various and wonderful, and were heard by all the family. Different creatures were assumed, as far as could be judg

by the sounds: sometimes large four-footed animals, sometimes birds, but generally the human form. One evening, before tea, Miss P—, the governess, and children were in the school room, when the books were taken off the table and thrown on the top of the press. After this a footstep came to the door and two or three screams were heard; Miss P— opened the door, and heard a step retreating heavily, she followed with a candle, the step seemed to return, and the candle was blown out with a puff. At another time she was writing, when the table cover and writing implements were thrown off the table, and the chair pulled from under her; this was in the daytime.

Several friends came and endeavoured—but without success—to discover a clue to these events. The figures of two men were seen by Mrs. Daxon, and Miss P—, at different times, walking outside the windows, and by one of the servants, but not by two persons at the same time; on one of these occasions Mr. Daxon, who was outside, saw nothing. Mrs. Daxon once saw a large savage looking dog, but it vanished immediately. Another time the voices of two persons were heard, speaking in an unknown language, close to her bed room. Every noise that could disturb the family was resorted to; screaming, clapping of hands, firing shots through the glass, (no glass being really broken), playing on the bagpipes, and noises so ridiculous as scarcely to be credited. One of the modes of annoyance was that of throwing a great weight upon the chest, or some part of the body. This has been felt by Mr. and Mrs. Daxon, Miss P— and Miss O—; sometimes when a light was in the room and sometimes in the dark. Once when the candles were lighted Mrs. Daxon felt the pressure of a very cold hand on her back. A gentleman one night felt as if a person lay by him in the bed. A common prelude to its coming was as if a piece of the ceiling had fallen and was scattered upon the floor. Sometimes balls appeared to be thrown from one part of the room to the other. After the month of March, 1829, the noises by night seemed to decline, but were constantly heard by day. Sighs and moans were very common.

One day, Mrs. Daxon was writing in the dining room; she felt a breathing on the back of her neck, accompanied by heavy sighs; she ran out of the room and met Miss P—, who said that she had just heard a noise as if a person was drawing a chair about her room. There was a favourite canary bird in the house, which appeared alarmed by the noises. It would jump off the perch, and hide at the bottom of the cage. A cat killed the bird; after which for some days the bird's notes were exactly imitated, and Mrs. Daxon has followed them to different parts of the house.

A favourite dog was also occasionally alarmed; one day, so

much so, as to jump through the closed window. Mr. Daxon's brother (Mr. R. D——) now arrived; and the two brothers sat up armed. The noises continued. One night It appeared to walk between them, and knock loudly at a door close to which they stood. Mrs. Daxon one night addressed It, asking in the name of God why they were thus tormented. After a moment's silence there was a scream, and a rush out of the room, the door being shut violently. After this, It did not come inside the house for three weeks. Mrs. Daxon changed her bed room more than once, but all in vain. One night the bed-posts were beaten so that the bed shook. It was very violent; particularly if when being addressed, our Saviour's name was used. If candles were lighted, It became worse. Miss P——, who had great courage, used to follow the noise from room to room. One night, when the child was sleeping with her, she heard the noise of a person forcing himself under the bed. At last some one came out by the head of the bed and caught her by the throat, pressing her so that she screamed and fainted.

Upon another occasion when it was in the room, the little child jumped up in his sleep, calling, "Let me go, I must be off." On being awake immediately, he could recollect nothing which had caused his alarm. The winter, 1829, Miss P—— and the little boy left the house. They remained away nearly three years. During their absence the noises were very seldom heard; but upon their return they recommenced; lasting, however, but a short time.

A strange incident now occurred. One day Mrs. Daxon went into the kitchen whilst a pot was on the fire, in which was a goose. She heard moans issuing from the pot. She was of course greatly astonished; and there being no one present, she called to Miss P——, Miss M. P——, and Miss P. S——, and they also heard the sounds. The servant girl then came in, and by Mrs. Daxon's direction took the pot off the fire, in doing which she let it fall, when a scream issued from the pot. The sound rushed across the room, and a step was heard ascending a staircase at the other side of the kitchen, accompanied by a noise like that of a chair being dragged after it. There was no visible appearance. One night Miss P——, the governess, and a boy, who were sleeping in the same room, heard what appeared to be chairs dragged up stairs, and a noise as if some one were to force open the door. Miss P—— got up and opened the candle was blown out. She re-lighted it; went to calling upon It to leave the house in the name of God, It appeared to retreat quickly, uttered a yell, and rushed to the kitchen door, slapping it with violence. The boy was awakened by the scream. The house was infested

previous to the commencement of the noises, after which they all disappeared. A Roman Catholic priest offered to exorcise It, but this was declined. Some of the servants left the house. No shot was ever fired at It. Not the slightest noise has been heard for nine years.

The foregoing account, written in 1841, by Mrs. Daxon, is signed by her, and by Miss P—, Mr. B. D—, Mr. D—, Doctor B—, Miss M. P—, and Miss D—.

In a letter written to me in 1842, Mrs. Daxon says:—"Six months after the noises had commenced, the night being dark and the shutters shut, I heard noises in a corner of the room. I looked and could see nothing, when suddenly two flashes of light illuminated the room. I only saw these flashes on two occasions. One night a baby, six weeks' old, lay by my bedside in its cradle; some alarming noises were in the room, so I took the baby into bed; when something seemed to pull the cradle away to a little distance, and jump in and hop three times. Mr. Daxon threw himself across the bed and tried to catch it; but in vain." In another letter she says:—"Mr. Daxon's father held this place 30 years ago; his wife, one night, being at prayers, felt a smart slap on her back; the door was secured, but no one could be discovered. The steward, about this time, on a moonlight night, heard horses pass his house towards a high gate, which he knew was locked; he got up, and went out to open it, when, to his amazement, he saw them pass through the gate, and appear to sink into the ground. I had heard many stories of occurrences that took place long before I came to live here."

The following extract is from a letter of Miss R—'s, the governess:—

"I remember the books being taken and thrown upon the desk; the curtains of the bed being thrown on the top; also the dreadful scream, and Miss P— going to the door and addressing it, and the candle being blown out; also hearing music like the bagpipes and the piano; and a car being driven furiously to the door, and on going to it, no car, or trace of one, being visible."

The following extract is from a letter from Mr. P. S. D— to me:—

"On retiring for the night I heard a tapping at the bedroom door, and, on opening it, so as to command a view of both sides, the tapping continued for some time; and then moved to a part of the wall three or four feet off from the door, and continued long enough for me to make a full examination, but without effect. I went to bed, and the fire was bright enough to enable me to distinguish the smallest object. One of the bedposts was shaken violently; then a patting sound as of a small animal

running, came from the fireplace to the beds, under both of which it went. I was looking at the part of the floor where it seemed to run; I searched and could find nothing. We often heard sounds like the rolling of a large beam of timber. Sometimes a piece of mortar appeared to fall from the ceiling, and to scatter on the floor; and other times, water, as if from a leak in the roof, seemed coming down drop by drop."

I have a letter from Miss P——, corroborating all the statements in Mrs. D——'s letters. Amongst other things, she says, "I saw the books raised off the table and thrown upon the top of the desk. I was pinched in the arm one night, in the passage; the mark remained for several days. It was not quite dark; I could well have discerned a person. I once saw a tall figure dressed in white pass the window. The men always appeared outside the windows, and were invisible to all outside. The candle has frequently been blown out in my hand. I have often felt the unaccountable pressure. The noises were never violent after the scream, and gradually declined."

Dr. B——, in a letter to me says, "The first night I slept there I heard, as it were, plaster falling from the ceiling, but could see nothing, although there was plenty of light. The second night I heard a strange sound as if the bed curtains were slashed with a switch; there was no visible motion about the curtains."

I have now to relate a singular circumstance, which may be connected with these noises. Some time before they commenced, one of the family was buried in a family vault near the house. About a year afterwards this vault was found open. The steward relates (in a letter to me) the following facts:—"I was told that the vault was open, and I found it so, as also the coffin, and a cut across the body, nearly from one hip to the other, and the track of two people inside and outside the vault, the body was perfect and the cut fresh." It is a tradition in Ireland that a part of the inside of a body (the liver I believe) gives power of witchcraft. The steward also says, "About a year after, the family left home; I was desired to sleep in the house. One night I was alarmed by a strange and loud noise inside and outside the room, it lasted five hours; but, although the night was very bright, I could see nothing: I was often obliged to get up to see who was rapping at the hall door, but could never detect any one."

I have now extracted from all the letters I possess, connected with this mysterious subject whatever is necessary, to show the character and variety of these strange proceedings. I was interested in the whole matter that I took all the pains in my power to get at the facts, and in order to satisfy myself

fully, I went to Kilorman. Mr. Daxon is a gentleman farmer and agent, of respectable family. Mrs. Daxon suffered so much in health, from anxiety and constant annoyance, that she was obliged to leave the place for some time; indeed, even now, she does not much like to allude to the noises; she and her sister believe them to have been in some way supernatural. After seeing the house I was more than ever alive to the difficulty of attempting to explain the different things that occurred, by attributing them to clever contrivance or mechanism. The house is a small, plain, modern building, a hall door in the middle, opening into a small space and passage, a room on each side; over these, bed rooms, and the kitchen, &c., at the back. I examined the walls and satisfied myself that there was no place where arrangements or contrivances could have been made. The passage where Miss P——'s candle was blown out, and where she was pinched, is narrow, and it appears to be perfectly impossible to avoid seeing the person who could have done these things. The house was not infested by rats.

I heard several additional particulars from Mrs. Daxon, that among them she used occasionally to hear the gentlest tapping at the wall, sometimes at the sideboard; the tapping would appear to move away to other parts of the room. One day, a carpet or cloth, I forget which, had been stretched out in a bed room, on chairs. Towards evening, a violent noise was heard by those in the room below, and they thought some one had gone in, and had stumbled over the chairs and carpet. They proceeded to look, when on opening the door, all was in its proper place—no one had been there. Mrs. Daxon related a circumstance to me, which I am bound not to repeat; but which would afford some faint clue, so far as this—that it points to a person as a possible agent in the transaction; and this person was said by the people to be possessed of the power of witchcraft. The surmise is a very vague one; but I feel bound to allude to it, as far as I can, without breach of confidence; not that, however, I put very much trust in the connection between the noises and this supposed possible cause, nor I imagine does Mrs. Daxon. I asked her whether there were any quarrels among the servants, or between the family and the servants, and was told not. Nothing had ever occurred which could cause Mrs. Daxon to have any fanciful fear of a dog before the first night of the noises. She also told me that she has heard and felt, as it were, a person or creature pressing between the bed and the wall, although there was no room for any one to walk between; and that no one can imagine how horrible it was to feel the pressure on the chest, and to be, as it were, completely at the mercy of an unknown and invisible being or agent, who

had power thus to torment you. In April, 1842, not long after I had made an examination of the house, I heard from Mrs. Daxon that the noises had recommenced in the following way: Mrs. Daxon going from home, ordered two maid servants to sleep in Miss P——'s room. They were maids who had lately come. On Mr. Daxon's return, they said that an invisible being had been in the room at different times, and pulled the bed clothes off. The same thing happened next night to Mr. Daxon and to Miss P——. Mr. Daxon left home; and the following night the two ladies slept in the same room. They heard a curious noise between the beds, and Miss P——'s clothes were pulled off the bed, and a large hand laid heavily on her back. She cried out that she would fire the next night, and a step then appeared to walk towards the window and go out through the wall. The ladies got pistols and fired shots next day. At night there was a violent pounding on the top of the house over their beds. Nothing occurred for a month, after which Miss P—— left the house. The day previous to her departure, she gave Mrs. Daxon her pistol; and that night the clothes were pulled off her bed. I think this last proceeding wears the appearance of a trick; as if some one, who had heard of the strange noises 12 years ago, was endeavouring to imitate them. I wrote lately to Mrs. Daxon to know if anything had occurred since 1842. I received a letter yesterday, saying that all has been quiet. I now leave you to form your own conjectures upon this extraordinary story; and with many apologies for the length of my letter,

I remain, yours very sincerely,

ADARE.

THE POWER OF THE INVISIBLE.

We find in a late number of the *Methodist*, a denominational paper of New York, a full sermon by Bishop Simpson of that Church, on the theme above named. Did our space permit, we should be glad to publish much more copious extracts than those which we are about to give to our readers. The Bishop directed his thoughts to the propriety of the habit of fixing the spirit's gaze on invisible things; first, in order to steady purpose and concentrate the forces of the individual life, secondly, to elevate the nature, expand the sympathies, make spiritual things supreme. From a perusal of parts of discourse, we should say that Bishop Simpson is an unconscious Spiritualist; he cherishes, to be sure, the dogma of unexpiated sin, but he clings with a far more eager desire to

belief in a heaven into which attending spirits are ready to introduce him while occupying the tabernacle of the flesh. To illustrate and enforce our remarks, and especially to satisfy all persons of the Methodist persuasion that one of their own Bishops does hold to a faith which they would be afraid of under the name of Spiritualism, we proceed to subjoin a few extracts, as follows :

“Man rises on the triumphs of art just in proportion as he approaches toward the invisible. The studies of men lead in the same direction. We commence with the simple elements around us—the visible. We take hold, in philosophy and chemistry, on what might be termed the alphabets, the elements, the grosser forms of matter. As we rise in our speculations, we go still higher, and light, and heat, and electricity, and magnetism, in all their impalpable forms, pass before us in review ; and to-day a large part of chemical and philosophic science is employed in reference to this impalpable and imponderable element, and science rises to its highest glory as it lays hold of the invisible. Now, if we find that man rises in civilization just as his thoughts are directed toward the invisible, shall it not be so that the Christian, in grappling with the highest possible thoughts, shall find himself passing over toward the unseen? So far from this habit of mind being unreasonable, then, we find it to be in harmony with the laws of God.

* * * * *

If we can know that we shall be the sons of God and heirs of a glorious inheritance,—with this assurance, we can look out into the invisible with calmness. There is none of us that does not have a feeling that the invisible is near us. It gathers about us—its very shadows seem sometimes to fall upon us. We know not by nature what that invisible is, but that there is an invisible the very instincts of our hearts tell us. Who has not trembled at thoughts of the invisible? Who has not been anxious to lift the veil that shrouds it from our view? Who has not thought of friends who have just passed over the boundary-line? Who has not trembled by the side of the death-bed and the grave, when the eternal seemed to come so near and the invisible to move in view? And why that feeling? We have a relation to the invisible. The heathen are in dread because of it. They have peopled the air with genii, and fairies, and ghosts, and demons, and they dread the invisible because darkness hangs upon it.

But to the Christian, the invisible flames with light—Christ hath brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel—and we know that while there is the invisible, there are beauty and joy beyond. The very grave itself is a passage into the

beautiful and the glorious. We have laid our friends in the grave but they are around us. The little children that sat upon our knee, into whose eyes we looked with love, whose little hands clasped our neck, on whose cheeks we imprinted the kiss—we can almost feel the throbbing of their hearts to-day. They have passed from us; but where are they? Just beyond the line of the invisible. And the fathers and mothers that educated us, that directed and comforted us—where are they but just beyond the line of the invisible? The associates of our life, that walked along life's pathway, those with whom we took sweet counsel, and who dropped from our side—where are they but just beyond us?—not far away—it may be very near us, in the heaven of light and of love. Is there anything to alarm us in the thought of the invisible? No. It seems to me that sometimes, when our heads are on the pillow, there come whispers as of joy from the spirit-land; which have dropped into our hearts thoughts of the sublime and beautiful and glorious, as though some angel's wing passed over our brow, and some dear one sat by our pillow and communed with our hearts, to raise our affection towards the other and better world.

* * * * *

The invisible is not dark; it is glorious. Sometimes the veil becomes so thin, it seems to me that I can almost see the bright forms through it, and my bending ear can almost hear the voices of those who are singing their melodious strain before the throne of God. Oh, there is music all around us, though the ear of man hear it not; there are glorious forms all about us, though in the busy scenes of life we recognize them not. The veil of the future will soon be lifted, and the invisible shall appear. And when you and I shall just step beyond the veil, oh how glorious! We shall look back to life and wonder why it was that it did not flame with light, even while we were treading the pathway here below. Oh, that look into eternity! We see the invisible, and it gives us joy. Our friends are there, our loved ones are there, and they are not far from us. Whether though connected with the coming of winter, whether my mind has been inclined to look more into the grave of late and beyond it, I cannot just say; but as I grow older, it seems to me that the invisible has greater and greater attractions for me from year to year. Never did I ponder so much on those beautiful passages where the life of the future is brought to light, and where immortality seems to glow all around me, as have done in recent times. I have seen such a fulness in the passage where Jesus is represented as bringing light and immortality to light in the Gospel, that my soul has sometimes seemed to be almost filled; and as friend after friend passed over, I ho

sweeter and sweeter communion in my thoughts with the spirit world."

* * * * *

After demonstrating from Scripture history that the dead, when they come back to earth, do recognize old scenes and friends, and are fully alive to old interests and occupations, the Bishop breaks forth in the following strain of triumph, which is but breaking through the old barriers of ecclesiastical dogma, and planting himself on the solid ground of spiritual faith and religion. These are his words:—

"Oh, they do care about earth! they do come back to earth! The glorified saints love our earth still; our kindred in heaven love us still. The mother who counselled me, and who bore me when an infant, who talked to me in my riper years, and whom I laid in the grave a few months ago, she is my mother still. Beyond the dark curtain which hides immortality from view, oh, she is the same still. She loves me still; she waits to welcome me. If I but give my heart to God and discharge my duty, she waits to welcome me in the spirit-world. Oh, our kindred and mothers and fathers wait for us; wives and husbands wait for us; the little children—sainted cherubs—are waiting for us! The song of joy is going up just on the other side; and methinks white hands are beckoning to some of us. They are sailing onward and upward. A little longer bear earth's jarrings and toils, and then go up higher. The invisible is flaming in light; and as I look out, it becomes a source of joy to my heart."—*Banner of Light.*

SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE.

M. PIERART has completed the volume of the *Revue Spiritualiste* for the past year, and has closed it in a very superior manner. We hear nothing further of the *History of a Spiritualist*, by Leon Favre, probably because he has told us the most wonderful part of his narrative. We have some extraordinary prophecies of the career of Napoleon I. from the *Memoirs of Bourrienne* and the *History and Secret Memoirs of the Empress Josephine*, by Mademoiselle Le Normand, which we gave some time ago in this journal. Further translations are made from the remarkable recent manifestations of Mr. Home. There is a curious article on the Soul of Plants by M. Arnold Boscowitz, but perhaps the most striking paper is one on Spiritualism in Paris, called "Paris Somnambule," by Eugene Bonnemère. This article is quoted at length from the *Siècle*, a paper which M. Piérart says has always been especially

hostile to Spiritualism. If this be the case the *Sidcle* is much more liberal than most of our English newspapers, which vainly hope, by allowing any amount of attacks on Spiritualism and refusing the least defence of it, to extinguish it. Our English papers, particularly such as the *Star*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, &c., confess by their conduct that they are utterly beaten by their spiritual enemy. When journals do not condescend to notice a subject in any way we may be told that it is from sheer contempt of it; but when they allow continual and vehement attacks upon it, and refuse it all opportunity of defence, it is an unmistakable confession that they are beaten by it—that it is their lord and master. The *Sidcle* can afford to be more courageous and just.

The article sets out by the remark that, although Somnambulism has been a hundred times annihilated by the Academy of Medicine, it is more alive than ever in Paris: in the midst of all the lights of the age it continues, right or wrong, to excite the multitude. Protean in its forms, infinite in its manifestations, if you put it out of the door, it knocks at the window; if that be not opened it knocks on the ceiling, on the walls; it raps on the table at which you innocently seat yourselves to dine or for a game of whist. If you close your ears to its sounds, it grows excited, strikes the table, whirls it about in a giddy maze, lifts up its feet and proceeds to talk through mediumship as the dumb talk with their fingers.

You have all known the rage for table-turning. At one time, we ceased to ask after each other's health, but asked how your table was. "Thank you, mine turns beautifully; and how goes yours on?" Everything turned; hats and the heads in them. One was led almost to believe that a circle of passengers being formed round the mainmast of a ship of great tonnage, and a magnetic chain thus established, they might make the vessel spin round till it disappeared in the depth of the ocean, as a gimlet disappears in a deal board. The Church interfered; it caused its thunders to roar, declaring that it was Satan himself who thus raised the devil in the tables, and having formerly forbade the world to turn, it now forbade the faithful to turn tables, hat brains, or ships of huge size. But Satan held his own. The sovereign of the nether world passed into the new one, and the reason that America sends us mediums: beginning gloriously with the famous Home, and ending with the broth Davenport. One remembers with what a frenzy every one precipitated himself in pursuit of mediums. Every one wist to have one of his own; and when you introduced a young n into society, you did not say, "He is a good waltzer;" but "H a medium." Official science has killed and buried this Somnambulism a score of times; but it must have done it very ba

for there it is as alive as ever, only christened afresh with a variety of names.

After a good deal of pleasant badinage of this sort, M. Bonnemère goes earnestly into a long and comprehensive article, in which he shows himself perfectly familiar with all the mysteries of Spiritualism; reveals himself as a sound believer in it; and ably demonstrates the great and cheering light which it has thrown on the world of spirit present and future, visible and invisible, on the true native destinies of man. When will the *Times*, the *Star*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, or *Saturday Review* have the courage or the philosophy to allow of the insertion in their columns of an article as bold and useful?

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

MR. W. H. MUMLER, of Boston, U. S. A., some of whose spirit photographs we re-published several years ago, respecting which we had at the time many paragraphs in the *Magazine*, has now removed to 630, Broadway, New York. We have received his prospectus, containing many testimonies, a few of which only are recent. The dates of the most of them are as far back as 1862, and it certainly seems a strange fact, to be accounted for, that if the photographs were genuine, there should have been a cessation of them for so many years, and that they should now re-appear at "10 dollars in greenbacks or post-office order." However as we do not profess to settle any question *a priori*, and prefer to let everything new and old rest on its own basis of fact, we shall be happy to receive any well accredited and scientific testimonies in favour of the spirit photographs.

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

The career of Victorien Sardou, which has been one of unexampled success, is known to be entirely under the control of the spirits. As a youth he had not exhibited the smallest dramatic talent. He was bidden by the spirit of Balzac to write a comedy—under the dictation of the great philosopher and novelist. Victorien obeyed without the smallest faith, and having written the piece, presented it to the director of the *Gymnase*, simply because he was bidden to do so by the spirits. The piece was played, and had taken the town by surprise before Sardou was even aware that it had been accepted. He was at Havre when the account reached him in the papers. The success which

has greeted every one of Sardou's productions—not one failure having marked his career—does seem the work of magic. No wonder it is attributed to the spirits.—*Birmingham Post*, April 10.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF ILLNESS AND TRANCE.

A remarkable case of suspended animation has occurred at Millom, in the neighbourhood of Whitehaven, in West Cumberland. It appears that some 18 or 19 weeks ago, a girl, about 11 or 12 years of age, residing with her parents at Millom was ill, and the medical attendant advised a removal for change of air. The patient was taken to Old Hall farm, leased from Mr. A. Brogden by Mr. W. Troughton. She was attended to with every care, but made no progress towards recovery, and in a short time fell into a lethargic state, resembling that of a person in a trance. In this condition she remained for many weeks, but at length woke up to a state of consciousness, and calling upon her mother, who was in attendance upon her, related how she had been in heaven and seen numerous angels and her brother, who had died some time ago. On being questioned to that effect, she expressed a desire not to recover from her illness, but to go to the happier land of which she had had glimpses. At that time she is described by her attendants as having a most "heavenly expression of countenance," and although she had then been for many weeks without one particle of solid food, her face was plump, her cheeks suffused with a lovely hue, the lips alone being devoid of the colour natural to her age when in health. The power of speech remained only for a short time, and the girl then relapsed into her former state, or nearly so. She lies in a lethargic condition, but when a question is put to her she manifests her power of understanding it by a slight moving of the head, or some motion to indicate that she is sensible to the sound of human voice. The only sustenance, if it can be called by that name, the girl has received for fully 15 or 16 weeks has been the occasional moistening of the lips with brandy and water or tea. Within the last few days the girl's limbs have become gradually more rigid, as though foretelling of no very distant dissolution.—*Newcastle Chronicle*, March 29.

THE WELSH FASTING GIRL.

We (*British Medical Journal*) have received from Dr. L. of Carmarthen, an account of Sarah Jacobs, of Llanfihangel Arth, whose alleged long fasting has of late excited curiosity. According to the account given by Dr. Lewis

said to have taken no food since October 10, 1867, and not even water since the end of December of last year. He remarks that the statements made respecting Sarah Jacobs are of such an astounding nature that belief is scarcely possible, yet accumulated evidence might produce conviction. Some attempt has been made to test the credibility of the parents of the girl, by watching her closely; and the attempt came to an end for want of funds. The girl's parents are respectable farmers, not in needy circumstances. Dr. Lewis does not offer any explanation as to the manner in which life and growth can be maintained without ordinary food.

JUDGE EDMONDS.

The Hon. J. W. Edmonds declines the Presidency of a College, as he did a few years ago a Judgeship in New York. It will, no doubt, surprise our Christian friends to find there is a religion that raises man not only above worldly ambition, but above the highest positions of D.D. in our country, and yet leaves the person working for the spread of the new Gospel among the people, and writing and distributing, gratuitously, tracts and books to open the eyes that are sealed by sectarian bigotry to the light now bursting in from the spirit-world. The vast amount of good the Judge has done will not be appreciated until after he has gone to the other life.—*Banner of Light*.

AMERICAN OPINIONS OF THE "SPECTATOR'S" BRAIN WAVES.

"A writer in the *London Spectator* propounds a new theory in reference to the numerous well authenticated cases in which persons at the moment of death have made their presence seen or felt by distant friends. He suggests that the brain has the power of producing waves or vibrations in an atmosphere peculiar to itself, just as a magnetic battery sends an undulation through the magnetic fluid contained in a telegraph wire, or a bell sets the air surrounding it in motion when it is rung. At the moment of death, particularly of death by some violence, which finds the body in full vigour, the brain, exerting itself with spasmodic intensity, causes those brains which are connected with it by affinity to feel its power, and thus to perceive the presence of the person to whom it belongs. Such oblique methods of communicating between brain and brain, if such there be, would, in the opinion of the writer, probably but rarely take effect. The influences would be too minute and subtle to tell upon any brain already pre-occupied by action of its own, or on any but brains of extreme, perhaps morbid, susceptibility. But if, indeed, there be

radiating from living brains any such streams of vibratory movements, these may well have an effect, even without speech, and be, perhaps, the *modus operandi* of 'the little flash—the mystic hint' of the poet—of that dark and strange sphere of half-experiences which the world has never been without.

The theory, to which its propounder gives the name of 'brain waves,' is an ingenious one, and may yet receive scientific corroboration. That this material world has within it a host of forces not appreciable by the coarser senses, and that mind can act on mind without audible speech or visible motion, and at distances beyond the reach of sound or sight, is getting to be generally conceded. But how, or under what conditions, this power exhibits itself, is still an interesting subject of inquiry."

We clip the above from the *New York Sun*. To us, who are acquainted with both the facts and philosophy of this and other spiritual manifestations, it is amusing to see the ridiculous shifts of scientists in attempting to explain spiritual phenomena by the laws of matters with which they are acquainted. The above, though not quite as ridiculous as the explanation of spirit rappings by the Buffalo M.D.'s, is nevertheless destined to the same fate in the tomb of forgotten theories of nameless authors.

Twenty-one years have the spirits been rapping to us all over our country, and no explanation of any one opposed to the spiritual theory has given any satisfaction to the public, nor has any one lasted over six or eight months—only long enough to sell one edition of the book containing it. Most of the theories have injured the authors, and none have injured the cause of Spiritualism nor its advocates. The well established phenomena above referred to have been longer noticed and better known to many, but none but the spiritual explanation has given any clue to the cause. That guardian spirits often do carry news and make facts known at a long distance from the place where they occur, both by sounds and by appearances of forms, &c., is certainly true and therefore rational.—*Banner of Light*.

“MODERN SPIRITUALISM—PLANCHETTE; OR, THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE.”

This is the title of a work just published by Mr. Epes Sargent, of Boston, U. S. A., and of which we hear that the first edition of 1,500 was sold off in four days; and that it is already passing through its fifth edition. We hope to see a copy of it, and to review it for the benefit of our readers in an early number.

AN INSPIRED ARTIST.

WIGAU, a celebrated English physician, knew an artist who executed 300 portraits in a single year. He communicated to a journal of science, an account of this gifted painter, which will be interesting to our readers, when so many mediums in various parts of our own country, are manifesting similar endowments. According to Wigau, the patrons of this artist, never sat to him more than a half an hour. The portraits, which were admirable likenesses, were continued and finished in their absence.

This wonderful artist became insane, and for 30 years was the inmate of an asylum. When he had recovered his reason, he was asked by Wigau the secret of his marvellous rapidity of execution, and how it was possible for him to produce so remarkable a likeness from one short sitting.

He replied:—"When a subject presented himself, I regarded him attentively for half an hour, sketching a few lines occasionally on the canvas. I had no need of a longer sitting. I put aside the canvas and passed to another person. Then, when I would continue the first portrait, I took the model in my spirit, and placed it in the chair where I saw it as distinctly as if it had been in reality there, if not with outlines more clear, and colours more lively—I contemplated the imaginary face for a few moments, and then commenced painting. I suspended my work to observe the attitude, absolutely as if the original had been really before me, and every time I threw my eyes in that direction, I would see the model.

"This method rendered me very popular; and as I always caught the resemblance, patrons flocked to me, delighted to avoid the numerous sittings to which the other painters forced their clients. I made money rapidly, which I laid up for my children. But gradually, I lost my power to distinguish between the real and the imaginary face; it happened on several occasions that I insisted to certain persons that had not visited my studio for several days, that they had sat for me the evening previous. Their positive denials of what seemed to me reality, predicted a confusion which ended in a complete unbalancement of my spirit. I remember nothing more."

After thirty years of mental derangement, during which time he never touched a brush, most wonderful to relate, this artist's talent returned to him. His imagination served as vivid as ever, and he painted miniatures in eight hours which were striking likenesses, and for which the sitter gave only two sittings of half an hour each.

How forcibly are we reminded by this narrative, of our own Spirit Artists, Anderson and Starr.—*The Present Age*, U.S.A.

DEATH OF M. ALLAN KARDEC.

SIR,—A letter which I have just received from Paris, announces the sudden removal on Wednesday, the 31st March, of one of the most gifted of our brother Spiritualists, M. ALLAN KARDEC.

The immediate cause was the rupture of an aneurism with which he had been long threatened, but which he had hoped might be postponed until he had completed three more works, to be added to his valuable contributions to the philosophy of Spiritualism during the last 18 years. To accomplish this the more effectually, he had already placed the conduct of the *Revue Spirite* in the hands of a committee, and had resigned the Presidency of "La Société Spirite de Paris."

The labour of removal from the Rue St. Anne, which had been so long the centre of the Spiritist movement in Paris, to the Avenue de Ségur, where M. Kardec possessed a small property, seems to have hastened the sad event.

That Madame Kardec, who bore always a devoted and efficient part in her husband's labours, together with the Society of Paris, will receive the deep sympathy of you and your readers in the loss which they have sustained, I cannot doubt.

There was no evidence that any physical suffering whatever had been experienced—and a subsequent communication, made by the glorified spirit to the Society on the Friday following its departure, beautifully corroborated the assurance given in *Le Ciel et l'Enfer*, that "death for the purified spirit is simply a sleep of a few moments' duration, exempt from suffering, and where the waking is joy unspeakable." "A fitting close," as my correspondent, M. Anna Blackwell, adds, "of a life of abnegation, devotion, untiring labour, unswerving constancy and inexhaustible charity which has gained for M. Kardec such deep and reverent affection from the circle—wide as the world—of those to whom amidst the Atheism, Materialism, and non-belief of the age, his teachings has brought the light of immortality."

About 800 persons attended the funeral to the Montmartre Cemetery—a number which might have been doubled, had more time been allowed between the death and the burial.

When the coffin was in place, M. Levent, the President of the Society, read the allocution and prayer. He was followed by M.M. Camille Flammarion, Emile Barrault, and Colonel de Mallet.

It is painful to record that the solemn and affecting ceremony was interrupted by the gratuitous interference of a policeman, calling upon the speakers to end a proceeding unsanctioned by the presence and co-operation of a priest.

Permit me to remain, yours faithfully,
Woolston Lawn, Southampton, RICH. BEAMISH.
April 7th, 1869.

I have just received the following account of the career of M. Allan Kardec. The facts have been supplied to my correspondent by Madame Kardec herself. The statement might form an interesting appendix to the notice of M. Kardec's death, if not too late for your next publication.

Allan Kardec was born at Lyons, October 4th, 1804. His family name was Rivail. By that name he lived, worked, and wrote previous to his connection with Spiritualism. Of the reason for the change I may speak another time. His father was a barrister, of a highly respectable family, the senior members of which had discharged the duties of the magistracy during many generations. His mother, to whom he was deeply attached, and for whose memory he cherished an impassioned recollection, seems to have possessed not only great personal beauty and attraction, but to have been a highly accomplished woman, and one of the most brilliant ornaments to the Society of Lyons.

Allan received his early education at the Pestalozzian Institution of Youdem, Canton de Vaud. He very soon exhibited his aptitude in acquiring knowledge as well as his love for dispensing it; few things affording him more pleasure than being permitted to assist those of his schoolfellows who were less advanced than he was.

His love for nature was intense. He has been known to spend whole days on the neighbouring mountains in making collections for his herbarium.

On leaving school, he devoted himself to teaching, and in translating various French works into German. The more effectually to carry out his educational views, he, in 1824, took up his residence in Paris, and four years afterwards he purchased a large boys' school, which he conducted with so much ability and success, that in 1830 he hired a large apartment in the Rue de Sèvres, to which he transferred his scholars, and in which he delivered, gratuitously, lectures on Chemistry, Astronomy, Comparative Anatomy, Phrenology, and Animal Magnetism, to all who desired information upon these important subjects.

The classes numbered upwards of 500, and included many highly distinguished individuals. Notwithstanding the large amount of labour thus self-imposed, he yet found time to discharge the duties of secretary to the Phrenological and Magnetic Societies, and to contribute a series of elementary works in Grammar, Arithmetic, and French History to the University Schools of France, which are still retained in those schools. He also drew up a Memoir on Educational Reform, which was laid before the Legislative Chamber, discussed, admired, and neglected.

In 1862, having become convinced of the reality of spiritual phenomena, he abandoned all other pursuits, and devoted himself exclusively to the elucidation of the complex problems which Spiritualism presents. To this task he brought large acquirements, matured judgment, unusual opportunities, and a truly elevated and devotional spirit which enabled him to treat the questions as they arose with a philosophical acumen and affectionate earnestness, which have operated powerfully in directing the minds of his countrymen to the knowledge of their higher destiny.

Seven admirable works now followed one another in rapid succession, from his pen, viz.: *Qu'est ce que le Spiritism?*; *Le Spiritism à sa plus simple expression*; *Le Livre des Esprits*; *Le Ciel et l'Enfer*; *Le Livre des Médioms*; *L'Évangéle selon le Spiritism* and *La Genése*. Nor did these special labours exhaust either his enthusiasm or his zeal. He not only organized the "Société d'Étude Psychologique," to the Presidency of which he was from year to year unanimously re-elected, but he continued to edit the *Revue Spirité* to the last.

It only remains for me to add that M. Kardec is succeeded in the Presidency of the Société d'Étude Psychologique by his valued friend Colonel Mallet (not de Mallet), who has announced his determination to leave the army, to sell a fine estate at Douai, and to devote himself to his new duties, in which he is supported by the sympathy of his amiable wife, who is herself an excellent writing medium.

RICH. BEAMISH.

April 19th, 1869.

Notices of Books.

A HOME FOR THE HOMELESS.*

THINKERS on all sides of us, absorbed in regarding, and thus in magnifying differences, instead of seeking for and loving points of agreement, fill the ears of listeners with the sharp babble of dispute, contention and opposition. If in pitiful regard of human nature we should be prepared to find this noisy babble not altogether hushed in the world we call the religious world, we should yet scarcely be prepared when we wander there, to hear its voice most harsh, its murmur of contention most loud and shrill; and yet such is the sad scene a wanderer beneath the shades of theological discussion will encounter.

First, in number and in importance, he will observe those who adhere to the letter of Scripture and look to it for all inspiration, men who endeavour to circumscribe life by a literal interpretation of "the Word," rather than to read in that Word a spiritual meaning growing and expanding with the increasing growth of humanity. First, observing those who thus would mould their life in narrow framework, he will find them looking with fear and anxiety toward the thinkers he next observes. These are men who uphold the authority of the Church, and preach the saving power of a priesthood—the sole efficacy of a miraculously chosen race to open the doors of heaven, and lead therein the train of fallen fellow mortals who, treading faithfully behind, they find themselves elected to save.

Outside these, regarded with equal dread by both, he will behold the world of science, men who seem preparing to storm the citadel of religion—men, who, on their part, assert the foundations of religious faith a baseless phantasy—that our labour and our thoughts are wasted on any studies which profess to extend beyond the seen and the known—that a greater wealth of knowledge may be extracted by a student from a bit of chalk, than from all the records of humanity.

To those whose life is bounded by the limits of an antagonistic class,—who seek truth in one department only of human knowledge—the book before us will offer little attraction. In the class, however, of thinkers, which we believe is large and increasing, a class which desires to be bound by no system or party, and is inclined to believe the intensity of human enthusiasm in any direction pre-supposes the possession of a portion, at least, of the truth, the broad and catholic tone of the book before us will

* *A Home for the Homeless: or Union with God.* By HORACE FIELD, B.A. London: LONGMANS & Co., 1869.

find welcoming listeners. The spirit of the book to which we thus refer, is in part expressed in these words:—

If a man has acquired a nature admirable to me, as a consequence of the nourishment derived from any faith, this fact is a *proof* that the vitality I desire exists in that faith: the fact is not merely a guide calling my attention to the faith, but an actual proof of vitality in it.

How far the book fills out its programme, we must leave such readers as peruse it to judge,—it is however a programme broad and universal—an endeavour to find the leading and fundamental truth in every class and system of theology, to eliminate the falsehood, and to combine the whole into one general scheme of thought.

Whether Mr. Field has found the true principle on which to combine all religious thought—as he thinks he has—or whether he has failed, he has at least produced a volume most suggestive to all thinkers, and it is one written in so reverential a spirit, that even if we disagree with portions of it, we can yet scarcely rise from its perusal without feeling refreshed and exalted.

The evangelical Christian will find respect for the word of Scripture, and faith in the individual revelation of its spirit, permeating the book from end to end. In special illustration of this statement however, we may quote the following passage on the consciousness of sin:—

That all religious feeling begins with a sense of sin, is a leading dogma. In all I have written I have upheld the truth of this dogma. I have impressed on my reader, page by page, the conviction that the end of evil is to impress on us this sense, and thus clearly part distinguish us, to our own perception, from God, our Creator. Every evil and painful thing—all we most abhor, is here, I say, to force on us this sense. Until it is created, until we feel this sense of sin in every member, we cannot reverently kneel to God, and ask of Him, a life which, that it may be ours, He must perforce give only in answer to such request, uttered or perhaps only felt. He must withhold union with Him—one thought, one will, one act—until crime, death, and pain, repeated and repeated, force us upon our knees, make us cry out for life, not only individually, but as a race. When such is the attitude of all men towards God, our life may be felt by us in every vein to be His life, but not before.

The High Churchman, also, will find in the book a low symbolism, and a belief in the eternal authority of the Church of God, as handed down through the growing faith of the world. For proof of this general statement we must refer to the book itself. We can only here quote in illustration, the following pretty tribute to the beauty of the Christian year:—

Before leaving this subject, I must also refer to the beauty that lies in the arrangement of the year into periods corresponding with the history of the life of Christ. All who thus regard the year, day by day, as it passes by, in company with Christ. In the seasons of Christmas, Lent, Easter, they breathe, as it were, his body, which shrouded in mystic form over the Autumn, Winter, Spring, and Summer of that poor man's life we call the natural year.

The man of science also, will see his latest, and as

think his most subversive discoveries, eagerly hailed as certain to throw light upon all spiritual truth. After stating that the course of his study leads Mr. Field to understand the man of to-day, by pressing his enquiries back into the early history of the race—to see a redeeming work performed upon mankind which seems to man the result of his own labour—to look for the change redemption produces as a change in the human body itself,—Mr. Field proceeds:—

To developing this line of study—to walking along and relating what I see in the three paths I have described—my book is devoted; and my reader may likely expect to find me accompanying in my walk, the mystics and visionaries alone of past and present times. I may be with them—I hope, indeed, I am, but I am certainly not with them only, for I find myself side by side on each of the paths with Professor Huxley, Dr. Maudsley, and other scientific authorities of the day.

Claiming, thus, fellowship with the man of science, Mr. Field also points out, as a warning to him, that the primary negation of the unseen, is a rock on which all possible faith in it is needfully wrecked. We thus read:—

This profession of the man of science (that of displacing wholly the worship of God, as anything apart from nature), must result in the denial of God, because man's organization giving home to thought and reason, is the highest of all natural organizations. God, therefore, as revealed in man, appears in a higher form than elsewhere in nature. The scientific man, therefore, looking for God in nature, and not identifying his thought with the presence of God, makes God in reality inferior to himself, who seeks for Him; and thus, the search is practically founded on the denial of the object sought for.

In his doctrine of appearances also, in fact, in the whole tone and treatment of the book, Spiritualists will find ample justification for their researches into a land over which the mere man of science can have no control—a land, faith in which (our author shews) gives a soul to the world we inhabit, and a spiritual meaning to every event. The very name of one of his chapters, "Earth the body of heaven," indicates what we mean;—not, however to leave this statement without more direct confirmation from the pages of the book itself, we transcribe the following sentences:—

Regarding the world thus—every mountain and every tree, every event small and great has its soul—a soul distinct and individual, like man's own soul. * * * Images and events are the bodies that clothe all our ideas,—the ideas being their souls.

In further confirmation of our last statement, we will quote two of the verses with which the volume is interspersed. These verses—many of which, we must warn our readers, are rather metaphysics in rhyme than poetry—occur at the commencement of the book, and between each of the seven parts into which it is divided, and consist of conversations between two friends (one of whom is obviously intended to personify the author of the book) and comments by a body of angels who step in to assist their

deliberations. The verses we quote are the concluding words of one of the addresses from the angels to the men, and run thus:—

When ye come here, your heart ye bring—
 The whole of your belief;
 And thus ye'll find, round heart will cling,
 Your earth without the thief.
 A spirit earth—a spirit land—
 But still to eye the same,—
 Houses and trees, yon moaning strand
 From whence but now ye came.

In concluding this notice of a work which we cannot forbear to call remarkable in its construction, and luminous in many of the truths it advances, and which we think highly opportune in its appearance, we must indulge in one more quotation to display the quiet earnest tone in which it is written.

We are very simple earnest men, I say, and think of Father God as of a Father indeed. This is a great word, a word of mighty meaning—a Father! Well, then, he talks to us somehow. He does not leave us without guidance; He talks to us every way He can, we may be sure. Talks! Yes, talks! We heard Him in the telegraphic wires just now, through the hands of his servants—the breeze. He hears our answer too, and knows we understand. He sees our face brighten, as He meant it should—our face lighted up, as it is, by the setting sun glancing across the heath, and tipping the furze bushes and the heather. Being, then, simple minded, we have brought our troubles to His knees, and told Him of them—aye, every one, little by little, word by word. He is our Father; we believe in Him, and we will trust Him; and He has heard us with unwearied patience. He has listened to our foolish, childlike tongue, to our words tasting of distrustfulness, and shown no anger; has encouraged us to speak, and given many a plain answer—answers without end, which we feel are full of a satisfaction—perfect, were we not so infantile; had we not a childish distrust not to be calmed away. He has never repulsed us by a tone or sigh; His words, when we have hungered to address Him, have always been—“Come now, and let us reason together, saith Jehovah; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be eaten by the sword: for the mouth of Jehovah hath spoken it.”

And I call these gentle words—very gentle and very strong,—the words to encourage and strengthen us; for we have every desire not to rebel; we would be one with Jehovah for ever. The wooing words we feel, are addressed to us—the words of repulsion, to the Satan that torments us—would tear us from the grasp of God: the Sun of heaven we see in the gentle words, the Shield of heaven in the angry.”

In reviewing a book professing to give an account of creation which shews evil and sin not to be abnormal and hateful, but appointments of Deity essential to creation, which, in the logical unfolding of its theory, embraces the Christian dogma, two courses were open to us; to give an independent account of the book, or to illustrate its spirit and tenor by free quotation. We have chosen the latter, and in now leaving the book in the hands of our readers, we hope the course we have followed will have excited his desire to seek in its pages and form his own judgment as to the truth, success, and the truth, or untruth, of our remarks.

tempted, he should not find in its pages a new and all embracing development of religion more than shadowed forth, he will at least—we are assured—find many luminous truths and a spirit which will give him strength, comfort, and courage an walking the chequered path of life.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I am sorry that you have thought it worth while to reproduce that rather stale but playful jest of my old friend Jerrold, as, from the line so strangely omitted in *Human Nature*, but now supplied, you must see that the joke does not really apply to me in the least. I merely protest as Bacon protested, and as almost all our eminent thinkers do still protest, against anthropomorphism, or the pretence of understanding the nature of "that Great First Cause least understood;" that great fundamental principle from which all must flow, but which must in the very nature and essence of things be "incomprehensible." And I must request you, sir, as a man of honour—and as you expect to be fairly dealt with yourself—to print this note in your next number. As to Dr. Chance, I repeat that I shall be most happy to furnish him with the explanation, or rather the information, he requires, if I am permitted to do so; but Mr. Burns refuses me that permission, and I think Dr. Chance should know this; and that it is not I who am treating his very able article with neglect. I may add that I have never asserted or attempted to dictate to the Spiritualists, though strongly objecting to Mr. Jackson doing so. The suggestion of the thread in place of rope was at the request of the Davenports themselves, to see if any more convincing tests could be devised.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

61, Upper Gloucester-place, N.W.

P.S.—Mr. Howitt is mistaken in regard to my influence in the production of the manifestations. My Sub-Committee of the Committee of the Dialectical Society has obtained by far the most positive results, and I am pronounced by Mrs. Hardinge and others of the spiritually enlightened to be a good medium.

"To the Editor of the Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—A press of business has hitherto prevented me from sending you the following extract, from a letter in reply to my communication published in the March number of your Magazine. It will be remembered that I gave certain remarkable statements (professedly from George Fox), reflecting upon the Society of Friends as hard, exclusive, and barren. I had at the time no means of ascertaining either the truthfulness or falsity of the remarks. Indeed, from my reading, I had formed a favourable judgment of the Quakers, who have done what no large sect in this country has done, *vis.*, borne a consistent testimony against the wickedness of war. They have always, moreover, protested against the unchristian character and the brutalising effects of punishments by means of death, which are nothing else than murder according to law. Yet a Quaker, who gives his name and permits me to make whatever use I like of his letter, says, "As a Quaker myself, I most cordially sympathise with the spirit of your remarks, and I believe we have entirely departed from the intentions and spirit of our 'founder,' by constituting ourselves into a sect, and building up boundaries of forms and doctrines like all the other churches. The unity and simplicity of the 'spiritual' teaching, coming as it does through such diversified channels, is one of its most extraordinary characteristics."

I would here make two observations: first, that whenever any human being is set up as an authority, be he Luther, Wesley, Swedenborg, Fox, or any one else, however eminent he may have been for piety, learning, &c., those who set him up and repeat his words necessarily fall beneath their idol; they never can attain to his standard, which they exalt into a power that rules over them; and by the subjugation of their minds to their "Author"—their one human "Author"—they contract their sympathies and dwarf their intellects, and do other serious mischief to their whole being. Secondly, that sectarianism of every kind should be utterly eschewed; it should be broken up and utterly dispersed; no one should bow down his soul to this (or any other) degrading yoke; but, free from all fetters, and all hindrances to the fullest development, every human being should stand upright in the presence of God; take his constantly revealed will as the rule of life, and obey this ever-righteous will cheerfully, thoroughly, and fearlessly, resting assured that nothing but good can ever come to such an independent, wise, and useful life.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WM. HUME-ROTHIERY, Clerk.

3, Richmond-terrace, Middleton, Manchester,
31st March, 1869.

A MEDIUM'S EXPERIENCES.

"To the Editor of the Spiritual Magazine."

London, 3rd April, 1869.

Sir,—I wish to relate some of my experiences of the use of spirit intercourse, stating only enough to indicate their character.

I sat at circles in Texas for five years, and then was developed into an impressional writing medium; at first I wrote many pieces on political, moral, and social subjects, some of which were readily published by newspaper editors without their knowing how I wrote them—the style was not mine, and the ideas new to me. Soon afterwards, I had occasion to go to Hockley, a railroad terminus, to collect some small debts; staying at a house 18 miles from there, the spirit indicated to me in the morning by a slight trembling of the hand that he wished to write, so I wrote that I must go to Hockley. "Why?" I asked. "Because there is a man there who wishes to see you," said the spirit. "The weather is too blustry and windy," I replied. "No weather ought to hinder you from going," was the answer; but I then thought spirits had no business to interfere in material business, and would not go. Next day I went to Hockley, and found that a man had arrived there, whose note for 200 dollars I had in my pocket, and had waited for me all day to lift his note, and had gone off leaving word that he had to go to Ohio, and I have never seen him since. I was so annoyed at this, that having to ride across the country to the Sabine River, I paid particular attention to the spirit directions, which urged me six or seven miles every day farther than I wished to go. On arriving at the Trinity, I accepted the invitation of an old friend to stay with him a week, but next morning I proceeded on my journey by the advice of the spirit, and as before, he urged me as far as I could go every day. Two hours after I arrived at the Trinity, the Sabine, it commenced raining heavily, and it continued for several days, the whole of that low country, where there are no bridges was delayed on the road, I would have been detained somewhere for five or six weeks.

I had taken an interest in a business at the Sabine; I had a spirit circle not to have anything to do with it, but I had spirits interfering in my business. Ultimately the partner who the business there, sold it out and ran off, leaving me alone whilst I was absent attending to other matters.

Some time after that, I undertook to travel through Texas, to collect debts for various parties, and organize a new business on a large scale. I was lost in the woods or prairies, puzzled by the nature of the country, and had to depend on spirit impression, which invariably led me where there was no path. One time I ran the risk of coming

prairie to the very house I wanted to, without any means to guide me but the spirit impression, and did not see it until I was close to it, as it was at the bottom of a hill which I had to ride over. I was saved a day's ride once by the spirit informing me I would find the man I wanted to see at Brenham, and not at home, which I accordingly did. My experience was that whenever I was in real and immediate need, I was never deceived; but in unimportant or future matters, or questions of mere curiosity, no dependance could be placed on spirit communications.

Yet, when I had got through that business my old scepticism returned. Coming home, after riding hard for a week, drenched to the skin with rain, I began to arrange papers to start again next day. The spirit advised me to wait five days. "No," says I, "I must get through Washington County in four weeks." "If you go before five days, you will be no farther advanced in four weeks than now." "I don't care," said I; "I will risk it." "You will do us a particular favour to rest to-morrow," said the spirit. "Why?" I asked. "Because you are too much exhausted to ride." I agreed to this, and rested next day. I then started the day after, and was only able to get to the house of a friend 12 miles off, when I lay down there in a burning fever, and could not get up for ten days, and it was just four weeks ere I was able to go again. Laying on a sick bed I determined never again to despise spirit warnings; and several times during the war must have lost my life but for those warnings, particularly at Matamoras, in Mexico; but I shall only mention the last circumstance which brought me to London.

At Brownsville, on the Rio Grande, the year before last, I had determined to go to the upper part of that river, to trade for hides, skins, &c. I was so bent on it that the spirits could not impress me otherwise, so they sent old Ben Prime to me, an old botanic physician, who sometimes spoke under spirit influence. Said he, "You must leave here for London before the 1st July, and as an evidence that this communication is true, you will receive money to-morrow per mail." The mail brought me two drafts next day, which I had no expectation of; and soon after Ben Prime came again. Says he, "Arrange all your business next week to leave, as you will receive by next mail (being a weekly mail) an urgent letter from your sister in London to pay her a visit. The letter came as advised; I was all ready, and left; and some time after I arrived here I was astonished to learn that the three gentlemen whom I left in the house where I lived, died soon after. They were all younger and stronger men than myself, and not in bad health. My spirit impressions were that they were poisoned by the Mexican servants. I would have been another victim had I remained.

During the war when we were blockaded, all the medicine being sent to the troops, I wrote by impression for a physician the medical virtues of many of the wild herbs with which Texas abounds. On trial he told me the impressions were perfectly correct.

The German philosopher stated at the Conference that all Spiritualism was merely a deception or sleight-of-hand; and I suppose he is only one of a large class. My experiences, and much greater than mine, can be corroborated by that of thousands in every part of the United States, for I am a very imperfect medium compared to many.

For instance, in 1856, before I could write from spirit impressions, I sat beside a lady in Texas, who wrote communications from old acquaintances of mine, some of whom had died in the West Indies, and whom I had forgotten. They had to recall themselves to my mind by circumstances which had passed between us: one was from my father, of two pages, and a perfect fac-simile of his handwriting. The lady could see spirits, and saw him, described his personal appearance and the manner of his death. He had died in Scotland before she was born. Part of his communication stated that in due time I would be in London with a relative of mine, and that certain matters would be adjusted between him and me. It appeared so improbable at the time, that I started up and said it was impossible; nevertheless, within the last week—12 years afterwards—the whole has been accomplished. Now, if those impressions either of sight, or hearing and guidance, are not spirit impressions, what are and whence do they proceed?

R. B. HANNAY.



THE
Spiritual Magazine.

JUNE, 1869.

SPIRITUAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

TRIAL OF MR. MUMLER IN NEW YORK.

By the kind attention of Judge Edmonds we have received copies of the *New York Tribune* and other papers containing reports of the trial which has taken place, ending in the acquittal of Mr. Mumler. The case occupied four days and appears to have excited great interest. We make full extracts from the *Tribune* and the *World*, of the case as presented in those papers.

In all the annals of criminal jurisprudence—and they comprise an array of crimes of almost every description—there has seldom, if ever, been recorded a case analagous to that now pending before Justice Dowling, in the Tombs Police Court, in which the People are the prosecutors, and Wm. H. Mumler of No. 630, Broadway, is the defendant. The specific charge brought against Mumler is that by means of what he termed spiritual photographs, he has swindled many credulous persons, his representations leading the victims to believe that by means of communication with the spirit land, it was possible to bring back the departed spirit, but to photograph immaterial forms, thus for ever perpetuating the presence of their spiritual presence. How many have been speculate on the features of departed relatives and how hard to say, but that the number was large, and that Mr. Mumler's establishment seems to have proven a source of controversy, and, at the same time, that many were seemed to appreciate the fact. A few, predisposed

morbid avidity anything savouring of the supernatural, gave implicit credence to the spiritual photographer, and refused to be convinced of what the majority of the world fully believed. On these parties Mr. Mumler mainly relied for evidence in his defence.

The announcement that the examination of the case would be continued yesterday, drew together a large and miscellaneous audience, including a number of the most distinguished of the believers in, and propagators of, the doctrines of Spiritualism, many legal gentlemen, curious to note the points of law which might arise during the trial, and a sprinkling of middle-aged ladies, believers evidently, who watched the proceedings with an interest scarcely exceeded by that of the party principally concerned. The examination was held in the Special Sessions Court Room; members of the bar, distinguished Spiritualists (among them Judge Edmonds and Mr. McDonald), and the ladies, being accommodated with seats inside the railing.

The principal defendant, Mr. Mumler, a man of about 40 years of age, with dark hair, beard, and eyes, and olive complexion, was seated next to his counsel, Messrs. J. T. Townsend, Day, and ex-Fire-Marshal Baker, and appeared perfectly calm and self-possessed, ready at a moment's notice to whisper to his counsel a question touching some important point which he desired to elicit from the witness. Mumler's face is one of the few from which one fails to gather any trace of character. It is calm and fathomless, and although it would be harsh to say that it is unprepossessing, it is yet a face which one would scarcely be able to believe in at first sight.

The People were represented by Mr. Eldridge Geary, and the first witness called was Marshall Joseph H. Tooker, through whose instrumentality the spiritual photograph business was brought to the notice of the authorities. He deposed that in consequence of information from Mr. P. V. Hickey of *The World*, the Mayor had ordered him to "look up" the case, which he did by assuming a false name, and having his photograph taken by Mumler. After the taking of the picture the negative was shown him, with a dim, indistinct outline of a ghostly face, staring out of one corner, and he was told that the picture represented the spirit of his father-in-law. He, however, failed to recognize the worthy old gentleman, and emphatically declared that the picture neither resembled his father-in-law, nor any of his relations, nor yet any person whom he had ever seen or known. The other portions of Marshall Tooker's testimony were published in *The Tribune* at the time of the first discovery of the alleged swindle, and therefore it would be useless to recapitulate. With this testimony the prosecution rested.

For the defence the first evidence introduced was that of Wm. P. Slee a photographer of Poughkeepsie. He had thoroughly investigated Mumler's process, but could find no device or trickery in it. Mumler had produced spiritual photographs in his presence, and from the camera in use at his gallery in Poughkeepsie, but with his knowledge of photography—a knowledge extending over several years—he was utterly unable to discover how the thing had been done. He thought the same result could be produced by natural or mechanical means, but could not make a positive assertion to that effect, never having tried it.

WILLIAM W. GUAY, who was employed as an assistant to Mumler, receiving one half of the profits of the business, testified: I have a recollection of having met Marshal Tooker at No. 530 Broadway; he called there and expressed a desire to have a spiritual photograph taken, asking me whether I could do it, and on what terms. I demanded our usual price (\$10 in advance), but as he professed his inability to pay that amount, I consented to receive \$2 as a deposit. I did not know Marshal Tooker, and had no suspicion of his design. Eight years ago I was specially commissioned by Andrew Jackson Davis to go to Boston, where Mumler was operating, and make a strict investigation into his process. I made the investigation with the consent of Mumler, and though I tested the process by every means I could devise, I could find no trick or device, and became convinced that the spectral pictures appearing on photographs of living persons were actually and truly likenesses of those departed, and were produced by means other than those known by artists. I know of two or three methods of producing ghost-like figures similar to these: one by placing a person behind the sitter, another by a peculiar arrangement of reflectors, and the third by chemical means. When Marshal Tooker called on me, I told him (as I generally tell most persons) that the spiritual picture shown on his photograph would be that of the spirit most closely in sympathy with him. Mrs. Mumler was generally in the room when customers called; she is a medium. I am a believer in the system of philosophy emanating from Andrew Jackson Davis. I would prefer not to say whether I believe in Spiritualism and spiritual manifestations or not.

Judge EDMONDS, one of the most distinguished advocates of the doctrines of Spiritualism, testified: I have known Mr. Mumler some two or three weeks; on the occasion of my becoming acquainted with him I had gone to his gallery with Dr. John F. Gray and a Mr. Hunt, at the invitation of the former, to have my photograph taken; I had two pictures taken, assu-

ming a different attitude each time. (Two photographs shown) These are the photographs; in one, I assumed a position which allowed only the taking of my side-face; in the other, I faced the camera; one of these pictures is a face which I think I recognize; the other is unknown to me. (The photographs were very fair pictures of the Judge, each having near the upper right hand corner, a dim outline of a female face, sufficiently distinct, however to shew that the lady was very beautiful. It would appear that spiritual manifestations abounded on that occasion, for the faces on these pictures are entirely different, although both are charmingly pretty.) Judge Edmonds here became retrospective, and detailed several facts and circumstances relative to spiritual photography which had come to his knowledge many years ago. Returning to Mumler he said: I know a great many persons who have visited Mumler, some of whom have met with astonishing success in procuring spirit pictures of departed friends. Mr. Livermore, of Wall-street, has been peculiarly successful. (Another photograph shown), this time a fine-looking young man, seated in a pensive attitude, with his eyes cast downward. Behind his chair, and leaning over his head, is the spectral white-clad form of a lady, whose hands rest on his shoulder. This is the most remarkable of the photographs exhibited in court, from the fact that the photographers present declared that by no means known to them, other than the bodily presence of some one behind the chair, could the picture of the lady's hand be produced). Spiritualists reason that these photographs are actual pictures of disembodied spirits, but they do not know. I am myself not prepared to express a definite opinion. I believe, however, that in time the truth or falsity of spiritual photography will be demonstrated, as Spiritualism itself has been demonstrated, and I therefore say that it would be best to wait and see. The art is as yet in its infancy.

Cross-examined: They charged me \$10 for the first sitting, and \$5 for each of the others; at the time my picture was taken there were present Messrs. Grey, Hunt and Mumler. I watched the operator closely while he was taking the picture, but could detect no fraud; of course, with my limited knowledge of the photographic art, I would not have been able to tell if he had used fraudulent means to effect his end. I have no definite opinion as to these pictures, having many years ago made up my mind never to form an opinion without knowledge; invariably, when I have done so, I have made an ass of myself. I believe that the camera can take a photograph of a spirit, and I believe also that spirits have materiality—not that gross materiality that mortals possess, but still they are material enough to be visible to the human eye, for I have seen them. Only a few days since

I was in a court in Brooklyn, when a suit against a life assurance company for the amount claimed to be due on a certain policy was being heard. Looking toward that part of the court-room occupied by the jury, I saw the spirit of the man whose death was the basis of the suit. The spirit told me the circumstances connected with the death; said that the suit was groundless, that the claimant was not entitled to recover from the company, and said that he (the man whose spirit was speaking) had committed suicide under certain circumstances. I drew a diagram of the place at which his death occurred, and on showing it to the counsel, was told that it was exact in every particular.

I had never seen the place nor the man, nor had I ever heard his name until I entered that court-room; the appearance of the spirit was shadowy and transparent; I could see material objects through it. The first spirit I ever saw was that of Judge Talmage, who was leaning against a window-casement; I saw that window-casement plainly through his body. Question by Counsel: How do spirits dress? or do they dress? A. I have seen spirits clothed in their everyday dress and in their grave-clothing, but never saw one without clothing.

On being asked whether he could define the meaning of the word hallucination, the Judge replied: It is a word difficult to define excepting by illustration. About as fair a case as I can give is that of Othello, who laboured under an idea that his wife was unfaithful to him. Hallucination is a phase of insanity. It arises from some imaginary or erroneous idea.

On descending from the witness-stand the Judge was asked by a gentleman how the spirit spoke to him. He replied: I do not know how he spoke, but I know that he conveyed to my mind the impressions he desired to leave there.

Mr. JEREMIAH GORNEY, of No. 707, Broadway, testified: I have been a photographer for 28 years; I have witnessed Mumler's process, and although I went prepared to see everything, I could find nothing which savoured of trickery; it was the usual process of preparing a taking a photograph, the only thing out of the usual being the fact that the operator kept his hand on the plate. I have no belief as to the spiritual emanation of the photographs; on the contrary, I believe, although I cannot say positively, that they are produced by purely natural means.

Mr. JAMES R. GILMORE, an author whose name is Edmond Kirk, was next called. He testified: I was requested by the author of *Harper's* to investigate this spiritual photography affair, and was called regarding it. I called on Mr. Mumler, stated my interest and desire to investigate the workings of his

had my picture taken. (Photograph shown. This was a fair likeness of Mr. Gilmore; but the spiritual accompaniment was much more dim and indistinct than on most of the others shown; and bore rather a likeness to Justice Dowling; "being only," as Mr. Gilmore expressed it, "a little better looking.") I had a second and third picture taken, but on none of them appeared a spiritual face which I could recognize as that of a departed relative. That on the second photograph, however, greatly resembled a gentleman now in court. (The witness was about to point out the gentleman alluded to, when counsel for the defence objected.) The witness then described Mumler's method of taking pictures, and continued: At the third trial, the spirits apparently refused to co-operate. While the plate was being prepared, Mrs. Mumler, who was present, told me she saw a spirit near me. She described the spirit; and her description tallied so exactly with that of a friend, whom I lost some years ago, that I recognized him at once by her description. She said I would have a picture of that friend on the next photograph. When the negative was shown me, I found that the spectral picture was not that of my friend, but of some person utterly unknown to me. I could detect nothing unusual in Mumler's operations, although I watched him while preparing the plates, while at the camera, and finally went with him into a darkened room, where the picture was developed. I afterwards called on Mr. Rockwood, another photographer, who told me that he could produce spectral figures by natural means—he tried it in various ways, but I always detected some trickery, such, for instance, as his standing behind my chair.

Mr. ELMER TERRY testified that he had had a picture taken by Mumler, on which there appeared a picture of his son, who had been dead 20 years. He continued: The resemblance was good; my son never had a photograph or picture taken while he was alive. When the photograph was taken, I discovered no imposition or trick; I believe disembodied spirits return to earth to visit their friends; I believed in spiritual photography before I went to Mumler. The cross-examination of this witness was peculiarly sharp and exhaustive. The prosecution sought to prove that as the child had been dead 20 years, the recollection of his features by the father must be exceedingly dim, and further, as the picture on the photograph greatly resembled a female child, it was held that perhaps the father's imagination had more to do with its recognition than his memory.

JACOB KINGSLEY testified: I have seen those pictures (two photographs shown him). I called on Mr. Terry who showed them to me; I recognized the pictures as of himself, and noticing the shadowy outline of a child on one of them I said,

“that is one of your children;” on the other, I saw the shadowy picture of a female relative of my own, long deceased; my mind was not impressed in any way by the connection of the child’s picture with the father’s, but pronounced that a likeness existed between them because such likeness did exist, in my opinion. I am not a believer in Spiritualism.

PAUL BREMOND testified: I called at Mumler’s Gallery during January, and had my picture taken (witness here showed a spirit picture); I recognize the spirit here represented; I believed in spiritual photography before I saw Mumler; I took Mrs. Statz, of No. 83, Amity Street, to the place, as she is a good medium. The photograph taken with Mrs. Statz is that of a Miss Twang, and her sister recognized it as soon as it was shown her. I did not pay anything for these photographs. I have had a photograph of my deceased daughter, who died in August, 1863; she told me when she died that if it were permitted she would return to me from the spirit land. By this photograph I see that she has returned. The photograph represents her as she appeared just before death. My family recognize it. I have never seen a spirit but heard a voice. Fifteen years ago a spirit told me I had a work to perform. I am not blessed with the gift of seeing; I wish I was. It is necessary to have a medium present when I hear spiritual voices. I have heard two distinct spirit voices speaking simultaneously. The great desideratum to induce the presence of spirits is harmony. On one occasion, when five or six persons were present, a lady sang a song, when four spirit voices joined in singing a beautiful second. I invested \$250,000 in a railroad in Texas. I am a director on that road.

EVIDENCE OF DAVID A. HOPKINS.

The defence then called this witness, who, in answer to Mr. Townsend said: I am a manufacturer of railway machinery; I know the defendant, Mumler; I first became acquainted with him at his gallery in Broadway; I went there of getting a photograph taken; I saw Mr. Gr

Q. What conversation had you with I
went into the reception room I saw Mr his
desk, and inferred that he was the man ke
application, and I asked him if I coul he
said yes, but that he could not warrant he
said he could not do so, and that he
anybody. Then I waited a while; as
picture taken, and then I saw Mumler
sitting for a photograph had any cert
representation; he said the matter

control; that sometimes the parties got them, and sometimes they did not; but he thought it probable that I would have the picture, but that there was no certainty in it; I then sat down and got a picture of a lady on it. I thought Mumler, before I went there, was a cheat; I recognize the person as one who has been dead about eight months; I looked to see if there was any figure about, and I watched Mr. Mumler just as carefully as I could, but could find nothing; I then sat down and did as people usually do in getting their pictures taken; I did not think of going there until a few minutes before I went.

Q. You did not give your name? A. No.

Q. What was your idea in so doing? A. I did not want to give him any clue; I must further state that to satisfy myself that I had recognized the picture, I showed it to my family and they immediately recognized it; I then showed it to the neighbours of the deceased person, and they recognized it too, and no one suggested that it might be anybody else. I never had my photograph taken before.

Q. Do you believe in Spiritualism? A. I have been sworn upon the Bible, and it is full of Spiritualism; and if I did not believe in it, I would have to throw away the Bible. Some representations are vague and others definite.

Q. What do you mean by "vague"? A. Well, anything that does not consist of satisfactory evidence; spirits came to Lot and Abraham and took good square meals—that I should call satisfactory evidence, not vague. (Laughter.) I have had no photographs of the deceased represented here; the lady did not live with me, but in the house of a sister of my wife; I saw her several times, and within a year and a half of her death; I have no photograph or portrait of her. I have seen a photograph of her since her death, that photograph is in the possession of Mr. Stallman, who lives in Eighteenth Street, near Third Avenue, in Brooklyn. I have tried to see him for the purpose of conversing with him; all the neighbours and his child recognized it; I did not tell them when it was taken, I asked them if they knew anybody whom it looked like.

EVIDENCE OF WM. W. SILVER.

To Judge Dowling.—My residence is at 182, Smith Street, Brooklyn, am a photographer, and have been such for about six years in the City of New York.

To Mr. Townsend.—I had the gallery at 630 Broadway, prior to March, the same place where Mumler carries on his business; I know Mr. Mumler; I first saw him at No. 630 about the 1st November last; he called there for the purpose of making arrangements with me for the place to take spirit-pictures. At

the time of calling there I was not a Spiritualist; I rented the place to him at that time, and I sold out to him finally about the 1st March last, since which time I have not been engaged there. I had a sitting for a picture some time in November; I sat to see what I could get; I was a sceptic at the time; there came upon the plate a female form, which I recognized as my mother; I have not the picture; I am not now a Spiritualist; Mumler did not bring any materials with him to my gallery, but purchased mine; the camera he is now using belonged to me before I finally sold out; I used to purchase all the materials, and prepared everything; I had no manifestations upon my pictures prior to his coming; when he first came he took the picture I refer to. During the time intervening between the first interview and the coming of Mr. Mumler (something about a week) he had no opportunity of manipulating the instrument; he had not been in the place; I have been present when he took other pictures several times, and have watched the process he went through as closely as I could; I have seen him coat the plate with collodion, put it into the bath, and put it into the camera; I also saw him take the plate from the camera, and followed him into the dark room and saw him develop it; I saw the whole manipulation, from the beginning to the end; I at no time detected any fraud or deception on his part; pictures were formed on the plates when I went through the whole manipulation, though Mumler exposed the plate—that is, he removed the cloth, but stood by the instrument; I have seen him bring forms, though his hand was not upon the camera; I can solemnly swear that there was no collusion between us in any of the performances. When he and I were trying the collodion, the plate, which was in the camera, had upon it a spirit-form; he removing the cloth and walking away from the instrument; I developed it in the dark room.

To the Jury—I am not a Spiritualist.

Q. You believe that the impressions produced are by supernatural means? A. I am not certain about that. I have examined the slide of the camera, and have taken the instrument apart, but never found anything in it that ought not to have been there; the slide is confined to the framework, and there is an aperture in the holder, and there is a door in the instrument. Mr. Mumler always closed the slide when spirits appeared; they never came when I did so. At the time of taking my picture, and subsequently, I examined the slide before the collodion was placed upon it; I prepared the slide myself; I recollect it distinctly. We have used about a hundred plates on hand; from November to

about five hundred photographs; during that time we never purchased any new glasses.

TESTIMONY OF MRS. SOUTHERA C. REEVES.

To Mr. Townsend—Resides in this city at 699, Washington Street; knows Mr. Mumler; first saw him at his gallery, 630, Broadway; called there with my nephew, Charles Welling, in March last; went there to get his picture taken. The form of my deceased child appeared on the picture; this child was four years old when it died. It was in January when I went there with my nephew; my own picture was taken on the 10th of March; have not always been a resident of New York. The form of another boy was on her picture; he was 11 years old; there was no picture of him except one taken about one year and a half before he passed away. In one picture the form was when in health, in another as he looked just before death. Mr. Mumler took this picture (picture shown); there were a great many people in the room when she first went in; she paid Mrs. Mumler whom she first saw; does not remember exactly what she said; did not state to Mrs. Mumler what she had come for; Mrs. Mumler registered her nephew's name, and he went up stairs. Mrs. Mumler was present all the time until he went up stairs. Had been occasionally to photograph galleries before; did not notice anything unusual in Mr. Mumler's establishment.

Cross-examined by Mr. Geary: Mrs. Mumler put her hand upon the camera—on the edge of it—did not look at her; heard raps on the floor, did not count the raps, heard them distinctly while her nephew was sitting for his picture; could not say whether spirits returned to earth or not; these pictures rather inclined her to believe that there was something supernatural about them; the raps did not continue long, only a few seconds; both Mr. and Mrs. Mumler were standing by the camera when the picture was taken; has no photograph of her deceased child (is shown a picture by Counsel); cannot tell whether the shadowy form upon it is a girl or a boy, thinks it is a boy; has never examined the picture with a magnifying glass; still believes that the spirit form was her boy; recognized his form by a curvature of the spine; it was altogether a different form in one picture from what it was in the other. Counsel shows her several pictures, and asks her if she can see any resemblance to her child on them, and she sees a resemblance on one of them: the spirit form appeared directly on her breast; there was a difference of nearly three months between the time that her nephew and she sat; her child was 11 years old; there was no doubt in her mind about the form being that of her child.

As the witness was leaving the stand, Judge Dowling handed

her a magnifying glass and asked her to examine the picture minutely and tell him if she positively recognized it as her child; the witness, after examining the picture replied that she did so recognize it.

TESTIMONY OF SAMUEL R. FANSHAW.

To Mr. Townsend: Resides in Morrisiana: is an artist; knows Mr. Mumler since last December; first made his acquaintance at his gallery; had heard of his experiments, and made up his mind that if he ever got a chance he would go and see what he could do; was very sceptical when he first went there; went for the purpose of sitting for his picture; saw Mrs. Mumler, and told her that his object in coming there was to ascertain if there was anything different in their pictures from those of others; was struck with the difference between them and those he had seen before; told Mrs. Mumler that he came to investigate; told her that he was not a believer; made an arrangement with Mumler about the price; there was no fixed time for his sitting; he used to come in as he was passing that way; was not certain whether Mrs. Mumler went up stairs with him the first time he called, but he has gone up without her; Mr. Mumler asked him whether he was familiar with photography; told him that he was somewhat; there was nothing different in that place from others; the collodion is used for the purpose of making a surface on the plate; it is gun cotton that is put on the plate; it is put in the silver bath for the purpose of making the plate sensitive; he stayed close to Mumler during the whole operation; he went with the intention of discovering where the cheat was, if there was any; he accompanied Mumler out of the room, when he put the camera in the box, examined the room carefully, and looked behind the screen; Mr. Mumler was near the camera; he sat in the chair, facing sideways, to have the camera in view; it is usual to sit about 30'; was looking at Mumler at different times during the sitting; had his hand resting on the camera most of the time; took the plate-holder out after the sitting and went to the room and took the plate out of the holder, then he poured the developer over it and developed it; the picture delivered to him was very distinct and different from any other he had known before; has been an artist about 15 years; has never seen Mumler's pictures; has never seen any other pictures of Mumler's; very distinct likeness; had never seen Mumler's pictures; Cross-examined by Mr. Geary: The witness has seen pictures which were taken on that occasion; he has seen them recognized by all his relatives, and his sisters, as the form of his mother; she has

was between 60 and 70 when she died; has a picture that he painted from recollection; cannot tell how long he was painting it, it was life size, the photograph referred to was taken on the third sitting; there was half an hour between the first and third sittings; this represents his mother during her last illness, the colour of her hair was grey, the picture that he painted was at home, it was a large picture.

Re-examined by Mr. Townsend: The picture of his mother has always been in his possession; only one copy has ever been made of it, and that was not a good one, and it was destroyed; no other picture was in existence; being an artist, he should have made the picture himself, if any had been made.

EVIDENCE OF MR. CHARLES F. LIVERMORE.

To Mr. Townsend: I reside at No. 227, Fifth Avenue. I was formerly a member of the firm of Livermore, Clews & Co. I know Mumler; I know him from the early part of March last; I knew him at his gallery in Broadway. The circumstance which led me to go there was that I had earnest inquiries from friends in England to go and see about the spirit manifestations.

Q. Did you go as a sceptic? A. I did; but as a stranger to Mumler. No promises were made to me. I told him that I had come to sit for my photograph, to determine if there was anything in it. He gave every facility for the examination. I do not pretend to be an expert, but I went there with my eyes open; but as a sceptic. He and his wife accompanied me up stairs, and I went into the dark room with him, and saw him put the collodion upon the plate; and then sat and saw him subsequently develop the plate. I looked at the glass first, and saw that it was clean. When he developed the picture he held it up before the light, dripping with the water. There were two pictures upon the plate, one of which I recognized thoroughly at the time. Then I had a little quarrel with Mumler. I refused to pay him, as they were so entirely unsatisfactory to me. He then said that he would give me an opportunity at another time. I left the place; but, to provide against the case of substitution, I had pictures taken off the negative. I showed them to a friend of mine, Dr. John F. Gray, a physician, who immediately recognized one of the pictures as a relative of his; then I recognized it myself. I then went again to Mumler's, and made arrangements to go again on the following Tuesday, but went on the Monday morning following early, so as to take him by surprise. There was no person there except he and his wife. I did not give my right name, though I think that on the second interview he knew who I was. When I went there he said that I had expressed so much dissatisfaction on

the previous occasion that I might sit until I was satisfied, consequently I sat five times in succession. I think that the first two sittings amounted to nothing but a shadowy background. I made the same examination that I had previously; I found a screen, made I should think, of white cloth, standing about two feet from the side of the wall. I went behind it, but there was no one there. The screen was a foot or less than the ceiling in height. The screen was directly behind me when I sat down. Mumler was in the room; I accompanied him before the operation into the dark room, and saw him pour the collodion upon the plate. I changed my position each sitting. This one—(it showed the picture of a lady standing behind him, bearing a bunch of flowers in her right hand, which was resting upon his right breast; being in the same attitude as the woman occupied upon the picture of Judge Edmonds, mentioned in Thursday's report.) He then showed another, which, in answer to the Counsel, he said he recognized; (continuing) I examined the camera after this, but could see nothing out of the way. Mumler, when he took the picture, held the cloth in his hand, and stood near the camera. I do not think that he had his hand upon it on one occasion. I have made a study of electricity and magnetism. I also made a study of the spectroscope; in these instances I did not discover any fraud or deception, or anything that looked like it. I was cautioned against him as a trickster by some friends in Boston. Mr. Mumler was very polite and gave me every chance of investigation; he said he could not guarantee anything.

To Mr. Geary: I paid Mr. Mumler \$20; he only charged me \$10, but I gave him \$10 because I was so satisfied; I gave it to him on account of his politeness, not on account of this taking the spirits. These pictures so far as their identity goes, are satisfactory. It is a very remarkable phenomenon.

Q. Who is this figure on the picture? A. It is my wife; she died eight years ago. I have a picture of her in my possession, and I may have seen the picture every day. It is hanging up in my bedroom; but not in that form. It is a plain figure. I have two portraits besides. I see them every day.

Q. Do you see anything to cause an identity, especially faces? A. Nothing, except the general size.

Q. Do you recognize any peculiar expression about the faces? A. Nothing more than the general one—nothing more than the general outline; the third picture was taken a few days before the others.

Q. What do you recognize in this? A. It is the recognition was perfect, not only with myself, but with my friends; that upon my head looks like a wr

Q. Is there any connection between the flowers and herself, which would serve to fix the identity? A. None whatever; the last one is the most perfectly recognizable.

Q. Did you recognize any perfume or floral smell from the proximity of these flowers on this picture (referring to the above)? A. No. (Laughter.)

Q. Are you a Spiritualist? A. No, sir, I am not a Spiritualist in the general acceptation of the term; I believe in spiritual phenomena so far as they are really evidenced to my senses.

Q. Do you believe them to be material or immaterial? A. That is a question that I am not called upon to answer.

Q. It is important in the interest of justice that you should. A. So far as my observation goes, the physical phenomena that I have seen prove to me that there are forces from the atmosphere, or from some other sources that are material.

Q. Describe any of them. A. It is impossible for me to describe them.

Q. Are they susceptible to the feeling? A. Yes.

Q. To the touch? A. Yes.

Q. To the organ of hearing? A. Yes. With my friend Mr. Varley, the well-known electrician in England; we spent some time last winter in examining all these phenomena. He had the electrical apparatus, and all the batteries and other things necessary to a research, and we both came to a conclusion that the phenomena were a reality—that a force exists which is, perhaps, subject to no known law, which is none the less a reality; it is as real as electricity or magnetism. It is impossible to determine whether it is a positive or negative force. We did not discover that it had a relation with negative force.

Q. Was it created by artificial means? A. No.

Q. How did it exhibit itself? A. Through the presence of mediums.

Q. You mean living mediums? A. Yes.

Q. State the phenomena? A. It is impossible to say; it is like magnetism or electricity.

Q. Was there any exhibition of the face in taking the picture by Munler? A. No.

Q. Were there anything similar to the experiments that you and Mr. Varley were engaged in? A. Nothing of the sort.

Q. When you went into the dark room, did his wife remain outside? A. Yes, she was in one place sometimes and sometimes in another. She did nothing when the photographs were taken; she did not do anything like the medium whom Mr. Varley and I had. I have not investigated the thing sufficiently to give my belief upon the matter, but I do not

wish it to be understood that I think these are the photographs of spirits only as a phenomenon.

Q. Do you think from your knowledge of electricity and magnetism that a form can be made that is not human? A. I think every form is human.

Q. I ask whether any apparent form can be produced which is not human? A. Whether it occurs?

Q. I ask you, from your knowledge of electricity and magnetism, whether a form may be produced which is not human, and which is sensible to the eye, hearing, and touch? A. It can.

Q. Have you known of any such instances? A. I have seen the physical manifestations which I described.

Q. State what you have known? A. I could not. Judge DOWLING: Give one; Judge Edmonds gave two. A. I do not care about going into all my experiences.

Judge DOWLING: You may select one. A. The physical manifestations have no reference to the subject; I saw no form or figure.

Mr. TOWNSEND: It is something which he does not want to open here.

Judge DOWLING: If he considers the question a delicate one—

WITNESS: There are matters which I do not care to go into or make public to the world.

Mr. GEARY: I have the right to investigate the matter, but I will waive the question.

Mr. TOWNSEND (to Witness): You were entirely conscious at the time of the taking of the picture? A. I hope I was.

Q. Were you conscious of having a hand in front of you? A. No; no form was there, I am certain; there was no person standing behind me, I am positive.*

TESTIMONY OF MRS. ANN R. INGALLS.

To Mr. Day: Resides at 243, West Seventh
acquainted with Mr. Mumler; went to his
picture taken; saw Mrs. Mumler; Mrs. Mum
a spirit picture; she sat for a picture, and
one; then Mr. Mumler sat her again, and t
rather indistinct: when the picture wa
recognize the figures, but they were not
satisfy others. Six months after she ma
another picture, which was recognized b
form was that of her son; she paid \$10

* Mr. Livermore has kindly furnished us with referred to in his evidence.

nothing for the second; did not notice anything unusual about the gallery; there was nobody there but Mumler and herself; there was no person behind her; there was no object representing anything; she stayed in the room where the picture was taken; she thought she recognized it at first as the form of her son; after it was printed she recognized it fully. Mr. Mumler did not touch the camera, he merely held his hand over it.

Cross-examined by Mr. Geary: Her son had been dead a year and a few months when the picture was taken; he died in New Orleans on the 12th of November, 1867; she had seen him 11 days before his death; has a photograph of him; recognizes his form by a peculiarity about his head, his mouth, his hair, his forehead, and his nose; told Mrs. Mumler that the first picture was not as distinct as she could wish; did not tell her what kind of a picture she wanted. The first figures were those of her brother and mother (shews the pictures); her mother died 20 years before; she was 70 years old; does not know how old her brother was; thinks he was 18 or 19 when he died (points out which is her mother and which is her brother). Uses glasses; has used them for about a year. Will not say positively that it is her mother, but thinks it is from the general appearance; her brother had a large ear. She believes in Spiritualism since she got this picture; that satisfied her; she believes that disembodied spirits return to earth.

This finished the taking of testimony for that session, and

Mr. DAY said: We can produce many others to shew an identification of friends, and that there is no deception, but I suppose there is no necessity for bringing forward any more.

At the next sitting of the Court Mr. MUMLER read the following statement:—

“In 1861, in the City of Boston, while engaged in business as an engraver, I was in the habit of visiting a young man who was employed in a photographic gallery kept by a Mrs. Stewart, on Washington Street. Occasionally I would experiment with the instrument and chemicals. One Sunday, while entirely alone in this gallery, I attempted to get a picture of myself, and then it was that I first discovered, while developing it, that a second form appeared on the plate. At this time I had never heard of spirit pictures, although I had been somewhat interested in the doctrine of Spiritualism. At first I laboured under what what is now the general impression,—that the plate upon which the picture was taken could not have been clean, and that the form which showed itself beside my own must have been left on the glass; and I so stated to my employers and others. Sub-

sequent attempts, however, made under circumstances which preclude such a possibility have confirmed me in the belief that the power by which these forms are produced is beyond human control, and the experts that have been called by the people have failed to produce a picture made in that manner. I wish to state that at the time I developed the shadow or form above alluded to, I was a complete novice in the art of photography, and had no experience whatever in the art of photography, and had no experience whatever in the composition of chemicals used in the business, and that my use of them in my experiments at that time was simply in conformity with what I had seen my friend do, while himself engaged in his business. After getting the form of the plate, at the suggestion of several friends to whom I showed the plate, I made other attempts, and generally with most remarkable results; I then determined to leave my own business and devote myself to photography; before long the subject of spirit-photography, and particularly my success, became the theme of every tongue, and I was overrun with people of enquiring minds, and obliged to go over and over again, for their pleasure, the routine of taking and developing the pictures. For a long time I never refused any person who came to investigate; it soon became apparent, however, that I must either stop it or cease to support myself, for, as a general thing, these *savans*, while greedy themselves for intellectual food, seemed entirely oblivious to the fact that I myself was a material body. (Laughter) However, I can truly say that I have never refused, intentionally, any person who desired to have a picture taken from making every examination or inquiry they chose to make, and had I been allowed in this examination to have produced evidence from abroad, I could have shown by scientific men, whose names would have satisfied every one, that the most careful and minute examinations have often been made into all the details of my business while I have been engaged in taking pictures; I solemnly assert here that I have now but comparatively little knowledge of photography, or chemicals, or science of any kind, further than is absolutely needed to take ordinary photographic pictures; I positively assert that in taking the pictures on which these forms appear, I have not used any trick or device, or availed myself of any deception or fraud in producing them; that these forms have appeared each and every instance when they have been presented with any effort, except my will-power to produce them.

As to my refusal to entertain propositions from the appointed committee of photographers who appeared in my room since my arrest, and who desired, as I am informed by Mr. Guay, to make me take pictures for them, which

would or not, I have only to say, that since my arrest I have placed myself entirely in the hands of my Counsel, and have been guided by his advice, and I am pleased to say that one of the first cautions he gave me was to refrain, during the examination, from being led into any trap of that kind; having been charged with a crime which, temporarily at least, placed me before the public in the same category with gamblers and men of that ilk, I have been deprived of the privilege of having my utensils seized at the time of my arrest. (Here Judge Dowling said: I was applied to to have your tools seized, but refused to have it done because I disapproved of such proceedings.) Mr. M. continued: If I had been engaged in such nefarious proceedings as I am charged with, the implements themselves would have been the strongest evidence against me. They were not touched. They have stood ever since in the position they have always occupied in my gallery; and, for the safety of others who may hereafter be called to occupy my place in a Court of Justice, I sincerely hope that such proceedings may cease.

Mr. TOWNSEND, on behalf of the defendant, first addressed the Court. After an able introduction, Mr. Townsend first directed his Honor's attention to what appeared to be the legal aspect of the case. He then entered into the evidence given by the respective witnesses for the defence. Mr. Mumler has obtained spirit pictures in strange places, on other instruments, and with strange chemicals. The pictures thus obtained have been recognized by the sitters, in many instances, as deceased friends and relatives. Mr. Guay has been present many times when they were recognized. Judge Edmonds recognized one. Here the learned Counsel gave a synopsis of the testimony, making commentaries as he proceeded. He continued: Five hundred persons could have given similar testimony to those who had been called for the defence. Mr. Mumler has been here but a few months, and it is wonderful that so many respectable people would come without demand. He obtained pictures of persons dead, who had no pictures taken during life. He took these pictures sometimes without even touching the camera. He took his pictures through a yellow light, with no gas. There is no evidence that Mumler pretended to do what he knew to be false, and consequently the whole element of the crime is wanting. Mumler may be wrong in saying he can give a spirit picture, but that does not constitute a crime, unless he knew he could not give one. Upon the prosecutor's own showing, this case must be dismissed. It will not change a believer, or prevent one from believing. Spiritualists will stand by him at all hazards to the utmost extremity. The case in a

Court of Justice, should be looked upon simply as one of law. But suppose these defences should fail, we come to our affirmative defence, namely 1. that spirit pictures can be taken. It has been proved that pictures of the dead have been taken. (2). That such pictures have been taken, where there was no picture of the deceased in existence. These two things have been distinctively, positively sworn to by unimpeached witnesses, and in a judicial proceeding such as this, that testimony must control, unless it has been overborne by countervailing evidence. Now let us look at this countervailing evidence. It is proved that, shadowy, ghost-like pictures can be produced by other photographers. Everybody acquainted with photography knows that to be so; it has never been denied by us; Mueller's circular says that. But still the question remains—and it is the real question in the case—can such shadowy pictures as produced by others, be pictures of the dead? But even against the testimony for the prosecution, which was theory, we have direct practical evidence. Mr. Hull, their principal witness, selected among others, numbers 5, 7, and 10. (Mr. Gilmore), for the defence, as having been made by a reflection from a negative plate. Mr. Gilmore says that he was warned of this particular way of taking them by Gurney, and watched closely, and there was but one plate when it went into the slide, or when it was developed. And Hull says it could not be developed by yellow light, which was however done.

Mr. Townsend then remarked, that if all Spiritualists were insane, there must be a great deal of insanity in America, for statistics showed that in the United States there were 11,000,000 of Spiritualists to 10,000,000 of other denominations. After pursuing his argument in a theological light, Mr. Townsend concluded his most able and eloquent peroration.

Mr. Geary then rose and after expressing his admiration of his adversaries' argument, said:—This is no private prosecution. One of the gentlemen connected with a public journal of this city examined into these so-called spirit photographs, satisfied that a large swindle was being perpetrated; he called to it the attention of the Chief Magistrate of this city, who at once directed his Chief Marshal to make a personal investigation. Hence any assertion that private malice instigated these charges is as baseless as it is untrue. He then elaborately reviewed the whole of the evidence for the defence.

After criticising the testimony of other witnesses, Mr. Geary continued: Now what does all this prove? Why, that the trick was so cleverly done that not even photographers could discover how it was done. That very many persons of ordinary intellect, competent to conduct the every-day business of life, went to the

prisoner, paid their money, received these spirit photographs, and (Polonius like), fancied they recognized likenesses of their departed friends, and therefore believed the prisoner's statement. There is no proof of any spiritual agency, only evidence that certain persons believe it exists. Man is naturally superstitious, and in all ages of the world, impostors and cheats have taken advantage of credulity to impose on their fellows less sharp than themselves. Mr. Geary then accounted for the testimony of Judge Edmonds and Paul Bremond on the theory of hallucinations, which affected Lord Byron, Cowper, and Goethe. He then showed the application of the principle in the present case. He asserted that probable cause had been shown to warrant the commitment asked for.

At the close of the address the Judge said, after careful attention to the case, he had come to the conclusion that the prisoner should be discharged. He would state that however he might believe that trick and deception had been practised by the prisoner, yet, as he sat there in his capacity of magistrate, he was compelled to decide that he should not be justified in sending the defence to the Grand Jury, as, in his opinion, the prosecution had failed to prove the case.

The following letters have appeared in the *Tribune*, on the same subject:—

"CAN A SPIRIT BE PHOTOGRAPHED?"

"To the Editor of the '*Tribune*.'"

"SIR,—It is sometimes a thankless task to expose villany. It is always a thankless task to throw yourself against a popular belief with nothing in your hand but a new truth. Mr. Mumler may be a villain. I do not know the man. I never saw him. If he is a trickster his villany is of the darkest hue, for he speculates on the holiest instincts of men. I have nothing to do with Mr. Mumler. He may be honest, or the Court may find him a swindler. The questions raised in this trial do not turn on the innocence or guilt of one man.

"Can a spirit be photographed? Whether Mumler be acquitted or convicted, most intelligent men will say 'No.' Ask them why, and they cannot tell you. They have certain vague ideas of a spirit as something incorporeal. They dismiss the question with an *à priori*. One day, in a conversation with Herbert Spencer, I told him of certain facts which had led Alfred Wallace to a belief in the nearness of a world of spirits

and the communion of spirits with mortals. Mr. Spencer met the facts by saying that he had settled the question on *à priori* grounds. Wallace is one of the first naturalists of Europe. He tells me he has seen and heard certain things, and I, making my own experience a measure of the universe, dismiss his testimony as contradicting nature. Is that the method of modern philosophy?

"I have brought to the investigation of this subject no wisdom above that of common sense; but I have not followed the Spencerian method. In common with many others, I have sought only to find the truth, and have been content to keep the results I have reached to myself. Some of these results I will now give to the public. Gentlemen of the *à priori* method may dismiss the subject now and here.

"In February, 1867, I formed the acquaintance of a photographer living in the Connecticut Valley. I had gone to his rooms for a photograph. While sitting for the picture, I saw that the artist was strangely agitated. When the plate was developed a bright but vapory female form appeared, standing at my side. I had never heard of Mumler or spirit photography. I asked the photographer how that form got on the plate; he did not know; he could only say that while he was photographing me he saw that woman standing at my side. He did not want the picture taken from his gallery, and wished me not to speak of it. He told me that now and then, for years, he had taken such pictures; that they came through no agency of his; that he could take them almost any time by yielding to the control of beings which he believed to be spirits, but he wanted nothing to do with it. 'He would not have his name mixed up with Spiritualism in any form.'

"I had such confidence in my friend's honesty, that I wished to make an investigation of this strange power. It was only after many interviews and much urging that he consented to give me sittings, and yield to the 'invisibles.' I offered to pay him generously for his time, but he declined any consideration, saying that he could not be tempted to use this mysterious gift for gain. He gave me every facility in making the investigation. I took a friend to assist me. We had his time for four afternoons. We had the utmost confidence in him, but made the investigation as if he were a trickster. I assisted in preparing the plates, and stood by while the pictures were developed. We took every precaution to prevent or detect trickery. At almost every sitting we got the photograph of a woman—the same bright, vapory form that appeared when I went alone, or *though* I was alone! And at almost every sitting the photographer was partially entranced. What shall we say? He is a man of

position and character. I would as soon think of flinging the charge of falsehood against the Chief Justice. He had no motive to deceive. He would not sell his gift for money. If I believed him capable of falsehood, still I should be unable to account for the pictures. I know of only two ways by which a photograph can be taken. It must be taken either by *reflected* or by *transmitted* light. To get a picture on the sensitized plate, something capable of reflecting light must be placed at a proper distance before the lens; or the plate may be sensitized and covered by another picture, and then exposed to the light. A dim picture will be printed on the sensitized plate by *transmitted* light. These are the only methods by which a photograph can be taken. The artist may use an old plate, and a picture may appear, the result of a latent impression left by an old photograph. This last is a solution proposed by a writer in Saturday's *Tribune*. My artist did not use old plates. He must find the solution in one of the other alternatives. Now I know that my artist did not hold an old negative to the sensitized plate and get a ghostly impression by transmitted light. We have one more alternative: was an object placed before the camera? This is the way the bogus Shenstone ghost was photographed. A sheeted man flitted ghost-like before the camera. Were *these* pictures taken so? The photographer, myself, and my friend were the only persons in the room. Could we have been deceived for four days by such a shallow trick? And if we were deceived, how did the confederate who personated the spirit make herself transparent? How did she suspend herself in the air? for one of these photographs is the picture of a woman floating down through the air. They are all as transparent as gossamer. How then were they taken? I was in no haste to form my conclusions. Another case came under my notice.

"A young girl in Chelsea called on one of the leading photographers of the city to have some tintypes taken. He was about to close his rooms for the day. The girl sat, and while the picture was taking, she felt a blur coming over her eyes. She spoke of it to Mr. A., who was standing by the camera. He told her she might wink, but she must sit still. When he developed the plate, a pair of hands appeared on each face! There were eight faces on the sheet. This photograph is very remarkable. I have examined four of the impressions, and have one of them in my possession. The hands are clasped around the girl's neck. They are shown up to the wrist, where they fade away into a formless vapor. They are transparent. One hand comes down over the girl's chin, and you see right through it the perfect outlines of the chin. There is a wonderful family

likeness to all these pictures. Judge Edmonds testifies that the spirits he sees are transparent; and one of the leading Doctors of Divinity of New England (Orthodox) tells me that he sees spirits in the same way.

"Now you cannot suppose that these hands had been photographed on the tin before. The photographer tells me that he used a new sheet. Suppose I do not believe him. How, then, did the hands appear *over* the face? Can you suppose the hands were photographed *after* the girl? You will see that the little finger and ring finger on the left hand are thrust under the girl's collar. You must say, then, that girl and hands were all taken together. And now, did some one steal in and clasp her hands around the girl's neck, and still elude the eye of the artist? He tells me that no one was in the room but himself and the girl. Suppose some one did steal in—how did she make her hands transparent, and conceal the rest of her body? The photographer is a man whose word no one will doubt. He tells me that he had never thought of spirit photography; that he has no theory; that he only knows the hands came through no agency of his.

"Now, gentlemen—you who have not settled these questions on *à priori* grounds—can you escape the conclusions to which I have been driven?

"*First*: That the sensitized plate may be more sensitive to light than the human eye.

"*Second*: That men and women—spirits, but not incorporeal—can, under certain conditions, clothe their person with elements sufficiently tangible to reflect light.

"If these things are true, the world had never such need of knowing them. We are losing our faith in immortality. We cherish a vague belief that the dead are still living; but we think of them as gauzy abstractions, without form or substance. The men who give precision to their talk of the after life, and tell us their faith that our loved ones who have gone before are *real* human beings, with human forms and human affections—we call them dreamers. Hallucination is the mildest word we apply to them. While reading a report of the trial of Mumler, and finding lawyers trying to break the testimony of witnesses because of their belief in spirits, I thought of the words of a living German philosopher: 'No one who has eyes to see can fail to remark that the belief in the immortality of the soul has long been effaced from ordinary life.' We swear a witness on the Bible, and then impugn his testimony if he believes in spirits!—believes that the writers of the New Testament were not mistaken when, on almost every page, they speak of spirits, and admonish us 'to *try* the spirits!' Whither are we drifting? How would an item like this appear in *The Tribune*?

“ ‘The Bishop of Rhode Island has written to the Bishop of New York that three men whom he had known in Providence appeared to him, and talked with him, after their decease. The Rhode Island Bishop thinks that bad spirits can personate good ones and deceive us; but he is confident that these three spirits were really his friends. The Bishop of New York has replied that, doubtless, there are deceitful spirits and false visions, and wishes that we had some sure means of distinguishing them from the true.’

“ Our table-talk over such an item would be a measure of our departure from the faith of primitive Christianity. For the Bishop of Rhode Island put Exodius, a Bishop in Africa, and for the Bishop of New York put Augustine, and for the nineteenth put the fourth century, and you have an historical truth.

“ ‘But spiritual gifts have ceased.’ No Testament has told you so. ‘But modern science avers that spirits are illusions.’ *What science?* If a tree had sense and science, I suppose that such poor science as it would develop might say, ‘Animals are illusions. They come and go out of dead spaces, by no vegetable law, and our science of stumps avers that birds are apparitions, and that the birdless and beastless wilderness is vegetable orthodoxy.’

“ W. D. L.

“ Boston, Mass., April 26, 1869.”

“SPIRITUAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

“ *To the Editor of the ‘Tribune.’*

“ SIR,—The question has been frequently asked during the Mumler trial, ‘Why, if it be not a deception, cannot he produce his pictures in some other establishment than his own?’

“ In answer, I beg space for a brief statement of facts within my own knowledge and experience. With a desire to fully investigate this subject, I invited Mr. M. to visit Poughkeepsie. He accepted, and on the 30th of March last came to our rooms.

“ I had, previous to his visit, made every arrangement possible for a full investigation, removing all old negatives from my operating rooms, preparing fresh plates from glass never before used, and putting everything in a shape to prevent or detect any attempt at imposture. A reward of \$50 was offered by me to any of our employes who should succeed in detecting any trickery or deception.

“ Mr. M. entered our operating rooms without any previous

preparation or appliances whatever, and with the camera, chemicals, &c., in daily use by us, and under the closest scrutiny of my operator and myself, produced at once his so-called spirit pictures. In three instances during our experiments my operator performed all the manipulations himself, from the coating of the plate to the developing of the pictures; the result in each case being the same, a second figure appearing upon the plate. In one instance the camera was taken into the developing room by him, the plate-holder there removed and thoroughly examined, and the picture developed. Result the same, no second negative or mechanical arrangement whatever being discovered. One fact is worth more as evidence than all the theories in existence, and it is a fact that Mr. Mumler's pictures were produced in our rooms, with our instruments, chemicals, &c., without his touching the plates or taking any part in their production whatever; save only that of laying his hand upon the camera box during the time of exposure. The theories advanced by so-called experts all involve previous preparation of cameras, plate-holders, &c., none of which was it possible for Mr. M. to have made upon this occasion. The different processes described by them, by which Mr. M.'s pictures may be imitated, are known to most photographers. They may prove a satisfactory explanation to the minds of said experts, none of whom have investigated Mr. M.'s operations themselves, but are far from satisfying those who have. Messrs. Gilmore, Gurney, Silver, and myself, with a host of others, know they utterly fail to afford a solution of the problem, or account for the facts within our knowledge. I will pay \$100 to any expert who will come to my rooms, and under the same circumstances that Mr. Mumler's pictures were produced there, do the same by natural means without detection. If he succeeds, and can give a satisfactory explanation of the matter, I will promptly acknowledge the fact to the world, and thank him for the solution of a mystery beyond my comprehension.

" My operator was present at the trial on Friday last, ready to give his sworn testimony to the facts stated. His testimony was not admitted, on the ground that what occurred in Poughkeepsie was foreign to the case; and yet the question is asked, why cannot Mumler produce his pictures in some other gallery than his own? It would seem, if the desire was to arrive at the facts in the case, and not to condemn the man, innocent or guilty, that any evidence tending to a solution of the matter should not have been ruled out upon mere technical grounds. A sworn statement of the facts mentioned has been made by my operator, and is now in the hands of Mr. M.'s counsel. Mr. M., while here, was not only thoroughly watched by those immediately

about him, but also by our printers, who, stimulated by the reward offered, and believing the whole thing a deception, had loopholes prepared, looking from the printing room above into the developing and dark rooms below; and during the little time Mr. M. was left unwatched, or supposed himself to be, his every movement was noted by them. They failed to detect anything in his operations different from the ordinary process. I have no personal interest in Mr. M., and had no acquaintance with him, previous to a casual visit made to his rooms in New York, where, at his invitation, on learning I was a photographer, I investigated the subject as far as possible. Not being fully satisfied there, although unable to detect any sign of imposture, I induced him to visit my rooms, with the above result.

“Poughkeepsie, N. Y.”

“WM. P. SLEE.

[We observed that several of the London daily papers published with great alacrity the report of the early days of the trial, but so far as we have seen, not one has published the conclusion of the case, which ended in the acquittal of Mr. Mumler. The evidence given on his behalf is most interesting, and appears to be of the strongest kind to prove the facts. We invite the London press to publish this evidence, and the Judge's decision.—ED.]

A SPIRITUAL MUSICAL SEANCE.

SOME evenings ago, namely, March 24th, 1869, my wife and I were kindly invited to join a circle by Mr. and Mrs. Childs at their house. We found assembled there with our host and hostess, a party of 12 including the mediums, Mr. Ed. Childs, who is our host's brother, and Mr. Austin. The visitors were Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Fossett, Mrs. Dixon, Mr. Taylor, Mr. G. Gibbs, Mr. T. Jones, and the writer.

The circle arranged, musical instruments, namely, a violin, a flute, a piccolo flute, and an organ-concertina, were placed on the table together with a few card-board trumpets.

On the gaslight being turned off, a whispering voice was heard asking for paper. Light was reproduced, a few sheets of paper obtained, and—after being marked by some of the circle with their initials,—laid, with pencils, on the table. The light was again turned off, and a pencil was heard at work, and after a few minutes, the voice said “Light.” On this being again produced, we found on one of the sheets of paper, written in

pencil, in small well-formed characters of old fashioned style, the following:—

Y^e Account of y^e Musicke of y^e Evening.

—o—

<i>Violin</i> —	“Y ^e lover and y ^e bird”	M. SANCTO.
„	“Cappo Intro (?)”	„
„	“Y ^e Minfrel Man.”	„
„	“Fauft March”	„
<i>Piccolo</i> —	“Sing, birdie, sing”	ESCOTT.
<i>Concertina</i> .—	“Coming thro’ y ^e rye”	„
		M. SANCTO.

Mrs. Anderson was anxious to possess this programme because her name was upon the paper, but Mr. Childs said he thought he ought to keep it among his records. On the light being turned off, Mrs. A—— was told that she should have something for herself; a light was produced for a moment while she marked another sheet of paper, and on its being extinguished the pencil was heard at work again. Light was called for by the voice and on the paper so marked was an elaborate vignette portrait in pencil, apparently done by some kind of stippling.

The circle then composed itself for the promised music, all joining hands, when the voice said, that before Sancto began with his programme he would, if agreeable, give a musical illustration of a passage in the life of an artist. We all willingly assented, when the flute gave forth an eccentric melody, lasting half a minute or so.

“That’s the prelude,” said the voice, “now for the illustration. Understand that the music is composed on the spot. Conceive now that our artist resolves to paint a picture; he prepares his palette and canvas. (*Descriptive music.*) The artist thinks of a subject; he looks up as for inspiration. (*Music.*) He conceives an idea; he rushes to his easel. (*Music.*) The artist drops on one knee and contemplates his work; he thinks he has achieved success. (*Music.*) He hears a knocking at his door; he opens; it is his landlady; she demands her rent. (*Music.*) The artist pleads for further time; he points to his picture. (*Music.*) The landlady will wait no longer; she puts in a distraint; the picture is taken off.” (*Music.*)

A pause following, one of the circle said, “Oh, you won’t

leave him so ; something ought to be done for him." " He gets better off afterwards," said the voice, " but we will tell the rest another time." " Oh, I hope so," said Mrs. Anderson, " but thanks for your music—many thanks—I was quite carried away by it!" " And so was the picture," said the voice.

Each strain of the music lasted about half-a-minute, each being distinctive, characteristic, and illustrative of the words of the verbal tableau preceding it. While listening to it one could understand the meaning of the phrase, " discoursing music." I say " the voice;" but I ought to say " one of the voices." The spirit, whose voice we had hitherto heard, and who had been addressed as Amos, calls himself " Amos Ferguson." The voice we next heard was that of the spirit who had written the programme, and who calls himself " Antonius Sancto;" this voice is different in pitch, intonation, accent, and articulation, and is thus quite distinguishable from the other, although both are whispering.

Sancto asked Mr. Childs to tune and lay the violin on the table. This was done. The spirit corrected the tuning, and then ran over the instrument, bringing out that tone proper to it when the mute is on. Some were so sure that the mute must be on that Mr. Childs struck a light and searched the violin case, but found it there. The light being put out, the violin was played again with the mute sound, then without it, and so several tunes alternately ; the invisible player evidently amusing us, and being amused himself at our mystification. Then he imitated the sounds of a repeater, striking the hours and minutes. This, I was told, he had done at a previous *séance*, imitating on the violin the sounds of the repeater of one of the circle who wanted to know how the time was going ; then he imitated " Big Ben;" then the sounds of the various animals of a farm yard.

Along with these latter sounds we heard another voice joining the two others in remarks and repartee, very diverting to those to whom they were addressed and who understood them. The laughter was frequently checked by the voice of Amos, calling for quiet and passivity, and saying that noise and excitement disturbed the influence.

The third voice was sonorous and shrill; it belongs to a spirit who speaks, in rustic dialect, a droll sentence or two at a time, but the purpose of his coming seems obscure if it be not to assist the others in physical manipulations. This and the other spirits have given little bits of their history while in the body.

As the last mentioned spirit made himself heard, we heard also from time to time the note of a bird, perhaps produced by this or some other spirit ; there must have been several. Sancto

tells Mr. Childs that a spirit, named Escott, takes part with him in these musical manifestations.

Sancto's voice now called for quiet and passivity, and he began his concert with the piece first in order on his programme, being accompanied now and then by a tapping of a card-board tube. Silence was also called by the same signal.

The air "Sing, birdie, sing," was beautifully played on the flute, the accompaniment being really as by a singing bird. But how can I speak of the March from *Faust*, and the March from *Le Prophète*, which was asked for by one of the circle, on the organ-concertina, in the hands of this spirit? The performance of each of these pieces could not have been surpassed by a perfectly conducted band, in force, accuracy, finish and feeling. The audience were unanimous in requesting the invisible friends to repeat them, and the request was immediately complied with, with perhaps a higher appreciation on our parts of the music, and a more complete forgetfulness of the imperfect instrument by which it was rendered.

After an hour-and-half's playing, the programme was concluded, each piece being played at our request more than once, and then the invisible performers, seeming to like the enthusiasm of their auditory, invited the members of the circle to name in succession an air and they would try to play it. This was done; one asked for this favourite air, another for that, each being perfectly given upon one or other of the instruments. While the flute played we could hear the thrumming of accompanying chords from the violin. One asked for a repetition of "Sing, birdie, sing," and it was given as before with the bird accompaniment. While it was being debated whether the accompaniment was produced by some fine management of the piccolo, Sancto's voice said, "I think you would like the air on the piccolo; shall I play it on the piccolo?" "O, thank you, yes." The air was played on it most perfectly, the music being heard free, as it were, from the vibration of the instrument, and accompanied again by the singing of the bird more clearly and effectively than before, now sounding far, then near, then far again.

One lady asked for a tune, of which she said she composer; the words beginning "I remember, I remember my childhood fledged by." "Favour us, madam, with the bar," said the voice. The lady sang the first verse; at the end of the first bar, the flute accompanied her voice note as delicately as if singer and invisible performer playing from the same music with the same perceptible feeling. As if pleased with pleasing, the performer, or performers, accompanied the lady through the whole song.

then played the air successively upon each instrument on the table, just as the lady (did she know the instruments), so she told me, would have played it herself.

As the time for breaking up approached, Mr. Childs asked Sancto to favour us with the usual concert finale. The concertina gave forth "Rule Britannia," the last note of which was prolonged into the first of "God save the Queen," rendered with wonderful power and finish.

This brought to a close a *séance* more interesting than any that I have been present at for the last 15 years, as affording proof of the ability of spirits manifesting themselves by action. But the circle was held under conditions favourable to the manifestation of such action:—for, first, all present had learned to know that we are in a spiritual sphere of existence; secondly, the mediums were good; thirdly, the *séances* was held under conditions suggested by the spirits themselves; and fourthly, all present were in kindly harmony with each other.

Thus it was that we were favoured at once with an extraordinary spiritual manifestation, and an equally extraordinary musical entertainment.

J. DIXON.

8, Great Ormond St., London, W.C.

"A FORCIBLE ARGUMENT."

"Speaking of apparitions: that is rather a forcible argument urged against the theory of their existence by one of the characters in *The Grimby Ghost*.

" 'Ghosts be hanged! It's too late in the day for 'em by a whole century; they're quite exploded; went out with the old witches. No, sir! Workmen may rise for higher wages; the sun may rise, and bread may rise, and the sea may rise; and the rising generation may rise, and all to some good or bad purpose; but that the dead and buried should rise, only to make one's hair rise, is more than I can credit. What should they rise for? Some say they come with messages or errands to the living; but they can't deliver 'em for want of breath, and can't execute 'em for want of physical force. If you come up out of your grave to serve a friend, how are you to help him? And if it's an enemy, what's the use of appearing to him if you can't pitch into him?'

"Ah, my friend! between us and the other world there is an impassable wall—a wall of adamant, through which nothing can penetrate."—*Knickerbocker*.

THE only "wall between us and the other world" is the wall of flesh in which some are indeed more prison-bound than in "walls of adamant;" but the human body is not designed for this, but as a tenement for our use and service; with its windows to let in the light; and doors and passages through which to freely pass and hold mutual intercourse. We "penetrate" beyond it into farthest regions of space and remotest periods of time. In sleep,

no less than in trance, we are free from its limitations. Memory, and Hope, Conscience and Imagination are beyond its circumscription. Shakespeare and Homer speak to us in their works; and in a most true sense all our literature, science, philosophy, religion, is from the world of spirits. This wall of flesh which encompasses us does not prevent our holding intercourse with each other; will it do so when that wall is broken down on either side? If not, why should we conclude that it does so when that wall is broken down on the one side only? With all that spirit has accomplished is it not equal to this? Are we quite sure that it never has effected it—that it never can effect it?

Dare we say
No spirit ever brake the band
Which stays him from the native land
Where first he walked when clasped in clay?

If so, we have read our New Testaments and studied history to little purpose; and we are either ignorant of the facts transpiring all around us, or between us and the truth there is a well-nigh "impassable wall"—a wall of prejudice, harder to "penetrate" than "a wall of adamant."

But we are told that spirits—even if they should come to us—could not come to any purpose. They could not deliver their messages "for want of breath," nor execute them for "want of physical force." Now it is rather "late in the day" for an objection like this, when millions of messages are every year being delivered "without breath" through the Printing Press, Post Office, and the Electric Telegraph; to say nothing of the rather awkward fact that a good many—say a few hundred thousand—messages from "the other world" have actually been given and published during the last few years, and that such messages are still a matter of daily experience; but then you know facts are of no consequence to a philosopher, they had better keep out of *his* way, or—it will be the worse for *them*. And as to spirits wanting physical force, we should like our critic to tell us where the force comes from which enables us to carry about for perhaps half a century these bodies of ours—weighing say 150 lbs., more or less, and to employ them in draining, cultivating, building, making dc canals, steam ships, railways, electric telegraphs, books, papers, labour-saving machinery, and all the appliances of civilization?—and whence the intelligence associated with physical force which guides, directs, regulates, and applies to all the varied purposes to which it has to be applied?—course if a ghost is "dead and buried," and has to "pitch into" us, or to "pitch into" us, as

may be, he must find it rather a tough job. We have heard of dead and buried bodies, but we never before heard of a dead and buried ghost; and don't believe in one. Socrates—or for the matter the silliest ghost that ever, in mortal life, wielded a goose quill—might have taught *Knickerbocker* a better lesson than that, even though he had never read the New Testament. When will our public writers “come up out of the grave” of their materialism, and “rise” above the dead and buried “philosophy” of the eighteenth century!

And this is the kind of “forcible argument” that is to demolish Spiritualism and cover it with ridicule. Bah!

T. S.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

MR. H. G. ATKINSON is pleased to say that God in His very nature and essence is incomprehensible. Who ever said He was comprehensible? Zophar asked Job, “Canst thou by searching find out God?” but qualified his query with, “Canst thou find out the Almighty *unto perfection?*”

The alternative is not between knowing God perfectly, and knowing nothing about Him. Mr. Atkinson implies that we can know nothing, which logically is Atheism; for if we can know nothing, why presume to talk of His existence? Mr. Atkinson, like the Comtists, should decline to name God in any other sense than Apollo or Odin.

Whilst no one pretends to the comprehension of God, every Christian believes He has revealed His inmost character in Jesus Christ.

As for anthropomorphism, I should like to ask Mr. Atkinson what better conception can we entertain of God than as of man? If we do not think of Him as man, how else shall we think of Him?

Acquaintance with creation indicates a Creator of whom man is the image. That we see the why and wherefore of innumerable phenomena proves a correspondence between the Creator and ourselves. Difficulties constantly arise in social and physical science, and what does the word difficulty signify in such applications? Why no more than our inability to see what God means. When we do see what He means, then we say we understand. Thus the progress of science is no more than progress in the comprehension of God—a progress that

will go on to infinity, and yet leave us at every point ready to repeat Zophar's question, "Canst thou by searching find out God to perfection?" As Swedenborg boldly and clearly puts the case, "God could not have created the universe as it is unless He were man."

Mr. Atkinson's use of the divine infinity as a discouragement of theology is a very ancient trick, and has recently been revived by Dean Mansel with great *éclat*; but it cannot impose on any enlightened spiritual intelligence.

WILLIAM WHITE.

30, Thurlow Road, Hampstead,
2nd May, 1869.

SPIRITUALISM AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

The following is from a report of a Lecture by Professor Tylor, at the Royal Institution, in the *Illustrated London News* of May 1st:—

Mr. E. B. Tylor gave a discourse on the Survival of Savage Thought in Modern Civilization at the evening meeting on Friday, April 23rd. He began with remarks upon various forms of superstition as cases of survival, and alluded to modern witchcraft as no product of Mediævalism, but as a revival of the crudest savage sorcery. He then gave numerous interesting details of the ethnography of Spiritualism, or "animism," describing it as essentially the antagonist of materialism, and as forming the basis in some form or other of the religion of mankind, from the rudest savage up to the most enlightened Christian. This animism, he said is also a philosophy, which regards the soul of man as an ethereal, but not immaterial being, existing within him and animating him, yet able to quit its tenement and return to it; and thus affording a means of explaining dreams, visions, ghostly appearances, second sight, and other subjective mental phenomena. Mr. Tylor then dilated on the remarkable similarity which exists in the proceedings of savage sorcerers and conjurors (who professed to live in special intercourse with spirits, and perform wonders by their aid) and the practices of Spiritualists in our own day—a modern medium being merely a Red Indian or Tatar shaman in a dress-coat. This Spiritualism, he said, is really and truly a survival and revival of savage thought.

We are glad to find that some rays of light in regard to Spiritualism are beginning to pierce even the thick darkness of the Royal Institution. In the foregoing paragraph, Mr. Tylor recognizes some important truths on which we have long insisted. We may hope that others, which (if he reads *Spiritual Magazine*) he now brands as "superstition," will follow in due course. Some of his hearers at the Royal Institution may have needed to be told that Spiritualism is "essentially the antagonist of materialism;" and that it is also "a philosophy," though its teachings are not very fully or has expressed by him. While calling it "superstition," he speaks of it "as forming the basis in some form or other of

religion of mankind, from the rudest savage up to the most enlightened Christian." In other words, Spiritualism is co-extensive with religion and humanity, and consequently "in some form or other" is held by the civilized man—"the most enlightened Christian," as well as by the "rudest savage." To speak, then, of Spiritualism as "the survival of savage thought in modern civilization," is as pertinent or impertinent as to speak of eating and drinking as the survival among us of savage custom. We have, indeed, heard of an eccentric philosopher who maintained that eating and drinking was "only an inveterate habit;" both this habit and the practice of Spiritualism, as they began before the Royal Institution was founded, so will they, in all probability, "survive" its dissolution. Mr. Tylor, however, did not inform his auditors—perhaps he was not aware himself—that "savage sorcery" is as much like Christian Spiritualism as African cannibalism is like a dinner at the London Tavern. A cynical philosopher, too, might remind him that a modern professor is as much like "a Red Indian or Tatar shaman in a dress-coat" as a modern medium—and that unless they ventured upon a correspondence in the newspapers, it might not be easy to discriminate them. Some modern professors, indeed, claim an ancestry far less respectable than either of the heathen gentlemen referred to. Mr. Tylor is not the only modern professor at the Royal Institution, who, in grappling with Spiritualism, has caught a Tatar.

SPIRITUAL INSTITUTE.

The committee and friends of the Spiritual Institute, met at the Secretary's rooms, Mrs. C. H. Spear, 14, Amphyll Square, on Monday evening, April 14th, Mr. Tebb, in the chair. During the six months just expired upwards of 700 calls have been made at the secretary's rooms, 372 letters have been received, and 378 have been sent out; all relating to the general subject of Spiritualism. Books, papers and tracts have been circulated to a considerable extent; and the Wednesday evening meetings have increased to such large numbers, that they could not be comfortably accommodated in the private rooms afforded, and friends have been requested to forego their regular attendance that strangers and non-believers in spirit intercourse, might have the evening for enquiry and conversation. As illustration of the needs and uses of an institution of the character contemplated, many interesting instances were given. The report concludes:—"Thus some of the purposes contemplated in

the circular issued by the institute have been carried forward happily and successfully by private individuals; yet it must be admitted, that a compact working body or organization might effect more economically, efficiently, and extensively, the same and larger ends. With this view the committee will continue their efforts in harmony with their proposals in their circular, and they solicit the co-operation of all who approve of the work. It may be added that the Institute committee approve of the proposition made by the United States Convention, to hold an International Conference in London; and that the circular, which has appeared in the various magazines, of this city, detailing the plan, has been sent to eminent persons in the various nations where Spiritualism is known to claim attention.

The above report was unanimously adopted and a vote of thanks given to Mrs. Spear, followed by appropriate remarks and suggestions from Messrs. Burns, Spear, Crawford, Wilms-hurst, Tebb, and Swinton; Mrs. Tebb, and the Misses Houghton, Hay, and Ingram.

A GHOST STORY.

We are not answerable for the following:—An aged man dressed in the costume of the last century, wearing a flowing shirt front, and having in his hand a large cane, has repeatedly been met of late towards evening, walking in the Pilgrim Road, near a chalk pit, between the villages of Otford and Kensing, Sevenoaks. Always on the same spot of road, he neither proceeds, so far as can be ascertained, to the one village or the other, nor can it be discovered that he is sojourning at any neighbouring place. On Saturday evening a horseman close to the chalk pit was about to address him and inquire the time, when on turning in his saddle to do so, behold he had vanished! The horseman, by no means a coward, avers that he was never so much alarmed in his life, for he distinctly saw the old gentleman close to him, and could not be deceived on the subject. He says the dress, of the most ancient cut, could not be mistaken, nor the frilled shirt front and cane. The disappearance—if disappearance it really was, is very remarkable, as there were no houses or cottages near the spot, nor any place for a person jocularly inclined to seclude himself. For what purpose is the ancient stranger patrolling the above secluded locality?—*South-Eastern Gazette.*

THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY.

The committee meetings to investigate Spiritualism and to find out whether it exists or not, continue to be held, and reports of their proceedings appear in some of the daily papers, principally in the *Echo*, the chief proprietor of which is a member of the committee. We hear that he and most of the committee have had their former opinions much modified, not only by the evidence adduced before them, but by the phenomena elicited amongst themselves at their own *séances*. This proprietor of the *Echo* thinks it decent to head the articles in large type, with "ANOTHER EVENING WITH THE SPIRIT-RAPPERS." There are others we could name who believe in private, and reprobate in public in their papers, and thus hold the public in ignorance, but we do not think this is honest or decent. Why not tell the truth and be respectful to it?

DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN SHETLAND.

To the *Scotsman* the factor of Garth and Onnsbrae sends the following account of the discovery of gold in Shetland:—

To settle the many wild rumours afloat on this subject, I may state that gold has been found in Unst. Appearances, comparing with Australia, are decidedly auriferous but the area is limited. A thorough search is to be made so soon as the weather permits, and should it prove a paying gold field, arrangements will at once be made to enable diggers to set to work on fair terms.

The most extraordinary matter is the mode of discovery. I was informed that it was in consequence of statements made by a young man, son of a tenant on the property. I at once sent for the person, who stated in the most solemn manner, that being one day at the ebb—that is, securing shell-fish for bait—and returning up the rocks, he heard a voice saying, "I'lenty gold aboun" (above). He felt frightened when he saw no one near, and at once ran home and told his family. They spoke of the matter to the neighbours, who, after consultation, made direct enquiries of Andrew as to the truth of the story. Andrew, as he still does, maintained his assertion, and so it was resolved that four of his neighbours should go with him and make a search. This party returned in high glee, bearing with them some pounds weight of what they considered gold, but what in reality proved to be *iron pyrites*. The whole neighbourhood was then roused, and all flattered themselves that there need be no more fishings or farms. Upwards of sixty men were to be seen at work over these pyrites, and it was not until an old gold digger visited the spot that they were undeceived and gold actually found. Subsequently other "diggers" obtained small samples, but in no case more than enough to swear by.

The superstitious may explain the above. I can only say that Andrew is a decent lad, and would not tell a lie—nor did he or any in the township ever hear of gold discoveries in Caithness. He no doubt imagined he heard the voice; and the strange fact is, that the gold should be there and so strangely discovered.

THE WELSH FASTING GIRL.

THE general public, and more especially believers in Spiritualism and in healing by the laying on of hands, have, for some time past, had their attention called to what is certainly a singular phenomenon, namely, a girl of 12 years of age, professing to live 18 months without partaking of any food. I need not in this article give any particulars of her case, except such as are necessary to a right understanding of the object for which I am now writing, as the newspapers and Spiritualist publications have already supplied all that is needed.

A few weeks ago I received a letter from Mr. James Burns, of London, wishing to know if in the event of my expenses being guaranteed to me, I would visit Sarah Jacobs, the girl in question, and try whether I could cure her by the laying on of hands. Having agreed to do as requested, I visited the girl on Tuesday, May 4th. The particulars of that visit I have already reported in the columns of the *North Wilts Herald* for May 8, (a paper published at Swindon) and copies of which I have sent to several Spiritualist friends. I failed to cure Sarah Jacobs, under circumstances where success was not to be anticipated. The facts are as follows:—

On arriving at the farm house where Sarah Jacobs lives, and explaining to the Rev. John Jones, the vicar of the parish, who, at my request, was present, the great object of my visit, the parents appeared to be morbidly afraid lest by any manipulation of mine their child should be injured, and Mr. Jones himself shared to some extent that same fear. When, however, I explained to him what it was I wanted to do, and gave him a very solemn promise that I would treat the girl with all possible gentleness, he was re-assured, and expressed his re-assurance to the parents. I asked for leave to put my hands upon the child from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, and then call upon her to rise from her bed, and partake of food. All that I was actually allowed to do by way of manipulation was to put my hands upon the scalp of her head, her forehead, and cheeks; the remaining parts of her body being untouched. Even while I did what I did—and it was little—I saw there was an element of fear working in the minds of the parents, although whether that element interfered with any power I might otherwise have been able to exercise I do not know.

I have always felt that in all cases of healing it is desirable that the mind of the operator, and the

patient, should come into direct, vivid, and complete contact, and that anything which prevents such a consummation is so far a hindrance in the way of cure. Now, in dealing with Sarah Jacobs, I had to address myself to her through the medium of the vicar, who, of course, was able to speak both English and Welsh, and interpreted my English words to the girl and her friends. I sat on the edge of the bed talking to Sarah Jacobs in my own language, just as if she were able to understand what I said, and as fast as I did so, Mr. Jones translated my words. Of course, Mr. Jones was a medium by which *some* measure of mental contact could be established between myself and my patient, and I most sincerely believe that he did his very best to serve me. But a Spiritualist will surely understand that this was "the pursuit of a cure under difficulties;" in fact it was Mr. Jones's mind, and not mine, which was all along operating upon Sarah Jacobs. I ought to add here that there was one gentleman in the room whom I met in the train, and who accompanied me to the farm house. From conversation with him I learned that he was utterly sceptical as to all Spiritualism and healing. He was in the room during the whole of the time I was engaged with Sarah Jacobs, and it may be that his very presence, though without any blame to himself, created an atmosphere unfavourable to healing. Be this as it may, I have to report that to all outward appearance my failure to cure this girl was complete, although I had a strong impression at the time, which I have retained up to this moment, that she could have risen from her bed and partaken of food had she so believed and willed, and I conveyed my belief to the parents through Mr. Jones.

I owe it to my own personal convictions to add my belief that the evidence existing up to this time preponderates in favour of Sarah Jacobs. If people will insist upon so thinking of antecedent improbabilities, laws of physiology, laws of nature, &c., &c., as to assert the impossibility of life being sustained without food, I would remind such of them as are believers in the existence of a living God, who is Provider and Sustainer, as well as Creator and Ruler, that "man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God;" or, to translate this dialect into the speech of to-day, "food has no *inherent* quality to nourish, but only a derived one; and the ultimate source of all existence, all sustenance, all nourishment, is God, who while He never breaks any one of His laws, may yet act by methods which are at present unknown to us." Of course, if any man is prepared to come forward and shew that he knows every law of God; and how, in every case, God acts in reference to His intelligent creatures, let him do so.

But in the absence of such a person, it seems very like a piece of pure scientific dogmatism to assume the very point in dispute, and then look down with a mild contempt or pity upon those who wish to be logical, and who are fully persuaded that their knowledge has not, as yet, exhausted all the ways and means of God.

FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG,
Minister of the Free Christian Church,
New Swindon.

May 12, 1869.

CELEBRATION OF THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNI-
VERSARY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM,

At Tremont Temple, Boston, March 30, 1869.

ON Tuesday evening, March 30th, the Spiritualists of Boston celebrated the Twenty-first Anniversary of the birth of Modern Spiritualism, at Tremont Temple, when the following address from Judge Edmonds was read:—

“ To those who are here assembled to celebrate the Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism:—

“ Prevented by bodily infirmity, which I hope however is only transient, from participating with you personally on this interesting occasion, and yet feeling an interest in the cause, which grows more intense as I advance in age and in a knowledge of the subject, I hope you will yet permit me to address to you a few words of cheer and congratulation, if not of instruction.

“ It seems to me that we cannot be too careful to have the object of our celebrations distinctly understood. We do not mean to claim that this era is the first time that an intercourse with the spirit-world has been known among men, and we do not celebrate its advent now as a new event in the annals of mankind. As far back as we have any knowledge of the human race we discover its appearance. Everywhere, both in sacred and profane history, we have accounts of its presence. In every religion ever known among men has had revelation from the spirit-world as its foundation, and we know full well that this is not the first in which it has appeared. But this is the first in which it has been dealt with wisely and well. Now that, for the first time, the human race have advanced

enough in knowledge of man and his relations to God, and in freedom of thought, to make it available to our happiness and progress. And it is now, that for the first time, we are enabled to rise above the superstition, ignorance, and fear, which have hitherto shut out the light of heaven from the human soul. It is this emancipation and its consequences that we celebrate; for now when freedom speaks to earth again, the heart of humanity is prepared to receive, to welcome, and to profit by it.

“Never till now has the spirit-presence been hailed by an understanding enlightened enough to comprehend it. At one time it was regarded as a direct communion with God himself; at another time, as the result of an interference of the stars and planets with human affairs. At one time it was viewed as a miracle, involving a suspension of universal law, and at another met with a denial of fact, as incompatible with the laws of God and Nature; now, as coming from angels—an order of created intelligence distinct from the human race; and now, as emanating from devils, or angels fallen from their high estate; now, it was astrology, used for the guidance of human affairs, and anon it was witchcraft, involving a compact between the devil and weak and unhonored mortals, and all for evil. At one time the instruments of its appearance would be worshipped as gods; at another, revered as prophets; and at another, hung, drowned and burned by thousands as witches; now torn to pieces by riotous violence, and now canonized into the sainthood; tortured to death by a Holy Inquisition, or tried and executed by courts of justice, or revered as the founder of some mighty religion, all powerful to persecute and to slay, but impotent to save or to elevate; sometimes healing the sick and comforting the mourner, and at other times scattering affright, and misery, and ruin, broadcast over whole communities; appearing here and there through a long succession of ages, sometimes in broken fragments of scattered visitations, and sometimes with a profuse out-pouring and long continuing among men. But at no time do we learn that there was ever a rational, well-sustained effort made to investigate its nature or ascertain the purpose of its coming.

“It displayed intelligence, and, oftentimes, that which was above anything that could be expected from mortal life; men actually opened an intercourse with it, but it rarely seemed to have entered into their minds that it could be made available to reveal what is life beyond our death; and when that thought did occur, it was either confined to the cloister or suppressed by the priestly denunciation that it was a sin to seek to learn that which God had kept from our knowledge. And when it came, as it often did, with evidences of identity so strong as to tend power-

fully toward conviction, it was met with the denunciation—founded upon a fancied condition of existence beyond the grave—that the wicked could not leave their abiding-place and the virtuous would not.

“Thus it floated down the stream of time, perverted by ignorance or fear into an instrument of misery to man, or converted by superstition into a despotism over his freedom of thought, until, within the last quarter of a century, it visited, for a second time, this continent. Here it found a land where there was no persecution for opinion’s sake; a people whose education and freedom of thought fitted them to receive and investigate, if not to welcome and embrace it. Here was no authority to give to an unsupported denial the power to crush out a proven truth; no *auto da fé* to burn to death the instrument of its promulgation; but hundreds and thousands of intelligent people as ready to inquire into it as into any other hidden mystery of God’s universe.

“Hence it was that when it came among us and displayed, as it had of old, that it was intelligent, and that we could commune with it, an intercourse with it was opened, and we began to learn its nature and its purpose.

“That is the event that we now commemorate—not so much the advent of spirits among us as the opening of our intercourse with them, whereby there can come to us a knowledge of what is the life into which we are to pass when we take our departure from this—a revelation, so far as we know, that can come to us only thus, and, if it comes surely as important as any that has ever been vouchsafed to man. And well indeed may we celebrate it. Again has the stone been rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre. Again has the light of heaven invaded the darkness of the tomb. And that which 21 years ago was a strange disturbance in a small family, has swelled up to a magnitude that causes believers in spiritual intercourse to be numbered by millions in this country, and to be heard of all over the world.

“Let us then give thanks to God. Freedom does speak to earth again, as once it spoke from Calvary. It is the Divinity that stirs within this movement, and, through its beneficent influence, man is at length speeding rapidly on in the path of that progression which is his destiny.

J. W. EDMONDS.”

THE REV. T. L. HARRIS'S COMMUNITY.

WE publish the following letter, in order that both sides may be heard. It might be much more clear than it is on many points, and more satisfactory as to the mode of life. It would be better to avoid the secrecy which is maintained, and to give a full account to the public of what goes on amongst the community.

Salem-on-Erie, Brocton, New York, U. S. A.,
December 31st, 1868.

Dear Friend,—I have been favoured with the perusal of part of a letter addressed by you to a friend in this country, in which you comment on the conduct and teaching of Mr. Harris, and on the state generally of our community here. You say that what you have heard has thrown you into great distress. My distress is that you and the sincere believers in the new life should for a moment swerve, not from Mr. Harris, but from those vital truths which have been given by God through him; and that doubts should arise in your minds regarding the good order of the attempt being made here to live a heavenly life on earth. Springing from the same religious community as yourself—the Society of Friends—and having in the past had the pleasure of several conversations with you in London, and moreover having sympathized with your independence when you refused to be made the tool of the sectarian Swedenborgians, and stood nobly by Mr. Harris when those who ought to have received him in England closed the doors of their church against him; having these feelings, and believing that I can still call you a brother in the new life, I write to warn you against believing the slanders and falsehoods—for such I know them all to be—which those who have good cause to know better, have spread concerning Mr. Harris and others here. You know when he was preaching in London in 1859 and 1860, what calumnies were at that time circulated respecting him, and how he met calumny with silence; how he replied to hate with love, and like his Divine Master, prayed for his persecutors. He is the same still. He still prays for those who circulate lies concerning him, and the great and glorious cause he has at heart. Mr. Harris said the other day, “The law of the society from the beginning has been to make no reply to any misrepresentations; not to attempt to argue down falsehood, but to live it down. All of the friends know these statements to be false and slanderous; but we shall leave those who have misrepresented us to the just judgment of Almighty God.” But I write to you, believing that in the spirit

you are still with us; and I ask you, not for the sake of Mr. Harris, or any other individual, but for the sake of a perishing world, and in the name of Messiah the Prince, who comes now "to bring in everlasting righteousness," to disbelieve these slanders and falsehoods.

You say, in the first place, Mr. Harris professes to be the Word Incarnate, and those who are unable to receive his dicta in all things implicitly, spiritual and temporal, must leave the community. With regard to Mr. Harris professing to be the Word Incarnate, I never heard of such a preposterous claim, except in your letter; nor of anything approaching to such an assumption. And with regard to the latter part of the sentence quoted, I, for one, cannot understand how it is that a man, whose whole teaching and life says to us "live in Christ, obey Him, look to Him," should be constantly accused of the assumption of arbitrary power. Knowing as I do how obedient Mr. Harris is to the Lord—knowing how humble he is—knowing how he suffers for the good of others—knowing how careful he is to teach us the whole council of God—how he makes himself nothing and Christ all in all, I can only ascribe these attacks to the malice of our spiritual enemies, by whom the love sphere of our community, our harmony, our peace, our oneness, are hated with an implacable enmity. The new life cannot be trifled with. It is either (as the Arcana of Christianity says) life unto life, or death unto death. Those who come have to accept the life in its fulness; and in its completeness find it a pearl of great price, so precious that no words can describe it. But those who come here to criticise, or for selfish ends, or who keep back part of the price, to those it is death unto death. The life is of such vast importance in its bearing on the future of the race, that in the nature of it it cannot be trifled with. Of the man who first receives and then rejects, it may be said, "his last state is worse than the first." This is the second coming of the Lord.

Mr. Harris is the first to acknowledge that he is only an instrument in the Lord's hand. He makes no assumption that is not fully described in the volume on the Apocalypse, which has been accepted by some who have come here, yet who have rejected the life founded on that teaching, and it would destroy the community here to allow those to remain who reject the life because our life is a heavenly influx, and the condition of the gift to us is complete oneness. It is some of those who have been thus rejected, not by Mr. Harris, but by the Lord who is our Father, to justify themselves before their friends, have calumniated us. Yet another will judge them. Then you "His intimate is a Miss Waring whose presence Mrs. E was very reasonably unable to endure, and the poor wife—

gone back to her friends in New Orleans." This statement is as devoid of truth as the preceding one. Mrs. Harris left in consequence of a mental aberration, which had been growing on her for some time to the great suffering of Mr. Harris and the community. She went to New Orleans it is true, but to live in retirement with one of our members, who for the purpose of us lives there, and she did not go to her relations, and her presence there was not known by them till she had been in N. O. more than a year. After she left she wrote to the society stating her reasons for leaving, for she has lucid intervals, acknowledging the great calamity which had come upon her, and saying she knew it was for the good of the friends here that she should remain away till she regained her self-control. It was necessary that there should be a lady to take the place in the society which Mrs. Harris ought to have occupied, and Miss Waring was the one chosen, and eminently fitted by God for the station; but far be from me to stoop to answer the insinuation of any improper intimacy between Mr. Harris and her.

Why we should pass through fire like this, we know but in part now; yet we do know that those who in the New Life are the followers of a crucified Lord, whose own brothers thought Him mad, must like Him be baptised with suffering and drink the cup of sorrow. Of these Mr. H. and Miss W. are partakers in a very large degree, and are examples to us all of unswerving constancy to a faith the most worthy to be suffered for that was ever committed to man. I never heard that Mrs. H. was "Mr. H.'s true and eternal conjugal partner;" but if she is, it makes the case so much the more painful. It is true, as you say, that she had received the spiritual breathing, but what is there "grotesque" in this? The spirit-breath is a gift to use—a sacred responsibility yet a terrible thing if we are not entirely faithful, and Mrs. H. herself acknowledges that had she been completely obedient and faithful this calamity would not have overtaken her and the community.

You allude to Mr. Cuthbert's leaving. It was necessary for him to leave for a time, but he has now returned to us to the great joy of us all. The necessity for his leaving for a time was acknowledged by Mr. C. himself and by all the community. "We wrestle, like those of old, against the rulers of the darkness of this world;" and if any one gives way to these dark powers who come in every specious guise, and can simulate angels of light, they rush in with such power that unless the sinning member were cut off and considered as "dead" (spiritually) the community would be destroyed. But, thank God, our brother is now alive again.

I am glad that I am writing to one who understands these

things. We have great light, great influx, but these only increase our responsibility. We cannot view these things speculatively—we must live them or leave them. We cannot face the inversions of the world without arraying Pandemonium against us. The coming struggle will be one of giants, and unless we take to ourselves the martyr love that Christ had we know we shall fail. Some of us feel how far we are behind our loved brother Harris and two or three who come nearest to him, and our agonizing prayer is for more faith, more strength. We at times look to England and ask are there none there who are coming to give up *everything* for Christ and humanity? And then comes the answer! Calumny, falsehood, misrepresentation! Yet He who stood alone before Pilate, has left the record “fear not, I have overcome the world;” and so in our sorrow we are joyful in Christ, and in our weakness we are strong in Him, so long as we look alone to Him. I am writing of things of which I can speak with some confidence, for I have lived ever since I came here in June last, in intimate relation with Mr. Harris, and those who are nearest to him. I have had free access to his house at all times, and was for some time employed in his library in arranging his books and papers; whereas those who have circulated these falsehoods respecting us were not here for three months, and were only on the outside of the community, their states being such that a closer intimacy could not be allowed. I had read Mr. Harris’s writings for seven years before coming here, and found the impossibility of living the new life in the old social state, and when I came to America looked forward with hope, yet with many doubts (arising from what I had heard in England) to finding here a people who really embodied the new truths in life. Yet now having lived in intimacy with the people here for more than six months my uppermost feeling is one of utter and entire unworthiness to take part in such a great and glorious work at I feel this to be, and know it to be.

I have met with absolutely nothing since I came here to shake my faith in Mr. Harris, or in the righteousness of the work he has, under God, inaugurated here. The proofs of the truth of the life here come to us daily, and doubt has no resting-place. You say “Mr. Harris’s disciples in England are filled with consternation.” We do not call ourselves the disciples of Mr. Harris, but co-disciples with him of Christ the God. Except for their own sake and for the sake of truth, the consternation of those who have given up little for Christ does not trouble those who have given up all for Him. You allude to Mr. Oliphant’s connexion with the Society. Mr. Oliphant had visited Wassaic twice before he finally settled there, and was well acquainted

with the workings of the community. Would he have given up position, fame, property, all, to throw the whole energy of his nature into a settlement like this in an obscure corner of the world, had he found it to be in the state in which your letter describes? And since living here he has had ample opportunity of judging of the life which his varied experience during his past life enables him to do; and yet he manifests a daily growing love and zeal for the cause to which he has sacrificed his life. It is for solidarity with holiness that we contend—to form a nucleus where contending parties and sects may find a common rallying-point is our aim, and to work for the formation of a church where self shall have no rule, and where all things are new, and all things of God. This is our daily privilege and prayer. Mr. Harris is accused of ambition and of the love of money-making. To those who know the truth those charges are as false and absurd as the statement would be that Satan was endeavouring to evangelize London. To the contrary of what is stated, Mr. Harris has given up fame, ambition, popularity, family, property, everything for simple daily, hourly obedience to the Lord. This is his constant aim. In another letter to England, I said, "As he preaches, so he lives; as he writes, so he lives;" and what more can I say than this? You have accepted his teaching: then how can you logically reject a life founded on that teaching? Mr. Harris is not of himself forward in expressing an opinion. He is diffident and retiring; and his constant wish is for others to take responsibility on themselves, and to stand alone in God. It is only when he has a message direct from God that he is unflinching, immovable. Hence our confidence in him as a teacher and guide.

You know the teaching in the Apocalypse concerning pivotal men. God's teaching in all times has been through men specially illuminated for special work. In rejecting the teachings of God's prophets, we reject not the prophet but God who speaks through him. The spiritual breathing is not a chimera; the professions we make are founded in truth and verity. There may be sorrows, but as the Apocalypse says they are sorrows which are greater than the world's joys. The atmosphere here is pervaded with peace and love. How it is that some have come here and first received and then rejected the life, I cannot account for, except it is that like those who were bidden in the parable. They have each, *some one thing*, which they cannot give up, and which they love better than Christ. History makes us familiar with the sad truth that Judas and Ananias have their legitimate children in every era of the Church's awakening.

I have written you thus fully, believing that many of you in England have judged of us from one-sided statements only, and

that did you know the *truth* you would gladly *accept* and *love* it. God grant that it may be so! As I have not your address, I shall enclose this to Mr. W. W. Fawcett, of Hastings, leaving it open, as I am wishful for him to read it. May I also trouble you to let Mr. Thomas Robinson, Hulmes Road, Newton Heath, Manchester, have the letter for perusal? I am sure I need not apologise for writing so fully on so important a matter, for I know you take a deep interest in these things. Trusting that I can still look upon you, and many others in England, as one with us in the new life,

I remain, your friend, very sincerely,

To Mr. W. White,
London.

SAMUEL CLARK.

P.S.—Since writing the above it has occurred to me, that what you say respecting Mr. Harris claiming to be the "Word Incarnate," merits another line or two from me. Though it would be blasphemy on the part of one of God's children to say that he *was* the Word Incarnate (which is only true of Christ) yet all the children of God *possess* the Word, for Christ promised that to those who kept His commandments He would come and make His abode with them. I shall be glad to hear if this letter clears up your difficulties, and to make further explanations if it is in order for me to do so and you desire it.

Correspondence.

THE ALLEGED MANIFESTATIONS AT HEIDELBERG.

To the Editor of the "*Spiritual Magazine*."

10, St. James's Place.

SIR,—I feel it to be a duty, though a very painful one, to inform you that an article in the *Spiritual Magazine* for *f* headed "Remarkable Manifestations at Heidelberg," is n' but a mystification and very miserable joke got up English student at Heidelberg, and an enemy to Spirit with the avowed purpose of throwing discredit on th' ments of Spiritualists, and of proving their credulity. you think it worth your while to pay any further atte' this ungentlemanly proceeding, I shall be happy to give information you may desire.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
EMILY CH

[Mrs. Chamier has been prevented by illness from giving us the information; but we are further informed from Heidelberg that the whole statement is a hoax, although those who played it made it so like the probable truth that we too easily accepted it.—ED.]

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

17th May, 1869.

SIR,—On reading the remarks concerning myself in this month's issue, I feel imperatively called upon, if only in the cause of truth and justice, to give unqualified denial to any and all such base insinuations. However imperfect and unsatisfactory the manifestation may at any time have been to persons present, I can most conscientiously say they were *always thoroughly genuine*, without trick or artifice of any kind. That any one may be free to form their own opinion I agree, but when facts of deception are attributed, I am bound to record my most solemn protest.

As you have thought fit to give publicity to the insinuations, I beg you will be good enough to afford space in the next issue for a contradiction.

MRS. EVERITT.

[We have received several letters from well-known friends, testifying in the strongest manner to the truthfulness and honourable character of Mrs. Everitt, and some of them blaming us severely for throwing a doubt on the manifestations coming through her. It is entirely a mistake to suppose that we have done so, as all we said was that the allegations deserved very careful inquiry and research, and we think so still. We expressly stated that we had no opinion or knowledge either one way or the other as to the facts, and there we must leave it.—ED.]

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I copy from "Spiritual Experiences of Robt. H. F. Rippon, Author of *Victor*," in your Magazine of September, 1864, the following:—

"On the morning following this dream, in a waking state, I heard a voice say these words, as nearly as I can recall them:—'Italy will shortly go to war with Austria; but the Italian King and Government have secretly decided that if Garibaldi, or any other person dare to take any steps without the sanction of the King and Government, he or they will be severely punished.'"

The above needs no comment.

Yours, &c.,

W. R. T.



THE
Spiritual Magazine.

JULY, 1869.

ON MIRACLES AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

THE OUTBURST OF SPIRITUALISM.

THIS is a great subject, which can be noticed in this place only just as it illustrates the line of thought in these essays.

The phenomena of Spiritualism, even the simpler, are very curious in themselves; but they are important mainly for the method which is in them, and for the philosophy which they involve. Witchcraft was no good in its day, certainly; "but," said John Wesley, "to give up witchcraft is to give up the Bible." And similarly, to gainsay the possibility of Spiritualism is to repudiate the spiritual philosophy of the Scriptures. The writer hereof has what is for him an opinion about Spiritualism, but it would need the space of a volume in which to justify, as well as unfold it; and therefore any mention of it here should be taken, just as it is made, merely by way of allusion, and for the special points indicated.

How vast and various is the universe, even to human apprehension! The infinity surrounding them, men are ready enough to remember for glory, but not for humility. And so, under the lamp-light of history, merely, some great philosophers shew very strangely as critical occupants of the universe often, on one subject or another, have even great men themselves to be as blind as ants in a hillock. What would be the wiser, if along side of their hill there were a highway by which, as to view, the heavens are brought down to earth, true that emmets are born with the knowledge which they have and that human beings are born to the knowledge in which they are to grow. Yet still many men are as blind as

“the balancings of the clouds”; and many immortal souls have their faculties for understanding and belief fast closed against evidences of the spiritual universe about them. And as to the things of the spirit, and the philosophy of the spiritual world, and the ongoings of the spiritual universe, there are still those even, who can “see and not perceive,” and who are altogether amenable to the remonstrance, “Having eyes, see ye not? and having ears, hear ye not?”

Is it, indeed, true philosophy which thinks that every fresh suggestion from the universe must be just what might have been looked for? And as to signs and effects from the spiritual world, is mere probability any kind of a rule by which for souls to judge, who themselves are but of yesterday's creation? Yet there are people who are confident as to the possibilities of the universe, merely through their own feel of it. But even though his five senses be sharpened to the utmost, and be helped by every kind of instrument and contrivance, yet what is any man for a judge as to the likelihoods of a universe; which appeals not to five senses only, but perhaps to five hundred faculties! And the claim of Christianity is that the soul has senses or sensibilities for channels and quarters, outside of the range of what is technically called science.

In the *Recognitions of Clement*, that oldest of Christian novels, says Simon Magus, “While all sensations possible belong to one of the five senses, that Power, which is superior to all things, cannot add any new one.” But to this it is replied by Peter, “That is false: for there is a sixth sense, that of prescience; for the other five senses are capable only of knowledge; but the sixth of foreknowledge, which sense the prophets had.” As being a spirit imprisoned in a body, a man has extra-mural relations; and as a living soul he has super-sensual susceptibilities. And so it might seem to be, in itself, anything but incredible, if now and then some soul should have something to report as to some foregleam of immortality; or as to some glimpse faintly caught of the scenery or the company, to which it is itself predestined; or as to occurrences as fitful as the aurora of the north, and as wayward as the lightning, and which, for earthly effect, start perhaps from the meeting-point, between spirit and matter; and which point, it may be, is more mysterious than even spirit itself is.

To what can the outbreak of what is called “Spiritualism” be likened for effect? On the world at large, it has been as though a ghost had appeared at a sitting of the Royal Society, in London. But a thing may seem to be out of place, because, really the observer himself is out of his own proper place. And many Christians have been startled, provoked,

and confounded by "Spiritualism," because of the extent to which they themselves were out of place, intellectually and religiously. Not improbably, if Christians had been such believers as they ought to have been, the thing which technically is called Spiritualism, might never have been manifested amongst them. Near Jerusalem, once, if the multitude of the disciples had not praised God, the stones might immediately have cried out. The testimony of the stones would not perhaps have been very edifying, except by being very startling. Even though the various conditions necessary to the phenomena of Spiritualism are not well known, yet it is conceivable and it is highly probable that, if the atmosphere of the Christian Church had been what it ought to have been, instead of there being mediums and their attendant marvels in the world, there would to-day have been in the Church the manifestation of the Spirit, and one good man would have been full of the Holy Ghost, and another man, perhaps, would have seen visions, and still another would have abounded in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost; while for the public benefit, one man would have shown the gift of healing, and another have been endowed with the word of wisdom, as a gift. As it is, however, some of the more material of the spiritualistic phenomena, such as noises, are as though the stones cried out, to assure men that really they are not as much at home in the universe as they fancied,—that there may be qualities, and ways, and a soul in the universe, such as they have never thought of,—and that themselves instead of being altogether self-sufficient, actually that they are but like bubbles made of the will of God and spared of his mercy.

There is a philosophy, and that, too, of fervent Christians, which would have taken up at its very commencement, this portentous subject of Spiritualism, as a very little thing,—the philosophy of Henry More and Ralph Cudworth, and a long ascending line of scholars, reaching up to the fathers, and in amongst the foundations of the Church. From this philosophy, which implied the co-existence of two worlds for man, one for the body and another for the spirit, thinkers have been greatly estranged, during the last century, because of the inordinate and disproportionate attention which has been drawn to the material world, by the novelty and multitude of its disclosures, scientifically. But the more that range of the five senses is explored, and the more definite it is ascertained what the properties are of which matter susceptible, the more certain it becomes that in the universe there is a causative power, transcending what the sun and moon have ever felt, and of which man is an object.

Spiritualism ought to be nothing novel or strange to a theologian, and would not be but for the anomalous state of theology itself. Men have been so intent, so long, on splitting hairs metaphysically, for theological use, that almost the breadth itself of theology has been forgotten. By the modes which are called Spiritualistic, people are to-day communicating with spirits from a plane which is common to them, with the Chinese, the Esquimaux, and the aborigines of Australia, and probably with the prophets of ancient Greece, and the priests of ancient Rome, and with the last philosophic survivors of Hellenism. And if any Christians think, that thereby there is over them the supremacy of heavenly illumination, by that much at least, they may believe themselves, as before heaven, to be standing apart from where the early Christians stood.

All the preceding remarks will hold true by those laws of evidence, by which still higher things than Spiritualism, will be judged, a hundred years hence. For what is under our eyes, proverbially, is the last thing to be noticed. But when with the recession of time, it has got to be viewed on the plane of history, along with other distant even though more important objects, then it becomes what cannot so easily be overlooked. And it will certainly be well for some persons, if by fairness or spiritual receptiveness they should be enabled to anticipate the use of that information, which is certain to pass on to the next generation, if possibly in no other way, then certainly as an unopened letter, wonderful in itself, but more wonderful still, perhaps, as having never been minded when it was written.

Rightly considered, though more fully than is possible here, the manner in which the announcement of the phenomena commonly called Spiritualistic, was received, is almost as instructive as the manifestations themselves. For it is only by an invincible inward anti-supernaturalism, which has grown with them from childhood, that commonly men of ordinary sense, have been able to withstand the multitudinous testimony, which exists as to some of the simpler phenomena which are Spiritualistic. Nor is it out of his own strength, nor yet out of his own weakness, that a man is able to contradict, as he sometimes does, but it is from the spirit of his age, from the breath which he draws of public opinion, and from his being one of a banded host. And this remark is made quite independently of what the thing called Spiritualism, may be in itself, whether sense or nonsense, and whether good, bad, or indifferent. "Spiritualism is the work of evil spirits," says one, who had never in his life before had a word to say about devil, or evil spirits, and into whose theological mind never a thought of one could have entered, but

as a ready way of answering what he was not prepared to argue. Says another, "It is either the devil, or else it is imposture, or else it is all a misunderstanding by the people concerned." This might be the judgment of some personage standing aback and above the origin of all philosophy and all action on this earth, but for the comments which are adjoined, and which shew that the utterance was simply a superficial view of possible chances on the subject, and made by a man who knew that he did really know nothing at all about it. So again there was once a warning against Spiritualism given from the text, "And when they shall say unto you, seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God?" The warning was well meant, and much of it was good. But in the ear of reason, it was all spoiled, when there was added to it, from conscientiousness, that really there never had been any "familiar spirits," and that their mention in the Scriptures, was only by way of accommodation to the prejudices of ignorant times. And so it was, that a theologian thought he was denouncing from the Scriptures, what all the while was actually corroborating the Scriptures against him.

Often overwhelmed by evidence, and unable to deny the reality of the phenomena of Spiritualism, people say, "Well, what of it! what does it all show?" To which the answer is simple enough, though it cannot always be made for fear of discourtesy, that, "The Spiritualistic phenomena are fairly and properly for intelligent persons, and fully as much so as algebra, or trigonometry, or logarithms." Says one, "I have no doubt that in the presence of some persons, called mediums, tables dance and are rapped upon, and in fact, I know it: and I have no doubt that persons have been raised into the air, without any human agency, because of what I have been told. And I will acknowledge that the secret thoughts of my mind have been recognized and published, in a way which I could not have believed, and could hardly have wished. And it is all very funny: but what of it?" And this is sometimes said as confidently, as though the intellectual system of the universe were to echo the words and say, "What of it?"

And what of the theology which talks in that way, of that? What else can it be than a mere semblance of a thing, the mere ghost of a faith, a shell empty alike of logic, sense, and earnestness? The phenomena of Spiritualism, acknowledged to be real, and yet scorned as being unimpressive, unsuggestive, meaningless, and unworthy of theological consideration. What flippancy! What mere blind leadership of the blind! What such theology must be! What a fantastic trick here

heaven! "Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead." As to the significance of those phenomena, it is enough to say, that by them, Bishop Douglass, with his great name in theology, would have been amazed, as though by a latter-day revelation; and that Hugh Farmer, formerly the great authority as to miracles, would have found himself thereby flatly contradicted on important points, though not much to his grief, because of the good, honest man he was.

St. Bonaventura while writing the life of St. Francis of Assisi, and entranced in thought, was, according to history, seen to rise in the air. And Thomas Aquinas, who happened accidentally to be a witness of the marvel, said, "Let us leave a saint to write for a saint." This anecdote has been much ridiculed, and yet it has a wide kindred in history. Thus it is said that Ignatius Loyola was seen in prayer, to be raised more than a foot from the ground, saying "O my God! O my Lord! Oh that men knew thee!" But for persons, who would wish to belong to the communion of saints, whether with or without a pope, it would seem to be important and interesting, if anything might enable them to believe, instead of harshly denying, what implicate such names as Bonaventura and Thomas Aquinas.

According to Farmer, in his "Essay on Miracles," a human body raised into the air, without any human agency whatever would be a real and evident miracle, because contrary to the known course of nature. A man may affirm a thing to be true, and say, "What of it?" But if he affirms that to be true, which Hugh Farmer could not imagine as possible except by the direct intervention of God, the man may be certain that he has done a great thing, whether he knows it or not, or whether he knows or does not know how to make use of his own knowledge. The levitation of the body is affirmed in history, in regard to persons canonized as saints, and also as to people accused of witchcraft, and it has been again and again published as to Pope Pius the Seventh. At present, for almost all Protestant eyes, even when acknowledged as being probably true, it is an incongruous fact, but surely it ought not therefore to be despised as useless; but rather it should be reverentially remembered, as likely some day to flash light on the mystery of the connection between the soul and the body. And indeed it is really anything but ridiculous to think of, by a person of reading and of good common sense and earnestness; and if it does not immediately teach anything, it may yet draw one up into the mount of contemplation, whence things have a different look to what they have in the common world below, and whence too the laws of nature seem but like the surface, and

not the soul of things—a surface perhaps of a lake, on which for ripple and figure, and glancing sheen, it is because “The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth.” And it may be added that also the remaining clause of the text is true, not only as to the conversion of a man morally, which properly it means, but also as to the change, which a man may, and often does experience as to his estimate of nature and science, under a vivid sense of what is omnipotent and omniscient—“So is every one that is born of the Spirit.”

“And what of it?” Many good people have said, while acknowledging that in connection with what is called Spiritualism, their secret thought had been recognized and answered through many secret windings; as though such a fact were nothing more than the capricious barking of a dog, as to significance. In a recent theological work, Dr. Walter Scott says about some printed account of a boy, who was supposed to be a demoniac, and to have been sensible of an adjuration, even when only addressed to him in the secrecy of the mind, “I would ask, are we warranted by either Scripture or reason, to believe that any evil spirit, even if it had been Satan himself, can know the thoughts, the most secret workings and prayers of the heart, in the way in which this is supposed to have been done? I must think that we are not.” The theology of Dr. Scott, in the history of opinion, is what dates mainly from St. Augustine. And the writings of Augustine should have instructed him differently from that statement of his, and by the saint’s personal experience.

The previous quotation is contained in a work, highly important at least as to the auspices under which it was published, and the man who knows anything differently, and thinks nothing of it, stands opposed simply by information to people whose looks would astonish him, if they were assembled about him, in their multitude and respectability. And if such a man should further wish to try out of the press the last, the importance of what though worthless, then let him listen to a remark of Ecclesiastical History. “It seems to be beyond the created being to know the thoughts of a man, man who is agitated by no passion, and gives his mind by any outward sign.” Such a difference man to talk just out of himself, and for a man from being ready to hold his position in full view of men of earnest thought.

It may be, that two persons might be in school in philosophy, according at least to

one would claim fellow-belief with the other; and of these two, one would say that the phenomena of Spiritualism are impossible, while the other would say that they are as meaningless as the miracles of the Scriptures, which may or not be true. Hence it might seem as though the occurrence of an impossibility might be nothing wonderful.

One man, with the first report of the simpler phenomena of Spiritualism, exclaims "That is the Devil." And another, with the first certain communication of something, which could not be other than preternaturally given, exclaims, "The heavens are open again." And besides these, there are the large classes who say, some in one way, and some in another, but all of them conjointly what is tantamount to this—"Ah, well, very likely, no doubt, but perhaps there is possibly, no knowing truly, so to say, anything about anything."

In such an atmosphere of thought, spiritually, as almost all people would seem to be living in, so thin, and hazy, and uninspiring, so dead and bewildering, it might seem, as though for a theologian, anything spiritual, even though it might really be devilish, ought to be useful, as enabling him perhaps to find his whereabouts, or, as the French say, "to face the East;" though certainly it could not aid him to do so, unless by nature or grace, he might happen to be ready for the guidance.

It is sometimes pronounced, as though judicially, for a verdict, "By acclamation of the public, Spiritualism is a thing which cannot be entertained for a moment." But now how is this pretended verdict ever supposed to be made up? It is agreed upon by people who do not agree among themselves, even as to the facts concerned. One party says, "By the laws of nature, what is called Spiritualism is impossible, and therefore it is not a subject to be entertained for a moment." Another party says, "Spiritualism is true, horribly and fearfully, and therefore as a subject of thought cannot be entertained for a moment." And a third party says, "The intuitions of the individual mind are for the individual. And therefore also for the public, as far as the public may be complicated with his individuality, the intuitions of the individual are supreme. And from outside, whatever would conflict with the supremacy of intuition, may be accounted extraneous, intrusive, and like Spiritualism, a thing not to be entertained for a moment." And a fourth party says, "The Bible is enough for us, and as we have not time for everything, Spiritualism cannot by us be entertained for a moment." Strange parties these, to a common verdict. Parties who disagree about the facts concerned, and who yet are summed up together for apparently a unanimous opinion.

But whatever Spiritualism may be, it has had a singular, instructive effect, by the remarks which it has elicited from philosophers taken by surprise; from "children tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine;" from self-opinionated men, exasperated by the rebelliousness of facts against them; and by theologians, who with denying the possibility of Spiritualism, have suddenly found themselves flatly opposed to the Bible. For both theology and philosophy have been woefully at fault about Spiritualism; which however they never would have been, only that first they had themselves become egregiously faulty, by having become too set in doctrine, and by having thereby largely foregone the perception and the love of facts, as evolved by daily experience, or as recorded in history.

While he was a Jew, Neander was turned towards Christianity by the Pedagogue of Plutarch. This incident was a sign of the times, really. For by an old Pagan was done unintentionally what all the Christian apologists of the day, might have attempted in vain. For by timidity and by the taint of anti-supernaturalism in many places, Christianity has been so weakened and attenuated, as that it cannot be spiritually or intellectually attractive for persons of intelligence. And indeed by a man of spiritual insight and critical faculty, there is more Christianity to be distilled out of Paganism itself, than some theologians seem able to find in all the New Testament.

Belief in a spiritual world, as the early Christians felt it, has become so much weakened by sickly intellectualisms of materialistic kinship, that really what the earliest disciples eschewed, might serve, to-day, as a first lesson in pneumatology, for many learned Christian divines. Many believers in Spiritualism, are as ignorant as other people, and some of them as ignorant perhaps as Abyssinian Christians. But the Spiritualism of the most ignorant Spiritualist persuades him of his personal knowledge, that the demonology of the New Testament was true.

As has been stated before, Spiritualism is not of any particular church or creed, any more than a telescope is, or an electric telegraph, or a badly kept post-office, or a miscellaneous library. But just as Paganism itself might help to make some Christian believers to be better believers than they are, so even Spiritualism might avail theologically for some distinguished divines. And truly such is the spiritual ignorance of this highly scientific age, that "an unclean spirit," fit only for exorcism in ancient times, would to-day for importance in almost any logical school, be like the opening of a revelation; for a

earnest belief in the demoniacs of the New Testament would necessitate the formation of a pneumatology of the Scriptures, for want of which, to nearly all readers, the sentences of the Bible hold together often but like ropes of sand.

And "a certain damsel possessed by the spirit of divination"—if anything to-day might make her seem, by analogy or otherwise, to have been exactly what the words of the Biblical writers say, then there would be many an honest doctor of divinity, on that knowledge, who could confess, that what little pneumatology he might have, was wrong; and also his philosophy of religion; and also really that inspiration was a truer thing than he had ever thought. But now the account of that girl with the spirit of Pytho, in the sixteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, is to be believed in, according to Spiritualism, exactly as it is written, and not stupidly, but with a lively intelligent apprehension. Can it be that anything in the Scriptures should be the plainer for Spiritualism? Certainly, and no great wonder either. How many various understandings there are of the New Testament—Catholic, Trinitarian, Arian, Unitarian, Calvinistic, Arminian, and five, ten, twenty others! There can only one of them be right absolutely, and probably there is not even one. Such various understandings of the same book, argue the obfuscated state of theology, and argue too the probability that theologians differ from one another so variously, for something else than the letter of the Scriptures, and indeed because of something which more or less they all lack, and which, in full strength with them, would be "the unity of the Spirit," and because largely of the general infectiousness of the anti-supernaturalism of the times. But as has been already remarked, it is such a state of things at present, that even "the unclean spirits" mentioned in the New Testament, if made certain by analogy or any other way, and even though of the same class as the "dumb and deaf spirit," would yet simply as being known of, be of great use to wanderers in the field of theology, bewildered as it now is.

Spiritual rappings have been derided as mere materialism; but only, however, by persons who must have been intensely materialistic, without knowing it. For an intelligent rapping or word by a spirit, suggests to a spiritually-minded man, that there must be channels and conditions, through which a spirit can partially return into nature, and also that possibly there may be some human beings, who may be spiritually acted upon, as well as tables. Then too, it is said that Spiritualism is worthless, as a subject of thought, because the spirits never tell what was not known before. But no matter how stupidly it may be done, if a spirit can show himself at all, he does the

greatest thing of the age on this earth, for he returns by a door, where theology has said that there was no opening.

And now again let it be said that all this, which may seem novel and startling on the first reading, is yet nothing strange, if read in the spirit of the Scriptures, and by the light of history.

Spiritualism dated even as of Rochester origin, is of infinite importance to the state of mind, which denies its possibility. But to the mind which believes it, it may be very mischievous, or at best, may minister to a poor, low kind of spirituality, apart from the philosophy connected with it, and which involves in its completeness, both modern science and ancient history, and the experiences of almost every primitive tribe, and also which appeals to the New Testament, as to the discerning of spirits, and which strengthens itself as to its positions, by the history of the Christian Church, while it was in conflict with heathenism.

In manner, there is a great likeness between the mistakes respectively of some men of science and some adepts of Spiritualism—between philosophers with telescope and microscope—who think that they know all about God, because of their having searched out some of his ways; and Spiritualists, who think that they know all about the spiritual universe, from having a few spirits to talk with. And in neither of these classes do the professors remember the limitations under which they learn. For through a telescope, God is not seen, but only the divine way of handling dirt. And through spiritual mediums, there is communication with the spiritual universe, but only as to the first step perhaps on an endless flight; and on which step also, it is as Henry More said two hundred years ago, "There are as great fools among spirits as ever there have been in this world."

By the necessity of things, the best effect from the spiritual world cannot ordinarily result, from such communications as departed spirits can ever word, though even they may themselves rank with seraphs in wisdom; but it must come from such thought as may be quickened in good minds, well educated by education, and by faith in the Holy Spirit, with a willingness to wait for it and to trust it. And in the same manner, however mysterious may be the way of it, the first truth of God in any soul, is by revelation; for it is a flash to the mind, or it is a sudden terror of the conscience, or that it is an infinite yearning of love. But what it really be, it is a something with very different qualities from anything which can enter the mind through the telescope, or be started in the understanding, purely

There have been many outbursts on the world, which have been in a general sense, like what is now called Spiritualism. Such was the movement which began with George Fox. Such also was the commencement of what is called Shakerism, and such, though in a manner less strongly marked, were the beginnings of the people called Irvingites, of some thirty years ago, and also of the Franciscans, who are an order of friars in the Catholic Church. But indeed these are instances out of a multitude of such things, which might be cited at will, from history, ancient and modern, and from the experiences of the last thirty years.

Through George Fox, "the Spirit" was a rebellion against that formalism of thought into which Englishmen began to fall, soon after the Reformation. And whatever else it may be, the Spiritualism which is commonly supposed to have begun at Rochester, is a witness against the materialism to which men were inclining to succumb, under the undue influence of science. And indeed as to these things, there actually is a philosophy, and which is none the less sure, for being only distant akin to mineralogy or ichthyology.

There are two sides to a thunder-storm, what is below, and what is above, as to state. And similarly as to this earthly world; and from the spiritual world above, with which there is human connection, there are effects to be experienced and even perhaps to be incurred, by laws which act through human want; and which may be not unlike perhaps to the demands of a decaying region below, on an atmosphere above, and which get answered by thunder and lightning and sanitary good.

Electricity is generated in more ways than one, as by the spontaneity of nature, by artificial contrivances, and by what may be called accidental causes. And so spiritual fire may be flashed on a man from above; or it may be caught from another like a flame; or it may burst from some heart, like spontaneous combustion, and like the experience of the Psalmist, "My heart was hot within me, while I was musing, the fire burned: thou spake I with my tongue."

The recent revival in the North of Ireland, like twenty other revivals, was an outburst of spiritual power, by which many hundreds, and even perhaps thousands of souls, were acted upon in a way, by which they manifested many things, in curious analogy, with the phenomena of Spiritualism. Why was this? and if that revival were a reality, and Spiritualism be not an imposture, why were not the two things exactly alike as to their effect? Simply, because the people concerned were not the same people in the two matters, and

were not looking in one and the same direction. Pressure on a man bodily may vary in many ways, and so may pressure on a man spiritually. And perhaps the connections and susceptibilities of a man through his spirit, may be innumera- bly many more than through his body.

The Spirit, as it came on Samson, was one thing, for result ; and as it came upon Paul, it was another ; though to both, it was from the same God the visitations were made.

In an age characterized by an infestation of "unclean spirits," exorcism was an appropriate manifestation of power superhuman or extra-natural. And if to-day, tables are tipped, or danced about, or made to seem intelligent, contrary to the laws of nature, it may be because of what has seemed right to spirits, perhaps at no great height above this earth, and far below the step, on which the seraphs stand in rank about the throne of God. Or it may be, that table-tippings and similar things, are even directly concurrent with the designs of Providence, and are to be accounted as means, whereby the minds of men may be exorcised and freed from fascina- tion by the laws of nature, which, though true enough for men as mere mortals, are not the half of the truth for them as immortal souls.

And if through some mediums, Spiritualism should seem to stand apart from Christianity, and therefore to be strange and portentous, then let an incident in the Gospels be considered, and let it be noticed how easily the confidence of a Christian ought to transcend even the heroism of mere honesty. "And John answered and said, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name ; and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us. And Jesus said unto him, Forbid him not ; for he that is not against us, is for us."

PROFESSOR HUXLEY AND SIR DAVID BREWSTER ON SUBJECTIVE SENSATIONS.

By THOMAS BEEVER.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY in his *Lessons in Elementary Phy-*
(an excellent little text book for teachers and
and girls' schools), in treating of wh
sations, and which he tells us may
influence of the body ;" remarks :—

"Many persons are liable to
spectra—music of various degrees

their ears, without any external cause, while they are wide awake. I know not if other persons are similarly troubled, but in reading books written by persons with whom I am acquainted, I am sometimes tormented by hearing the words pronounced in the exact way in which these persons would utter them, any trick or peculiarity of voice, or gesture, being, also, very accurately reproduced. And I suppose that every one must have been startled, at times, by the extreme distinctness with which his thoughts have embodied themselves in apparent voices.

"The most wonderful exemplifications of subjective sensation, however, are afforded by the organ of sight.

"Any one who has witnessed the sufferings of a man labouring under *delirium tremens* (a disease produced by excessive drinking), from the marvellous distinctness of his visions, which sometimes take the form of devils, sometimes of creeping animals, but almost always of something fearful or loathsome, will not doubt the intensity of subjective sensations in the domain of vision.

"But that illusive visions of great distinctness should appear, it is not necessary for the nervous system to be thus obviously deranged. People in the full possession of their faculties, and of high intelligence, may be subject to such appearances, for which no distinct cause can be assigned. The best illustration of this is the famous case of Mrs. A. given by Sir David Brewster, in his *Natural Magic*.

The chief points of this famous case Professor Huxley proceeds to quote; and in concluding it, remarks—"It should be mentioned that Mrs. A. was naturally a person of very vivid imagination, and that, at the time the most notable of these illusions appeared, her health was weak from bronchitis and indigestion."

I give the narrative in full as it is related by Sir David Brewster; some of the incidents omitted by Professor Huxley being as interesting and significant as any part of the case.

1. The first illusion to which Mrs. A. was subject was one which affected only the ear. On the 26th of December, 1830, about half-past four in the afternoon, she was standing near the fire in the hall, and on the point of going up stairs to dress, when she heard, as she supposed, her husband's voice calling her by name, "——— Come here! come to me!" She imagined that he was calling at the door to have it opened, but upon going there and opening the door she was surprised to find no person there. Upon returning to the fire, she again heard the same voice calling out very distinctly and loudly, "——— Come, come here!" She then opened two doors of the same room, and upon seeing no person she returned to the fire place. After a few moments she heard the same voice still calling, "——— Come to me, come! come away!" in a loud, plaintive, and somewhat impatient tone. She answered as loudly, "Who are you? I don't know where you are;" still imagining that he was somewhere in search of her: but receiving no answer she shortly went up stairs. On Mr. A.'s return to the house, about half an hour afterwards, she inquired why

he called to her so often, and where he was; and she was, of course, greatly surprised to learn that he had not been near the house at the time. A similar illusion, which excited no particular notice at the time, occurred to Mrs. A. when residing at Florence about ten years before, and when she was in perfect health. When she was undressing after a ball, she heard a voice call her repeatedly by name, and she was at that time unable to account for it.

2. The next illusion which occurred to Mrs. A. was of a more alarming character. On the 30th of December, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. A. came down into the drawing room, which she had quitted only a few minutes before, and on entering the room she saw her husband, as she supposed, standing with his back to the fire. As he had gone out to take a walk about half-an-hour before, she was surprised to see him there, and asked him why he had returned so soon. The figure looked fixedly at her with a serious and thoughtful expression of countenance, but did not speak. Supposing that his mind was absorbed in thought, she sat down in an arm chair near the fire, and within two feet at most of the figure, which she still saw standing before her. As its eyes, however, still continued to be fixed upon her, she said, after a lapse of a few minutes, "Why don't you speak, —?" The figure immediately moved off towards the window at the further end of the room, with its eyes still gazing on her, and it passed so very close to her in doing so, that she was struck by the circumstance of hearing no step nor sound, nor feeling her clothes brushed against, nor even any agitation in the air. Although she was now convinced that the figure was not her husband, yet she never for a moment supposed that it was anything supernatural, and was soon convinced that it was a spectral illusion. As soon as this conviction had established itself in her mind, she recollected the experiment which I had suggested, of trying to double the object; but before she was able distinctly to do this, the figure had retreated to the window, where it disappeared. Mrs. A. immediately followed it, shook the curtains and examined the window, the impression having been so distinct and forcible that she was unwilling to believe that it was not a reality. Finding, however, that the figure had no natural means of escape, she was convinced that she had seen a spectral apparition like those recorded in Dr. Hibbert's work, and she consequently felt no alarm or agitation. The appearance was seen in bright daylight, and lasted four or five minutes. When the figure stood close to her, it concealed the real objects behind it, and the apparition was fully as vivid as the reality.

3. On these two occasions Mrs. A. was alone, but when the next phantasm appeared her husband was present. This took place on the 4th of January, 1830. About ten o'clock at night, when Mr. and Mrs. A. were sitting in the drawing room, Mr. A. took up the poker to stir the fire, and when he was in the act of doing this, Mrs. A. exclaimed, "Why there's the cat in the room!"—"Where?" asked Mr. A. "There, close to you," she replied. "Where?" he repeated. "Why on the rug to be sure, between yourself and the coal scuttle." Mr. A., who had still the poker in his hand, pushed it in the direction mentioned. "Take care," cried Mrs. A. "take care, you are hitting her with the poker." Mr. A. again asked her to point out exactly where she saw the cat. She replied, "Why sitting up there close to your feet on the rug. She is looking at me. It is Kitty—come here, Kitty!" There were two cats in the house, one of which went by this name, and they were rarely if ever in the drawing room. At this time Mrs. A. had no idea that the sight of the cat was an illusion. When she was asked to touch it, she got up for the purpose, and stepped as if she were pursuing something which moved away. She followed a few steps, and then said, "It has gone under the chair." Mr. A. assured her it was an illusion, but she could not believe it. He then lifted up the chair, and Mrs. A. saw nothing more of it. The room was then searched all over, but no cat was found in it. There was a dog lying on the hearth, who would have been a great uneasiness if a cat had been in the room. Mrs. A. lay perfectly quiet, and was to be quite certain, Mr. A. rang the bell for the housekeeper, and she brought in the cats which were found in the housekeeper's room.

4. About a month after

the, Mrs

msaw] :

fatiguing drive during the day, was preparing to go to bed about eleven o'clock at night, and, sitting before the dressing glass, was occupied in arranging her hair. She was in a listless and drowsy state of mind, but fully awake. When her fingers were in active motion among the papillotes, she was suddenly startled by seeing in the mirror a figure of a near relation, who was then in Scotland, and in perfect health. The apparition appeared over her left shoulder, and its eyes met hers in the glass. It was enveloped in grave clothes, closely pinned, as is usual with corpses, round the head, and under the chin, and though the eyes were open, the features were solemn and rigid. The dress was evidently a shroud, as Mrs. A. remarked even the punctured pattern usually worked in a peculiar manner round the edges of the garment. Mrs. A. described herself as at the time sensible of a feeling like what we conceive of fascination, compelling her for a time to gaze on this melancholy apparition, which was as distinct and vivid as any reflected reality could be, the light of the candles upon the dressing table appearing to shine fully upon its face. After a few minutes, she turned round to look for the reality of the form over her shoulder; but it was not visible, and it had also disappeared from the glass when she looked again in that direction.

5. In the beginning of March, when Mr. A. had been about a fortnight from home, Mrs. A. frequently heard him moving near her. Nearly every night as she lay awake, she distinctly heard sounds like his breathing hard on the pillow by her side, and other sounds such as he might make while turning in bed.

6. On another occasion, during Mr. A.'s absence, while riding with a neighbour, Mr. —, she heard his voice frequently as if he were riding by his side. She heard also the tramp of his horse's feet, and was almost puzzled by hearing him address her at the same time with the person really in company. His voice made remarks on the scenery, improvements, &c., such as he probably should have done had he been present. On this occasion, however, there was no visible apparition.

7. On the 17th March, Mrs. A. was preparing for bed. She had dismissed her maid, and was sitting with her feet in hot water. Having an excellent memory, she had been thinking upon and repeating to herself a striking passage in the *Edinburgh Review*, when, on raising her eyes, she saw seated in a large easy chair before her, the figure of a deceased friend, the sister of Mr. A. The figure was dressed, as had been usual with her, with great neatness, but in a gown of a peculiar kind, such as Mrs. A. had never seen her wear, but exactly such as had been described to her by a common friend as having been worn by Mr. A.'s sister during her last visit to England. Mrs. A. paid particular attention to the dress, air, and appearance of the figure, which sat in an easy attitude in the chair, holding a handkerchief in one hand. Mrs. A. tried to speak to it, but experienced a difficulty in doing so, and in about three minutes the figure disappeared. About a minute afterwards, Mr. A. came into the room, and found Mrs. A. slightly nervous, but fully aware of the delusive nature of the apparition. She described it as having all the vivid colouring and apparent reality of life; and for some hours preceding this and other visions, she experienced a peculiar sensation in her eyes, which seemed to be relieved when the vision had ceased.

8. On the 5th October, between one and two o'clock in the morning, Mr. A. was awoke by Mrs. A., who told him that she had just seen the figure of his deceased mother draw aside the bed curtains and appear between them. The dress and the look of the apparition were precisely those by which Mr. A.'s mother had been last seen by Mrs. A. in Paris in 1824.

9. On the 11th of October, when sitting in the drawing room, on one side of the fireplace, she saw the figure of another deceased friend moving towards her from the window at the farther end of the room. It approached the fireplace, and sat down in the chair opposite. As there were several persons in the room at the time, she describes the idea uppermost in her mind to have been a fear lest they should be alarmed at her staring, in the way she was conscious of doing, at vacancy, and should fancy her intellect disordered. Under the influence of

this fear, and recollecting a story of a similar effect in your work on *Demonology*, which she had lately read, she summoned up the requisite resolution to enable her to cross the space before the fireplace, and seat herself in the same chair as the figure. The apparition remained perfectly distinct till she sat down, as it were, in its lap, when it vanished.

10. On the 26th of the same month, about two p. m., Mrs. A. was sitting in a chair by the window in the same room with her husband. He heard her exclaim, "What have I seen?" And on looking at her, he observed a strange expression in her eyes and countenance. A carriage and four had appeared to her to be driving up the entrance-road to the house. As it approached, she felt inclined to go up stairs to prepare to receive company, but, as if spell-bound, she was unable to move or speak. The carriage approached, and as it arrived within a few yards of the window, she saw the figures of the postilions and the persons inside take the ghastly appearance of skeletons and other hideous figures. The whole then vanished entirely, when she uttered the above mentioned exclamation.

11. On the morning of the 30th October, when Mrs. A. was sitting in her own room with a favourite dog in her lap, she distinctly saw the same dog moving about the room during the space of about a minute or rather more.

12. On the 3rd December, about nine p. m., when Mr. and Mrs. A. were sitting near each other in the drawing-room occupied in reading, Mr. A. felt a pressure on his feet. On looking up, he observed Mrs. A.'s eyes fixed with a strong and unnatural stare on a chair about nine or ten feet distant. Upon asking her what she saw, the expression of her countenance changed, and upon recovering herself, she told Mr. A. that she had seen his brother, who was alive and well at the moment in London, seated in the opposite chair, but dressed in grave clothes, and with a ghastly countenance, as if scarcely alive. Such is a brief account of the various spectral illusions observed by Mrs. A.

I cite the foregoing account from two of the most eminent authorities of the present age in matters of science, as the best explanation which science has to offer on this interesting subject, and especially as the highest "Philosophy of Apparitions," which science has to give. It is given in full, notwithstanding its length, that it may lose none of its force. If Natural Philosophy is adequate to explain all the phenomena which the world hitherto has regarded, and for the most part still regards, as supernatural, so be it. It is not we, the Spiritualists, who wish to shun the light or to shirk any facts, new or old, or from any quarter. Our quarrel is not with science but with the men who, speaking in the name of science and claiming its authority, stubbornly ignore or deny facts which run counter or seem to do so to their theories, and lead to conclusions which some among them seem as though they would fight to the death sooner than acknowledge. In certain matters they are the staunchest of Pre-Baconites. They will on the high *à priori* ground insist on determining beforehand what is possible and what is impossible, what can and what cannot happen; they have set up stakes and boundaries within which all are free to labour and to learn, but which may not be passed; just as the clergyman may inquire and teach freely within the articles he has subscribed, but liable to be deposed if he goes beyond or counter to them.

To facts concerning beetles and butterflies your hard-headed scientific men will pay every attention, but too often they have no ear nor heart for facts which most nearly concern men as evidencing their true inner nature and immortal life. For facts of this class they have no respect, and are utterly regardless of their own rules of uncaring experiment and induction. One who is no mean authority on both the physical and spiritual nature of man, has remarked:—"Evidence on spiritual subjects is regarded as an impertinence by the learned; so timorous are they and so morbidly fearful of ghosts. If they were not afraid they would investigate; but nature is to them a churchyard, in which they must whistle their dry tunes to keep up their courage."

I hope that Spiritualists may be preserved from this fatuity, and that they will strive to make themselves as familiar with the points which may be thought to tell most heavily against them as with those which they deem most convincing and conclusive in their favour.

It is difficult to fix the precise moment when darkness ends and light begins. No one knows better than Professor Huxley how hard it is to draw a sharp line between the vegetable and the animal kingdoms, between man as a physical being, and the higher members of the animal kingdom immediately below him; or between reason on the one hand and instinct on the other. And yet between all these there are certain broad and plain distinctions so clear that the simplest minds perceive and comprehend them. So with regard to man—having both a physical and a spiritual nature, being an inhabitant of the two worlds of matter and of spirit, and sustaining subtle and intimate relations with both, we find, and naturally expect to find, phenomena constantly presenting themselves which stand doubtfully to us between the two, sometimes apparently interwoven, or running the one into the other, and so perplexing the judgment, and rendering it difficult to determine whether the facts in question are in their origin and order natural or supernatural.

Now it is to phenomena of this class that the philosophers who in their theories exclude spiritual causation and spiritual agency, concentrate all their attention, hoping that by tracing these facts to purely physical origin, they may stretch their net so as to gather within it all facts which at points may bear a superficial resemblance to them; and so shut out the spiritual altogether. This is like inferring that because some of the anthropoid apes have the *hippocampus minor* in common with man, that therefore man is only the natural development of the anthropoid ape.

That there are instances of spectral illusion and of purely

subjective sensation no intelligent Spiritualist we suppose would question. We have no occasion to press into the service of Spiritualism cases at all of an ambiguous or doubtful nature: nor am I aware that Spiritualists at all insist upon them. Let the professors, if they will, take the entire collection, and make the most of them; as indeed they are in the habit of doing. For this "famous case of Mrs. A." and the kindred one of Nicolai the Berlin bookseller, are the stock cases which come round in all their essays on the subject with the unfailing regularity of clown and pantaloon in the Christmas pantomimes. We are sometimes reminded that ghost stories are generally related by believers in them, and that some allowance should therefore be made for their bearing in that direction. To whatever extent this consideration applies, it has equal force applied the other way to such cases as those of Mrs. A. and of Nicolai, which are evidently narrated and have been repeated with the object of damaging as far as possible all belief in supernatural appearances. As admitted by Sir David Brewster, in the letter on Natural Magic, from which the account of Mrs. A. is quoted by Professor Huxley—"When we describe extraordinary and inexplicable phenomena which we believe to be the result of natural causes, the mind is prone to strip them of their most marvellous points, and bring them down to the level of ordinary events." Perhaps some confirmation of this may be seen in the different explanations of Professor Huxley and Sir David Brewster of the examples cited by both. The former, as we have seen, quotes "the famous case of Mrs. A." as "the best illustration" that "people in the full possession of their faculties, and of high intelligence, may be subject to such appearances (illusive visions) for which *no distinct cause* can be assigned; while Sir David Brewster distinctly affirms that "in the case both of Nicolai and Mrs. A. the immediate cause of the spectres was a deranged action of the stomach;" and a few pages before, in speaking of "the state of Mrs. A.'s health when she was under the influence of these illusions," he couples "a disordered state of the digestive organs," with her having "naturally a morbidly sensitive imagination."

That the senses as well as the judgment may sometimes deceive us, by conveying wrong impressions to the mind, especially in cases of *delirium tremens* and other states of nervous derangement or of organic and functional disorder, is one of those common-places of which it is sometimes useful to remind us, and which is particularly suitable in a text-book for boys and girls; but in any serious discussion its value depends entirely on the application made of it and its pertinence to the matter in hand. Of course, Professor Huxley, in the work

from which we have quoted, does not pretend to shew that the "famous case of Mrs. A." has any bearing on the question of the reality of spiritual apparitions—a question which in such a treatise would have been obviously out of place, though we are not sure that there is not an *arrière pensée* in this direction; but the object of Sir David Brewster, in bringing forward this case is confessedly that "we may arrive at such a degree of knowledge on the subject (of spectral apparitions beheld by a person of sound mind in the broad light of day) as to satisfy rational curiosity, and to strip the phenomena of every attribute of the marvellous;" and by the marvellous it is evident that Sir David here means the supernatural; and he quotes Dr. Hibbert as having "shown that spectral apparitions are nothing more than the ideas or the recollected images of the mind, which in certain states of bodily indisposition have been rendered more vivid than actual impressions." And for nearly half a century philosophers, great and small, and other persons not philosophers at all, in writing on ghosts and spectral illusions, have been incessantly ringing the changes on the cases of Mrs. A., and Nicolai, and the Spectre of the Brocken; as if in quoting these the whole subject was disposed of.*

Now I confess I cannot see the sense, or even the honesty of this course, except on the plea that these writers know no better—that they are ignorant of notorious facts, and which it much concerns them to know; and without a knowledge of which, whatever their attainments in other respects may be, they are not competent even to enter upon the discussion of the question. No one acquainted with the literature of Spiritualism can have any pretence for asserting that Spiritualists rest their case on the experiences of persons suffering from disordered stomach, *delirium tremens*, or deranged nerves; or that they attach significance to such instances as "the famous case of Mrs. A." Why then all this display of cheap bravery—this beating of the air? Why do not our learned professors and men of science

* Whether an abnormal physical state be the efficient cause, of spectral apparitions, or whether this simply furnishes the conditions that favour the power of spirits to manifest their presence, it is not necessary, even were we able, to determine. But there is another possible solution which our professors do not seem even to have considered. It is well known to those who have paid attention to these things, that clairvoyants and psychometrists see frequently not the actual objects they describe, but impressions or images which they affirm those objects have made, and which would seem to be indelible. In a paper on "Psychometry" (*Spiritual Magazine*, No. 9, Vol. V.), I have given instances of this. I only refer to it now, incidentally, to shew that there are possibilities and facts undreamt of by modern philosophy, but which nevertheless have their place, and an important one, in the system of things, and which a large-minded and higher philosophy, not "afraid of a large number of important facts" must at some time take into its account.

fairly grapple with the *genuine* and weighty facts which bear on the point, instead of valorously slaying the dummies and sham giants set up for that express purpose? Until they do this, I must commend their case to the consideration of Professor De Morgan for his next Bundle of Paradoxes as a choice example of that species of false reasoning known as the *ignoratio elenchi*. They are keen sportsmen who choose partridges for their sport, but after a day's hard shooting bring home only a brace of harmless cock-sparrows.

I would start the right game for them in the hope that it may, perhaps, help to save the recurrence of so mortifying an experience; and to the end that in the future their fire may be rightly pointed; or (to drop metaphor), I propose to remind them of a few well-known instances illustrating the kind of evidence which intelligent Spiritualists regard as having a direct bearing on the question.

Perhaps (for who knows what may happen in these days of the "march of intellect") some distinguished professor may hereafter—say in the twenty-second century—have a glimmering that the old familiar well-worn precedents referred to do not exhaust the inquiry, and coming to it with fresh interest and open mind may make his induction on the basis of a larger and more accurate knowledge,—may learn from a careful survey of the whole field of observation to discriminate between the spiritual beings who at times make their presence visible or audible among us, and the ghosts evoked by a disturbance of the digestive apparatus. I imagine our professor to be a man more anxious for truth than for reputation, seeking to know something more of the nature of man than can be learned by counting his bones, and placing the white and gray matter of the brain under his microscope; anxious to know whether any basis exists for a true science of pneumatology, and to whom the independent existence and active powers of the human spirit freed from mortality, and the possible relations it may still bear to the world in which its mortal life was passed, and the all but universal belief of all generations of men, are not questions so trifling and silly as to merit only a sneer; but subjects to which the best powers of the mind and the fullest investigation may be worthily devoted. To this future professor I humbly suggest consideration of the following among other instances as supply reasonable tests of the truth of alleged spiritual manifestations and of the sufficiency or insufficiency of the theories to account for them on purely physical principles which the earlier sciences have put forward.

Sir David Brewster draws particular attention to, pointedly insists on, the state of health of the patient in c

nection with spectral and auditeral illusions; "as the spectra seen by Nicolai and others had their origin in bodily indisposition." Let us, then, take the case of one to whose experience no objection on the score of bodily indisposition can be alleged—a man, moreover, accustomed to careful observation, of mature judgment, highly disciplined by scientific training and long experience in practical affairs. Such a man was Swedenborg, the eminent mathematician, philosopher, theologian, and man of business,—an abstemious, methodical, matter-of-fact man; with a mind ripened by a practical knowledge of all the science of his time, in the full possession of all his faculties,—a man of sound mind in a sound body; and, withal, most scrupulously faithful to the exact truth, even to the smallest particulars. Well, for the last thirty years of his life, Swedenborg habitually saw and conversed with spirits, and has given us very copious "Memorable Relations of things heard and seen" by him. With his dying breath, after partaking the sacrament, in answer to a question put to him, he solemnly asserted the truth of what he had written; and (as we shall see) there is most conclusive proof that he was not the victim of hallucination. I can only briefly refer to one or two instances in point, referring the reader for others to a full and able *Life of Swedenborg*, by William White.

Jung Stilling relates that an intimate friend of his, a merchant of Elberfeld, "who would not have dared for all the world to tell an untruth," called upon Swedenborg, and in conversation mentioned the proofs he had heard of Swedenborg's intercourse with spirits, and expressed the wish to have a similar proof for himself. Swedenborg was willing to gratify him. The merchant then said, "I had formerly a friend who studied divinity at Duisburg, where he fell into a consumption, of which he died. I visited this friend a short time before his decease; we conversed together on an important topic; could you learn from him the subject of our discourse?" "We will see. What was the name of your friend?" The merchant told him his name. "How long do you remain here?" "About eight or ten days." "Call upon me again in a few days; I will see if I can find your friend." The merchant took his leave and despatched his business. Some days after he went again to Swedenborg, in anxious expectation. The old gentleman met him with a smile, and said, "I have spoken with your friend: the subject of your discourse was, *the restitution of all things*." He then related to the merchant with the greatest precision, what he, and what his deceased friend had maintained. "My friend," (says Stilling) "turned pale, for this proof was powerful and invincible."

Another instance evidencing the reality of Swedenborg's claim of seeing and conversing with spirits is the following:—

In 1761, Louisa Ulrica, Queen of Sweden, received a letter from the Duchess of Brunswick, in which she mentioned that she had read in the *Gottingen Gazette*, an account of a man in Stockholm, who pretended to speak with the dead, and she wondered that the Queen, in her correspondence, had not alluded to the subject. The Queen had no doubt heard of a remarkable instance of the exercise of this power by Swedenborg which had just occurred in her capital, and had made a great sensation. This coupled with her sister's desire, made her wish to satisfy herself by an interview with Swedenborg. Captain de Stahlhammer (who regarded Swedenborg's "belief in the apparition of spirits," as "the only weakness of this truly honest man,") is the one out of many authorities whose narrative of what passed at that interview I here present:—

"A short time after the death of the Prince of Prussia, Swedenborg came to Court (being summoned thither by the Senator, Count Scheffer). As soon as he was perceived by the Queen, she said to him, "Well, Mr. Assessor, (he was the Assessor of the Board of Mines) have you seen my brother?" Swedenborg answered 'No;' whereupon she replied, 'If you should see him remember me to him.' In saying this, she did but jest, and had no thought of asking him any information about her brother. Eight days afterwards, Swedenborg came again to Court, but so early that the Queen had not left her apartment called the white room, where she was conversing with her maids of honour and other ladies of the Court. Swedenborg did not wait for the Queen's coming out, but entered directly into her apartment and whispered in her ear. The Queen, struck with astonishment, was taken ill, and did not recover herself for some time. After she was come to herself, she said to those about her, '*There is only God and my brother who can know what he has just told me.*' She owned that he had spoken of her last correspondence with the Prince, the subject of which was known to themselves alone."

The Chevalier Baylon, relates that in an interview with the Queen, "she told me herself, the anecdote respecting my brother, with a conviction which appeared extraneous to me." M. Thiebault, a French savant of the time of Voltaire, also had the same relation from the Queen her sister Merian, and other members of the Academy, being present. Dr. Wilkinson, the biographer of Swedenborg, remarks on these and similar relations:—"Did space permit we could produce a little volume of testimony to the truth of these narratives. The Baron de Grimm, an avowed atheist, in relating the s

passes this judgment on it :—“ This fact is confirmed by authorities so respectable, that *it is impossible to deny it* ; but the question is, how to believe it.” How, indeed, if with Professor Huxley and Sir David Brewster we are to reduce all experiences of this kind to mere “ subjective sensations ? ” There is no question here of bodily disorder, and even if there were, we have yet to learn that a disordered stomach qualifies its possessor to attain a knowledge of the secrets of the so-called dead. “ People in the full possession of their faculties, and of high intelligence, may be subject to illusive visions, for which no distinct cause can be assigned,” says Professor Huxley ; but this is only a candid confession of ignorance of the cause of these appearances, so far as such cases are concerned ; a confession which one so learned in many things can well afford to make ; and so far he is wiser than Sir David, for ignorance on a particular point, is always, especially in a public teacher, preferable to error. But the study of Swedenborg and Spiritualism is peculiarly adapted to meet this defect, as it assigns the “ particular cause,” and the only adequate cause to the production of these particular effects.

In the case of the Swedish seer the evidence of sight was corroborated by the sense of hearing, and their concurrent testimony to the objective reality of the spirits whom Swedenborg saw and conversed with, was in certain instances demonstrated by the disclosures they made to him, and which were found in strict accordance with the facts. In the next instance to which I shall refer—that of the Epworth Ghost in the Wesley family,—the sense chiefly addressed was that of *hearing*, though there was evidence of an active intelligent agency, which appealed also to the senses of both *sight* and *feeling* ; for besides “ loud knocks, groans, footsteps, the rustling as of a silk dressing gown, and other noises ; various objects were *seen* to move, sometimes for a ‘ pretty while ’ together, though no agent was visible, and thrice an apparition was seen by different persons ; Emily Wesley, and her father, were each, at different times, *pushed against* with great force by an invisible power ; the latter once with such violence as to be nearly thrown down by it ; and the bed on which sister Nancy sat was lifted up with her in it.” It was evidently an intelligent agency, for it would imitate Mr. Wesley’s particular knock at the gate, and other sounds, repeating them any given number of times, according to request. It was “ easily offended ; ” could be made “ angry,” and even “ outrageous,” and, in particular was, more loud and fierce if any one said it was rats, or anything natural. It forewarned of impending affliction, and had decided Jacobite predilections. As to the

evidence for these things, Priestley, who wrote a pamphlet on the subject, considers it, "one of the best attested cases of the kind on record." Dr. Adam Clarke remarks "The accounts are so circumstantial and authentic as to entitle them to the most implicit credit. The *eye* and *ear* witnesses were persons of strong understandings and well-cultivated minds, uninctured by superstition, and in some instances, rather sceptically inclined." "They used" he says, "the utmost care, scrupulosity and watchfulness, to prevent them from being imposed upon by trick or fraud That they were *preternatural*, the whole state of the case and supporting evidence seems to shew." There are five separate narratives of these occurrences written at the time by different members of the Wesley family; besides the diary of the Rev. Samuel Wesley the father, the statements of Robin Brown, the man-servant, and of the Rev. Mr. Hoole, rector of Haxey, "an eminently pious and sensible man;" and lastly, "John Wesley, carefully enquired into the particulars on the spot." He took down what each could testify of his or her own knowledge; and published a narrative of the transactions in the *Arminian Magazine*. Coleridge considered "the true and only solution" of these things to be "a contagious nervous disease," a view which I have fully discussed in an appendix to the *The Two Worlds*; I will therefore only state here, that this contagion must have extended to all the members of the family, including the sleeping children who were awakened by these disturbances, and domestics, as well as an occasional visitor; it even affected the "stout mastiff" who whined, trembled, and sought shelter, even before anything was seen or heard by the family. In this case I particularly call attention to the corroboration of the objective character of the phenomena, furnished by the testimony of so many intelligent, *healthy*, independent eye and ear witnesses. Were their senses of sight and hearing all alike suddenly impaired by this peculiar nervous disease? Was the dog also a nervous subject under the same strange hallucinations?

I confess that the poet's diagnosis seems to me rather a projection from the depths of his own consciousness than an induction from the facts—a conjecture as to what he thought the cause should or might have been, rather than a well-founded conclusion as to what it actually was. That the medical authorities have not sufficiently appreciated the philosopher of nature's contribution to pathological science may, perhaps, be due to the unavoidable circumstance that it came before them too late for verification, even by *post mortem* examinations. But are there no cases more recent than those of the Wesleys? Certainly there are: ple

instance, there is the case of the double apparition of the spirit of Captain G—— W——, of the 6th Dragoons, killed before Lucknow, and who, on the night of his death, November 14th, 1857, appeared to his widow in Cambridge, and to another lady resident in London; and which apparition was the means of correcting officially an erroneous date in the despatches of the Commander-in-Chief, and of detecting an inaccuracy in the certificate of the War Office. The full particulars of this case, given by Robert Dale Owen in his *Footfalls on the Boundary of another World*, (pp. 299—303), were obtained by him directly from the parties themselves, who, with one exception only, I believe, are still living; and the certificates from the War Office are in his possession.

Still more recent were the supernatural disturbances at the house of M. Joller, a well-known lawyer of Lucerne and a member of the Swiss National Council. M. Joller has published a work of ninety-one pages, giving a full account of them. They consisted of violent rappings and knockings all over the house at all hours day and night. The very wainscot was seen to bend beneath the blows. Sighs, groans, and voices uttering piteous lamentations, and occasionally, music accompanied with singing, in a melancholy tone, were heard. The rappings responded promptly to questions. Doors and windows were no sooner fastened than they would be suddenly flung open, and those standing open would be as suddenly closed. Showers of stones would fall in the rooms where the family were, though without hurting any one. Furniture was moved about, and articles were conveyed from one part of the house to another. The spirits at length boldly showed themselves openly and were seen by different people. M. Joller not only felt a soft stroking on the forefinger of his left hand, but he on one occasion seized a hand of one of the spirits. He found it soft, solid, and warm, as a living hand; and felt distinctly the thumb and fingers, which soon, however, drew themselves away.

Here, again, the hypothesis of illusive sensation is altogether untenable, and even absurd. There was in this instance the combined testimony of *sight*, *hearing*, and *touch*. In the family of M. Joller, "superstition was as it ever had been, a rejected thing." At first, and for a long time, M. Joller was scornfully incredulous, as to spirits having anything to do with the disturbances. Like Sir David Brewster, spirits was the last thing he would give in to; but he had in the end to give in to them; for the un pitying *poltergeists* drove him not only from his scepticism, but from his house. Not till he and his quitted the home which had been in possession of the family for a hundred years did their perse-

cution cease. The subject was the talk, not only of his own little canton, but of all Switzerland; thousands came, and the manifestations went on before them in full force and variety. The house was literally invaded. Shut out at the doors, people clambered in at the windows. Among others who came and investigated, were M. Obermatt, President of the Court of Justice; Judge Schalberger; M. Jann, Police Director; Chancellor Zimmerman; Dr. Jose Deschwarden, learned in Natural Philosophy; Dr. Christen; Land Captain Zelger, Father Guardian, and the Episcopal Commissary Niederberger. It was all of no use: they were as much puzzled as learned, scientific, and reverend men in like circumstances have been before them. Old or young, learned or simple, men of the law, men of the gospel, men of science, all were alike confounded; all when they came to M. Joller's house were alike suddenly afflicted with the same "subjective sensations," and which ceased as suddenly on their leaving the house.

I will cite only one other case—that of Frederika Hauffe, commonly known as the Seeress of Prevorst. Like Swedenborg, she saw spirits when perfectly awake, by day and by night, alone and in company; and whatever her state of health or of mind at the time. Her case is fully related by her physician, the late Dr. Justinus Kerner, chief physician at Weinsberg, a man whose sincerity and good faith has never been impugned even by the most determined sceptic. The abridged translation of his work by Mrs. Crowe, consisting of 350 pages, is one continuous record of spirit-manifestations, many of them of the most convincing kind. It is true that the Seeress (unlike Swedenborg in this respect), was a great invalid, and therefore to avoid all cavil on this score, I rest nothing on her own averments, unless adequately supported by independent evidence and testimony. The spirits seen by her were by some *seen* at the same time, and by others *heard*, when the spirits conversed with her. She would so accurately describe spirits whom in their mortal life she could not have seen or heard of that they would be fully recognised by those who had known them. On the authority of these spirits she would relate facts which had taken place years before. In one instance, she was thus the means of recovering a paper of great value, and so of preventing a great injustice against a widow and her children which would otherwise have been committed; this paper being the only proof extant that the alleged debt of her late husband had been paid. The story is fully detailed by Kerner and by Eschenmayer; it is verified by official papers, and its truth attested, among other witnesses, by High Bailiff Heyd and Finance Minister Fizer. Frequently, on the *vis*

her loud knocks would be heard, and sounds as of the rolling of a ball, the rustling of silk, the patter of feet, and the throwing of gravel; and this not only in her own house, but in the houses of others; in Dr. Kerner's, for instance, where also, as he tells us, "a small table was flung into a room without any visible means, and the pewter plates in the kitchen were hurled about in the hearing of the whole house."

Experiments were made and traps were set to test her truthfulness, and the objective reality of the spirits seen by her; but far from shaking the truth of her statements they only more fully confirmed them. Dr. Kerner says "I visited Mrs. H. at least three thousand times—passed hours and hours with her—was better acquainted with her associates and circumstances than she was herself; and gave myself inexpressible pains to investigate reports, but I never could discover deception." And he himself though at first incredulous, had both ocular and audital evidence of the truth of her statements.

But the point in her case to which I would specially draw attention is this. A few weeks before her death she was attacked with fever, in which state she had experience of those spectral illusions of which Sir David Brewster and others make so much, and seem to think that because some persons experience them in certain states of health, that disposes of the whole question. Well, Mrs. Hauffe had this experience, and what is her testimony, given under circumstances of peculiar solemnity, for it was made to her physician only a few days before her death, and with a full consciousness of the impending change. Dr. Kerner says:—"In one of her last days she told me, *that, during her fever, she often saw visions; all sorts of forms passed before her eyes, but it was impossible to express how entirely different those ocular illusions were to the real discerning of spirits; and she only wished other people were in a condition to compare those two kinds of perception with one another; both of which were equally distinct from our ordinary perception, and also from that of second-sight.*"

Striking as this testimony is, I do not expect that it, or the evidence to which I have referred, or indeed, any evidence, will bring conviction to some minds. Either from natural defect (corresponding to colour blindness), or from education and habit, or the force of those combined, they cannot entertain the belief of the presence and agency of spirits in our midst. Where they cannot altogether ignore facts pointing to that conclusion, they must find or make some scientific or *quasi* scientific hypothesis to otherwise explain them. The departed wife of a philosopher wishes to make him sensible of her presence and to commune with him,—it may be communicate something which shall benefit

himself or others. How is she to do it? By what means can the conviction be brought home to him? He sees a luminous form which looks and smiles like her, but that he has learned is an optical illusion. She raps on the walls of his study, or on his table; she speaks to him, touches the strings of the familiar guitar and plays a few notes of her old favorite tune;—that is *auditory spectra*, perhaps arising from a disease of the auditory nerves. She moves his furniture, touches his dress, his person,—it is all hallucination: he does not see and feel these things, he only *thinks* so, they are but subjective sensations. While he holds the pen she controls his hand and traces her autograph upon the paper,—that is automatic action. She reminds him of events that were known only to themselves,—that is but past feelings renovated. She informs him of circumstances about to take place, and which take place as she had foretold him,—well, it is only an unconnected coincidence, or perhaps cerebral sensing. In short, do what she will, she finds, alas! that she is disappointed, baffled; her husband is so great a philosopher and so scientific that all converse with him has become impossible. It is vain to hope that any facts or arguments I can adduce will make any favourable impression upon minds thus strongly fortified against them. I can only appeal from such minds to others who, if less versed in physical science, are also less fettered by theories, and more open to the recognition of the possibility of a spiritual science which transcends physics,—to those who are not deterred by any peril to reputation from the investigating that which is unpopular and despised, and from accepting and avowing it if upon fair investigation it is found to be true. And I do so appeal. I appeal to those who are not afraid of that terrible person Mrs. Grundy—not the ignorant vulgar Mrs. Grundy, but the more solemn and stately apparition of Mrs. Grundy in blue spectacles,—the presiding genius of Royal Societies and British Associations, and literary and scientific journals which talk in such fine phrases of “this enlightened Nineteenth Century.” From the doctors and professors who sit under the shadow of her awful presence, I appeal to you, O liberal large-minded professor, in “the good time coming,” and to all who value truth more than theory, or the idle opinion of the hour, to pursue this enquiry in an impartial, judicial spirit—so that your judgment may not be unduly swayed by theories formed in a closet, or by facts irrelevant to the real issue but that as true and honest men; you give your verdict in accordance with the evidence before the Court.

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY.

THE Committee of the Dialectical Society, under the able presidency of Dr. James Edmunds, continue their sittings for the purpose of receiving evidence of the reality of what the initiated believe to be spiritual manifestations. They have had before them men of high character and, in some instances, of literary and scientific attainments; and a mass of testimony has already been obtained from the witnesses, who have spoken only of their personal experiences, which if fairly reported must establish beyond all reasonable doubt that the phenomena of which we Spiritualists speak *are real*, and are not to be explained away by the idle babblings of uninformed men who repeat stereotyped stupidities and attempt to mislead the public by discrediting the *facts*. "Facts are stubborn things;" and when, as in this case, they are fully proved, and opponents like the young journalist who boasts that he would rather explain the phenomena by "taking refuge in collusion, deception, self-revelation, and rats,"* are set at rest, what will this Committee do with them? Many of the leading members—unhappily for

* This is the climax at which the writer of a leading article in the *Echo*, of June 9th, arrives; and the editor must be heartily ashamed of the lieutenant to whom he entrusted the duty of attacking the fortress of Spiritualism. This writer says, that "human credulity is stronger than demonstration," and straightway proceeds to "try it on" with the readers of the *Echo*, by writing an article which, where it is not absolutely puerile and illogical, is entirely untrue. If the editor is content to accept the responsibility of such articles, and the spirited proprietors of that useful journal think it will add to its reputation, as well as profit, so much the worse for the public who trust in the teachings of the *Echo*. But I protest against a policy which is neither fair nor honest journalism! These anonymous attacks are indeed but a species of literary Fenianism, which strikes a covert blow and gives the victim no chance of defending himself. If you, Messrs. Editor and proprietors, make capital by allowing attacks such as the one in question, upon a subject of such wide-spread interest, whereby the circulation of your paper is immensely increased, you should, at least, allow men whose intelligence and character are assailed by a tissue of mis-statements to be heard in reply. But this, it appears, you will not do. Mr. Varley has written a letter to you which, though you admit "is able and interesting," is too long forsooth for insertion; though I know it would not have occupied so much space as the article of which I complain, and which would have been refuted at once by Mr. Varley's "able and interesting letter." This is what I feel justified in denouncing as ungenerous and unjust, and is a course of proceeding which I am sure the respectable firm who own the *Echo* would not sanction in their general dealings with the public. Is journalism, then, freed from moral responsibilities? *Echo* answers,—"'Tis."

themselves—are strongly imbued with materialistic philosophy, and yet they will have no alternative but to admit and to plainly assert that the phenomena are not to be attributed to the disordered imaginations of men like De Morgan, Robert Chambers, William Howitt, Alfred Wallace, the Wilkinsons, and Cromwell Varley; but whether these sceptical members of the Committee ever realise them or not by their own experiences, they cannot tell the body of Members of the Dialectical Society that these wonderful facts, which the press of this country and the Faradays, Brewsters, and Tyndalls, have derided and denounced are other than solemn verities, and that the believers in the spiritual origin of these facts are neither fools, tricksters, nor madmen! Then again, I ask, what will they do with the facts? It would indeed be an impotent conclusion to admit their reality and leave them unexplained. That we know has been done before! It will not do either to take refuge in the exploded theory of the late Dr. E. C. Rogers who, in his work, "*The Philosophy of Mysterious Agents*," attributed the phenomena—physical and intelligent—to a cerebral or mental action of the medium—that is to say, that a table could be raised to the ceiling of the room, as I have seen it, or a fact unknown to the medium or the enquirer, as Mr. Varley testifies, can be explained by a mere unconscious action of the brain. Nor will it do to adopt the theories of several who followed Dr. Rogers, viz., Professors Mahan, Dr. Samson, Mr. Charles Bray, and others, who, as stated in Mr. Sargent's recent work, "*Planchette, or the Despair of Science*," adopted the apneumatic or *no-spirit* view in regard to the phenomena, who have done little more than either to put in a new and expanded form the arguments of Dr. Rogers, or to substitute for his notion of Baron Reichenbach's odic force the simple hypothesis of nervous action. None of these opponents of the spiritual theory deny the facts. Professor Mahan says, "We admit the facts claimed by the Spiritualists. We admit the facts for the all-adequate reason that after careful inquiry we have been led to the conclusion that they are real. We think that no candid enquirer who carefully investigates can come to any other conclusion." So that if the Committee of the Dialectical Society should come to the same conclusion, they will be fortified against the probable sneers of the Press and some of their members by several men eminent in science who have years ago gone over the same ground. "The facts being admitted," Sargent says, "Professor Mahan finds in Reichenbach's odic force the mysterious agent by which they are manifested and it is somewhat remarkable that Reichenbach himself in his work disclaims for it all such power as these writers attribute to it."

I am myself unable to say whether the Baron disclaimed it before or since Rogers and Mahan published their theories. I am disposed to think it is since, and that the Baron's ideas were greatly enlarged after his visit to this country, where in my presence he obtained the first evidence of Spiritualism. Dr. Ashburner, one of the earliest and most consistent advocates of Spiritualism in this country, invited me to meet Baron Reichenbach at his house, and the after-dinner conversation, chiefly carried on between the Doctor and the Baron, partly in German (for the latter could not speak English fluently), was upon Spiritualism; and I believe I am right in saying that the Baron was at that time a sceptic. Dr. Ashburner had a small room prepared so as to exclude every ray of light, and in the evening the elder and the younger Mrs. Marshall were sent for, to try if we could obtain a manifestation of the odic lights. In this experiment we did not succeed; but the usual rapping sounds which accompany these and other mediums were heard, and greatly interested the Baron, who asked a question in German, and receiving an affirmative reply he proceeded to call over the alphabet in German, when he was told that the spirit of his wife was present. He then asked in German for her name (which was Friedericke), and the letters, "R I C K E" were given, which pleased and surprised the Baron, as that was the familiar abbreviation by which he was accustomed to call his wife, pronounced "Rika" I think.* At this sitting, two heavy plaster busts were taken from a shelf, high above our reach, and placed by the spirits upon the table.

To return to the proceedings of the Committee, who, as I have said, have had before them many witnesses, the most notable of whom is Mr. Cromwell Varley, both from his standing as an electrician and from the fact that most of his experiences have been obtained through the mediumship of his wife. His narrative, which was listened to with the deepest interest and occupied the entire evening, is much too long to repeat in this place. It will doubtless be published in full in the Committee's Report, and I shall, if the whole be not reprinted in the *Spiritual Magazine*, make some extracts from it at a future time. Mr. Varley explained that he was first led to a serious consideration of the subject, by exercising his power as a mesmerist upon the lady who afterwards became his wife. She was at that time

* Mr. Sargent in his book, *Planchette*, p. 240, on the authority of Mr. D. Hornüing, of Berlin, erroneously gives this *séance* as having happened at the residence of the Hon. Mr. Cowper, and connects it with incidents which took place at a subsequent *séance* at that gentleman's house. Ricke was, as I understood, the Baron's wife, and not his sister; but I may be mistaken in that particular.

suffering from an affection of the lungs, and obtaining the consent of her mother and herself, he tried to relieve her by mesmeric passes; during the process, frequently repeated, she became clairvoyant, and was accustomed to speak to him in the third person, minutely describing the nature of the disease, and directing him how to treat his patient *i.e.*, herself; she often went into an involuntary state of trance, and ultimately he was told through her own lips whilst in this abnormal condition, that a crisis was at hand which would be life or death; that she was to be carefully watched, and treated as he, the spirit who had charge of her should direct. Mr. Varley was then told to obtain certain specified medicines, to apply them when the emergency arose, and that at 28 minutes past five o'clock on a particular day the crisis would occur.

Having from previous experience entire faith in the fulfilment of the prediction, he became nervous of the responsibility cast upon him, and begged that he might have the assistance of the family doctor. But this was sternly objected to, and he was enjoined not to mention the revelation to his wife nor to any member of her family. He set his watch by Greenwich time, and awaited with much anxiety the issue. The day arrived, and precisely at 28 minutes past five o'clock, his wife became entranced and violently convulsed, and threw up a quantity of mucus, produced by the bursting of the gathering on her lungs. He applied the restoratives which he had ready prepared; she gradually revived and ultimately recovered from a disease from which she had been suffering for years; she has had no relapse, and is now in robust health.

Mr. Varley also related an incident which occurred to him in America. He was unacquainted with any of the Spiritualists in New York; as an entire stranger, he called upon a bookseller and made a purchase of some books on Spiritualism. From him Mr. Varley obtained the names of several professional mediums upon whom he called; each corroborated the statements made by the other in matters affecting his state of health, but one of them a Mrs. Manchester, volunteered a statement which very much surprised him. She said that she was impressed to him, that since he had left England, a dispute had arisen respecting a contract he had made before leaving London, that by the next steamer, he would receive important documents which would require his immediate attention. He knew nothing of the fact, had no thought that such a thing could occur, and of course Mrs. Manchester could not by ordinary means have known it. But on the following day he received a letter from his solicitor, containing a legal difficulty which had arisen, and of

immediate attention to the documents sent with it, by which Mrs. Manchester's spiritually impressed statement was fully verified.*

Of Mr. Varley, with whose views upon the general subject, apart from the spiritual origin of the phenomena, I do not concur, I may say I think he exhibits, considering that he is still a young man in active intercourse with men of science who no doubt "poke fun at him," a boldness and an outspoken honest frankness, which commands our highest respect; and it is to be hoped that his example may be followed by others who have not yet mustered courage to proclaim the truth to a sceptical world. Of the other witnesses who have come before this committee, I have reason to know that Mr. Thomas Shorter, whose brief but lucid statements, and his ready philosophic replies to the questions which were put to him, made a most favorable impression, and materially advanced the truth.

Mr. H., with whom I am acquainted, and who is engaged in commercial pursuits in the City, gave interesting evidence of his experiences with crystal seers. He had been a student of the spiritual philosophy he said, for more than 45 years, and was perfectly convinced of its truth. He considered that crystal seeing was a phase of Spiritualism, and a very reliable one. He had found that the faculty of seeing in crystal balls (of which he showed some beautiful specimens), and the mirror, was mainly with females, but of all ages from 7 to 70, and of all conditions—ladies of sylph-like form, and others of corpulent proportions. He had received through various mediums in this way, many thousand spiritual messages and answers to questions, forming 30 volumes of manuscript. Mr. H. gave an instance to prove the reliability of this power. Captain Burton the well-known African traveller, had made a visit to Mr. H. before he left England, on his celebrated pilgrimage to Mecca, which it is known that he accomplished in the disguise of a Mussulman. Some time after his departure, Mr. H., through a young seeress, wishing to know something of him, had the whole scene described in which Captain Burton was at that time engaged. The girl spoke of the spot as a sandy desert with a few trees; she said she saw a dark looking man dressed in shawls and turban, smoking a pipe. Another man came up and they quarrelled; she then recognized that one was Captain Burton, who had taken his revolver to defend himself against his assailant's dagger. At this moment, a third person

* The writer in the *Echo* laughs at Mr. Varley, for supposing there is anything more in it than any gipsy woman at Norwood could predict.

on horseback rode up and separated them, and no harm was done. Mr. H. made a record of this exactly as the medium had described. Some months after, Captain Burton called upon him, read the description, said it was true in every particular, and at once signed his attestation of it in Mr. H.'s book which he still has. In reply to a question put by Mr. Serjeant Cox, Mr. H. said he was satisfied that the mediums saw what they described, and that it was not to be attributed to imagination, as proved in the verified case of Captain Burton. The *messages*, he said, came as if written or printed in the mirror, and, in some cases, characters were so small, that they could only be deciphered by the use of a strong magnifying glass, seen, however, only by the medium, as he himself had not the faculty; but the same medium, a young uneducated girl, would at times read Hebrew characters, and treat upon metaphysics.

Mr. Manuel Eyre said he had 17 years' experience, and had seen in America some very marvellous manifestations, and, in one instance, he had seen a piano lifted up and played upon by the spirits. He was requested by some friends in America to find a register of baptism in this country, and he searched in vain for it through two counties. He was at length told by a spirit that he could get it through Mrs. Marshall. He went to her with a number of questions written out and numbered, and in reply to the one pertaining to the register, "Stepney Church" was spelt out. Being a stranger, he had never heard of Stepney, and asked if there was such a place. He went to Stepney Church, and there he actually found the register for which he had been hunting for three months.

One of the members of this committee, Mr. Serjeant Cox, is a believer in animal magnetism and electro-biology, (the power which an operator has of forcing his will upon another and making him believe that he sees, tastes, or feels that which he does not see, taste, nor feel!) and Mr. Cox has pressed this idea, to account for what many of the witnesses say they have positively seen. He admitted, however, in reply to a counter question which I put to him, that he himself could not be fooled in that way. But he is a barrister-at-law, a man of erudition, quick witted, and not yet a Spiritualist; and hence his immunity from those delusions which more common-place men fall under.

It is twenty-five years since I became convinced of the reality of mesmeric phenomena, of catalepsy, trance, clairvoyance and biology; and I well remember that the same denials made then by the scientific world; the same sneers and from the clever fellows who pretend to teach the multitude the same cries of imposture and delusion which has met the

of modern Spiritualism and its phenomena. And now, when very few men are to be found who disbelieve in mesmerism, it is not perhaps known, it is at all events not admitted, that Spiritualism has let the world into *that* secret. With these recollections, I cannot doubt but that Spiritualism, which has spread within a very few years more rapidly than any other *ism*, will ere long be the accepted belief of every wise and thoughtful man.

In the words of Dr. Hallock let me impress upon the minds of the scientific members of the Dialectical Society that "Spiritualism is no new problem which ought to have taken the disciples of science by surprise; it has rapped at the door of every thinker throughout the ages for a solution. Wanting it, the popular thought, misdirected by a theology that was stone blind, and which still remains so, has invested the immortality of its own faith with *grave-clothes*, and converted it into a *scare-crow*;—transforming the most beautiful and sublime process, whereby humanity is glorified, into a ghastly skeleton which its ignorance has named death, and converted it into an object of the profoundest horror. It was for science to strip these rags from the immortal spirit! Why has it not been done?"

And, again, in the eloquent words of the same writer, I will ask those who blindly oppose this great truth, "Is there not profound significance in the fact that the thing will not be killed? Whole asylums of the insane have been hurled at its head. All the usual means heretofore so effective in sending the devil to the right-about, have been applied in vain. Newspaper bullets have been fired at it from every rampart that could conceal a foe; the heavy ordnance of science and sectarianism, loaded with 24-pound theories, crammed to the muzzle with the grape and canister of ridicule, slander, and denunciation, have been brought to bear against it in the open field: and all to no purpose, save to injure the leaders of this furious onslaught, by the recoil of their own artillery."

I have, I am happy to say, established very kindly relations with several members of the Committee of the Dialectical Society, and especially of those who commenced the investigation in strong antagonism to Spiritualism. I feel sure that, at the close of their labours, their doubts and prejudices upon this subject will, at least, be greatly modified. That they will accept the Spiritual theory, I do not expect! That they *must* admit the facts, I have already said; and, in common with all Spiritualists, I shall look forward with great interest to see what they will do with them, and what they will say as to their own previous denial of them.

THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY AND MR. VARLEY.

MR. VARLEY has written the following excellent letter to the *Eastern Post* :—

“ Sir,—My attention has been drawn to a report of my evidence before the committee of the Dialectical Society in a recent number of your issue. I request, in the cause of truth and fairness to myself, that you will publish the following.

“ Upon the earnest request of several members of the committee I reluctantly consented to help them in their attempts to get to the bottom of those phenomena called ‘ Spiritual,’ on the understanding that nothing was to be published without my consent, and until I had an opportunity of revising the reporters’ notes. Believing that I was, in a measure, before a private committee, I detailed a great many things of a personal nature, which related to the alleged phenomena, and I have to complain of these things being put before the public. The very nature of the subject, the most extensive and intricate with which the mind of man has ever had to deal, makes it one which the general public cannot understand, and the attempt of your correspondent is of necessity incomplete.

“ My statements, which referred to the relations between the known physical forces and those phenomena which the Dialectical Society is inquiring into, are either omitted or abbreviated.

“ My real statement about Mrs. Manchester was to this effect :—

“ I had recently arrived in New York—was then acquainted with no Spiritualist in America, but had heard before-hand in England much of the clairvoyant power of certain people who work at it as a profession. I called at the office of a seller of Spiritual books, where I was wholly unknown, made a purchase, and asked where these media were to be found; receiving then the addresses of five or six, I determined to see whether they could describe my condition of health, as a test of their powers. I called upon three of them in succession; they all told me correctly the state of my health, and Mrs. Manchester volunteered information that I should have important legal documents, &c. by next mail. Now, I had had no communication with my solicitors since my arrival in the States, expected none at the time, and was greatly surprised at the contents of my solicitors’ communication when it arrived. I received this information by clairvoyance on the Monday, and on the following Wednesday was confirmed by the mail from England.

“ This was a case in which collusion was impossible.

entranced medium could not have obtained the information by reading my thoughts, because no such thoughts were in my head. All persons acquainted with the labours of Dr. Elliotson and Dr. Ashburner are aware that clairvoyants often have the power of reading the thoughts of others. This I have repeatedly tested for myself.

“I was careful to explain to the committee of the Dialectical Society how necessary it was in this intricate investigation not to rely upon one's own evidence, unless it is supported by collateral proofs, it being so easy for the unwary to be deceived, or to deceive themselves.

“I gave cases in which I and others at a distance from each other, and neither of us expecting any communications, had simultaneously the same news from the communicating power.

“I have never courted publicity—on the contrary, have avoided it as much as possible, and have only volunteered to detail the results of my investigations, extending over a period of more than twelve years, when people anxious about the matter have pressed me to help them. The fate of Socrates, Galileo, Baron Reichenbach, Dr. Elliotson, Dr. Ashburner, Dr. Grey (who is now the leading physician of New York), and many others, is sufficient warning to all not to avow publicly convictions dissonant with popular prejudices.

“The day has gone by for the infliction of social persecution upon those who investigate the facts of the material universe. Human knowledge has progressed during the last fifty years to such an extent that he seems ridiculous who attempts to indicate any boundary beyond which man's intellect will never be able to pass. Who would have believed, in the commencement of this nineteenth century, that light, chemicals, and lenses, would produce portraits, that anybody could travel from London to Glasgow in a comfortable carriage in ten and a half hours, or that messages could be rapped out from London to San Francisco on the one hand, and to China and India on the other, in less than an hour? I have sent a message from London by my own hand direct to Omsk, in Siberia, and received an answer back in less than three minutes. This message was rapped out by electricity in Siberia in a manner not much unlike that by which ‘spiritual’ communications are often transmitted by sounds through living media, the only difference being that while in the former case the power used has received the name of ‘electricity,’ and the channel that of ‘metal wire,’ in the latter case the power has not as yet been christened, its nature is not understood, and its medium of communication is only partially known.

“In my communication to Dr. Tyndall, who had requested a detailed description of some of the phenomena I had seen, I

told him the subject was not ripe for publication, even for scientific men. If the reading portion of London residents could be polled I don't think you would find five per cent. of them acquainted with the ordinary phenomena of somnambulism, the odic force, and mesmerism, and until one is somewhat familiar with these it is impossible to comprehend the much more intricate phenomena comprised under the names of clairvoyance and Spiritualism.

"You can scarcely select hap-hazard a dozen families, without finding one or two members of them who have received at the moment of the death of some near relative a communication announcing the fact at a distance. These communications are often made by the dying person appearing to some member of the family at the moment of passing away. The death-moment seems the most easy one in which to make such communications. Notwithstanding the enormous number of such cases, some of them supported with such striking collateral proof as to remove all doubt, the possessors of such information are afraid to narrate these interesting facts except under the seal of confidence, because the world at large ridicules that which it does not understand.

"In Plato's divine and moral works, subject 'Theages' or 'Wisdom,' Socrates tells Theages—'I have had by the favour of God, ever since I was born, a genius that always accompanies and governs me. This genius is a voice which, whenever it speaks to me, always diverts me from what I have a mind to do,' and much more to the same effect. Socrates boldly told the truth, and for exposing the superstition of the day was killed, but not until he had demonstrated, on the morning of his execution, the immortality of the soul.

"Joan of Arc, who led the French successfully against our soldiers, was burnt to death, not because the English were beaten, but because she declared that she was instructed by a voice from an unseen intelligence which she called 'God,' and as her conscience would not allow her to recant she was burnt, and as the flames approached her she exclaimed, 'Yes, my voices were from God!'

"Galileo, who taught that the earth rotated on its axis and revolved around the sun, only saved his life by going down on his knees and recanting.

"These are sufficient warnings of the state of public opinion respecting those who have the courage to avow a knowledge of facts, dissonant with popular prejudices.

"Wesley, the founder of a religion bearing his name, was a witness of the spiritual phenomena called raps, which occurred in a marked manner in his own family, one or more of whom

were rapping media. All the details are perfectly authenticated by documents written and signed upon the spot, and many of the facts will be found in *Southey's Life of Wesley*. Swedenborg, again, a scientific writer of no small power, had most remarkable experiences as a conscious clairvoyant.

"In the case of the Sceress of Prevorst many instances are given, attested by declarations of medical men and state functionaries, of remarkable phenomena similar to many I have personally witnessed. Dale Owen's list of cases in his *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World* are well worth perusal.

"The Indian Government some years since caused an official inquiry to be made into the reality of certain mesmeric phenomena among the natives, and the result of the inquiry confirmed the truth of the facts of mesmerism. Notwithstanding all these and many other existing records of unusually well authenticated cases, it is surprising how few people in this country have attempted to inquire into or know anything about the subject. I know many medical men who, when the study door is locked, freely and earnestly discuss these matters, and tell their own experiences, but at the same time confess that they dare not open their mouths to others, fearing the fate of Dr. Elliotson, who lost a practice of thousands a year for telling the truth.

"How many are there in London who know of the existence of the Mesmeric Hospital? In the spiritual works, of which there are hundreds of volumes, principally of American authorship, and kept in stock only in this country as far as I know by Mr. Burns, of Wellington Road, Camberwell—in these works the nomenclature is greatly at fault. The word 'spirit' is most frequently used to express that which Plato meant by the word 'soul,' and the word 'magnetism' for the power by which a person is entranced or influenced by some other person. But the upper end of a large piece of rock-crystal produces the same action upon many people, and the force is not magnetism. The word 'electricity' is used to express a great many unnamed scarcely recognized powers, which operate in plants, animals, and men. 'Time' and 'space' are frequently referred to to express metaphorically 'correspondencies' which we are unable to comprehend, though having some distant relation thereto. Spirits of higher intelligence than ourselves seem not to know of space and time in our sense of these words, hence the student of such literature is sorely perplexed at first.

"Notwithstanding the vastness of the field of inquiry, there are certain facts which almost any one can with care and patience establish.

"1st. That those who have died so far as the flesh and blood body is concerned, do still exist, and can under certain conditions

make known to those still in the earthly body that they live and retain their identity and individuality.

"2nd. That the next stage of our existence is one of progress—rapid with those who have been kindly natured and active here, and who act up to the law promulgated by Confucius 2,300 years ago, and adopted by every great subsequent lawgiver, namely—'Do you unto another what you would that that other should do unto you.' Progress is slow with those who have been brutal, slanderous, and guilty of high crimes causing great suffering, such, for instance, as that imperfectly expressed by the phrase 'sharp practice.'

"3rd. It further *seems to be beyond doubt* that in man's next stage of existence he is unable to conceal his true nature, his body in that state being formed of what was his memory in this life. The whole of his acts and thoughts, while on earth, are constantly before himself and his neighbours so long as the consequences of these acts and thoughts remain in action.

"In conclusion, when I was pressed by the Dialectical Society to explain to them the results at which I had arrived, I cautioned them not to accept them as anything better than the merest conjectures or attempts at hypotheses. That spiritual phenomena exist, any man possessed of common sense can prove for himself by experiment. The best existing explanation of them is probably as wide of the truth as alchemy was from chemistry; nevertheless, the pursuits of the alchemists have in the form of chemistry led to the production of much more wealth than entered into their wildest dreams, and the discoveries of some of the causes of contagious diseases have already lengthened the average term of human life. I have yet to learn that it is irrational to endeavour to discover the causes of unexplained phenomena, and no amount of adverse public opinion will deter me in my endeavour to clear up this question.

"I am, Sir, yours truly,

"June 6th, 1869."

"C. F. VARLEY.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE letter from the *New York Tribune*, signed W. D. L. (an evident misprint for W. D. G.), which appeared in our last number, is from the pen of Professor Gunning, one of the able geologists of America. The tintype to which he refers is shewn to us by him when he was in London about three y

ago. He also related the circumstances under which he obtained the spirit-portrait of his deceased wife with his own photograph from a photographer who was a stranger to him, and who was even more astonished than himself at its appearance on the plate. The likeness was beyond question. On subsequently visiting a medium who knew nothing of the circumstance, he received a communication from his wife that she had impressed him to go to the photographer in order that her portrait might be taken for him, as the conditions at that time were particularly favourable for the purpose.

We may notice here that *The British Journal of Photography* (which has treated this subject on the whole with commendable fairness), in an article on "Spiritual Photography," in its number of January 29th, points out means by which an image once impressed on the glass may be resuscitated, and by which any number of "spirit" pictures may be made to appear in the finished picture. To do this, it is only necessary that either before or after the exposure in the camera, the figure which it is sought to be made to appear should be printed on the iodised plate from a transparency with an opaque ground. An exposure to the light of a candle or gas flame for a few seconds suffices to produce the image. "In this way we once, to the profound amazement of a clerical friend, took a portrait of him which, when developed in his own presence, showed him supported on the right by the Apollo Belvidere, and on the left by the Greek Slave."

This explanation is however based on a misconception of the subject. That images once made on a glass may be reproduced, and that, secondly, figures may be made to appear, has been well known from the first; and were this all, no intelligent Spiritualists would ever have regarded such pictures as spirit-photographs. What they affirm, and what on the trial of Mr. Mumler was proved by sworn evidence, and is shown by other testimony is, that a correct likeness of deceased persons has frequently appeared on the plate along with the portrait of the sitter. On an imperfectly cleaned plate, or, we believe on any plate, an image once impressed may by successive discharges of electricity, and possibly by other means, be reproduced; but by no art of the photographer can the correct portrait of a deceased person be given under the conditions under which spirit-photographs have been obtained. To those who have carefully read the evidence given on Mr. Mumler's trial, we need scarcely point out that it was sworn in evidence that spirit-photographs had been obtained where no portrait or image of the person existed, on plates never previously used, without artificial aid, and with the whole process carefully watched by very competent observers.

THE LONDON CONFERENCES.

This series of Conferences was brought to a conclusion on Monday, May 31st, with the unanimous thanks of the audience to the chairman, committee, and the several speakers; and with a small balance in hand with which to re-open them during the ensuing winter. The audiences have been good, and the interest well sustained from the beginning. They have elicited many interesting experiences, and much valuable argument and testimony. The success which has attended this experiment, and the spirit of enquiry it has stimulated has led to meetings and lectures in other parts of the metropolis, and to the introduction on a similar plan of monthly conferences at Manchester. There are many places where Conferences on Spiritualism might with great advantage be introduced. Many persons would be thus induced to relate and compare experiences which would not otherwise be given, and when the various bearings of the subject might be considered. This would prepare the way for lectures, books, and publications, and the formation of spirit-circles for experimental investigation.

Probably the Committee of the London Conferences would be willing during the recess to correspond with those who may wish to hold Conferences on Spiritualism in other places, and are desirous of information, and to assist them in any other way that they may be able.

HENRY JAMES ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

By all who know him well, Mr. James will be regarded as an essayist and metaphysician who has no superior in America, and a most vigorous master of the English tongue. We learn from the *Advertiser* that he read a lecture recently to a select circle, in which he gave his views on the woman question, and it may interest our readers to know what is said by a profound and original thinker upon that theme.

Mr. James said: Undoubtedly, if I do not greatly misinterpret history, women are destined henceforth to be a leading and no longer a servile force in human affairs. But then that issue will take place only by their becoming more and more feminine, and less and less masculine. If women were themselves as sagacious as men are, to discern their inbred and overflowir divinity of nature, they would do their best to enhance rath than obscure every evidence of that merely intellectual inequality of theirs with men, which, while it insures man's priority merc worldly, material or professional respects, leaves wom

herself sacred with the halo of every distinctively spiritual or personal charm. Men's professional activity has been of immense service doubtless to the progress of civilization; but the legitimate prestige thus attached to it is now fast deserting it. Citizenship, to the illustration of which all our professional activity is directed, and which means the *regime* of outward law in human affairs, is a low conception of human destiny when measured against society or fellowship, which means the *regime* of inward freedom or attraction. And if this is so, and no thoughtful person will say me nay, how untimely an aspiration it would be on the part of woman to enlist in the professions!

"I think it an excessively shabby thing on the part of men to keep up any of the statutory disabilities that continue to stigmatize women's free activity, or debar them from any civic, any political, or any professional franchise they may choose to covet. This pusillanimity on men's part grows to some extent out of the essentially low conception of human destiny which has hitherto prevailed upon the earth, and which has left men blind to the divine side of our nature; but to a greater extent out of the instinctive dread men feel of women becoming like themselves. Men know to the very marrow of their bones how consistent the greatest civic, political, or professional eminence is with the most arrant meanness and poltroonery in all human regards; and, when women threaten to become parsons and attorneys and politicians, they naturally enough feel that all that still sanctifies humanity is going by the board. I have no doubt the fear is honest, but I believe it to be altogether chimerical. For assuredly women's future will never belie their past. If they have been womanly in the past, they will be vastly more so in the future, when their emancipation from the tyranny of men will leave their instincts free to assert themselves. I have no fear that women, save in very small squads, will ever flock to the polls; for their bare admission to equality with men, in this function, will evince so improved an honesty on the part of men, that we may be sure rival parties will above all things take care in constructing their platforms that the feminine interest and honor be amply vouched."

SPIRITUALISM IN THE LOUISIANA LEGISLATURE.

By the provisions of a legislative act of Louisiana to provide a revenue for the support of the State Government, the Spiritualist mediums, inhabitants of the State, are compelled to pay a license of one hundred dollars. This most unjust provision of the law has recently been brought prominently before

the attention of the Legislature, in a petition from Messrs. W. R. Miller and E. F. Simon, who have thoroughly exposed the flagrant injustice of such a statute, illustrating their views in a direct and forcible manner, and asking for the immediate repeal of a restraining act of such wrongful operation on a large class of the population. The petitioners proceed to say that, "considered in its true light, Spiritualism is a religion, the belief or unbelief in which pertains solely to the individual conscience of man, and as such cannot be taxed in a country of free and enlightened people any more than Catholicism, Methodism, or any other religious denomination." They likewise remind the Legislature of Louisiana that the State law is in conflict with the refusal of Congress, on a direct proposal, to impose any tax upon Spiritualists.

The petitioners proceed further as follows:—

Now it may be that the framers of this law, imposing a tax or license upon Spiritualists, had only in view the class of persons called *healing mediums*, and if so your petitioners would respectfully represent that it was done without due consideration of the merits of the case. It is of public notoriety that thousands of diseased persons, whose cases have been despaired of and abandoned by the regular physicians, have been relieved and cured by the prescriptions and the laying on of hands of healing mediums. It is also a well-known fact that this class of mediums never exact any fee, and many refuse to receive the payment their services would justly entitle them to, and that those who have relinquished all other occupations to devote their whole time to this God-like mission of philanthropy have been sustained only by the precarious bounty of some grateful patient.

In consideration of those facts your petitioners must be excused for saying that the legislators who would unwittingly tax these imitators and followers of Jesus, would, with equal propriety, have taxed Christ himself and his Apostles, in their time, for performing similar acts. Your petitioners are well aware that much imposition has been practised upon the public under the name of Spiritualism, but they would further represent that they are now organized into a regular corporate body, styled the "Central Association of Spiritualists of Louisiana," organized under an act of the legislature of this State, approved May 14th, 1855, entitled "an act for the organization of corporations for literary, scientific, religious and charitable purposes," and that by the provisions of section three of article three of said charter, they are empowered to grant letters of fellowship to such of their members as they shall deem fit, and that by this provision all impositions may in future be prevented and unmasked.

They would further represent that a grateful public can benefit conferred upon suffering humanity by healing mediums, prevent them, by taxation or otherwise, from fulfilling their charitable mission, would result in great injury to the poor to pay the high fees of regular physicians, avail themselves of their services, freeing themselves from the ills to which they are liable.

They therefore propose an alteration of the law, so that exact no license from healing mediums duly organized under the Central Association, who shall not take fees, from those who do; with different arrangements, not hail from the Central or other Spiritualist Associations of the State of Louisiana.

THE PRESS.

During the past month the *Echo* has again made itself conspicuous by not only sneering at the whole subject of Spiritualism, but by casting ridicule on the observers of its facts, and opprobrium on all who call themselves mediums, who are in all cases impostors. This is the tone of a well-considered article which recently appeared, and probably from the pen of Mr. Arthur Arnold, who is the principal editor of the paper. Now, it happens that that gentleman has a brother, Mr. Edwin Arnold, a distinguished literary man, respecting whom we violate no confidence in saying that he is a well-known and acknowledged Spiritualist. This, of course, his brother, the editor of the *Echo*, is aware of, and yet he thinks he can afford to let his paper be the organ for such a charge, which, if it be true, makes out his own excellent brother to be either a noodle or a rogue. Besides this, Mr. Jeffery, one of the proprietors of the *Echo*, is one of the more active of the committee of the Dialectical Society, and not only specifically admits that his views on the subject have been materially enlightened in favour of the facts, but by the repeated adjournments of the committee, and the many witnesses examined, Mr. Jeffery conclusively shews that there is a substantial case to inquire into. It would be much better for him to remind his editor, Mr. Arthur Arnold, of this, and to prevent him from longer misleading the public. He should, at all events, either tell the truth or hold his tongue.

 SPIRITUALISM IN NORWOOD.

THE *Norwood News* of May 22, under the head "SPIRITUALISM," has the following article:—

"Although we do not for the present propose to re-open our columns to the discussion upon the subject of Spiritualism, the following account of a *séance*, held on Monday, the 10th inst., at Mr. Jones's house, Enmore Park, will probably be interesting to many of our readers.

"Mr. Jones had invited to his house to meet Mr. Home, Dr. Cresswell, Mr. A. Bremner, of Albert Road, South Norwood, the Proprietor of the *Croydon Advertiser*, and the Editor of this Paper; and upon the evening in question, a lady, a friend of Mr. Jones's, Mr. Home and Mr. Jones were also present. The

room in which the party assembled was large and well lighted, the light being sufficient to see the maker's name upon a watch in very small characters. Having been shown some spirit-drawings and portraits, we were invited to inspect the table which was to be operated upon. It was a somewhat heavy mahogany dining table, on four legs, and with brass castors. We were allowed to move it about, and there certainly appeared to be no secret mechanism in the table itself, or in any way connected with it. The cloth having been removed from the table, we all sat round it, our hands resting on it, and entered into conversation upon various subjects. Mr. Home sat in an easy unconstrained manner, joining in the conversation, at times moving his hands from the table, and generally apparently unconcerned.

"After sitting for some ten or fifteen minutes, a slight vibration of the table was felt, and then raps were heard, apparently on various parts of the table. These raps were heard for some time, sometimes more and sometimes less distinct; they were heard also when Mr. Home's hands were off the table. The sceptics (Dr. Cresswell, Mr. Bremner, Mr. Ward, and ourselves) looked in turn under the table at Mr. Home's legs and feet during the continuance of the sitting, and they were quite motionless. The table then rose slightly off the ground and moved up to the persons sitting at one end and the other, and the raps becoming more distinct Mr. Home stated that a message was about to be given. One of the party repeated the alphabet, and as the letter required to be used was named, raps were heard. The following words were thus formed:—'WE DO ALL THAT WE CAN TO CONVINCING YOU THAT WE LIVE, AND THAT GOD IS LOVE.' At each letter of the name of God a tremulous motion of the table was perceptible.

"At Mr. Home's suggestion one of the sceptics asked that the table should be made light, and to his surprise when he placed his hand under the edge of the table it moved up as lightly as a sheet of paper. He then said, 'Please let it be heavy,' and it required considerable exertion to move it off the ground. Each of the sceptics tried this experiment in turn, and with the same result. Two of them then went with Mr. Home into another room where there was a heavy mahogany lloo table on a pillar and claw, and immediately they placed their hands on it: it tilted from one side to the other; and when Mr. Home was sitting some three feet away from it, it moved about two feet in the opposite direction to that in which Mr. Home was sitting. The table became very light and very heavy by turns, and violently without shaking off a small statuette standing on a glass shade in the centre of it. The chairs also moved

room appeared to shake, whilst raps were heard on the walls, the windows, and on the table itself. Returning to the other room, the whole party sat again round the table, and an accordion of Mr. Jones's, which had been previously inspected by the sceptics, was observed to rock upon the table; and Mr. Home, having asked whether the spirits wished to play upon it, and being answered in the affirmative, he held the accordion at arm's length by the lower end of it (that is, not the key end) under the table, one of the sceptics moving his seat so that he could observe the movements of the accordion. The accordion then commenced playing, and the 'The Blue Bells of Scotland' being mentioned by Mr. Bremner, a bar or two of that air was played; then Mr. Jones asked for some echoes, and a series of echoes proceeded from the accordion with remarkable precision and a very beautiful effect. Some louder strains then proceeded from the accordion, and Mr. Home held the accordion close to the feet of the writer hereof, so that he could feel the keys moving up and down against his feet. Mr. Ward was asked to look under the table; he did so, and saw the accordion playing—Mr. Home only holding it by the reverse end, and with one hand, his other hand being upon the table. The accordion then ceased playing, and repeated raps being heard, the alphabet was called over, and the following words spelt out: 'We regret that we can do no more.'

"We do not intend to enter upon any speculations as to the cause of the manifestations we have related. We are not believers in Spiritualism, although we confess ourselves totally unable to discover the cause, or the motive power of what we here relate. Mr. Home was at times sitting away from the table when raps were heard and movements felt. The accordion he certainly only held by one hand. We were allowed to watch him as closely as we pleased. He did not fix his attention upon any of us, or we might have imagined ourselves under mesmeric influence. We were permitted to examine the furniture, to move it about, to make any remarks, and to ask any questions we pleased. We were perfectly sober. Some tea and coffee had been served out—the writer partook of none; and we are as we have said, utterly unable to say from what cause or by what power the various incidents occurred. We can only say that they certainly happened very nearly as we have recorded them, and we have to thank Mr. Jones and Mr. Home for their courtesy towards us. We went to Mr. Jones's house disbelieving his statements of fact: we saw phenomena which were sufficient to shew us that all he has related could occur by the same power, whatever that power may be."

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

AUGUST, 1869.

LETTERS FROM JUDGE EDMONDS, WITH A
LETTER FROM MR. S. C. HALL.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

New York, June 11, 1869.

SIR,—In your number for June, and from my correspondents in England, I learn that the testimony I gave in the Spirit Photograph case has excited much interest with you as it did here. The account which I gave in my testimony of the incident in question was very brief, and most miserably reported, for I saw at the time that the reporters were too intent upon listening to take down my words, but had to depend on memory for their account.

I intended in due time to give to the world the account which I wrote down at the time, and the subsequent information; but I was requested by the parties interested in the case not to publish it here until after the argument in "Bank" on "Points Reserved" on the trial; and as I did not wish to do harm to any one, I complied.

That argument will take place this month, and be finished before you can publish the account, or at least before publication of it can reach this country. I have therefore concluded to send it to you for publication, if you think it while to give it to your readers.

I enclose a recent publication of a letter from a much correspondent, from your side of the "Great Water."

Truly yours,

J. W. ELLIOTT

A SCENE IN THE BROOKLYN COURT-HOUSE, NEW YORK,
NOVEMBER, 22, 1868.

AN incident occurred to me last Friday, too interesting to be lost, and so I make a minute of it.

I was attending Court in Brooklyn, and was waiting for the termination of a trial then in progress, so as to bring on a case in which I was counsel. I took no interest in the case then on trial, but sat inside the bar, reading a newspaper.

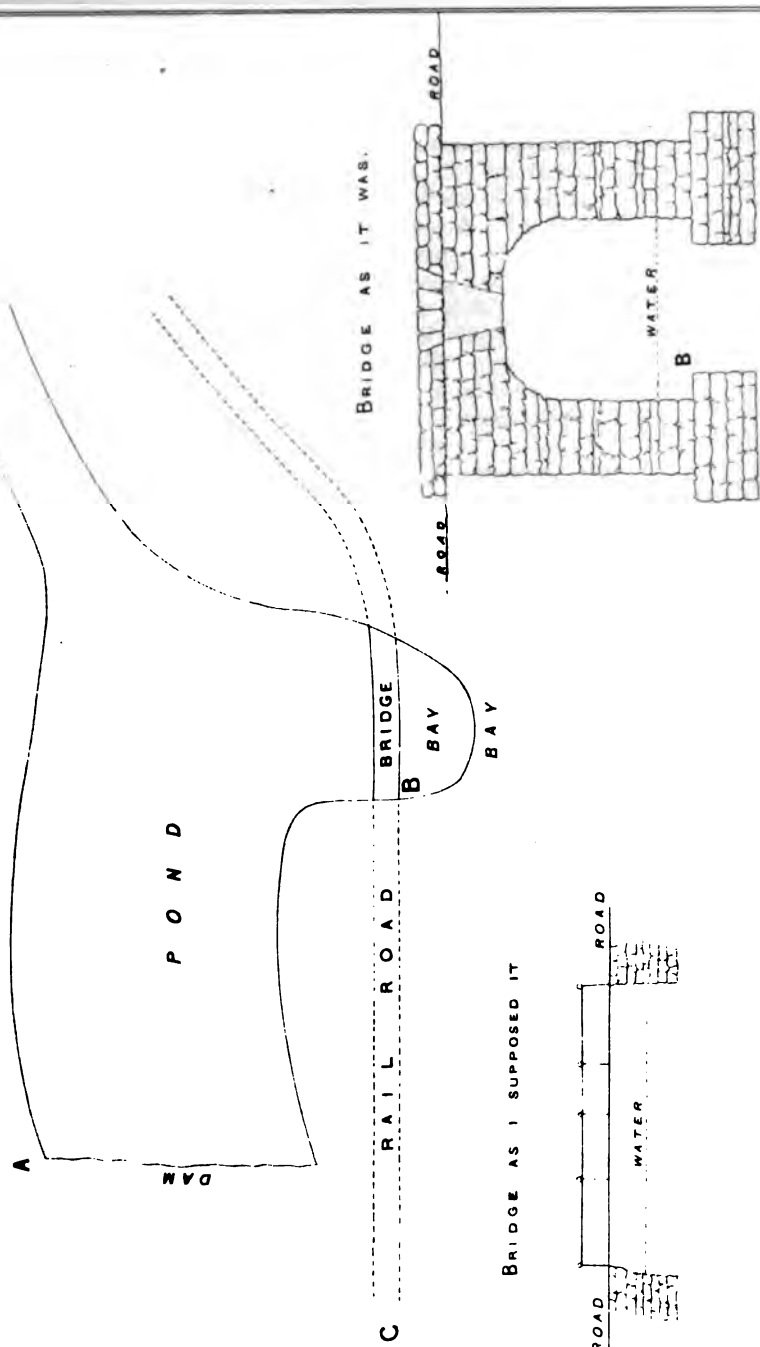
On looking off the paper, I saw the spirit of a man standing just behind the jury, and so far elevated that his body from his waist up, was above the head of the jurors. He was about fifty years old, and had an intelligent countenance and an earnest look. As soon as he perceived that he had attracted my attention, he said to me, "This is not right. My folks ought not to recover this money. I killed myself."

Until then I had known nothing of the case, except that I had learned that it was on an insurance policy. I now, however, made inquiry and learned that it was an action on a policy against accidents, and was brought by a young girl to recover \$2,000 for the loss of her father, whose dead body had been found floating in a pond, over a part of which a rail-road bridge was built, with the mark of a blow on the back of the head, just behind the ear, severe enough to cut through to the skull, but not through his hat, which was found on his head. It was proved that the blow had been severe enough to produce insensibility, and thus cause death by drowning, and the question was whether his death was voluntary or the result of accident. As soon as I had ascertained these facts, I resumed my seat and gave my attention to him. He was anxious to prevent a recovery against the insurers, and to have the facts known.

He told me how his death had occurred, and he gave me a description of the place where it had happened. From his description, I sketched on a piece of paper a diagram of the place, which I annex hereto. After preparing it, and before going any farther with him, I showed it to the counsel engaged in the case, and they told me it was correct as a general idea of the locality.

I then again resumed my seat, and he told me that he had passed along the road in the direction from *c* to *b*, until he came to a bridge built over an arm of the pond, and he had gone there for the purpose of throwing himself into the water. There he discovered a man chopping wood on the opposite side of the pond at *a*. He had intended to throw himself off the left side of the bridge, because there the water was deepest.

DIAGRAM OF THE LOCALITY.



1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which appears to be a directory or a list of contacts. The names are listed in a column, and the addresses are listed in a column to the right of the names. The names are: [Illegible names]. The addresses are: [Illegible addresses].

2.

But he was afraid that man might see him and rescue him, so he climbed over the right side of the bridge, and let himself drop into the water, and in his fall his head had struck a stone in the foundation of the bridge, which was concealed by the water, and hence the wound that was found on him.

I supposed the bridge was a wooden one, and not far above the water, and I could not well see how a fall of so short a distance, as I imagined it to be—3 or 4 feet only—could produce so severe a blow. So I again applied to the counsel, and they showed me a diagram of the bridge, which was in fact an arched stone culvert, some 12 or 13 feet above the surface of the water, with a projecting foundation to the abutments.

I then resumed my seat, after thus ascertaining that his story so far agreed with the facts of the case, and then he told me why he had killed himself.

Some 21 years before that he had had an attack of typhus fever, during which he had been deranged. After recovering from the fever he found himself subject to occasional fits of mental derangement, which would last with him for several days at a time. Of that he was himself fully conscious, and would struggle to overcome them. He was often successful in such efforts; but there were times when, in spite of all his efforts, the derangement would get the better of him, and at these times he would go away from his family, and be absent until he recovered his self control and his equanimity.

In process of time, he found that these fits of aberration increased upon him in violence and frequency, so that about two years before his death, his friends had committed him to the Lunatic Asylum in Hartford, Connecticut. He had remained there several months, when he was discharged, the faculty of the Asylum pronouncing him perfectly cured. He had thought so himself, and had resumed his business; but soon his fits of derangement returned upon him, and during the ensuing two years, they became so frequent and violent, that he finally gave up in despair. He knew that all his own efforts and the best medical aid did not cure, or even help him, and he saw nothing before him but a life of confirmed insanity, and that he must live and die either a drivelling idiot or a raving maniac. Such a fate he could not bear to contemplate, and he had, therefore, determined to die.

While he was giving me this detail, Dr. Butler, the principal of that asylum, was examined as a witness, both as an expert in the disease, and as to the particular condition of this man's mind. I was listening to his testimony, when the spirit suggested to me these four questions to put to Dr. B. I wrote them down from his dictation at the time.

"Can a man be afflicted with a mental alienation or derangement, and yet, at the same time, be himself perfectly conscious of it?"

"Can that consciousness be so distinct in the man as to enable him at times to exercise his will over the disease to the extent of controlling, and sometimes of actually suppressing and overcoming it, even when the fit is on him?"

"Can his condition be such, that at times the derangement will get the upper hand of him in spite of all his efforts, and he, at the same time be conscious of that supremacy, and of his own inability to exercise any control over it?"

"Would such a state of things be likely to produce in his mind a state of despondency, and even of despair, and thus to suggest to him death as the only remedy?"

I handed these questions to one of the counsel, and asked him to propound them to Dr. B. He did ask the first one, but in such a way, that the doctor answered "No," and he did not ask the others.

After Dr. B. had concluded his testimony, I asked him, "Did you mean to testify that a man could not be deranged, and yet be himself conscious of it?"

"Why, no," was answered, "we frequently have such cases."

"But, Doctor, you did so testify."

"I did not mean to say so. I did not understand the question."

"Let me read it to you."

"I should answer that question as you read it, in the affirmative."

"Let me read these other questions to you."

"I answer them all in the affirmative."

"Well, doctor, you say you have been 20 years at the head of that asylum—you have had this man for months under your care, and you have heard all the testimony given on this trial; now will you be so good as to tell me how nearly these questions describe his case?"

"They describe it exactly. It could not be more accurately done."

"The trial resulted in a verdict for the claimant with some legal questions reserved."

I had no previous knowledge of the man or the case. I had never heard of him before, and did not know that such a man had lived. It was all new to me, yet I obtained in my practice such a knowledge of insanity, as to recognize this as one of those cases where a man was both sane and insane, and realized Erskine's description, "Reason was not hurled from

her seat, but distraction sat down beside her, held her trembling in her place, and frightened her from her propriety."

Aside from the great lesson which this manifestation teaches of our intimate connection with the spirit-world, and of the extent to which it may be made apparent to our outward consciousness, by the due cultivation of powers innate in all of us, though possessed by each in different degrees—there are one or two minor lessons to be regarded.

One is the danger of our own minds mingling with, and giving colour to spirit communion. Here I spoke of a pond when it was a bay; of a dam where there was none; and had an idea of a low wooden bridge, when it was a high stone culvert. If I had not been aware of this danger, I should not have taken the precautions I did to verify the tale, and should have given the story with just errors enough to create uncertainty.

Another is this. They who had agreed to pay \$2,000 if the man lost his life by an accident, are made to pay it by his voluntarily taking his own life. Now if the judge and jury could have seen and learned what I did, actual justice could have been done instead of injustice. But not only could they not see; but if I had told them the story as I tell it here, they would have laughed it to scorn as an idle delusion; but the time will come when others will be as able to see and learn these things as I now can. I possess no faculty peculiar to myself, for it belongs to all mankind, and only needs to be educated and cultivated, as for 18 years I have been cultivating mine.

May 11, 1869.

I now add the following incident to my narrative:—

There has lately occurred in this city a trial before a police justice in regard to "spirit photographs." A Mr. Mumler had begun the business of taking such pictures six or eight years ago in Boston, and last of all removed to New York, set up the same business. Enough people of sense had investigated the matter, until the idea of the actuality of such pictures generally obtained, and he was doing a good business when some rival artist complained of him to the mayor, cheat, and he was arrested for obtaining money under false pretences. I was examined as a witness in the case, mainly to prove that spirits could be seen; so as to raise the question—"What they can be visible to the eye, can they not be visible to camera?" In my testimony I related instances where I had seen spirits, and among them was the foregoing.

The trial was fully reported in the newspapers; and this case at Brooklyn was stated, though no names were given. This was two or three weeks ago. This evening I was waited upon at my house by two women, who introduced themselves as the daughter and sister of the suicide. The daughter was 15 or 16 years of age; the sister was her maiden aunt, and they both had been present at the court in Brooklyn.

They told me that the surviving brother of the suicide, who lives in Connecticut, had read the report of my testimony; had recognized the case; and had requested his sister to call on me and get the particulars of what I had seen.

The account I had given in my testimony had been quite general; but now I gave it to them with all the details.

They told me that my account was accurate in every respect but one—that I had correctly described his person, his age, and his state of mental culture; his sickness many years before, the delirium which had attended it; his confinement in the asylum, and his discharge from it; the place where his body had been found, and the state of it when found. They thus confirmed the whole story as it had been given to me, except that he had not been, they said, subject to fits of derangement; and had not absented himself from home in order to struggle with the paroxysms. They would not say that was not so; but they had never discovered it.

I inquired what his business had been. He had been an insurance agent, and had frequently been absent from home on that business.

I asked if he might not have used that business as an excuse for his absence, when in fact the reason of it had been that which he had given me. Yes, it might have been so; they could only say they had not noticed anything to cause a suspicion of the existence of his mental disease.

What then is the inference to be drawn—that he was not thus afflicted or that he had succeeded in concealing it? They could not say; they could only say they had not dreamed of any insanity in him.

How then came he to be sent to the asylum? The family sent him because he became all of a sudden ungovernably insane.

I asked what caused his insanity. They did not know—they never had known; the first they perceived was, that he was so.

They then obtained from me a copy of the questions which I had written at the spirit's suggestion and left me, after begging me not to publish this account until after the argument of the questions of law reserved in their case.

J. W. EDMONDS.

" To Luther Colby, Esq., Editor of the 'Banner of Light.'

" New York, May 31, 1869.

" Dear Sir,—In sitting down to answer yours of the 25th, in which you ask me to notice the article in the *Boston Journal* which you send me, it would seem to me, if I had not in a measure got used to it, to be one of the queerest things in the world that at this late day I should be called upon to prove my own sanity! Yet the article referred to, in speaking of my having said that I had seen spirits, says: 'Such declarations as these seem to impose upon us the necessity of doubting either the honesty or the sanity of those who make them. And yet they are often put forth by men who, as in Judge Edmonds's case, are unquestionably truthful and certainly sane upon at least all other subjects.'

" It is now over fifteen years since I made a public avowal of my belief in spiritual intercourse. I was then so situated that the soundness of my intellect was a matter of public interest. I had just retired from serving my term in our Court of Appeals—the court of last resort in this State. I was then the Presiding Justice of the Supreme Court in this city, with the power of wielding an immense and destructive influence over the lives, liberty, property and reputation of thousands of people. The soundness as well as the integrity of the administration of public justice were involved, and all had an interest in watching it. The cry of insanity and delusion was raised then, as now. I remained on the bench long enough after such avowal to enable people to judge how well founded the clamour was; and for the fifteen years that have since elapsed, I have been somewhat before the world, as a lawyer in full practice, as a politician, somewhat active in the first organization of the Republican party, in a literary aspect as the author and publisher of several works, professional and otherwise, and as a public speaker, thus affording to all an abundant opportunity of detecting any mental aberration, if there were any in me.

" The writer in the *Boston Journal*, wiser than all his fellows, has discovered it in my belief that the spirits of the departed can be seen by and can hold communion with the living!

" Does this writer believe in the Bible? If he does, will he be so good as to tell us wherein the nature and capacity of man have so changed that we of to-day cannot as well see spirits as did Hagar, Abraham, Lot, Moses, Balaam, Elijah, the two Marys at the sepulchre, Mary the mother of Jesus, the Shepherds, and Peter, and James, and John?

“ Does he believe in ever giving credit to human testimony? If he does, will he be so good as to tell us why we may not believe in facts already sworn to by men and women, whose integrity and intelligence are unquestioned, and which can be testified to by thousands of others equally reliable? And if we may not receive human testimony, will he tell us how we are to keep out of harm’s way for a moment? Whether, in his view, he is the more insane who does receive and can weigh such testimony, or he who is incapable of either? and whether he is the more sane who forms an opinion in ignorance, or he who forms it with knowledge?

“ If our belief is insanity in us, will he be good enough to tell us what it was in Socrates, Cicero, Josephus, Pope, Dryden, Milton, Addison, Samuel Johnson, Blackstone, John Wesley, George Fox, Southey, Howitt, Byron, Walter Scott, Tennyson? in India, Burmah, Siam and Lapland? among the Esquimaux, Mexicans, American Indians, the Mahometans and Roman Catholics, in the past and the present?

“ Verily, it seems to me, that if we are to be sent to herd among lunatics for our belief, we shall be in rather more agreeable, if not in better company, than in the sanctum of such a newspaper editor!

“ But why, when in the short space of twenty years our number has swelled up, in this country alone, from half a dozen believers to millions—why waste words upon the subject? For this simple reason: There are people who are conscious that if this thing is true, there is an intelligence at work in it that *can* read our most secret thoughts and *can* reveal them to the world around us. They dare not believe in spiritual intercourse; and to them any resort, even to the stale and worn-out cry of delusion and insanity, is better than the conviction that language has lost its power of concealing thought, and vice and hypocrisy have no hiding places left.

“ The tide is swelling rapidly upon us, and the time is not distant when this fact will be general, if not universal, among mankind; and then, indeed, will Othello’s occupation be gone to all those who depend upon concealment for impunity.

“ Then there are others, who, from defective education or organization, can receive no thought except through the medium of their senses, and who have no more conception of a spiritual idea, than a hog has of a homily. To such, the telegraph and the locomotive are profound and unfathomable mysteries, and the revolution of the earth an absurdity, because we should all fall off!

“ Which of these two classes is more to be pitied it is hard

to tell. We must wait and see, for it may be Goldsmith's mad dog story, after all. There, you remember,

" 'The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.'

" Yours, &c.,

" J. W. EDMONDS.

" *P.S.*—While writing this, I am in the receipt of a letter from Mr. S. C. Hall, the English writer. It was written in London on the 13th of May, and I give you the following extract. Verily, our goodly company of the insane is increasing!

* * * * * " 'I should not, however, trespass on your time, if I had nothing to say but that. I have a fact to relate, *apropos* of the trial of Mumler—particulars of which have reached me.

" 'It is this:—

" 'A few days ago, sitting with Daniel Home and seven other friends, my venerable and truly Christian sister, who passed from earth about eight months ago, was enabled to be visible to me, and those who were with me.

" 'She was not only not a Spiritualist, but strongly and sternly objected to the principle, as anti-Christian or demoniac. She had never been present at any manifestation, never would be. But not long before her departure, I said to her, 'I am sure God will permit you to visit me after you leave earth. You will be permitted to do so for my comfort, and as a helper on my way to Christ. I wish you to promise that you will do so, if God gives you the power.'

" 'She did not absolutely make me the promise; but she did say, 'My dear brother, if it be for your good, and God permits it—and He may do so—I will be with you when he has called me from earth.'

" 'When she appeared to us in my drawing-room, her face was so healthy—so full of the red and white that exhibit health—that at the moment I did not recognize her; for she had been two years confined to bed, 'died' of cancer, was a great sufferer, and was naturally reduced to a skeleton—so to speak.

" 'Suddenly I said, with an exclamation, 'It is my sister!'

" 'Three blows were (—) struck on the table.

" 'The eyes were closed—she had been blind during the last ten years of her earth-life—possibly but for that I should not have recognized her; there was so marvellous a contrast between the face, as I saw it on her 'death' bed, and the face as I saw it then; so healthful, so beautiful, so happy, so smiling, & the likeness was exact, for I recognized every feature after an exclamation; the hair, exactly as she wore it, or plaited ba

and the cap exactly as she wore it also, which the master of Lindsay, the Hon. Mr. Lindsay, called a 'mutch,' i.e., the cap of the old Scottish model.

" 'She remained before us thus palpably for about two minutes—certainly more than one—long enough for any photographer to have made a photograph of her; and I am very sure there would have been no difficulty whatsoever in making such photograph, if the apparatus had been ready; that it would have been at once recognized by any person who knew her during her 'life' here, and that it would have been as distinct and palpable as any photograph of any (so-called) living person.*

" 'I have no doubt that each of the eight persons present would make exactly the statement I have made.

" 'Dear Sir,—I have already expressed my hope that in thus trespassing on your time, I shall give you pleasure rather than annoyance.

" 'You are discharging a duty, onerous, troublesome, nay, dangerous, in so far as the world's estimate is concerned, and I have felt impelled to stand at your side, with aid as far as it can be given you, not far, indeed, but with earnest fervor.

" 'I pray you accept from Mrs. S. C. Hall and myself, expressions of cordial and affectionate regard and esteem. We are your fellow-workers, though in a humble way. May God give us strength to be more effective labourers in spreading the light that comes from his new revelation.

" 'Your faithful servant and friend,

" 'S. C. HALL, F.S.A.,

" 'Barrister-at-Law.'

[We publish this letter from Judge Edmonds, in answer to an editorial which recently appeared in the *Boston Journal*, derogatory to the Judge and his belief in Spiritualism. This letter, written in the Judge's terse style, will be read with interest by every Spiritualist in the land. This attack of the *Journal* upon Judge Edmonds's sanity, reminds us of a capital anecdote pertinent to this occasion, and we give it. A case was on argument in

* In a recent notice of the Mumler photographs, poor *Punch* made one of his splendid misses with his baton. The tenor of it was that nothing can be photographed which is not visible to the naked eye; that ghosts are not visible to the naked eye, therefore, &c. Now, it is well settled that the plate is more sensitive than the eye, and it is, therefore, an unfortunate instance for *Punch* to shew his wisdom upon. The magnetic, or odic lights, which Baron Reichenbach photographed, are evidence of this. Ghosts have often been seen in looking-glasses, and had the plates been sensitive the figures could have been preserved upon them. The angels who supped with Abraham upon the calf which he killed for them, could, we suppose, have been photographed, only photography "was not found out till after that."—ED. S. M.

the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, when one of the counsel cited a decision by the Supreme Court, of New York—"Opinion by Edmonds, Justice." When his adversary came to reply, he spoke slightly of it, as being by that "crazy New York Judge." "Humph," said the Chief Justice; "I wish we had more such crazy Judges."—*Banner of Light.*]

CLASSICAL AND MODERN NOTIONS OF THE RELATIONS BETWIXT MATTER AND SPIRIT.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

SPIRITUAL INFESTATIONS.

HAS any one ever remarked the striking correspondence betwixt the faith of the ancient Greeks and Romans, with regard to the power of spirits to put themselves in *rappor*t with mortals through the influence of matter, and the phenomena of the present day demonstrating the same effect? In the two fabled descents into hell, of Ulysses in Homer's *Odyssey*, and of Æneas in Virgil, the heroes are made to perform sacrifices to the infernal powers. Blood is poured out, and sacrifices of flesh are made. Until this is done the spirits of Hades and of hell remain unconscious of the approach of mortals who are seeking from them the knowledge of the future. In Homer they are made to flock around in crowds at the scent of blood, and Ulysses has to scatter them with his sword:—

Thus solemn rites and holy vows we paid
To all the phanton nations of the dead,
Then died the sheep; a purple torrent flowed,
And all the caverns smoked with streaming blood.
When lo! appeared along the dusky coasts
Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts;
Fair pensive youths, and soft enamoured maids,
And withered elders, pale and wrinkled shades.
Ghastly with wounds, the forms of warriors slain
Stalked with majestic port, a martial train!
These and a thousand more roamed o'er the ground,
And all the dire assembly shrieked around.

But though the scent of blood had aroused and attracted till they had tasted it they were not restored to full consciousness of the past and full recognition of the visitor. It was thus imbibing matter, that Anticlea, the mother of Ulysses, cognised her son:—

Still in the dark abodes of death I stood,
When near Anticlea moved and drank the blood.
Straight all the mother in her soul awakes,
And owning her Ulysses, thus she speaks.

It is only after the sanguine draft that Tiresias, the prophet, can see the future unrolled before him, and relate it:—

Eager he quaffed the gore, and then expressed
Dark things to come, the counsels of his breast.

One cannot avoid recognising the expression of a kindred belief in the constant sacrifices and pouring out of blood, even in the far higher worship and enquiry after the will of heaven amongst the Hebrews.

In Virgil the drinking of blood is not necessary, but the copious shedding of it is, and the influence of its aura on the crowding ghosts. Virgil had far advanced beyond Homer. Before his time the philosophy of the East had been poured into Greece, and thence into Rome. Pythagoras and his school had introduced the doctrine of the Metempsychosis, and Æneas is taught by Anchises in Hades that all living spirits owe their existence to the primal soul of the universe:—

Know first that heaven and earth's compacted frame,
And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights, one common soul
Inspires and feeds, and animates the whole.
This active mind, infused through all the space,
Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.
Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,
And birds of air, and monsters of the main.
The ethereal vigour is in all the same:
And every soul is filled with equal flame
As much as earthly limbs and gross alloy
Of mortal members subject to decay,
Blunt not the beams of heaven and edge of day.
From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,
Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts,
And grief and joy; nor can the grovelling mind,
In the dark dungeon of the limbs confined,
Assert the native skies, or its own heavenly kind.

Those spotted with crimes and bloated with sensualism, are purged by the winds and fires of Hades, and after thorough bleaching, drink of Lethe, forget all the past, and enter fresh bodies for a fresh trial of their virtue. The rest pass on to Elysium. So far Allan Kardec would say, "All right;" for Kardec was obsessed by old Pythagorean spirits, and had become the fully-believing modern mouth-piece of the old pagan souls.

Our concern, however, is with the belief of antiquity that the rehabilitation of conscious relationship betwixt embodied and disembodied souls can take place only through the mediumship of matter; or that life of matter which resides in some principle inherent in all spirit. The spiritual messengers in Scripture frequently ate and drank with men—proving that they had invested themselves with material vehicles in which to appear;

and in all the manifestations of modern times, the grand doctrine of mediumship is asserted as an indispensable condition and indisputable fact. Through what we call our electro-magnetic or odyllic atmosphere—the best name which the present status of science yet permits us—we are satisfied that the spirits who reveal themselves to us, effect that revelation. They enter by some common element of life into a direct and positive participation of our vital power. As in clairvoyants, they can thus pour their thoughts through us as freely to others as the electric message can be sent through the telegraphic wire. They can do more: they can by our living union with matter, themselves seize upon it; incorporate themselves in it, and probably *legionize* themselves in it; for having once established this *rapport*, they can exert through it infinitely greater physical force than we individually possess ourselves. Proofs of this are innumerable. The forces which have often lifted pieces of furniture which no dozen men could lift; which shook the great iron window in the House of Correction at Weinsberg, violently, which six men ordered by the Committee of Enquiry could move only a very little; the forces which on so many occasions, in Paris and elsewhere, as recorded in the Articles on Stone-throwing, have broken windows, flung stones from the upper air, of enormous weights, shaken whole rooms, &c., &c; which on other occasions, as in the recent extraordinary manifestations by Mr. Home, have made the human body invulnerable to fire,—all these are standing and multitudinous proofs of the existence of this power by which disembodied, dismaterialized spirits are enabled to lay hold on matter with a grasp and vigour beyond our own; and in that condition to possess all the modes of uttering their thoughts to us, by sounds, by motions, by writing, by drawing, by music, and by audible and distinctly articulated voice.

Nothing has become better known through the physico-spiritual experiences which have been taking place in thousands of spots, in almost every quarter of the globe,—taking place daily and hourly in America and Europe during the last twenty years, shew that we can not only “call spirits from the vasty deep,” but that “they will come when we do call;” if they can once quaff, if not the bowl, the vital spirit of the blood through us as mediums. They will come in legions and in armies, only to glad to renew their connection with the material world; to revive their former consciousness of earth and its sentient beings. They will come, as if delighted to feel their hold once more material force, to throw things about them, and play antics like children in a moment of uproarious holiday exultation. They will come with all their old characters, passions, and weakness

and revel in lies, in pretences, in mystifications, and often in lawless fun, or even wicked and diabolical annoyances, showing that the regions lying close on the other side of the invisible boundary betwixt matter and spirit, are still the counterpart of the regions on this side.

Nothing is clearer than that those spirits who are haunting the very edge of this earth, are still too much allied to it; are still earthly in mind and desire; are still longing with a backward glance "for the fleshpots of Egypt." Like the souls of "Gray's Elegy," they have left the warm precincts of the cheerful day, but cast a longing, lingering, look behind. As the tree falls so it lies. As on earth they cultivated only the spirit and tone of the earth;—as they gave up to it their whole soul, hope, ambition, and exertion;—as they moulded and incorporated their tastes, feelings, yearnings, and passions into its nature;—as they heaped up its riches as an eternal trophy from which nothing could sever them;—they have stepped into the spirit regions as aliens, having no possible heritage or enjoyment in them except in so far as these resemble those from which they have lately been ejected. An intense and agonizing yearning draws them back to the old haunts and conditions of being, and they snatch with frenzied and convulsive fingers at whatever and whoever affords them the mediumistic means of regaining something, more or less, of the taste and consciousness of earth-life. Hence all the phenomena of possession and obsession which history has recorded, and which modern times have shown terrible examples of; hence the wild and frantic demonstrations of Morzine. Hence cases of the most awful spiritual persecutions of particularly susceptible persons of to-day. These woful spirits, drenched with the sensuous elements of the life which they led on earth; selfish as they were then to the very inmost depths of their natures, rush with a reckless and gluttonous appetite into the tissues of unfortunately open constitutions, and exult in breathing, drinking in, gustating with a cruel and relentless ardour the sensations and odours of this mortal life once more. That is the only possible re-incarnation which can take place; that is it which the spirits of France are continually teaching and seeking to realize.

It has long been observed that the spirits which through mediumship take firm hold on matter are not those who take the same hold on mind. They are those which perform the physical phenomena of stone-throwings: of transporting furniture and other heavy bodies. Which perform the extraordinary manifestations of the Davenport's; not merely moving matter, but investing their own hands and arms in it so as to become visible and palpable. These, though they are evidently not elevated, are

not mischievous. On the contrary, they have clearly their offices assigned them, and very essential ones, those of appealing to minds so far imbruted by sensuous life, or obnubilated by modern materialistic doctrines, as to be capable of receiving no higher evidences of the invisible. To these, however, the more purely spiritual revelations do not belong. Each grade of soul comes to its own. The mediumship of moral and religious teachings; of prediction; of writing; of drawing; of performing ethereal music; of direct inspiration in warning, attracting directing, elevating, consoling, and spiritually strengthening, and angelicising, is of a more fine and sensitive nature; and operates through minds of a higher and generally noble character. Through those, in fact, who are organized for superior action, or who cultivate higher aims.

There is one phase of this contact with lower spheres of spirit life which has struck us with astonishment, and which has not only been solemnly asseverated to us by such spirits, but the same class has made the same declarations to others in different places, and to persons having no acquaintance or communication with each other. It is a fact too well known, that those open to spiritual impression experience the most different conditions. To some, all is peace and sunshine. Their inspirations are all pure, holy, true and encouraging. No falsehood shocks their moral sense; no malevolence tinges their spiritual receptions; nothing foul or hideous haunts their imaginations, or their dreams. They live in the sphere of a divine lucidity; they enjoy the perpetual inbreathings of hallowed affection, and are shielded from dangers and temptations by allies and counsellors that are as clear to their spiritual vision as are the daily forms of their household to their outward sight. Their life's pilgrimage is like a highway cast up through a pleasant country, and fortified by towers and watch-houses at short intervals; garrisoned by friendly forces which repel whatever is hostile or inconvenient. They trust in God, and his warriors and wise ministers seem commissioned expressly for their service.

Far different is the condition of others. They desire good equally and earnestly; they pray fervently and continuously for it; but evil is with them. With them the approach of spirits is not a visit, nor simply a visitation, but an inroad. They come, the door once open, in crowds, in mobs, in riotous invasions. They run, they leap, they fly, they gesticulate, they sing, they whoop and they curse. They are the most merry and the most bitter of mockers. Wit looms in their words, like flashes of infernal lightning; pantomime is in their action; laughter in their eyes; and a horror which no assumption of innocence can veil is the effluvia of their presence. There is no question with

the wretched sufferers of their phantasmagorial assaults that they are the life and quintessence of hell. Nor is it the mind only of the unfortunate one which they haunt; they have a power over his material movements. They move and remove articles; they fling and toss; they hide and steal; they put things where they ought not to be; they take them from whence they should constantly be. Mind, body, soul, memory, and imagination,—nay, the very heart,—are polluted by the ghostly *canaille*; and the sanctuary of life and dwelling are invaded, disordered, desecrated, and made miserable by them. We have known such sufferers, and know them still. When they have written praying for advice how to get rid of this pestilence, we could only say, “Pray with all your might for it; and stick close to the Saviour who cast out these tormentors in his earth-life. Pray without ceasing; pray in the might and faith of Christ.”

It has been in vain! No prayer, no agony of petition, no persistence of a holy and wrestling exorcism has been able to dislodge the foul and murderous crew. There they were and there they are!

Now who can fathom the mystery of this unequal allotment? We may ask, why is it thus under a God who is no respecter of persons; and a Christ anointed in blood to wrest the victory from the unholy one, and to trample down the power of wickedness in high places? We ask,—but who can answer? The world abounds with the spectacles of gigantic and age-enduring injustices. Oppressions stalk through the kingdoms and the cities and the villages, and laws are multiplied for their extinction, and communities band together for their restraint, and they remain. Widows weep in secret; orphans starve in squalor and famine; the just man writhes under the stratagems of the unjust. “One man dieth in his full strength, being wholly at ease and quiet; his breasts are full of milk, and his bones are full of marrow; and another dieth in the bitterness of his soul, and never eateth with pleasure. They shall lie down alike in the dust, and worms shall cover them.” (Job xxi. 23) One nation tramples down another with iron heel and the bloody engines of most unrighteous war, and the oppressor is crowned with glory by the foolish sons of men, and no God launches his thunders on the guilty head.

Since the earth bore on its bosom that strange thing, that gory robber, that insatiable murderer—man, these old horrors have cried to heaven for vengeance; and have cried, according to the visible course of things, in vain. One of these enigmas is not more inexplicable than the other. “We look for a new heaven and a new earth in which dwelleth righteousness,” and there only we must look for the sphere of recompense. It is not

here ; and we can only say with the great moral dramatist of Chaldea : " Can any man teach God knowledge. "

But we have not yet reached the abyssmal depth of the dark mysteries of the spirit world. There is a fact more startling still, if these spirit prowlers on the border lands of life are to be credited on their own assurances. When asked, and that by different persons in different places—" Why do you intrude on me, and persist in your intrusion, though commanded to depart ? " The answer has been, " Because we live on you. Through your atmosphere we enter into the atmosphere of human life. That is our happiness ; we know none else. We have none here ; here all is dark, barren, and joyless. We long to be back again in the warm, bright life of the earth ; and we achieve it through you. You are our highway, our bridge, our door, along which we travel, over which we pass, and through which we enter, and again possess the heritage we had lost. In your emanations we revel ; through your nostrils we once more snuff up the aromas of the earth, the scent of the feast and the wine-cup ; through your eyes open upon us, as of old, all the sweet varieties of life. "

Struck with horror, one of these persecuted sufferers exclaimed—" But this is a species of spiritual vampirism ! "

" How so ? " asked one of the tormentors. " Every grade of animal life lives upon another. For your physical sustenance you live on the animal tribes, for your spiritual sustenance you live on Christ. He gave and gives Himself for the food of mankind. By His flesh and blood you exist ; He is that living bread which came down from heaven, and we live on you and through you. "

Revolting and hideous, as is this idea of countless swarms of base spirits, surging back from the invisible coasts to the legitimately abandoned earth, and gasping for recovered snatches of the existence that the healthy progress of development has rightfully closed to them, are there not a thousand evidences of the truth of the assertion ? Whether they are conscious of it or not, are not the multitudes of our race continually displaying the effects of the worst supernaturalism upon them ? Could the monstrous infatuation of modern intoxication with all its crimes and horrors originate in a simply natural thirst ? Impossible ! Nothing but spiritual thirst kindled in hell could produce the marvellous madness which we see around us. Nothing but the hosts of the fire-throated drunkards of the ages could thus inspire the million to their destruction. Nothing but the old anarchy of slaughter, the Prussian and the Corsican, maddened with the blood of myriad could still stir the nations to a dire insanity like that of w

revive the present ecclesiastical tom-foolery of a mountebank ritualism. Nothing but the baleful breath of the Atheists of the Seventeenth Century could revive in this age the Atheism of a Comte. Nothing but the lights of ancient Paganism could inoculate their "out-worn creed" on Spiritualism, or the ancient Pythagoreans render re-incarnation readmissible to the educated brain which had once been imbued with the upward and ever upward flame of Christianity. The world is in fierce conflict with the giant hosts of ancient deluders and destroyers; and the battle goes on all the more easily for the zealots of the invisible spheres, because they have persuaded the masters of science and education that they, the unseen, have no part in it. Cut on this account it ought to determine those who see and acknowledge the armed legions pressing on us from the so-called dead, to stand fast by the only revelation which proclaims "Peace on earth and good will towards men;" and opens the eternal gates of Paradise to every human creature who "does justice, loves mercy, and walks humbly before God."

The healthy exercise of the senses, passions, and faculties of mankind, could by no possibility produce the folly, insane wickedness, and misery which runs riot through the ranks of all society. It requires the concentrated force of the lower realms of demoralized and distorted life, flung on the heart of humanity to produce the monstrous effects which we witness.

But, say the wise and prudent, if this be Spiritualism, every sensible soul ought to reprobate and renounce it. If by renouncing and ignoring we could shut out and stave off all the evil influences from the invisible, by all means let us renounce and ignore. But the vast inspirations from the malevolent and destructive which we have been remarking on, result from no cultivation of Spiritualism. They operate unconsciously and independently on the masses, credulous or incredulous, educated or uneducated, refined or vulgar. The calamities of war, of intoxication, and the other self or mutually inflicted crimes and follies of mankind are too hideous and extraordinary to result from any mere natural cause. They are, as the apostles tell us, set on fire by hell, and by the "powers and principalities, against whom we wrestle, not against mere flesh and blood; by the rulers of the darkness of this world, the spiritual wickedness in high places." Those human excesses which pollute and desolate the earth from age to age, in spite of religion and in spite of the highest reach of civilization, are too monstrous and too mad to result from any simple incentives of human infirmity. They proclaim their origin from the accumulated sorceries of the pandemoniums of the past.

So in isolated cases of spirit persecution, they have generally

come to the individuals not the individuals to them. The luckless people who, from time to time, find the powers of riot and demolition busy in their houses, and raising the wonder of newspapers and sceptics, have had no contact with Spiritualism. The saints and ascetics who in hundreds of cases have mosaicked history, with the strange chequer-work of their infestations, have incurred this evil by simply seeking to escape from evil. Görres in his "*Diabolische Mystik*," has collected hundreds of such cases. St. Anthony and St. Dunstan differed only in their power and spirit to do battle with the nuisance. The poor people of Morzine, and the bishop who attempted in vain to exorcise the nuisance, were no conjurors nor dabblers in the mysteries of the occult.

Bunyan, whose life at times they made a terror of darkness and blasphemy, paid no court or homage to them, but to very different powers. Cowper, whose poetry is especially conspicuous for its sober and sound sense, coquetted with no pseudo nymphs from Orcus, but was driven by them through the deepest caverns of despair, and to the very verge, time upon time, of suicide. By a recent Memoir of the Abbé Lamennais, we find that was exactly his condition also. The soul-murderers were upon him with all their infernal power. They murdered his peace as completely as if he had been the most desperate of criminals; and that noble spirit which preached the religion of purity and love in its divinest truth and beauty, was the prey to the most agonising despairs.

The fact is that a dark "*imperium in imperio*" is rife in the earth whose potentate has been "a murderer from the beginning." It is a terrible and unresting force, which maddens whole nations into mutual slaughter; which makes popular the strangest delusions in those who imagine themselves to have outgrown all delusions; which spreads drunkenness like a lava torrent through the labouring masses, making murders, suicides, and miserable wives and children the baleful additions to their poverty; which throngs our mad-houses, and makes mad-houses of our churches; which drugs the streams of knowledge with atheism, and with all this in, around, and amongst us, teaches our wise ones to believe and predicate that we are delightful off if we can but think so. Of all madness that is the great which teaches us to ignore the frenzy which possesses us, treats as superstition the enquiry into what so wofully ails Swedenborg tells us that there is a clean sweep of these purgators of mortal mischief every thirty years. If it be so, w not seem much the better for it here.

What shall we do then? Let us still seek for more on the dark disease of humanity; let us seek for closer

with the Father of lights and of men; let us pray the prayer of Ajax, still, while the darkness of this ancient mystery lies on us:—

Lord of earth and air!
 Oh king! oh Father! hear our humble prayer;
 Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore;
 Give us to see, and we will ask no more;
 If we must perish, we thy will obey,
 But let us perish in the *face of day!*

TWELVE MONTHS' SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA.

By J. H. POWELL.

PART IV.

I HAVE already alluded to some spirit-photographs taken by Mrs. Butler, of Buffalo, and shown to me by Mrs. Burtis, of Rochester, whilst I was at her house. Feeling, however, that this was a phase of the subject particularly open to exception and self-deception, I determined, if possible, to test the matter for myself. Accordingly, I visited Mrs. Butler at her Photographic Gallery, 250, Main Street, Buffalo. She is a short, dark woman of about 40 years of age.

I told her that I was desirous of testing her medium power for spirit-photographs, and she readily promised to give me the opportunity of doing so.

Accordingly I visited her by appointment, and was desired by her to watch the entire process of preparing the plates and developing and fixing the pictures. Four negatives were taken, from three of which I hold prints. I sat as persons ordinarily sit for a photograph, strongly desiring (mentally) that these spirits, father and mother, would impress themselves on the negative beside me. I must confess that I did not expect, although I hoped to be able to recognize any figures that might appear on the plates.

Mrs. Butler, had she desired, could not by any means have imposed on me without detection. I watched her movements too closely; and even went into the semi-dark room with her, taking the negatives as they were finished from her hand. I distinctly saw the figures impressed thereon, but could not, of course, distinguish the features. I waited anxiously the process of printing, calling in upon the lady every few hours until she was prepared to hand me the first perfect copy.

A thrill, such as I never before experienced, shot from my head downwards at the first glance. There, sure enough, was the likeness of my father, who died in London, some 4,000 miles away, six or eight months previously. I was staggered. I looked at it until I began to reason myself against the fact. The figure is quite plain, the face wearing the hue of death.

Mrs. Butler promised to give me, in the course of a few days, a print from each of the other negatives. The second one was a settler to all my doubts. It is a most wonderful portrait of my father, as he looked, when in the form, on the eve of my departure from the old land. I would not hesitate, if necessary, to take oath that this is a correct likeness.

The third one contains a figure of a female to the right, which, I have reason to believe, is a portrait of my mother, but cannot speak with certainty, as she left this earth for the spirit home when I was a mere boy. My father's face is visible just above my head; and in my arms is the head of a little spaniel dog, which figure I did not observe for some weeks after, when I arrived home in Vineland, New Jersey, 500 miles away from Buffalo.

The fourth and last picture contained nothing of a recognitional character except my own portrait; that I gave to a friend.

I resolved not to acquaint even my wife (by letter) with the fact that I had succeeded in obtaining a spirit likeness of my father, as I wished to see if she would recognize the portrait without receiving any prompting from me.

I received calls to lecture in Canada West, and thus, without additional expense, was gratified with a couple of visits to the far-famed Niagara Falls. I only visited Jordan and St. Catherine's, in the British Dominions, at both of which places I lectured on Spiritualism, but found the people outside in general quite indifferent to the subject. My impression of Canada is that it is two centuries behind the old country in Spiritual progress. Old opinions of every character have taken deep root in the mental soil, and it will take a good deal of digging to root them up.

On my return to Buffalo I sat with a Mrs. Preston, an excellent clairvoyant, who had come with her husband from West. I had decided to lecture in Geneva, and Cleveland, Ohio; and then return to my family, whom I had not seen nearly five months. She told me that I must not think of going home; it was only a lazy feeling. The spirits had a great work for me out West, and I must press on. I replied that I wanted to return home, and should do so when my engagements would permit. "If you do return, you will lose some of

property on the way." I fulfilled my engagements, finishing at Cleveland, and took cars for Philadelphia, Pa., and from thence to Vineland. I had with me a couple of carpet bags and an overcoat, a new one I brought from England. These I had when I reached Philadelphia. The last 30 miles to Vineland passed pleasantly. I sat beside a gentleman, from the South, who was a personal friend of Poe, the poet. He interested me much with details in connection with the life and death of Poe. When I left the train for my home I suddenly recollected the prophecy of the spirit at Buffalo, and, carrying my two carpet bags, felt that I had proved the prophet to be false. Three days passed: I wanted my overcoat, and discovered, to my amazement, that it was not to be found. From that day to this I have not seen it.

I now return to the spirit photographs. I placed them in such a position to the light as to make the extra figures to my own shew to the best advantage, and, calling my wife, asked her to look at my photograph. She exclaimed, instantly, "There's your father!" I called my little son, ten years old, and, pointing to the figure, asked him who it was. He replied, without hesitation, "Grandfather." I have since shewn them to Dr. J. B. Ferguson, who knew my father, and he recognized the portrait. My wife and I went to pay a visit to a friend in Vineland, at whose house we met a lady named Smith, a medium of no common order. She approached my wife, and said that Francis, her brother, was there; and then described him with music notes in his hand. This appeared to us a good test, as he was an excellent singer. She next said to me that a spirit, calling herself "Sarah," was there, who purported to be my mother. I said, "If you are my mother, will you tell me about my spirit photographs?" "Yes." "Is that female likeness meant for you?" Yes; it is a good portrait; and I brought the dog which is in your arms as a test." I instantly recollected that, when I was a boy not fourteen years old, my father brought home a little Blenheim spaniel, of which I was over fond. The dog, in fact, was my most frequent companion. I used to whistle her into bed with me of a morning so soon as I heard my father leave the house for his work. In course of time my pet dog died, and I cried with genuine grief. A cousin was staying with us, and she and I resolved to give "Flora" a Christian burial. I dug a grave in the front garden, and the corpse was interred therein, my cousin reading the funeral service in solemn tones whilst I dropped some gravel upon it to the words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." The process was to us no burlesque: it was sacredly ours until she performed. After I had filled in the grave I

over it, and wrote, "Here lies Flora Powell, who departed this life," &c. Under this inscription was a verse, I believe the first verse I ever composed, setting forth the virtues of the deceased; and I erected a hedge round the grave, which gave a singular appearance to the little garden. My father came home from his work, and, expressing displeasure with me, made me pull down the hedge and grave rail. As I grew up I lost recollection of this incident in my child life. About a quarter of a century ago when I wrote my *Life Incidents* I failed to remember it, or I should certainly have made mention of it.

I obtained a photograph of myself in which my father's likeness appears; another on which my mother's supposed portrait is fixed, together with the image of a little spaniel dog which rests on my arm. My father, mother, and dog all lived and died in England, a distance of nearly 4,000 miles from Buffalo. What theory but Spiritualism can account for these strange facts? It may be urged that my mind in some mysterious way influenced the sensitive plates in the production of my father's and mother's likenesses. But this cannot be said of the dog's portrait, for I not only did not think of the dog, but did not discover it in the photograph for some weeks after leaving Buffalo, and reaching my home in Vineland.

I do not care to discuss here the question of the immortality of dogs, or how spirits could have reflected the image of my spaniel. I only state the fact, and leave the curious in these matters to settle for themselves if they can the question of *how* the dog's likeness was fixed in the negative. I am quite recompensed for my visit to America in the possession of these photographs. They are absolute *verités* to me. If I could doubt or suspect manifestations of a general kind given through various mediums, I could have no shade of doubt or suspicion with such evidence as these present to me. I have written to Mrs. Butler for duplicates to send to my friends in England; copies of which I designed to transmit to the Editors of the *Spiritual Magazine*; but I have received no reply. If they ever come to hand I shall not fail to send them on. I value my own copies too much to risk their loss by sending them ~~th~~ the post.

It may add to the interest of these photographs that Mrs. Butler, at her husband's death, was employed an assistant photographic artist, and tells me that she often cried for hours because she saw shadows on her wall which she could not account for them, or get, as she thought. Being a writing medium she frequently received communications from spirits, all written in different

husband's spirit came to her and explained that she would obtain spirit photographs—that the shadows on her negatives were efforts in that direction.

I saw a book filled with spirit communications, some of them written and dated seven years ago, where the praise of spirit pictures is frequently given, and advice from her husband as to the best chemicals to employ.

I have witnessed manifestations since my residence in Boston through the mediumship of Laura V. Ellis, a girl about 15 years of age, who has a cabinet similar to the Davenport's, and gets, in some respects, similar phenomena. I have also seen Mrs. Cushman, musical medium, of Charlestown, Massachusetts, whose manifestations for the past nine years have astonished thousands. She holds the end of a guitar, allowing the instrument to rest on the lap of one of the circle, when a most beautiful tune is played in the light. Many persons testify to seeing the fingers that thrumb the strings.

Charles H. Read is, in some respects, by far the best physical medium I have seen. His rooms are in Boston. I have witnessed several of his manifestations. Iron rings are brought by strangers, and, in the twinkling of an eye, placed on his arms whilst they are bound together by fastenings. He will take the whole of a circle individually, and allow them to place one hand on his head and the other on his shoulder, when they will each declare that they were touched by hands in various parts of the body, and express surprise to find the medium divested of his coat. I had this experience, and can vouch for it, as can scores of my acquaintance.

Mr. Read has lately been before the professors of Harward College, and I understand that they were all "puzzled;" but I don't expect anything to come out of it, as these sage individuals are not careful to report in favour of Spiritualism.

I have visited the *Banner of Light* circles three times since I have been here. Mrs. Conant is a remarkable medium. She gives circles three times a week, and answers sealed letters as well as questions of a polemical and scientific character. The *Banner of Light* office is quite an institute. Luther Colby, Editor-in-Chief, is a thoroughly competent newspaper editor. He is himself a medium, and acts mostly from impression. He and his assistant editor, Mr. Wilson, have no easy task to keep the *Banner* waving; but they press on with a purpose. God help them!

Boston, November 26th, 1868.

THE ECSTATIC IN BELGIUM.

THE Roman Catholic *Tablet* gives a detailed account of the extraordinary religious trances, to which a servant girl living at the village of Bois d'Haisne, in Belgium, is alleged to be subject. Our contemporary says its account is derived from the eminent Dominican, who was appointed by the bishop of the diocese to investigate the case.

He arrived at the village of Bois d'Haisne, at the house of the Lafans, about one o'clock in the day. Louisa was at that very moment in one of her mysterious trances; but the venerable Provincial was only disposed to doubt, since her appearance was perfectly natural. However, the parish priest, who accompanied him, soon convinced him of the reality by shaking her violently, and then sticking pins into her arms and legs without producing the smallest effect upon her; nor did blood flow from the punctures, though they were deep. Finding that she was entirely insensible, they proceeded to examine her hands and feet, in which they found the distinct marks of the *stigmata*. There were also marks of the crown of thorns round her head, but there was no trace of blood in any of the wounds. After about a quarter of an hour's observation, the priest recalled her to consciousness by the simple words, "Well, Louisa." She opened her eyes quite naturally, and then saw the Provincial. The priest explained to her that he had been sent by the bishop to investigate the matter. In answer to his inquiry as to what she had seen in her ecstasy, she replied that she had been assisting in the bearing of the cross. He was very much struck both with her simplicity and ignorance. She was merely a peasant girl, and nothing more. The priest having left the house, the Provincial resolved to remain and watch the case; but that he might not appear to be doing so, he took out his breviary and began to say his office. He remarked only that she turned to the east, and that her expression was one of singular modesty and recollection. At a little before two o'clock she gave a deep sigh and lifted up her hands. Soon her watcher perceived a stream of blood to issue from the wound in her left hand, which could not have been caused by any instrument or other agency, as she had not moved from her arm chair, and her hands did not touch each other. Tears flowed from her eyes and fell unheeded on her cheek. Her expression changed to one expressing great anguish, a kind of foam escaped from her lips, and filled her mouth. At a quarter to three she fell, her arm being extended in the shape of a cross, and her feet separated, while

her head was lying on the ground. Her sister ran to put cloths under her head and feet, the former being lifted with great difficulty. Her face was warm, but her hands and feet were icy cold, as if dead, while the pulse apparently ceased to beat. At three o'clock she moved, crossing her feet a little, and assuming exactly the attitude of Christ on the cross. Thus she remained till four o'clock, when she suddenly rose, knelt with clasped hands, and seemed to pray with the utmost fervour. Her body during this time appeared as if it scarcely touched the ground. After about ten minutes she seated herself again in the arm chair, resuming her attitude of modest recollection, and the Provincial thought she would soon be herself again; but the most curious phenomena were yet to come. After a few seconds, her expression became painfully distressed; she lifted her arms again in the shape of a cross, sighing heavily, and greenish foam again escaping from her mouth, while the mark of the crown of thorns on her head became more and more distinct. Suddenly she burst forth in a loud cry, and bowed her head. At that moment her body had all the appearance of death; her face was deadly pale, and even cadaverous; her lips were black and livid; her eyes glassy, open, and apparently without life. At a quarter past five she closed her hands, and her whole body assumed the appearance of our Saviour when laid in the sepulchre. A few moments after, the colour returned to her cheeks, and her face assumed an expression of intense beatitude. The parish priest came back at this moment, and, taking a lamp of petroleum, put it close to her eyes without her perceiving it. The Provincial pricked her feet, both on the soles and on the upper parts, without her feeling it in the smallest degree. At a quarter past six she suddenly became perfectly natural, the pulse began to beat as usual, and she was "herself" again. The Provincial then proceeded to question her minutely as to what she had seen and felt during those hours of ecstasy. Her answers were simple and straightforward as those of a child. She had been allowed to participate, as it were, in the whole Passion of Our Lord. Her description of His Person, and that of His Mother, and their dress, &c., were in exact accordance with the tradition of the church. When asked anything beyond this she simply replied, "I did not remark," "I don't know." She had no recollection of anything she had herself done during her ecstasy. She seemed to think little or nothing of these extraordinary visions, and did not attribute to herself any merit or holiness in consequence. She is a tertiary of St. Francis, but knows very little of his history. In answer to some further questions which were put to her, she replied that she had never been spoken to by Our Lord, and

that she had seen the evil one under various forms; but when she mentioned him she seemed filled with a great fear. The following morning she was at the parish church, and received the holy communion at the hands of the Provincial with the greatest reverence. The priest's housekeeper being absent, she came to the presbytery to prepare the breakfast. The Provincial was struck with her brisk and healthy appearance, and could scarcely imagine that he beheld in the bright, simple servant girl before him the "ecstatica" who in a few hours probably would again be undergoing this mysterious conformity to the sufferings of our blessed Lord.

GLASGOW MESMERIC AND PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE first social meeting of the Glasgow Mesmeric and Psychological Society was held on 15th June, in the Wellington Rooms Sauchiehall Street. Mr. J. W. Jackson, who is the president of both societies, presided. After tea he congratulated the members of the societies present upon having entered upon a new career, and referred to the recent combination of the two societies; the Mesmeric Society having previously existed for eight years in its separate capacity, while the Psychologists had had a briefer history, and were known up till January last by the title of "The Glasgow Association Spiritualists." Addressing himself, in the first place, to the Mesmerists, he observed that the question of the establishment of Mesmerism as one of the branches of the healing art was a question of life and death to thousands, as a great variety of diseases had been cured by Mesmerism where the conventional remedies had failed. Their object was also to prevent disease as well as to cure it. The most of the diseases that afflicted humanity had no right to exist in the form in which they were observed. The spirit of the age being a grossly material one was against them: people wanted to see and to taste all their medicines; but it was their duty to persevere and enlighten the age as to the truth of their science. While the Mesmerists had been devoting themselves to the practical part of the subject, the Psychologists had been endeavouring to investigate the mental constitution of man. While great progress had been made in the realm of physics, little or no progress had been made in Psychology or in metaphysics. He considered that the great progress in physics was caused by the adoption of the inductive method.

investigation by the physical philosophers, and he was happy to say that the Psychological Society had also adopted the inductive method in their investigations into man's mental constitution.

Mr. Cyrus Gracie, secretary of the Mesmeric Society, on reading his report, said they had been labouring hard for the last two sessions, doing what they could to enlighten the public by public meetings, and teaching the science of curative Mesmerism to classes, and referred to the healing work and the various operations in which the society had been engaged.

Mr. George Duncan addressed the meeting on the present position of Spiritualism in Glasgow and the controversy regarding it in the *Glasgow Herald*. He considered that the *Herald's* conduct was very unfair; it allowed correspondents to make charges against the Spiritualists, but would not allow them to reply. He had sent two letters to the *Herald*, but they were not inserted. When he was writing against Spiritualism and opposed to it he could get his letters published, but they would not publish his letters now that he was in favour of it. The present position of Spiritualism in Glasgow was very satisfactory. Mediums were being developed, and they expected to be able to have public *séances* in their rooms next sessions.

Dr. George Sexton was the next speaker. Although he had not, like Mr. Duncan, become a convert to Spiritualism, or rather to the spiritual theory, he had studied curative Mesmerism for over 25 years, and had advocated it because he was convinced that it was an agency that was calculated, if properly applied, to do an immense amount of good; and although the medical faculty and clergy had opposed it, and were still opposed to it, great progress had been made. He urged them to pursue their labours with renewed earnestness and vigour, and then truth would ultimately triumph, as a body of men, even of small talent, whose heart was really in their work, would do more towards moving the masses than corporations composed of men of great talent who were simply playing a part. The men who in all ages had accomplished great results were men of genuine earnestness and sincerity.

Mr. G. B. Clarke, in addressing the meeting, spoke in favour of a more intimate union of all students of the occult sciences in Glasgow, showing some of its advantages, and referred in a humorous manner to the agitation for union in the Presbyterian Churches of Britain and America, and the Pope's invitation to the bishops of the Eastern and Western Churches.

In the course of the evening the intellectual part of the entertainment was varied by duets and songs, which were effectively rendered by Miss Eliza Kinnon and Messrs. Kinnon

and Wilson, and Mr. Andrew Cross gave two recitations—"The Raven" and "The Bridge of Sighs." The proceedings, which were of a very pleasant and agreeable character, terminated by a vote of thanks to the Chairman and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the company.

BRAIN WAVES.

THE columns of the *Spectator* recently contained communications from various correspondents, conveying instances of what the writers call "brain wave," in which, as from sympathy, persons had been mentally influenced by acts done by other persons when at a distance. Among others, the Rev. Walter L. Clay, vicar of Rainhill, has given the following anecdote, which he "considers as pretty and complete an instance of a brain wave" as the *Spectator's* first correspondent on the subject could desire. Mr. Clay says:—

"I have heard my father tell the story so often, that there can be no reason why I should not tell it again in print. Whether the condition you lay down, that the real shall also be a well-known name is satisfied in his case it is for you to judge. But to philanthropists in general, and prison reformers in particular, John Clay, of Preston, is, I think, a familiar name.

"On a Sunday afternoon, about thirty years ago (the precise date I cannot recall) my mother, and my eldest sister, then about eight years old, were sitting together in the dining room at home. No one else was in the house, except a younger child, his nurse, and another servant; all the rest of the family were absent at a neighbouring church, and my father was at the gaol. He was due at home in about half an hour, it then being nearly four o'clock. The afternoon was very wet, but very still, the rain falling in torrents, but with an even, steady down-pour. While sitting thus my mother heard footsteps approach, presently some one opened and passed through the yard (This yard door faced on to the road; it was then a cow road, and the nearest house was full 500 yards distant; and one going to the front door would have to pass this yard, the dining room windows, another window, and then turn the corner of the house through a gate in the garden.) She a good deal startled, more especially because this door according to domestic regulations, ought to have been locked roused herself to listen with all her might, and heard distinctly all the more distinctly as the house was so quiet—the

who had opened the yard door enter the house by the back door, traverse a passage in the basement storey, open the door at the foot of the back stairs, mount the back stairs, and enter the front hall. But by this time she was completely re-assured, for she had recognized my father's footstep. He put his umbrella into the stand with a rattling noise, took off his top-coat and shook it, and then came through the inner hall into the dining room. The hall door and dining-room door were both ajar, so she easily heard all this. He went up to the fire, and resting his elbow on the mantelpiece and one foot on the fender, stood there for a few moments drying himself. At length she said, "You must be very wet; had you not better go and change your clothes at once?"—"Yes," he replied, I think I had better do so;" and so he turned, left the room, and went up stairs to his dressing room. As he did not come down again for more than half an hour, my mother followed him, to see what was the cause of his delay. To her astonishment, she found his room empty, and no sign of his having been there. She searched through all the rooms on the same landing, but could not find him, and at length came down stairs again puzzled and frightened; but trying to calm herself with the supposition that, although she had not noticed his departure, he must have left the house again, for some purpose or other. But while she sat there, still flurried and uneasy, she heard again the same footsteps approaching, the same opening of the yard door, the same entrance by the back door, the same traversing of the passage down-stairs, and mounting by the back stairs into the hall, the same putting down of the umbrella and shaking of the coat, and then my father came into the room, walked up to the fire, and placed his elbow on the mantel-piece and foot on the fender, just as he had done before. 'Why, where have you been?' exclaimed my mother, as soon as she could speak, after the first gasp of amazement. 'Been?' said he, turning round and noticing for the first time her excitement and distress, 'I have been at the gaol as usual.'—'Oh, you know, that's not what I mean. I mean, where have you been since you came in by the back door, just as you have done just now, rather more than half an hour since?'—'I don't understand you at all; I have come straight from the gaol, and never been in the house since I left this morning.'—'Oh! it's too bad, playing jokes like this to frighten me, when you know I am not well.' (My mother was in delicate health at the time.) And then, in answer to his amazed questions, she poured out the story I have told you.

"I believe the incident happened exactly as I have narrated. I have heard my father tell the story repeatedly, and he was singularly truthful and accurate. My mother's account, too,

tallied precisely with his. My sister cannot now, I think, distinguish between what she recollects and what she has so often heard and related. But my father at the time questioned her as to what she had seen and heard, and her account was that 'I saw mamma get up suddenly and go into papa's dressing-room, and then she went into all the rooms up stairs as if she was looking for something, and then she came down and looked as if something was the matter; but she wouldn't answer me when I asked her what it was.'

"When my mother told her story, my father instantly recollected that as he left the gaol the thought occurred to him, when he saw how heavy the rain was, that if he found the yard door unlocked he would go in that way—a thing which he very seldom did—to avoid going round the corner to the front door; and the thought having once occurred, he mentally rehearsed the circumstances of his entrance—doing in the spirit precisely what he afterwards did in the body. The distance from the gaol to our home at 'East Cliff' was rather more than two miles, and as this corresponds with my mother's 'rather more than half an hour,' the conclusion is obvious that while the *imago* of the yard door, back stairs, &c., was present in his brain, his *imago* was simultaneously present in my mother's brain.

"The Editor of the *Spectator* also publishes the following from the pen of the Dowager Lady Lyttleton. He says:—

"We have also received the following curious narrative, for the authenticity of which, so far at least, as the form goes in which she received it from Sir Thomas Williams, the Dowager Lady Lyttleton, who is still living, herself vouches:—

"Admiral Sir Thomas Williams, a straightforward and excellent man, founder of the Royal Naval Female School, for the education of naval officers' daughters, was in command of a ship crossing the Atlantic Ocean. His course brought him within sight of the Island of Ascension, at that time uninhabited, and never visited by any ship except for the purpose of collecting turtles, which abound on the coast. The island was barely described on the horizon, and was not to be noticed at all; but as Sir Thomas looked at it, he was seized by an unaccountable desire to steer towards it. He felt how strange such a wish would appear to his crew, and tried to disregard it, but in vain. His desire became more and more urgent and distressing, and foreseeing that it would soon be more difficult to gratify it, he told his lieutenant to prepare to 'put about ship,' and steer for Ascension. The officer to whom he spoke ventured respectfully to represent that changing their course would greatly delay them—that just at that moment the men were going to their

dinner—that, at least, some delay might be allowed. But these arguments seemed to increase Captain Williams's anxiety, and he gave the word of command, which is never resisted. He saw in the countenances of his officers an expression of wonder and even blame, as strong as is ever shown on an order from the captain; but he was obeyed; and the ship was steered towards the uninteresting little island. All eyes and spy glasses were now fixed upon it, and soon something was perceived on the shore. 'It is white—it is a flag—it must be a signal!' and when they neared the shore, they ascertained that 16 men, wrecked on that coast many days before, and suffering the extremity of hunger, had set up a signal, though almost without a hope of relief. The shipwrecked men were taken on board, and the voyage completed. Sir Thomas related this anecdote in the simplest and most tranquil manner, A.D. 1813 (years after the date of its occurrence), to the writer of this account.

"S. L.

"Hagley Hall, May 6, 1868."

A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR VARLEY.

MR. C. F. VARLEY, C.E., F.R.G.S., wrote the following letter to Mr. Dyte, the secretary of the Dialectical Society, from Brest, just before the starting, on board of the Great Eastern, with the French Atlantic Cable:—

"Fleetwood-house, Beckenham, Kent,

"June 16, 1869.

"My dear Sir,—Last Monday week I witnessed at a *séance* a phenomenon which is new to me. There were nine ladies and gentlemen present. The *séance* was held in a private house, the residence of an engineer, in a room unburdened with an excess of furniture, and with sufficient light to enable us to distinguish the features of all present, the light being furnished by a street lamp outside, as well as by the twilight, the two windows being uncovered either by blinds or shutters.

"The medium present was Mr. D. D. Home. The company consisted of the son of an earl of considerable talents, three civil engineers, including myself, a private gentleman, and four ladies, two of whom are well known for their ability. Two of the company were sceptics receiving their first lesson.

"The usual phenomena took place, such as the raising of the table bodily from the floor, the tilting of it in various

directions, and pushing us about the room, mental questions being answered by raps, to the great astonishment of the novices, one of whom was very properly very sharp in demanding proof and making close scrutiny.

“Opposite one of the ladies, and about 12 inches from the nearest hand, there was lying on the table a scent-bottle, about 4 inches long by 1½ inch broad. The table was a large round one of mahogany, without any cover. Mr. Home was on the opposite side of the table to the bottle. One of the engineers and one of the ladies present possessed the power of seeing what Reichenbach calls the flames from magnetic poles, and these two saw a pyramid of light over the scent bottle, whilst two others, endowed with clairvoyant vision of a deeper kind, saw a hand. I am unable to see these appearances except upon very rare occasions, and, in this instance, saw nothing of them.

“Shortly after these phenomena had been described to the rest of us, the scent bottle began to rock very rapidly, producing much noise, and making about eight or ten beats per second for about half a minute. Then it began gyrating, the rocking motion continuing during the gyrations, and we all nine of us sat watching this motion for about a minute and a half. This is one of the prettiest and most complete pieces of evidence I have had of bodies possessed of weight moving without anybody or anything visible to me touching the same.

“There is a circumstance of some interest to students connected with physical manifestations; for, in order to obtain them with power, it is necessary that the minds of those present should be in as passive a state as possible during the collection from the medium and others present of the power necessary to produce the phenomena. Unless these conditions be complied with, the presence of people with very active minds weakens or destroys the power; but, as soon as the phenomena commence, then the activity of the brains of observers is not detrimental. I have very often found that my presence puts a stop to, or greatly weakens, the physical manifestations; and last Monday week two of us were repeatedly called to order by raps, and told to engage in light conversation till the phenomena commenced. This is the reason why, more especially with weak media, scientific men have failed to get any satisfactory results, and less active people succeed with ease.

“The spiritual beings who produce the physical phenomena seem in almost all cases to be very limited in intellect generally more so than any of the human beings present. The clairvoyant phenomena, especially where the medium is capable of being entranced by the unseen intelligences themselves, the activity of the brains of those present

impede the manifestations, at least as far as my experience goes. Through the latter sources of communication one is frequently enabled to converse with intelligences, spirits, or whatever you like to call them, whose knowledge is in advance of our own on many points.

“The process of dying does not seem to add to the intelligence of an individual, so far as I have been able to observe. It seems to be merely a change of state. Superstition seems to reign on the other side of the grave as much as on this, and appears to be as difficult to eradicate as here.

“There is one more point to which I should like to draw the attention of the Society, and it is one in which all of those who may be called ‘rational’ mediums concur, namely, that a sudden violent death is very prejudicial to an individual in the next life. Such a man is nearer in condition to material bodies than those who die a gradual natural death, and when his wisdom is of so low a character that he is maliciously inclined, he is much more able to influence prejudicially those on earth than are those who have died a natural death. I am fully persuaded that inquiry into this branch of the subject will lead to the termination of capital punishment on what may be termed ‘selfish’ grounds; because when a criminal of the lowest type is executed, the lowness of his type, added to his violent death, makes him a spirit very nearly material in nature. Such beings seem to derive great pleasure in doing mischief, and, as they possess the power of influencing the thoughts of those on earth, delight in stimulating others to imitate their own low nature, the weak minded being their chief victims.

“I am sorry one of the London evening papers has printed a burlesque of the weakest part of the evidence I delivered before you. People reading that burlesque would, among other things, fancy that I stated that there is no relation between what are called the spiritual and the other known material forces. What I stated at the meeting was, that I had been unable to discover the correlation.

“While the Committee are undecided in their opinions about the physical phenomena, which are but the very footstool of the subject, it is out of place to say much of the uses of Spiritualism. One important fact you may learn by questioning the witnesses—namely, that all who have been seriously following up the subject, and have been gradually coming into communication with their departed friends, have bit by bit lost the fear of death. Many, in fact, look forward to it as to promotion. The teachings already received from the higher spirits have many of them been left unrecorded, but some of them will be found in the literature of the subject, which is almost wholly American,

and comprises hundreds of volumes published during the last twenty years. The books are obtainable in London only, so far as I know, at the library of Mr. Burns, 15, Southampton-row, Bloomsbury-square. Of the English works, that by Mrs. and Professor de Morgan is about the best.

"Before concluding, I wish again to impress upon the committee and all Spiritualists that no one should rely upon his own evidence as conclusive, unless supported by collateral testimony. It was for this reason that, when before you, I cited chiefly those cases in which the same information had been communicated to me, and to others at a distance from me, at the same time neither of us expecting the messages delivered. I omitted many of the more striking cases not so corroborated by others. I hope that Spiritualists will not object to my stating that as a body I think them far too credulous.

"What is wanted at the present time is that those ladies and gentlemen who have the time and ability to investigate should combine, and then take up the different branches of these extensive questions, and pursue the enquiries with the same perseverance that characterizes the investigators of natural philosophy, making it a rule to accept nothing as true until denial becomes impossible.

"In my opinion it is a grievous pity that so much attention is given to fiction, and so little to the truths which are being revealed by astronomy, geology, chemistry, and natural philosophy generally. These studies reveal truths before which the interest of the greatest fiction pales. Were children taught more of these interesting facts, and less of fiction, superstition would find fewer dupes to the great moral progress of the world.

"I am, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

"C. F. VARLEY."

SPIRITUALISM IN SWINDON.

THE thriving little railway town of Swindon has become a centre of Spiritualism for that part of the country. Rev. F. R. Young, the minister of the Free Christ Church, continues to exercise his great gift of healing, some of which we hope shortly to have from his own pen for our readers. His assistant, Mr. Banks, also, is a trance-speaking, and personating medium. Several other mediums, with different mediums, are regularly held in various parts of the town. At one of these, the phenomenon of the

elongation of the body, was recently witnessed by several persons, the elongation being fully six inches; the medium being Mr. Slater, a well-known and respected resident in Swindon. Mr. Banks has also quite lately been the subject of a similar experience.

Of course the most wild and strange reports are in circulation, and in consequence, there is much misapprehension of Spiritualism in the town and neighbourhood. With the view of presenting a fair exposition of Spiritualism and to afford an opportunity for enquiry and discussion Mr. Thomas Shorter, by invitation, delivered a lecture on the subject, June, 22nd, at the Mechanics' Institute: about 300 persons were present. A long report of the lecture and discussion appeared in the *North Wilts Herald*. We have only space for the latter.

At the conclusion of the lecture the Chairman, after apologising for, perhaps, being a little out of place, remarked that he and they had listened with great interest to the lecture, and he hoped that they would now fairly and temperately discuss the question, for if Spiritualism was true they ought to try and promote it; but he could not hide from himself the idea that Spiritualism sapped the foundations of religion. Mr. Shorter had told them Spiritualism would be of use in the pulpit, but he did not see it himself; and he would ask the lecturer how Spiritualism could be thus useful. He would also ask how were sceptics made believers through Spiritualism. Then, as to spiritual manifestations, he could hardly understand how there could be anything produced as a hand which could be felt and at the same time be supposed to belong to a spirit, and he should be obliged if that matter could be cleared up. Respecting the photographs of deceased friends appearing on photographic plates, he had read that they were merely undiscernable blotches.

Mr. Shorter, in reply, said he was glad that the chairman had made these remarks and put these questions, and he would endeavour to answer them. He thought it a most serious charge to bring against Spiritualism that it sapped the foundations of religion, and he could not understand how such an idea could for a moment be entertained. Dr. Young, in the preface to his *Night Thoughts*, had said that most if not all our infidels were supported in their error by some doubt of their immortality at the bottom, and that he was satisfied that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, were not far from being Christians. This conviction, Spiritualism had effected in many thousands of instances, and it could never fail to effect it in the minds of its believers. He referred, in illustration to such cases as those of Professor Hare, in America, who, after being a materialist for nearly half a century, became convinced by means of Spiritualism of the reality of a future life, and ended his days a Christian;

and to Dr. Elliotson and Robert Owen, in this country, whose experience in Spiritualism had led them to the recognition of the great truth of immortality, after a long life of unbelief and denial. And therefore he regretted that Spiritualism was sometimes denounced from the pulpit, where it might most naturally have looked for alliance and support; for the spiritual facts of to-day rendered more credible facts of a like order, of which he gave instances, that were recorded in the Bible. As to spirit hands being felt as well as seen, he, as well as many others, could testify to that from personal experience, and it was for science to discover, if it could, with what the spirit hand clothed itself so as to be sensible to touch, and by which spirit forms could be projected on the sensitive plate of the photographer; for those spirit forms were not blotches, but distinct and correct likenesses of friends and kindred who had passed into the spirit world, and were so accurate that they were immediately identified, as was proved by sworn evidence in the recent trial of Mr. Mumler in New York, to which he in his lecture had referred.

Mr. Philips enquired if Spiritualism could be of any use, why the spirits had not informed them concerning the fate of Sir John Franklin and his crew, so that an expedition might have been sent out; and also why they did not inform them concerning Dr. Livingstone, when false reports about him were in circulation? He then related a story about a young man who had gone to a circle, and had it rapped out to him that his brother in America was dead; whereas, a few days afterwards, a letter came from his brother saying he was alive and well.

Mr. Shorter remarked that those were questions which might more fitly be addressed to the spirits than to himself. He could only speak as to what had occurred, not as to what might, or, as they thought, should have happened. Spirits, however, he might remind them, were not omniscient; and even if the information suggested had been received, would it have been believed and acted upon? In the case, however, of Sir John Franklin and his crew, he had good authority for saying that the information suggested had been given by a spirit, and on inquiry it was found that one of the crew bearing the name given as that of the spirit, and holding the position stated by him, had perished in that ill-fated expedition. He was not aware whether any information had been given by the spirits concerning Dr. Livingstone; but he might mention that in the case of Rev. Mr. Speke, brother of the African traveller, whose disappearance some time since had excited so painful a well-known clairvoyant, M. Adolphe Didier, had consulted, and had stated that Mr. Speke was not dead, believed; but was in the south of England and was

of in a few days : and so it proved. As to errors and mistakes in communications that were received from spirits, there were many sources of error; the means of communication were imperfect, and there might be misunderstanding on either side; and as was the case even with the electric telegraph, the messages sought to be conveyed might not always be correctly rendered; spirits, too, like mortals, were liable to errors of judgment; and sometimes, as was the case with spirits on earth, there might be those who took pleasure in hoaxing and deceiving. This was not to be altogether regretted, for it prevented them from placing a too implicit confidence in spirits, and yielding up their own reason and judgment. Communications from spirits must be taken for just what they were worth and no more, and be tried and tested as they would test those of any anonymous correspondent.

Mr. G. Rowland could not understand how a man could retain his scepticism and yet endorse Spiritualism.

Mr. Shorter explained that many Spiritualists had been sceptics and materialists, and though Spiritualism satisfied them of the truth of man's immortality, it did not always lead them to at once abandon their unbelief on other points; though such unbelief might be logically inconsistent with the new conviction they had attained.

Mr. Simpson inquired how spirits could move material substances and play musical instruments, as was alleged to be the case.

Mr. Shorter replied that they must distinguish between these modes of manifestation of spirit power, and the means by which they were accomplished: of the former they were certain, but the latter was still in great measure a subject of speculation, and for further enquiry. He might ask in reply to the question how men moved their physical bodies. In this they have evidence every day of their lives of the power of spirit over matter. All forces were invisible, the subtlest forces were the most potent. Spirit power from its very nature was more subtle than any force known to them, and they might reasonably conclude that it would act upon grosser matter through the intermediate agency of the finer forces, elements, and essences of Nature.

Mr. Ham inquired why spirits only communicated by rapping, and why they always rapped upon the table. Why did they not speak with their tongues instead of rapping on wooden tables.

Mr. Shorter said that spirits communicated in many ways. The raps, as they were called, was only one of these. It was used to arrest attention, just as any one present might rap at a friend's door for the same purpose. The raps were made on the

walls, the floor, the ceiling, on any resonant substance; sometimes on wooden heads, as well as on wooden tables. Spirits could not very well use their physical tongues when these no longer had an existence; but wherever conditions were favourable they communicated by preference through the living organism,—the tongue or hand of a medium in preference to inert matter. Many of the noblest discourses he had ever listened to had been thus given; and these, as well as answers to mental questions that were written out through the hand of a medium, were often far superior to anything of which the medium was capable in the ordinary or normal state.

Two or three further questions were asked, which were answered by Mr. Shorter, and with thanks to the Chairman the meeting separated.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

AN IMPUDENT HOAX.

“That coin is spurious, nail it down!”—*Charles Mackay.*

A COMMON and now stale trick of the Opposition (not a very ingenious but a wholly disingenuous one) to discredit Spiritualism is the fabrication of fictitious narratives,—sometimes affecting to be an account of wonderful spirit manifestations witnessed by the writer, at others, an exposure of the devices by which the cunning newspaper correspondent has imposed on the credulity of those about him; of course the inference being that all spirit manifestations are equally deceptive, and all their believers equally credulous. Sometimes the writer is anonymous, at others, in order to give his narrative an air of greater authenticity, a fictitious name and address is given. Sometimes, to avoid responsibility, the account is made first to appear in obscure provincial newspaper, to be thence transferred to metropolitan journal, whence it takes a new start, and goes round of the press. This last little game has just been played between a writer in the *Kentish Chronicle* (of whose name and whereabouts we learn only that he is “a gentleman resident in London,”) and the *Echo*. The article, as it appears in the *Echo*, is headed “Confessions of a Spiritualist: if it were anything but an impudent hoax, it would be on the writer’s own shewing, more appropriate

“Confessions of a Scoundrel.” He tells us that he brought four of his friends together to his room to witness spirit manifestations. These he counterfeited by various contrivances. He raised the table by putting his foot under it, made knocks by pressing the top of the table on a broken spring underneath, and so by means of the alphabet rapped out private information which with great trouble he had previously ferreted out. He caused a little music to be played by strings attached to the keys of a concealed musical instrument, he moved a picture and other articles in the room by fine silk threads attached to them, and finally, having secretly turned out the gas, and armed himself with a stick, he gave his friends a good thrashing, persuading them it was inflicted by the spirits. The writer, we think, richly merits the castigation he feigns to have inflicted on his friends, who, if his account were true, must have been as great fools as he a knave, though not greater fools than those readers who can be gulled by so clumsy a fraud.

THE MESMERIC INFIRMARY.

We have received a report embracing the last four years' operations of this useful Institution which devotes itself to the healing powers of Mesmerism, at the Infirmary, 36, Weymouth Street, W. The Earl of Dunraven is the President. On the cover, we find the following excellent and characteristic memorandum by its former President, the late Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin:—

That book about doctors, by Mr. Jefferson, is rather late in the attempt to hold up Mesmerism to derision. The attempt might have been more promising twenty or thirty years ago; since then, the belief in it has spread steadily, and not very slowly among persons who are not commonly accounted either fools or mad. Now, although in religion the most gross errors may prevail for ages, because they cannot be fully exposed till the Day of Judgment, it is not so with matters of fact, which are open to examination and experiment. In these a delusion which may prevail for a time will generally, in a few years, die away. It is seldom that in such matters error can permanently be established, or truth finally suppressed. I remember the vehement opposition which prevailed, when I was a lad, to vaccination; but before long it died away. I myself was for many years strongly reluctant to believe in Mesmerism, but I was at length overcome by facts. Any amount of detected mistake or imposture will no more go to disprove a well-established fact than the detection of a number of pieces of counterfeit coins will prove a genuine shilling and sovereign not to be genuine silver and gold. To take one case out of a multitude: I witnessed, day after day, and week after week, the gradual restoration to sight, under Mesmeric treatment, of a woman who had been blind for twenty-seven years, a great part of which time I had personally known her. Her eyes were as white as this paper, so that there was no room for deception, either in her former blindness or in her restoration to sight. If any one thinks that this was the work of imagination, let him, for pity's sake, try a hand himself at curing the blind by imagination.

With this, and many similar cases before me, besides many reports of the like from credible persons, I could not maintain disbelief; and to suppose that

we are all so mad as to believe that things are taking place before our eyes which did not, and all mad in the same way, is utterly incredible. No one, I am convinced, who has seen what I have seen, or the half of it, can remain unconvinced that Mesmerism is a real and powerful agent. Those who profess complete disbelief, therefore, must belong, I conceive, to one of two classes: first, those who have made but a slight and scanty enquiry, or none at all, and shun full investigation, lest they should be convinced—which is what they do not wish; and secondly, those who have enquired more fully, and really are convinced, but are afraid to own it, for fear of being laughed at, or of being sent "to Coventry" by a kind of Trades' Union conspiracy. A physician in high practice confessed privately to a friend of his, whom I knew, and who told it to me without divulging the name, that he fully believed in the reality of many of the Mesmeric phenomena, but that he dare not acknowledge this publicly "because," said he, "it would cost me two or three thousand a year, which is more than I can afford to lose."

THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY.

We are amused to see that the inquiry into Spiritualism by the committee of this Society, is bringing them into the same public contempt and opprobrium which have attended all previous inquirers and inquiries. We read in a paper an article describing the committee as composed of stupid old women who are setting themselves up to inquire into the exploded imposture called Spiritualism. The members will now have an opportunity of realizing the depth of the foolishness of the press and the public, whilst we fully recognize that even were they to make a favourable report, it would be almost valueless, because of its substantiating unpalatable facts. It is hard to be dealing with a subject in which every one who becomes a believer renders his evidence thereby of no validity to convince others, albeit the facts which he states are analogous to those on which Christianity and all other forms of religion are based.

SHARON TURNER, THE HISTORIAN, ON MIRACLES.

"Avoid all absurd prejudices, theoretically, against miracles. They are inseparable from existence. Creation was a miracle; its subsistence is not less so. The true idea of a miracle is that it is an act of Divine power—an event which the material laws of nature, without the greater law of the Divine agency, could not effect. To describe a miracle as a violation of the laws of nature, is an incorrect and inapplicable definition; for all the laws of nature are in continual violation and counteraction by each other. Fire burns, hot water extinguishes it; water is fluid, but cold converts it into a solid, and heat into air. It is the established course of nature that all its laws should be thus violating each other. It is by such a violation that we ro yearly round the sun. This is the result of the attractive law

continually violating the law of that propulsive force which every planet has received. These two laws are in a constant struggle, each violating the other,—neither prevailing; and therefore the result of their unceasing conflict and counteraction is that forced compromise, ever resisted by each, but maintained by their very resistance, which appears in our circuitous orbit. We now go round the sun by no willing movement. Instead of flying off from it, as one law urges us to do, and instead of falling with it, to which the other is always drawing us,—this mutual violation of each other's law compels our planet into that elliptical circuit which is the artificial product of this appointed contest.

“A miracle is, therefore, the excited will and agency of that Deity who is an inexcludable part of all nature, as well as His works; who is ever superintending them, and who acts by his natural law in the usual course of things, and by the special operation of a miracle whenever He deems it proper so to do. He alone is the judge of the necessity or expediency of such an interference; but whatever He chooses to do for the benefit of His creatures, there is nothing to prevent Him from accomplishing. He has no controller nor superior, nor does He take counsel from us as to the time, the manner, or the fitness of His interposition. Miracles are therefore at no time impossible; but, on the contrary, from the constant presence of the efficient cause, are always probable. The usual course of things is manifestly left to the operation of the mechanized and subordinated laws, as far as their visible causes appear. The supernatural interposition is not necessary, while the common events of nature only are to take place and occur. But when the manifestation of the Superior Power, or the production of the effects to which the common law of things are adequate, becomes expedient, then, what is specially needed, specially ensues. The Divine agency immediately acts and produces visible effects beyond the power of natural causes to occasion; and thus evidences its own operation. That it would not thus interfere without an adequate reason, is the deduction of our judgment which Horace has so forcibly expressed:—

‘Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit;’

but that it will always thus interfere whenever a sufficient occasion makes its agency expedient, our same judgment will correctly infer; because intelligence will act like itself, and therefore intelligently, and therefore at every period do what it is proper and right that it should do. How it has acted in this respect before our present day, history only can inform us from human sources of knowledge. Authentic history declares that it has thus interposed, but on rare, and always on great

occasions, and from sufficient reasons; and thus the special interference of Divine agency in the occurrence of miracles on great occasions, and from sufficient reasons, is the suggestion of our past experience, and is the true philosophical probability. Sacred history, being the history of the Divine agency in human affairs, cannot but comprise the appearance, and be expected to exhibit the occurrence of such miracles as were necessary to effectuate its object."—*Sacred History of the World*, p. 77.

ARRAIGNMENT OF HEALERS.

Drs. Ruttley and Andrus have recently been brought before the Police Court in Toronto, Canada, and fined for using magnetism as a remedial agency with the laying on of hands. The same court in a Canada Council chamber would have fined Jesus Christ for making the "lame to walk, the blind to see, and the deaf to hear," by the laying on of hands. Can Bigotry go further?

EXPERIENCE OF AN AMERICAN PROFESSOR.

"The following letter was written by Professor Taylor, editor, and one of the proprietors of the *North-Western Farmer*, and also of the *Ladies' Own Magazine*, two monthly periodicals published in this city. Professor Taylor is well and extensively known in this city (Indianapolis), as an intelligent, Christian man—an able preacher, a zealous and efficient temperance advocate and forcible writer. He is also extensively known in Central, Southern and Northern Illinois, as a successful gospel minister, and as an earnest and successful educator, having, at different times, had charge of the educational interests of that State at different points. Those who know Professor Taylor will, therefore, read with interest the statements made in the following letter, which was written, not for publication at all, but as a private letter to his brother-in-law, James M. Matthe of Oldtown, Maryland, but some of his friends, to whom the letter before sending it off, thinking that it might be made public in this manner, and furnished us with a copy, which is to the effect:—

"Indianapolis, M

"My dear Brother and Sister:—* * * * But I must of news that is most upon my mind, and in which you will interested. I have, all my life, suffered at times, with most of as to whether there is a future world or not. I suppose I ought to make this acknowledgment, seeing that I have been a man for nearly twenty years; but I could not rid myself of those de

“God in his great mercy has permitted one of those of whom the Apostle speaks, when he interrogatively declares, “Are they not all Ministering Spirits sent to minister unto them who shall be heirs of Salvation?” to reveal herself to me in a very wonderful manner.

“On last Thursday, about 3 o'clock, P.M., as I was sitting in a small room singing in a low tone of voice,

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies, &c.,

a voice spoke to me which I did not comprehend. The person speaking seemed to wish to introduce herself. The name was spoken several times, but so indistinctly, that I did not recognize the name, and I said, “I can't understand you.” She then turned to my niece, who was present, and said, very distinctly, “Tell him I am your aunt Harriet.”

“My niece was very much affected at this, and burst into a flood of tears and wept aloud for some little time. She then turned to me and said, with much fervor, “My dear brother, I am your sister Harriet.” I said, “O, is it possible that this is my darling sister Harriet, whom I used to love so much?” And she answered: “Yes, yes!” Then turning to my niece, who was still weeping, she said, “Don't weep, my dear, control your feelings, I can talk so much better if you will.” Mary having promised to do so, she turned to me again, and said, “My dear, dear brother, don't doubt any more. O, I am so glad to be permitted to speak to you, my dear brother;” and kissed me three times on my face.

“The professor, after giving a synopsis of the words of consolation and admonition addressed to himself and niece, proceeds:—

“A few minutes after sister Harriet left me, a little one advanced and said in a feeble, faint voice, “Your wee little Timmy Finlay, Oh, papa, papa, me so glad, so glad,” and kissed me twice, and repeated, “Papa, papa, papa,” three times, and this sweet vision of angels was over. * * *

“What seems now to be very strange to me, is, I was not thinking of our darling queenly sister at all, nor of my little angel boy, that passed to the better land in 1861. You remember that sister Harriet departed this life, at Colfax, in this state, in the year of 1863. I had just been thinking of our sainted mother, also of the dear wife of my youth, each of whom passed over about ten years ago. If I had been thinking intently of my sister, or my “wee little” one, I might now think, or at least others might think it for me, that my eyes, ears, and touch had deceived me; nevertheless, I saw a luminous appearance, as distinctly as I ever saw the morning star before it passed beyond the Western hills; or the full-orbed moon, as in her waxen brightness, she walks amid the hosts of the stars. I heard the name and the discourse as plainly as I heard Dr. Holliday preach his excellent sermon to-day, in Roberts chapel, on the resurrection of Christ, and our consequent resurrection. I felt the touch as sensibly as ever I felt the forceps of the dentist in having a tooth extracted, but without pain, so that, as to the fact, there is not even the slightest possible grounds for even a remote shadow of doubt.

“But if I had been thinking intently of these, my two departed loved ones, it, to say the least, would not have appeared so remarkable. But I should not have been any more astonished if Archimedes had introduced himself. * * *

“There was one figure sister used that now recurs to me, that I will mention as being full of interest. Speaking of the subject of death, she said, “There is nothing in death to alarm a good man. I used to fear death so much, but it is like staying a few days in an old house, that is almost ready to fall down, while a splendid mansion is benignly finished into which you are to move and live for ever.” Many more things were said but I cannot write them now. I have thus written my dear brother and sister, that your own souls might be refreshed and encouraged. * * * * I am your affectionate brother,

“T. B. TAYLOR.”

Indianapolis State Journal.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S CONFESSION.

"I confess to you, there is something in my mind of sublimity in the idea that the world is full of spirits, good and evil, who are pursuing their various errands, and that the little that we can see with these bats' eyes of ours, the little that we can decipher with these imperfect senses, is not the whole of the reading of those vast pages of that great volume which God has written. There is in the lore of God more than our philosophy has ever dreamed of."

A GHOST AT CARMYLE.

"Although the whole family of infernal spirits have been relegated by universal consent to their legitimate sphere, a few restless members of the tribe still, it would seem, take pleasure in revisiting the earth about "the witching hour of night" and scaring such unfortunate travellers as happen to be abroad at that "eerie" time. According to the testimony of several credible witnesses, the neighbourhood of the village of Carmyle has been selected by an unhappy ghost as an eligible locality for a nightly airing. A part of the road, deeply shaded by trees, leading from the village to the railway station, is locally understood to be "haunted," ever since a suicide took place there some years ago; and though a number of the villagers are still sceptical, proof is accumulating so rapidly, that there is a fair probability of their soon being brought over to the popular side. A lady who has only recently become a resident of the neighbourhood, and who, till she had related the story of the "thing" she saw, was unacquainted with the traditions of the place, has related to us that, on her way home from Glasgow one night recently, at a late hour, she noticed—soon after entering the mysterious precincts within which the ghost is believed to promenade—a weird-looking object on the opposite side of the road. It had the semblance of a very tall man, enveloped in a dark cloak from the shoulders downward, with a white handkerchief closely drawn around the head, and was standing, with its back to the road, mournfully contemplating the ivy-covered wall. At first, the lady had no thought of the supernatural, but as she passed the object, and glanced backward at it, a sense of awe came over her that impelled her to hurry onward, without taking a second look. The most singular part of the story is that next day, when she was beginning to tell that she had seen "something" overnight on her way home, a lad who was present caught up the story and gave a descripti

of the local ghost—as observed on several occasions by belated villagers—which entirely corresponded with what she had seen. It seems beyond doubt, therefore, that a mysterious being, either human or infernal, is accustomed to “walk” the Carmyle Road.”—*Glasgow Citizen*.

Notices of Books.

THE GATE'S AJAR.*

THIS is a book on the identity of our being in time and eternity. We set aside the long-drawn argument of Butler as we take it up to find a journal of a young lady, who has lost her brother in the four years' American war, and who is a victim to cherished sorrow, till an aunt joins her who sees in life the assurance and the type of life eternal. Point by point this idea is enforced in the narrative; at one time disclosing the truth to overcome the stolidity of doctrinal believers, at another, to win to trustful love the roughest and most ignorant hind, by showing him that his rational power in machinery may be but an instinct of the mastery over motion and form which he shall enjoy in the eternal future. One extract will be sufficient from Aunt Winifred's conversation with Abinadab Quirk to exhibit the writer's method and power. Aunt Winifred having told “'Bin” that, ungainly and clumsy as he is, he will hereafter be as much handsomer than the St. George she shews him as the picture is handsomer than his actual self. We feel ourselves in the hands of a practical teacher as we read this reply:—

“Make it all up there may be?” Musing. “The girls laughing at you all your life and all. That would be the bigger heft of the two then, wouldn't it? for they say there ain't any end of things up there. Why, so it might be fair in Him after all; more'n fair, perhaps. See, here; Mrs. Forceythe I'm not a church-member you know, and father, he's dreadful troubled about me; prays over me like a span of ministers, the old gentleman does, every Sunday night. Now I don't want to go to the other place any mor than the next man, and I've had my times too of thinking I'd keep steady, and say my prayers reg'lar—it makes a chap feel on a sight better terms with himself; but I don't see how I'm going to wear white frocks, and stand up in a choir—never could sing no more'n a frog with a cold in his head,—it tires me more now, honest, to think of it, than it does to do a week's mowing—look at me! Do you suppose I'm fit for it? Father, he's always talking about the thrones, and the wings, and the praises, and the psalms, and having new names in your forehead (shouldn't object to that, though, by any means) till he drives me into the tool-house, or off on a spree. I tell him if God hain't got a place where chaps like me can do something He's fitted 'em to do in this world, there's no use thinking about it anyhow.’”

* By ELIZABETH STEWART PRELPS. London: SAMSON, LOW, SON & MARSTON.

Again, it is very remarkable how the authoress uses the letter of Scripture to enforce its spirit, thus:—

“The Bible” (says the objector), “declares there shall be no marrying nor giving in marriage”—(the reply is): “I know that; nor will there be such marrying or giving in marriage as there is in a world like this. Christ expressly goes on to state that we shall be *as* the angels in Heaven. How do we know what heavenly unions of heart with heart exist among the angels? It leaves me margin to live and be happy with John* for ever, and it holds many possibilities for the settlement of all perplexing questions brought about by the relations of this world. It is no use to talk much about them; but it is on that very verse that I found my unshaken belief that they will be smoothed out in some natural and happy way, with which each one shall be content.”

To review this little work would be only to re-write it, and that probably very inefficiently, but we hope that this slight notice will attract equally those who are enquiring after truth in things spiritual, and those who are sorrowing for dear ones they have lost.

Correspondence.

THE GREAT MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES.

“The sense of man carrieth a resemblance with the sun, which, as we see, openeth and revealeth all the terrestrial globe; but then again it obscureth and concealeth the stars and celestial globe; so doth the sense discover natural things, but it darkeneth and shutteth up divine.”—BACON.

Mr. William White would like to ask me “what better conception can we entertain of God than as of man,” that “if we do not think of him as man, how shall we think of him?” That question has been answered by all the profoundest thinkers both of ancient and modern times to the effect that of the nature of causation—that is of the fundamental source and cause of natural phenomena whether viewed as physical forms, animal instincts, or mental facts we know nothing, and can form no intelligible conception; that it is a matter entirely underlying, and beyond the reach of the human faculties. Every effect must have a cause, but which in its efficient nature cannot be realised by the human finite mind, which does but reflect effects and discern their laws, but has no insight into first and fundamental principles, which, as Bacon says, must be *sui generis* and unlike anything we can possibly imagine, and in which sense, the very term principle means no more than an x signifying the existence of something, the nature of which is unknown. We try to realise the nature of power as a muscular effort, and of the “formative principle” in the growth of a flower, in a vague indefinite way as the mental conception we term design or will or motive, but all which is sheer illusion and delusion, as to the source and determining law and antecedent conditions, of which the mental phenomena are the consequent, and thus we confound effect with efficient causes—and in making man the measure of the universe, bring in a false illustration in a wrong conception of what man's nature is, in the idea that he is a free and undetermined source of power. Now, no one is more clear upon this head than Mrs. Hardinge when proclaiming and illustrating “the reign of law even in the realm of mind” as the Duke of Argyll expresses it in his recent noble work on universal law.

* The widow Winifred's late husband.

The illustrious Naturalist of whom the Spiritualists are so justly proud, declares in the plainest terms that the determining cause in the universe is a profound mystery, not only unknown but unknowable, and even absolutely unthinkable; and if Mr. White, as a Christian, prefers the authority of a divine, let him read the great work on Final Causes by the Rev. Dr. Irons, who is appointed to deliver the next Bampton Lecture. But when Mr. White tells us that unless we know the nature of a cause we cannot say there is any cause at all, I can only reply that all life and the whole history of science and of philosophy, and of the human mind, exhibit the very contrary to be the fact. Am I not at this very moment questioning the cause of the very remarkable class of phenomena of modern Spiritualism, being sure there is a sufficient cause, but in no spirit of scepticism or antagonism whatever, being sensible of the deep importance of the fact, be the cause what it may. No doubt the very term God from use implies some close resemblance to a human being, and if we must imagine a nature to that which is in very reality pronounced to be "unthinkable," of course we can but use some symbol, and what other can we take but our highest conception of the nature of man himself—false though the simile be; since a man is a mere result and not a primary cause or principle at all, for the whole phenomena of consciousness are clearly the product of an unconscious source, whether the substance be considered to be material or spiritual. Thoughts do not produce themselves, but have a basis in that which is not thought, and in which lies the great mystery in which Spiritualism does not in the least solace, or bring us one step nearer to the great principle fundamental to all existence, and whether considered as instinct, thought, or material forms. Of one thing we are certain that intelligence does not produce itself, or designs design themselves, and that the highest inspirations of the poet and philosopher flows into conscious conception unbidden, and the idea of a spirit, and of a spirit behind that again, does not throw the least light on the ultimate fact or first principles. The idea merely puts off the question, but does not solve it; and in regard to Christ, Mr. White should remember that the belief was that God took upon himself the nature of man, because God, as very God to man must be unintelligible, and that the only absolutely divine manifestations were accounted to be miraculous, and in consequence the cause of which to be absolutely inconceivable in the very nature of things, and in consequence of the wholly superficial character of the human mind as the mere sensible expression or reflex of effects in their order and relations.

HENRY G. ATKINSON,

61, Upper Gloucester Place, N.W.

Mr. Atkinson multiplies words to little purpose, and adduces arguments which I should contest point by point. That we can know anything of causes apart from effects, I deny as strenuously as he does; but that from effects we may know causes, I as strenuously maintain. I never met Mr. Atkinson, but from his writings I have a definite conception of him as a cause in which common sense is so nullified by art, that he can witness manifestations of intelligence, and at the same time question their intelligent origin. Consistently, he treats God as he treats Spirits.

Let me repeat. From what God *does* we learn what He *is*. Our experience of Nature is an experience of its Creator; our experience of Human Nature affords a yet deeper insight; whilst in Christ, we hold, God has revealed His very heart. God as unseen is known on no other terms than Man as unseen. So much of God we presume to know, and trust to go on learning to eternity.

That many philosophers have pronounced God unknown and unknowable is true, but I have too little respect for authority to be affected thereby. Their grand fallacy has been the endeavour (an endeavour Mr. Atkinson imputes to me) to know God apart from Nature, apart from Man, and especially apart from Jesus Christ. Vain indeed is that quest; whilst the search for God manifest in His handiwork is fruitful from the outset and ever onwards.

WILLIAM WHITE.

Thurlow Road, Hampstead.



THE
Spiritual Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1869.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

THE following compendious statement from the pen of Mr. A. E. Newton, is taken from Hayward's *Book of all Religions*. In the *Ohio Spiritualist* it is kept up in each number as a standing declaration of what is meant by Modern Spiritualism, and it has appeared in other Spiritualist Journals in America. At the Fifth National Convention of American Spiritualists, which was held at Rochester, New York, August 25th, 1868, the paragraphs numbered 1 to 17 were adopted as a declaration of what Spiritualism teaches, and taken as the basis of THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, a body which is to take the place of THE NATIONAL CONVENTION of Spiritualists. It may therefore be taken as a fair presentation of the general principles and views of the great body of Spiritualists in the United States. It has not before, to our knowledge, been published in this country.

Modern Spiritualism, distinctively so called, took its rise from certain phenomena alleged to be caused by disembodied spirits, and believed to signalize the opening of intelligible intercourse between the earthly and spiritual states of existence. These phenomena first attracted special attention in the western part of the State of New York, in the year 1848, and have since spread, in various forms, throughout almost all parts of the civilized world. It is computed that from two to three millions of the people of the United States alone have become convinced of their reality and their spiritual origin.*

* This estimate was made above nine years ago; the number of Spiritualists in the United States of America has since then greatly increased.

DEFINITIONS.

Spiritualism, in its broad sense, as a Philosophical System, embraces whatever relates to *spirit*, *spiritual existences*, and *spiritual forces*, especially all truths relative to the *human spirit*, its nature, capacities, laws of manifestations, its disembodied existence, the conditions of that existence, and the modes of communication between that and the earth life. It is thus a system of Universal Philosophy, embracing in its ample scope all phenomena of life, motion and development,—all causation, immediate or remote,—all existence, animal, human, and divine. It has, consequently, its Phenomenal, Philosophical, and Theological departments.

But in neither of these departments is it as yet clearly and completely defined, to general acceptance. Hence there is no distinct *system* now before the public which can with propriety be called Spiritualism, or *the Spiritual Philosophy*, and for which Spiritualists as such can be held responsible.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM, more specifically, may be defined as that belief or conviction which is peculiar to, and universally held by, the people now called Spiritualists. This may be stated in the single proposition—

That disembodied human spirits sometimes manifest themselves or make known their presence and power, to persons in the earthly body, and hold realized communications with them.

Whoever believes this one fact, whatever else he may believe or disbelieve in Theology, Philosophy, or Morals, is a Spiritualist, according to the modern use of the term.

Hence there are wide differences among Spiritualists on theological questions. There are those who regard the Bible as divinely inspired and authoritative; though, in the light of modern revelation, they interpret its teachings somewhat differently from any of the prominent sects of Christendom. There are others who esteem it simply as an historic record, embracing the religious ideas, spiritual manifestations, &c., of the Jewish people and early Christians, having no higher claims to reliability or authority than have other histories.

The subjoined summary embodies the views on a variety of topics generally prevalent among the most intelligent class of Spiritualists.

I.—THEORETICAL.

1.—That man has a spiritual nature as well as a corporeal; in other words, that the *real* man is a *spirit*; which spirit has an organized form, composed of sublimated material, with parts and organs corresponding to those of the corporeal body.

2.—That man, as a spirit, is immortal. Being found to survive that change called physical death, it may be reasonably supposed that he will survive all future vicissitudes.

3.—That there is a spiritual world, or state, with its substantial realities, objective as well as subjective.

4.—That the process of physical death in no way essentially transforms the mental constitution or the moral character of those who experience it, else it would destroy their identity.

5.—That happiness or suffering, in the spiritual state, as in this, depends not on arbitrary decree or special provision, but on *character, aspirations, and degree of harmonization*, or of personal conformity to universal and divine law.

6.—Hence that the experience and attainments of the present life lay the foundation on which the next commences.

7.—That since *growth* (in some degree) is the law of the human being in the present life, and since the process called death is in fact but a *birth* into another condition of life, retaining all the advantages gained in the experiences of this life, it may be inferred that growth, development, expansion, or progression is the endless destiny of the human spirit.

8.—That the spiritual world is not far off, but near around, or interblended with our present state of existence; and hence that we are constantly under the cognizance of spiritual beings.

9.—That, as individuals are passing from the earthly to the spiritual state in all stages of mental and moral growth, that state includes all grades of character, from the lowest to the highest.

10.—That, as heaven and hell, or happiness and misery, depend on *internal state* rather than on *external surroundings*, there are as many gradations of each as there are shades of character,—each one gravitating to *his own place* by natural law of affinity. They may be divided into several general degrees or spheres; but these must admit of indefinite diversifications, or “many mansions,” corresponding to diversified individual characters—each individual being as happy as his *character* will allow him to be.

11.—That communications from the spiritual world, whether by mental impressions, inspirations, or any other mode of transmission, are not necessarily infallible truth, but, on the contrary, partake unavoidably of the imperfections of the minds from which they emanate, and of the channels through which they come, and are, moreover, liable to misinterpretation those to whom they are addressed.

12.—Hence that no *inspired* communication, in this

age (whatever *claims* may be or have been set up as to its source), is *authoritative* any further than it expresses TRUTH to the individual consciousness,—which last is the final standard to which all inspired or spiritual teachings must be brought for judgment.

13.—That inspiration, or the influx of ideas and promptings from the spiritual realm, is not a miracle of a past age, but a PERPETUAL FACT,—the ceaseless method of the divine economy for human elevation.

14.—That all angelic and all demonic beings which have manifested themselves, or interposed in human affairs in the past, were simply disembodied human spirits, in different grades of advancement.

15.—That all authentic miracles (so called) in the past—such as the raising of the apparently dead, the healing of the sick by the laying on of hands or other simple means, unharmed contact with poisons, the movement of physical objects without visible instrumentality, &c., &c., have been produced in harmony with universal laws, and hence may be repeated at any time under suitable conditions.

16.—That the causes of all phenomena—the sources of all Life, Intelligence, and Love—are to be sought in the internal, the spiritual, realm, not in the external or material.

17.—That the chain of causation leads inevitably upward or inward to an Infinite Spirit,—who is not only a *Forming Principle* (Wisdom), but an *Affectional Source* (Love), thus sustaining the dual *parental* relations of Father and Mother to all finite intelligences, who, of course, are all brethren.

18.—That Man, as the offspring of this Infinite Parent, is his highest representative on this plane of being,—the Perfect Man being the most complete embodiment of the Father's "fulness" which we can contemplate; and that each man is, or has, by virtue of this parentage, in his inmost a germ of Divinity, an incorruptible portion of the Divine Essence, which is ever prompting to the right, and which in time will free itself from all imperfections incident to the rudimental or earthly condition, and will triumph over all evil.

19.—That all evil is disharmony, greater or less, with this inmost or divine principle; and hence whatever prompts and aids man to bring his more external nature into subjection to and harmony with his *interiors*—whether it be called "Christianity," "Spiritualism," or "The Harmonial Philosophy"—whether it recognizes "the Holy Ghost," "the Bible," or a present Spiritual and Celestial Influx—is a "means of salvation" from evil.

II.—PRACTICAL.

The hearty and intelligent conviction of these truths, with a realization of spirit-communion, tends—

1.—To enkindle lofty desires and spiritual aspirations—an effect opposite to that of a grovelling materialism, which limits existence to the present life.

2.—To deliver from painful fears of death, and dread of imaginary evils consequent thereupon, as well as to prevent inordinate sorrow and mourning for deceased friends.

3.—To give a rational and inviting conception of the after-life to those who use the present worthily.

4.—To stimulate to the highest and worthiest possible employment of the present life, in view of its momentous relations to the future.

5.—To energize the soul in all that is good and elevating and to restrain the passions from all that is evil and impure. This must result, according to the laws of moral influence from a knowledge of the constant presence or cognizance of the loved and the pure.

6.—To guard against the seductive and degrading influence of the impure and unenlightened of the spiritual world. If such exist, and have access to us, our safety is not in ignorance.

7.—To prompt our highest endeavours, by purity of heart and life, by angelic unselfishness, and by loftiness of aspiration, to live constantly *en rapport* with the highest possible grades of spirit life and thought.

8.—To stimulate the *mind* to the largest investigation and the freest thought on all subjects,—especially on the vital themes of a Spiritual Philosophy and all cognate matters,—that it may be qualified to judge for itself what is right and true.

9.—To deliver from all bondage to *authority*, whether vested in creed, book, or church, except that of perceived truth.

10.—To make every man more an individual and more a MAN, by taking away the supports of authority and compelling him to put forth and *exercise his own* God-given, truth-determining powers.

11.—At the same time to make each one modest, courteous, teachable and deferential. (If God speaks in one person's interior, he does the same in those of every other person with a clearness proportional to their individual development and if one would know the truth in all its phases, it is that he give a patient ear to the divine voice through others as well as in himself, that all possible mistakes in his own interior

may be corrected. To refuse to do this, is the extreme of *egotism*; while unquestioning submission to another's convictions is the extreme of *slavishness*.)

12.—To promote charity and toleration for all differences, in so far as they result from variations in mental constitution, experience, and growth.

13.—To cultivate and wisely direct the *affectional* nature—making persons more kind, fraternal, unselfish, angelic.

14.—To quicken the *religious* nature, giving a more immediate sense of the divine existence, presence, power, wisdom, goodness, and parental care than is apt to be felt without a realization of angelic ministry or mediation.

15.—To quicken all *philanthropic* impulses, stimulating to enlightened and unselfish labours for universal human good,—under the encouraging assurance that the redeemed and exalted spirits of our race, instead of retiring to idle away an eternity of inglorious ease, are encompassing us about as a great cloud of witnesses, inspiring us to the work, and aiding it forward to a certain and glorious issue.

MANIFESTATIONS OF MUSIC, VOICE, AND DIRECT WRITING.

SINCE my narrative of the *séance* at my friend Mr. George Childs' I have had the satisfaction of witnessing other manifestations, through the mediumship of his brother, Mr. Edward Childs, and of Mr. Austin.

A few evenings after the date of my notes, which appeared in the June No. of the *Spiritual Magazine*, Mr. George Childs with Mr. Austin called upon me in passing, and I read to them my notes of the *séance* in order that Mr. Childs might check any error of statement. My wife and her sister were present, and as I read we heard the voice, first, of the spirit who speaks in rustic voice and dialect, and who gives the name of Joseph Campion, then of Antonius Sancto. On adjourning to the next room for more complete absence of light, Sancto said that he was pleased with the notes I had taken the trouble to make, and offered to give further proof of his facility in using musical instruments. I placed on the table a common organ concertina, and a 6-keyed flute, an old "Potter," that I had not used for ten years, and which I now tried to get some notes from,

but in vain. Upon this flute, however, the spirit Sancto executed some rapid passages, and then put it down, saying that it was a good flute, but wanted oil and wadding. He then took up the concertina, and upon it played two parts of a now obsolete piece, the "Copenhagen Waltz," with exactness and brilliancy. Then, at request, he repeated some of the pieces he had delighted the circle with a few evenings before. Then he invited us to name airs for him to render, between the pieces chatting with us like a familiar acquaintance, Campion in a simple way taking part.

Sancto excused us while we returned to our former apartment for supper, and there we commented upon what we had witnessed. I remarked that he had not played the last and prettiest part of the "Copenhagen," a piece I knew, from it being among the earliest I learned on the flute half a century ago. Returning to our former seats, the wanting part was played, Sancto saying that it had escaped his recollection for the moment.

In the course of conversation he said he was born at Nice, in 1774; his parents were in the musical profession; with them he went through France and Germany, and finally settled in England, where he departed this life; but not before he had learned nearly every instrument in the orchestra.

Mr. Childs, who is fond of operatic music, suggested various airs, and Sancto at once played them. In his play, what astonished us was his facility, combined with precision, force, and striking chords. At my request he played the "Carnival of Venice." I asked, "Is that after Bottesini?" He said, "No, it is my own arrangement; listen if you have ever heard this." He then played the air in triplets, the third note of each triplet being taken with the left hand, producing a most original effect; then variations, rapid variations, on the "Carnival of Venice," played on a German concertina! He said, "Let me play something else for you, Doctor." I said, "I am just thinking of one of Hullah's simple airs, 'Down in a green and grassy vale.'" Without a pause he went into it and through it. I asked, "How is it that in your hands the instrument has a more brilliant tone than in ours?" He said, "When I play, I play with all my soul; perhaps that makes a difference in favour of my play, but I don't perceive the difference." "Will you kindly listen while I play the same air?" "With pleasure." I played it. "You play it well," he said, "and I fail to recognize any difference of tone." "Thanks for your complaisance, but Mr. Childs will agree with me that there is less brilliancy, the notes seem less vibrating. I think the difference is due to the instrument being in your sphere, which has some electrical effect upon it or upon

the atmosphere surrounding it." "If there is that difference you speak of,—but again I say I do not perceive it,—it may be due to such cause, but I don't know." "How is it you know music composed since you left the body?" "Through mediums; in a musical audience spirits are sure to find mediums through whom they can know the music."

On a subsequent evening at a circle at Mr. Childs', after the introductions were over,—for the spirits ask to be separately introduced to each member of the circle, and while Sancto was engaged in writing his programme on paper, there and then initialled by those of the circle who wished, a spirit, who used the name of Ebenezer Wyatt, said, "While my friend Sancto is writing his programme, I will, if agreeable, and if Mr. Childs will favour me with a comb, make a little music of my own." A toilet comb was got and laid with a piece of tissue paper on the table. "Now, keep passive," said Ebenezer in a loud rough voice, "and all join hands," and presently we heard a well-executed impromptu, as if from a bassoon, the range of notes being two octaves. "Light" was called by Sancto, and on one of the initialled sheets of paper was found written a programme of "Musicke for ye eveninge."

On settling ourselves like an audience Ebenezer again spoke, proposing that Mr. Sancto should be asked to be so kind as to illustrate musically a panorama in words. Sancto agreed:—"The title of my panorama," said Ebenezer, "is a passage in the life of a young doctor. Now, please, Sancto, favour us with a prelude." Sancto played a few bars on the flute, and Ebenezer presented his verbal panorama, beginning with a young doctor going one of his daily rounds, performing here and there operations of various and increasing eccentricity. Dining on his return home, he takes a customary nap after dinner, and is awakened by the exclamations of a friend, who had been helping himself from a bottle on the table, containing not wine, but poison stuff, and so the doctor finishes his day giving antidotes to his own physic.

The "panorama" was divided into successive stages, each illustrated by characteristic music, by Sancto, on the flute. Then came the programme, Sancto taking the airs, Ebenezer accompanying well upon the comb. Sancto says that he found Ebenezer capable of musical expression, without having had the advantage of learning the manipulation of any instrument while in the body, and so had taught to produce sound from the comb. In this way Ebenezer played well the "Faust March," and "Sing Birdie Sing," to which we again heard the accompaniment as of a living bird. Sancto played some of his airs on the flute; some one remarked in a pause after the flute-

playing that spirit lungs did not seem to require such frequent inhalation as a mortal's; when a note was blown, the hearing of which made one breathless, it was so long sustained.

Ebenezer, as if pleased with the general commendation of his comb-play, asked Sancto to oblige him by playing second to him on this occasion only, while he played "Auld Lang Syne." Sancto played his accompaniment on the violin, giving each verse in different style.

Another evening, Mr. Edward C. and Mr. Austin called on me very late, in passing, to apologize for not having paid a promised visit. While talking we heard Joe Campion's voice. I lowered the gas and closed the shutters; then came the voices of Amos, Sancto, and Ebenezer; then Ebenezer introduced another,—his "brother Norton." Amos said they had incited the mediums to call, that he and his friends might thank me for my trouble in drawing up the report.

I said that when Sancto was here before, he could not play certain pieces on the concertina, for want of semitones on the instrument; that I had obtained one, and asked if he would try it. He did so, and after a little manipulation, played some difficult pieces upon it.

"Glad to see you like water, Doctor," broke in the exclaiming voice of Ebenezer. When my friends knocked at the door, I was reading with a tumbler of water before me, and now, in the dark, leaning my arm upon the table, I felt the tumbler and drank off the water as Sancto finished his play. I asked Sancto to play a certain piece, and he asked for the first bar. I struck a light to refer to the music, and took the concertina to play it, when I found the screw of the right hand strap had been shifted a hole forward, making it too short for any physical hand in the room to use. Sancto, having played the piece, said, "Then I am to understand, Doctor, that you have obtained this instrument expressly for these concerts?" "Yes." "Then I will now play you a piece composed expressly for them and it." He played it, and afterwards a piece that he said was an echo of spirit-music, and strange and delightful it was.

Ebenezer of the loud voice said, "We ought not to go, Doctor, till Sancto has played 'Happy be thy Dreams'—I'd like to hear it." And he played it, and afterwards, another air, very beautifully; Ebenezer joining in loud encomiums.

July 2.—At a sitting at Mr. Childs' this evening, Mr. Austin—through whose mediumship Sancto and Escott manifest their action—was absent, and so the only music we had was Ebenezer's on the comb, Amos Ferguson as usual taking the direction of the circle, and announcing what his invisible company next proposed to do—this being, in addition to himse

Joseph Campion, Ebenezer and Norton Wyatt, and Alonzo Bates. The last is a spirit who is developing the capability of singing as he used to do when in the body.

Ebenezer was, as usual, exclamatory and self-asserting, objecting to his brother saying much, and disposed, seemingly, to wrangle with him. But Amos told us that their quarrelling was only fun. Ebenezer's facetiousness is surprising, his short stories droll, his jokes full of point, his puns as good and as bad as a burlesque writer's; he has a knowledge of theatrical matters, for, this evening he quoted from the "Lady of Lyons," from a Victorian melodrama, and from Shakespeare: once he suddenly ceased, and Amos said, "Have patience a few moments, he has gone for another quotation." And immediately his voice was heard again, giving the quotation; I think if our friend Laman Blanchard could get acquainted with Ebenezer Wyatt, he might derive from him some telling points for his next Drury Lane piece.

This evening and on others, several of the circle took away with them, specimens of direct spirit-writing, executed on paper initialled there and then. Some of them autographs, others autographs accompanied by a few words of greeting or farewell.

8, Great Ormond Street,
July 26th.

J. DIXON.

"SPIRITUAL SEANCES."

UNDER the above heading the following letter appeared in the *Manchester Examiner and Times* of January 12th of the present year:—

"To the Editor of the 'Examiner and Times.'"

"Sir,—In availing myself of your offer to give me space for 'the other side,' or, in other words, to show that 'spiritual séances' are not all scenes of confusion, and that spiritual phenomena are not all unsatisfactory and repulsive, I wish to say that I do so, not as an advocate of 'Spiritualism,' but simply as an inquirer, who desires to avoid the hasty conclusions which, in all ages, have led the multitude to denounce ^{and} deride new sciences.

"Personally, I hope the 'facts' and explanations of Spiritualists are true; for I confess that I want to believe in a continued existence after what is called death, that I want to believe in the distinct continued personality of the so-called deceased, that I want

to believe the 'departed' are really at hand, not ignorant and unobservant of the poor struggling pilgrims they have left behind. In a word, I confess I want to believe that my oldest friends are about me now. This confession may tell against me; I cannot help it. It will not touch my 'facts,' however; it will only help to account for my opinion that it is neither absurd nor monstrous to say that the so-called dead are near us still, and that (not by miracle, but in accordance with laws of our being not yet understood, or even believed in by us) they are, in certain conditions, able to prove their presence and their power.

"I have already admitted that much which happens or that is 'given' at these 'spiritual *séances*' is frivolous and unsatisfactory; I might, indeed, say, repulsive and disheartening; but, after all, that is only what the chemist in his laboratory has admitted for 3,000 years; it is what he admits to-day. They who are seeking in untried paths, they who are exploring on the confines of the unknown, must not mind disappointments and shadows. They must, at first, expect to 'see men as trees walking,' knowing well that the darkness is in them, and that, as they press on and become wise, the truth will be seen.

"This preliminary explanation will serve to shew what I mean by 'the other side,' and why such facts as you reported to us from Scotland, however they may distress, do not deter me, or cause me to 'disbelieve.'

"The 'spiritual phenomena' is very varied in its character, and what is called 'mediumship' is, of course, as varied in its nature. A 'medium' is, as we all know, a person to be suspected as an impostor, or ridiculed as a fool. This is the theory of the public and the press. Men ask—Why this need of 'mediums?' They might as well ask why this need of telescopes in astronomy, or crucibles and retorts in chemistry, and of a battery or something equivalent in telegraphy? Spiritualists say that a 'medium' is simply a person whose natural organism is susceptible to spirit influence. That is the long and short of it. There is no 'miracle' in the case. It is all in accordance with settled though at present imperfectly understood law. It would, indeed, be a rather suspicious circumstance if all 'mediums' were professors or adepts, but the truth is that ninety-nine of a hundred, probably nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand, 'mediums' are the sons, the daughters, the ^{giants} brothers, the husbands, or the wives of Spiritualists. these I know; and I know that they are, as a rule, intelligent, healthy, cheerful, and virtuous persons lying and not likely to be self-deceived.

"But, in truth, the phenomena relied upon character that makes demands upon our 'faith.'

and circumstances that shut out the possibility of deliberate imposture, which would be as marvellously clever as it would be hideously wicked, and the case is at an end; inasmuch as, for what happens, you are not called upon to confide in the 'medium.' I shall now proceed to make this clear. I was, some time ago, in the house of a gentleman nearly 200 miles from my own home. A 'medium' was present—a bright, intelligent, but imperfectly educated girl or young woman. She knew nothing of me, and had only seen me for a few minutes on the previous day. Without asking me a single question, she presently told me she could 'see' something she would like to describe to me. She did so in a quiet and gentle manner—deliberately, and yet without hesitation. What she described was what happened to me 20 years ago, when I was a mere boy, what passed in my little study between me and a favourite little sister, who was very dear to me then, and whose childish love is not forgotten by me now. The incidents described were of a nature so peculiar, and, what the outward world would call so trivial, that I deemed it utterly impossible this stranger, of her own knowledge, could have been acquainted with them. They were incidents I think I have never spoken of to any one, and which no one would be likely to know or remember but myself. But her descriptions as to time, places, events, and persons were marvellously minute and accurate. She might have had a series of photographs before her, which she slowly turned over and described one by one. What she said was that she saw it all in a series of delicate pictures which my 'spirit-sister' showed her. I was not a 'believer' at the time; but, from first to last, the whole thing was so exquisitely touching, so beautiful, so charming in its method of identification if the thing were true, that I should have felt a thrill of horror if anyone had called the "medium" an impostor or a fool.

"On another occasion, in an unconscious or trance state (into which she passed at once and without solicitation or aid from without), this same young lady spoke to me in the name of this sister; and, for nearly half-an-hour, touched and delighted everyone present by the simplicity and beauty of her language. At another time, in another place, and in presence of another 'medium,' phenomena of another character presented themselves. I sat with the medium at a very small table, without a shred of covering on it, in the middle of a large and well-lighted room. The medium did not know my name, and had never seen me before. Without preliminary conversation we sat down, and before we had been seated three minutes we heard gentle but very distinct sounds (those who want to laugh can call them 'raps'; I should prefer to call them signals produced by those

who, as spiritual beings, are at the very fountain-head of the marvellous magnetic forces of the universe). The medium said, 'I think it indicates the presence of a little child.' Suffice it to say that, as fast as I could ask questions, I got names, dates, and descriptions of almost every kind, which I had not to credit the veracity of the 'medium' for; the wonderful correctness of which I alone knew. One of the strangest things given to me was an exact copy of an unusual inscription on a tiny stone which had only just been placed in a country churchyard, nearly two hundred miles away. The touching "messages," with their suggestions so full of meaning to myself, and so little understood by the 'medium,' I cannot give you. I can only say, my heart worshipped the Great Spirit that day as it had seldom done before. On this occasion two or three things happened, however, which were more singular and demonstrative than touching and graceful. For two or three minutes the little table rose up under my hands, and rose up so high that even with standing up, I could hardly keep my hands on. This happened after a very odd occurrence in the spelling out of 'messages.' All at once we had these letters signalled—P I L I F. It was our first piece of what seemed 'nonsense,' and the 'medium' seemed a little annoyed at so absurd a reply to what I believe was a grave question; and said—'Let us go on to something else.' I declined, and began casting about to find what 'Pilif' could mean. At last, I asked,—What or who is 'Pilif?' The answer came at once—Uncle. I saw at once what was meant. One of the very first playthings my little child ever had was an old portrait of "Uncle Philip," whose name she learnt amongst her first half-dozen words. Does it not seem ridiculous that a little child 'in heaven' (so runs the phrase!) should 'come down' to talk to me through a table? Well, I am hardly sure. I think if she loved me, she would desire to be near me if she could. And, if she was near me that day, and by some natural law, aided by her spirit friends, could 'communicate,' I think it very probable she would do or say something as like her old self as possible. It was an absurd-looking incident, I admit, but it was intensely human, and it put out of court the charge of imposture, for when the letters came no one was pleased, and no one knew what they meant. It was when I discovered their meaning that the table rose up as I have described. I cannot help it if the scornful laugh at all this. I know it all happened in broad daylight, and that thousands and tens of thousands have had experience of similar things.

"But, as for 'table lifting,' if that is what men want a 'proof,' let me tell what I saw with my own eyes in the house of a friend whom I know to be intelligent, honest, and religious

A large dining table, round which twenty persons could sit, rose up from the floor two or three feet without a hand touching it, and, after oscillating for a while, gently descended to the floor. This was done, we were told, not because the unseen ones cared for such experiments, but because we sought and needed such 'proofs.' When I saw this I was not excited; and the event happened in presence of fourteen persons, who met together in an earnest and devout manner, and agreed to open their 'séance' with a reading from the Scriptures and prayer; and what happened that evening has occurred a hundred times before and since. A clergyman who once saw it said it was of 'the devil.' I for one am not disposed to be positive either way as to the heavenly or hellish origin of these phenomena. All I know is—they occur. Let us get the facts first, whether they please us or not; and then let us pass on to account for them by educating laws, after due classification of phenomena.

"In my own house, with only two or three persons present, we have had in the quiet of our own room, sounds, soft and low, or rapid and loud, for an hour together. These sounds were wonderfully modulated to represent every kind of motion or thought. They gave rapid answers to questions, and more than once kept admirable time (I could almost say tune), to our subdued singing, or without our company. I shall not easily forget the playing, by these sounds alone, in the quiet of the night, a beautiful melody. Three of us sat in the centre of the room, and the sounds were produced four or five feet from where we sat. This, I know, is only vulgar 'spirit-rapping.' I cannot help it. It happened; and I do not know why I should not substitute for the phrase 'spirit-rapping' the better phrase, 'spirit-telegraphy.' It is true we who are so clumsy in our clay houses, need wires and an apparatus to get command over the current; but the supposition is quite reasonable that a man out of the flesh does not need all this material tackle to put him at once *en rapport* with what I have already called 'the marvellous magnetic forces of the universe.'

"On several occasions, I have sat with a number of persons, strangers to one another and to the 'medium,' who nevertheless, described departed friends and scenes in their past life in a most astonishing manner. On one occasion, for more than an hour, we were all inexpressibly impressed by such an analysis of character as I have never heard from other lips. The 'medium,' in a half trance, took us one by one to pieces; and, in a low and serious voice, described the characters, the peculiarities, and the lives of each one. Some of us the 'medium' had never seen at all; for these had been taken into the half-darkened room after the 'séance' had commenced, having arrived late. On one

of these occasions (in Manchester) a gentleman entered the room, and the 'medium,' who was at that moment in a trance state, at once took a pencil, wrote a message, signed it with initials, and pushed it past twenty persons, to the new-comer, who immediately recognised the initials and confessed the appropriateness of the message. This was at once followed by a description of the sender of the message, and a vivid and minute account of her last days; with not one word to distress or repel but much to soothe and win. The gentleman, though very exacting, acknowledged the singular accuracy of the description. The eyes of the 'medium' were closed, she was unconscious, and when she "came to herself," she knew nothing of what had occurred. I ought to add that she was between one and two hundred miles from home, and that she had never been within a hundred miles of the place before.

"In my own house, some of my own kindred and friends have been 'used' as 'mediums.' One, a student of divinity, in a trance state, speaks, in language earnest and well chosen, of noble themes, only calculated to elevate and instruct. Others have their hands moved to write with extraordinary rapidity. The characters are utterly unlike any they themselves employ, and, in many cases, they cannot even imagine the subject of what they have written. It seldom matters whether the eyes are shut or open, whether it is dark or light. Once I suddenly put the lights out, but the writing went on all the same. In this way we have had some correct and graceful poetry, and much spirit-stirring counsel given to us; and, in very many cases, the 'medium,' if not following the pencil, is unable to say whether what is written is poetry or prose, a jest or a prayer. Sometimes the writing is done with such force and rapidity that it takes some minutes to decipher it; and on these occasions we have had surprising results. In one case, I well remember, the 'medium' was a cultured and intelligent lady, who knew very little of 'Spiritualism,' and who was as much startled as any of us at what proceeded, time after time, from her hand, forcibly moved and used beyond her control, to write that which she knew not; for, in this way, in answer to questions, we have particulars given of which the 'medium' knew nothing.

"In other cases, an alphabet and a pointer are used. The hand is forcibly or gently moved to point out letters, as in other instances it is moved to write them. My own sister is 'used.' At one 'séance,' I remember, the 'message' affected her to tears, for she was observing it. She then hid her left hand, but allowed the right hand to go on finishing the 'message,' the pointer flying from letter to letter almost faster than I could take them down. The latter portion of w

thus spelt out the 'medium' knew nothing of, as she kept her closed eyes in her hand. I might add to this, that this form of 'mediumship' is rapidly spreading, and is a settled fact in perhaps ten thousand English homes.

"But I must not trouble you further. My statement, I am aware, is very imperfect and necessarily fragmentary, but I have, perhaps, said sufficient to show how varied are the phenomena and the forms of 'mediumship,' embracing spirit-seeing, trance-speaking, the moving of heavy substances, the production of sounds, writing, &c. I have now left no room for comment; but permit me to add, that they who enter into the investigation of this subject must not expect a perfectly smooth path. They will long to hold communion with those they love, and they may be, for a time, cruelly disappointed. But what if they can be sure they have held communion with some unseen intelligence? They will perhaps be repelled by confusion, contradiction, and folly; but these very things will, in certain circumstances, be in themselves startling proofs that the unseen world interpenetrates the seen, and that there is a law which, when we really understand it, will enable us to know that our old companions are near.

"When, moreover, we consider how many false, foolish, and confused beings we send into the spirit world every day, it need not surprise us that spirit-communion often yields only false, foolish, and confused results. But the question is—are the proofs of some intelligent communion there? It may be that the inferior grades of spiritual beings can more readily approach and make use of our earthly conditions, and that, until we master the laws which govern such communion, we shall be at the mercy of these inferior grades. But it may also be, that patience on our part, and knowledge and purity, will lead to progress; and that as we approach in our own natures the condition of the higher grades we shall approach their company. In a word, we may now be only groping amid the 'outer darkness' at the palace door. Presently, when we are wiser and more fit for it, we shall be able to enter in. Meanwhile, let no man despise him who is seeking for the truth, nor deride him who does anything to prove those blessed words, 'Are they not all ministering spirits?' or those still more ancient words, 'The angels of the Lord encamp round about them that fear Him.'

"Yours respectfully,

"FAIR PLAY.

"P.S.—I wish to intimate that I have now said all I have to say, in discharge of my task to which your courteous invitation called me, and that I shall not enter into controversy on the subject. It is a subject, not for discussion, but for investigation."

THE TWIN SISTERS.
AN INSTRUCTIVE NARRATIVE.

BY BENJAMIN COLMAN.

THE following story has been recently published for private circulation only I believe, and has been sent to me by a friend to whom Mr. and Mrs. Waterman are known, and who occupy I am assured a highly respectable social position. They were members of the Congregational Church, and, notwithstanding their conversion to Spiritualism, are still reputed to be good church people; and, as Mr. Waterman says, "they do not feel that they have undergone any change that makes them less worthy neighbours, citizens, or members of society; but that the new light they have obtained through their angel child and others in the spirit-world, makes them truer to the principles of the loving Jesus, who taught 'Peace on earth, good will to men;' and with higher aspirations, ennobling thoughts, loving words, and willing hands, they are the more ready to aid the cause of human progress." To me this little history is extremely interesting: it answers many objections which are made by the opponents of our cherished faith, especially by that class who are misled by the erroneous teachings of the clergy of all denominations; and not doubting but that it will be acceptable to most readers of the *Spiritual Magazine*, I here present a brief epitome of the leading facts of the story of THE TWIN SISTERS.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Waterman of Cambridge, Massachusetts, had born unto them on the 15th March, 1865, twin sisters; one of whom only survived, and this one they named Rose. They had at that time two children—girls, the one—two, the other—four years of age. Mr. Waterman and his wife were of the orthodox faith; and although they knew of Spiritualism, and had attended an occasional *séance* and lecture, it was but as a matter of amusement, and Mrs. Waterman, especially, "treated the subject with scorn and derision."

The child, before she could talk, manifested great love for flowers, preferring rose-buds; and to gratify her, artificial roses were occasionally pinned to her breast and replaced as they were soiled.

When Rose began to run about, she avoided her sisters; taking great delight in playing alone, as her parents thought, with an imaginary companion, for whom she always provided by holding out her hand for another apple or another piece of cake. At two years of age she began to talk, and one day

when playing with her invisible companion she was asked, "Who are you playing with?" "My little sister Lily!" she replied. "Why do you want two apples?" "I want one for little Lily," was her answer.

When visitors asked her her name, she would say "Rosebud." "Is that why you wear a rosebud on your breast?" "No, my little Lily wears one." "Who is your little Lily?" "My little sister who is in heaven." "Where is heaven?" "Here, my sister is here."

Many questions such as these were asked of this interesting child, and her answers always consistently implied the presence of "little Lily," who was not only her playmate by day, but her bed-fellow by night. Stretching out her arms and patting caressingly the pillow, she would say, she was "loving little Lily." She would tell her parents how pretty little Lily is, would describe her light hair, blue eyes, and pretty dresses, and ask her mamma to make her own dresses like Lily's.

One day in the month of January, 1868, the child was found in possession of a fresh and fragrant white rose-bud: where she got it was a mystery to the whole family. There were no roses growing in the house, and no one came to the house who could have given it to her. "Where did you get this pretty flower?" was asked, and the same innocent and consistent reply was given by the child.—"My Lily gave it to me."

At another time she had some pansies brought to her under similar circumstances. These and many other incidents occurred before the child was three years of age, and still the parents attached no special importance or significance to them, until one day hearing some one talking of Spiritualism, Mr. Waterman was induced to call upon a medium, and then, among other things, he was told that little Rose's companion was her twin sister, whom she had named Lily, and Mr. Waterman says:—

"This was the first thought or intimation I ever had that Rose's little Lily was a reality. Lily and others of my spirit-friends were there, and through the medium, told me many things; some of which I then knew were true, and others I afterwards learned to be so.

"On my way home reflecting upon Rose's many sayings and doings, I could recall nothing that was inconsistent with the explanation that Lily is her twin sister, and a spiritual companion. Considering Rose too young, and without ability or opportunity, to be either a principal or accessory to a plot or delusion, I was constrained to accept her as an innocent and unimpeachable witness, unintentionally testifying to the truth of communion between the inhabitants of this and the spirit-world."

Upon his return home Rose, who had been crying, clapped

her hands and said, "I am so glad papa has come and brought my little Lily." The mother then told her husband that the child had been fretting and all the cause she could find was that she said "Lily has gone to papa, I wish he would come home." Shortly after this, Mr. Waterman called upon Mr. William White, of Boston, one of the proprietors of the *Banner of Light*, the principal organ of Spiritualism in the United States, to consult with him. Mr. Waterman told him of these things and said that his wife was a very nervous woman, and subject to severe attacks of headache. Mr. White came to the conclusion that Mrs. Waterman was herself a medium, and he thought if she could be brought to a knowledge of Spiritualism she would probably be relieved of her fears and her headaches. Mr. Waterman accordingly began to talk with her in an easy way about Spiritualism, and gave her to understand that he was becoming interested in the subject and would like to know more about it.

"In a few days," he says, "she found courage to tell me that something, which she suspected was what they called spirits, had been troubling her for some time, but that she had continually resisted the influence. Several times at night when she knew she was awake, she heard a voice speak to her which sounded like the voice of her mother who had been dead ten years. She repeated the sayings of the voice, some of which were prophecies that afterwards proved true." From this time Mrs. Waterman became a writing medium, but believing that if they were spirits who impelled her to write, they must be evil spirits, she determined to resist the influence.

To please her husband, however, she one day took a pencil and immediately wrote out several messages which were signed by the names of different spirits who gave evidence of their identity. One was from his aunt Abby with whom he spent his boyhood and to whom he was much attached.

This testimony and the sayings and doings of Rose and her little Lily, established a mutual interest in the subject, and every day, Mr. and Mrs. Waterman had fresh evidence of the reality of spirit intercourse.

Next morning Rose brought her mother a lock of brown hair and said, "Mamma, my little Lily told me to give you this," and she pointed to the spot upon the carpet where she had found it. The mother became much excited, and her hand was immediately controlled to write this message addressed to Mr. Waterman:—"Lewis, it is my hair, you will have Sunbeam's* soon; hers is almost white, ABBY." In the evening of the same

* Sunbeam, it appears, was Lily's spirit name.

day when the children had gone to bed, Mrs. Waterman's hand was again influenced to write, "Go to Rose now, both of you. ABBY." They accordingly went, and about a foot from Rose's head, there lay a curl of golden hair, unlike any in the house, or that they knew of anywhere.

Mr. Waterman placed it folded in a piece of paper in his pocket book, and on the following morning before leaving home, he showed it to Rose and asked her what it was. The child exclaimed, "My little Lily's hair," and running into the sitting room to her mother in great glee, she said, "Mamma! papa has got some of my little Lily's hair." Mr. Waterman's office is in Boston, eight miles from his residence, and on several occasions the child has told her mother of incidents transpiring there, and of persons who were coming to dine with them. When asked how she knew, she always said, "Little Lily says so."

Rose has among her playthings a set of blocks painted and lettered, which she piles up in various forms, and then calls upon her invisible playmate to knock them down; and away they fly, dispersed by her "little Lily."

There resides in New York a spirit artist, Mr. W. P. Anderson. To him Mr. Waterman sent a portion of the lock of hair found on Rose's pillow, and he requested Anderson to take a likeness of the spirit if he could. Not a word had been said to Rose upon the subject, yet she knew the fact. Five days after the letter had been sent to Mr. Anderson, Rose came clapping her hands in great glee to her mother, and said, "I'm so glad, papa is going to get a picture of my little Lily." "What makes you say so," asked her mother. "Little Lily said so, and she is going for it now;" she replied.

In a few days the picture portraying a beautiful child was received. It is a pencil drawing, 44 by 28 inches. After hanging it in his study, Mr. Waterman called Rose into the room and asked her—"Who is that?" "My little Lily," she replied. Mrs. Waterman has become a very reliable medium; she could not now be persuaded that evil spirits control her; and, as Mr. White predicted, her nervous fears, and her constitutional headaches have passed away. "Every day," Mr. Waterman says, "we have evidence of the reality of spirit communion freighted with loving words and cheering counsel." He adds:—"The spirits have warned us of danger, healed us when sick, cheered and comforted us in times of trial and trouble, and in spite of our doubts, fears, prejudices, and unbelief, *we have by the personal presence and testimony of our departed friends been convinced of the truth of man's immortality, and of the actuality of communication between the inhabitants of this and the spirit-world.*"

IS THERE A SPIRIT HOME?

By MARY F. DAVIS.

OF all subjects of human interest, those which spring from the life of the soul take precedence. And of all benefactors of the human race they are most universally revered who have helped to solve the problem of spiritual being that is stated in the questions, Whence? What? and Whither? In their own day they may have been called fools, dreamers, or insane, as were Mahomet or Swedenborg, and classed with malefactors and outlaws, as were Socrates and Jesus; but the question of ESSENCE ever brought mankind back to its fealty, and the martyrs of one age became the saints and redeemers of the next.

Spiritualism works directly on this world-old problem. As its first effect is to free and individualize the mind, the questions which arise receive answers, not from one favoured personage alone, but from thousands of minds, more or less inspired. Hence shades of difference, and even contradictions on vital points, appear, which may be owing to different degrees of insight, to individual idiosyncrasies, or to the lack of a mutual understanding of terms.

Has the spirit a future locality? is one of the questions concerning which there are these differences of opinion and testimony. As an instance, I venture to cite the following letter, addressed to Mr. Davis by a highly valued and intelligent correspondent, who possesses that spirit of enquiry indicative of the sincerest love of wisdom:—

39, Buckingham Palace Road,

London, England, 4th May, 1869.

A. J. DAVIS—Respected Brother: I have read your *Stellar Key*, and also the *Banner of Light*, No. 1, of the 20th of March, in which latter is the report of a discussion purporting to have taken place between a disembodied spirit (Father Henry Fitz James), and sundry embodied persons; in which the former tells them that "the notion that many teach of a distinct locality set apart for departed spirits is entirely erroneous. Do not believe," he is reported to have said, "that there is a locality set apart for departed spirits, for there is not."

At page 159 of the *Stellar Key* are the following words: "The first Summer Land is found to be revolving near the grand orbit of the Milky Way."

Probably you may be able, as I feel certain you will be willing, to enlighten myself and others, who are attached to the principles of the Harmonial Philosophy, upon the cause of the above contradiction. Is it a distorted communication of the medium? or on what principle is it to be accounted for? discussion alluded to appears extremely rational.

Yours fraternally,

A. B. TIERKENS

To ascertain whether the spirit has locality hereafter, should inquire concerning its circumstances here; and on point the reader will find a statement in the volume ent

"Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions," (*Harmonial Series*, page 57). The author says:—

"The spirit of man is never out of the spirit-world. [By the 'spirit-world' we do not mean the Second Sphere, or Summer-Land.] By the term spirit world is meant the 'silver lining to the clouds of matter' with which the mind of man is thickly enveloped. There is no space between the spirit of man and this immense universe of inner life. Man's spirit touches the material world solely by means of spiritualized matter, both within and without his body. Thus the five senses come in contact with matter: 1. The eyes by *light*. 2. The ear by *atmosphere*. 3. The taste by *fluids*. 4. The smell by *odours*. 5. The touch by *vibration*. * * * By such conditions and attenuations of matter your spirit (yourself) comes in contact with the outward world. Interiorly you are already in the spirit-world. You feel, think, decide, and act as a resident of the inner life. Death removes the 'cloud of matter' from before your spiritual senses. Then you see, hear, taste, smell and touch, more palpably and intelligently, the facts and forces of the world in which, perhaps as a stranger, you have lived from the first moment of your individualized existence. It is not necessary to move an inch from your death-bed to obtain a consciousness of the spirit-world or inner life. Instantly you perceive the *life of things*, and the shape and situation of the things themselves are also visible in a new golden light. * * * The Summer-Land is a vast localized sphere within the universal Spirit-world."

According to this view, the spirit-world, like the "universal ether" of which philosophers discourse, is not pent up in any locality, but surrounds and permeates all places, persons, and spheres. "We lie open, on one side, to the depths of spiritual nature, to the attributes of God." Interiorly we exist in a boundless realm of essential being, and it is all accessible to us at every hour. What prevents us from being mingled with this infinite ocean to which all the attractions of the spirit tend? It is the material environment, by means of which we attain the boon of individual consciousness. Let that be stricken out, and there would follow what was sought by the Hindu philosophers, the absorption of the soul into Brahma, or the Universal Being. But "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body;" and by virtue of these, the spirit becomes an individualized entity, receptive of the tides of Infinite Being, but for ever undivided and unabsorbed.

It is then localized to a certain extent in the body. Nor is this all. Nature, by slow gradations, age after age, carried on her process of evolution until the earth was fitted for the local habitation of this embodied spirit. When it leaves the external form, will the laws of Nature be suspended? It makes use of the natural body here; will it not hereafter need and make use of the spiritual body? Its locality now is fixed on a sphere, eliminated from an elemental orb, and balanced in boundless space. Is it unreasonable to infer that, emanating from rudimental worlds and balanced by them, a mighty sphere of perfected particles hangs in the immeasurable ether, to which the spirit, with its finer embodiment, involuntarily tends when released from earth?

The laws of Nature are invariable. If we could come to a full understanding of their action here, we should have a key to their operation in every section of the universal whole. Granted that the spirit is an eternal entity; if it has locality here it must have the same hereafter, else a natural law is subverted. In a recent lecture, Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "I remember when talking with one whose 'Rewards of the Future' appeared to me fanciful, he said: 'It is not so in your experience, but it is so in the other world.' I was prompted to reply, 'Other world! Do you not know that the laws above are sisters of the laws below? Other world! There is no other world! Here, or nowhere, is the whole fact.'" In the sense which superstition gives to the term, there surely is no "other world"; that is, no world where the laws of Nature are abrogated. Would we know what takes place in a future state, we must study the track of the Divine from our present lookout, for "Here, or nowhere, is the whole fact."

It is a mistake to suppose that the *Stellar Key* teaches that there is "a locality set apart for departed spirits." Well may "Father Henry Fitz James" assert that there is no such arbitrary arrangement in the universe. The *Stellar Key* furnishes scientific and philosophical evidences that the "Summer-Land" is a substantial sphere, and is as natural and inevitable an outgrowth of the rudimental worlds as the fruit of a tree is of its roots, trunk and branches. "We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Amid all the mutations of time there is deeply rooted in the human soul a love of the permanent. Ties that bind us to kindred and friends cannot be broken without pain; and the wandering exile sadly yearns for the familiar scenes and the restful security of some far-away hamlet which once had for him the sacred name of *home*. In all the "Dreams of Heaven" which have come to the sad heart of humanity during the ages of the world, a thought of home-welcome and changeless love has mingled like a precious benediction. And the new perception of the supernal which a fresh baptism of spiritual life has given to mankind changes those vague dreams to and beautiful certainties. The "evergreen mountains the crystal streams that flow through the "city of songs of praise and joy that float over the radiant hills the "Better Land," the immortal love that links soul and makes holy the atmosphere of "Heaven:—" these alone in the imagination of the poet, but as beautiful that fill with blessedness and peace the eternal human spirit.—*Banner of Light*.

THE INNER WORLD.

By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It lies around us like a cloud,
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet and calm,
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,
They lull us gently to our rest,
They melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
'T is easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently wrapped in loving arms,
To swoon to that—from this—

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
So feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet sounds around us! watch us still;
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as nought,
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

A STRANGE STORY.

THE following strange narrative is from the *Banner of Light*, Boston, of July 25th, 1868:—

“I have finally concluded to gratify the request so often made for me to write out an account of the surprising spiritual manifestations that took place in the village of Putnam, Conn., where I reside. I am well aware that story-telling is not my *forte*. All I can do is to state the *facts* as they occurred, according to my own observation and the testimony of reliable witnesses. In doing this I shall give the real name of the medium and most of the parties, with the exception of the family in whose house the principal manifestations took place, as they were not Spiritualists, and might object to having their names made public. I shall endeavour to make no statements that I am not prepared to substantiate.

“The opening events of the story date back to the month of September, in the fall of 1866. At that time there was living in a substantial two-story dwelling house, not far from the railroad station at Putnam, a family whom we will call, for convenience sake, Lind. The members of the family were Mr. Lind and wife, both being somewhat advanced in years, and their son, Mark Lind, and his wife, Mattie, who had rooms in the house, boarding with the old people. The senior Mr. and Mrs. Lind were members of the Methodist church, and considered respectable and well-to-do people. Mark had been married some few years, had been in the army, and become somewhat unsteady in his habits. His wife, Mattie, was a fine-looking young woman, something over twenty years of age, active and intelligent, yet possessed of an exceedingly passionate and violent disposition, which, when aroused, was manifested in uncontrollable storms of rage. As is often the case when a husband takes his wife home, Mattie and the lady did not agree very well, nor did Mark always maintain that kindly bearing toward her which she considered was due from a husband. These facts gave rise to more or less disputes, which, before being ended, usually drew in the whole family, to some extent, and generally terminated by Mattie getting very angry and leaving the house, declaring that she would never darken the doors again. But time always cooled her temper, and after two or three days she would return, to remain until another storm would produce a similar result.

“Thus things continued, until one day they had an uncommonly severe and violent altercation which ended, as usual

in Mattie's departure. But little notice was taken of the matter, the rest of the folks supposing of course she would return as she had always done. Imagine the surprise and horror of the old gentleman when he arose the next morning and found Mattie lying on the piazza of the house, *dead*. A *post mortem* examination revealed the fact that she had taken arsenic sufficient to cause death, or in other words, she had committed suicide by poison. Of course it created a great sensation in our village, and for a time nothing else was talked of but the tragic death of the young and beautiful Mattie Lind.

"Even great excitements cannot always last, and so ere long, the people believing that Mattie's death had closed the scene, ceased to give the subject thought. But it seems there was an *afterpiece* to come, which was not laid down in the programme. To be sure, Mattie Lind's body lay over in the burying ground, but it soon appeared that *she* was not there.

"On the same street, and near Mr. Lind's house, is an eating saloon, kept by one Thomas Capwell, who had in his employ a young man by the name of James Philips. I would here state that I am personally acquainted with Philips, and I am willing to vouch for his truthfulness and honesty. He was not a Spiritualist, and up to this time had not seen any of the phenomena; in fact, knew nothing whatever about the subject. Some little time after the afore-mentioned facts took place, Mr. Capwell went away, leaving the saloon in charge of Philips. One day during Mr. Capwell's absence, it was noticed by Mrs. Capwell and others that Philips appeared very strange. He had a peculiarly wild look, and when spoken to would respond only in monosyllables, if at all. His appearance and actions were such as to lead the people to suppose that he was suffering from a temporary attack of insanity.

"Mrs. Capwell, knowing that there was two hundred dollars in the money drawer, thought she would secure that, and went to get it, but to her consternation found it gone. She inquired of Philips what had become of it? He affirmed that he did not know; and although his person and the premises were thoroughly searched, no trace of the money could be found. He continued in that peculiar state of mind all day, and at nine o'clock locked up the shop and started for home, as usual. But instead of going home, he went directly to Mr. Lind's, and entering the kitchen where the old gentleman and his wife were sitting, took a lamp and went up to the room formerly occupied by Mark and his wife. The old people, supposing that Mark had sent him on some errand, said nothing.

"About ten o'clock Mark came home, and before entering the house he was surprised to see a light in his room. He

inquired who was there. His father replied that Mr. Philips was, asking if he did not send him. Mark passed up stairs and opened the door into his room, and beheld, to his utter astonishment, *James Philips dressed in his wife's—Mattie's—clothes.* I will here state that Philips is a man somewhat below the medium size.

"When Mark had sufficiently mastered his surprise to speak, he inquired of Philips what he was there for? The reply was, 'I should like to know who has a better right in Mattie Lind's bedroom than herself? Why didn't you come home before? It's time we were in bed. Come, get ready, and let us go to bed.' But Mark being completely confounded, not understanding the case, having seen little or nothing of the trance before, did not readily assent to the proposed arrangement. This aroused the amiable disposition of his late spouse, and she insisted upon his *immediate compliance*, in terms precisely similar to those employed in former days. The old folks, hearing the familiar sounds, rushed up stairs. The sight of the old lady did not serve to allay the *wrath* of the already enraged Mattie (for it was she in full control of the medium Philips), and she expressed herself in strong language, much of which is not found in *polite literature* stating that she was not dead, as they had supposed, that they had not got rid of her so easily, and she had come back to have her *revenge* both on Mark and the old woman; it was her determination to kill Mark Lind if she could; and as if to verify the statement, she hurled a penknife at his head, which barely missed him, and struck half the length of it in the door panel. This demonstration had the effect to make the whole party beat a hasty retreat. Mark brought up the rear, and shutting the door after him attempted to hold it; but although he had the handle of the latch and the medium the "catch," he was unable to do so. Mark is a man weighing nearly two hundred pounds. He called his father to bring a rope, which he did, and by passing it through the handle of the door and winding it round the banister of the stairs, he succeeded in keeping the door fast.

"The senior Lind then called in a Mr. Lucian, who is a Justice of the Peace, and when people get into trouble they always send for him, no matter what it is. He also called in Mrs. Capwell. Happily, Mr. Lucian is a Spiritualist. He considered the scene as being somewhat ludicrous when he arrived. I asked the old lady what the trouble was? She replied, 'I don't know; Jim Philips is upstairs, and he acts just like Mattie Lind in the world.' There stood Mark by the stair banister, as a sheet, holding on to the rope with all his might. 'What is the matter, Mark?' said Lucian. 'Jim P'

room, and he acts like possessed.' 'Why don't you let go the rope and go in and see what is wanted?' 'I have been in there once, and I would not go again for a thousand dollars.' 'Unfasten the door, and I will go in.' So Mr. L. opened the door and went in. There lay the medium in bed. Mattie's clothes were taken off and laid exactly as she used to lay them. All her little keepsakes were taken from the drawers where they were carefully put away, and lain upon the table. The album was open at her picture, and many other tests given to prove her identity. She addressed Mr. Lucian, 'What are you here for? This is no place for you, in a lady's bedroom!' He, understanding the case, said in substance, 'I thought, Mattie, you would like to see me. How do you do?' This pleased her much; her desire was to be recognized, and he had done so. He continued to converse with her in a pleasant manner, and finally prevailed upon her to yield to the control of the medium.

"About midnight Philips put on his own clothes and went home, and there were no more demonstrations that night. The next morning, when the bed was examined, there was found among the clothes a *dirk knife* that Mark had when in the army, and which had been lost for more than a year.

"The next morning Philips was oblivious of the night's and most of the day's proceedings. When he went to the shop, Mrs. Capwell asked him about the missing money. With much surprise he asked. 'What money?' 'The money that was in the drawer.' 'I suppose it is in my pocket-book, where I always put it at nights,' taking it out; and there, sure enough, it was, all done up in a nice package, with a string tied round it, 'Ah!' said he, 'who has fixed it up like this? I certainly did not do it.' He was evidently unconscious that the money had been missing. No one knows where it went to this day, only Mattie says that it was one of 'her tricks.'

"After this Mattie often took control of Philips, and whenever she did she was always for going to Lind's. She said she was determined to have her *revenge* on them some way. They had caused her to suffer, and she was going to return the *compliment*. I had considerable talk with her and endeavoured to shew her how wrong it was for her to entertain such feelings, but all in vain; she was inexorable. I conversed with Philips about her. He told me that he could always see her before she controlled him, just as distinctly as he could any one. She looked the same as she did in the earth-life, only there was a dark shadow across her forehead, indicating her unhappy condition. He suffered a good deal from fear that while under her control he might be made to do some bad thing. The

prospect was certainly not pleasant, and I did not blame him for being disturbed.

"But he was not destined to continue in this uncertain state long. One day he saw approaching him a spirit whom he describes as a large, noble and very pleasant-looking man. This spirit spoke very kindly to him, saying. 'You are very much annoyed by this *bad spirit* that seeks to use you for an *evil purpose*. I have come to take charge of you, and to prevent her using you to any injury. You need fear her no more. Trust me, and I will guide you free of danger.'

"Since that time, whenever Mattie has come and expressed herself vindictively, she is immediately made to retire by this benign and good spirit. He gave his name as Moses Figenbaum, a German by birth, lived in New York when he entered spirit-life, and did business on such a street, giving the number; told all about his family, &c. We of course knew nothing of such a person. One day an old German pedlar came to our place, who lived in New York. He stopped at Mr. Capwell's and Mrs. C. asked him if he ever knew Moses Figenbaum? He said he did, and was well acquainted with him. On being questioned, he corroborated every statement that had been made through Philips. This to us was a very satisfactory test.

"Philips tells me a very remarkable circumstance, the truth of which is testified to by Mr. Capwell and Mr. Lind, which took place about this time. He says, "I was waked up one night about two o'clock, and saw my bedroom door opened, and Mattie Lind entered with a pencil and paper in her hand. She approached the bedside and spoke to me, saying, 'Mark Lind agreed to meet me to-night. He has not done so. I am going to write him a letter.' She sat down at the stand and wrote. I noticed that the pencil and paper were unlike any that was in the house. After writing for a time she arose and went out.

"The next day Mark Lind came into the shop, and while there Philips was entranced by Mattie, and she said to him 'I wrote you a letter last night, and carried it and put it on a grave in the cemetery. You will find it there, under the green wreath. I tore the wreath to pieces—I am sorry. Under the remnants you will find the letter.' Mark proposed to go with him to verify the truth of the statement; they both went over to the cemetery, which is a village, and coming to Mattie's grave, the wreath torn to pieces and under it was a letter directed to Mark Lind, in the following words:

"Since the good spirit has been powerless to use him as a vengeance on the objects of her

and
its
g
hi
to
it

wrath is still unquenched, and it is more than whispered that she has commenced business on her own responsibility, and strange sounds are heard and sights seen at Lind's. True it is that Mark Lind is an unhappy if not a haunted man.

"Such is the substance of the story, as near as I am able to express it. All the parties mentioned still live in Putnam, and can be consulted in reference to the truthfulness of the account. I presume that I have left out many important items, but enough is mentioned to prove this one of the most remarkable manifestations on record. It is interesting because the facts throw much light upon the condition of spirit existence, and are thus made very instructive.

"It should be borne in mind that these manifestations came spontaneously, wholly unsought, into a family who were not Spiritualists, and through a medium who was neither a Spiritualist nor at all acquainted with the phenomena. The dark and unhappy condition of Mattie is a warning to all those who raise their hands against their own life, thinking to escape misery by so doing. Her persistent attempts to be revenged upon those whom she conceived to be the cause of her sufferings, shews that death does not make us saints, but that for a time at least we may retain the same feelings that governed us here. On the other hand a beautiful lesson is taught us by the mild yet firm interposition of the good spirit in answer to Philips' desire to be freed from the dangerous influence of Mattie. But I will leave people to draw their own inferences.

A. E. CARPENTER.

"Putnam, Conn., June, 1868."

VERA VINCENT;

OR THE TESTIMONY OF T. M. SIMKISS, OF WOLVERHAMPTON,
TO THE TRUTH OF SPIRITUALISM.

"To the London Dialectical Society.

"Gentlemen,—In accordance with the expressed wish of your Committee, I herewith furnish, in writing, the substance of my testimony to the truth of Spiritualism, as given by me at your meeting at the residence of Dr. Edmonds, Fitzroy Square, London, on the evening of Tuesday, the 13th of April, 1869.

"Wolverhampton,
"May 1st, 1869."

"T. M. SIMKISS.

"I have been a Spiritualist for nearly sixteen years, and have examined the various phases of mediumship with all the critical research of which I am capable.

"I am not myself a medium in the common acceptation of the term, though I have tried hard to become one. I have tried in a variety of ways to see, hear or feel spirits myself: by sitting frequently in circles as passively as possible, by submitting myself to repeated mesmeric manipulations, and by sitting alone in the dead of night for many hours in a room that was used for some years exclusively for the purposes of spirits and mediums, and might be considered to be thoroughly permeated with spiritual magnetism; but all with no apparent effect.

"I have never been able to witness any independent physical manifestations, (*i.e.* without contact of the medium,)—which would admit of efficient testing; so that I am generally sceptical as to the reality of this branch of Spiritualism. Though I have not seen any reliable physical manifestations, I have witnessed a great number of neurologic spiritual manifestations; and after deducting the greatest possible per centage for mesmerism, for imposture, and for hallucination, there remains for me no possible alternative but to acknowledge that some persons who are physically dead, have still a conscious existence, and can, by operating through the nervous systems of certain sensitive individuals, called mediums, give unmistakable evidence of their identity.

"I will quote a few marked instances out of a great number, of which I have had personal experience:—Sixteen years ago, being in the city of Philadelphia, in America, sceptical as to future existence, and quite unacquainted with Spiritualism, except by report as 'the last American humbug,' I went to see Henry Gordon, a noted medium. The instant I entered his room he became entranced, and his body appeared to be controlled by some intelligent power other than himself. He immediately extended his hand to me, saying quickly—'Tom, how are you; I am glad to see you here; I am your old friend Michael C——' After a pause, 'I and others have influenced you to come here, so as to give you proof of immortality, which you have given over believing in.' Michael C—— was a college friend of mine who had been dead more than three years. I had then been in America only six days, and was a complete stranger to all Americans. I had never mentioned the name of Michael C—— in America, nor had I thought of him for some time. On subsequent occasions, through the mediumship of Michael C—— related many instances of a kind which completely established his power in my mind.

"On the next day after my first visit to Henry Gordon, I went to see a lady who was a public reader, the wife of Dr. Chase, on the subject of Prof. H. P. Lovejoy's

Medical College of Philadelphia, and who was said to see spirits. On my entering her drawing room, she said, 'Oh, Doctor, there are several spirits come in with this gentleman; one is a tall, thin, young man, with brown hair, and only a little whiskers by his ears; he stoops and coughs very much, and died of consumption; but he has already communicated through some other medium.' This, I recognized as being a correct description of Michael C——. Mrs. Chase then continued—'On the other side of him there is a young girl, apparently about 16 or 17 years old, with very white skin; her hair appears to be nearly black and hangs in ringlets; she has a broad square forehead and square shoulders; you knew her very well when alive.' I could not recollect any one answering to that description. 'She is very merry and rather fond of teasing, and is amused at your not recollecting her, as you used to know her so well.' I was still perplexed, and began to think that Mrs. Chase was playing with my imagination. After a few more tantalizing remarks I began to get tired of the affair, when Mrs. Chase said—'She is now going to say something by which you will know who she is.' After a pause she continued—'You bore me to the grave.' This remark, originated by the spirit herself as a sign of recognition, was a perfect test to me. I had never in my life, up to that time, been present at the funeral of any young girl except at that of the one of whom Mrs. Chase had just given me such a perfect description, both as to her appearance and playfully teasing manner, all of which this test brought fully back to my mind, though I had not thought of her for at least two years previous to that time. She had then been dead nine or ten years.

"For the past three years my wife has been a medium. Constitutionally she is quite healthy, rather wiry and energetic than actually strong, with a quick circulation, strong nerved, never been subject to fits or fainting, almost insensible to fear, and of a sceptical turn of mind. She was first entranced almost immediately on her sitting in a circle of Spiritualists, to which she went out of curiosity. Afterwards she was frequently in the unconscious or trance state, and easily possessed by spirits, who could have full control of her organization for their own peculiar modes of speech and gesticulation, and were apparently as much at home as if in their own bodies. One spirit who at this time very frequently possessed her was of a Scotchman, who invariably spoke broad Scotch through her, which she is quite unable to do in her normal condition.

"This trance state, unsurpassed as it may be for test purposes, is detrimental to the nervous system if much persisted in. In the case of my wife it appears to have been a transition stage

that she passed through as means of developing her interior senses, so as to enable her to see and converse with spirits, without the closing of any of her external senses. She is now as wide awake and fully conscious when seeing spirits as any person with whom she is in company. She not only sees them, but occasionally gives the full names, both christian and surnames of total strangers, and by this means has convinced many persons of the truth of Spiritualism and immortality, about which they were previously doubtful.

“One evening, in the midst of a general conversation, my wife suddenly said to me, ‘Here is a spirit who says his name is Father F—;’ she went on giving me a correct description of his personal appearance, and told me where and under what circumstances we were previously acquainted with each other. A week afterwards I took an opportunity of testing her with regard to this spirit. Seeing his photograph in a shop where I was making some other purchases, I bought one; my wife not being with me. I afterwards caused her to see it in an accidental manner, without her having any suspicion of intention on my part, by showing it to another person. She looked to see what I was showing my friend, and said, ‘Who is that, I have seen that face before.’ ‘Don’t you know?’ said I. She replied, ‘Oh! it’s that spirit that I saw last week; it’s Father F—, what a good likeness it is.’

“On another occasion we went by invitation to visit some persons who were strangers to us; during the evening my wife described a spirit, a deceased relative of theirs, which description they said was accurate; and he gave his name as ‘Tommy.’ To this I was paying but little attention, not being acquainted with their family connections, when my wife said to me, ‘Tommy says he used to know you very well.’ I then enquired of the lady of the house as to the former residence and business of her uncle, (the spirit Tommy) and found that he was quite correct; I was officially connected with him when alive, and knew him well, but never had any idea that he was any relation to the persons whom we were then visiting. Some six months afterwards she saw an oil portrait of this person at a house in a part of the country, and instantly recognized it as ‘Tommy’ whom she had seen on the evening above mentioned.

“My wife has given me the names of spirits of various personages, many of whom I am quite certain she has heard of, and in several cases that I had never before read of until I searched various Encyclopædias to find persons had ever existed. One instance was that of ‘Carracci,’ who she said was an Italian artist. Not but to artistic pursuits or literature, I did not know

person; but on looking out for him in the *Encyclopædia* I found his name and profession rightly given. She has correctly described the details of dress of many ancient Grecian and Roman spirits, such as the tunic, toga, sandals, &c., of which she was previously quite ignorant."

ON SOME OBJECTIONS TO SPIRIT-COMMUNION.

It is objected, that the spirit-world is an internal world: to imagine, therefore, that the departed can manifest themselves to sense, is to commit the blunder of confounding two distinct spheres of existence: the natural man perceives natural things, and the spiritual man spiritual things. The assumption on which this argument rests requires a constant divorce of matter from mind. But are we less essentially spiritual now than we shall be hereafter? Nay, can there ever be a subjective reality without objective manifestation? Is the subjective knowable until it has become objective? Is the spiritual ever known until it is *expressed*; and what are the elements of expression but Matter? Are not the two intimately related and indissoluble, being but the within and the without of the same thing?

Arising, as we do, from conditions comparatively little plastic, the full expression of the spirit on earth is, to a large extent, hindered, but so far as the materials are tractable, we do see that men involuntarily shew themselves as they are. The whole body tells of the struggles of the soul, and is scarred or bent with sin and anguish, or beautifully chiselled and elastic with conquest and delight. Is it so wild a dream, then, to imagine that we are not only gravating our existing body, but secretly preparing a new corporeal shell, our "soul-garment," which will float into a vitalized whole when the new birth, our so-called "death" occurs? As we start on the earthly race as our parents have made us, may we not start on the heavenly race as *we have made ourselves*, entering each sphere as we leave the last, but, apart from that pre-determined restriction capable of moulding ourselves as we will?

The objection that the departed are too exalted for commune with our "lower world," arises from a confusion of two distinct orders of thought—quantitative and qualitative phenomena. Of the former it is the characteristic that they are *necessary*, of the latter that they are *self-evolved*. Physical and moral phenomena are separated by an impassable gulf, differing not only in degree but *in kind*. It is not difficult to see to which of the two the

phenomenon called death belongs. It is a physical phenomenon, something necessitated, the consequent of physical antecedents. No doubt the immediate physical antecedents may be themselves the consequents of a moral antecedent, but the phenomenon itself, death, is wholly physical, as much so as the contraction of a muscle, or an inflammation of the brain. The character is made up *before* the act of death, however closely the last moral act, or volition, may abut on the palpable fact. But even the last volition does not represent the character of the man. A single splendid volition has no power to annihilate the fruits of the whole past life, and the "hero of an hour" does not redeem the scoundrel of fifty years. Until the whole *bent* of the mind be in a forward direction, until aspiration, and its fruit volition, be the constant attitude of the soul, the character is not high but low; and working under whatever material conditions, or in whatever world, is still "of the earth, earthy." Now, as without exaggeration, we may assert, that up to the present period of this world's history the number of the spiritually undeveloped greatly exceeds the number of the spiritually developed, it is probable that the after-death sphere is peopled by multitudes who are in a far lower moral grade than many who have not crossed the boundary, and consequently we might without awe venture to hold communion with a vast company of our peers, if not of our superiors. And as even the "sainted" of earth do not hesitate to condescend to our infirmities, and spend their powers in trying to draw us up after them, should we not expect that those who have entered yet more deeply into the high glory of self-abasement would, if they were able, still shed a ray of light upon the human darkness they know so well. —*The Truthseeker.*

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY.

AT its last meeting, July 22nd, the Committee of the Society "to investigate the phenomena alleged manifestations, and to report thereon," adjourned. The evidence given on this evening was of a very different character, and took an entirely new direction. M. CHEVALER, in his pamphlet, *A Week's Experience in Spiritualism* (reviewed, N.S.), repeated the statements and conclusions of his pamphlet. By applying the test given by St. Paul (chap. iv.) and by adjuration "in the name of C

and Holy Ghost," the intelligence making the manifestations was made to confess, that it was the devil, and to take its departure; and the manifestations ceased. On being questioned, M. Chevalier admitted he could not explain how it was that the experience of others who had applied this test, and tried the force of this adjuration, differed from his own; nor whether the result in his case might not have been due to the magnetic force of his own will rather than to the strength of his adjuration; he could only give his own experience, he could not say how far such experience might be exceptional; but he attributed much to the faith of the exorcist, whose adjuration might fail in its effect if, for instance, he were a Unitarian.

Mr. FRISWELL could state from his own experience that M. Chevalier's case was not wholly exceptional; he had by the same means stopped the manifestations in the circle at Mrs. Marshall's, and at his own house, and compelled the spirits to depart, after acknowledging that the manifestations were made by the same power as that exercised by Elymas the sorcerer, mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. There could in his mind be no question of the truth of the facts; which in nature and source were similar to many others occurring in past ages with which the student of history was familiar, and which, he believed, were justly regarded as diabolical. Mr. Friswell, on being questioned, said, he had heard that a quiet or passive state of mind in those constituting the circle was a primary condition, but he did not know whether it were so or not; and on being further asked if his own mind, being the most positive mind at the circle, might not have influenced the answer he received, and the cessation of the manifestations, through the same law as that by which spirits operated; he said he could not answer that question.

Miss HOUGHTON stated that she always tried the spirits according to the test given by St. John. All the spirits who communicated with her made confession that Christ came in the flesh, and acknowledged the Divine Trinity.

Miss ANNA BLACKWELL related some experiences of herself and sister (Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell), bearing on the point raised by M. Chevalier, and illustrating the results of a different mode of procedure to that adopted by him. If, as had sometimes happened, a spirit came signing himself "Satan," or "Beelzebub," they never for a moment thought of calling him "accursed spirit," and adjuring him to depart. They spoke to the spirit kindly but firmly, with sympathy and an earnest desire that the unfortunate one might be benefitted through intercourse with them; and though at first, he would annoy them and be irritated that he could not deceive and frighten them by these names, by

perseverance their efforts had been rewarded; the spirit became more gentle and truthful, and thanking them for the good they had done him, said they had been the means of bringing him into a better and happier state.

Mr. PERCIVAL had arrived at a conclusion the direct antithesis of that of M. Chevalier, though not so dogmatically expressed. He related interesting instances of prophetic vision and other experiences prior to modern Spiritualism, including the speaking through him (sometimes in an unknown tongue) of a power foreign to himself. These things might or might not be done by spirits, but he believed they had been vouchsafed by God for his personal guidance, and in answer to prayer.

Mr. JONES gave evidence to having seen the phenomena usually witnessed at *séances*, and gave an exposition of the philosophy of Spiritualism as deduced by him from the writings of Swedenborg.

We learn that so great has been the interest called forth by the inquiries of the Committee that notwithstanding the honorary Secretary has received the help of two assistants, they find themselves unable to keep pace with the correspondence on the subject which is being poured in upon them.

THE EDITOR OF THE "BRITISH JOURNAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY,"
ON THE POSSIBILITY OF SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS.

"*Apropos* of the Mumler spirit photographs, a good many absurd things have been said *pro* and *con* on the subject. But a writer in the latter category who asserts that anything that is visible to the eye of the camera, and thus capable of being depicted by photography, must, therefore, necessarily be visible to the human eye, is surely ignorant of that important branch of physics popularly known as fluorescence. Many things are capable of being photographed which to the physical eye are utterly invisible. Why, for the matter of that, may be full of the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum might be taken by means of that 'dark room so lighted would be plainly visible camera; at any rate, they could be represented on a photographic plate, while, at the same time, not an image could be perceived in the room by any person of ordinary human vision. Hence the photograph, whether that image be of a spirit or of a material object, is not scientifically impossible. If it reflects ultra-violet spectral rays it will be easily photographed, but will be quite invisible even to the sharpest human vision.

A TEST OF SPIRIT PRESENCE.

“ Port Huron, St. Clair, Mich.

“ EDITOR PRESENT AGE:—I have concluded to write to you concerning a *test* of spirit presence, which was given through the organism of Dr. S. D. Pace, of this city.

“ J. P. Minnie, Esq., an old resident of this county, and for many years a Justice of the Peace, departed this life in 186—, and left a large estate to be divided among his heirs. His business transactions were somewhat extensive, he having dealt considerably in lumber and real estate. Among other transactions was one to the amount of Seven thousand dollars with Mr. C—, of the State of Wisconsin. Mr. C— claimed this amount from the estate, and had it not been for what I am going to relate, the heirs of Mr. Minnie would have been compelled to pay this sum.

“ Mr. Joseph Minnie, a son of the aforesaid J. P. Minnie, not feeling satisfied, called into my store. Talking about his father's estate, he made the remark that there was something wrong about it, and that he would give anything in the world to get the facts. I suggested that he go to Dr. Pace. We then went to see the Doctor, and found him in his office. The Doctor was controlled by what purported to be the spirit of J. P. Minnie who then made the following remarkable disclosure:— Addressing his son Joseph, he said that the estate did not owe much of anything—that long before his death, he had made a settlement with Mr. C—, and Mr. C— had given him his receipt in full of all demands, and that since that settlement he had not transacted any business with Mr. C—. He then said, ‘Joseph, you will find that receipt, folded up in a certain deed, in the administrator's office.’

“ Joseph went to the administrator's office, found the receipt as foretold, and at the next meeting of the commissioners, that receipt was produced, Mr. C— being present acknowledged the signature, and the estate was saved to the amount of \$7,000.

“ After making the above disclosure to his son Joseph, he went on to say that there was another matter he desired to call his attention to: ‘Those lots I sold to Captain Ellory, and I agreed to wait another year for the pay—he told you the truth when he told you so.’

“ This was a good test to his son, as some time previous, Captain Ellory met him in the street, and told him that his father had agreed to wait another year for the payment of those lots, and Joseph had doubted his word.

“ It may be well to state that Dr. Pace was wholly un-

acquainted with Mr. Minnie's business, and that there was no possible way to account for this communication except on the grounds of spirit intercourse. J. H. HASLETT.

"I hereby certify that the above statement is correct in every particular, and I cheerfully give my testimony to substantiate its truth. J. S. S. MINNIE."

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE AND SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS FROM
THE ROMAN CATHOLIC POINT OF VIEW.

The Catholic World, a Roman Catholic magazine, published in New York, writing of Modern Spiritualism, remarks:—

Contemporary science, indeed, or what passes for science, has shown great ineptness before the alleged spirit manifestations; and its professors have, during the twenty years and over, since the Fox girls began to attract public attention and curiosity, neither been able to disprove the alleged facts, nor to explain their origin and cause; but this is because contemporary science recognizes no invisible existences, and no intelligences above or separate from the human, and because it is not possible to explain their production or appearance by any of the unintelligent forces of nature. To deny their existence is, we think, impossible without discrediting all human testimony: to regard them as jugglery, or as the result of trickery practised by the mediums and those associated with them, seems to us equally impossible.

STRANGE DOINGS AT THE FEATHERS HOTEL, MANCHESTER,
AND AT NANTWICH.

"For several nights past immense crowds have been collected in and about the Feathers Hotel, in London-road, Manchester, attracted by a story so singular, and, on the face of it, so incredible, that numbers of people, instead of laughing off the matter as a joke, have been excited by real curiosity. The new sensation, which is filling the coffers of the landlord of the Feathers, and at the same time mulcting the pockets of the rate-payers for the services of an extra force of policemen—uniform men and detectives—is a ghost which has chosen one of the busiest centres of Manchester, immediately opposite the London-road station, for its nocturnal appearances. The story (*Manchester Examiner*) that for five weeks past the hotel have been disturbed at all hours of the day and unaccountable noises. When the weary waiters to sleep, their dreams have been disturbed by a rattle, first of one, then of two and more, and the bells in the house—fourteen in number—have rung. A strict watch has on several occasions been kept, but this has been done, the watchers have seen nothing unusual, but so surely as the lights in the room were extinguished and quiet has been maintained

have commenced. About a week ago, bellhangers were got in the house, who rearranged the wires and muffled the bells, and by this means it was supposed that the perturbed spirit had been laid at last to rest, an idea which was confirmed by the fact that for six nights thereafter the "ghost" made no manifestation. In the "wee short hour" between Tuesday night and Wednesday morning, however, the sound of bells again broke forth with undiminished violence, and in defiance of bellhangers and special detectives. An indescribable presence is said to have made itself manifest on the stairs of the hotel, dressed in most unghostly habiliments of black, to a couple of boys and a policeman, who were so much frightened by the sight that they are unable to give any account of the spirit's disappearance. Of all the inmates of the house the cook, whom one would have thought the most material and unimaginative, has been most affected by the spiritual influence, and on Wednesday resigned her comfortable situation, with all its perquisites, and, we believe, has taken to bed seriously ill. Meanwhile the house is nightly crowded by hundreds of visitors, who, excited by curiosity, thirst of knowledge, or other desire, have been exorbitant in their demand for spirits, to the no small profit of the landlord, to whom the presence of his singular guest has been as lucky as angels' visits. At the same time hundreds of people have thronged the streets and lanes outside anxious to obtain sight or hearing of the ghost. Whatever else may be thought of it, this revival of the Cock-lane spirit has been and continues most successful as a sensation in drawing crowded houses."—*Echo*, June 4th, 1869.

The Macclesfield Courier, of July 3rd, says the spirits have transferred their operations from Manchester to Nantwich, where at a public house, articles have been seen to move without visible agency, unaccountable noises have been heard, and a great destruction of glasses and other property has taken place. "The tenant himself says that he has lost some £30 by it, and can show a pile of broken glass in the yard, certainly puzzling to account for."

THE HON. ROBERT DALE OWEN ON THE PROGRESS OF
SPIRITUALISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

From a private letter received from Mr. Owen, we take the following extract:—

"The progress of Spiritualism in the United States, silent and informal as that progress has been, is most encouraging. Without any prescribed creed, without any sectarian organization, without any ordained ministers, it greatly outnumbers any sect in the United States. Five millions of Spiritualists is a

moderate computation ; some calculations are much higher. It has obtained a lodgment among the most respectable classes, and prejudice against its doctrines is gradually passing away."

[We understand that a new work on Spiritualism from the pen of Mr. Owen may shortly be expected.]

THE MORMONS AND SPIRITUALISM.

The *Deseret Evening News*, a Mormon paper, writing of planchette, of which it understands "there are a number in the houses of our citizens," says of Spiritualism :—

As a people we are familiar with the spiritual agencies that operate upon mankind. Our elders especially have had numerous opportunities, in their experience abroad, of witnessing the effects of good and evil spiritual influences upon the people. Since the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, belief in spiritual agencies has increased very much among the inhabitants of Christendom. Hundreds who would not believe that angels could minister to man in these days, when Joseph Smith bore testimony that they had ministered unto him, have readily adopted Spiritualism. And the convert to that system—if it may be called a system—are now numbered in this Republic by millions. Comparatively few men express doubts now about spiritual manifestations.

A CELESTIAL UTOPIA.—T. L. HARRIS.

"On the inside of the cover of this Number we insert four supplemental pages, containing Oliver Dyer's account of the Harris community on Lake Erie. Mr. Dyer was sent there by Charles Dana, editor of the *New York Sun*. We have put ourselves to considerable labour and expense to publish Mr. Dyer's impressions, that all sides of the Harris movement may be seen. Mr. Dyer and Mr. Dana are both New Churchmen. The former, however, has a good reputation for 'writing up' a sensation (*vide* John Allen, 'the wickedest man in New York'); it must also be borne in mind that he only spent *six hours and a half* at Brockton, and of course, saw the sunny side of the picture *couleur de rose*."—*Independent* (New York).

A GHOSTLY VISITANT.

A very curious case of spectral visitation occurred a few days occupant of a chamber in one of our city hotels—a hotel which never previously made any pretensions to being haunted, and guests, permanent or transient, have ever before been heard company from the other world. The gentleman to whom occurred is a well-known resident of this city, whose word is : credence. He has occupied the chamber in which he saw the s months. It is inaccessible save by one door, which he ~~never~~ locked on the night in question. The window could not be ~~re~~ winged being from the outside, and as he found the blinds in-^{ed} the spectre disappeared, he feels entirely sure that he was practical joke. He arrived at midnight from a neighbouring

of
re

been engaged in business all day, and went straight to his room and to bed without turning out the gas, as he desired to read one or two letters which had arrived during his absence. Having finished these, he turned the gas flame almost out, leaving a tiny jet, like the ray of a star, athwart the darkness, and and lost himself in sleep. He awoke suddenly, just as the City Hall bell was striking two, and feeling cold, pulled the clothing more carefully around his person. As he half rose to do this he became conscious of a presence, and an indistinct feeling of fear overcame him. Near the foot of the bed was a tall, slender, indefinite form, like "a pillar of cloud," which advanced quietly toward him. It had no human shape, was noiseless, but as it advanced, the gentleman grew deathly cold, felt overpowered, and desired to cry out. He was broad awake—he knew that; but he could not stir. He thought of optical illusions and wondered if this was one; but the thing, whatever it was, advanced slowly to the head of the bed, and the chill around him became frightful. His blood was congealing; he felt that he must do something or die. Summoning all his courage, he instantly rose, trembling in every limb and walked to the shape. It stood between him and the gas jet, distinct now—an outline gradually developing into human proportions. Each second added to its development. He walked directly through it, caught at the gas pipe, turned on the full flame, and saw nothing! But he is firmly convinced that had he remained in bed he would have been found dead there the next morning, as the approach of the spectre gradually absorbed his life. He is a color-blooded man and not a believer in Spiritualism; but he is most positively sure he has seen a ghost—and rejects all theories of nightmare, nervousness and illusion as ridiculous. There may be many ghost stories, but this one has the advantage of being true, if any human testimony is to be believed.—*The Republican* (Springfield, Mass., U.S.)

ASHES TO ASHES, DUST TO DUST.

It is asserted by scientific writers that the number of persons who have existed on our globe since the beginning of time, amounts to 36,627,853,273,075,256. These figures, when divided by 3,095,000—the number of square leagues on the globe—leave 11,320,689,732 square miles of land; which being divided as before, give 1,314,622,076 persons to each square mile. If we reduce these miles to square rods, the number will be 1,853,174,600,000; which, divided in like manner, will give 1,283 inhabitants to each square rod, and these being reduced to feet, will give about five persons to each square foot of *terra firma*. It will thus be perceived that our earth is a vast cemetery. On each square rod of it 1,283 human beings lie buried, each rod being scarcely sufficient for ten graves, with each grave containing 128 persons. The whole surface of our globe, therefore, has been dug over 128 times to bury its dead! How literally true the declaration of the poet:—

"There's not a dust that floats on air
But once was living man."

"All that tread
The globe are but a handful, to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom."

These facts may well make us pause and think. If the resurrection of the spirit were dependent on and bound up with that of the physical body, its chances were small indeed. The

Apostle might well say to the churches: "Our teachings were vain, and your faith were also vain!" It is evidence how material—how unspiritual, must be our conceptions when such views can be held by a large section of the Christian world—when it is apparently believed that flesh and blood *shall* inherit the kingdom of heaven; that at some future, though it may be distant day, we are to reanimate and retain for ever "this muddy vesture of decay." A dismal prospect we should think—not one calculated to inspire the soul with hope and joy! We need not wonder at French Spiritists believing in re-incarnation when the belief of so many sincere and earnest, if not very enlightened Christians, is only another and not an improved version of the same old pagan doctrine. Both need to learn that true Christianity and sound philosophy alike teach—not the resurrection of the body, but the resurrection *out* of the body—and the clothing of the spirit with another—a more glorious, a spiritual body, "So, when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?"

Correspondence.

SPIRIT VOICES AND SPIRIT MUSICIANS AT EAST MOULSEY.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

MY DEAR SIR,—Some very remarkable manifestations of spirit voices and of spirits playing on musical instruments, have been taking place at East Moulsey, for more than a year and a half, without attracting any attention from Spiritualists in general. The cause of their not having attracted the notice which they deserve may be easily explained. They occur at the house of Mr. George Strawbridge, a member of the Stock Exchange, who has very little acquaintance with Spiritualists, and who conducted these extraordinary *séances* simply for his own amusement. Mr. Strawbridge has consented to the account being published with his name on the condition that I should put my own name to the statement. Hence this letter.

In the *Spiritual Magazine* for December, 1864, I published an account of a spirit concert at Kingston, Surrey, conducted by a sensitive medium, and, therefore, the present

disturbed the conditions for an effectual manifestation of the powers exhibited through him. I stated that Mrs. Howitt and myself made four attendances at the *séances* at Mr. Champernowne's, the medium's uncle, before we obtained anything decisive. This opinion of mine was fully confirmed by a subsequent visit, when we were accompanied by two of our friends, and by the visits of other friends of ours, strangers to the medium. The same condition of Turketine's mediumship still exists, and this fact presents a grand obstacle to the general recognition of this very remarkable mediumship. Mr. Strawbridge has gradually surmounted this difficulty by holding weekly *séances* at his house, at which merely himself and Mrs. Strawbridge, the medium, and his uncle have attended. It was necessary to obtain the permission of the spirits for the attendance of myself and Mrs. Howitt, and we were then not admitted to the room for some time.

Besides the mediumship of Turketine, there is evidently a mediumship developed in Mr. and Mrs. Strawbridge. They sit occasionally by themselves at a table, and procure messages by tips. The occasion of Mr. Strawbridge's seeking the mediumship of the boy Turketine was the loss of his brother, Mr. John Strawbridge, about two years ago. This brother makes one of the chief *dramatis personæ* of the spirit performers. The *séances* regularly commence in the room in which he died, where they obtain messages at the table and then adjourn downstairs to the drawing room, which is darkened for the sitting. Before I attended any of the *séances* Mr. Strawbridge informed me that the spirits not only sung audibly and played on different instruments, but had actually, several times, taken the piano, a semi-grand, to pieces, carried it about the room, playing on the keys at the time, and put it together again. So much for what I heard; I now state what I have seen, or rather witnessed; of course, one does not see in the dark.—The spirits who generally take part in the performances, declare themselves to be William Champernowne, the son of Mr. Champernowne, who died when a boy, but must now be a full-grown spirit; yet, oddly enough, always speaks in a boy's voice; calls his father "Dadda," whilst the father seems to imagine him still a boy, and addresses him as such. The spirit of John Strawbridge is the second attendant and performer, and the spirit of Mrs. Strawbridge's mother, a third. Mrs. Strawbridge's father, of late, also joined in the spirit concert. Many other spirits attend, but these are the regular performers.

On the first evening at which I was present, after sitting at the table upstairs, and getting some messages, we went down; but soon after, entering the drawing room, which was pitch dark, Mr. Strawbridge, Mrs. Howitt, and myself were ordered

to withdraw again, and remain in the adjoining dining room till we were called for. We then heard playing on the piano commence, which continued a long time. At length the spirits gave consent to our admission. We were all placed on the sofa, with the exception of myself, who occupied an easy chair close to the sofa. Our group was at one end of the room and the medium at the diagonal corner at the other end, near the door. We found the piano drawn forward from its usual place, near the wall, a considerable distance into the room; and this we were told was done by the spirits, who lift about the heavy instrument and a heavy harmonium upstairs with the greatest ease.

Very soon the spirits rapped with the tambourine, which had been laid on the piano with a triangle, to announce their presence and to call for the alphahet, by which means Mr. Strawbridge was desired to play on the piano. This he did, and sung at the same time. Quickly a voice very much resembling his own, but much stronger and of a higher range, joined in, and sang with great clearness, strength and correctness. Mrs. Strawbridge then added her voice, which was almost instantly followed by another female voice, which she said was that of her mother,—a spirit. Thus we had a concert of two human and two spirit voices, accompanied by spirits on the tambourine and the triangle. Several airs were thus sung, and accompanied with extraordinary freedom and vigour, evincing familiar practice. "Old Rosin, the Beau," "I'm off to Charlestown," and "Coming through the Rye," were thus played and sung with a vivacity and vigour that no mortal performers could exceed. The tambourine, said to be played on by the spirit, John Strawbridge, was beaten with a violence that seemed likely to knock it to pieces. Altogether the storm of music was so tremendous that I did not wonder to hear that the occupiers of the other half of the semi-detached house had, some time ago, sent in and requested that the noise might be abated. As the spirits, however, had not shown any inclination to their energy, the neighbours had taken the matter, ~~very~~ in dudgeon, and were now intending to leave; and ~~and~~ case I should have done the same, supposing that I or sceptical of the spirit-nature of the proceedings.

These *séances* are held on Wednesday evenings from 8 to 11 o'clock. They would continue much spirits were allowed that freedom; but Mr. Straw regard to the neighbours, peremptorily closes the

The playing and singing are varied by the spirit speaker being Willie Champernowne, called visible Willic," who speaks in a boyish falsetto of joking and flinging about cushions and of

Sometimes you hear his quick, quaint voice calling out "Strawbridge! play up!" Or the voice of John Strawbridge saying, in the midst of the tempest of music, in a strong tenor voice, "George!" I am sorry to say that the spirit, William Champernowne is sometimes rather brusque and rude. On one occasion he had Mrs. Howitt and myself, at Kingston, turned out of the room, and we heard him say, "Lock the door." He has had Mr. Strawbridge turned out of his own room; and I was sorry to hear him the other evening express a sentiment of resentment against the neighbours, because they don't like the din of the spirit concert. This does not savour of a very celestial grade in the invisible world; and presents a contrast to the spirits in general who, almost without exception, are most kindly and courteous. However, we must take them as we find them. It is a study of character amongst the invisibles.

Sometimes the spirits will vary the performances, playing themselves on the piano, and desiring the human members of the company to sing. Sometimes they will sing and play alone, that is, without Mr. and Mrs. Strawbridge taking part. On several occasions I heard the two spirit voices only singing, whilst Mr. Strawbridge played. These spirits are not fond of anthems or hymns, but of popular airs.

On my second visit I was accompanied by my daughter, Mrs. Alfred Watts, but on sitting down at the table up stairs, her hands were so much agitated, and indeed struck with so much violence on the table, that she was obliged to withdraw from it. It was tipped out that the spirits could not manifest till nine o'clock. This was the time that we had to go down, and on going down Mrs. Watts was not admitted to the darkened room by the spirits. It was clear that her magnetism and theirs did not amalgamate.

I found the piano brought forward into the room as before, and all parties were placed as before. Mr. Strawbridge was again called on by the spirits to play, and the spirits playing on the triangle and tambourine and singing were much as before: thus it continued till after 10 o'clock. With my daughter in the dining room were two gentlemen, guests, and believers in Spiritualism, who, nevertheless, were not admitted to the dark *séance*. The "Invisible Willie," after some time, said, "Tell the other people to shut themselves up in the dining room." Accordingly the medium got up and went to tell them, when, sure enough, they were found at the drawing room door in the hall listening. After a considerable time, again "Invisible Willie" said, in his quick Punch-like voice, "Those people are at the door again; tell them to shut themselves up." Again the medium went out and there they were, close to the door! My daughter afterwards

told me that the curiosity of it was that the two gentlemen were at the door most of the time, and the spirits took no notice of it, but the moment she ventured to join them she heard the shrill voice exclaim, "They are at the door, tell them to shut themselves in the dining room!"

It was perfectly evident that it was her magnetism to which they were so extremely sensitive. But we had a more striking proof of this. From time to time through the whole *séance*, Mr. Strawbridge begged that Mrs. Watts might be admitted, and was earnestly seconded by Mrs. Strawbridge and Mr. Champernowne. The request was constantly negatived by energetic raps with the tambourine. It was in vain that the spirits were told that Mrs. Watts was a Spiritualist of long standing, that she was herself a very remarkable medium. It was still as decisively, "No!" It was long after 10 o'clock before a reluctant consent was extorted from the spirits for her admittance: even then "Invisible Willie" said "Let us have another tune first;" and when it was again proposed to admit Mrs. Watts, he said, "The magnetism will clash." At length she was called in and took her seat on the sofa amongst us. Mr. Strawbridge then said, "Now my friends, play up," but there was no response. We waited, the spirits were silent; entreaties were used; still silence. After we had again waited to see whether the magnetisms would amalgamate, the spirits were asked whether they could not go on, and replied by the feeblest of raps—"No." Mrs. Watts again withdrew, and scarcely was the door closed, when the spirits broke out with voice and instrument as vigorously as ever. Nay, they beat time with their feet on the floor with such force that it seemed like the stamping of a giant or an elephant.

This is one of the most singular examples of the effect of conflicting magnetism on mediums that I ever witnessed. The power which seemed that of Titans; which could lift about a heavy piano down stairs and a heavy harmonium which could dash about the tambourine with *fran* which raised a very tempest of vocal and instru: was instantly annihilated by the presence of a la: believing, thoroughly sympathizing, and much is phenomenon showed that not the spirit of sceptici: this delicate force by which the invisible operates the same force modified by the different or viduals, neutralizes and extinguishes itself. : same process as that of chemical affinity; a : from one substance by another substance t attraction for it. The magnetic condition (

away the magnetism of another medium, and this cuts off the current of the operative force. For this reason, it is not to be expected that the medium, William Turketine can, unless the conditions of his mediumship undergo a great change, ensure successful manifestations, in the presence of strangers. Those, who naturally will wish to see what I have described, will most likely find themselves disappointed. At all events, they would have to seek permission, in the first place, from the spirits, and by their presence, enable them to discover whether their "magnetism would not clash." The difference betwixt so sensitive a medium, and that of such mediums as the Davenports, who appeared almost proof against adverse or conflicting influences, is very wonderful, but not the less real.

One word may be necessary to some readers as to the certainty of the actual singing and playing as well as talking by spirits on the occasions here stated. In the first place, they occur weekly in the house of a gentleman of most honourable character, and of a shrewdness of mind befitting a member of the Stock Exchange.

In the second place, although the room is darkened it is perfectly light when you enter it, and where all is quite visible, even if there were any silly desire on the part of the host and intelligent hostess to play absurd tricks. When the door is locked and the room darkened the company assembled, consisting generally of only four or six persons, sit together, and any one of them would instantly discover whether any of the group moved, spoke, or sung. The medium is the only one who could play tricks by singing, playing, and talking in a feigned voice, as he sits at a distance; but if the boy Turketine can play on a triangle and tambourine at once, and that in two different spots, as your ears tell you they are; if he can at the same time sing with two voices, one a full tenor and the other a soft feminine one; nay, sometimes in three distinct and different voices at once—he must be the greatest prodigy of this very clever age. To all who have studied these phenomena carefully, these observations are superfluous. They are now too common to be denied, and too uncommon not to keep alive our wonder, and to assure us that they are the antecedents of something still greater and more important. We have yet but the blossoms of astonishment, the fruit is sure to follow.

"What we believe in waits latent for ever through all the continents, and all islands and archipelagoes of the sea.

"What we believe in invites no one, promises nothing, sits in calmness and light, is positive and composed, knows no discouragement,

"Waiting its time!"

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1869.

“NO MORE METAPHYSICS.”

By EPES SARGENT.

THE metaphysicians seem to be in a bad way. If we may believe all we hear, they are soon likely to be an extinct species, found, like the ichthyosaurus, only in the deposits of the past. The late M. Comte denies their right to be; and his followers say hard things of them with all that confidence of impunity which human nature is apt to shew toward the antagonist who is down and has no friends.

It is claimed that to physiology belongs the only possible science of mind—that all psychological and metaphysical methods are abortive. A materialism aggressive, vigilant and acute, is manifesting itself on all sides. In France it has many able representatives. In England and America it is by no means silent. In Italy, if we may believe Mazzini, it is the eternal ally of despotism, recognizing no higher formula than the necessary alternation of vicissitudes, and condemning humanity to tread perpetually the same circle. But it is from Germany, the land of philosophy, of Leibnitz and Kant, that now proceed the most contemptuous attacks on all speculative systems.

“The German philosophy,” says Dr. Büchner, author of an atheistic manual of materialism, entitled *Matter and Force*, “now inspires a legitimate disgust in men both learned and illiterate. The days are gone by when pedantic jargon, metaphysical quackery, and intellectual legerdemain, enjoyed popularity.”

According to Dr. Moleschott, the ablest leader of the Materialist school in Germany at the present time, the natural and positive sciences have superseded all philosophical systems. . . . proclaims a physiological materialism founded on experience. In a work entitled *The Circular Course of Life*, a fourth edit

of which was published in 1862, he maintains the hypothesis of an indefinite circulation of matter passing on unceasingly from the world of life to the world of death, and *vice versa*; and he exalts what he calls "the all-mightiness of the transmutations of matter." His central axiom is, "Without matter no force, and without force no matter." Thought, he tells us, is a movement of matter, and there is no thought without phosphorus—a consideration which surely ought to make us look with more respect henceforth on lucifer matches.

Another German writer, Lowenthal, goes beyond Moleschott, and reproaches him with being an eclectic Materialist, on account of his principle of the union of matter and force, whereas force is not an essential and primordial condition of matter, but only the result of aggregation; so that not only mind but force is the product of all-sufficient matter.

Mr. Carl Vogt, who unites the rhetorician with the scientist, can hardly keep his temper when he speaks of metaphysicians, and of the simpletons who still believe in such an exploded chimera as a soul. He is the author of the following not wholly scientific formula: "Thought stands in the same relation to the brain as bile to the liver, or urine to the kidneys." This confounding of visible phenomena of matter with invisible phenomena of mind shows that Mr. Vogt does not have very clear notions on the subject of analogy.

"Physiology," he tells us, "decides definitely and categorically against individual immortality, as against any special existence of the soul."

Dogmatism like this is not suggestive of the earnestness of scientific conviction, but rather of the uneasiness of one who would cut off further discussion by calling the previous question. When the Materialist becomes assertive, sets up a limit, and says that beyond the line of his own knowledge there lies nothing more to be known, he must not complain if sincere though modest thinkers set him down as nothing more than a charlatan.

In England a work of considerable ability, *The Physiology and Pathology of the Mind*, by Henry Maudsley, M.D., has recently appeared. The author omits no opportunity of a fling at the metaphysicians. "The ambitious youth," he tells us, "goes through an attack of metaphysics as a child goes through an attack of measles." (A professional, but by no means an original, illustration.) "Metaphysics is practically obsolete." "After being in fashion for two thousand years, nothing has been established by the metaphysical method."

According to this writer, mind is not an entity, an independent source of power, but the most dependent of all the natural forces. Metaphysics, in postulating a soul, merely ab-

stracts a quality or attribute from the concrete, and converts the abstraction into an entity. He tells us it is time that the "unholy barrier" between psychical and physical nature should be broken down.

Mr. Alexander Bain, a writer whose merits ought to make him more generally known in America, while he is more temperate than Dr. Maudsley on the subject of metaphysical inquiries, believes that mind enters, if not directly, at least indirectly, into the circle of correlated forces; but this is a belief not inconsistent with reverential conceptions of God and the immortality of the thinking principle.

The extreme upholders of an extreme orthodoxy, whether Catholic or Protestant, join with the Positivists and the Materialists in their raid upon the metaphysicians. The Ultramontanist party in France say, substantially, to the theistic philosophers: "Claiming, as you do, to be religious, you have no right to remain rationalistic; for reason outside of the Church becomes scepticism."

To this the philosophers reply: "In order to submit ourselves to authority, we must first be satisfied that it is a legitimate and necessary authority: we must reason, inasmuch as the very principle of the abdication of reason at the feet of authority implies a recognition of the supremacy of reason. Furthermore, the Church Universal itself has many times condemned in clear terms the proscription of the reason; and has declared that 'by the process of reason we may with certainty prove the existence of God, the spirituality of the soul, and the liberty of man—that faith is posterior to reason.'"

But the hardest blow that has been dealt at the metaphysicians in our times has been by metaphysicians themselves. According to Sir William Hamilton, the only use of philosophy is to teach us that there can be no such thing as philosophy; not to despair of it is a last infirmity of noble minds, but still an infirmity: like Ixion, we embrace a cloud for a divinity in thinking we have arrived at any satisfactory system. A learned ignorance is, therefore, the most difficult acquirement—perhaps indeed, the consummation of knowledge.

"There is no difficulty in theology," Hamilton, "which had not previously existed."

To which the obvious reply has been made: "Why is there a difficulty that cannot be surmounted, why any more than in philosophy? Why not shut up our books as much on matters religious as on matters material?"

Mr. Mansell, one of the most able of Hamilton, undertakes to rescue us

from the objections of reason, by contending that the reason is as incapable of conceiving God as it is of conceiving the Trinity or the Atonement. He finds as many difficulties in the hypothesis of incredulity as in that of faith—as many in natural as in dogmatic theology. But, under this view, his only legitimate course would be, not to try to establish beliefs by decrying ideas, but to take his faith out of the field of dialects altogether, and to claim for it exemption as something not to be reasoned about. A French critic, Charles de Remusat, has well exposed Mr. Mansell's inconsistency in this respect.

Those persons who would subordinate reason to faith may find comfort in conclusions like those of Mr. Mansell; but the Hamiltonian philosophy is a two-edged sword, apt to wound the wielder, inasmuch as it may be used as confidently and dexterously in the service of unbelief as of belief.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, who has many readers in the United States, and from whom great things are expected in philosophy, is sometimes claimed as a follower of Comte; but this he repudiates in the most distinct manner, and in doing it he rather under-estimates, we think, the influence of Comte in England. In his doctrine of theological nescience as the final result of religious inquiry, Mr. Spencer is in accord with Sir William Hamilton, and does not differ widely from the Positivist school.

Our experience Mr. Spencer regards as the sole origin of our knowledge. Inward and outward things he considers alike inscrutable in their ultimate genesis and nature. Insoluble mystery in all directions—in science as well as in philosophy. He acknowledges a real basis in human nature for the religious sentiment, but is of opinion that "Negation of absolute knowing contains more religion than all dogmatic theology."

There would seem to be an inconsistency in his doctrine of the relativity of all knowledge. Our knowledge, he tells us, is relative, and the relative has none of the characteristics of the absolute. But how can he maintain this, if, as he says, the absolute is utterly unknown and unknowable? How does he know, then, but that the absolute and the relative are in many respects alike?

Again, if Mr. Spencer claims to know one thing absolutely—this, namely, that the absolute is inaccessible to our knowledge—then his doctrine of nescience no longer has the universal axiomatic authority he assigns to it.

Mr. Spencer declares that the dispute between Spiritualists and Materialists is "a mere war of words," and that both parties are "equally absurd."

Many kingly heads in the realm of thought must be dis-crowned if this be unconditionally so. But the absurdity of the

disputants depends upon what they mean by their "words." We grant that they are absurd in disputing if they mean essentially the same thing—if they mean that the soul, call it spiritual or material, survives the dissolution of the visible body. But if the Materialist means annihilation where the Spiritualist means continuous life—if the Materialist means that this "sentient matter," as he chooses to call it (but which, through all the flux and transmutation of the particles of the body, has been the conscious individual, the *ego*, the sense of identity, the power which has said, *I did, I do and I will*) must perish for ever or dwindle into the life of a vegetable or a reptile, then we do not admit that the dispute is a mere war of words, and we think that the absurdity is Mr. Spencer's in so characterizing it.

The Spiritualist will not object to your giving the name of *matter* (ὄλη, the stuff that things are made of) to what *he* calls *mind*. He will not even insist upon the incompatibility of the two in certain senses. You may make mind assume certain attributes of matter, or you may refine matter into a modification of mind, capable at once of thinking, of seeing and of being seen—of feeling and of being felt.

You may adopt, if you please, the language of that accomplished Pyrrhonist, Edmond Scherer, which we here translate: "Matter, in certain conditions, produces light and heat; yet in other conditions it feels, wishes and acts; in other conditions, finally, in the superior degree, it manifests itself as thought, it acquires consciousness, it arrives at the spiritual life."

This is certainly the least offensive form in which the Materialist theory can be presented; but it amounts merely to saying that in so far as matter becomes what we understand by spirit, it is no longer what we understand by matter.

You may call in the aid of Dr. Moleschott, if you please, who tells us that "the times are past when spirit was assumed to exist independently of matter."

Let us pause here a moment. What Moleschott seems to regard as an ancient assumption was, until the appearance of Des Cartes in philosophy, in 1637, wholly foreign to the prevailing mode of thought. It was Des Cartes who introduced so widely into philosophy and theology the notion of the heterogeneity of body and soul. The dogma of the immortality of the soul, in the extent of its adoption, is eminently a modern "assumption." The ancient philosophers, for regarded spirit as something more subtle than earthly bodies, but by no means incorporeal while he makes his soul substance indivisible change, does not deprive it, in other respects, of the properties of bodies. Of the Christian Faith

any distinction, with the doubtful exception of Augustine, entertained the notion of the soul's immateriality. They looked upon spirit not as something amorphous and incorporeal, but as having a common substratum with matter—and as being a space-filling entity.*

"Unprejudiced philosophy," says Moleschott, "is compelled to reject the idea of an individual immortality and of a personal continuance after death."

This is merely an indirect mode of insinuating that the philosophy of Dr. Moleschott is the only one that is not a philosophy of prejudice. But the conceit is a harmless one, and we let it pass. If, as he says, thinking be a purely material phenomenon, a mere movement of matter, then you must either regard the matter as *sentient*, thus admitting as much as the sagacious Spiritualist would care to have you admit for his purpose, or you must resort to a *petitio principii*, and assume the very point in dispute—this, namely, that the properties of matter, outside of man, suffice to explain the whole man, including the thinking principle.

This is what Moleschott practically does; and it is a saltatory and convenient though not a scientific mode of overcoming difficulties. He undertakes to establish between a physical and a mental fact a relation precisely similar to that which exists between two purely material facts.

But should there be no begging of the question, perhaps materialism will reply that mind is not the result of matter alone nor of motion alone, but of the union of the two. Have we any firmer footing here? If matter and motion are the sole authors of mind, then must they create it out of nothing, since neither of them had it, actually or potentially, already; and thus we must resort to the absurdity of investing them with a power which we do not accord to God himself.

"But why," asks the late Thomas Hope, "since God is the Author of matter as well as of mind, may He not have fraught matter itself with the attributes necessary to develop into mind?"

If you adopt this question, even putting the word Nature in the place of God, you abandon the whole ground of Materialism, and are driven to the admission that mind must come from mind, the finite from the Infinite intelligence. If Nature can do God's work, then Nature will be God, call it by what name you please.

The "absurdity" of the dispute between Materialists and

* The prevailing belief is expressed by Tertullian thus: "Nihil enim si non corpus. Omne quod est, corpus est sui generis; nihil est incorporale, nisi quod non est. Quis enim negabit Deum corpus esse, etsi Deus spiritus est? Spiritus enim corpus sui generis, sua effigie."

Spiritualists would seem to depend, therefore, a good deal upon the meaning they attach to words. The language of Mr. Herbert Spencer is as follows :

"The Materialist and Spiritualist controversy is a mere war of words; the disputants being equally absurd—each believing he understands that which it is impossible for any man to understand. In all directions his investigations eventually bring him face to face with the unknowable; and he evermore clearly perceives it to be the unknowable."

But would it not be more "absurd" to dispute about the knowable than the unknowable? If a thing may be known as we know that two and two make four, what is there to dispute about? We should hardly be roused to dispute with the man who should deny that there is such an art as photography.

The Materialist may not understand what matter is in its essence, nor the Spiritualist what spirit is; but the one may reason (from imperfect and illusive analogies, we think) that since he cannot see or feel a departing soul, there is nothing in a man different from the matter he can see or test; while the other, the Spiritualist, may, from numerous facts, phenomena and intuitions, which he knows and feels to be true, conclude that the soul is not impaired by the dissolution of the earthly body, but is an entelechy, for which ever new bodies will, by a law of its nature, be ready as they are wanted.

To say that the Spiritualist, because he may not confound life with its finite modes of manifestation—because he may not regard the death of the visible body as the death of an invisible—is chargeable with the absurdity of believing that he understands that which it is impossible for any man to understand, is, in the first place, not an accurate assertion, any more than it would be to charge a like absurdity upon him because he believes that an oak comes from an acorn, he not understanding the how or why; and, in the second place, even if there *were* an apparent ground for the charge, it would be tantamount to an assumption, on the part of Mr. Spencer, that what is to him incomprehensible in regard to spirit cannot furnish a rational basis of belief to any other human being. It is as if a person deficient in an ear for music should declare that there is no such thing as tune; or, wanting the mathematical faculty, should pronounce certain astronomical calculations fallacious and impossible. In the very act of calling a thing incomprehensible, do we not assume a ledge that is absolute so far as other minds are concerned? What if there should be a spiritual aptitude which is musical or the mathematical faculty, may be wholly present in some persons and active in others?

Mr. Spencer tells us that the sense of justice is not to be inherent in the minds of well-constituted

communities, is not known to the lowest savages; also, that there are certain æsthetic emotions common among ourselves that are hardly, in any degree, experienced by some inferior races. May it not be that there are similar inequalities among persons (otherwise nobly endowed) in the faculty of seeing or understanding spiritual facts? Though *I* may never have seen a spirit, is it altogether quite satisfactorily established beyond all question, even in these positive days, that Socrates, and Swedenborg, and the Seeress of Prevorst, and thousands of other gifted persons, were lunatics or impostors when they claimed to have had glimpses of a life beyond the present?

We of the civilized races, as Mr. Spencer will admit, know something of *justice*, although a savage might call it "the unknowable;" and we may, without "absurdity," contend for what we conceive to be *just*. But there are persons, besides Plato, who will tell Mr. Spencer that their belief in a future life is, like their sense of justice, an *à priori* conviction—that the two have for them an equally authentic foundation.

Mr. Spencer like others of his school, may repudiate the possibility of any such conviction; but if he will not sink the philosopher in the partizan, he will see that it is a breach of good manners, as well as of good reasoning, to stigmatize as "absurd" those thinkers who hold an opposite opinion to his own on a question which is as much an open one, philosophically considered, as when Socrates drank the hemlock; although it is a question on which a large and growing class have, in spite of the materialism of the day, convictions as entire and serene as those of Socrates himself.

For ourselves, we confess that we feel quite as secure in being "absurd" (if you will have it so) with Socrates and Plato and their successors of modern times in philosophy, as in being "nescient" with Mr. Herbert Spencer and his associates, respectable as they undoubtedly are.

Among the opposers of metaphysical inquiry, the followers of Comte seem to be the most active now. Comte, in banishing to the realm of chimera all considerations of God and a future life, provided a "substitute" for Christianity and theism in his "religion of humanity."

Diderot had made the remark that all the positive religions are mere heresies in respect to natural religion. Comte says, Let natural religion go with the rest! Since man unfortunately is a religious animal, and must have a religion of some sort, let them all make way for my "religion of humanity." And so the positive school, having suppressed God, offer as a substitute for man's adoration—man himself!

In regarding man as the summit of things, the Comteans,

and that division of the philosophical school of Hegel known as "the extreme left," seem to be in accord. Among the Germans the doctrine of immortality is ridiculed in gross terms by Feuerbach, the humanity-worshipper; while by Freidrich Richter the hope of a future life is denounced as "the ambitious craving of egoism." But Mr. Max Stirner goes a step beyond Feuerbach and Comte. He brands their religion of humanity as "a last superstition," and preaches *autolatry*, or self-adoration. "Every man his own God," is the conclusion at which he arrives; and in this he is rather more logical, we think, than either Comte or the extreme Hegelians.

The latter, through Michelet of Berlin, Dr. Strauss and others, maintain that God is personal only in man, and that the soul is immortal only in God; in other words, that neither is God personal nor the soul immortal.

Disdaining metaphysical subtleties like these, Comte proposes the worship of humanity. This he would symbolize in statuary by "a woman of thirty with a child in her arms," as representative of "the aggregate of co-operative beings endowed with nervous systems of three centres."

He gives the outline of what he calls a "systematic cultus," and, by way of introduction to the liturgy of this cultus, he offers for the religion of the future a "Positivist Calendar, or General System of Public Commemoration." In this calendar, every month is to be associated with the invocation of some man of "the first order," whether legislator, conqueror or artist—Moses, Cæsar, Shakspeare, &c. Every Saturday is to have for its patron a man of "the second order," such as Boodha, Augustine, Mozart; and finally, each day is to have a man of "the third order" for its presiding divinity, and among these Comte mentions the names of Anacreon and Rossini!

"It is thus," says the late Emile Saisset, "that M. Comte proposes to replace God. This grotesque pantheon, where Dr. Gall figures as a divinity of the second order, while Pascal and Voltaire are relegated to a place with divinities of the third order, in company with Miss Edgeworth and Mme. de Motteville—this laughable assortment of gods and goddesses, such is what the positive school offers us as what ought to displace the faith of a Bossuet and a Newton!"

Notwithstanding its decidedly comic phase, this "religion of humanity" has been formally inaugurated, and churches and promulgation have been organized in Paris, London and New York. A French Comtean preacher lately rebuked his hearers for intolerance toward their poor benighted brethren who grope in the darkness of belief. He said, "There are many persons who find hope and comfort in a belief in . . ."

let us not be unduly severe upon them." Truly, in its unconsciousness of humour, and as showing that even positivism cannot crush out human nature, the admonition is deliciously droll.

In London a Mr. Congreve presides over a Comtean church, where services are held every Sunday, and where many distinguished persons, including Lord Houghton, Mr. Lewes and other literary gentlemen, frequently attend. To Mr. Henry Edger belongs, we believe, the distinction of officiating at the inauguration of the first Comtean church in the United States. On Sunday, April 5, 1868, there was a gathering at the great hall of the Conservatory of Music, on the Fifth Avenue in the city of New York, to hear this disciple expound the gospel according to Comte. He told his audience that, in endeavouring to state to them the fundamental doctrines of the Comtean philosophy, he had no reservation whatever to make in limitation of his own acceptance of them.

Fanciful and repulsive as Comte's "religion of humanity" may be to reverent theistic believers, it seems to have an attraction for a class of minds to which no one will deny moral elevation and superior ability. Mr. J. S. Mill has spoken some noble words for freedom, both personal and intellectual. With the true knightly spirit, he never shrinks from the utterance of an opinion because it may be unpopular. His views of a life after the present seem tinged with a Sadducean gloom. In the preface to his work on *Liberty*, referring to his departed wife, he speaks of "the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave." The expression, we are told, is not an inadvertence, but the sober and mournful conviction of a powerful mind. Mr. Mill is not often betrayed into enthusiasm; and we rarely find in his writings any warmth of language when it is only of those systems of worship in which God and the invisible world are recognized that he speaks; but he becomes unusually animated when he refers to a religion emptied of all belief in Deity, in absolute goodness and in the immortality of the soul. Of the Comtean system he says:

"It has superabundantly shown the possibility of giving to the service of humanity, even without the aid of a belief in Providence, both the psychological power and the social efficacy of a religion; making it take hold of human life, and colour all thoughts, feeling and action, in a manner of which the greatest ascendancy ever exercised by any religion *may be but a type and a foretaste.*"

Is not Mr. Mill a trifle sanguine in this anticipation? Conceive of a sane man bowing at a shrine where Voltaire and Rossini are the saints! Think of summoning one's devotional sentiments to join in a chant to the author of *Candide*! What a substitute for Helen Maria Williams's grand theistic hymn—

"While thee I seek, protecting Power,"

would be an invocation to Dr. Gall, the phrenologist, or to Miss

Edgeworth, the amiable novelist! In contrast to the commendatory strain of Mr. Mill, take the following from the French of Edgar Quinet, author of *Le Génie des Religions*, and not inferior to Mr. Mill either in philosophical culture or in practical devotion to all measures that can advance the freedom and well-being of mankind:

“They say to me, Well, then, worship Humanity. A curious fetich, truly! *I have seen it too close.* What! kneel before that which is on its knees before any triumphant force! Crawl before that beast crawling on its myriad feet! That is not *my* faith. What should *I* do with such a god? *Take me back to the ibises and necklaced serpents of the Nile!*”

Perhaps there is as much extravagance in the scorn of M. Quinet as in the rapt admiration of Mr. Mill. But when those sacred words, *religion, worship*—associated as they are in the reverent mind with all that is most profound and earnest in feeling and in thought—are so wrenched from the meaning which use has given them as to be applied to the sentiment which one might entertain toward beings like ourselves, frail, fallible and transitory, we believe that the impression of most men, not abnormal in their idiosyncrasies, will be one of aversion, and that they will sympathize with the language of Quinet rather than with that of Mill, and be ready to exclaim with the former, “What should *I* do with such a god?”

We can conceive that the man who has arrived at convictions inconsistent with a belief in God and spiritual realities may find, in efforts for the amelioration of human suffering a partial substitute for his deprivation. There is a law of compensation, a correlation of forces, in the moral world as well as in the physical, and right acting must lead in the end to right feeling, if not to right thinking. But to compare the attitude of mind induced by the contemplation of man, individually or collectively, with that mental state to which we rise when the finite craves the possibility of the Infinite, the weak for the necessity of the Omnipotent, and the fallible of the Omnipotent when we have, or, if you prefer, *imagine that we have* promptings, intimations, glimpses, suggesting *by* *more* than this life can offer, and which—

“Be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing”

to compare, in brief, the hypothetical “worship” with the results of that overpowering instinct which the cultivated and awakened conscience experiences in all ages experienced in its highest conception of God, is to confound the paltry with

the little theatrical interior, where clowns strut and jest under the blue and gilt ceiling, with the starry cope of the universe.

We all know what Mr. Mill will reply to such expressions as we have here used in speaking of a devotional frame of mind. He will say: "I confess my utter ignorance of all such *à priori* assumptions. To you they may be real; to me they are not real." And we, with equal reason, may retort: "When you tell us of the psychological power of a *religion of humanity*, you indulge in an assumption quite as open to objection as any *à priori* postulate whatever."^{*}

We have seen that in Germany the worship of humanity is ridiculed by the bolder Atheists as a last remnant of superstition, destined to be replaced by the worship of self:

"Now give the pulse full empire! Live the brute,
Since as the brute we die!"

An anecdote, which may not be one of the freshest, has been told of a young Hegelian, who had found in Hegel ("where each his dogma finds") the philosophy of self-deification. A friend, calling on him one day, found him stretched on a sofa, apparently in a mood of seraphic contemplation. Slapping him on the shoulder, the friend asked, "What's the matter?" To which the absorbed youth replied: "Hush! don't be profane! I'm adoring myself."

That extraordinary compound of the visionary and the dispeller of visions, Auguste Comte, to whose teachings much of the anti-metaphysical movement of the present time may be traced, was born in Montpellier, France, in 1795, and died in Paris in 1857. Educated at the Polytechnic School, he became one of the disciples of Saint-Simon, and, on the death of that remarkable social reformer, founded a school of his own. In 1827 he became deranged in mind, and, in a fit of insanity threw himself into the Seine, from which he was rescued by one of the king's guard.

We are told by M. Guizot that Comte, though single-minded and honest, was prodigiously vain; that whoever did not accept his doctrine was, in his estimation, either a retrogradist full of prejudices, or an ignoramus without scientific education, or an interested and jealous opponent; that whoever lent himself to his views must become his philosophical serf, his conquest and property, or else be treated as a rebel and a deserter.

* A witty writer remarks that the attempt to form a religion and brotherhood of unbelief reminds him of the logic of the Irishman, who, meeting a fellow-countryman, asked, "Is your name Patrick?" "No." "Were you born in Killarney?" "No." "Have you a mole under your left ear?" "No." "Oh, then come to my arms, my long-lost brother!"

Laughed at during his lifetime as an egotist and a bore, even by many who recognized his great abilities, Comte has become a wonderful intellectual force since his death. We see his influence in all the recent works on the phenomena of mind. Mr. Spencer disclaims its operation, but there is growing testimony to the fact.

The great object of Comte in his system is simplification. He would simplify all things; and he would do this by eliminating what he regards as superfluities and impertinences. This world, so complex and so various, and these elements of mystery, so manifold, both in the outward world and in the human soul, do not disturb or mystify this intrepid thinker. He tells us that the solar system is very badly arranged—"très mal établi"—and that it might, in many respects, be improved.

Theology and metaphysics he regards as two successive stages of nescience, unavoidable as preludes to all science. Psychology is the last phase of theology. We can know nothing but *phenomena*, their co-existence and successions; and the test of our knowledge is prevision. By *phenomena* must be understood objects of perception, to the exclusion of psychological change, reputed to be self-known. The idea of *causality*, efficient or final, is an illusion which should be expelled from philosophy. The *sciences* arrange themselves logically in a certain series, according to the growing complexity of their phenomena; and their historical agrees with their logical order.

The secret which Comte has discovered, and the revelation of which is to simplify the great world-problem, and set every mind at rest, is thus stated by the late Emile Saisset, from whom we translate:—

The human race, it is true, adore God; and the philosophy which accepts this holy faith has been consecrated by the genius of Newton and of Leibnitz. No matter. Monsieur Comte denies *in toto* the authority of the human race and of genius. In pursuit of simplicity he suppresses God. Henceforth no more absolute ideas in science—nothing but relative ideas: no more metaphysics, ontology, theology! There is no science but that of *simplification* first.

Nature comprehends two orders of things; *physical* moral beings or spirit. Let us suppress spirit, and keep phenomena of conscience; no more psychology; no more but the mathematical and physical sciences. *Simplification*

We are drawing nearer to unity, but we are not physical world has virtually two classes of elements: the senses, and known as *phenomena*; the other, or senses, and known as space and time, matter in *them* the *causes* of phenomena. Let us suppress all this; then remain only certain visible, palpable *phenomena*, will merely be these phenomena generalized.

What admirable unity! What homogeneity sciences, in their method, in their results! The *is* attained. And who will complain that this incom-

matter—
No more
; nothing

et. The
ended by
of the
bodies,
we will
which

the
ion is
beep

too dearly purchased? What has it in fact cost? Only these three things—God, spirit, liberty.*

The ablest expounder of positivism in France at the present time is M. Littré. Master of a clear, succinct style, thoroughly devoted to the cause he has at heart, he has done much, by his earnestness and ability, to commend the doctrine to the attention of cultivated people. He says:—

Metaphysics has for its object the search of causes, first and final; and the inanity of its labours is shown in the result. Here, for some twenty-five centuries, the best intellects, whom the rudimentary state of the positive sciences did not permit to see the insolubility of the problem, and who had only this way open for high speculations, have been exercising their powers in the study of causes, first and final. After so many efforts, what do we know of these causes? Nothing, absolutely nothing. *And that it must always be so is apparent.* The human reason has no power to learn how things are, except by an *à posteriori* process; and the first origins and final terminations are, as they were at the commencement (if there ever was a commencement), and will be to the end (if there ever is to be an end), inaccessible to human experience.

Should there seem to be a little of the pontifical tone in this enunciation by M. Littré, let it be remembered that he is but following in the footsteps of his master, Comte, who played the pontiff during the latter part of his life in a manner to make even some of his most devoted disciples restive.

How does M. Littré know that the sequence of phenomena must always be what it *has* been? That no new light can ever be thrown on the problem of causation? That what always *has* been *must* be? He will probably tell us that by a law of his intellect he is compelled to believe so. But is his own experience the measure of truth? How does he know that he has arrived at a right interpretation of the law of his intellect; or that, if he has, his intellect, even under the operation of its law, points to absolute truth? He bases his whole argument on an hypothesis in which he makes large demands on our credulity, the hypothesis, namely, that the future must be always like the past.

In tracing back the links of experience, M. Littré is arrested by certain primordial and inexplicable facts, to which he gives the name of *laws*. Science, he tells us, can go no further. Hence he concludes that the universe has its cause in itself, rather than outside of itself. Is he justified in this conclusion by observation, by experience? Not at all! The fact that a cause is inexplicable is no argument against causation. Here then is another hypothesis which this foe to all chimeras would have us accept, in order to proceed with him in excluding God from the universe!

* Among the writings of the French theistic philosophers, there are few so worthy of translation as those of Saisset. Of English works the best exposition of pure theism is that of Professor Francis W. Newman, in his *Theism, Doctrinal and Practical* (Boston: Adams and Co.,) a work of rare power and compression.

In claiming certainty for the outer world precisely because it is *foreign to us*, and ridiculing as worthless the study of all mental states, precisely because they are *our own*, positivism merely puts on one of the cast-off robes of the metaphysics it denounces, and passes into simple idealism. Comte tells you that in order to *observe*, first your intellect must pause from activity. "Yet it is this very activity that you want to observe. Hence, if you cannot effect the pause, you cannot observe: if you do effect it, there is nothing to observe; and the results of such a method are in proportion to the absurdity."

All this was better said long before it was proclaimed by Comte. The obvious and sufficient reply to it is, that we are just as certain of inward facts as we are of outward—of the *me* as of the *not me*. The ultimate test of truth is not an alembic or an air-pump.

It is against the Spiritualist philosophy of France, and the simple theism it involves that the Comtean school is now waging its most active war. We have before us a work of recent date, entitled *Materialisme et Spiritualisme*, by Alph. Leblais. It is dedicated to M. Littré, and contains an introduction from his pen, to which the passage we have already quoted from him belongs. M. Leblais appears to be an enthusiastic follower of Comte, and says:—

It is Spiritualism which has had its way hitherto in human affairs. Catholicism is nothing but Platonism passed into a governing institution. Spiritualism is still dominant in the periodical and non-periodical press. It necessarily carries with it not only those who get their living by it, but the masses; for it flatters human nature, and rocks it with illusions the most seductive.

And, in the estimation of M. Leblais, what are these illusions? Only faith in God and the immortality of the soul. According to this writer, it is to the feminine temperament that these seductive illusions are especially dear. "Woman," he tells us, in a quotation he adopts, "is an animal essentially spiritualistic; man is a materialistic animal. This is owing to the comparative quantity of gray and white matter contained in their brains!"

Hardy and virile characters, like Mr. Gradgrind and M. Leblais, who have plenty of "gray matter" in their brains, put up with no nonsense, no seductive illusions. They say facts—"Facts, sir, facts!" And so they naturally become Positivists, and join the Comtean church.

There is one interesting point on which Comteism withholds its oracles. The curious may inquire: If Humanity (or aggregate of human beings, past and present) is to be the god of this little planet of ours, what shall we regard as the God of the universe? Though Comte does not appear to have anticipa-

this question, we can easily imagine, from his criticisms on the solar system, what would be his answer. He would tell us that the God of the universe might have avoided some awkward mistakes if, before disturbing chaos, He had consulted the author of the *Positive Philosophy*.

The pith of the objections of the Comteans to the metaphysical method is, that outside of experience there can be nothing serious or real. They admit the data of the senses, but all primary truths, anterior and superior to experience, all innate principles of the human reason, and all notions drawn from those principles, and relating to an invisible world and a soul outliving the material body, they summarily reject.

To this the Spiritualist philosophers reply that the principles of causation and of justice are not the creations of experience. If you tell them, as Mr. Spencer does, that there are brutal savages, as well as exceptional beings in civilized society, in whose minds these principles are wanting or undeveloped, the reply is, that it is not among dwarfed and exceptional natures that we are bound to select our examples. To the man of average intelligence the rule applies. Certain principles, not founded on experience, constrain and move him. Principles founded on experience would assume the characteristics of experience and shift with the current of events. The value of a principle so founded would be simply that of an induction. There would be occasion every day to fear that some progress in science or in human affairs might transform or annihilate justice. Is that reconcilable with men's notion of justice?

The argument, a mere outline of which we have sketched, is ably carried out by Jules Simon, in the preface to the latest edition of his *La Religion Naturelle*. He says:—

Is there any one to whom the principle of causality is doubtful, and dependent on the number of experiences? In philosophy, in the experimental sciences, in life, what is there that we can regard as fixed and proved, unless the principle of causality is above all doubt? Of all the realities most real, of all the evidences most evident, this, at least, is real and evident—namely, that all men, without restriction or reserved, believe in the principle of causality, in the principle of justice, and that they believe in them invincibly, by a necessity of their nature.

Not only do they believe in, but they would believe in nothing else, did they not believe in these. They would not reason, speak or think. They think: therefore is there something fixed and immovable in their minds. They speak: therefore is there in all minds certain principles anterior to all communication by words. They reason: therefore do they have a point of support for the reasoning faculty. This truth admits of no more doubt for an infant than for a Des Cartes; and those who affect to doubt it, either to magnify revelation, or to reduce the human mind to the data of sense and of experience, do not see clearly to the bottom of their doctrine. Their doubt is but levity or despair. They argue against us, and would prove their point by the reason they ignore. But what is it to *prove*, if not to believe in a principle, and to believe that this principle being *naturally* given, they can, from it, scientifically discover another?

Oh, ye denouncers of chimeras and sworn foes to metaphysics! there is one thing more difficult than to believe, and that is to *doubt* absolutely. You employ a dogmatism to combat another dogmatism. You deny movement, but you march. You contest our right to have principles, but you avail yourselves of principles* in contesting. You reproach us with meeting you with words, and with not being *positive*; but the first of your pretensions is to say that the absolute is the sum of all contingents; and in your passion for destroying metaphysics, you brandish the essential axioms of all mathematics!

It is rare that we meet with anything in philosophical discussion more eloquent than this. With M. Simon's vindication of metaphysics and psychology against the assaults of the Positivists, we might safely leave the subject at present; although we have hardly entered upon the threshold of a theme which, like all great ideas, expands into infinity as we advance.

We do not overlook the services which the processes of materialism have rendered to science, nor would we veil the mischiefs that have sprung from an unregulated belief in the supernatural, from anthropomorphic conceptions of Deity, and from abasing the reason before spiritual authority, supposed or real.

There are times when a sceptical revolt may, under Providence, be necessary to the progress of the sciences and of the physical welfare of mankind; for a too exclusive attention to the supernatural, in unduly belittling the affairs of this life, may be an oppression and an incubus to the intellect and the heart of an age. An honest materialism might have checked the horrors of the Inquisition in Spain, or prevented the massacre of the Huguenots in France. It is to an exaggerated or perverted supernaturalism that many of the most barbarous crimes of communities and of individuals may be traced.

But, on the other hand, it is to a coarse, self-sufficient materialism, shutting its eyes to all spiritual possibilities, that most of the meannesses of men, not chargeable to natural disposition, may be attributed. Give a man a thorough and enlightened conviction of his immortal destiny, and free him at the same time from the pressure of an irrational supernaturalism, and, unless he has some traits incompatible with moral sanity, he will be solicitous to form in this stage of being the mental habits and affections which he believes he will carry into the next.

The contest of the Materialist is a hopeless one, for it h-

* To illustrate this, M. Simon might have quoted from Comte the following remark: "The phenomena of life are known by *immediate consciousness*. Pos., vol. ii., p. 648; vol. iii., p. 8.) And yet Comte affects to repudiate *a priori* assumptions, all metaphysical processes, all reflective knowledge. Our attention was first called to this curious contradiction in Comte James Martineau.

human nature itself for an antagonist. But the tendency of the times is not from the dangers that result from devotion to the supernatural (which may be, after all, but the natural misinterpreted). Science has relieved us from all ghostly terrors; and even spirits are, by a large class of the community, believed to come and go, and to move ponderable articles, without exciting so much alarm as might be caused by a burglar in the flesh.

Still, it cannot be disguised that, outside of the ranks of the scientific Spiritualists, the present drift is toward a materialism barren in all hope of a future life. In the great anti-metaphysical warfare which has been begun, it is not every devout Christian champion who repudiates the alliance of philosophy in repelling assaults aimed at the very foundations of all spiritual belief. Ernest Naville of Geneva, editor of the works of Main de Biran, and author of *Lectures on Modern Atheism*, is what would be called in the United States an "evangelical believer." He holds to the great doctrines of the fall and ruin of man by nature, the necessity of divine agency in his recovery, the atonement, and the eternal condemnation of the unregenerate. This writer remarks:—

If you think the most important of the discussions of our day to be that between natural and revealed religion, between deism and the Gospel, you have not well discerned the signs of the times. The fundamental discussion is now between men who believe in God, in the soul and in truth, and men, who, denying truth, deny at the same time the soul and God. * * * The great question of the day is to know whether our desire of truth is a chimaera—whether our effort to reach the divine world is a spring into the empty void.

A spring into the empty void! That is what our efforts to make a belief in God acceptable to the reason result in, if we may adopt the conclusion of Messrs. Hamilton, Mansell and Spencer. You must put up with religious "nescience," or else, without troubling your thinking powers in the matter, you must summon a blind faith, and compel reason to abdicate at the feet of some one of the various forms of "revealed religion."

Dismissing all sectarian prejudice, and fully recognizing the gravity of the crisis, M. Naville gives utterance to expressions which have in them almost a sound of welcome to all theistic believers who will make common cause with Christians everywhere in defence of fundamental truths. "The unbridled audacity," he says, "of those who deny these truths is bringing ancient adversaries, for a moment at least, to fight beneath the same flag. What they would rob us of is not merely this or that article of a definite creed, but all faith whatever in Divine Providence, every hope which goes beyond the tomb, every look directed toward a world superior to our present destinies."

In another place he says: "When the question relates to

God, to the Universal Cause, we find ourselves at the common root of religion and philosophy, and distinctions which exist elsewhere disappear."

This writer is one of the few faithful watchmen on the tower who are not blind to the signs in the world of thought. While others are heedlessly contending about this or that interpretation of Scripture, about Ritualism and anti-Ritualism, about Bishop Colenso and Bishop Wilberforce, there are indications of a contest coming when it will require the efforts of all believing men—whether Jews or Gentiles, whether formal adherents of some Christian sect or simple believers in God and the moral law—to save the rising intelligence of the age from a blank negation, or a still more fatal indifference, under the excuse conveyed in the conveniently coined phrase of "theological nescience."

In the approaching struggle, we may be sure that there will be room among the foremost defenders of divine and spiritual truth, for those who have explored the great field of metaphysical inquiry, undeterred by what they hear of its barren and delusive character; who have studied the meditations of Plato, and Des Cartes, and Locke, and Newton, and Leibnitz, and Spinoza, and Kant, and Jacobi, and Cousin, and Hegel, and many more, their peers or their disciples, and not turned from them as the authors of so much obsolete rubbish.

So long as there exists in the human mind a consciousness which prompts the utterance of such expressions as "I will" and "I ought"—so long as there are affections in our nature which suggest the hope of a re-union with the loved and lost—so long as there are mysteries in life and in the soul which lead our thoughts to seek repose and light in the idea of God*—so long is the period not yet arrived when there will be "no more metaphysics."

"A single aspiration of the soul," says Hemsterhuis, "toward the better, the future, and the perfect, is a demonstration, more than geometrical, of divinity."

And it is here, on the idea of God, not as presented in theological history and in authoritative creed, but as reached by the intuitional and logical faculties of man, that the great battle between Spiritualism and Materialism, belief and unbelief, must be fought.

When we consider that natural science, at every step it takes in advance, reveals to us facts which intimate more and more distinctly that the physical itself may be but a secondary condition of the metaphysical; that even in "the stu-

* "Console-toi, tu ne me chercherais pas si tu
Pensées de Pascal.

dis tr.

things are made of," in *matter* itself, there are depths of mystery which may make us doubt whether, in the ordinary sense of the word, matter can be said to exist—whether, in its last analysis, it may not be a gradation of spirit, or resolvable, as Faraday thought, into *points of force*—we need feel little apprehension as to the result in any philosophical or scientific encounter between the opposing schools.

Chemistry tells us that the diamond, which to our senses is inert, ponderable matter, can be volatilized in the fire of the burning mirror, so as to develop neither smoke nor cinders. On the other hand, fire, essentially volatile, can be condensed, in the calcination of metal, so as to become ponderable. From these facts De Montlosier deduces the interesting conclusion that all the bodies of the universe might be volatilized and made to disappear in those spaces which our ignorance calls *the void*; and that, in its turn, what we call *the void* might be condensed, so that the number of the celestial bodies might be multiplied a hundredfold; and, through all this, the universe would not have changed in its nature and essence, though it would be changed in its appearance!

In facts like these there is matter for meditation which it would be well for the Positivists and the Materialists to ponder well before they enter upon the task of trying to exclude from the universe, and from the heart of man, the great ideas of God and the immortal life, and of the invisible world of substance and of cause.

SIGNOR DAMIANI'S EXPERIENCES.

SIGNOR DAMIANI has addressed a letter "to the Committee of the Dialectical Society now sitting to investigate the Phenomena attributed to Spiritual Agency," in compliance with their desire that he would send them his experiences in writing. As these experiences are of great interest and value we give the principal portion of Signor Damiani's letter. After administering a well-merited reproof to the press which had misreported his evidence before the Committee, June 22nd, as they have misreported the evidence of Mr. Varley, Mr. Shorter, and other witnesses (though the Committee are not responsible for the newspaper reporters), Signor Damiani proceeds:—

"I am, comparatively, a novice in Spiritualism, having been engaged, altogether, only four years in the investigation of its

phenomena and the study of its literature. I am not a medium, nor have I sought to be developed into one; but I have come in contact with more than one hundred of that class (of whom only three were professional, or paid mediums), and have assisted at more than two hundred *séances* in England, France, and Italy. I am personally acquainted with many of the leading Spiritualists of Europe, of whom I here make bold to say that, as a class, they are certainly not inferior in intellectual calibre to any other body of scientists whom I have yet been privileged to encounter. Amongst the many phenomena which I might lay before you, I will content myself with the relation of a few only, as being sufficient to effectually dispose of all the theories of 'unconscious cerebration,' 'mental aberration,' 'collective delusion,' and other woeful epidemics, propounded by the advanced philosophers of the day in order to account for, and explain away, matters which even *they* admit to be somewhat abnormal in their nature.

"Now for facts. In the spring of 1865, I was induced by a friend to attend my first *séance*. This took place at No. 13, Victoria Place, Clifton, the medium being Mrs. Marshall. I had been, up to that moment, an utter sceptic in spiritual matters; full of positivism, I conceived man to be but a very acute monkey (*simia gigantis stupenda*, to be scientific), and recognised in life only a brief and somewhat unsatisfactory farce. I was, however, at the same time open to conviction,—which, perhaps, was foolish in me. I found assembled at this *séance* some forty gentlemen, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, and journalists, besides a fair sprinkling of ladies. A medical man, well known in the neighbourhood of Bristol, Dr. Davy, of Norwood, filled the chair. At first, I refused to sit at the large table whereat the manifestations were to take place, for being then what I have now ceased to be, an unqualified believer in the candour and truthfulness of the newspaper press, I made up my mind (certain journalistic comments being fresh in my recollection) to keep a sharp look-out upon the medium's movements.

"I was thus occupied (*intentaque ora tenebat*) when sounds, altogether unlike anything in my experience, were distinctly heard by me to proceed from the ceiling, some four yards as I should judge, above the medium. These sounds, travelling down the wall, along the floor, and up the claws and pillar of the large round table, came resounding in its very centre. This ought to have convinced me at once that the medium's toes, at least, had nothing to do with the phenomenon but prejudiced incredulity is so strong a cuirass against the sword of truth, that I remained still watching the feet of the mediu

under the table, as a cat does its prey. The chairman was the first to commence conversation with our (supposed) spiritual visitors. Shortly afterwards it came to my turn to talk with the spirits. 'Who is there?' 'Sister,' was rapped out in reply. 'What sister?' 'Marietta.' 'Don't know you; that is not a family name;—are you not mistaken?' 'No; I am your sister.' This was too much: I left the table in disgust. Still, those knocks proceeding from the ceiling had puzzled me, and excited my curiosity; therefore, when the company dispersed I remained behind, to discover, if I could, the *modus operandi*. I invited myself (the assurance of sceptics is proverbial) to take tea with Mrs. Marshall and her hostess, after which I begged to have a private *séance*. 'Now I shall catch you,' I thought. Sure enough the raps came again, distinct and sonorous as before. 'Who are you?' 'Marietta.' 'Again! why does not a sister whom I can remember come?' 'I will bring one;' and the raps were now heard to recede, becoming faint and fainter until lost in the distance. In a few seconds a *double knock*, like the trot of a horse was heard approaching, striking the ceiling, the floor, and lastly the table. 'Who is there?' 'Your sister Antonietta.' 'That is a good guess,' thought I. 'Where did you pass away?' 'Chieti.' 'When?' 34 loud distinct raps succeeded. Strange, my sister so named had certainly died at Chieti just 34 years before. 'How many brothers and sisters had you then? Can you give me their names? Five names (the real ones) all correctly spelt in Italian were given. Numerous other tests produced equally remarkable results. I then felt I was in the presence of my sister.

" 'If that is not in truth my sister,' I thought, 'then there exists in nature something more wondrous and mysterious even than the soul and its immortality.' What had taken place at this, my first *séance* produced such an effect upon my mind that I determined to continue the investigation until I could come finally to a rational conclusion upon the subject. During the fortnight of Mrs. Marshall's stay in Clifton, I frequented the *séances* daily, and on an average for four hours a day. Spirit after spirit I evoked, who one and all established their identity through the most searching tests. Having been thus uniformly successful, I felt somewhat perplexed about Marietta. Had I been mystified in her case, and in hers alone? Finally, I wrote to my mother, then living in Sicily, inquiring whether, among the nine children she had borne and buried, there had been one named Marietta. By return of post, my brother, Joseph Damiani, architect, now residing at Palermo, wrote as follows:—'In reply to your inquiry, mother wishes me to tell you that on October 2nd, 1821, she gave birth, at the town of Messina, to a female

child, who came into the world in so weakly a condition that the midwife, using her prerogative in such emergencies, gave her baptism. Six hours after birth the child died, when the midwife disclosed the fact of her having baptised the infant under the name of Maria (the endearing diminutive of which is Marietta). The birth and death of this sister I have verified by reference to the family register.' You must admit, gentlemen, that in the above case 'unconscious cerebration' has not a leg to stand upon.

"To proceed with my testimony. I have been present at *séances* when a sheet of blank paper and a pencil have been placed under the table, and a few seconds afterwards, these being picked up, sentences have been found written on the paper. How do I know that it was not the medium's toes did this, you may ask. Well, I can only reply that in such case the medium must indeed have possessed most extraordinary toes.

"Whilst in Sicily, quite recently, a most telling poem, two hundred lines long, in the Sicilian dialect, besides communications in German, French, Latin, and English, have been received in my presence, the medium in this case being a singularly illiterate person of the artisan class.

"I have met in Clifton with a boy medium, between 10 and 11 years of age, who would write long essays on spiritual philosophy, the matter and manner of these essays being such as would have been accepted from any accomplished writer of mature age who was conversant with the subject. I took the well-known Alessandro Gavazzi to a *séance* with this youthful medium. The acute polemist put various abstruse metaphysical and theological questions to the medium, or rather to the medium's controlling spirit, and received replies so deep and learned as to convince him that it was no mere case of 'clever boy.' This young medium—whose writings now extant would fill a dozen volumes—exhibited a different handwriting for every controlling spirit by whom he was directed, and wrote occasionally in several of the dead languages.

"I know another medium aged 15, also residing in Clifton, who, when under spirit influence, will give written in rhyme, so good, both as to matter and style, as to preclude any possible question in the minds of those who see him as to their being his own unassisted composition.

"While in Paris a few weeks ago, I was at *séance* with the 'healing medium,' Jacob, the ex-Zouave. I saw several patients who entered the room upon crutches, and were perfectly cured. On touching his patients, Jacob enumerates (to their great amazement) all the diseases

been taking. '*Vous vous êtes fait empoisonner avec de l'opium et de l'aconite, et vous vous êtes nourri de porc salé et de viandes saignantes,*' I heard him say on one occasion. '*Oui, monsieur,*' the sufferer ejaculated. '*Taisez vous, je n'ai pas besoin que vous me le dites, puisque je le sens,*'* was the curt rejoinder.

"When present at *séances*, I have heard instruments sounding and playing in good time and with correct enharmonic accompaniments, whilst, to my own knowledge, no one in the room, with the exception of myself, knew anything about music, and it certainly was not *I* that played on these occasions.

"I have heard noises, as of sledge-hammers on the walls of a private house in Clifton, making the whole building shake to its foundations. The sound of footsteps moving about from one part of the room to another, I have repeatedly heard in open daylight, upon occasions when no one was present in the room with me, except a seated medium. I have seen a heavy table rise bodily from the floor when only the medium's fingers and my own were resting lightly on it, and rising in such a manner and to such a height, as to render *too-leverage* a matter of physical impossibility. I have often, when seated, been shifted together with the chair on which I have been sitting, a foot or more from the table during a *séance*.

"I have seen a lady raised in her chair at least a clear foot from the ground, and sustained in that position for several seconds, whilst no hands were touching her or her chair—the medium, moreover, being a considerable distance off.

"I have frequently held spirit-hands (at all events, hands not attached to any corresponding body) in my grasp. The touch of these hands differed so much from that of human hands, that I can bring nothing like analogy or comparison to bear upon it. They were not so warm as human hands, and ordinarily (though not invariably) were softer in texture. Their contact has generally sent a thrill through my frame, somewhat resembling a slight electric shock. These hands would melt away and dissolve in mine. I have often *seen* the hands. They are generally beautiful in form, with tapering fingers, such as those Canova gives to his ideal nymphs and goddesses. Sometimes they present a whitish and opaque appearance, at other times I have seen them pink and transparent.

"I have assisted at several *séances* with the Davenport Brothers—those men of all living (except, Daniel D. Home) the best abused. On their last visit to England in 1868, I happened to be selected as one of the persons who were to tie

* "You have allowed yourself to be poisoned with opium and aconite, and you have been feeding on salt pork and meat underdone."—"Yes, sir." "Do not speak; I do not want you to tell me, since I *feel* it."

them to their seats in that well-known cabinet of theirs. Immediately after they were thus secured, five pink transparent hands appeared ranged perpendicularly behind the door. Subsequently I placed my hand in the small window of the cabinet, when I felt each of my five digits tightly grasped by a distinct hand, and while my own was thus held down, five or six other hands protruded from the hole above my wrist. On withdrawing my hand from the aperture, an arm came out therefrom—an arm of such enormous proportions that, had it been composed of flesh and bone, it would, I verily believe, have turned the scale (being weighed) against the whole corporeal substance of the smaller Davenport. At the *séance* I have just mentioned, there were present, amongst others, Mr. Gooden Perrin, of Westmoreland Place, Camberwell, Mr. Robert Cooper, of the Terrace, Eastbourne, Sussex, also a celebrated mesmeric doctor, whose name has, for the moment, escaped my recollection.

“ I have assisted at *séances* where, the windows being closed, and the doors locked, *fresh* flowers have been showered on the company just previously to their departure. It was at Baron Guldenstubbé's in London, in the year 1867, that I first remember having witnessed this. The flowers would have filled a large basket, and the fact of their being *perfectly fresh* and besprinkled with dew—the medium, Mrs. Guppy (*née* Nicholl), having been with us continuously for at least two hours before the *séance* commenced—in itself, and apart from the lady's great respectability, precludes any, the faintest, suspicion of ‘crinoline mystification,’ or sleight of hand. I must not omit mentioning that, on examining the flowers, some of which still remain in my possession, we perceived that the ends of the stems presented a blackened and burnt appearance. On our asking the invisible intelligences the reason of this, we were told that electricity had been the potent ‘nipper’ employed.

“ In the year 1866, at a ‘dark *séance*’ held at the Spiritual Athenæum in London, I distinctly saw Miss Nicholl raised on her chair from the ground by some unseen agency, and placed on the table round which I and many others were sitting. A gap in a folding door, through which the light flickered, enabled me from where I sat to distinctly see her carried aloft through the air with extreme swiftness.

“ Another interesting series of phenomena coming under personal observation has been the ‘voice *séances*,’ where I have heard and conversed with spirit-voices. Having attended several of these *séances* with different mediums, and in the presence of numerous investigators, I have for hours conversed with voices which could not on either of these occasions have proceeded from any living person in the room where

the time being, we were assembled. The voices vary in pitch, from the firm, vigorous, declamatory tone of the stage to a faint whisper. How could I be certain, it may be asked, that this was not ventriloquism—I will give my reasons for the faith that is in me in this behalf *seriatim*.—

“*1st.*—Because three of these voice-mediums are personal acquaintances of my own, move in respectable society, and running imminent risk of detection, would have all to lose and nothing to gain by the stupid trick of imitating ‘sperrits.’

“*2ndly.*—Because the voices that have greeted me at the houses of these unpaid mediums have also subsequently conversed with me at private *séances* at Mrs. Marshall’s, and have there exhibited the same peculiarities as to tone, expression, pitch, volume, and pronunciation, as upon the former occasions.

“*3rdly.*—Because these voices have conversed with me upon matters known to me alone, and of a nature so personal and private that I am perfectly certain that no one present at any of the *séances* except myself could by any possibility have been cognisant of them.

“*4thly.*—Because the voices have often foretold events about to happen, which events have invariably come to pass.

“These dark *séances* of which I have spoken generally ended with the appearances of blue or red lights over the spectators’ heads, and with the copious sprinkling of delicious perfumes. On me, even on me, who now speak, descended violet odours.

“A few more facts, and I have done. On Wednesday, June 23rd, 1869, having accidentally met with Mr. Gardener, he proposed introducing me to a trance-medium, Mr. F. Hearn, of Great Coram Street, Russell Square. I assenting, we went there together, and having been left alone with the medium, I had a *tête-à-tête séance* with him. Mr. Hearn fell into a trance, and whilst in this state five voices spoke through him to me. Three of these were unknown to me, but the other two I recognised immediately, as if they had spoken to me in the flesh. One of them was the voice of the dearest friend and relation I ever possessed. She spoke to me of family matters, so intimate and, I may say, sacred in their character, that the supposition that Mr. Hearn (a man I had never even seen before), or anybody else, could by any possibility have known of them, would be an insult to my common sense to entertain for one moment. On awakening from the trance, Mr. Hearn complained of great pain in his back, and observed that the spirit who had just quitted him must have so suffered during life. This was perfectly true; the dear friend to whom (I am firmly assured) I had even then been speaking, did, from the cradle to the grave,

suffer acute pain in the three upper vertebræ of her spinal column.

"I know a lady in Bristol who was so short-sighted that, even with powerful glasses, she had great difficulty in reading the largest print. Four years ago, she (having then developed into a writing medium) was impelled, as she says, by her mother's spirit to write to this effect, 'Discard spectacles, have faith, and you will soon recover your sight.' She did so, and the effect followed almost immediately. I have seen her frequently since engaged, by candle light, in delicate and minute embroidery. This same lady had her front upper teeth nearly 45 degrees out of the perpendicular. In the course of a few days after, receiving a message purporting to come from the same spirit, her teeth became perfectly straight, without the intervention of a dentist. I have begged this lady to allow me to use her name in connection with these facts, but she has objected, assigning as a reason the ridiculous nature of the last phenomenon. I will not be so ungallant as to disobey her, but I will give the names of two or three gentlemen who are, like myself, personally cognisant of the facts I have above narrated:—I will mention Messrs. Watson, Blackwell, and John Beattie, all of Bristol or Clifton.

"These facts are only a handful compared with those which I have experienced during four years of persistent investigation. After such evidence brought home to me in so extraordinary a manner, I should deserve to fall from man's estate and dwindle into '*simia gigantis formosa*, nay, into '*gorilla liliputiana stupidissima*,' if I still allowed a doubt to enter my mind as to the causes producing these effects. With regard to the philosophy of Spiritualism—a new philosophy, indeed, but boasting a vast polyglot literature, which for profundity and variety of thought has no parallel—I would refer the committee to the list of books supplied to them by Mr. William Howitt.

"I would earnestly entreat of the committee to become as much as possible acquainted with the philosophy of Spiritualism, before compiling and publishing their report. As to those fatally clever men who, approaching the subject with a jaunty indifference, after half an hour's examination pronounce it 'a delusion,' and denounce those who believe in it as 'credulous,'—let me remind these gentlemen that the worst form of credulity is a persistent belief in the non-existence of things which do exist. In all their diatribes and philippics against Spiritualism, these persons have, in sooth, themselves shown an amount of credulity painful to consider.

"I am, Gentlemen, your obedient Servant,
 "Clifton, July 10, 1869." "G. DAMIANI.

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

IT is now very generally known that the Dialectical Society, numbering amongst its members persons of all shades of religious belief, and scientific study, appointed, some months ago, a committee charged with the duty of investigating the claims of Spiritualism. This committee, constituted of some 20 or 30 persons, under the presidency of Dr. James Edmunds, have received testimony, and held *séances* amongst themselves; and, as I mentioned in a former notice of their proceedings, they have already accumulated a mass of evidence from men and women of undoubted character and intelligence which, taken as a whole, is irresistible; therefore, when their formal report is published, one may safely predict it will acknowledge that even the most extraordinary phenomena at which the uninitiated have been accustomed to sneer cannot be rationally explained away. I expect "that spirit is the last thing they will give in to," but we know to that conviction they *must* come at last.

To the proceedings of this Society we may fairly attribute the fresh interest which has been infused into the subject, and which has compelled the Metropolitan and Provincial press to give Spiritualism more than usual prominence lately, and, in many instances, fair and respectful consideration. The *Times* (which has inserted one letter from a "proselyte" in favor of the subject, and has doubtless suppressed many others), the *Standard* and *Herald*, the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Echo* are notable exceptions. No one doubts the high character and influence of the *Times*; but it is certainly a mistake to call it the leading journal. It never does *lead* upon any great subject; it always *follows* public opinion. So that, notwithstanding its recent remarks when commenting upon the outrage committed in Spain upon Mr. Henry Jencken, we may expect and be not at all surprised to find it "thundering" some fine morning against the wide-spread doctrine which denies a soul and a future state of existence, and thanking God, that with "all its follies and fanaticism" there is Spiritualism, the anti-materialistic doctrine, more generally recognized than they had dreamed of, to meet the growing infidelity of the age.

But at this moment the *Times* considers Spiritualism "an exploded controversy," and encourages the Materialist to resist the evidence, even at the sacrifice of his own senses.

In concluding the article condemning the ignorance and fanaticism of the Spanish peasantry, it advises us—

Not to be over sanguine as to the civilising influence of mere school learning. Not a little has been and is being done in these islands towards the diffusion and improvement of popular instruction. Even more is being attempted in France, in Germany, in the United States. But what are we, then, to think of the spirit-rappers and all the legion of their American and European votaries? What are we to think of "spirit kisses, rocking chairs, migratory beds, guitars played by invisible agencies, and other experiences," for the authenticity of which men of the highest intellectual attainments make themselves vouchers? What are we to say when we come upon a party of friends, for whom on all other subjects we entertain the greatest esteem, as they sit gravely round a table in full expectation that the table will spin round, and in equally full conviction, after an hour or so, that they have seen it spin round, and that the spinning round of the table is a well-established phenomenon, never failing to reproduce itself unless it be under the baneful influence of some heathen hard of belief? What are we to say? Simply that to believe, and to believe what is least credible, what is least possible, is, apparently, one of the necessities of our poor human nature. Child-stealing in Lorca, spirit-rapping in New York or London, are but symptoms of the same infirmity.

Previous to the foregoing, a leader on "The Table-twisting Faith" had appeared in the *Echo*, which paper has from the first taken up a most foolish and offensive attitude against Spiritualism, though one of the proprietors is a recent convert to the phenomenal phase at least, and the Editor's brother, who is upon the staff of a much higher class paper, is an openly declared believer in Spiritualism.

A very influential Dialectician, who has a right to be heard in the columns of the *Echo*, took up the gauntlet thrown down by the latter and replied in the following letter, which, excepting a word or two, might have been written by any honest observer who is not afraid to call himself a Spiritualist:—

THE SPIRITUALIST CONTROVERSY.

To the Editor of the "Echo."

SIR,—The satire of your able article on "The Table-twisting Faith," may have a salutary effect upon the credulous crowd of believers in Spiritualism who crave for marvels and meet wonders more than half way. But it will be void of convincing force upon the minds of those who, having entered upon an investigation of the subject in the spirit of antagonism, have in the course of the inquiry witnessed astounding phenomena, which they feel quite unable to explain away by a supposed failure of the senses, or by suspecting their own sanity. I am one of this number. I believe the question has claims to be dealt with in a much more serious and reasoning method than it has yet received from men of science and the public press. It is not an "exploded controversy," as the *Times* of to-day affirms. As a contribution to the further inevitable discussion will you permit me to lay before your readers a brief statement of facts coming under my own observation within the last few days.

At the Countess de Pomar's rooms in Albermarle-street, there were present myself, a Spanish gentleman, Mr. Home, the celebrated medium, and three or four ladies. Mr. Home's manner strikes one as being singularly frank and ingenuous. Knowing that I and the other gentleman present were sceptical, he invited us to put such tests as we might consider needful in the course of any manifestations which might ensue. This permission we availed ourselves of to the utmost during the evening.

After being seated a short time, we all experienced a peculiar trembling communicated from our chairs, gradually increasing in intensity until it seemed to extend to the whole room. The sensation thus produced was very singular; not at all like the shaking that might result from the passing of heavy vehicles, but a pulsation or throbbing, apparently having its source deep down in the earth, such as has been described by persons who have felt the tremulous heavings of an earthquake. This lasted several minutes. Raps of various degrees of intensity and modifications of sound then proceeded from the table. I carefully examined under the table (a large round drawing-room one), and was perfectly satisfied that the sounds were not produced by trick or apparatus. Thumps and taps of various kinds then came from all parts of the room—from the walls, the floor, the backs of our chairs, the mirrors, and all over the table in showers. Coming and going at intervals, they gradually subsided. All the proceedings during the evening were conducted in the full light of a large chandelier. Continuing to sit round the table with our hands barely resting upon it, several violent tilts took place from opposite sides. Then rising altogether some inches from the ground, it remained a few seconds in the air without any visible support. From the position of the sitters, it seemed quite absurd to suppose that any of them could purposely or unconsciously produce the demonstrative movements that occurred. An accordion, purchased that day by the Countess at a music shop in the neighbourhood, was taken from a side table, and, after being examined by me and the other gentlemen to see that it was an instrument of the ordinary construction, Mr. Home grasped it at one end in his right hand, holding the key end downwards, below the level of the table, and having his left hand on the surface of the table. In a few minutes the accordion, full in my view, began to contract and expand, sounds of peculiar sweetness proceeded from it; snatches of tunes were played; it gave us a modern waltz (the name of which I forget), and concluded with some hymn-like melody. The table once more became restless, its motions obedient to the requests of Mr. Home. "Move towards this gentleman," said Mr. Home. It came towards me fully two feet along the floor. And so it moved as directed towards several persons in succession. At this stage of the proceedings a slight escape of gas caused Mr. Home to feel somewhat faint, and we adjourned to another room. Here we heard raps and saw table-tiltings, but before long Mr. Home went into a trance, and made in a subdued voice, certain communications to a lady, of facts which, she said, he could not in any ordinary way have become cognisant of. As I had no means of testing these communications, they made no impression upon me.

The testimonies of hundreds of upright and discerning men and women are not to be disposed of by a sneer. Granted that there is little spiritual significance in these manifestations, and that there is more soul's nutriment in a line of Milton than in all the messages ever spelt out by modern Spiritists—What then? Are facts to be ignored? And is it unscientific to doubt whether the line between the seen and unseen worlds is as "hard and fast" as is usually supposed in the materialistic philosophy of the age? I repeat, this is far from being an exploded controversy.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, H. J.

At the commencement of the Dialectical Society's proceedings, the writer of this letter ("H. J.") in common with the majority of the committee, entered upon the "investigation of the subject in the spirit of antagonism." I know that he inspired one of the first leading articles written against Spiritualism in the *Echo*, and if he did not write the second leader, upon which I commented in the July number of this Magazine, in which it was said that rather than believe in the reality of the phenomena they would "take refuge in collusion, deception, self-revelation and rats," he at least did not as he does now, make a public protest against such foolishness.

This gentleman, however, as it will be seen, has changed his views, and he now tells the Editor, with whom he is intimately acquainted, that these things are true, and that "the testimonies of hundreds of upright and discerning men and women are not to be disposed of by a sneer." This is fair and candid and what every honest man would say when convinced of his error.

But does the Editor halt? Does he act as an honest faithful journalist and say to his friend, "You must not expect me to support your convictions and thereby to expose my ignorance, but I will be prudent, I will be silent, and admit no more abuse of Spiritualism in the columns of the *Echo*?" On the contrary, he continues to write as if the Dialectical Society had made up its mind to declare against "the delusion" of Spiritualism. Here is an extract from an article which appeared in the *Echo* about the same period as H. J.'s letter, and when it is certain the Editor knew his altered views.

The patience of the Dialectical Society is sublime. The society continues to take evidence on Spiritualism long after a very positive conclusion on the subject must have been formed in the minds of a vast majority of its members. Now, the mind cannot be kept in a state of unnatural balance on any question for an indefinite time; and the mind of the Dialectical Society, during this inquiry into Spiritualism, has been standing a very long while on one toe. It is pleasant, doubtless, to see philosophy in this attitude, but it is not very profitable; and the time seems to have arrived for bringing "the other foot" down on a verdict of "Fiddle-de-dee."

The *Daily Telegraph* gave full reports of the evidence taken by the Dialectical Society, without comment, and the French correspondent of that journal gives a very interesting fact connected with the Byron controversy which is just now occupying public attention. He says that *La Liberté*, M. Emile de Girardin's paper, states that the Marquise de Boissy (Countess Guicciolli) declares that her intercourse with Lord Byron has never ceased. She writes to the great poet, places before herself a large sheet of blue-wove paper, as Byron liked it, falls into a kind of ecstasy, lifts up her eyes to the ceiling, and a few minutes afterwards her hand runs on the paper involuntarily without her looking at it, and the answer comes. Doctor Cérise (a well-known French physician) it appears witnessed the phenomenon two years ago, and that very day Lord Byron's letter announced that "an American author was preparing to write on his life a book full of false and horrible things."*

* To the uninitiated, I may as well state that writing through the hand is a medium is one of the phases of Spirit-communication. Some of these writings very marvellous productions. In one case, some years ago, I showed to Robert Dale Owen, a mass of manuscript thus written, which subsequently formed a volume of nearly 200 pages of printed matter. In this M.S., it had been written with great rapidity, and contained, as Mr. Owen said, very fine thoughts, there was not one sentence transposed, nor one word out of the beginning to the end.

The *Eastern Post* has given publicity to much interesting information laid before the Dialectical Society's Committee, of which the Editor is a member, and he has no doubt found it very profitable to give Spiritualism prominence in the pages of his now successful journal.

The *Queen*, an illustrated paper, has also devoted much space to report the proceedings of the Committee. It has had a series of articles upon Spiritualism carefully and candidly written, and apparently with its sanction, and which clearly indicate that phenomena of a very marked and conclusive character have been obtained through the unexpected mediumship of some of their own body.

The *Queen* makes the following reply to some remarks in the *Pall Mall Gazette* :—

In a recent article upon this subject, the *Pall Mall Gazette* complains that the Dialectical Society, instead of devoting itself to the investigation of the alleged phenomena by experiment and test, had wasted time in the worthless task of hearing merely what is said about it by believers. The complaint would have been perfectly reasonable (?) if it were only true. But, as our readers know, the work of investigation has been proceeding *pari passu* with the examination of witnesses. Two members of the committee have been invited to sittings with Mr. Home on two separate occasions, at two different private houses, in neither of which was anything in the nature of mechanical preparation possible. Each of these members has written a report of what he witnessed. Both relate simply what they saw without venturing to account in any way for the means by which effects were produced. As these introduce a series of phenomena other than have been as yet witnessed and experimented upon by the collective committee, we reserve them for future publication; the present enquiry being strictly limited to the investigation of those phenomena which are supported by external evidence, inasmuch as they are matters of physical measurement; and the actual occurrence of which, being palpable to the senses, is capable of demonstrative proof or disproof.

The *Morning Herald* and *Standard* have had a series of letters for and against Spiritualism, one of these, from a gentleman, with whom I am not acquainted, is written in so fair a spirit that I reproduce it :—

SIR,—I have read with interest and attention the letter of Mr. Percy Greg and your article upon "Spiritualism" in yesterday's paper, and it strikes me that in both, and in every disquisition upon the subject, there is an element left out which might with propriety be admitted into the discussion.

First, let me premise that, as a Catholic, I am forbidden to have any dealings with "witchcraft;" and that, as a man of education, I am not unduly credulous. Consequently I am no convert to Spiritualism, with which I desire to have very little to do.

But it seems to me that too much weight is attached to the scientific failure to account for the alleged phenomena. With all reverence I submit that science has nothing to do with the supernatural. The miracles recounted in the New Testament were not submitted to scientific tests, and science altogether fails to account for them. The revelations by means of the witch of Endor—the ascent into Heaven of the prophet Elias—and many other miracles in ancient and modern times, undoubtedly occurred, but all the investigations of science cannot explain how, nor why.

"There is nothing new under the sun," and it seems to me to be trifling with an important matter to say that these manifestations are to be disbelieved

solely on the ground that neither sense nor science can unravel the mystery. Nor is it to the point to argue that facts attested by unbiassed witnesses are to be contemptuously ignored because impostors make a trade of the credulity of the unwary.

By all means let there be an investigation, and let us account for the manifestations by scientific means, if possible; but do not let us lightly reject the evidence of eyewitnesses of unblemished reputation simply because we conceive that our nineteenth-century enlightenment, and civilisation, and the rest of it, has banished from the world all communication with the unseen and unknown.

I am not going further into the question, but it seems to me that my suggestion may be worthy of some consideration, since we may be upon the eve of some wonderful discovery with which our boasted knowledge has no connection, and our highly vaunted science no share.—I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

Sept. 4.

G. H. GUEST.

Appreciating the tone and temper of this letter, I am bound to say that Mr. Guest is not very consistent. He commences by slighting Spiritualism, with which he desires to have little to do, insinuating that it is witchcraft; but, nevertheless, encourages investigation—thinks the subject is an important matter, which is trifled with by its opponents, and suggests that we may be upon the eve of some wonderful discovery, with which science has no connection. It would have been better if Mr. Guest had said, "I am a Roman Catholic, forbidden by my Church to dabble in these matters; but, knowing that some of our saints of the past, and many of our priests of the present day, were and are remarkable mediums, who have had and are still having very marvellous spiritual manifestations, I am anxious that a belief, which is thus sanctioned by my Church, should be substantiated, and the erroneous dogmas of the Protestant Church, which has driven Spiritualism out of it, despite the teaching of Saint Paul, should be thoroughly exposed." If this be a fair interpretation of Mr. Guest's real sentiments and his motive for joining in the controversy, I can only regret that he, "an educated man," should allow himself to be deluded by the erroneous teachings of his own Church, and be led to believe that Spiritualism is Diabolism, and opposed to Christianity.

There are among Spiritualists many shades of religious belief; but, if Mr. Guest be a reader of this Magazine, he must know that its principal contributors aim at the dissemination of pure Christianity; and, as the motto of this Magazine says, "Spiritualism recognizes a continuous divine inspiration in man. It aims, through a careful reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter; and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy."

The *Morning Herald* and *Standard* are edited by Captain Hamber, a gentleman of undoubted character and intelligence but who, like most mortals, has his weak side, and exhibits !

prejudices against Spiritualism by the admission into his journals of letters from Mr. John H. Addison, containing statements so thoroughly absurd and untenable as should make the least respectable editor ashamed of his *protégé*. It would be only charitable to assume, that when Captain Hamber permitted Mr. Addison to commence the controversy in the pages of the *Herald* and *Standard*, he could not have seen the oft-recorded decisions of men standing high in the estimation of all Englishmen; William Howitt, Dr. Garth Wilkinson, Dr. Robert Chambers, Cromwell Varley, and many others, who, after years of close study and investigation of Spiritualism and its phenomena, endorse the opinions of Professor De Morgan, the well-known mathematician, who in his masterly preface to Mrs. De Morgan's excellent book, *From Matter to Spirit*, published by Longmans', says: "I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me."

Mr. Addison says in his several letters: "My experience has been peculiar and varied. I took up Spiritualism for a year or two as a pastime, and I accomplished many feats which the Spiritualists insist must have been accomplished by spiritual agency." "I hold that no one knows what to call supernatural till he knows what has been accomplished, on the one hand with impudence, and on the other with invention and good acting by confessed tricksters like myself." "I have a table that can be wound up on the alarum principle, to go off at a certain time. It often does so, and wanders about the furniture in such a weird way, that I have been as much astonished by its vagaries as any one present." "I was once the sole unbeliever around a table at a table-moving *séance*. Nothing satisfied me. At last I declared that I would not believe all was fair, unless I was allowed to go under the table. I did so and directly I got there put my back up and gave the table a lurch, which almost sent the glasses off it, crying out at the same time that some one was tilting the table up. I got up in simulated indignation at being made a fool of." "On one occasion I felt quite remorseful after a trick which I played. I assembled a *séance* of spinsters, and taking off my boots—made as Spiritualist performer's boots usually are on purpose—I slipped round the room, buffeted the ladies with a sofa pillow, and smashed the tea cups on the table; when lights were brought the poor ladies said it had been "beautiful," and on departing took away bits of the crockery as relics." * * * "The main difficulty is this: you cannot say to a respectable and educated man, 'Sir, you are

either a dupe or an accomplice in imposture,' and yet it is true in every case in which Spiritualism is believed in."

The foregoing is a short digest of Mr. Addison's letters to the editor of the *Herald* and *Standard*, and as he has accepted and published these remarkable statements without comment or rebuke, it is a legitimate inference that Captain Hamber's own views upon Spiritualism are fairly represented by Mr. Addison; and that he really believes such men as De Morgan, Robert Chambers, and Varley, are either dupes or impostors.

Mr Addison also says Mrs. Marshall is an impostor, and that at a *séance* with her, he "caught hold of her naked foot with a pencil between her toes," by which the so-called spiritual writing is done. Mrs. Marshall denies this emphatically; she has written to the editor to say she only saw Mr. Addison once about four years ago, and no such thing happened on that or any other occasion. None of the recognised defenders of Spiritualism have thought Mr. Addison's statements worthy of notice, but Mr. Percy Greg, himself a distinguished journalist, well known to Captain Hamber, and until within a short period an entire unbeliever in the spiritual phenomena, has written three letters in opposition to Mr. Addison's, and in support of the integrity of Mrs. Marshall's mediumship, so far as his own experiences have gone. He says, "All that I can testify to is, that tables are moved in an extraordinary way, and by no agency with which we are as yet scientifically acquainted, and to this I *can* unhesitatingly bear witness." Mr. Addison replied to Mr. Greg in a vein of satirical sympathy, and Mr. Greg's last letter, written in a very dignified and logical tone, contemptuously disposes of Mr. Addison, by telling his friend, the editor:—

"Here I leave Mr. Addison: however much mud he may choose, and you permit him, to fling in future, I shall not notice him again." "I believe that Mrs. Marshall's exhibition, so far as I have described it, is not due to trickery of any kind."

The readers of this Magazine know that there is nothing new in the controversy. The facts and philosophy of Spiritualism have been fully stated in its pages throughout the ten years of its existence. We only marvel that Spiritualism should be so little known; that its claims should have been persistently disregarded by the leaders of public opinion in literary and scientific world; and that the explanations of a practical joker can find a place in decent journals. I have been amazed and amused at some of the questions put by the members of the Dialectical Society, when cross-examined witnesses, and it has flashed across my mind, contrary to my previous convictions, that after all, much of the opposition of the Press arises from real and not simulated ignorance.

Indeed, one journalist, who has recently been "reading up" and investigating the facts, in reply to a remark I made that these press writers knew they were misleading the public, said I was mistaken, and gave himself as an instance to the contrary. But they must accept the alternative. They use their power to denounce and deny without enquiry and without knowledge. They are a band of wilfully blind men who have been leading the multitude astray, and we have yet to see how many of them will have the candour to recant their errors.

LORD DUNRAVEN UPON SPIRITUALISM.

Not the least important incident in proof of the spread of Spiritualism in this country is the printing for private circulation of a volume by Viscount Adare, with a preface by Lord Dunraven, in which their experiences with those of others who have, through the mediumship of Mr. Home, witnessed a series of marvellous manifestations, are recorded. It is to be regretted that but a few copies of the book, and those for private circulation only, have been issued. Since their lordships have had the manliness to openly proclaim their adhesion to the truth and reality of Spiritualism, it is difficult to appreciate their motives for confining this knowledge to the circle of their immediate friends, and we may therefore hope that their lordships will change their resolution and permit the book to have a wide circulation.

In addition to the foregoing evidence of the general interest which the subject commands at the present moment in England, there are two gentlemen with whom I am acquainted, connected with scientific journalism, who are closely looking into the facts and varied phases of Spiritualism, and who commenced their investigations with a view of extinguishing "the delusion" which has taken so strong a hold upon the public mind. But "the extinguishers have caught fire." Both have seen enough to satisfy them of a great reality, and one is already promulgating its truths in a quiet way in his own sphere of action; the other is earnestly at work accumulating evidence, and when he is fully fortified I have every reason to believe that he will not only announce his convictions in the pages of a leading journal which are open to him, but he will prepare forthwith a suitable paper to be read to one of the learned bodies of which he is a member; thus we may expect that a fresh stimulus will be given to the controversy, and no one who has calmly considered its claims can doubt that Spiritualism will ere long take its place as an impregnable truth, entitled to the respectful consideration of every thinking man and woman whose minds are not fettered by religious bigotry or scientific fallacies.

A "SITTING" WITH MRS. EVERETT.

Related by Mr. S. C. HALL.

ON Friday, July 18th, 1869, I attended a sitting at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Everett, 26, Penton Street, Pentonville.

There were present the Countess de Pomar, Miss Anna Blackwell, Mr. Nesbit (printer), of Glasgow, Mrs. Nesbit, and Mr. Pearce (the three last named I had not previously seen, the two first named accompanied us to the house), and Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall.

The room in which we met is small, and the evening was intensely hot; so hot that the usual window curtains had been removed; the "atmosphere" was therefore unfavourable, and more than an hour passed before manifestations commenced.

The peculiar manifestation associated with the medium—Mrs. Everett—is what has been termed "audible voices;" that is to say, voices apparently human, so far as tone and language are concerned, are heard; not in isolated word, or detached sentences, but in conversations—continuing during an hour or more uninterruptedly. These sittings are always in the dark; there must be, indeed, total darkness. Also, a paper tube is to some extent a necessary accompaniment of these sittings; the spirit who speaks is understood to speak through it. I say, "to some extent"—for on this occasion (and on a previous occasion) at my request, the spirit spoke for some minutes without the tube, telling me this: "The tube is not necessary; but we condense in it the breath of the medium, and we are thus able to use her for a longer time; we do not, as some think we do, speak by her lips." When the spirit spoke without the tube, it was the same voice, only it had lost the peculiar tone it had received in passing through the tube.

The spirit who speaks by the aid of the medium calls himself "John Watt;" his language is remarkably refined; there is no taint of vulgar intonation or common phraseology, such almost invariably meet in persons of comparatively high education, and uneducated. On my remarking this, and had he been in a high or low position while in the world, he replied, "I was in what you would call a low position; I was a mechanic engineer; but I have progressed greatly since then." I asked him how long ago that was: he answered, "It was your time it is 32 years, and I had been 30 years since I was called from it." The voice is clear; and is distinctly heard in a loud whisper; neither slow nor fast; the enunciation is sometimes emphatic, and generally

Why darkness is a requisite, and why a tube should be an auxiliary at such sittings I do not guess, farther than I have explained; but in all such cases (and that to which I am referring, although by far the most perfect and the "holiest" of any of which I have heard—is by no means a solitary case of the kind—audible voices) both seem to be essential. I proceed with details from the commencement to the end of the "sitting" I have undertaken to describe. While the party was being arranged about a large square table (and the arrangement was not a matter of chance, but was made by some unseen power dictating by raps), the heavy table and the entire room were repeatedly and strongly shaken, the chairs on which we were seated were shaken and moved; (that was before the light was put out). We were then directed (still by raps) to read the sixth chapter of the Acts,* which I did; and then to pray; which we all did, silently, but I believe fervently; my own prayer was mainly that God would keep from us all evil influences, and give us only the influences of the holy and the good. After waiting more than half an hour, the medium became entranced; she was apparently rigid, her eyes were closed, and she seemed to have lost all will. She was moved, seemingly by no power of her own, to seat herself upon another chair about a foot from the end of a cottage piano. Leaning sideways over the treble end of the instrument, which was closed, she made passes as though magnetizing it. No sooner had she ceased to make passes over the piano than we distinctly heard the upper strings vibrating, and producing soft, wild, snatches of sound, something like the distant tones of an Æolian harp. All this time the medium sat passive, her hands on her lap distinctly visible by the light of a candle, at the distance of a foot from the piano. She had placed the tube on the top of the piano, and the candle was extinguished. Soon we heard a tramp, tramp, of measured footsteps in all parts of the room, and presently a whispering voice sounded from the direction of the medium—"The blessing of God and the Lord Christ be with you, dear friends; I fear I shall not do much to-night; the atmosphere is unfavourable; I cannot see you clearly; the room is full of mist."

The persons present, each and all, then questioned the spirit John Watt. It would extend this notice far too much to give in detail the conversation that now ensued. To some of our questions, the spirit replied, "I do not know;" to others, "I am not permitted to answer that." To one lady he said, "You desire to know too much of too many things in Spiritualism; you are like the butterfly that goes from flower to flower and

* A circumstance that had occurred to me some weeks before made the last verse of this chapter peculiarly applicable and impressive.

gets nothing." Mrs. Hall asked him if he prayed in the sphere in which he now was. He answered, "Certainly." Prayer was continual with them, not in phrases, but in spirit; and he quoted—repeating them slowly and with remarkably grave emphasis—these two well-known verses by James Montgomery:—

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed:
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear:
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Not remembering at the moment the author of these verses, I asked him by whom they were written, but he did not know. Among other things, John Watt told us that persons should never come to sittings in dresses of silk—silk being a non-conductor of electricity. Dresses should be of cotton or wool, which have also the advantage of not rustling.

On a previous occasion I had asked him as to the form he now had. He said it was the body he had on earth, spiritualized—a spiritual body. "But," I said, "if you had been hunchbacked while on earth, how would it be now?" He said, "I should have no hunchback here; but if I was visible to you (which I could be, but not with this mediumship) I should appear to you with a hunchback in order that you might recognise me." I had asked him if I had known him on earth whether I should know him in his present condition. On that occasion he brought with him a little boy who told, in a boy's small voice, a touching story of his sad experience and death by violence on earth, and of his present happy state.

Several times during the sitting I am describing, we saw lights in various parts of the room; they resembled that which is given out by the glow-worm; but one was much larger, apparently six inches in length. I asked John Watt to explain them; he said he could not do so then—he must soon leave us, for the medium was becoming exhausted; but before he left us he hoped we should hear the music he knew we all desired to hear.

It was explained by Mr. Everett that his wife's guardian spirit sometimes brought with her several child spirits, who played on the piano that occupied one part of the room. He hoped that manifestation might be given to-night. We waited patiently. The candle was then directed to be lit, by raps demanding the alphabet, and we saw the medium seated as she was when she first occupied the chair, rigid, her eyes closed, and

apparently unconscious; the tube on the top of the piano, her right arm leaning on the piano, supporting her head. The light was again extinguished, when sounds issued from the piano; the keys seemed to be lightly struck several times; its cover was down, it was an ordinary cottage piano, the top was covered with books, a heavy inkstand, and two china candlesticks (they had been placed there from the table, when it was cleared for us to sit). (It was subsequently closely inspected by me and by others.) To have removed the top, in order to set free the front, would have been a work of time and noise, some of us were seated within two feet of it, and the room is very small.

Suddenly we heard a faint, sweet melody, not played on the keys, but on the wires; it was as if a harp was played, just such as I have heard from a player on a Welsh harp, where all the strings are wires: the melody continued for full five minutes; those present who are musical describe it as of great beauty, and great originality; it was sometimes louder and sometimes softer—dying away at length into a murmur of sound, and having an echo, so to speak, of inexpressible delicacy and sweetness.

Mrs. Hall says: "The touch on the keys of the piano was like a *child's touch*, picking out one note after the other; but that on the wires was the touch of an accomplished player, feeling melody, and understanding harmony, and especially expression."

John Watt, when it was over, said, "I am very glad you have heard that music." Mrs. Hall asked, "Have you any music where you now are?" "Oh," he said, "music infinitely more beautiful than that." He told us the guardian spirit of Mrs. Everett had told him that morning why she was specially permitted to attend upon her. Her name was Anne Blower (the name has long been known to Mr. and Mrs. Everett). He said, "This morning Anne told me what made her wish to be with Mrs. Everett. When she was a little girl at school, Anne was her teacher, and as teacher she recommended all the girls to get a little book, and set down in it all good and evil thoughts—all good and evil actions—that occurred to them, or that they had done—there were a few girls who got the books, and began attending to their teacher's advice—but all except one failed in the perfect truthfulness that was required—they did not enter what was against themselves—only what was in their favour—but Mrs. Everett put down *everything*; she was perfectly true, and that won the heart of Anne so much that she desired to be with her to help her, because she was and is true. After that John Watt said, I must go now; but not without my prayer: "May God and our Lord Christ bless you, comfort you, help you, and give you happiness in this world, and in that to which

in due time you will come. May His light guide you, and His help be with you here and hereafter. Amen."

The sitting closed, the candle was re-lit, and the medium was as I have described her.

Now, I have merely related the facts as they occurred during the two hours occupied in the sitting. I could of course add much. We asked at least 50 questions, to most of which the spirit gave you not only intelligent, but singularly terse and sensible replies.

Fraud is out of the question; it is a sheer impossibility that a human hand could have played on the wires of the piano, removing and replacing the top and front, and the books and other things placed on the top.

The medium is—I do not speak it disrespectfully—not an educated person, she cannot play on any musical instrument; she has never under any circumstances received payment for the exercise of her gift; she is the wife of a humble though highly intelligent man, in trade a tailor; and in no way could he or she be benefitted by these manifestations; indeed the contrary is the fact.

But I say fraud was impossible during the five evenings I have witnessed these manifestations, accompanied by several persons as scrupulously, nay, as suspiciously inquiring as myself. Such sittings—and some even more astonishing than this—are of frequent occurrence in this house. But two of these sittings, nearly as remarkable as the one I have been describing, took place in my house. Moreover, I trust I shall induce belief (as I believe) that there are few persons so utterly abandoned to evil as solemnly to ask God's blessing on a pre-arranged and pre-determined fraud; that a man and woman largely esteemed and respected in all the relations of life, good, as parents, friends, and neighbours, could be so entirely wicked as blasphemously to implore God's aid, and then wilfully to devise a profitless cheat.

I am sure that they themselves believe in these manifestations as truly as Martha and Mary believed in the raising from death of Lazarus, their brother. And I do not for one moment hesitate to express *my* entire conviction that these manifestations are real, true, holy, and emphatically for good; and that Mrs. Everett is as guiltless of fraud as Mrs. S. C. Hall, or any other of her guests.

S. C. HALL.

We, who were present at the sitting on the 18th of July, testify to the accuracy of the above details.

ANNA BLACKWELL,
M. DE MEDINA DE POMAR,
ANNA MARIA HALL,
HAY NESBIT,
HELEN NESBIT.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

INSTANCE OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE IN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

We take the following paragraph from a recent number of the *Banner of Light*:—

The fact that there is a Divine Presence and Power ever near us to listen to our requests and to give us aid when it is possible, is proved by very many instances both in the past and present. The honoured and talented Washington Allston possessed great faith in this over-shadowing Power in his later life. In his younger days he was accustomed to ridicule religious things, and would jest upon what was most sacred to others.

It then proceeds to relate the following anecdote of Allston, which, however, we prefer to give in the exact words of his biographer:—

Soon after Allston's marriage with his first wife, the sister of the late Dr. Channing, he made his second visit to Europe. After a residence there of little more than a year, his pecuniary wants became very pressing and urgent—more so than at any other period of his life. On one of these occasions, as he himself used to narrate the event, he was in his studio, reflecting with a feeling of almost desperation upon his condition. His conscience seemed to tell him that he had deserved his afflictions and drawn them upon himself by his want of due gratitude for past favours from heaven. His heart seemed filled all at once with the hope that God would listen to his prayers, if he would offer up his direct expressions of penitence, and ask for Divine aid. He accordingly locked his door, withdrew to a corner of the room, threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for a loaf of bread for himself and his wife. While thus employed, a knock was heard at the door. A feeling of momentary shame at being detected in this position, and a feeling of fear lest he might have been observed, induced him to hasten and open the door. A stranger inquired for Mr. Allston. He was anxious to learn who was the fortunate purchaser of the "Angel Uriel," regarded by the artist as one of his master-pieces, which had won the prize at the Exhibition of the Academy. He was told that it had not been sold.

"Can it be possible? Not sold? Where is it to be had?" "In this very room. Here it is," producing the painting from the corner, and wiping off the dust. "It is for sale, but its value has never yet, to my idea of its worth, been adequately appreciated, and I would not part with it." "What is its price?" "I have done affixing any nominal sum. I have always, so far, exceeded my offers, I leave it for you to name the price." "Will four hundred pounds be an adequate recompense?" "It is more than I have ever asked for it." "Then the painting is mine." The stranger introduced himself as the Marquis of Stafford, and became, from that moment, one of the warmest friends of Mr. Allston. By him Mr. A. was introduced to the society of the nobility and gentry; and he became one of the most favoured among the many gifted minds that adorned the circle, in which he was never fond of appearing often. The instantaneous relief thus offered by the liberality of this noble visitor, was always regarded by Allston as a direct answer to his prayer, and it made a deep impression upon his mind. To this event he was ever after wont to attribute the increase of devotional feelings, which became a prominent trait in his character.

Suppose, now, it should be said that it was not Allston's prayer that procured this benefit, for the stranger was at the door while Allston was upon his knees. He must, therefore, have been influenced before Allston prayed. But what if God, willing to make his mercy felt all the more forcibly, was

pleased to give Allston the prayer and send the man at the same time? It seems that he had about concluded that God would so attend to him, if he would acknowledge his ingratitude and ask for Divine aid. Now to say that in his case the help would have come without the prayer, is to talk foolishly. In *this* case it was a part of the necessary connection; and we might as well say that some other stranger could have been sent, or that the money could have been given without parting with the picture:—folly, folly of mere natural reasoning. *The Almighty Lord chose this way and no other.* That Allston did not understand the philosophy of it is nothing to the purpose. That he might have ascribed *too much* effect to his prayer, is nothing to the purpose. That *he* could not precisely adjust the Divine and human agencies is all nothing. It had the desired effect upon his mind, made a deep impression, and increased his devotional feelings ever after.

The *Banner* remarks:—

This instantaneous answer to his prayer seemed to him a proof of the Divine power, and he ever afterward thought reverently of the influences that guarded him. He became a religious man in the sense of true religion, that aspires to do the best and seeks for guidance and aid from the spiritual world.

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER TO AN ENQUIRER INTO
THE PHENOMENA OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

Your letter shews that you are an earnest seeker after truth, and in the right way too; if you do not press the facts too hard, after the manner of the scientific enquirers of the day. My own opinion is, that there are other facts besides the phenomena to be looked into. For instance, the great fact that in all ages, in all nations, in all religions, and under all circumstances of persecutions—men have testified to the happening of these facts. Their testimonies thus become facts of themselves of the highest importance, and what they have said forms a body of Spiritualism, in respect of which all that you or any individual could witness in his lifetime would be as nothing.

I am in favour, therefore, of recommending the reading of the whole body of spiritual literature, which reflects the collective information of humanity, rather than running about after some little medium shows.

Perhaps I am more inclined to this view from not valuing my own powers of observation much above other people's; whilst those who must see for themselves form the contrary opinion of their own faculties.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, ON EVIL SPIRITS.

“It is argued sometimes that the benevolence of God would not permit disembodied spirits to work mischief among men earth.

“In reply to that, I have only to say that He does, before our eyes, permit embodied spirits to work mischief among men on earth; and that through long years. If they are worse than some men, I am sorry for hell. If there is

malignity, more malice, more selfishness, more heartlessness, more cruelty in the other world than in this, I am mistaken. I cannot conceive that a spirit is worse because it has lost its body."

THOMAS CARLYLE ON THE CONSEQUENCES OF HUMAN ACTIONS.

"Consequences good and evil, blessed and accursed, it is very clear, do follow from all our actions here below, and prolong, and propagate, and spread themselves into the infinite, or beyond our calculation and conception; but whether the notion of reward and penalty be not, on the whole, rather a human one, transferred to that immense divine fact, has been doubtful to many. Add this consideration, which the best philosophy teaches us, 'that the very consequences (not to speak of the penalties at all) of evil actions die away, and become abolished, long before eternity ends: that it is only the consequences of good actions that are eternal—for these are in harmony with the laws of this universe, and add themselves to it, and cooperate with it for ever; while all that is in *disharmony* with it must necessarily be without continuance, and soon fall dead,—as perhaps you have heard in the sound of a Scottish psalm amid the mountains, the true notes alone *support* one another, and the psalm, which was discordant enough near at hand, is a perfect melody when heard from afar. On the whole, I must account it but a morbid, weak imagination that shudders over this wondrous divine universe as a place of despair to any creature; and, contrarywise, a most degraded human sense, sunk down to the region of the *brutal* (however common it be) that in any case remains blind to the *infinite* difference there ever is between right or wrong for a human creature—or God's law and the devil's law."

A LETTER IN THE TIMES.

Some remarks on Spiritualism in the *Times* newspaper have elicited a letter from "A Proselyte," who sends his name and address. The *Times* prints it as what—for want of knowing better—it is pleased to style "an illustration of our domestic superstitions." "A Proselyte" says:—

In 1863, one of my sisters was visiting a lady who had a niece possessed of wonderful power. One morning, my sister was seated on a large sofa, and the subject was introduced. She expressed great doubts, on which the young lady requested my sister to place her hand on the mahogany frame of the sofa. The young lady placed her hand on the opposite part, and immediately the sofa moved away from its position, and came violently in contact with the dining table. My sister was frightened and got up, and subsequently the young lady asked her to get on the table. This she did, and being again requested to place her hand on it, the operator placed hers also, and without a moment's

delay the table moved towards the bow window. My sister jumped down and looked fearfully at the lady.

A few months after my sister related this to me. I was as well acquainted with the parties as she was. It happened that in the following year, 1864, I came with my family to London, and, among other visitors, the aunt and niece called one morning, while we were at lunch. We mentioned the circumstances which I have related, and on expressing our doubts the aunt said her niece did not like to shew her power, as she really felt frightened at it herself, and her father strongly objected to her displaying it, but as we were such old friends she would not mind showing us, provided any one had the influence necessary to assist her.

My wife went to a heavy arm chair, which is in my house at this moment, and being of rather an excitable temperament the lady thought she might aid her power. The hands were placed, my wife's on one side and the lady's on the other. The chair instantly moved several feet with my wife on it, who got up in fright and astonishment. I said, "To satisfy me, will you try to move the cabinet piano?" which stood against the wall. The two ladies placed their hands at the extreme ends of the piano, which advanced out from the wall some distance.

At that moment a young man-servant was in the room clearing away the lunch, and, looking with surprise, the lady said, "I wonder if George has any power?" He was requested to place his hand on the dining table. The lady placed hers, and the table with all the lunch things on it made a dash towards the fire-place, and the boy was fixed against the wall. His fright can only be judged of by those who witnessed it.

A round table, mahogany, was standing in the bow window; one of the castors was off. The young lady touched it accidentally at the same time that my wife's hand was on it, looking at the boy's wondering gaze. A noise was heard coming from the table, which ultimately moved hastily towards the window, and there it remained close to the frame. All this occurred in my dining room at Maida Hill. We were afterwards told that on one occasion in her own house the servants wanted to move a four-post bed, and, not being able, the housemaid said, "Let us ask Miss M—— to assist us." She came up, and, telling the servant to place a hand upon the wooden post at the foot, the young lady placing hers on the other, the bed moved forward, and would have proceeded, had not the lady and servant taken off their hands. The bed required men's aid to get it back again to its original place, being large and heavy. I give you the names at foot for private information, to satisfy you of the truth of these very extraordinary circumstances.

WARNED IN A DREAM.

A provincial contemporary is responsible for the following:—A few days ago a serious accident occurred in Bulmer village to a picnic party going to Castle Howard, Durham. The party made the journey in an omnibus, and it seems that the wife of one of the men hesitated to join the party, and tried to persuade her husband not to go, because she had dreamt a week before that they were in an omnibus and were upset on going through a village, and greatly injured, fright awakening her. The man and his wife, however, did go, but on reaching Bulmer the woman became greatly excited. Not only, she remarked, was the omnibus that which she had seen in her dream, but the village was that which the accident she dreamt of happened. The words were scarcely uttered when the omnibus was upset, and a scene of great confusion resulted. The passengers on the outside were thrown to the ground with great violence; one man was rendered insensible by the omnibus falling upon him, and several others sustained rather serious injuries. The woman to whom the accident was revealed was herself badly hurt, but her husband's was the worse case, he sustained a dislocation of an ankle. Medical aid was quickly procured, the sufferers relieved, and afterwards conveyed to their homes. Every incident in the accident seems to have been pictured in the premonitory dream.—*Star*, 29th

THE THREE THEORIES OF LIFE.

As I walk along the street I see a scaffold round a building, men on the scaffold at work, and others ascending and descending with hods heavily laden, and the question forces itself on me, Is the object of this heavy labour the mere sustenance of life?

I open *Homes without Hands* and read, "The cocoon (of the *Saturnia Promethea* moth) is placed within the leaf of the tree and secured by a strong web; but as the leaf would fall before the moth could escape, a strange instinct is implanted in the insect, which fastens the stem of the leaf to the branch by sundry silken threads, so that although it may wither and part from the branch it cannot fall to the ground."

The evidence of design, skill, and foresight the action of this moth displays, convinces me some higher end must be hid in human drudgery than the mere sustenance of life. The idea of the character of the mighty Former which the action of the moth impresses on me makes me sure that a result will spring from the labour I see, which I shall one day recognize as not only worthy of all its oppression, but as far surpassing in its grandeur any dreams I can dream.

I cast about for theories of life which shall uphold, or destroy, these conclusions, and find three theories.

One theory, that all creation is maintained by the immediate inspiration of God, and breathes from His presence alone—that, practically, all is God.

Another theory, that God is the Ruler-in-Chief, and that men and brutes have a semi-independent life; that men are free within certain limits called "the limits of freedom"—limits known to God alone.

A third theory, that all is man and creation, and God non-existent; or if He be existent, that He is wholly incomprehensible to man.

Of these three theories, if the first be established, not only does the action of the moth at once explain itself, but it follows also that the labour of the men on the scaffold is producing a work of God; and a work of God means a perfect work; one, the wisdom and goodness of which is ever more than the imagination and desire of man can fathom; and one, the wisdom and goodness of which will ever become more manifest to man the more he learns the nature of God, or the older he grows.

If of these three theories, the second be established, the action of the moth has to be sheltered under the word "instinct"—a new name no more—and the labour of the men on the scaffold

may be the needful foundation of no grand superstructure, but instead, while the wisest doings of men, be blindness and folly.

The third theory professedly deals only with modes of amelioration and improvement, and bids us look for all hope and foresight to men alone. It closes, therefore, our enquiry at once with the word 'vanity.'

Which of these three theories has most appearance of truth? I do not say, which is true? but, which do we think true? For we shall find none of them free from intellectual doubt, explain them how we may.

On the first theory—If all be God, how we come to feel ourselves the separate individuals we seem, and fight and contend with each other, and do evil as we do, is inexplicable. We can understand that if we can be made to do these things, we shall come to feel ourselves other than God;* and we can further understand, how, when the illusion of our independence is thus induced in us, God can deal with us as the independent creatures we feel ourselves. In what way, however, if we are but portions of Himself, God creates in us a sense of independence and a power for evil deeds, we cannot understand. We must acknowledge that this is unfathomable, and simply accept the fact.

On the second theory,—if man has a real independence, and the limits of that independence are wide enough for the whole race, if it pleases, to wreck itself for ever, God has departed from the world as far as the Atheist says He is gone—there is no God existent of any value to men. While, if we consider that every man—or a sufficient number of men to satisfy God—will at last certainly be saved, then all, practically, becomes God on this theory as certainly as on the first; for God must have foreseen this general result, and this foresight implies that our nature is such that man in the aggregate, as regards his salvation, obeys law and not impulse, and therefore (since man in the aggregate is made up of individual men) that each individual, as regards his salvation, obeys law—a law which God has appointed.

The second theory, therefore, carries about it the seeds of its own dissolution, and appears but to await absorption in first theory or the last.

The last theory comes before us with its intellectual difficulties also, for we find it regardless of the forethought and delicate silken threads of the moth so strangely manifest, regard of the unity and interblending of creation, where dear so audibly to deep. If, indeed, this theory does obscure things, it refuses to trace the forethought and unity th

* See *A Home for the Homeless, or, Union with God*; read these pages, which is occupied with this explanation.

to one Creative Being. To believe in no God with such evidence speaking to me, is impossible for me; and to say He is wholly incomprehensible, but sets me thinking how far I can comprehend Him. If, indeed, I am unable to believe in no God, then (the reader will see) I believe that all is God, and that, therefore, every step in knowledge—from the first infantile scream to the most distant breath of man—is a step in the knowledge of Him who, to the last, will remain the Unfathomed.

Of these three theories none, then, wholly satisfies the intellect. The first, however, fully satisfies the heart, while the last wholly ignores it. The middle theory, in its atheistical aspect, as little contents the heart as the atheistical theory itself,—while in its deistical aspect, it is the first theory put in an unphilosophical form and not pushed to its legitimate results.

This middle theory—the least sound and tenable of the three—is the popular theory of the day, and walks and behaves with all the air of the one which has the nine points of the law in its favour—possession. In the cry for woman's rights, and in a thousand other forms, the heart of man is making its existence known, and it wants but the impulsion of the heart, to shew the intellect the slippery ground the middle theory offers.

When we seriously consider these three theories of life, I am surely justified in claiming for the one, which is at least as free from intellectual difficulty as any of the three, and which alone wholly satisfies the heart, a prospect of a long and beneficial career? I speak of the splendid theory of life which sees the effect of the immediate presence of God in the silken threads of the moth, and an eternal temple of unimagined magnificence being reared by the labour of the men on the scaffold, so full of toil and drudgery to-day.

HORACE FIELD.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "*Spiritual Magazine*."

160 bis, Avenue d'Eylau,
Paris, Sept. 3, 1869.

SIR,—Will you kindly state, in the next number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, that the one of my sisters to whose experience I alluded in my statement at the last meeting of the Dialectical Society was *not* Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell. Neither she nor Dr. Emily Blackwell know anything of Spiritualism, and are (as yet) opposed to it, as are most persons who have no personal knowledge of the matter; and the mixing up of Dr. Elizabeth's name with mine in this connexion is merely the result of an error on the part of the reporter of the *Eastern Post*, in whose first edition of the number of August 15th the mistaken statement was first made, but was omitted, at my request, in the second edition.

Yours truly,

ANNA BLACKWELL.



THE
Spiritual Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1869.

THOUGHTS ON SPIRITUALISM.

By the Rev. W. MOUNTFORD.

SPIRITUALISM is properly the antithesis of materialism, and holds that man is not only an animated highly organized body, but also a living soul, and from his birth connected with a world spiritual and eternal. And Spiritualism technically so called, is simply an affirmation of the foregoing statement, under the interest and conviction produced by certain phenomena of the last few years, and which are very curious, and apparently preternatural.

A medium may be lowly and ignorant, and also laden with every infirmity of the flesh, and yet can be the sudden, utter confutation of materialism, even while it is affecting to lean upon science, and to deck itself with the beauties of poetry. But some persons may think it strange, that instruction is to be got from a lowly ignorant medium. But surely the loftiest philosophy should be able to condescend to new facts, anywhere, and at any time. Yet often the phenomena of Spiritualism have been despised by persons, who yet gloried, under science, in having been instructed, by mere stones and petrified bones, as to the order of creation, and as to the look and habits creatures, animals and vegetables, as they appeared and fulfill their times and uses.

To the writer hereof, the phenomena of Spiritualism, is useful, not so much because of what they are in themselves as incidents, as because they are evidences and illustrations to pneumatology. Through the persons called mediums there really communication between this world and a world of spirit? That there is intercourse to be had with that

is certain; but as to the spirit to be talked with, there can be no certainty. For of some men, at least, the minds lie open to the inspection of spirits, like the most compendious and convenient of day-books, so as that through a medium, a spirit can read to a man out of his own memory, things which he had himself forgotten. And for this and other reasons, an impostor-spirit can have a mortal at such a disadvantage, as that actually for him who writes, conviction as to the identity of a spirit communicating through a medium, would not be wrought, by even fifty times of the amount of evidence, which would suffice for identifying a person in a court of law. How is this then? And what then does this mean? It means that mortals must remember at least what they are; and that as clay-clad creatures, they are but dull and blind as to the spiritual world, and its ways and occupants. "And no marvel; for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light."

And now the way is open, by which the writer can express himself still more freely. From his own experience then he is satisfied, that some spirits have power to come into the realm of nature, some little way, and so as to be able to make some signs, such as the moving of objects, the ringing of bells, playing on a harp, and touching a person, and such also as taking possession of a body, more or less completely, and using the hand for writing, and the voice for speaking, and the eyes for seeing with, after the manner of a mesmeric clairvoyant, only much more successfully. Also he knows that the death of a person can be announced, and that even also minute peculiar circumstances attending it can be detailed, some days before there being a possibility of such information being to be given by natural means. Also the writer would tell, in obedience to a sense of duty, of his having seen and examined, and seen vanish ghost-hands; hands of spirit, which had been materialized as to surface at least, and which had thereby been made capable of looking and doing, for a little while and for some little purposes, like hands of flesh and blood.

There may be, and perhaps all things considered, there really is, through a medium, sometimes at least, communication between friends in this world and friends departed; though perhaps it may be as rare as the loving appearance of a mother to a distant child, whom she could not but long for as she died. For reliable intercourse between a person in this world and a particular spirit in the world of spirits, there must be a right adjustment of conditions, of which some perhaps are known, but of which many more are not even to be conjectured.

But now really, of my vanished friend, I am sure as to the love, already and out of my heart, beyond all assurance which

he could ever possibly give me, by getting his hand inside of the sphere of nature, and making signs to me; just as when he was a mortal, I credited him for affection, beyond what he ever uttered, or what I should have wished to hear him breathe.

What then do these phenomena testify? They witness as to human nature, what it is in itself, and what it is open to, through exposure or by grace. And they are proofs as to what a world of mystery it is, in which men live; and also they are challenges to inquiring minds.

People are amazed at the phenomena of Spiritualism, and astounded by them, and are sometimes even sceptical as to their possibility; and all the while, really, they are but the accidents of our transcendent connections, of our being immortal though mortal, and spiritual while yet of the earth, earthy. Are they therefore supernal? No. And the proneness which there is to worship prodigies, though they should be only such things as haunted houses or wonderful dreams, begins really in the same state of mind, as that in a theologian, which defines a miracle as being a suspension of the laws of nature. By making too much of the supernatural, it may actually be nullified as to usefulness.

And indeed to such a pass had things come, on the subject of miracles, among honest controversialists, that it might seem, as though it had been in the order of Providence, that the phenomena of Spiritualism should be developed, merely as materials for pneumatology, for the use of competent observers. And by this, it is not necessary to suppose that Spiritualism is divine, any more than the cholera which enforces useful lessons. There are diseases of the spirit which begin with God's mercy, and which end more mercifully still. And it would not be without historical analogies, as strong almost as demonstration, if it should be said that the Spiritualism of to-day, so abundant, familiar, extensive, is a re-action not of the will of man of course, but of the constitution of the universe, against the materialism, which was beginning to affect Christianity itself as an easy conquest.

Spiritualism is of great interest, as restoring the background of the Scriptures, as a picture, and as thereby also making the foreground more vivid, if not more intelligible. By Spiritualism, certainty is restored as to the familiar spirit of the Old Testament, and as to the nature of the unclean spirits mentioned in the New Testament, as to the history of the woman of Endor as to the seductive nature of the worship of Baal, and as to the actual possession of a certain damsel by a spirit of Pytho. And there is no honest theologian, but would say, that if these things were made certain, it would seem to him, as though the field of theology would widen, and certain lost paths in it become plain

again, and dark places in it be found to have been lighted up by rays from unexpected quarters. And if Spiritualism can illustrate the manner in which Saul prophesied from an evil spirit, it aids thereby, some little at least, in making intelligible the manner in which Saul prophesied from an evil spirit, it aids thereby, some little at least, in making intelligible the manner in which "the spirit of God came upon him; and he prophesied." By Spiritualism, too, for Christian use, is affirmed emphatically and amended as to translation, that text, which latterly has been understood distinctly by very few divines. "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to wandering spirits, and the instructions of demons."

And if nature, for a theologian, be suggestive of many contrarieties, so also is that region in the spiritual world, which is nearest to the natural, and whence mostly spiritual approaches are made to men. And just as the Christian has a faith, which, through all her regions, nature can only illustrate humbly, and never fully corroborate, so also is the faith of a Christian, what can be curiously indeed, but yet only partially supported by evidences from the spiritual world, such as can be given through tables, or even by the hands and tongues of men, as mediums, commonly so called.

The reach upwards of the human soul, the yearning affinity of its faith, surmounts the region of nature, and goes up beyond the level of the world of spirits, and aspires after what alone is its proper object, the Spirit of God Most High.

There are men of intellect, at this day, who would readily believe in Moses, if merely they could be satisfied as to the magicians of Egypt, who yielded to him. There have been persons, darkened in their minds by materialism, who, with seeing merely what they thought was an apparition, have had their eyes so thoroughly and effectually opened, as that the spiritual world, and all their relations to it, were credible at once and intelligible. And there have been travellers who have returned from the East, stronger in their faith as Christians, for knowing of the preternatural things, which in some places the natives sometimes assemble for at their temples. And there have been persons who have been benefitted by the counterpart of what was anciently accounted as dangerous and unworthy, "the familiar spirit." These and many other such things, may under heaven, be good, not so much because of what they are in themselves, as because of the lowliness of the persons, for whom they can be lessons. Many a man has thought that the heavens were opening above him because of the spiritual phenomena which he had experienced. Whereas, mainly, the

things were wonderful only to his spiritual ignorance, only to his never having known of matters with which in one age or another, and in one place or another, the human race have always been familiar. Height above height! There are many steps from an emmet to a "familiar spirit;" but more than they countlessly, are the steps between the level of "familiar spirits" and the first even of those spiritual heights, down from which comes "every good gift and every perfect gift."

What are called the Spiritualistic phenomena are never all of them manifested through one medium. Sometimes a person is a channel for one marvel, and sometimes for two, three, four and five varieties of the marvellous. But of all these marvels, there is scarcely one but reaches out into history in all directions. And there has scarcely been an age of history, but in one place or another, was familiar with two, three or more of the prodigies of the present day. Of marvels united to-day in the same medium, some have been evidences on which persons have been canonized as saints in the Church; and others have been proofs on which poor wretches have been executed as witches: and one at least, in the same age, has served as conclusive testimony, in Italy as to holiness, and in England as to devilry. It is so as a fact, and perhaps also under Providence, it is vouchsafed as a privilege, that by the commonness of these spiritual phenomena, it is as though the past returned upon the present, and offered itself again for study, and the chance of a better understanding.

Sometimes the phenomena of Spiritualism remind one of agencies active in the Scriptures, and sometimes of narratives in the ancient classics; sometimes of Plotinus, the scholarly heathen of fifteen hundred years ago; and sometimes of St. Augustine, the great father and doctor of the Church; and continually of the lives of saints, and the charges against wizards, and of the records of the Catholic Church. And, indeed, there is no general reader, with his eyes more than half open, who is acquainted with Spiritualism, but recognizes the existence of the common phenomena of Spiritualism, from North to South, the world round, among all primitive nations and tribes, though described as ignorantly as things commonly are by travellers. The angekok of the Esquimaux is exact good American medium. And at the other end of the world in New Zealand, are phenomena which correspond exactly with those among the Esquimaux. And Madagascar a examination the same state of things spiritually which among the Maoris, and among their Northern brethren. Through spiritual mediums to-day, the same phenomena are met within an area of two hundred miles round the Cape of Good Hope which are akin to the ancient oracles.

Mohammedanism as attested by oriental writers and by European travellers, and to the miracles of the Catholic Church, during the last—during indeed all the years, since the Catholic Church has been specially Roman Catholic.

The Spiritualism of to-day is nothing new, and might, even by the Scriptures, almost, be called as old as Adam. By specialty, what there is new in it is simply the easiness with which preternatural phenomena are to be got at. But may not this be in accordance with that grand overruling law, by which one change and another and another are like successive mile-marks along the earth, while yet also under the arch of the heavens? Under God, the material universe is allowed to disclose its laws astronomically, electrically, chemically, optically, magnetically, dynamically. And so, might it not then seem to be by analogy, if concurrently, also the spiritual world should seem to be opening towards mortals? If, as a mortal within a hundred years, man has been so much enlightened as to the earth, which he lives in, and also as to the wide kindred of worlds which sparkle in the sky at night, would it not seem under Providence, to be proportionately so for his soul, that openings and disclosures might be expected as to his position among the influences, forces and inhabitants of the spiritual universe?

As has been said already, the Spiritualistic phenomena of to-day are simply easier of approach, and more common perhaps than they have ever been before. And that they are not new, whole volumes of evidence might be adduced to show. In the "Life of a Chinese Traveller in India," the autobiographer exalts China, although Brahma had not been born in it, because there "they know how to make demons and spirits appear." Just about two thousand years ago, there is said to have been in the upper classes in China, a great panic about death, and for which the writings of Confucius were no comfort. And upon this ensued a great resort to the schools of Tao-tse: the Tao-ists, at this time, having become great theurgists, and even professing to give prescriptions for disease, from the prince of demons, in his own handwriting. At this present time, a spiritual medium is called in China, "a celestial doctor."

And now let us read evidence from as different a quarter from China, as can well be found. In his "Treatise on the Soul," Tertullian gives what probably was one of his Montanist experiences. Nobody could define better than he the difference between body and soul, so that when he speaks of the soul as being corporeal, he is to be understood as meaning that the soul is "a spiritual body." "To the soul also we attribute corporeal outlines, not only from our judgment being persuaded of its

corporeal character, but also as decided for us, by grace, through revelation. For because we recognize the gifts of the Spirit, we have been favoured with obtaining a prophecy, after the manner of St. John. At this very day, there is with us a sister endowed with the gift of revelations, which she receives in spiritual ecstasy, during the services of Sunday. She converses with angels, and sometimes even with the Lord, and both sees and hears holy things. She discerns the heart of some persons, and she prescribes medicines to those who wish. But now according as the Scriptures are read, or psalms are sung, or addresses are delivered, or prayers are offered, are supplied the subjects of her visions. On one occasion, we discussed something or other about the soul, when, as it happened, this sister was in the spirit. The people being dismissed at the conclusion of the services, in accordance with her custom of telling me whatever she sees, for indeed these things are all most carefully reported, so as that they may be tested, says she, "There is shown to me a human soul. And truly the spirit was seen, but not empty, not destitute of all qualities, but in such a manner, as that it would even allow itself to be held. And it was tender, lucid and of an aerial colour. And in all respects, it was of the human form." Tertullian then adds that if this corporality of the soul be not credible from its reasonableness, yet that it ought to be so from this vision, which was not without God as a witness, and not without some concurrence from that apostle, who is the appropriate surety as to future gifts in the Church.

Round Tao-tse and Tertullian, in regard to the supernatural, in their respective eras, might easily be assembled a crowd of witnesses, Socrates and Plato, Plutarch and perhaps more than half the people of whom he was the biographer; Pliny, and it may be almost all the classical authors; nearly every father of the Church, and nearly every historian of the Catholic Church, during the Middle Ages. And if these magnates of intellect could be assembled together, they would be found agreed in a state of mind, to which at once would be credible such works as Baxter's last two volumes, or "Aubrey's Miscellanies," or "Turner's Providences;" compiled these volumes are of incidents, such as transpire at present to be despised, or at best to be whispered among friends on moments of confidence. And now of the state of mind these great thinkers, and as to these preternatural occurrences which they wrote about, and as to the modern marvels they would have been ready to credit, Spiritualism for explanation, being, as it is, the key which fits an inquiring and yielding as it does to intelligent inquirers, know the laws involved in portents and prodigies.

And now possibly somebody will exclaim, "Then the writer thinks, Spiritualism is divine." But now he does not think so, any more than he would think that the dry old bone would be divine, from out of which, as belonging to any creature whatever, it is said that an eminent naturalist could evolve the outline and habits of the animal, when it was alive, and therefore also the general character of the climate and country in which it lived. Learning, to-day, reaches over a wider field than some people would suppose; and even the methods of science are applicable in ways, which have never been thought of. Earthquakes, the plague, the black death! What is there to be named, as mischief, like what folly—like what even fool-hardiness has been in theology? In manners, there is nobody so insolent as a person of weak pretensions; and in theology, there is nobody so bigoted as the clergyman, who is too weak inwardly to digest the creed, which outwardly he has had to mark and learn.

Many Christians are provoked by the phenomena of Spiritualism, in just the same way, as they have been annoyed sometimes by the marvels which have been reported, as attendant on religious revivals. A spiritual novelty troubles them, unsettles them in their minds, and makes them feel as though nothing were certain. And this is because they do not half know themselves. For man, as a spiritual being, whether looking towards heaven or towards hell, or towards some opening between the two, with earnest longing, is thereby in affinity with the powers of a spiritual world, and capable of being quickened by them, as to faculties in him which ordinarily are latent. But truly, if the universe be infinite, it must have myriads of qualities; and if God be the head thereof, and we "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ" we must have senses, susceptibilities in us, many more than five. And it would seem as though such a multifarious nature might, now and then, by accident or the favour of Heaven, express itself or be receptive in ways, which are outside of the utilities of ordinary life: just as some common flower with five petals might shew ten with cultivation.

If tables, by the presence of a medium, should only beat time to sacred music, millions of people would believe that the heavens did thereby vouchsafe to shew their sympathy with men. But as that tipping of the table is not for sacred music only, but for anything else almost, just as man talks with man, it would seem as though something through it might be inferred, more important still, as information, than even the sympathy of the heavens. For of heavenly sympathy with him there is no poor wretch but ought to be sure,

who has ever been inside of a church. But if through a fable or anything else, there be signified from outside of this visible world, a common understanding with man, and as though of all kinds of persons, good and bad, wise and silly, then is man informed, not so much as to the heavens, about the favour of which he ought already to have been sure, but as to there being spirits and regions, intermediate between earth and heaven. And with knowledge like this, and with even a suspicion of it, there are texts of Scripture, which deepen in meaning, as the eye regards them.

The susceptibility of man as to the spiritual world — this is what Spiritualism would teach. At a religious revival, the strange things, which sometimes accompany conversion, are akin to the manner in which the prophets were affected; and that this is so, is a truth, made sure and evident to a Christian, by the physical laws which are involved in the phenomena of Spiritualism. It is an easy thing for a man to say, that as a Christian, he cares only about the temper of the New Testament, and to keep himself in it. But surely the Scriptures do not justify an expositor in that position. Signs and wonders, or rather the possibility and the way of them, are essential to the philosophy or revelation. Miracles may be no more, but at least they are a proclamation of the channel, proofs as to an openness, by which revelation may be made. They may sometimes in the past, have been false cries; and just as a boy might alarm a neighbourhood, so miracles, may have startled people in the past, and may again in the future, though startling as the Scriptures have forewarned, from where there is nothing good to follow, and sounding like "O earth, earth, earth hear," when really there is no word of the Lord to ensue. There is a channel, by which human beings are open to the spiritual world, and to effects from it. To deny the worth of what comes through it, may be sometimes right, and be sometimes according to the Scriptures even an imperative duty; but to doubt the reality of the channel itself, may be a grievous mistake and be indeed what may vitiate a whole system of theology.

But why should these spiritualistic phenomena be so much more abundant and familiar in this age, than apparently at a former period? Why are there so many more mediums day, than were ever known before? It may be because of occult something in the air; or it may be because of some by which the bodies or the souls of this generation are affected unconsciously and perhaps only for a time, and in a way which may be disease, or even perhaps improvement. Having agonized in spirit, for some years, George Fox said

found himself living in light, and also preternaturally acquainted with the names and properties of all vegetables and minerals. Also he found that he had become a mouthpiece for the Spirit, and a man with attendance on whom, people were convulsed in their bodies and quickened in their souls, and often also made into such channels of the Spirit as he himself was. And in the early days of the Shakers and the Irvingites there were many things, which were curiously like the marvels which attended on George Fox. And indeed in history, are many instances of movements, which began from the spiritual world, and which yet were also characterized by the wisdom or ignorance or other peculiarities, of the mortals, through whom first the impulses were given.

If certain psychical channels were a little enlarged with men generally, and yet not more than they have often been, men to-day would find themselves, as it were staggering to and fro, under the bewildering intensity of influences, against the coming of which, mere schooling in the order of nature, would prove to have been no preparation whatever. And judging by the signs of the times, the guides of public opinion for keeping it both sober and enlightened, will need to understand well the pneumatology of the Old Testament, and the nature and reasons of the Jewish theocracy, and also the psychology involved in the New Testament, and the nature of the liberty and thereby also the responsibility, "wherewith Christ hath made us free."

It is but walking in a vain show, when a man is thoughtless as to the spiritual world, to which already he belongs, and careless as to the channels by which he is himself approachable from it, and heedless as to its atmosphere, which yet he may sometimes be inhaling as breath, without knowing it.

According to the phenomena of Spiritualism, the constitution of human nature, is manifestly still the same, as what the lawgiving of Moses presupposed, and as what the revelation of Jesus Christ was given to meet; and still the same as it was, at Athens, Rome, and Antioch, when the Gospel began its struggle with idolatry. And it is only with ascertaining the place, where the first hearers of the Gospel stood mentally, that one can catch with full force the words, which were addressed to them. And anything to-day, which might more or less, enable a student to read the epistles of Paul, in that state of mind about the universe, which Paul addressed, would be or should be a great blessing. And the Christian expositor, who is regardless of the philosophy which attaches to the case of that "certain damsel who had a spirit of Pytho," and who was exorcised by St. Paul, would seem to

be a little out of the light in which his epistles perhaps ought to be read.

But now a man may live a healthy life and a good life, while ignorant of geography, and of his relative position among a thousand million fellow-creatures on this earth, and while utterly ignorant even of the chemistry of his own bodily economy. And whatever may be our locality in the spiritual universe, and whether we suspect it or not; and whatever may be the channels by which spiritually our lives are sustained; and whatever the mysteries of our spiritual constitution; and whatever also may be the gifts of the spirit of which we may fail, from causes connected with our individual personalities, or with the era, which we belong to, yet there is certain for us, under Christ, a more excellent way than any, which can be accidentally or blindly missed. "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

But that charity—what is it? It is not simply giving goods to feed the poor, nor is it even a man's willingness to let himself be burned alive. For it is what is more than that, being as it is, what is of a man's inmost nature. Because it is that sympathy, which rejoices with them that do rejoice, and which weeps with them that weep, which believes all things and hopes all things; and which therefore is that attractiveness in a man's spirit which silently and imperceptibly procures for him more of the spiritual uses of the universe, than possibly his intellect could ever search out.

Really to a true Christian, and still more to a Christian as well instructed for his day, as Moses was, when he "was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," the phenomena of Spiritualism, might be interesting, but they ought not to be amazing. And it is just as far as a man denies their possibility, out of mere personal self-assertion, that he may measure his distance from the pneumatology of the Scriptures; or more precisely speaking, from that point, where the apostles would have had him sit down as a heathen learner, and sit long as a Christian hearer, before they would have him stand up as a teacher. There are many who, by birth and happy education are such, that the actualities of Spiritualism have nothing show them except what they may well believe, on a mere almost. But then of these born priests of the church, I never one—blessed man—that "sitteth in the seat of the fool." Alas! in unsettled, discordant times, like the how large a part of our best learning is simply unlearn! And in regard to bad habits to be broken,

becomes earnest, how much caution there has got to be about that seat of the scorner! So often the fountain-head of wisdom in a man, is choked by notions originating with people wise in their own conceit, or perhaps with blameless men helplessly bewildered in intricacies of thought! But when wisdom is not to be gained from the outside world, there is still a way through which it is to be got, by simplicity and faith. "I said, Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom. But there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding."

THE PHYSICO-AROMAL THEORY OF THE HEREAFTER LIFE.

By WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

WE propose to consider those teachings extant in Spiritualistic literature which assume that the human spirit is an organism of sublimated particles escaping from the physical body at death, and that the spiritual world is a cosmical structure composed of refined atoms emanating from the natural sphere, and is located in natural space; to subject the validity of these theories to some rational tests, and to inquire seriously into the physical and spiritual possibilities of several essential postulates which are therein set forth. But before proceeding to this task it may be well to say distinctly, that our object in these inquiries is not to deal with *teachers* but with *teachings*; to draw, so far as possible, a discriminating line between truth and error, and to employ our best abilities in laying the foundation of some more rational, satisfactory, and practically useful conceptions on this great theme than those which seem to have obtained most extensive advocacy. We therefore omit mentioning the *names* of the authors of the several phases of the one general conception brought under review, as being of little importance in their bearings upon the abstract principles themselves, and which latter we desire to consider apart from all apparently invidious personal references.

The advocates of this physico-aromal theory of the hereafter life and its cosmical conditions, have often and loudly proclaimed themselves stringent adherents to the criterion of "Nature and Reason" while judging of all psychological, spiritual and other doctrines. To each representative of this class of minds, therefore, we would say, "Hast thou appealed to Cæsar? To Cæsar

shalt thou go. Hast thou chosen Nature and Reason as thy only umpire in philosophical disputes? To Nature and Reason *alone*, then, will we carry the cause now to be adjudicated." But in agreeing to this, we wish it to be borne distinctly in mind that we shall admit no dogmatism—no mere assertion, either from men or spirits, except as Nature and Reason clearly assent to the possibility and probability of what is asserted; and by the decisions of this arbitrator, whatever they may be, we will reverently and submissively abide.

A query which meets us at the threshold of this investigation is, admitting the spirit and the spirit-world to be constituted and situated as the hypothesis in review supposes, what are the spirit's means of locomotion, and especially how can it traverse with the requisite quickness the immense distance which at least one writer tells us intervenes between this world and the second sphere? We are not satisfied with the meagre explanations that have heretofore been attempted on this point, and to shew where our difficulty lies, we will here narrowly scrutinize the different branches of the problem.

Let it be observed, then, that the spirit as our theorists describe it, must necessarily have, in some degree, however slight, the property of physical *gravitation*. It has been more than intimated that we non-clairvoyant, non-illuminated, non-spiritualized mortals, do not understand the law of gravitation; and that may be even so; but if we know that all solid, fluid and aeriform bodies are mutually drawn together by it, then Nature and Reason authorizes us to affirm that *such* a body as the human spirit is here said to be can scarcely escape its influence. For how could an organism thus born out of the physical body, and composed of its refined particles, and hence *necessarily* bearing a *ratio* of density to its parent organism, however small that may be—how could a measurable form thus standing forth in natural space, and capable of physical contacts—be entirely destitute of gravitation, even though it be lighter than the surrounding air? Beside, how could it press with its feet, and walk about upon the surface of the relatively solidified belts of ether which constitute its world, if it had no property of gravitation? While in any aspect of this general theory as it is holden by different teachers, the spirit must have some specific weight, this conclusion appears, if possible, even more conspicuous as a corrolary of the assertion of a certain prominent writer or subject, that spirits in their revisits to the mundane sphere *have a stratum of atmosphere to stand on* when they present selves before us.

Moreover, Nature and Reason seem quite clear point that an organism such as the human spirit is *born*

to be, must necessarily occupy space which can not be occupied by anything else at the same time, not even by atmospheric air. A certain writer, therefore, who holds this theory of a spiritual organism, was perfectly consistent when he asserted that spirits cannot pass through solid walls or closed doors; and he would have been equally consistent in asserting that they can not even move without displacing the air, or finer fluids that lie in their path, with every change of their position. Nature and Reason, therefore, seem to say to us, that if a spirit is *heavier* than the same number of cubic feet and inches of atmosphere which his body displaces, he can not possibly rise from the earth without some application of muscular or mechanical force; if he is *lighter*, he can not stand upon the earth without being held down by something heavier than himself, but will float upward until he finds his equilibrium; and when he has attained his maximum height, he can not descend without weights, or some other means of forcibly propelling himself into the denser fluid which underlies him, and buoys him up.

Various solutions of this difficulty concerning spirit locomotion have been attempted, the first of which was that the spirit, on escaping from the body, *walks* upward through the strata of the atmosphere, as *we* would walk up a flight of steps. One of our principal teachers on this general subject has published to the world that he actually saw the spirit of a woman, after its emergence from the body, "step from the house into the atmosphere," where she was "joined by two friendly spirits from the spiritual country," and "the three, in the most graceful manner, began ascending obliquely through the ethereal envelope of our globe. They *walked*," says the seer, "so naturally and familiarly together, that I could scarcely realize the fact that they trod the air." In view of this general phenomenon, the seer exclaims, "I was overwhelmed with delight and astonishment when, for the first time, I realized the *universal* truth [the italicising is our own], that the spirit can tread the atmosphere, which, while in the coarser, earthly form, we breathe—so much more refined is man's spiritual constitution. She walked the atmosphere as easily, and in the *same manner*, as we tread the earth and ascend an eminence." Can it be necessary that we should demonstrate the utter absurdity of supposing that any imaginable species of organization can walk, "in the same manner as we tread the earth," through a fluent medium that is every moment changing, and which cannot possibly afford any foothold that is any more firm than the intermediate portions of the fluid through which the foot passes in making a step? If it had been said that this spirit, with her accompanying spirit-friends, navigated the air by means of fins like those of the fish,

or wings like those of the bird, the assertion would have at least been more consistent with itself, if not more consistent with the truth.

But it would have been a considerably long *walk* from the earth to the "second sphere," even supposing the latter to be situated at no greater distance than the outer verge of the terrestrial atmosphere, say from forty to sixty miles, as was first supposed; and when, by a subsequent emendation of the spiritual cosmogonic system, the great "girdle" or "zone" of refined materials which, we are told, constitutes the second sphere, was carried *beyond the Milky Way*, it was evident that legs and feet were of themselves no longer adequate to the exigencies of locomotive uses. Recourse must, therefore, necessarily be had to some other agency or agencies in order to meet the wants of travellers to and from the better land; and the agencies which, it was thought, would fully meet the case, were will-power, and the currents or "rivers," as they are called, of electricity and magnetism which, it was said, are constantly flowing and re-flowing between the terrestrial worlds and the "second sphere," and of which currents, we were told, the spirits take advantage for the purpose of being floated onward in their journeys. But how it is possible for an organism so dense as to be unable to pass through solid walls or closed doors, and which finds the air so resisting to its contact as to be susceptible of being *walked* upon—how, we say, it is possible for *such* an organism to be propelled through space at the impulse of will, except as the will *first* acts upon muscle, or through mechanical contrivances, as in our own locomotion—we are not given to understand; and on this subject, our good umpire Nature and Reason insists upon keeping mum until farther explanations are given. But suppose we admit the point for a moment, and then take a look at it, with its collaterals, and see how it appears. Just think of an air-resisting and door-and-wall-resisting organism being, at one impulse of its own will, sent whizzing through space with ten million times the velocity of the swiftest cannon ball, and with ten thousand times more noise, firing its path (as it necessarily would) by its friction upon the atmosphere, until a streak of flame would be visible a thousand miles long! What magnificent pyrotechnics we would witness in such a case, with thousands of spirits passing and re-passing between the earth and the second sphere at every moment! but yet what awful whizzing, whirring and rattling would be heard in the upper air!

And then think, too, of the use of electricity and magnetism swirling and whirling through space! And what kind of electricities and magnetisms would be required to travel a

million times more swiftly than the forked lightning, in order that it may float the *peaceful* voyagers on its bosom to the second sphere "*beyond the Milky Way*," even in the course of a few days, to say nothing of a few minutes! If a bolt of common electricity from a thunder cloud, whose velocity of motion is as much slower than that of these supposed "rivers," as the motion of a snail is slower than the swiftest locomotive, can ignite the atmosphere into a brilliant streak of fire, and rive the gnarled oak into shivers, how is it that these tremendous "rivers," of electric fluid, in coming into our atmosphere, do not wrap the world in a sheet of flame, and shiver the mountains to their bases?

Again, concerning velocity, distances and spiritual sight, as forming elements of our general problem. The seer before referred to, in describing the exit of the recently deceased woman who, with her spirit companions, *walked* obliquely upward through the atmosphere, says, "I continued to gaze upon them until the *distance shut them from my view*." But, according to the general drift of the description, and the ideas of spiritual cosmology then entertained, they could not have been over fifty or sixty miles from the earth at the very farthest, if over five or ten miles; for nothing seems to have been known at this time about the "girdle around the Milky Way." But at a subsequent time, the same writer speaks of the departure of *six* visiting spirits, for *one* of whom he had just found it necessary to open the door, in order to give him a passage to and from his apartments. This spirit, in taking leave of our seer, said to him, "*To-day* we visit a constellation of peopled planets in the southern expanse of the firmament. Our mission is angelic! we go to open, for the first time, in that department of the sidereal heavens, a free spiritual commerce between the second sphere and the inhabitants of those orbs." (That "*constellation* of peopled planets," all of which, it appears, were to be visited *on that day*, must have felt highly obligated to these six spirits from our remote little earth, for their kind interference in opening "a free spiritual commerce for the first time.") The seer afterward continues, "When they were in readiness to depart, their number being coupled, two *walking* together * * * the whole party passed very rapidly away in the direction of their assigned duties."

The *nearest* fixed star, so far as ascertained (the star 61 of the Swan), sends its light to the earth, travelling at the rate of 12,000,000 of miles per minute, in about *three years and six months*. These spirits therefore, must have "*walked*," run, *float*ed or *willed* themselves along with *considerable* rapidity in order to arrive at the scene of their duties *on that day* as it seems

they expected; and the eye of the seer must have followed them far beyond the orbit of Neptune, if it prolonged its observations upon their speed for a *single second*. His spiritual sight must probably have become much more intense since "*distance shut from*" his "*view*" the spirit party before referred to; and considerably greater still must have become the intensity of his vision when he subsequently wrote of daily observing the spirit of a certain executed murderer undergoing sundry metamorphoses "*beyond the Milky Way!*"

We had intended to notice several other points connected with the general theory in hand, but we confess our patience with the multiplying absurdities as they come up before us like distorted and grotesque shadows, is somewhat wearied. Besides, we perhaps already owe an apology to our intelligent readers for attempting to refute a doctrine which certainly seems to be *its own* sufficient refutation; and that apology consists in the fact that this doctrine is actually taught and believed as one of the fundamental points in a very prevalent system of philosophy. We cannot, moreover, persuade ourselves that the prevalence of ideas that appear to us so absurd and inconsistent, does not tend to obscure and greatly injure the minds of those who, disentangled from their sophistries, would be prepared to receive the *truth* on this subject, in its beautiful, consoling and *rational* purity.

THINGS UNACCOUNTABLE.

SPONTANEOUS CLAIRVOYANCE AND PROPHEPIC VISION.

By Mrs. L. M. CHILD.

SOME time ago, I wrote to you on this theme, intending it should be inferred from my statements that there is some foundation of facts for the numerous stories of haunted houses in various parts of the world. The tendency has been, and now to a considerable extent, to ascribe all inexplicable things to the agency of the devil. The clouds of ignorance and superstition are perhaps as much expelled from Massachusetts, as from any other portion of the globe; yet I know several persons who have thought the French girl, Angelique Cottin, was a devil if they had seen some inanimate things whirl toward her, and others whirl away, insomuch that it was a general commotion in the furniture in every room.

N.S. — IV.

But the learned Arago, after months of careful examination of these phenomena, decided that they could be mostly explained by laws of electricity; but there was also "some other mundane force present, not yet ascertained." There are many apparently well authenticated accounts of *places*, as well as *persons*, characterized by unaccountable sounds and motions. It was very natural that things so much out of the common course should become associated with traditions of crimes committed in such localities—especially with murder, which excites more fear and horror than any other crime. The house where the Rev. John Wesley lived so comfortably, in the midst of knockings, thumpings, rattlings, and rustlings, would have been deserted in the Middle Ages, and reported to posterity as a devil-haunted mansion.

We of the 19th century have swung off to the opposite extreme, and scornfully reject all statements not explicable by known laws. More than forty years ago, I became convinced of the existence of that gift, or power, or disease, known by the name of clairvoyance. I was laughed at by some of my intimates, who attributed what they termed my credulity to a fondness for mystical reading. But, in fact, mysticism had nothing to do with my convictions on that subject; it was the practical side of my nature which had been convinced by an array of evidence examined and published by scientific men in Paris. And, after all, there is nothing new in clairvoyance, except its name. The Grecian Apollonius, born a few years before Jesus, was revered as one inspired by the gods, because he could see the hidden thoughts of others. On one occasion, when he had just landed in Alexandria, where he was a stranger, he met several men, all unknown to him, who were being led to execution for robbery. He stopped the officers who had them in charge, and, pointing to one of the prisoners, he said: "Don't put that man to death. He has made a false confession. He is not guilty." From respect for the great reputation of Apollonius, they paused to listen to him while he entreated them at least to delay the execution. While he was thus keeping them engaged in conversation, a courier rode toward them in furious haste, crying out, "Spare Phorion! Torture extorted a false confession from him. He is proved innocent."

At another time, when Apollonius was lecturing in Ephesus, he suddenly stopped in the midst of his discourse, and exclaimed, "The tyrant is killed! This very moment the deed is being done." He then went on to describe the particulars of Domitian's murder, which was afterwards proved to have taken place, in far distant Rome, at the precise time and in the

manner he had described. I long ago came to the conclusion that clairvoyance furnished an explanation of the universal credit obtained by oracles in ancient Greece and Rome. There is a striking illustration of this in the case of Cræsus, King of Lydia. Wishing to ascertain which of the oracles was most reliable, he sent messengers to seven different places, giving them directions to inquire what Cræsus was doing at a specified time. In order to be employed in a manner not likely to be conjectured, he occupied himself with boiling a kid and a tortoise in a covered brazen vessel. Six of the answers were false, or evasive; but the reply from the oracle at Delphos was as follows:—

“The odors that to my senses now rise,
A tortoise boiling with a kid supplies,
Where brass above and brass below it lies.”

The Pythia at that place was, probably clairvoyant; and seeing these things at a distance, described them as she saw them. This power, being out of the known laws of nature, was regarded as a direct inspiration of the gods.

Cicero describes seers in his time, “whose minds inhere not in their bodies, but flying abroad do *behold* things which they predict.” Indeed, the very word see-er is akin to clairvoyant. The physical condition of Joan of Arc was in some respects peculiar, and her nerves were in that keenly sensitive state, which usually accompanies the development of clairvoyant power. Several things related of her are explained by this supposition alone. When the courtiers of Charles VII expressed surprise at his implicit faith in the visions of Joan, his reply was to this effect: “One night my mind was in such agitation concerning the wretched state of my affairs that I found it impossible to rest. Long after all others were asleep, I lay awake thinking of the perils that surrounded me, and seeing no hope of any earthly succour. In my distress I rose from the bed, and kneeling on the floor I confessed myself a miserable sinner; but implored God and His glorious Mother to have compassion on me, and send some aid by which I could drive the invaders from my kingdom, and govern it in peace. A few days afterward, this maiden craved an audience, to deliver a message, which, she said, Heaven had sent by her. When she came into my presence, she told me what thoughts had revolved through my mind that night, described how I had risen from the bed and knelt upon the floor, and repeated to me the very words of my secret prayer. By that token I was convinced that God had sent her to me.”

The devout and earnest Joan was doubtless a sincere believer in her own *inspiration*; but she was, as we all know, burned as

a witch in league with the Powers of Darkness. The fact that some nervous women could see things that were happening hundreds of miles away, perhaps gave rise to stories of their riding great distances through the air on a broom, and returning with miraculous swiftness, by the help of the devil. Yet such stories were received as evidence on judicial trials; and many a poor woman, who did not herself know what was the matter with her, was condemned to death thereon.

I have read an article, in I forget what cyclopædia, under the head of "French Prophets," which gives a remarkable account of clairvoyant power among the Huguenots in the time of their terrible persecution. While they were hidden in forests and caves, in constant fear of being discovered and slaughtered, it is stated to have been no uncommon thing for men, women, and even children among them to be seized with strange spasms, during which they described truly at what place their pursuers were, what was their number, what sort of looking men were leading them, and in what direction they intended to move. Was this the effect of an extreme tension of the nerves, produced by prolonged anxiety and fear?

Sir William Forbes, who resided many years in India, in an official capacity, published a book of "Oriental Memoirs," in which he states that he was often told of Brahmins who possessed the power of seeing and hearing things far distant from them. He says an English lady, who was a friend of his, was one day walking on the beach, looking out upon the sea, and thinking of a son, who, she supposed, was then about to arrive in India. Seeing a stranger coming from the opposite direction, in the garb of a Brahmin, she left a wide space for him to pass, being aware that devout Hindoos considered the vicinity of foreigners a contamination. To her surprise he stopped, and said: "You are thinking your son may arrive to-day. The vessel you are expecting will not arrive till three days from this. Your son is not on board, and you will never see him again." Recalling what she had heard of Hindoo prophetic power, the anxious mother said: "Is he dead?" "No," replied the Brahmin, "he is not dead, but he will never come to India." The vessel arrived at the time predicted, bringing tidings that her son had relinquished the plan of coming to India, on account of an eligible offer in America. She never saw him afterward.

It may be remarked that the climate of India tends to produce delicate nervous organizations; and this effect is doubtless much increased by the habits of devotees, who live upon the slightest possible food, stifle all physical instincts, avoid giving any attention to outward objects, and bury themselves in profound

contemplation—those being the means prescribed by their religion for attaining to complete absorption in the “Universal Soul.”

The German writer, Zschokke, in his autobiography, tells of a similar clairvoyant power which he possessed for many years, and which always remained an enigma to him. It came upon him at longer or shorter intervals, without any wish or preparation on his part. Sometimes when he met a perfect stranger a series of visions would suddenly present to him the preceding events of his life. At first he ascribed this to vividness of imagination; but was greatly puzzled when he ascertained by inquiries that his visions were invariably true. He relates some remarkable instances of this, declaring that he gives them publicity because the record of such phenomena may aid future investigations concerning the complicated structure of man. He treats the subject very rationally, says that the mysterious gift appeared to come upon him quite accidentally, and that he never knew it to be of any use to himself or others. He says he never knew any one endowed with a similar faculty, except an old man whom he met in Switzerland, selling oranges; who, as soon as he set eyes upon him, related many of the antecedent events of his life.

Swedenborg, it is well known, possessed this faculty in a very common degree. While at Gottenburg, he described truly the progressive ravages of a great fire as it was then raging in Stockholm, fifty miles distant; and he repeated to the Queen of Sweden, word for word, a secret conversation between her and her brother, the Prince Royal of Prussia, which had occurred years before. He exactly described the place in Prussia where they had their private interview, and told the day and the hour. Many similar things are related of him, and vouched for by credible witnesses.

The wife of a former orthodox minister in Medford, Mass., told me not long ago of a singular clairvoyant experience which came upon her during the crisis of a fever. The son of a neighbour, in whom she was much interested, had gone to sea and was at that time homeward bound. Late in the night her husband sat watching by the bedside, she screamed and, being asked what was the matter, she exclaimed, “The ship Frederic is in is out in a terrible storm at sea. Frederic is climbing the mast. The great waves will wash him overboard. Oh, save him! Save him! Oh, he has dropped in! Oh, and the furious winds are driving the vessel away! Oh, help him! Help him!” Her husband was so impressed by the vividness of her description, and by her tones, that he looked at his watch, and told her the hour and the day of the month, with a res

Before long tidings came of the shipwreck of the vessel and the loss of nearly all on board; and by subsequent interviews with the captain, it was ascertained that the ship had been wrecked in a furious tempest, at the very hour when she had a vision of it, and Frederic had been washed overboard in just the way she described it.

A well-known family in Boston, whose names would at once command belief of anything they might say, often speak to their friends of the clairvoyant condition of their daughter during the last week of her life, when they were with her in Italy. She was much wasted by illness; and, her nervous system being in a highly sensitive state, she often saw things which others did not see, and heard music which others did not hear. One evening she was thus present at her grandfather's house in Boston. She described the individuals of a party assembled there, even to the details of their dress and proceedings, not unfrequently expressing surprise that they appeared to take no notice of her. Subsequent inquiries proved that her description was true in the minutest particulars.

The stories of second sight which are peculiarly numerous in Scotland and other mountainous regions, doubtless owe their origin to the transient possession of clairvoyant power. A Virginia newspaper, called *Southern Opinion*, recounts an instance of second sight by the family of the late Mr. Pollard, its former editor. A Mrs. Pollard—I know not whether mother or aunt of the deceased editor—was walking in her garden very early in the morning, according to her usual custom. Suddenly an unaccountable and oppressive feeling of sadness came over her; and immediately afterwards she saw her son John stretched upon the grass, with blood oozing from his neck, and his face expressive of great physical pain. As her son was in Texas, and she in Virginia, she felt that it was a prophetic vision, and fainted. The next letters that came from Texas brought tidings that he had been killed that morning in a duel.

Miss Hosmer, the sculptor, who has sound health and strong nerves, told me a few years ago, that something had happened in her own experience which she supposed must be what people called second sight. A girl named Rosa, who had been her dressing-maid in Rome, was obliged to return to her mother, on account of increasing debility, indicating consumption. One morning Miss Hosmer called upon her in the course of her ride, and found her better. She returned to her studio, worked as usual, and retired at night perfectly well and in a tranquil state of mind. But, instead of enjoying her customary uninterrupted sleep till day-break, she awoke before day-light, with an entirely new and uncomfortable feeling that some one was in the

room. She reasoned with herself that some bad dream had vanished from her memory and left its effects behind. But she could not compose herself to sleep again, and resolved to rise; thinking, however, that she would wait for the clock to strike in the room below. It was not very long before its loud tones rang in her ear, as she counted to herself one, two, three, four, five. She rose up to leave the bed, when Rosa's smiling face looked in upon her from behind the curtain. It was so real that she had no other thought than of her bodily presence, and exclaimed: "Why Rosa, how did you get here, weak as you are?" "I am better now," was the reply. But when she stepped out upon the floor there was no Rosa there. Feeling perfectly sure that she was wide-a-woke when she saw the face, she remembered the stories of second sight, and immediately after breakfast sent a boy to enquire how Rosa was. He brought back word that she had died at five o'clock that morning.

An intimate friend of mine, whose name I am not authorized to mention, has repeatedly told me that, while sewing in the daytime, in the midst of her family circle, she distinctly saw a relative who had been for some months pining away in consumption. She pointed him out, and was surprised that the others could not see him as distinctly as she did. The watch was consulted, and a messenger sent to his house, who returned with tidings that he had died at the moment she saw him.

Similar stories have come to us from all the ages, and are still told as occurring in all countries. The likeness they bear to each other, indicates a common basis in some law of our mysterious being which is not yet understood. These phenomena probably gave rise to the belief that there is a spiritual body within the material body; a belief which dates back to very remote ages of the world. Hindoo sacred books of extreme antiquity, teach that every human being has an interior body, endowed with senses more subtle and pervasive than those of the external body. The philosophers of ancient Greece described man's spiritual body as having "all the senses in every part of it"—as being "all eye, all ear, all taste." They supposed it remained with the soul after the material body was dead, and they called it the ghost or shade. One of the New Platonists says: "In the world above we shall have no need of the divided organs which we had in the mortal body; for the spiritual body has all the senses united in every part of it." This reminds one of clairvoyants reading sealed letters placed on the top of their heads or the pit of the stomach. We are told that "God made man after his own image;" and do not these phenomena give some hint—faint, indeed, but still a hint—of how the Infinite Being is omnipresent?

The Greeks chose a butterfly for their symbol of immortality, and it is the best type of resurrection which nature affords; for it not only rises out of the dead grub with new beauties and powers, but it has actually lain enfolded within it through the whole of its crawling existence. The caterpillar knows not that he carries within him a more glorious body, which will live on flowers he never tasted, and fly in an aerial element to which he was a stranger. If he could have temporary states, in which he could sail through the air like a butterfly, he would be a clairvoyant caterpillar. And we who witness this beautiful transformation, can we help reading in it a lesson concerning the spiritual body? "It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power.

The Independent, New York.

OBSESSION AND POSSESSION.

THERE are some very able and instructive remarks upon this subject in a paper displaying much research, by the Rev. J. M. Peebles, in the *Banner of Light*, of which we give an abridgment. Mr. Peebles points out how from "the old historic ages" downwards, we have continuous evidence to the truth of spiritual manifestation and power. In India when the Hindoos were casting their spiritual bloom in the glittering hieroglyphs upon the pyramids of mystic Egypt; in sunny Syria—birthplace of the Old and New Testaments; among the profound blaze of Persia, and the star-gazers of Chaldea; in classic Greece and proud, opulent Rome; among the stern Scandinavians, the sabled sons of Africa, and the wild Indians of North America, we have the same chain of testimony to the existence and power of spirits.

Admitting an intercommunion between this and the spirit-world—a conscious presence of spiritual beings, and minds influencing minds, it is as natural as evident that all classes of spirits may, under conditions adapted to their magnetic and spiritual states, impress, inspire, entrance, and at times either partially or completely control mortals. Proofs upon this point are numberless. The higher operating influences are usually denominated entrancements and inspirations; the lower, possessions and obsessions.

It is with the latter class only that Mr. Peebles deals in the

paper before us. We should carefully distinguish between the terms used.

Obsession is from the Latin *obsessio*—besieging; the state of a person vexed or besieged by evil spirits—*i.e.*, lower orders of spiritual beings, while possession signifies that occupancy or control has been gained. Devil, and demon, (more properly *dæmon*), should never be confounded. They are not interchangeable terms.

The Greek term for devil is *diabolus*, and signifies slanderer, traducer, spy. The orthodox Dr. Campbell says: "The word *diabolus*, in its ordinary acceptation, signifies calumniator, traducer, false accuser, from the verb *diaballein*, to calumniate." Hence we read in 1 Tim. iii: 11, "Even so must their wives be grave, not slanderers (*diabolus*), sober, faithful in all things." Here, the pious women of the early Christian Churches are exhorted not to be slanderers—literally, "not to be devils." Jesus says, "John vi: 70, "Have not I chosen you twelve? and one of you (Judas) is a devil."

DEMONS DEFINED.

Demon in the Greek, is *daimon*, to know, a god, used like Theos and Thea of individual gods. It is defined and used by scholars, lexicographers and classical writers thus:

Jones—*Demon*, "the spirit of a dead man."

Cudworth—*Demon*, "a spirit, either angel or fiend."

Grote, the celebrated Grecian historian, declares that "demons and gods were considered the same in Greece."

Lucianus, a Greek writer, born at Samosata, in Syria, used *demon* in the sense of "departed souls."

Archbishop Whately says: "The heathen authors allude to possession by a demon (or by a god, for they employ the two words with little or no distinction) as a thing of no uncommon occurrence."

Alexander Campbell says:—

The demons of Paganism, Judaism and Christianity were spirits of dead men.

Euripides (Hipp. v., 141) makes the Chorus address Phædra:—

Oh young girl, a God (demon) possesses thee; it is either Pan, or Hecate, or the venerable Corybantes, or Cybele that agitates thee.

Dr. Campbell says:—

All Pagan antiquity affirms that from Titan and Saturn, the poetic progeny of Cælus and Terra, down to Æsculapius, Proteus, and Minos, all their divinities were ghosts of dead men, and were so regarded by the most erudite of the Pagans themselves.

Dr. Lardner writes :—

The notion of demons, or the souls of the dead, having power over living men, was *universally* prevalent among the heathen of those times, and believed by many Christians.

Philo Judæus writes, (we quote from Yonge's Translation), referring to the departed and immortalized :—

Which those among the Greeks that studied philosophy call *heroes* and *dæmons*, and which Moses, giving them a more felicitous appellation, calls *angels*, acting, as they do, the part of ambassadors and messengers. Therefore if you look upon *souls*, and *dæmons*, and *angels*, as things differing indeed in name, but as meaning in reality one and the same thing, you will thus get rid of the heaviest of all difficulties, superstition. For the people speak of good dæmons and bad dæmons; so do they speak of good and bad souls. * * * Hence the Psalmist David speaks of the "operation of evil angels."

Plato, speaking of a certain class of demons, says :—

They are dæmons because prudent and learned. * * * Hence, poets say, when a good man shall have reached his end, he receives a mighty destiny and honour, and becomes a dæmon according to the appellation of prudence.

Hesiod, in his *Works and Days*, has these lines :—

But when concealed had destiny this race,
Dæmons there were, called *holy* upon earth,
Good, ill-aversers, and of Man the guard;
* * * * *

Holy dæmons by great Jove designed.

Worcester, in his synonymes, says "Demon is sometimes sued in a good sense; as, 'the demon of Socrates, or the demon of Tasso'"—and then, to illustrate, quotes from that fine author, Addison: "My good *demon*, who sat at my right hand during the course of this whole vision," &c.

That learned *savant*, Cardan, honoured with the friendship of Gregory XIII, says :—

No man was ever great in any art or action, that did not have a demon to aid him.

Ralph Waldo Emerson writes :—

Close, close above our heads
The potent plain of *dæmons* spreads;
Stands to each human soul his own
For watch, and ward, and furtherance.
* * * * *

Sometimes the airy Synod bends,
And the mighty choir descends,
And the brains of Men thenceforth
Teem with unaccustomed thoughts.

Demons, then, in the general and best acceptation of the term, signify the *spirits* of departed *human beings*, with little or no reference to their moral condition. Accordingly, Cudworth defined *demon*, "angel or fiend." The orthodox, who believe in a semi-omnipotent devil—sectarists, the superstitious and

ignorant, consider all demons "evil spirits"—that is, irredeemable, fallen angels.

Some of the older classic Grecians, Egyptian Jews, most German rationalists, and not a few Universalists, who theorize outside of facts, and the recently well-established principles of psychologic science, regard "demons," *all* the spiritual beings of the spirit-world, as perfect and holy. The truth lies between these extremes. Demons are simply the immortalized men of the other life—*spirits* occupying various planes or mansions in that "house not made with hands"—the temple of the Eternal.

ANCIENT HISTORIC REFERENCES.

The roots, the first principles of religion, such as an intuition of God; a sense of human dependence; confidence in a divine government; distinction between human actions, good and evil; belief in immortality; the guardian care and diverse influences of spiritual beings, are among the radical elements of all religions. All enlightened nations have transferred to and preserved some or all of these dogmas in their records. Others have retained them through tradition. In those marvellous books, the Vedas, we get near to that distant source of religious thought and culture which has fed the different national streams of Egypt, Syria, Persia, Greece, and Rome; besides making such an impression upon the minds of the old Christian fathers as to induce St. Augustine to startle even his admirers by saying:—

What is now called the Christian religion has existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the beginning of the human race until Christ came in the flesh, from which time the true religion, which existed already, began to be called Christian.

The Vedas, Puranas and Upanishads, abound in references to the *Devalas* and *Soors*—good angels and subordinate celestial beings—and to the *Dews*, *Asoors* and *Danoos*—evil spirits, and the method of destroying their influences. Upham says, this "doctrine of demons, in full force to-day in the island of Ceylon, is older than Buddhism." Gotama found it when he there made his appearance, 540 B. C. (*Ast. Res.* viii., 531.)

J. C. Gangooly, a young Brahminical priest, visited country a few years since to study its customs, said in so to Rev. W. A. Baldwin, a friend of ours, that the phenomena was nothing *new* to him; adding, that ~~am~~ ~~Hindoos~~ it was old as their national history. He further Mr. Baldwin of the existence of a class of *seers* in ~~hi~~ who lived by the profession of clairvoyance; and remarkably gifted with this spirit power not only ~~had~~

much after the manner of Jesus Christ, but cast out demons. He then described their psychologic method of casting out these demons, declaring he had often been an eye-witness thereof.

The Chaldean philosophers, with whom at Babylon the Jews had so much to do, had an elaborately constructed system relative to the obsessional powers of demons. Speaking of the devices they employ to carry out the arts and selfish schemes, Psallus, quoting from Marcus, of Mesopotamia, says:—

They effect these things not as having dominion over us, and carrying us as their slaves whithersoever they please, but by *suggestion*; for applying themselves to the spirit which is within us, they themselves being spirits also, they instil discourses of affections and pleasures, not by voice verberating the air, but by whisper insinuating their discourse . * * *

If the insinuating demon be one of the subterraneous kind, he distorteth the possessed person and speaketh by him, making use of his lingual organs to convey his ideas. * * * Others stop the voice, and make the possessed person in all respects like one that *is dead*.

No one can fail to see the resemblance between these paragraphs and the language of the New Testament. Take an instance from the gospels:—

And one of the multitude said: Master, I have brought unto thee my son, which hath a *dumb spirit*; and wheresoever he taketh him he teareth him, and he foameth and gnasheth his teeth, and pineth away. * * * And the spirit cried and rent him sore and came out of him; and he was as one dead; insomuch that many said, He is dead.

The learned Marcus, writing of another kind of demon—undeveloped spirit—says:—

And because it is irrational, void of all intellectual contemplation, and is guided by irrational phantasy, it stands not in awe of menaces, and for that reason mostly persons aptly call it *dumb and deaf*, nor can they who are possessed with it by any other means be freed from it, but by the divine favor obtained by fasting and prayer,

See a similar account in the ninth chapter of Mark, where a Jew brought his son to Jesus, possessed with a dumb spirit:

And Jesus asked his Father, How long is it since this came unto him? And he said, Of a child. * * * If thou canst do anything, have compassion on us and help us.

Jesus said unto him, If thou canst, believe; *all things are possible to him that believeth*.

And straightway the father of the child cried out and said with tears, Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.

When Jesus saw the people come running together, he rebuked the foul spirit, saying unto him, *Thou deaf and dumb spirit, I charge thee come out of him and enter no more into him*. And *the spirit* cried and rent him sore and came out of him, and he was as one dead.

But Jesus took him by the hand and lifted him up, and he arose.

Then Jesus said to the disciples, This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting.

Aware that these demoniacal possessions of the New Testament have been the subject of much discussion by the learned for the past hundred years and more, we comment upon the matter in no dogmatic spirit. The ancient fathers, however,

several Neo-Platonic writers of eminence, and the most distinguished commentators, with great unanimity agree that these obsessions literally occurred. The position of carping "Rationalists," that these demons were nothing more than lunacy, epilepsy and sundry diseases, must seem to every sound thinker exceedingly weak and illogical; and for the following reasons:—

I. These demoniacs of the Gospel records and contemporary literature are represented as differing widely from more insane and epileptic individuals. In Matt. iv: 24, the Greek terms show this contrast in a marked manner. See also Luke iv: 33-36. And verse 41, as compared with the 40th, presents the contrast still more direct. Dr. Clarke, commenting upon the 24th verse of the 4th of Matt., says, "Possessed with devils—*demoniacs*. Persons possessed by evil spirits. This is certainly the plain, obvious meaning of demoniac in the Gospels." (*Com.*, vol. v. p. 62.)

II. If *demons* were simply natural, physical diseases, was it not a matter of the highest importance that Jesus should have undeceived his contemporaries, Jews and Greeks, upon this vital point, thus correcting the erroneous and pernicious philosophy of the age? But he did not in a single instance. To say, as some have, he accommodated himself to the prevailing notions of the times, is simple to say, in the language of another, "He who came to bear witness to the truth, accommodated himself to a *lie*." Suppose we were to substitute diseases for *demons* in the scriptural accounts. Take, as an illustration, Mark, xvi: 9, reading, "Now when Jesus was risen, * * * he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils," *daimonia*, demons. Who, with any scholarly reputation at stake, would assume the responsibility of giving us such a rendering and exegesis as the following: "Out of whom he had cast seven devils"—that is, seven diseases, lunacy, lumbago, dyspepsia, rheumatism, colic, pneumonia, and the measles!

III. These obsessing *demons* could not have been diseases and lunatics alone, because they conversed intelligently with Jesus, uttering propositions undeniably correct, and such as were happily adapted to the occasion. On the other hand Jesus addressed these *demons*—spirits—as thinking, conscious individualities, and commanded them, as being from the obsessed or psychologized parties, to leave. Rev. Dr. Wolff, who laboured so long as a missionary in forms us, in his "Life and Travels," that obsess this day in the East. He relates several cases of his own observation. r his

In a late English paper's selections nted in India, we find the following.

The Carnatic (India) *Telegraph*, says:—

Casting out devils in India is extensively practised by the natives; but there is much difficulty to get at the truth. We were present a few weeks ago at an exercise of exorcism. The possessed was a girl of about sixteen, hale and hearty in appearance, and withal, "very good looking," as is the expression applied to native women. She was much excited as she accompanied, or rather preceded, the exorcist, and broke out occasionally into singing and dancing with an energy and manner which showed that she had no self control. The party which went with her stopped at a tree on the way, when the exorcist desired her to halt. His command instantly brought her prostrate before him, and she rolled on the ground in violent contortions. He then said to the obsessing demon "DEPART."

The girl seemed now weak and exhausted, and could hardly walk forward with a steady pace. She was held by one of the male assistants of the priest, and conducted to a tank where she was bathed, somewhat like our Baptist sisters, in her clothes, and came out of her own accord, hardly yet in her right mind. Her exorcist demanded of her to tell him her demoniacal name. She sharply turned upon him, and with a scream uttered her name. He then inquired how many devils had possessed her, to which she replied five.

In the writings of the early Church Fathers, Ignatius, Clemens, Origen, Basil, Gregory of Nyssa, Chrysostom, Ambrose, Augustine, &c., are frequent references to ecstasy, visions, spiritual gifts and demoniacal obsessions.

Judge Edmonds, in his "Spiritualism as demonstrated from Ancient and Modern History," says: "Jesus of Nazareth, the founder of the Christian religion, found this belief in devils (*demons*) fast rooted in the Jewish faith at his advent to earth. It had not its origin with him. He found it there, and recognized it as a *truth*."

Neo-Platonism was founded by Ammonius Saccas. The Neo-Platonist authors, Plotinus, Porphyry, Iamblichus, Proclus and others, as well as the Pythagoric writers, abound in occasional accounts of *theurgy*, celestial *magic*, spiritual agencies and wicked demoniac influences. Plotinus speaks of "demons, mostly invisible, ruling the air." Porphyry, dwelling largely "upon the folly of invoking the gods in making bargains, marriages and such like trifles," strenuously condemned the lower phases of soothsaying and divination, as tending to obsession. Iamblichus, the Cælo-Syrian that passed to spirit-life in the reign of Constantine the Great, wrote largely of the Indian-Egyptian mysteries, enchantments, demons, and their power to influence and obsess mortals.

In brief, the archives of the ages, the history of all nations, are fruitful in facts proving the truth of obsessions; and the psychologic facts of the present century corroborate the general facts of the past upon this subject. As sea-waves go and come, so civilizations and mental tendencies even, move in cycles.

The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.—WHITTIER.

After giving a number of instances of obsession in modern times and in our own day, Mr. Peebles thus replies to the question concerning Spiritualism:—

IS IT NOT DANGEROUS?

If uncultured evil spirits vex and obsess media, under certain conditions, is not Spiritualism dangerous? Yes, dangerous as the sunshine, that, falling alike on flowers and weeds, the just and the unjust, produces an occasional sun-stroke; dangerous as the spring rains, that sweep away old rickety bridges; dangerous as steamers, that now and then send bodies down to find graves under green sea-weeds; dangerous as mining, railroading, telegraphing. Shall we therefore dispense with them? Shall none pursue geological pursuits because Hugh Miller committed suicide? Briars are apt to abound where berries grow, and all blessings are subject to abuses. It is one of the offices of guardian angels to protect their mediums from the inharmonious magnetisms of unwise, perverse spirits, and the psychological attractions of depraved mortals.

HOW TO AVOID OBSESSION.

Obsession being adverse, inauspicious psychological influences, cast upon the organisms—the thoughts and feelings of individuals by such spirits as range for a season the lower plains of spirit existence, the preventive lies in good health, good nature and a true life—in the cultivation of broad, loving, aspirational aims—a firmness of moral principle—a determined purpose to do, dare, live the right—a calm trust in the overshadowing presence of the Infinite, and the holy watch-care of those beautiful angels that delight to do the will of heaven. Ill-health, nervous affections, dejection, despair, suspicion, jealousies, expose the subject to obsessions, or they offer suitable conditions for demons inclined to fun, mischief or base schemings, to carry out their selfish plans. Truth attracts the true, wisdom the wise, love the lovely, charity the charitable, and purity the pure of all worlds.

THE REMEDY.

Kindness and firmness, aspiration and self-reliance, ple physical, social and mental surroundings, with gentle-
monizing, magnetic influences from spirit-circles through
pure-minded media—these are the remedies. Speak
obsessing powers as men, brothers, friends; reason with
members of a common Father's family, and, at the
demagnetizing the subject, bring a healthier, pure-
and calmer, higher and more elevating influences to
relief.

NOTRE DAME DE LOURDES.

THE distinguished French critic, Mr. Scherer, has just reviewed in three successive articles in *Le Temps*, a book newly published entitled, *Notre Dame de Lourdes*, by M. Henri Lasserre. The second of the articles explains circumstantially how, in the course of ten years, the little previously obscure town of Lourdes has become one of the chief places of pilgrimage in the world, with a railway *ad hoc*, and a church which has or will cost two million francs. This explanation is the history of Bernardette, which, in the idea that it may interest your readers, I now send you done into English in a condensed form, and divested of the sceptical commentaries with which it is interspersed by the reviewer.

Bernardette was the daughter of a poor labourer of Lourdes, and could neither read nor write; she was of a delicate constitution and subject to asthma. Her sole employment being to tend sheep, her mind was left free to follow its strong devotional bent, and the lonely hours of the young creature were spent in reciting prayers to the Virgin—the object in the Pyrenees of especial adoration. At the age of 14—while preparing for her first communion—having gone on the 11th of February, 1858, to gather wood on the banks of the Gave, on reaching the rocks of Massabielle she had her first vision. She heard, she said, *the sound as of a storm*, and raising her head, beheld above a grotto, and in a recess of the rock, the figure of a woman of wondrous beauty, robed in white, a veil over her head, and holding in her hand a rosary: a resplendent halo surrounded her. Three days after Bernardette returned with some other children to the grotto, and again she, but she only, beheld “the lady.” On the 18th there was another apparition, but this time in the interior of the grotto, and this time it spoke; audibly, however, to her alone, desiring her to return every morning during a fortnight. The child did not fail. Her parents—at first at a loss what to think of it—now followed her, witnessed her ecstasy, and were convinced that she in reality beheld the Holy Virgin. The report of the visions of the young girl spread around, and on the following Sunday, the 29th February, several thousands assembled on the banks of the Gave, at the early hour at which Bernardette resorted to the grotto. One of the two witnesses, the *Receveur des Contributions indirectes* of the place, has thus described her aspect in her ecstasies, and the impression she produced upon him. “Before the transfiguration of the young

girl, all my preconceived notions, all my philosophic doubts, fell at once to the ground and gave way to an extraordinary sentiment which took possession of me in spite of myself. I felt the certainty, the irresistible intuition, that a mysterious being was there. Suddenly and completely transfigured, Bernardette was no longer Bernardette, but an angel from heaven, plunged in ecstasies unspeakable. She had no longer the same face; another intelligence, another soul informed it." Bernardette had now conversations with "the lady" whose communications became more and more important (in fairness to the sceptics, to whom, no doubt, it will be a great handle we must not omit to mention, that when asked her name, the apparition answered, she was "the Immaculate Conception") sometimes these communications were of a mysterious nature, and she was forbidden to reveal them, sometimes they were orders which she was to execute. "My child," said the Virgin to her one day, "go and tell the priests that I desire that a chapel be raised to me, here." The girl went straight with the message to the Curé, who, somewhat embarrassed, expressed a wish for a confirmation of the message. "We are now," he answered, "in the month of February; tell the apparition, if it desires a chapel, to cause the wild rosebush, which is, you tell me, at its feet, to flower." The rosebush did not flower; but by that time the general enthusiasm had become too intense to be easily chilled. Besides, another marvel has been witnessed—*Bernardette had one day, in her ecstasy, put her fingers into the flame of a candle which she held, without feeling any pain, and without any mark being left on her flesh.* And now came the crowning miracle. On the 29th of February, the day after the request of the Curé, the Madonna desired the girl to scratch the ground at her feet in the grotto, and to drink the water which would issue from the hollow. Bernardette obeyed, and lo! water arose under her hands; at first, muddy and slowly trickling in the thinnest streamlet, but in the course of a few days becoming limpid and abundant. Discased people hastened to make trial of its presumed supernatural virtues, and cures immediately ensued. The first was that of a man, who, after an accident, had almost entirely lost the sight of his right eye, and who recovered it suddenly on application of the water. This, it must be remarked, was a case of organic vision. Several other physicians, of whom one was a fellow of the Faculty of Montpellier, attest alike the facts, and the supernatural of the cure; other cures as marvellous followed. Some persons, at a distance, had the water sent to them, and recovered their health as fully as those who drank from the fountain.

water to possess no properties differing from those of ordinary mountain streams.

In the midst of the great popular excitement, attendant on such a manifestation of supernatural power, the attitude of the clergy remained for awhile neutral and calmly observant. They withstood, indeed, the impolitic intolerance of the Préfect, who, by brute force, sought to crush "the superstition" at its birth, and they obtained from imperial authority reversal of measures taken towards that end; but they pronounced no opinion as to the truth of the alleged miracles, and it was not till some months had elapsed, and cure after cure had been reported, that they appointed a commission—composed, it is true, of the faithful; but among whom were a professor of physics, and a professor of chemistry, to enquire into the matter. The report confirmed the reality of the cures; but, even then, it was not till three years after that the Bishop proclaimed that the Holy Virgin had chosen Lourdes therein to appear, and to work miracles; and that the chapel, now almost finished, began to be built on the rocks of Massabielle.

But alas for poor Bernardette! she, the chosen instrument of the miraculous intervention, experienced no benefit from the waters of the fountain. She is now a sister of charity, and continues to suffer cruelly. Her visions ceased after July, 1858. In 1862, M. Lasserre, whose sight till then had been excellent, began to feel a weakness in his eyes, which went on rapidly increasing, till in the course of a few months he was unable to read or write. While in this distressed state, a friend of his, a *protestant*, just returned from Lourdes, urged him to try the miraculous water. M. Lasserre yielded to his advice, and was cured. He has described the deep emotion with which he received the water, the solemn feeling with which, after fervent prayer, he applied it to his eyes, his rapture on the instantaneous cure it affected; from being unable to read three lines, without painful effort, his sight became at once, and has continued, as good as ever in his life.

Such are the chief features of a recital, which seems just now to have made some sensation in the lettered circles of sceptical and materialistic Paris, calling forth volleys of derisive shouts, and epigrams from the many; but perplexing and staggering, it would appear, to a few. The reviewer himself, it must be said, though a disbeliever in the supernatural, discusses the matter with seriousness and fairness, doing justice to the well-known character of M. Lasserre. His arguments are of the ordinary well-known stamp of the so-called rationalistic school. Trickery, indeed, as an explanation of the miracles, he does not suspect. He ascribes them vaguely "to the hankering after the marvel-

lous—to the love of emotion—to all the passions of which superstition is composed.” His objections are based on the two radical errors,—that intervention of the invisible world would be subversive of the laws of nature; and that its source must be divine. His ignorance of the view taken of the subject by enlightened Spiritualists is complete.

I have italicised the passages where Bernardette describes having heard, just before beholding the apparition, the sound as of a storm; and also that which relates how she held her fingers in the candle without injury; because your readers will remember having seen or heard of such things at *séances*. The sound of a great wind not unfrequently precedes spiritual phenomena, and I have myself seen Mr. Home hold red-hot coals in his hands many minutes unharmed.

I. H. D.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS.

WE have to record the decease, at the advanced age of 87, of Mrs. Charles Mathews, the mother of our distinguished comedian, and widow of that eminent actor, his father, whom she survived 34 years. Mrs. Mathews was the daughter of a much-respected gentleman named Jackson, who had directed his attention to the stage, and had studied as a pupil of Samuel Foote. At an early age Miss Jackson entered the theatrical profession, in which she speedily acquired a good position. The remarkable circumstances attending her marriage have been recorded in the memoirs of Charles Mathews, but the story will bear repetition in this place.

The first wife of Mr. Charles Mathews, sen., was Miss Strong, the daughter of a physician at Exeter. In 1801 she exhibited symptoms of a decline. One evening towards the close of her brief life Mrs. Mathews sent her husband to request that Miss Jackson, for whom she had some time before conceived a warm regard, would visit her on the following day. When the young actress arrived Mrs. Mathews, propped up in bed, maintained a lively conversation till her husband came in, and was delighted to find her thus able to sit up and talk to friend. She told him her present cheerfulness was the result of considerations which had induced her to arrange the interment of her husband. Avowing her conviction that no human skill could prolong life, she adverted to her affection for Miss Jackson, and to the young lady's unprotected state; and then, taking her hand, and in a solemn manner, conjured them to take compassion

anxiety, and pledge themselves to become man and wife after her death. Their agitation was extreme. Mr. Mathews reproved his wife with some impetuosity for placing him in such a dilemma, and Miss Jackson, throwing herself upon her knees, besought the pardon of the dying woman for her refusal to comply, representing the impossibility of her affiancing herself to a man for whom she entertained no warmer feeling than that of friendship. She then quitted the chamber, followed by Mr. Mathews, who implored her not to harbour a suspicion that he had been aware of his wife's intention, which he attributed to something like a delirium produced by her feverish state.

In the May following Mrs. Mathews's illness terminated in death. For some time after that event a natural degree of distance was observed between the widower and Miss Jackson. By degrees, however, the mutual coldness wore off, and a feeling of regard was growing up between them, when a circumstance occurred still more remarkable than the dying woman's appeal. Mr. Mathews's account of his impressions was as follows:—"He had gone to rest after a very late night's performance at the theatre, finding himself too fatigued to sit up till his usual hour to read; but, after he was in bed, he discovered—as will happen when persons attempt to sleep before their accustomed time—that to close his eyes was an impossibility. He had no light, nor the means of getting one, all the family being in bed, but the night was not absolutely dark, it was only too dark for the purpose of reading; indeed, every object was visible. Still he endeavoured to go to sleep, but his eyes refused to close, and in this state of restlessness he remained; when suddenly a slight rustling, as if of a hasty approach of something, induced him to turn his head to that side of the bed whence the noise seemed to proceed, and there he clearly beheld the figure of his late wife, in her habit as she lived, who, smiling sweetly upon him, put forth her hand as if to take his, as she bent forward. This was all he could relate, for in shrinking from the contact with the figure he beheld he threw himself out of bed upon the floor, where, the fall having alarmed the house, his landlord found him in a fit. On his recovery he related the cause of the accident, and the whole of the following day he remained extremely ill and was unable to quit his room."

The remarkable fact is that at the exact hour at which Mr. Mathews was thus affected a vision of the same kind occurred to Miss Jackson. She says, "The same sleepless effect, the same cause of terror, had occasioned me to seize the bell-rope in order to summon the people of the house, which giving way at the moment, I fell with it in my hand upon the ground. My impressions of this visitation, as I persisted it was, were exactly

similar to those of Mr. Mathews. The parties with whom we resided at the time were perfect strangers to each other, and living widely apart, and they recounted severally to those about them the extraordinary dream, for such it will be called, although my entire belief will never be shaken that I was as perfectly awake as at this moment. These persons repeated the story to many before they were requested to meet and compare accounts. There could, consequently, be no doubt of the facts, and the circumstance became a matter of much general interest among all those who knew us." After such a sympathy between the widow and a friend of the departed wife, it was not surprising that the dying request should be fulfilled. On the 28th of March, 1803, Miss Jackson became the wife of Mr. Mathews.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS IN MANCHESTER.

During the past summer, periodical meetings have been held under the auspices of the Manchester Association of Progressive Spiritualists, and discussions have taken place—on some occasions very animated ones—upon the principles of modern Spiritualism. A general convention at the instance of this Association, has been held in the Temperance Hall, at which about 250 persons assembled to hear Papers and Discussions upon various points involved in Spiritual philosophy.

AN INGENIOUS PUFF.

A philosophical instrument maker has taken advantage of the recent controversy on Spiritualism in the *Standard*, to write a letter to that journal, stating that for many years he has had a large sale for spirit-rapping magnets and batteries, expressly made for concealment under the floor, &c., also quantities of prepared wire to be placed under the carpets, oilcloths, &c., and which, he says, were obviously used for spirit-rapping. It is a pity he does not supply us with a list of his customers, with their addresses, so that the matter might be investigated. We hope Dr. Edmunds, of the Dialectical Society, has not been playing into the hands of the mediums, by batteries and prepared wires, concealed in his house in Fitzroy Square, while the committee were holding *séances*. The only instance we know of where such tricks have been played, is that of the pseudo-medium, Mr. Addison, who, according to his own published confession had just such batteries, magnets, prepared wires, &c.,

for counterfeiting spirit-raps, as are made and sold by the correspondent of the *Standard*. As, however, that ingenious, but non-ingenuous person, is known to have had some well-known comic actors associated with him in counterfeiting mediumship, it is possible that they too, together with Mr. Tollemache the conjuror, and some others of that art, may be among the patrons of the philosophical instrument maker, who takes this cheap but transparent method of advertising his business. Mr. Addison, from his own experience, is probably prepared to vouch for the excellence of the articles supplied by his confederate. Even in these days of Moses and puffery the letter in question is one of the most absurd puffs that has been concocted, and we cannot but smile to see how some of our contemporaries who plume themselves upon being specially wide-awake, have been taken in by it. Had Faulkner been able to say he had made machinery for Mrs. Marshall, or any known medium, there would have been something to expose. But we have reason to believe he never fitted up any one's house but Mr. Addison's.

MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

We recently referred to the wide diffusion of Spiritualism in the United States, and to-day we reprint from the current number of the *Spiritual Magazine* an extraordinary narrative by Mr. S. C. Hall, the well-known editor of the *Art Journal*, which affords a remarkable illustration of the existence of the same faith among ourselves. Of the sincerity of Mr. and Mrs. Hall there can be no doubt. Their frank and courageous evidence in a matter wherein laughter and contempt are their certain portion cannot fail to command the respect of thoughtful and generous minds, even should it be held that they are under a lamentable delusion. Spiritualism has been exposed and exploded over and over again, but it is certainly odd that those who profess to have enjoyed an actual acquaintance with the supernatural phenomena are never known to retract, or have their eyes opened to the imposture.—*North Londoner*.

DR. F. L. H. WILLIS.

A very eminent American Spiritualist and medium, has recently visited London on his way to Italy. We refer to Dr. F. L. H. Willis, formerly of Harvard University, Massachusetts, but now for some years practising as a physician in New York. While he was a student at Harvard he became a medium for the most remarkable physical phenomena which attracted great attention, not only in the University, but throughout the

district. A Professor Eustiss was present at two of the *séances* and falsely reported that the phenomena were the result of imposture; and this report was, without any proper enquiry made, the means of Dr. Willis's expulsion from the institution. Dr. Willis has since been much engaged in promoting Spiritualism by lecturing and by his mediumship; and, as he is a gentleman of education and high natural attainments, his advocacy has been one of the chief ornaments of American Spiritualism. A select meeting of Spiritualists entertained him at the Progressive Library and Spiritual Institution, 15, Southampton Row, on Thursday evening, October 14th. Dr. Willis gave a very full account of his mediumship, and of the cruel persecutions to which he was subjected by the Faculty of Divinity at Harvard University. Since that terrible trial he has enjoyed very little good health, and the great amount of work he has done, has necessitated his going to the South of France, to spend the winter, as the only means of prolonging his life. The impression which his very touching and beautiful narrative had upon his audience at the Progressive Library, was the most thrilling which it has been the privilege of English Spiritualists to experience, and the deepest sympathy was felt for him in his sufferings, and appreciation of his remarkable mediumship and brave devotion to the cause of truth. It will be remembered that it was through his hand that the beautiful communication from the spirit of Theodore Parker was given. It is a graphic and pleasing description of spirit life. On his return in the spring we hope he will become known to a much larger circle of English friends.

THE DEAD SEA APES.—LETTER FROM MR. THOMAS CARLYLE.

The *American Scotsman*, published in New York, prints the following letter from Mr. Carlyle to an author who had sent him a pamphlet entitled *The Temple of Isis* :—

Chelsea, London, January 19th, 1869.

Dear Sir,—At last I receive your pamphlet: and have read it with what attention and appreciation I could bestow. Considerable faculties of mind are manifested in it: powers of intellect, of imagination; a serious earnest character; here and there a tone of sombre eloquence, and vestiges of real literary skill. But my constant regret was, and is, to see such powers operating in a field palpably chaotic, and lying beyond the limits of man's intelligence. These are not thoughts which you give; they are huge gaunt vacant dreams, for ever incapable, by nature, of being either affirmed or denied. My clear advice therefore, would be, "Give up all that; refuse to employ your intellect on things where no intellect can avail; to sow good seeds on realms of mere cloud and shadow." The highest intellect which issues in no certainty has completely failed. The world of practice and fact is the true arena for its inhabitants; wide enough for any or for all intellects of men; and never lay more encumbered with sordid darkness and pernicious delusions than even now. Real intellect might write with advantage on such things; better still, perhaps, it might remain

silent, and bend its whole force on illuminating one's own poor path in such a wilderness; on more and more clearly ascertaining, for at least one earnest man, What to do, and How to do it. Probably you will not adopt this advice, almost certainly not at once; nor shall that disaffect me at all. Your tract I found throughout to be rather pleasant reading, and to have a certain interest; nothing in it, except one small section, treating of a thing I never mention, unless when compelled—the thing which calls itself "Spiritualism" (which might more fitly be called "Ultra-Brutalism," and "Liturgy of Dead-Sea Apes")—was disagreeable to me. Yours, with many good wishes,

T. CARLYLE.

[This funnily characteristic letter of Carlyle should be preserved. We have not seen *The Temple of Isis*, but we suppose that it is connected with the search into spiritual causation and powers. It seems to have been enough so, to raise the bile of this great materialist philosopher, and to cause him to bring some of his choicest epithets from his grand and dirty repertory. The worst of such a philosophy as his, is that it would have caused him, had he been born sufficiently early, to have sent similar letters to the Apostles and Prophets, and had they believed him, he would have had the credit of preventing the Bible from being written. We believe that the spiritual world and its connexion with this are of more value than dear Mr. Carlyle's unsavoury epithets and synonymes, and that hitherto he has signally failed in writing bibles.—ED.]

STRANGE OCCURRENCES IN MY LIFE.

It is, as a believer in Spiritualism, that I address to your Magazine the following account of occurrences which came under my own personal observation, long before I had an opportunity of learning any of the great truths of the spirit-world; and when, if I ever thought about Spiritualism at all, I dismissed it from my mind as the religion of knaves and dupes, and unworthy the serious attention of a reasonable man. Within the last year only have I found cause to change all my preconceived opinions on the subject; having been led to investigate the matter by a friend, on whose integrity I could rely, who, being himself a medium, was enabled to shew me such manifestations that I could no longer doubt however unwilling, I resigned my deep-seated prejudices against what I had been taught to consider a vulgar superstition.

Looking at some remarkable incidents in my past life by the new light which Spiritualism throws on them, I fancy they may be interesting to many of your readers, vouched as they can be by the evidence of the persons concerned,—all of whom are still alive.

I mean only to narrate those occurrences in which I was

personally concerned, and for which I have the evidence of my own senses.

The earliest case I can remember occurred in Edinburgh, when I was a boy of about fifteen, living with some relations in that city. Business had called my uncle, Mr. W——, to Leeds, in Yorkshire, and he was not expected back for some time. One day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, I was sitting with my aunt, Mrs. W——, in the drawing-room in Edinburgh: we had been conversing on different subjects—my aunt being in the best of spirits, and in excellent health—when, without the slightest warning, she suddenly fell back in her chair, apparently in a faint; a thing which never occurred to her before.

She remained unconscious for a few minutes, recovering as suddenly as she had gone off, and without the least ill effects from the attack. We had scarcely recovered from the confusion, consequent on the occurrence, when a telegram arrived from my uncle announcing his return that night, and asking if anything was wrong with his wife. When he returned he narrated the following extraordinary incident.

He was writing at a table in the coffee-room of the hotel at Leeds; the room was full of people, and several waiters were bustling about. Suddenly he felt constrained to look towards the door, which was closed. He distinctly saw it open, and my aunt walk in and come straight to where he sat. He remained spell-bound while she approached and stood for a few moments by his side, gazing at him with an intensely sorrowful expression. All at once she disappeared. My uncle, in alarm, questioned all the persons in the apartment, but no one had seen the figure, and all agreed in declaring the door had not opened at all. He came back to Edinburgh by the next train, fearing something had happened, and on comparing notes, we found that the exact time my aunt was in the faint, in Edinburgh, was the time he saw her in the coffee room at Leeds. Just at this period, my uncle sustained a heavy pecuniary loss, which was, however, partly averted by his return to Edinburgh that night.

The next incident occurred in Dublin, a short time afterwards, when I was residing with my mother at the house of a Mr. B——. An only child of Mr. B—— being seriously ill, my mother slept in her room to assist in watching the invalid who was also lying there. On the night in question I had retired to my bed about twelve o'clock, and had slept, I should say, about an hour when I awoke, and looking round the room saw that it was a bright moonlight night. The shutters were not closed, and I had opened the window before going to bed, so everything was clear as daylight.— Suddenly the door, which was close to the

head of my bed, creaked, and I saw, as I thought, my mother slowly enter dressed in her nightgown. She advanced to the middle of the room and stood there wringing her hands and showing every sign of deep grief. I called to her to know what was the matter, never doubting for a moment but that it was actually herself who stood there. Receiving no answer I imagined she must be in a state of somnambulism, to which I knew her to be occasionally subject. I therefore kept quiet and watched her till she moved over to the open window, when, fearing the effect of the night air, I thought it best to awaken her. I therefore jumped out of bed; but had hardly advanced a yard when the figure disappeared. At that moment every bell in the house rang furiously. Much alarmed, I hastily lit a candle, and ran to Mrs. B——'s room. Entering, I found my mother in a heavy sleep; with difficulty I roused her, and on looking at the child we found it a corpse.

In both these cases it is remarkable that the persons whose apparitions were seen at the same time were, and still are, actually alive. Reasoning by the light which Spiritualism has thrown on many hitherto unaccountable occurrences, I am now convinced that though at the moment of the appearances the persons were not actually dead—in the ordinary acceptation of that term—yet that their spirits had temporarily left their unconscious bodies to convey a warning, in the one case of pecuniary disaster, in the other of final death itself. As to the ringing of the bells in the latter instance, it is a fact, provable by many witnesses, that this phenomenon invariably accompanies the decease of any member of Mr. B——'s family; and it is but one of the many ways in which spirits manifest their disembodied presence to mortal beings.

S. A. W.

DRIVEN BY A DREAM.

THE Prince and Princess Salm-Salm, the devoted friends and servants of the late unfortunate Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, have lately published their recollections of the last days of their beloved and lamented master. Prince Salm-Salm was with the Emperor during the memorable siege of Querétaro, sharing with him all his dangers and imprisonment, and barely escaping being shot with him. The Princess, as represented to us by the diaries now published kept by her husband and herself, comes forth a very heroine of romance. Intrepid and courageous as an Amazon, yet tender-hearted and devoted with

the most womanly devotion, young and handsome, and full of marvellous resources—she is, we believe, an American lady. Had the conduct of affairs been left in her hands, unquestionably she would have saved the life of the Emperor, as she fortunately succeeded in saving that of her husband.

In the first pages of her diary, she thus relates the reason of her following her husband to the besieged City of Querétaro, where Maximilian had taken his last position in the losing game, and where he ultimately, after his betrayal by Lopez into the hands of the Liberal Party, was shot. The Princess Salm had been left in a suburb near to the City of Mexico by her husband, in the care of Monsieur and Madame Huhe, the Mexican Consul-General of Hamburgh. She says, "The advanced guard of the Liberal Army passed our house in Tacubaya (a place near Mexico where wealthy Mexicans reside), and I admired their fine horses and uniforms, most of which they had taken from the Imperialists. Tacubaya was occupied by the liberals, and preparations for the siege of Mexico were commenced. *During the following night, I dreamed that I saw my husband dying; the Emperor leant over him, held his hand, and said with deep emotion, "Oh, my dear friend, you must not leave me here alone now." My husband called out my name. Fighting was going on all around, and everywhere. I saw blood, and all the horrors of battle. The same dream was repeated during the next night. Again I saw my husband dying, and heard him loudly call my name. Battle was raging again; all was dark; and from the sombre clouds, lightning was flashing every instant. In the third night I had again the same dream; my husband calling out for me louder than ever. It was natural that dreams three times repeated, should make me extremely uneasy, and the more so, as I am a believer in dreams. I made up my mind therefore, to go to Mexico, and to have an interview with Baron Magnus, and the commanders of the foreign troops, and try what I could do to save the Emperor and my husband, who, it seemed to me, were in the greatest danger.*"

He and Madame Huhe did everything in their power to prevent the Princess carrying out her intention, and being attached to them both, she was much grieved to run counter to their wishes. "However," she writes, "*there are certain impulses which it is impossible to resist, and against which all reasons are powerless. On this occasion, I felt as if urged on by invisible hands to follow the voice of my heart. Although I feigned to be convinced by Monsieur Huhe, yet I decided to go under any circumstances. Monsieur Huhe and his lady, however, did not trust me; and as he was afraid I might abscond during the night, he not only locked the gate, but took the key with him into his*

room. It was necessary to wait, therefore, until the morning when the stable servant came at six o'clock, and the house was open. I then stole from my room accompanied by my maid Margarita, and by my faithful four-legged companion Jimmy. However, Monsieur Huhe was on the look out, and when I was just leaving the house, he came from behind a corner, stood before me with a very long face, and said, "Well, Princess!" I only answered, "Good morning, Monsieur Huhe, and passed on to the railroad depôt." He however took another road, and met the Princess there, and for two mortal hours did all in his power to dissuade her from going to Mexico, representing to her all the fearful risks which she would run; but she remained firm and carried the day, "leaving the poor old gentleman quite pale." "But I did not mention anything about my dreams," she adds, "for he would only have laughed."

Not alone did she visit Mexico, hurrying to and fro for several days from the head quarters of the foreign troops to the head quarters of the Liberal General Porfirio Diaz—being made a bearer of proposals from one to the other for the surrender of the city under such conditions as should insure the safety of the Emperor and his officers, and put an end to the frightful bloodshed going on—negotiations which, however, came unfortunately to nothing—but travelled to Querétaro, the beleaguered city, a journey of three or four days, which she accomplished in the midst of every possible danger. She evidently felt herself not alone—led on by invisible hands, but marvellously protected by them.

At length a bright yellow carriage drawn by four mules, and attended by a small escort, was seen by the inhabitants of Querétaro, upon the side of one of the mountains which commands the city, hastily descending towards it—They imagined that it was the President Juarez, arriving to visit the Liberal General Escobedo, who was laying siege to their strong hold. But it was not Juarez, but the Princess, driven by her dream to seek her husband and her Emperor: there she sat within the yellow coach, travel-worn, heart-sick, impatient, and attended by her maid and her faithful dog. But though she was before the walls of the city, she was not however permitted to enter. Escobedo, she visited and implored and threatened. Juarez, the President, at San Luis, three day's journey from Querétaro, she visited and implored and threatened, and finally was kept at San Luis, as a sort of prisoner, by the President, until the 15th of May. Then was heard a great pealing of bells and great rejoicing. News had arrived of the fall of Querétaro into the hands of the Liberals, through the treachery of Lopez, who had sold the city, the Emperor, and the officers to the Liberals.

Only now was the Princess, ever brave and hopeful, able to enter Querétaro. She had learned that her husband was wounded, that he, together with other officers were imprisoned with the Emperor, and that all would probably suffer death.

In prison she found them. Her husband, however, was not wounded. The prison, a convent, was a vile and wretched place, the noise and stench of which made her on entering "almost dizzy." So miserable did her husband look, that to use her words "he appeared as if he had just emerged from a dust bin." She came as an angel of comfort and hope, at the moment of their dire extremity. Though exhausted herself and comfortless enough, she made them more decent; brought them clean linen; and soothing them with her woman's love, plotted also for them with her woman's wit. Had full power been granted to her, her counsels followed, and gold instead of cheques been given to her, whereby to purchase the Emperor's life from his guards, who were willing enough to be bribed with gold—though they doubted cheques, *mere paper*—unquestionably she would have succeeded in saving the life of Maximilian, as she did the life of her husband.

For the Emperor, however, the tragedy only deepened more and more. Omens spoke to him of his approaching death. Prince Salm tells us that entering their first prison, the Emperor picked up a crown of thorns which lay at his feet. It had fallen from a crucifix in the convent which had been converted into their temporary jail. The Emperor took it, saying, "this is fitted for me," and hung it over his bed. He occupied himself at times with reading the life of Charles the I., of England. When removed to a second prison, a convent, shortly previous to his death, he exclaimed, as he entered the room allotted to him—"Certainly, *that cannot be my room. Why this is a vault for the dead. Indeed this is a bad omen.*" It was, in truth, the pantheon, or burial-place of the Capuchin Convent.

The dream of the Princess, which had inspired her first with the determination to seek and save her husband, and upheld her through so much suffering, is especially interesting to the Spiritualist, as being a specimen of symbolic and prophetic dreaming combined. If we carefully examine, comparing it with the literal facts of the history, we find it representative rather of the spiritual than of the literal. It is a dramatic concentration of those necessities which most nearly touched her heart. Her husband were in great extremity and needed assistance—this was expressed by the horrors of war, fire, and equally true. It was true th

Salm, and repeatedly requested him not to leave him—this the diaries fully prove. The Prince, however, alone was represented each time in the repeated dream as dying. Now *die, he did not*, although long fearing death; whilst of the death of the Emperor, the centre of the whole tragedy, there was no trace in the dream. How is this to be accounted for? Probably the sense of the imminent danger in which her husband was placed was needed to rouse her to the required pitch of energy whereby she should save him—and seek to save the Emperor also—and thus the whole stress of the dream's agony related to her husband! The very exertions made by her to save the Emperor, of which no reference is made in the dream, did in fact probably save her husband. In an interview which she had with Juarez, when she vehemently pleaded with tears, upon her knees, and with many wild words, for the life of the Emperor, Juarez (evidently affected) told her that he could not save the Emperor, but that her husband's life was safe. And so it proved. Doubtless in this, as in all dreams sent for a special purpose, *only just so much was shown as was needed, to produce the effect desired*. Spirit, with all its influence of imagery, at times shows itself a careful economist of strength, becoming thereby, in the end, all the more powerful.

A. M. H. W.

SPIRITUAL CATHARISM.

By the Rev. HUGH MACMILLAN.

THIS new term, derived from a Greek word signifying purity, has been invented to distinguish between ordinary and chemical cleanliness, for the two things are not by any means the same. We imagine that our bodies, when we have thoroughly washed them, are perfectly free from all impurity; but the chemist proves to us by convincing experiments that though we wash ourselves with snow-water, and make our hands never so clear—yea, though we wash ourselves with nitre, and take us much soap—we are still unclean. We cannot be made chemically clean by any process which would not injure or destroy us. The slightest exposure to the air—the great receptacle of all impurities—covers our skin with a greasy organic film, which pollutes every substance with which we come into contact. It is well known that the process of crystallization in chemical solutions is set agoing by the presence of some impurity in the *shape* of motes or dust-particles, which act as nuclei around which the salts gather into crystals. But it is not so well

known that if the solution be protected from all floating impurities by a covering of cotton-wool, which filters the air, it may be kept for any length of time, at a low temperature, without crystallizing. A glass rod that is made chemically clean by being washed with strong acids or alkalies, such as sulphuric acid or caustic potash, can be put into the solution without exciting any change in it; but the smallest touch of what the most fastidious would call clean fingers, starts at once the process of crystallization, thus showing that the fingers are not truly clean. Nature is exceedingly dainty in her operations. Unless the agents we employ are stainlessly pure and immaculate, they will not produce the results which we naturally expect from them. Thus, for instance, if we scrape a few fragments from a fresh surface of camphor, and allow them to fall on water that is newly drawn from the cistern-tap into a chemically clean vessel, they will revolve with great rapidity, and sweep over the surface; but if the vessel, previous to its being filled, has been rubbed and polished with a so-called clean cloth, or if the water has stood awhile, or if a finger has been placed in it, the particles of camphor will lie perfectly motionless, thus proving that, however clean the cloth, or the vessel, or the finger may seem, an impurity has been imparted which prevented the camphor from exhibiting its strange movements. Or to adopt a more familiar experiment: if we pour a quantity of lemonade, or any other aerated fluid, into a glass which seems to be perfectly clean and bright, the lemonade will at once effervesce and form bubbles of gas on the sides of the glass. But if we first wash the glass with some strong acid or alkali, and then rinse it thoroughly with fresh water newly drawn, we may pour the lemonade into it, and no bubbles will be seen. The reason of this difference is, that in the former case the glass that appears to us to be clean is in reality impure with the products of respiration or combustion, or the motes and dust of the air, which act as nuclei in liberating gas; whereas in the latter case the glass is absolutely clean, and therefore no longer possesses the power of liberating the gas from the liquid. If we stir or the spoon with which we excite renewed effervescence in an aerated liquid that has become still, produces this by its motion, as we should suppose, but by its uncleanness it is possible to free it from all impurity, we might never so long without raising a single sparkle.

From these examples we see the importance of a clean surface in the performance of many experiments. The influence of the slightest speck of dust in modifying the results is clearly seen. They reveal to us the universal presence of impurity, and apparently the cleanest vessels from which we

the snowiest table-linen that we use—in our hands, however scrupulously washed—in short, in ourselves and in all our surroundings, however careful we may be. Our utmost purity is a mere relative or comparative thing. We may be cleaner than others; but the highest standard of physical cleanliness we can reach comes far short of the absolute chemical standard. So is it likewise in the spiritual world. Our idea of purity and God's idea are two very different things. Comparing ourselves with ourselves or with others, we have no sense of contrast. We may appear to have clean hands and pure hearts, but in the eyes of Him in whose sight the immaculate heavens are not clean, and who chargeth the sinless angels with folly, we are altogether vile and polluted. In the mirror of God's absolute holiness, the purest of earthly characters sees a dark and defiled reflection. Immeasurably greater than the difference between chemical cleanliness and ordinary cleanliness is the difference between God's purity and man's purity. The physical fact is but the faint image of the moral; and chemistry, in showing to us the wonderful purity of nature's operations, gives a new meaning and a deeper emphasis to the declaration of Scripture, that nature's God is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, that he cannot look upon sin. Chemical cleanliness is a scientific truth, which, when once comprehended, is the same for all minds at all times; but the moral truth of God's infinite purity has a widely different meaning for different souls, or for the same soul at different times.—*The Family Treasury*, October, 1869.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

634, Race Street, Philadelphia, U.S.A.,
Sept. 7th, 1869.

SIR,—I felt somewhat rebuked in seeing my name in your list of contributors, as it is a long time since I have sent anything to you; and I am impressed to send you a slip from our *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, containing a report of an address given by me in Baltimore. Perhaps you may find something worth extracting for your valuable and highly interesting paper. You will do as you think proper with it, and I will endeavour to send you an article ere long. We have just held our Sixth National Convention at Buffalo, N.Y. It was large and earnest, and we are certain that our cause has made more rapid progress during the past year than any former one. We are fast reaching that position in which, having learned to respect ourselves, we must command the respect of the world. Our members have been such as to do this; but we needed the ridicule and scorn to help us to a higher and better appreciation of the grand truth of our divine religion and philosophy. I suppose you have Bro. Peebles with you now.

I am, with sentiments of regard and esteem, yours very truly,
HENRY T. CHILD, M.D.

[We shall try to find room for the address.—ED.]

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1869.

REMARKABLE CURE OF M. LEON FAVRE,
CONSUL-GENERAL OF FRANCE, OF A COMPLAINT OF FORTY
YEARS' STANDING BY A SPIRIT PHYSICIAN.

THE *Revue Spiritualiste*, Nos. 4 and 5 of the present year, contains the conclusion of M. Leon Favre's account of his experiences as a Spiritualist, some portion of which we gave in the March number of this Magazine for 1869, p. 119. The whole of this article, which is a long one, presents, an able exposition of the characteristics of Spiritualism: its difficulties, obscurities, contradictions, defective evidence of identity in the spirits communicating and other features, which he contends are but the inevitable attendants on a dispensation not new, but new to a scientific and analytic age. He anticipates the steady clearing away of its present uncertainties, and its advancing through better knowledge both of fact and method into a future of the greatest brilliancy and importance. "Even now," he says, "it possesses a practical and immediate utility, for the super-terrestrial world being composed of a hierarchy of intelligences, resembling our own, and precessional links connecting it with our sympathies, the spirits are able to appeal to its love, and without pre-occupying it with an identity not always demonstrable, can profit by its announcements, and the succours of all nature; the happy invisibles are always desirous to afford us their assistance, and especially, we are spared those disappointments which we meet with in other branches of these researches. A positive nature outweighs a hundred abortive attempts, the proof of possibility, whilst the non-success may proceed from the defect of our method or of the medium."

N.S.—IV.

M. Leon Favre now proceeds to give two facts of an indisputable character. The first is that of Count L——, of Corfu, who succeeding to the domain of his father, found himself immediately involved in legal difficulties by the absence of certain deeds and in danger of losing the whole. This his father, through the table, prevented, not only by spontaneously informing him where he would find the indispensable documents, but added such advice for the conduct of the affair that he was speedily in full and quiet possession of his estate.

But the most remarkable relation, and it is one of the most remarkable ever recorded, is that which regards himself. He says:—"I was in 1826 at Livorno. I was there poisoned by eating of a large sort of lobster, probably cooked in a copper vessel in bad condition. I was saved by medical energy, but the poison left the most terrible effects on my stomach, the most singular symptoms seized me. I had a gastric complaint which lasted seven years, and which was succeeded by nervous maladies, strange lethargies and morbid effects which defied every scientific remedy. The crises were marked by the most frightful circumstances. Sometimes my eyes were convulsed, the pallor of death overspread my features which were distorted by the most painful contractions; my cheeks instantly sunk, all my limbs became rigid; my body was stretched out like a corpse, I often fell with my head against the wall, and I lay in this state of catalepsy. Sometimes the attack seemed to come down on me like a bird of prey; my intestines, stomach and chest seemed wrenched and twisted violently. The paroxysm lasted for an hour at most, but it left a fearful havoc in the system. Frequently it produced aberrations of vision which caused me to see every object triple, always followed by a prostration and temporary exhaustion of all my forces. My digestion was disordered, difficult, and, take what precautions I would, it was impossible to ward off the attacks. I was everywhere subject to the invasion, in repose or in agitation of mind and body, at Paris, or on the summit of the Cordilleras, without apparent or appreciable cause.

"Still in Bolivia, where I resided nearly nine years, the complaint seemed to have somewhat abated its intensity, though it occasionally manifested itself at moments of relative tranquillity. I was transferred to Tampico, and the necessity to subdue a mortal fever, occasioned considerable doses of quinine to be administered to me. I recovered, but the old complaint re-appeared with its original intensity.

"On my return to Paris I combated without success this cruel malady. The crises increased in duration. Formerly they did not exceed one or two hours, they now extended to twelve or fifteen. The cramp announced itself suddenly; sometimes in the

stomach, sometimes in the chest, more rarely in the head. All my nerves were contracted to such a degree as to form a chaplet sensible to the touch, and which moved with the undulations of a serpent. Then the spasms seized me, bringing on vomitings so terrible that they seemed to make certain the breaking of some blood-vessel. The scene was awful to witness. The visage livid, the surface distorted, I rolled in convulsions, whilst a cold perspiration bathed my limbs, and, to the spectators, I appeared in the crisis of dissolution. By degrees the symptoms abated, the cramps gradually ceased, but leaving a horrible prostration. A general soreness internal and external made my whole body one agony; speech was impossible, the throat continued inflamed, the eyes swollen and bloodshot. This condition of misery, which appeared supportable only by comparison with that of the crises, continued from three to eight hours, including a gradual return to the normal state.

“It may be imagined that I had tried everything—allopathy, homœopathy, hydropathy, magnetism, somnambulism, electricity, shampooing, warm baths, empiricism. I had tried all with a persistency and a scrupulosity of application which proved the inefficiency of all the medicaments employed. I endured a life of the most sickly wretchedness, when I was conveyed to Corfu. The climate had no beneficial effect on this terrible condition of my nerves. Heat and cold were all the same to me. The cramps continued to torture me. I had attacks of fifteen, seventeen, and twenty-six hours of duration. Ice, taken at the commencement, sometimes tempered the crisis. I tried also with some success, chlorodyne; but I had quickly exhausted these remedies—palliatives for a brief time, but quickly becoming powerless. I succeeded, occasionally in delaying the attacks, two, four, eight hours; but the malady only paused, as it were to collect its forces, and then rushed on with a violence which nothing was able to resist.

“That which alarmed my friends was that the attacks lessened their intervals. So long as an interval of two or three months separated the formidable attacks, there was time for my recovery, and I prepared for the conflict; but anxiety seized me between the principal paroxysms, I perceived a succession of lesser ones intercalate themselves, which took away all power of resistance. It became perfectly clear to me that if no remedy for this state of things could be found, I must inevitably and succumb.

“I had naturally availed myself of the skill of eminent men, who are not rare at Corfu. One of the best known for his science and his writings, Doctor C., was at the same time my physician and my friend. E

inability to cope with an evil so redoubtable, but his science might well prove ineffectual after the fruitless trials that I had everywhere made. He saw me continually worse,— a prey to attacks less violent, it is true, but which recurred every three or four days, and left me disarmed before one still more formidable.

“Dr. Cogevena belonged to that order of inquiring minds whom nothing fully satisfies, and who are continually making fresh researches. He was one of those medical men whose independence casts off the yoke of the schools, and appropriates to itself every means of cure, whatever may be its origin. He had already manifested those tendencies in a learned work on magnetism written in conjunction with the celebrated Professor Orioli. A conscientious magnetizer, he could not remain insensible to therapeutic mediumship, and his attention was arrested by the possibility of utilizing these new forces for the accomplishment of cures. Immediately on my arrival he put himself in communication with a medium inspired by a spirit physician. I followed his directions for some time without finding any benefit, and, after having consulted him twice, I abandoned altogether his prescriptions.

“A year later this medium died and the spirit which influenced him passed to his niece, a young woman, gentle and modest living laboriously from the profits of a little primary school for young girls. Proud and benevolent, Catarina was happy to do good, and was offended by the least offer of remuneration. She placed her mediumship at the disposal of all who suffered. She wrote mechanically without the least consciousness of what she wrote. She often wrote in French of which she knew very little, and in English of which she was entirely ignorant. Her honesty, her delicacy, her sincerity, have never been called in question by any one. I had only seen her once in a *soirée* of experiments.

“Dr. Cogevena consulted her about a year after I had ceased to follow the prescriptions of the spirit, and one evening as he was speaking of one of his patients, the spirit all at once interrupted him:—

“‘Friend,’ he said, ‘I have found a remedy for your client Leon,’ and he proceeded to explain to him that I must use the apparatus of Mansdorf, but reversing the poles and putting the negative on the upper part instead of the positive as directed by the inventor. A drowning man catches at straws. I accepted the information of the spirit whose personality is sufficiently curious to merit some words. He declared his name to be Giacomo Giaferro; that he was born at Venice in 1418, and died in 1510, at the age of 92, at Verona, where he practised medicine.

“Generally, medical healers proceed on the system of the somnambules. They inspect the patient and prescribe their

remedies without the subject being required to give any explanation. Giaferro acted like a living doctor. The patient gave the history of his complaints without omitting the smallest detail. Giaferro listened scrupulously to the present diagnosis, but he rarely foresaw that which might unexpectedly arise. I assembled often with me three or four physicians to act as a check upon him. I have heard them dispute with him, make fresh consultation of the patient according to his indications, find that they were wrong, and that he (Giaferro), the invisible, was right! His appreciations were marked by an exactness remarkable, and nearly always I have seen the doctors adopt his opinion in the treatment of the case. His character was impetuous and of an extreme susceptibility. Overflowing with affection for those who sympathised with him, he could not endure irony or doubt. He admitted fully contradiction made in good faith, but the moment that he perceived the slightest raillery or incredulity on the part of those in discussion with him, he disappeared, and no effort, no solicitation could prevail on him to return.

"It was under the direction of this invisible doctor, at first watched by my friend Cogevena, that I placed myself, as I have said, on the 5th of March, 1868. Reversing the method of Mansdorf, he placed the silver on my stomach, and the zinc under the soles of my feet, commencing by an application of ten minutes, which augmented every day by as much additional time, arrived finally at nine hours. During three months, examining me every week, oftener twice than once, at first with the concurrence of Doctor Cogevena, then by himself alone, he alternated the poles, placing on the stomach sometimes the positive, sometimes the negative, varying the duration of the applications, suspending them occasionally for some days, and taking as the principal basis of his internal treatment bismuth, calcined magnesia, and the codeine of Berthé. At the end of three months he declared that I was cured of my cramps, and that they could never return. He continued, however, till December, the use of the apparatus, increasing progressively the intervals between the applications. He ended by suspending them altogether. In fact, I was well."

"Cured by an invisible hand after having suffered forty years, and having exhausted all known medical remedies! impossible to retrace here the minute cares, the extreme tenderness, the expression of love which accompanied this pro treatment. The soul of this man seemed to knit up with me every to watch over me, and, let the sceptics own a holy and fraternal relation which for eternity.

"But this was not all; I have to give account of a phenomenon which will meet with still greater credibility."

to a mysterious magnetizing performed upon me by the spirits. I have explained at the commencement of this article the effects which followed, when concentrating my attention on myself, I called on the great concourse of the invisibles. I then became conscious of a magnetic current identical with that which streams from the hand of an earthly magnetizer, and more than once my mother assuaged my pains. Giaferro counselled me to recur to this aid, and every day I caused myself to be thus magnetized. I perceived three distinct currents; one sweet, cooling, caressing but superficial; another penetrating, infiltrating, so to say, to the very marrow of my bones; a third more material, if I may so express myself, but irresistibly powerful, pouring over me like a torrent. Was this the beneficent work of three different friends, or was it an alternating mode applied by one only? I know not; but Giaferro attributed to himself the last influence, which compelled me to stoop my head from the ardour with which he sought to relieve me.

“ Now, whenever the *avant-couriers* of the cramp presented themselves, I called on my magnetizers, and their goodness never allowed me to call in vain. They flew to my aid, and in proportion as the nerves of my stomach and the chest were swelled and racked and twisted, they poured on them their magnetic currents with a correspondent vigour, and maintained the conflict till they became the victors. I perceived at the same instant what would appear incredible, the double action of the physical torture and of a certain moral repose coming to the aid of the magnetic action, and which so far subdued the nervous tension as to feel distinctly the joy of being so protected.

“ It was not possible to attribute to the imagination the expression of my sufferings. Those who had tended me so often could not be deceived in the terrible contractions which testified to the violence of the pain which they knew in the ordinary course of things to be without remedy. Another proof there was, to them unanswerable. All the attacks, whatever might be their duration, were followed by a period of depression proportioned to the violence of the shock. This second phase never varied in its symptoms. Well, the cramps which disappeared, under the influence of the invisible magnetism, left after them the inevitable traces of their action, in the condition of external and internal soreness, identical with that which followed the more formidable attacks. I felt the consequence of the evil which I should have endured, but of which I could only affirm the singular assuagement. I submitted every day to this magnetic action. The cramps, violent at first, gradually relaxed in their force, and became less frequent till Giaferro said, ‘ The cure is complete. Take off the *plaques*. ’ ” (The metallic plates).

M. Leon Favre gives some curious incidental facts occurring during this course of cure. This was one:—"One evening, when alone with my wife, a sudden attack of cramp came on. It was about ten o'clock. I lay down on the sofa and called upon Giaferro; at the end of ten minutes I was affected by the current which I attributed to his action. In a quarter of an hour I arose perfectly relieved and took my tea with my wife. The next morning I received a note from Catarina, in which she said that the evening before, in the midst of a *séance* in which she was consulting Giaferro for another patient, he suddenly wrote—"I must leave you to go to my friend Leon, who calls me." And Giaferro disappeared. It was ten o'clock." M. Leon Favre says that that day he had not seen Catarina, and did not know before that she consulted Giaferro for other patients.

This case of spirit cure is undoubtedly one of the most important on record.

The position of the patient—Consul-general of France, brother of the celebrated orator and statesman, Jules Favre, and himself, as evidenced by this narrative, a man of clear, logical, and vigorous intellect, is such as to place the case beyond all doubt or denial. The record and description of it being from his own pen and his own publication, and its occurrence so recent as the close of 1868, it combines the most perfect elements of positive evidence; its authenticity is, in fact, unassailable.—*From the "Revue Spiritualiste," issued in September of the present year.*

MR. CARLYLE AGAIN.

The following correspondence on this subject has appeared in the *Bristol Times* of 1st November:—

"MR. THOMAS CARLYLE ON MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

"There came in a wise man and a fool; the wise man heard, pondered, investigated, and then decided; the fool decided.

"Gentlemen,—The *Bristol Daily Press* of the 19th contains the following production:—

"*A Letter from Mr. Thomas Carlyle.*

"The *American Scotsman*, a new weekly, published New York, prints the following letter from Mr Carlyle.

“ ‘Chelsea, London,
 “ ‘Jan. 19, 1869.

“ ‘DEAR SIR,—At last I receive your pamphlet ;* and have read it, with what attention and appreciation I could bestow. Considerable faculties of mind are manifested in it ; powers of intellect, of imagination ; a serious, earnest character ; here and there a tone of sombre eloquence, and vestiges of real literary skill. But my constant regret was, and is, to see such powers operating in a field palpably chaotic, and lying beyond the limits of man’s intelligence. These are not thoughts which you give ; they are huge gaunt vacant dreams, for ever incapable, by nature, of being either affirmed or denied. My clear advice, therefore, would be—give up all that ; refuse to employ your intellect on things where no intellect can avail ; to sow good seeds on realms of mere cloud and shadow. The highest intellect which issues in no certainty has completely failed. The world of practice and fact is the true arena for its inhabitants ; wide enough for any or for all intellects of men ; and never lay more encumbered with sordid darkness and pernicious delusions than even now. Real intellect might write with advantage on such things ; better still, perhaps, it might remain silent, and bend its whole force on illuminating one’s own poor path in such a wilderness ; on more and more clearly ascertaining, for at least one earnest man, What to do, and How to do it. Probably you will not adopt this advice—almost certainly not at once ; nor shall that disaffect me at all. Your tract I found throughout to be rather pleasant reading, and to have a certain interest ; nothing in it, except one small section, treating of a thing I never mention, unless when compelled—the *thing which calls itself* “*Spiritualism*” (which might more fitly be called “*Ultra-Brutalism*,” and “*Liturgy of Dead-Sea Apes*”)—was disagreeable to me.

“ ‘Yours, with many good wishes,
 “ ‘T. CARLYLE.’

The last paragraph of this letter fairly took away my breath ; those horrid-looking compounds, ‘Ultra-Brutalism,’ and ‘Liturgy of Dead-Sea Apes!’ What could they mean ? Had they any reference to a species of literary gorillas, who brandish long ugly words like clubs, wherewith to scare away their weaker brethren (especially if they happen to have a black skin), and thus prevent them investigating things for themselves ? Or were they mere ‘windbags’—‘full of sound and fury, signifying nothing ?’ The author of said words loomed up before my

* *The Temple of Isis*. By William Donovan.

bewildered imagination as one who—

Doth bestride the (literary) world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves befogged, bamboozled, mystified.

But no—this could not be—I must be on the wrong track, and another train of thought supervened. The oracle who gave forth these utterances is evidently in possession of some new light; he has penetrated the arcana of Spiritualism and dived into the recesses of its hidden lore; doubtless he has investigated its whole phenomena, and is in a position to hold it up to the scornful gaze of a contemptuous public. Yes, I will seek this mystery-man, peradventure he may disenchant me of my delusion, and be as a “lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.” Having thus resolved, in the simplicity of my heart I penned the following note, and enclosed it, with the printed letter, to Mr. Carlyle:—

“ ‘ Gallery of Fine Arts, 12, Clare Street,
“ ‘ Bristol, October 23, 1869.

“ ‘ DEAR SIR,—If you will kindly answer the following question, I shall esteem it a favour—‘Have you at any time, by the aid of your own senses, investigated the phenomena of modern Spiritualism?’—I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,
“ ‘ GEORGE TOMMY.

“ ‘ Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.’

Imagine my surprise and astonishment when the next post brought me the following courteous and lucid confession—

“ ‘ By volitⁿ or except passively and by accidⁿ I never did; nor have the least intentⁿ of ever doing. “ ‘ TC.’

“ Only fancy! Mr. Carlyle, in those exceptional cases, investigating ‘the thing which calls itself Spiritualism,’ ‘passively and by accident,’ and not ‘by volition!’ But comment is superfluous—the reader will draw his own conclusions, which will probably be that, as Mr. Carlyle has ev any real sense of the word, never investigated the his virulent tirade against Spiritualism was not for, but absolutely unfair and dishonest.

“ I am, Gentlemen, yours resp

“ 7, Unity Street, College Green,

“ Bristol, Oct. 29, 1869.”

[It is most interesting to observe the the great Mr. Carlyle has been drawn, confess that he knows nothing of the given us his unsavoury epithets. It i

perpetuate the views of a great man, that we have gone to the expense of lithographing a fac-simile of the curious note in which the inventor of windbags has pronounced himself. He will henceforth take rank, in the annals of these phenomena, with Professor Tyndall who lately made so incautious an attack, and found himself to his great surprise on his back instead of on his feet. These great guns of science and literature make but a sorry show so far; and now that Mr. Carlyle has gibbeted himself, we can but hope that his sad fate will operate as a warning to others of his kind for the future.

Mr. Carlyle has since found another mare's nest about the German word *Hochkirchen*, as to which he has dogmatically pronounced that it cannot exist in the language. The only difficulty seems to be that it *does* exist in repeated instances, otherwise Mr. Carlyle might have been quite right. The same is the case with the phenomena of Spiritualism. The misfortune for him is that they exist, whereas, he says, they cannot exist. We learn, therefore, from this, that things may exist, notwithstanding Mr. Carlyle's denial of their possibility.—ED.]

A FEW MORE WORDS ON MR. CARLYLE'S LETTER.

MR. CARLYLE seems to have grown sceptical and cynical with age. His letter in our last number will only add to his reputation in this respect. Like many of his utterances, it shews a hardness and asperity painful to reflect on, especially to those familiar with his earlier and better temper of mind. The public has not forgotten his pronouncements on the "Nigger question," nor his favourite plan for the treatment of criminals—that of having them "swept into the dust-hole;" nor the contempt he has expressed for the majority of his countrymen, whom he styles "Thirty millions, mostly fools;" nor that his admiration of late seems to have been reserved exclusively for such "heroes" as ex-Governor Eyre and Frederick of Prussia—the impersonations of vengeful brute force, and unprincipled, unbridled, passionate self-will. Indeed, the term "ultra-brutalism" (he might as appropriately have called it "ultra-bigamy"), applies far more fitly to much of his own philosophy than it does to the philosophy of Spiritualism.

Happily there is a better side to Mr. Carlyle's teaching. His "philosophy of clothes," is certainly not based on the idea expressed in his recent letter, that intellect should be exclusively engrossed with what he now styles, "the world of practice and

fact," but is, on the contrary, an emphatic protest against it. In that wisest of all his books, *Sartor Resartus*—he calls upon us to sweep away the illusions of Space and Time, as the "deepest of all illusory appearances." He asks, "Are we not Spirits shaped into a body, into an appearance; and that fade away again into air, and invisibility?" And he tells us that man, "though based to all seeming, on the small visible, does, nevertheless, extend down into the invisible, of which invisible, indeed, his life is properly the bodying forth." In speaking of "the white Tomb of our Loved One," and of "the lost Friend," he says "Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable." He enquires, "Come there not tones of Love and Faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the song of beatified Souls?" And, to give only one further excerpt,—in criticising the secular, materialistic tendencies of the age, Mr. Carlyle writes:—"In fact, if we look deeper, we shall find that this faith in mechanism has now struck its roots deep into man's most intimate, primary sources of conviction; and is thence sending up, over his whole life and activity, innumerable stems—fruit-bearing and poison-bearing. The truth is, *men have lost their belief in the invisible*, and believe and hope and work only in the visible; or, to speak it in other words, this is not a religious age. Only the material, the immediately practical, not the divine and spiritual, is of importance to us."*

* Of the need of Spiritualism to correct this tendency, and to bring home to the convictions of men the certainty, and the true nature of the spirit-world, we need no better witness than Mr. Carlyle himself. In his earliest work, the *Life of Schiller*, is the following passage, which in its gloomy scepticism reaches a climax that makes one shudder.—"What went before and what will follow me I regard as two black impenetrable curtains, which hang down at the two extremities of human life, and which no living man has yet drawn aside. Many hundreds of generations have already stood before them with their torches, guessing anxiously what lies behind. On the curtain of Futurity many see their own shadows, the forms of their passions enlarged and put in motion; they shrink in terror at this image of themselves. Poets, Philosophers, and Founders of States, have painted this curtain with their dreams, more smiling or more dark, as the sky above them was cheerful or gloomy; and their pictures deceive the eye when viewed from a distance. Many Jugglers, too, make of this our universal curiosity: by their strange mummeries they have a outstretched fancy in amazement. A deep silence reigns behind this; no one once within will answer those he has left without; all you can hollow echo of your question, as if you shouted into a chasm."

Happily, that which had been regarded as this "black impenetrable of Futurity" has been drawn aside; multitudinous voices in unmistaken have broken the deep silence which we are told had reigned behind; joyous answers have come to us in place of the hollow echo as a which had alone been heard by many a questioner. And this has "many hundreds of generations," which Poets, Philosophers, and States had failed to reach, Mr. Carlyle can only characterize as "the Liturgy of Dead Sea Apes."

All this is so conformable to Spiritualism, so well expresses its spirit and aim, that we might think it extracted from "The liturgy of Dead Sea Apes," a bit of slang, of which we leave Mr. Carlyle to interpret the meaning, if indeed in using it he ever had any. He may have thought to silence Spiritualists by it, as O'Connell silenced the abusive fish-woman by calling her an "old hypotenuse;" or, like Dr. Johnson in unsuccessful argument, his pistol having missed fire he has tried to knock down his opponent with the butt-end of it. If, however, Dead Sea Apes may be permitted to address and interrogate philosophers, we would propound a few plain questions to Mr. Carlyle, and, as the stump orators say, we "pause for a reply." These then, Mr. Carlyle, are a few of the queries to which we respectfully request an answer:—

Is Spiritualism true or false? If you assert it to be false, is it not a duty to prove it so, and thus transform a few millions of Dead-Sea Apes into the image and likeness of latter-day philosophers? If it be true, even though it be a truth you do not like, would it not be better to respect it as one of the "Veracities" of the Universe rather than seek to silence its advocates by slang, or to knock them down with opprobrious epithets? You have been eloquent against "Shams" and "Windbags." Is not a Sham, one who vituperates a subject without having taken the pains to properly inform himself concerning it? And if a writer employs terms without meaning, and which serve only to express a dislike of what he does not understand, and to conceal his ignorance of the subject on which he writes, is he so far any other than a Windbag? Lastly, we would ask Mr. Carlyle if in his present state of evident want of knowledge of the true character of Spiritualism and of all disposition to investigate it, it would not in reference thereto be quite advisable to bear in mind his own favourite maxim, which has now passed into a proverb, that "Silence is golden." To utter words without knowledge, and pronounce judgment before inquiry, surely is not wise, but otherwise. Is it not so, O Prophet of the Latter-day?

T. S.

FROM AN OUTSIDER.

If there is one characteristic of human thought of which humanity can hardly rid itself—which is equally marked in the votaries of the most opposite opinions, and not seldom forcibly displayed by those who rail at it in the very utterance of their railings—it is intolerance. Liberals, for instance, speak of

bigotry as peculiar to Tories; but I never found a Tory half as bigoted as are most Liberals of the extreme school. Few of these will admit that a Tory can be at once honest, benevolent and wise,—and that in a country which boasts of a Peel, a Pitt, and a Salisbury. Freethinkers, to my certain knowledge, are as bigoted and intolerant as Calvinists or Catholics. One gentleman, an Oxford man, fellow of Baliol, and a Saturday Reviewer, told me that Lord Salisbury could not be an honest man, “for no man of his intellect could possibly believe in the church doctrines he pretends to hold.” Science is as intolerant as faith, and I regret to say that Spiritualism is just as intolerant as science.

It sounds to me very silly when a man of science says—“This is impossible; and if everybody in the world told me it was true, I wouldn’t believe it.” This implies, first, that science is infallible, and next that *he* knows all that science has to teach. “The rising of the table is incompatible with gravitation.” *Is* it? How can you tell till you know what is the force that sustains it? Or will you say that there is no force in nature capable of acting under such conditions? Do you really think you know all the forces in nature? Or the spirit hypothesis involves an absurdity. Good! But the fact has no relation to the hypothesis. John Smith says he saw the table move in broad day, none touching it! Either it did so move, or John Smith is a liar. And if I have no reason for accepting the latter assumption, I must think the former at least worth enquiry. But if John Smith tells me that spirit moved the table, I am not bound to pay the least attention to that part of his statement. Only men of science, after a careful study of the matter, are competent to say what is, or is not, the cause of this effect.

So much for scientific intolerance and bigotry. The Spiritualists are no wiser. They cannot bear to have their phenomena fairly tested; and when you have once seen a table move without hands, or heard a voice apparently not proceeding from any person present, they think that you **should at once swallow**, at least, the principal articles of their creed.

Now, I conceive the first rule to be, that you should never accept a miraculous hypothesis till all other possibilities—the hypothesis of fraud included. Therefore, one is bound to set aside everything that might have been done by the usual jugglery. Enough, I think, will remain to shew that the matter is worth enquiry.

I have seen a table move, no one touching it, for a yard or two, tip itself up and rest its edge on the wall, and return to its original position on my request; and knowing that it was impossible to have done this without having recourse to some supernatural phenomenon

within the limits of reasonable expectation. This was in broad daylight; no string or wire was attached to the table; it apparently contained no internal and, certainly, no external machinery; and if it had, how could that machinery be set in motion without manual contact?

I have heard voices—the same on repeated occasions—under conditions that almost seemed to preclude ventriloquism as their source.

I was present once at a distribution of fruit, &c., and asked for a Brazil nut. The thing seemed out of the way enough, and unlikely to be thought of beforehand, but it came in its turn.

These are facts that have occurred in my own presence. Others are described by persons on whose veracity we can rely, of such a nature that either the story must be true or the witness a liar—no deception being possible.

What then? Why, surely, that it behoves the men of science either to refrain from telling the witnesses that they are fools and the media that they are knaves, or to take the trouble to witness the phenomena for themselves. And this I do think many of them would have done, but for two great errors on the part of the Spiritualists. The first, in not separately and solely insisting on those phenomena which admit neither of deception nor delusion; the second, in parading their own way of accounting for the phenomena, instead of presenting the phenomena, and leaving the cause to be sought when the effects were admitted. In bigotry and prejudice, obstinate adherence to their own ideas and contempt of their opponents, "Cæsar and Pompey are very much alike; 'specially Pompey."

VIDIMUS.

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

"Yes, though I neither hope—for that would be presumptuous—nor expect it, seeing no foundation, I shall be pleased to find a life after this."

"A good man might be surprised into a lie, but only a bad man would persist in one."—*G. J. Holyoake.*

THE Dialectical Society has a prominent member in Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, who for many years has held a leading position in this country in the promulgation of extreme anti-religious views, and who is in fact a professed atheist. In the year 1842, Mr. Holyoake was prosecuted by the Government

for blasphemy; he was found guilty and was sentenced by Mr. Justice Erskine to six months' imprisonment in the common gaol at Gloucester.

Mr. Holyoake conducted his own defence with great ability, and not only commanded the respect of many of his opponents, but he drew around him a large body of sympathisers who considered him a martyr to an ill-judged prosecution made in defence of the Church of England, by whose dogmas and malpractices he had been driven from his early religious training to adopt extreme views, embracing the gloomy soul-debasing doctrines of a no-God and no future.

This prosecution, whilst failing in its object, was nevertheless an unhappy circumstance in the life of George Jacob Holyoake. It raised him at once to a prominence which he would not otherwise have obtained, and gave him an influence over the minds of many waverers, dissatisfied with the teachings of the churches, whose sympathies were moved by an earnest man having the power "to make the worse appear the better reason." The result, however, has proved that many of the men who entertained similar opinions had no real love for the gloomy doctrines which he advocated, but that in the absence of something better, they accepted them only to escape from the still more gloomy dogmas of eternal punishment and a revengeful God. The instant the light of a new revelation dawned upon their ingenuous truth-seeking minds, they threw aside their materialistic philosophy, and with an enthusiasm almost without parallel in the religious movements of the world, they embraced Spiritualism, and now these men are among the foremost in promulgating this God-given soul-comforting belief. They, however, for the most part were in a different position from Mr. Holyoake: he had been elevated into notoriety by a State prosecution, and had become a recognised leader in opposition to Church and State authorities, and the High Priest of Infidelity.

Surrounded, therefore, by a number of men and women who had taken their creed as free-thinkers from him, it required a greater degree of moral courage than he has yet shown to strike his flag and disband his followers with a humble confession of his errors; hence to all outward appearances he is the same bold, uncompromising enemy to all religion, a manly example of the dogged perversity of poor human nature, an act of singular fatuity, or, perhaps, impelled by spiritually guided influences, this daring adventurer upon the stormy seas of religious and political controversy have had as a sound reasoner and reliable guide for and gratuitous attack upon Spiritualism.

Society, composed at the beginning of a large number of the materialistic school of philosophy, appointed, as is now generally known, a committee for the purpose of investigating the claims of Spiritualism, and especially to receive evidence as to the alleged reality of the so-called spiritual phenomena.

This Committee under the presidency of Dr. Edmunds, himself an unyielding sceptic, have had before them a great number of men and women of the highest character who have testified to the reality of most extraordinary phenomena; and many of its members who were at the commencement of their enquiry scoffing unbelievers "have witnessed" as one of them has candidly admitted in a letter to the papers, "astounding phenomena which they feel quite unable to explain away by a supposed failure of the senses, or by suspecting their own sanity," and they think "the question has claims to be dealt with in a much more serious and reasoning method than it has yet received from men of science and the public press."

This was the state of things when the Committee suspended their enquiry, which has not yet been resumed, and it was certainly an unwise thing in any man to condemn the proceedings of the Committee, and tell them in effect that they were fools and incapables for accepting incontrovertible facts, especially as Dr. Edmunds, their chairman, has exhibited no such weakness upon the subject.

The Society's Winter Session was commenced by the reading of a paper by Mr. George Jacob Holyoake—

ON THE SUPERNATURAL AND THE KIND OF EVIDENCE
WARRANTING A BELIEF IN IT.

This Dialectician, probably unaware of the inroad which Spiritualism had made upon the minds of his associates in the stronghold of unbelief, talked after this fashion:—"Owing to other occupations he had not given much attention to the subject of Spiritualism, nor did he deem it entitled to formal enquiry as not having attained to either dignity or decency in its procedure or any certitude in its results:—

But, (he continued) since the Dialectical Society has lent its name to an investigation into it, I, as a member, feel bound to make any suggestions in my power which may help to conduce to a creditable issue of the aforesaid inquiry—of which the public, hitherto, have not had the pleasure to see any signs. It has been permitted to go forth to the world that this Society had undertaken an investigation into the reality, or alleged reality, of what is, by a special conjunction of courtesy and audacity, called "spiritual phenomena." Unqualified and unexplained reports of proceedings of the committee, said to be appointed by this Society, have appeared in the press. Mad reports I took them to be—much calculated to compromise this Society, and to lead the public to conclude either that it had no secretary or no sense. The high character of known members of the Dialectical

Society led the public to expect that an instructive and scientific investigation would take place with the presumed phenomena of agitated tables and the perignations of floating gentlemen and amputated hands. But all the public have yet heard has been stale stories of unvouched experiences, told by advocates who offered themselves in the character of witnesses. A stranger visiting a sitting of this Committee expected to find a few competent examiners receiving and sifting the depositions of independent testifiers, instead of which he found the court and the accused of the same party, and Spiritualists examining each other. It was expected that this Society would appoint a few persons, known, capable, and impartial, charged with the responsibility of conducting the investigation into the noisiest and most fruitless vagary, ever dignified with the name of a "cause." The Committee might have obtained from men of science, a statement of the conditions under which the validity of these eccentric, and evasive manifestations could be tested, and if they found that Spiritualists were justified in refusing to accept them, have framed others which the public might have reason to trust, and which might promise some fair and intelligible result; and procure the acceptance of these on the part of Spiritualists, and if this cannot be done, all consideration of Spiritualism should be suspended until it is.

When I was present on a former evening, at Dr. Edmunds', no single deposition gave, in any instance, proof of any consciousness of the significance of the statements he made, such as must have been forced upon him had there been reality at the bottom of his experience. Each person assumed to be the agent of a communication between an unknown world and this, and to have been in personal intercourse with the dead, and yet to have looked upon the newest wonder of our time, with a paralytic credulity and never to have been animated by the most infantine curiosity, nor made the slightest attempt to verify the reality of the strange, and, if true, stupendous manifestation. Another gentleman assumed that because he had ridiculed these manifestations, and had since believed them, there could be no further doubt about their truth, forgetful that a man may be sceptical from silly prejudice, and a believer from silliness without prejudice. A still more fortunate and confiding witness, a gentleman of an authoritative title, and apparently of education, assured us that he had seen a full-bodied medium flatten and glide through a slightly open window into the outer air, and return again in the same condition, without making any attempt to examine him in his distended state, although he must have been anatomically fore-shortened on an entirely new principle, and extended, like Mr. Disraeli's franchise—"laterally."

What I heard myself, on the night referred to, is a sample of what one always hears. The question is what is the capacity of these witnesses to see what they say they see? Have they a passion for proof? Have they the courage, or ordinary clearness of brain, to use the common human tests to determine the quality of these appearances? Until these witnesses show that they have done this, I think they have no credible case.

A communication, evidently from a member of this Society, appeared in the *Queen* newspaper, affecting to give a scientific account of these investigations in question, which actually repeats that tremendous spiritual complacency, that there are computed to be nine millions of believers in the United States. Were there ever at any time in the world, or has there been since the creation, nine millions of persons capable of believing intelligently in anything? What a Paradise of intellectuality must America be! Newton would scarcely command employment as a farm labourer there. When we consider how rare is the seeing accurately unfamiliar things, we feel that were there nine Spiritualists in England who could satisfy the public that they possessed it, their cause impress somebody with a rational interest in it.

With respect to the true judgment and determination of unfamiliar herent appearances, the eye is the greatest fool in the head, except the

Experience shows that no persons are more credulous in respect of their own department, than mathematicians.* More persons than are liable to this weakness. With respect to physical evidence of

* Mr. Holyoake was a teacher of mathematics.

of the dead, and the capacity to observe facts thereunto pertaining, this Committee ought to draw rules and examine all witnesses as to their special attainments and habits of mind, with a view to determine the value of their testimony. In the case of most Spiritualists whom I have known (I do not say all), they have been—while sincere and respectable—mooney-minded in these matters of created beings. This I take it is why they have put forward, in good faith, the wildest and most worthless statements, which in modern days have afflicted the world, and wasted its time and abused its attention. . . .

The evidence which will satisfy me as to the truth of Spiritualism is very simple—let it give me, on demand, any information I care to know, and can rely upon, let it do things I want done. I care not how it comes by its power, and I will pay very satisfactory respect to it. But is it not effrontery to ask credence in a thing which does nothing? Ideas imported from the dead are of a lower type than the living mind has yet sunk to, and whose acts are but a new form of human futility. I am ready to believe in a man as soon as I see that he believes in himself. The man of science, sure of his truth gives me light, tells me his conditions, dares my judgment, and asks nothing of me but my attention, and if I follow his directions, the proof comes right in spite of any scepticism I may have. Science as a modest thing holds its peace until it reaches this point, and this is what Spiritualism ought to do. . . .

In answer to the question Spiritualists are always putting—"What evidence will satisfy you as proof of the supernatural," I reply, in the words of Douglas Jerrold, who, when a man said he did not know original wit when he heard it, answered, "Try me." So I say to the Spiritualist, "Show me the supernatural, and the evidence will soon settle itself." They shew me a hand without an arm—a footless stocking without a leg, and say, "Behold the supernatural!" On the other night a poor gentleman brought what purported to be one of these melancholy productions in a shirt-collar box. They catch a spirit poet who writes rheumatic drivel, and they exclaim, "The Spirit of Byron." Why, Byron, as poor Fergus O'Connor used to say, would kick his grandmother if she made such verses. Then they say something ails the spirit—the conditions are not quite right. Everybody else sees that the spirit is a fool—that's what's the matter with him. And this comes about because the Spiritualists are such Scripturalists. The medium createth the spirit in his own image. "Yea, in the image of himself createth he him." There is nothing supernatural herein—is there? Far be it from me to suggest that the medium is not wise. It is merely that the conditions are not quite the thing that lead to the result. I keep this fact ever before me. This also I do say, that the older and wiser the medium or believer is, the more modest his speech and pretensions are. Still I know of no spirit phenomena—from Mr. Home, flattened in spiritual rollers, to the muffin-bell of the Davenport Brothers—entitled to be called by the high name of supernatural. They do not come up to the natural, and are off of a very low type of that.

I neither say nor assume that Spiritualists are impostors. I do not care if they are, provided they amuse me or instruct me. I am aware there are things in this world not dreamt of in my philosophy—nor anybody else's—but I do not intend to add myself to those who believe in them before they are discovered. My complaint is that Spiritualists afford no adequate facilities for doing it. I went to the Davenport *séances*. It was impossible to look at those remnants of men, and imagine that God had selected them as the doorkeepers of a new world. There never were two more unlikely philosophers than Mr. Fay and Dr. Ferguson. They forbade all inquirers to move their hands or use their eyes—they shut them up like fools in the dark, and beat their heads with tambourines, and called that philosophical investigation into God-sent truths from the great Kingdom of decency and light; and it is suggested to us that our sisters or mothers, whom we have lost in sorrow, and whom we hope are living in the blessed peace of Heaven, are engaged in this silly or offensive pastime, and this is the latest new religion, which is to regenerate the world.

I own I am unfriendly to the entire theory that the people of the other world can get through some lately constructed tunnel into this. The good are better where we hope they are, and it is our interest that the bad should remain where they ought to be. When I remember what ruffians have happily left this world,

I pray that whoever have charge of them will give them no ticket-of-leave to present themselves here again.

Judging from the suspicious tricks which those who have been brought here have played, I conclude that the Spiritualists are in communication with a sorry lot; and I trust that the Committee appointed by the Society will do what it can to lay down rules for their identity, and to bring them under the operation of our new Habitual Criminals' Bill. But as they are mostly more silly than vicious, perhaps we need in this case an Habitual Simpletons' Bill.

In the weary days when sadness intervenes in vicissitudes of pain, there are they who long for some second outside life; some foothold on the boundary of another world which may be the herald of new interest. If such sounds there be, let us hear it, let us verify it, let us interchange, if we can, the golden syllables of certitude, or catch glimpses of untied existence. If these things can be, let philosophy speak; if not, let us recall the conditions of the existence we have accepted, and seek consolation in manliness, in fortitude, and consistent submission in thoughts of mercy which may occupy us, and in service which may benefit others, but let us not beguile ourselves with the juggleries of a spiritual alphabet, or seek consolation like a new order of fools in the idiotic revelations of table-legs.*

Here is a tissue of the most audacious, reckless, illogical, and untruthful statements made in a tone of vulgar levity, that I have ever yet heard fall from the lips of an opponent of Spiritualism.

Such a mode of dealing with a serious subject, which is now the accepted belief of hundreds of his immediate acquaintances and former followers (as Mr. Holyoake very well knows) is my justification for saying that he has made shipwreck of whatever character he may have had as a reasoner and conscientious, though God-denying man. It is not necessary to meet Mr. Holyoake's statements with any detailed arguments; the least informed reader of this magazine could refute, from his own knowledge and experience, almost every word Mr. Holyoake has uttered. But it may be worth while to ask of those who still believe in his doctrines, and may perchance applaud his mode of dealing with Spiritualism,—and from a few remarks made by Dr. Charles Drysdale, who presided at the debate, I will put the question to him,†

* Mr. Holyoake was severely handled in the debate which followed the reading of his paper. Mr. Alfred Wallace reminded him that he confessedly knew scarcely anything of the subject he had been lecturing them upon, and yet he was bold and inconsistent enough to publicly ridicule Spiritualism and the Committee's proceedings, without taking evidence they had obtained and

Mr. Gerald Massey, Mr. (a former believer in Mr. Holy the same side, the latter quoted by Mr. William Wilkinson to

In his closing remarks Mr. appeared as if he had just realised self before the Dialecticians— influence, since been convinced that gone over to the

† In the same paper, Dr. Eds the evidence w

trouble to ascertain the nature of the motion they had arrived at.

Mr. Berghelm, Mr. Robert Harper, (rines), and Mr. Tietkens followed on subsequent passages from a letter addressed

dull. bearing was so subdued that he ap- position in which he had placed him- unjustjudged warnings could have no ing his absence from their councils ble in the face of the facts, and had

reading of Mr. Holyoake's unsatisfact of Mrs. Marshall's exhibition 2 I.

whether if Spiritualism, which teaches that there is a loving God, a ministry of angels and a future state of progression, were offered to him on the one hand, and the gloomy soul-destroying belief of the atheist on the other—which would he wish to choose?

The melancholy confession of one who was one of the body of Secularists, made in a letter he addressed to me not long ago, is a practical answer to this question; and if anything could move the heart and mind of such a man as Mr. Holyoake, this should make a lasting impression on him, and induce him to pause in his career; *especially as it comes from one who was up to a recent period his first-lieutenant, and who had aided him with his purse and ready pen in disseminating his pernicious doctrines;* but who has now, happily for himself and the young family who look up to him for precept and example, dis severed himself from Mr. Holyoake and the secularist party, though still entertaining great respect for the man. Whether this feeling will remain after he has read Mr. Holyoake's address to the Dialecticians, I know not.

Prior to the receipt of the letter from which I make the following extract I had had several discussions with the writer, and I closed the last in a somewhat abrupt and petulant manner by saying—"The fact is, you do not want to believe, and it would be a waste of time to discuss the subject further." His letter which followed touched me deeply, and I readily consented to do as he wished, that is, to take his own method of examining and testing the phenomena which might be presented at the *séance* I forthwith arranged for him. The result was the best proof of his candid state of mind; his conviction of an occult force being engaged in the manifestations, unaided by machinery or trickery, was established; and I believe that that *séance* struck the death-blow to his materialistic philosophy. Here is the extract, and I earnestly ask Mr. Holyoake to ponder the confession.

"I think you will, perhaps, gain a clearer view of my wishes

at his house, which, however, he did not, as I told him, describe in very accurate terms. He said nothing of other very remarkable phenomena which he has himself witnessed through a medium whose good faith he of all men could not doubt, nor of the still more extraordinary facts witnessed as he had been told by two of the leading members of his Committee—Serjeant Cox and Mr. Jeffery; and on the whole his remarks were feeble in the extreme, but, nevertheless, they were strong enough to satisfy Dr. Drysdale, who before quitting the chair, said—"That he wished it to be understood he was no believer in Spiritualism—that he had not investigated it, and after what Dr. Edmunds had said he should never think it worth his while to waste time in doing so," a very important announcement truly, and very encouraging to Mr. Holyoake. It will, no doubt, be duly recorded in the Society's proceedings and serve as a standing rebuke to the foolishness of other men.

and ideas in regard to what are called spiritual phenomena, if I endeavour to put them in writing, than you would do from less connected expression in conversation. As to your notion that I am determined to disbelieve, it would be, pardon me, an expression you have used, as ridiculous as you think the idea of trickery in the *séances*, if you had the slightest glimpse of my state of mind. I have a horror of death, as annihilation, so intense and profound, that were I to dwell upon it long and realise it fully, it would endanger either my reason or my life; and no earthly gain would be half so great to me, as the conviction that death is not annihilation."*

It is the light of Spiritualism which relieves the desolation of such a mind and supplies the cravings of the heart. It is Spiritualism which will reconcile science and theology, and it is Spiritualism under God's providence which is destined to annihilate the last remnant of materialism, and ultimately, let us hope, to subdue the obdurate heart of such a man as George Jacob Holyoake.

The possibility of an event like this will, no doubt, be received by some with a smile of incredulity; but we know that such conversions are not uncommon, as evidenced in the cases of the late Robert Owen and Dr. Elliotson, of London, and Professors Hare and Mapes, and Mr. Robert Dale Owen, of America.

It may be asked has Mr. Holyoake shown that he ever believed in God and immortality? Yes, he has: he was even so earnest as to become a Sunday-school teacher and a contributor to religious periodicals, and one of his poems gives us reason to believe that had Spiritualism dawned upon his mind before it rebelled against the irreconcilable teachings of the churches, he would, in all probability have been one of its most earnest champions. This probability is supported by a beautiful poem written by him some thirty years ago entitled—

THE REIGN OF TIME.

The proudest earthly buildings show,
 Time can all things devour;
 E'en youth and beauty's ardent glow,
 And manhood's intellectual brow,
 Betray the Spoiler's power;
 How soon we sink beneath his sway—
 He glances, and our heads turn grey.

* I am not permitted to publish the name of the writer doubts that these words came from the heart and pen of an active coadjutor of his, I will give it to him.

Though, over all this earthly ball,
 Time's standard is unfurled,
 And ruins loud to ruins call
 Throughout the time-worn world—
 Yet from this wreck of earthly things,
 See how the soul exulting springs.

And after the archangel's wand
 Has wav'd o'er earth and sea,
 And time has stopped at his command,
 The soul will flourish and expand
 Through all eternity.
 Religion—lovely, fair, and free—
 Holds forth this immortality.

By all the glories of the sky
 To mortals yet unknown—
 And by the worm that ne'er shall die,
 The fires that always burn—
 By all that's awful or sublime,
 Ye sons of *men*, improve your time.

The man who could pour out such cheering heart-felt utterances, which find an echo in the breasts of the great majority of the civilised world, may yet, let us hope, be brought back through Spiritualism to his early religious aspirations and proclaim once more his belief that—

The soul *will* flourish and expand
 Through all eternity.

WONDERS OF DREAM LIFE.

THE shadowy realm of dreams in which the external senses are locked in the repose of sleep, lies around us, weird, mysterious, unexplored, a border-land lying between the glorious realities of the purely spiritual life and this material sphere of existence.

In a recent interview with a patient, an English lady of culture and refinement, the conversation turned upon dreams, and she related several most remarkable dreams from her own experience, that cannot fail to interest our readers. We give them here as related to us, suppressing only the names of the parties. While yet a girl at boarding school, she dreamed that her father sent for her to come home, and taking her into the library said to her, "Now, my dear, you have been long enough at school. I wish you to marry, and the gentleman I wish you

to marry is here in the house, and I shall introduce you to him in the breakfast room." Presently her father rose, led her into the breakfast room, and there introduced to her a gentleman whose every feature she saw in her dream most vividly, and distinctly remembered on waking. Three nights in succession this dream haunted her sleeping hours. In about a week there came a letter from her father, summoning her home. She went, and on the morning after her arrival, her father took her into the library, and announced to her in the literal language of her dream, his wishes and intentions regarding her, and then leading her into the breakfast-room, he introduced to her the identical stranger whose face she saw in her dreams, and so clearly did she recognize the same form and features, that she nearly swooned from the excess of her emotions.

This lady had an aunt living in the city of London, England. She had visited there when about five years old. In the meantime a cousin of her own age had grown to look marvellously like her. But she had not seen this cousin since the time of her visit there, and knew not of the striking resemblance that existed between them.

She dreamed that she was in her aunt's house in London standing at the foot of a staircase in the hall, and on looking up she saw her aunt stumble and fall down the stairs and lie as if dead, while some one that she thought was herself bent over her in an agony of grief. She woke as she thought fully, and threw her hand out of the bed over one side, and to her horror it rested upon the cold face of a dead person, who seemed lying in a coffin by the side of her bed. She screamed with terror, sprang from the bed and procured a light; all was serene and quiet around her. The dream made such an impression upon her mind that with a pencil she wrote down upon the wall the date, April 25th, 18—.

In due time there came a letter from England informing her father that on the very date of her dream, his sister had fallen downstairs and died instantly from dislocation of the neck. In the letter was a picture of the cousin who in her dream she mistook for herself.

The same lady related an experience that can hardly be called a dream, and yet so full of interest is it, that we cannot forbear relating it in this connection.

She was in the habit of employing a young person in the capacity of seamstress. But she was taken very ill with consumption and obliged to give up her work. After the disease had progressed to that extent that she was confined to her room, this lady would often go in and read to her, and in many ways minister to her comfort. The disease culminated in death, and

for several days previously Mrs. M—herself had been quite ill and unable to get in to see her. One evening she was lying in her bed looking out upon the Bay of Halifax. It was a glorious night. Her servant had just left her. The moon was very brilliant, but slightly obscured for the passing moment by a floating cloud, throwing a dark shadow upon the water, while in the background a distant flag-ship lying at anchor was bathed in the full radiance of the lustrous moonlight. She was thinking what a lovely picture the scene would make could it be transferred to canvas, when she heard the door of her room open. Supposing it to be the servant who had returned for something, she spoke and said, "What is wanted." Hearing no answer, she turned in bed and to her astonishment beheld standing in her room, the sick girl as she last saw her. She exclaimed "Why, S—, what does this mean? Have those crazy people let you come out to-night?" She made no reply to this exclamation but advancing towards her said, "Oh, Mrs. M—, I do want to kiss your hand," and reaching out she touched her, but the hand was icy cold, and startled her so that she screamed with fright. The servant came rushing in, but the apparition had vanished. She told the servant what she had seen, and bade her put on her bonnet and go directly to the house of the sick girl and ascertain why she had been allowed to go out at night. Before the servant could leave the house, a messenger arrived with the intelligence that S— was dead. She died a few minutes before she presented herself to Mrs. M—, and her last words in dying were, "Oh, Mrs. M—, I do want to kiss your hand."

By what power did the mind reach forward to events in the future, and listen to conversations that seemed dependent on circumstances and sudden mental emotions? How did this spirit recognize persons not known, and appear in scenes not yet transpired? To admit these facts admits almost the whole phenomena of Spiritualism, since we may not limit the capacity of the mind to our sphere, but must recognize its far-reaching power. The body does not intensify mental action, and the spirit far from the body must retain its faculties, and in its wider range must exhibit more perfectly their free action.—*The Present Age*.

America has added to the literature of Spiritualism, *The Physical Media in Spiritual Manifestations. The Phenomena of Responding Tables and the Planchette, and their Physical Cause in the Nervous Organism, illustrated from Ancient and Modern Testimonies*, by G. W. Samson, D.D., President of Columbian College, Washington. The Rev. Author is described as having too little mental discipline for such a subject.—*Athenæum*.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

A MEMORANDUM CONCERNING BURNS BY HIS WIDOW.

The late Mr. M'Diarmid, of the *Dumfries Courier*, was an intimate friend of Mrs. Burns, widow of the poet. For fifteen or sixteen years preceding her death, in 1834, he was her adviser on all occasions, her amanuensis, and the safe and kind depository of her thoughts and feelings on most subjects. During their intercourse he appears to have from time to time noted down particulars concerning the poet, such as he conceived would illustrate the kindly nature of Burns or remove erroneous impressions of his biographers. These memoranda have just been published in the new and careful edition of the *Life and Works of Burns* by Mr. Waddell, Glasgow, to whom they were communicated by Mr. W. R. M'Diarmid. Among these memoranda is the following:—

Soon after her husband's death, Mrs. Burns had a very remarkable dream. Her bedroom had been removed to the family parlour, when she imagined that her husband drew the curtains and said, "Are you asleep? I have been permitted to return and take one look of you and that child; but I have not time to stay." The dream was so vivid that Mrs. B. started up, and even to this moment the scene seems to her a reality.

THE "STANDARD" AND ITS MEDIUMS.

We alluded in our last number to a letter written by one Faulkner to support Mr. J. H. Addison in his attempt to expose spiritual phenomena, and published under the auspices of the Editor of the *Standard*. Mr. Faulkner's letter went the round of the papers, and we have been favoured with a number of slips sent by friends anxious for our welfare, and desirous of exposing our weakness in believing that there is something more in the "raps," than is explained by Mr. Faulkner's prepared tables and electric wires, "of which he has supplied quantities."

We have now to announce, on no less an authority than Mr. Faulkner himself, that he never fitted up any but Mr. J. H. Addison's house with the trick machinery, "calculated to mislead the most wary;" and he can by such an admission see pretty clearly, that, in addition to the impostures practised up Captain Hamber, the Editor of the *Standard*, in the matter of fictitious letters—that Faulkner's letter though signed was written by him, and that he could hardly have known contents. Our friends will therefore see that that is a strong enough case to disturb our convictions, though it have been enough to confirm Captain Hamber in his prej

RECOVERY OF A LOST DIAMOND RING THROUGH A DREAM.

A few nights ago a lady, while taking a walk, lost a valuable diamond ring from her finger in some unaccountable way. Diligent and extensive search was made, without any clue to the ring, and the lady gave it up as gone "for good and all." Before daylight the following morning the lady was surprised by the calls of her nurse, a small negro girl. On being admitted to her mistress, the girl, who had not heard of the ring being lost, said she had just had a dream, in which she was apprised when, where and how the jewel had been lost, and that, if allowed, she felt sure she could find it. She then described the place and manner in which the ring disappeared, and begged her mistress to go with her and test the dream. This strange circumstance was made known to the household, but all treated it with the utmost incredulity. It was afterwards concluded to humour the girl, however, and she and several white members of the family proceeded to the designated spot, more than one hundred yards from the house. Here the dreamer told her mistress that, as directed in her dream, she must drop another ring, and it would roll as a guide to the missing one. A plain gold ring was handed the girl; she let it fall, and sure enough, it rolled and stopped within two inches of the lost diamond ring, which had got into a crevice between two bricks of the pavement. It may be imagined that the ring-hunters were somewhat astounded at the miracle. There is not the least fiction about this curious dream and its result.—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

THE MIDNIGHT DRUMMER.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, writing from Columbia City, Indiana, under date of June 29th, reports the following remarkable case of evident spirit manifestation:—

"Our usually quiet town has, during the last few days, been thrown into a state of feverish excitement by a strange and unusual *spiritual* phenomenon heard in and about a woollen factory and the neighbouring buildings, situated in the south-western suburbs of the town. For some time past, the *employés* who sleep in the factory have been disturbed by noises like that caused by opening and closing doors, persons walking about the rooms, rattling loose boards, &c., &c. At first the *employés* supposed these unusual sounds proceeded from some burglarious depredation on the premises, and accordingly thoroughly searched and guarded the premises, but without success. The closest examination revealed nothing, but the

strange noise continued. For some time, perhaps through fear of being laughed at, the *employés* kept the matter a secret, but at length the annoyance became so great that they refused to sleep in the building, and the strange affair was made public. About this time the noises changed both in character and locality. The inmates of a neighbouring house were startled by noises under and about the building, similar to that produced by striking a muffled drum. While these continued all was quiet at the factory; but when they ceased, the noises at the factory were again heard. On Sunday night the mysterious drumming was heard for several hours at the house, by a number of persons. An effort was made by those present to learn something of the mysterious affair by questions, which to some extent, was apparently successful. The answers, given by a specified number of taps on the spirit drum, stated that the disquieted spirit was that of a man who had been murdered in that vicinity about eight years ago; that he was fifty-one years old when murdered; and that he was buried sixteen feet deep near the factory. His name and other particulars were not given. Other questions were answered in the same manner, by the number of taps on the drum required by the person asking the question. When no questions were asked, the drumming continued; sometimes slow and regular, and at other times quick and irregular. At one time an old lady, somewhat deaf, requested the 'spirit' to beat louder that she might hear it more distinctly. The 'spirit' complied with her request by giving a succession of vigorous taps which were distinctly heard at a considerable distance from the house. On Monday night crowds of people visited the place, and listened to the mysterious drumming, but owing to the crowd and confusion, no questions were asked or answered. These mysterious manifestations have thrown the whole community into a state of intense excitement. Crowds of people visit the place, and the family living in the haunted house have been so annoyed by the visitors and strange manifestations going on about them, that they have been able to procure but little rest for several days, and will probably be compelled to move away from the seemingly accursed place. By what agency these sounds are produced I cannot pretend to say; but that they are produced by some invisible agency, hundreds who have heard them can testify. The seeming impossibility that such an effect could be produced by any human agency envelopes the matter in a strange and inexplicable mystery. A thorough examination of the premises is being made, and, if there is any way to get at the bottom of the mysterious affair, the 'spirits' will be unearthed and exposed. There is little hope however, that any additional light will be thrown on the matter."

FULFILMENT OF A DREAM.

The other day an entry clerk employed in the machine-printing room at the works of Messrs. Butterworth and Brooks, calico printers, Sunnyside, remarked to one of the machine-printers that he was glad to see him at his work. The machine-printer asked his reason for his congratulation, when the clerk observed that during the previous night he (the clerk) had dreamed that he (the printer) had, while at his work, dropped down dead. The printer replied in a jocular way, "You see you were mistaken, for I am alive yet." The conversation took place in the presence of respectable witnesses, but as the printer was in his usual health and spirits, no further notice was taken of the matter; but singular enough, at three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, the printer, while attending to his duties at his machine, did, without the least warning, drop down dead.—*Manchester Courier*.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE PULPIT.

It is a good sign of the progressive enlightenment of the age, to find that many clergymen of the Church of England, as we know, accept the teachings of Spiritualism, and that here and there is to be found one bold enough to preach it from his pulpit. The Reverend Mr. Griffith, of All Saints, Kensington, preached on Sunday, the 8th of November last, a sermon, taking his text from Hebrews xii. 23: "The spirits of just men made perfect," and speaking of the communion of saints, he asked, "What is this Modern Spiritualism but an answer to our yearning for communion with the loved and lost?" Such open speech is not lost or disregarded by many a listener, and there was one at least on this occasion, himself a clergyman of the Church of England, who determined to look into Spiritualism, and has found already sufficient evidence to satisfy him of its truth.

MANIFESTATIONS IN PRESENCE OF THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH AND OF THE CZAR.

At a recent meeting of the committee of the Dialectical Society, Mr. D. D. Home, in giving evidence, related a fact which occurred some years ago in the presence of the Emperor Napoleon. He said, "We were in a large room in the Salon de Louis Quatorze. The Empress and Emperor were present. I am now telling the story as I heard the Emperor tell it. A

table was moved—then a hand was seen to come; it was a very beautifully formed hand. There were pencils on the table. It lifted, not the one next it, but one on the far side. We heard the sound of writing, and saw it writing on fine note-paper. The hand passed before me and went to the Emperor, and he kissed the hand. It went to the Empress; she withdrew from its touch, and the hand followed her. The Emperor said, 'do not be frightened;' and she kissed it too. It was disappearing. I said I would like to kiss it. The hand seemed to be like a person thinking, and as if it were saying, 'why should I?' It came back to me. It had written the word 'Napoleon,' and it remains written now. It was as much a material hand seemingly as my hand is now. The writing was an autograph of the Emperor Napoleon I., who had an exceedingly beautiful hand." Mr. Home said that the Emperor of Russia as well as the Emperor Napoleon, had seen hands, and had taken hold of them, "when they seemed to float away into thin air."

THE "REVUE SPIRITUALISTE."

M. Pierart is still behind the time with his journal; this being the sixth instead of the eleventh number for 1869; but though late, the journal is extremely interesting; it gives some fresh information regarding Louise Lateau, the Belgic ecstatic. It seems that the priests have now taken entire possession of her, and though she still remains at home with her mother at Bois D'Haive, near Mons, but all access is barred to her by holy fathers. M. Piérart made the journey himself to see her, and give an authentic account of her present condition; but though he made application both to her mother and to the bishop of Tournay, he was not permitted to an interview. The fathers give most wonderful accounts of her state of trance on Fridays, on which days she has, they say, wonderful visits of the Holy Virgin, and the stigmata bleed. The fathers have published an account of their having put upon her hands close-fitting leather gloves, tied and sealed at the wrists the day previous; but on the Friday the bleeding was just as usual, the blood running through the seams of the gloves, though they found the seals unbroken. All this is very well, but the experiment would be much more satisfactory to the public, if some persons of credit besides themselves and their own medical men were admitted.

Besides these accounts, various accounts of spiritual phenomena selected from the American and English journals. M. Piérart gives a very striking account of the discovery of the fate of a ship wrecked at Table Island, near Madagascar,

through a clairvoyante of Paris. The account, however, is written so obviously for effect, that one naturally asks, "Is it true?" The account of the philosophy of Krause, the German, on Nature and Spirit, with several other more recent articles, are worthy of a careful perusal.

DREAMS.

There seem to be three kinds of dreams; the terrestrial, the spiritual and the celestial. Of the first are dreams essentially of the earth earthy, and such as may be referred to physical causes, and whose grand type is the incubus, or nightmare. Of the second are those dreams which convey warnings from the dead, and which are composed partly of the incidents of ordinary life, with such as are termed supernatural. To this class belong most of the portentous dreams of which we read in profane history, and those phenomena which form a link between things purely material and those spiritual. The third class of dreams, in many respects entirely different from the former, appears to betray a higher origin, inasmuch as it must be evident that it is independent not only of physical conditions, but even of mental, so far as regards a normal condition of the brain. Moreover, these (so to speak) celestial dreams are, for the most part, generally typical or analogous to something else—are more distinct,—even in this respect approaching to the nature of a vision, and are of an abstract character. In these, too, the transitions from beauty to deformity, from pleasure to pain, from bliss to despair, may so rapidly alternate as to satisfy one that no derangement and restoration of the digestive organs could in the short space of time, produce such vicissitudes in the world of dreams. Here, too, we wander in regions unknown to our waking perceptions of past experience—nay, even to imagination; incidents are connected, and, instead of the companions of our waking hours, we are either alone among pregnant symbolism or among visible and living intelligences, such as we call angels. The forms of the material world, no doubt, enter into these phantasma or visions, and the result, on waking, is an indelible impression which does not fade with years, but leaves the mystic streets and squares of the spiritual cities which we may have visited quite as distinct as the recollection—nay, more so, those of this terrestrial sphere which are similar to us.

Sometimes, however, there may, in a higher state of oriel exaltation, occur forms such as are not to be described by words, and whose appearance can only be expressed by similitudes. Thus, "as it were the likeness of a man's hand," not that the

form was in very fact a hand, but rather a something analogous to it; "as it were the voice of a man," yet not that exact sound, but its *archetype effect*; intelligence conveyed by a sense analogous to that of hearing, and yet not referrible to any of our corporeal senses; just as we say the "voice of conscience" for want of a better analogue.

"The terror by night," some have supposed to mean "*panic*," that strange influence to which the warlike Romans offered propitiatory sacrifices; and others, "nightmare;" but may we not rather assume that it means that class of dreams which impinges on the sphere of visions of a denunciatory character?

At the present day, however convenient it may be for the practical man of the world to ignore the supernatural, there are few who, if ingenuous, would not admit the effect, more or less, of dreams on their waking thoughts, not perhaps to the extent of influencing their actions, but certainly of attracting their attention to the subject of what are called "coincidences."

Leibnitz urges that when in sleep without dreaming, there is always some slight perception. Kant says that "those who fancy they have not dreamt, have only forgotten their dreams." Muller thought sleep the antagonism of the animal and organic functions. Burdach calls sleep the "primordial state of the soul, where it finds itself when it awakes to life."

Doubtless the majority of dreams are what Macnish asserts all to be, "the resuscitation of thoughts which in some shape or other have previously occupied the mind." But, as another author justly remarks, "Experience and revelation attest, however, that at times the struggles of the chained spirit to employ and thus to enjoy itself amid the glories of its proper clime are not in vain."

STRUCK DUMB ON THE SPOT.

It is not often, in these prosaic sceptical times, that a miracle comes formally attested by an official Government Report. But the Governor of Aldershot has reported that a prisoner, who—being lately checked on drill by one of the warders—wished, with a blasphemous oath, that the warder "might be struck dumb," was himself "struck dumb on the spot;" all which may be found solemnly recorded in the recent report on military prisons of Captain Du Cane, inspector general. Captain Du Cane informs us that the man remained dumb for seven days, and was very much frightened. On recovering his speech it appears that he made great promises of amendment; but we regret to add that he is reported to have been "soon in prison again."

MRS. STOWE'S LAST NOVEL.

Mrs. Stowe's last novel, *Old Town Folks*, like many of her other writings, has in it a vein of pure, elevated Spiritualism, which adds to its depth and interest. The *Anti-Slavery Standard* in reviewing the work says of it:—"There is one phase of development in this book, personated in one of the characters, which will have special significance to those who have watched with interest the progress of that phenomenon commonly known as Spiritualism. Mrs. Stowe has never been identified with this class, yet she has given evidence that she has not been a thoughtless observer of such manifestations."

As an illustration of Mrs. Stowe's interest in Spiritualism, and acceptance of its phenomena, we cite the following passage from this—her latest work:—

It was a bright, clear, starlight night in June, and we were warned to go to bed early, that we might be ready in season the next morning. As usual, Harry fell fast asleep, and I was too nervous and excited to close my eyes. I began to think of the old phantasmagoria of my childish days, which now so seldom appeared to me. I felt stealing over me that peculiar thrill and vibration of the great central nerves which used to indicate the approach of those phenomena, and looking up, I saw distinctly my father, exactly as I used to see him, standing between the door and the bed. It seemed to me that he entered by passing through the door; but there he was, every line and lineament of his face, every curl of his hair, exactly as I remembered it. His eyes were fixed on mine with a tender human radiance. There was something soft and compassionate about the look he gave me, I felt it vibrating on my nerves with that peculiar electric thrill of which I have spoken. I learned by such interviews as these how spirits can communicate with one another without human language.

The appearance of my father was vivid and real even to the clothing that he used to wear, which was earthly and homelike, precisely as I remembered it. Yet I felt no disposition to address him, and no need of words. Gradually the image faded; it grew thinner and fainter, and I saw the door through it as if it had been a veil, and then it passed away entirely.

What are these apparitions? I know that this will be read by many who have seen them quite as plainly as I have, who, like me, have hushed back the memory of them into the most secret and silent chamber of their hearts.

I know, with regard to myself, that the sight of my father was accompanied by such a vivid conviction of the reality of his presence, such an assurance radiated from his serene eyes, that he had at last found the secret of eternal peace, such an intense conviction of continued watchful affection and of sympathy in the course that I was now beginning, that I could not have doubted if I would. And when we remember that, from the beginning of the world, some such possible communication between departed love and the beloved on earth has been among the most cherished legends of humanity, why must we always meet such phenomena with a resolute determination to account for them by every or any supposition but that which the human heart most craves? Is not the great mystery of life and death made more cruel and inexorable by this rigid incredulity? One would fancy, to hear some moderns talk, that there was no possibility that the departed, even when most tender and most earnest, could, if they would, recall themselves to their earthly friends.

For my part, it was through some such experiences as these that I learned that there are truths of the spiritual life which are intuitive, and above logic, which a man must believe because he cannot help it—just as he believes the facts of his daily experience in the world of matter, though most ingenious and unanswerable treatises have been written to show that there is no proof of its existence.

THE LATE REV. WM. HARNESS.

In the *Times* of Tuesday, Nov. 16th., is the account of the death of the Rev. William Harness, Incumbent of All Saints, Knightsbridge, and Prebendary of St. Paul's, in his 80th year. Harness was the schoolfellow of Byron at Harrow, and they were warm friends until Byron's death. Byron offered to dedicate *Childe Harold* to him, but he declined. He was the friend of numbers of literary men of eminence, and a great friend of Miss Mitford's, the materials for whose *Life* he collected, and wrote the preface to the work just out. I dare say you wonder what all this aims at. Simply this: that Mr. Harness was a firm believer in spiritual phenomena, though he said little about it. But, one evening at Miss Coutts's, just after my *History of the Supernatural* appeared, he said to me, "I am going to read that directly." I said, "Do you believe in such things?" "Believe?" he replied, "Why, don't you know who first published the account, the Wynyard apparition?" I said, "No." "Nor who first published the account of the apparition of an old friend to Miss Jane Porter at Esher?" "No," I said. "I published them both," he said, "and know that such things are true."

Mr. Harness was almost everywhere to be met in aristocratic and select literary circles, and, I dare say, that the majority of his acquaintances never suspected this belief under his *homme du monde* ordinary aspect, any more than I did, after knowing him many years.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

A SINGULAR "MANIFESTATION."

A LADY, lately become interested in the subject of Spiritualism, but having witnessed none of the ordinary phases of the "manifestation," experienced on the night of December 6th, 1868, a little incident which must undoubtedly be referred to spiritual origin, and which leads to the supposition that the lady herself may be gifted with "spiritual sight."

This lady, whom I will call "L—— L——," is staying in London with a friend, in a house where an old lady breathes her last on Saturday, December 5th. This old lady was a pious and patient sufferer, through a tedious and painful illness, expired peacefully. L—— L—— and her friend had the habit of occasionally visiting the sick woman, to read to her and minister in various ways to her comfort. L—— had seen her very shortly before her decease, and went in

ately afterwards to look at her peaceful corpse. She felt herself greatly affected by the spectacle, this being the first corpse of a grown person ever seen by her. The remembrance of the wax-like and placid countenance haunted her; and at length became so oppressive a thought to L—— L——, that she strove in every way to banish the recollection of it, and to shake off from herself the painful sense of the presence of death, which so entirely had taken possession of her. She slept in a room beneath the chamber in which the corpse lay.

Sunday night was a remarkably stormy and wild night with heavy showers and gusts of wind, and there was no moon. Nevertheless L—— L—— was suddenly awakened by a light in the room, as though it were illumined by soft moonlight; indeed, at the time, she supposed that it was moonlight, and so clear was the illumination, that the objects in the room became distinctly visible to her. Startled by the illumination, she sat up in bed, and gazed around her. In the middle of the mantel shelf, opposite to her bed, had stood a work box; this she saw distinctly, but to her astonishment, she also beheld, standing upon this work box, a perfectly white and graceful vase filled with lovely sprays of long leaves, such as grapes and ferns, and a variety of beautiful flowers, all equally snowy white with the vase, both leaves and flowers. She was much surprised by thus seeing this beautiful and strange object unlike anything which she knew to be in the room or in the house. As she sat contemplating it in wonder, the room again became dark; she then lay down, and believes that she fell asleep.

But again came the sudden and mild illumination of the room, and she once more looked towards the mantelpiece. There she still beheld the vase and flowers; but this time the mysterious object was not standing upon the box, but beside it, to the right hand side. L—— L—— wondered still more at thus seeing that the vase with the flowers had been moved, or had moved itself. The room once more sank into gloom, and L—— L—— lay in her bed pondering and no little puzzled—indeed somewhat agitated. Then again, and again, for nine successive times in all, did the mysterious light appear and disappear; each time exhibiting the vase removed farther and farther to the right of the work-box, along the mantel shelf, until at the ninth and last time, it was beheld standing upon the floor, when it disappeared entirely. L—— L—— connected this beautiful vase and its graceful contents in some way with the corpse laid out in the chamber above.

Did this little vision perhaps symbolize the purity of the newly released spirit, filled with the freshness and fragrance of *Heavenly Life*? And did the nine times of its appearance

typify completion? Who can say? But unquestionably the vase and flowers, and their movements originated in spiritual presence; possibly were a sign of affection and gratitude from the emancipated spirit who thus endeavoured to shew her remembrance of L— L—, by this presentation of a graceful and fragrant object, seeking thereby, as if by a "vial of sweet odours," to banish the haunting thoughts of decay and mortality; and to spread around odours of immortality in place of the odours of the grave.

MANIFESTATIONS OF MUSIC, VOICE, AND DIRECT WRITING.

Sept. 5th.—Mr. Edward Childs called on us expressly to talk over the little events which I had reported, and which he had just been reading in the September number of the *Magazine*, and as we talked we heard the voice of Joseph Campion. I lowered the light and then heard that of Amos, greeting us. Amos said that Ebenezer Wyatt was pleased at the mention I had made of him, and had prepared a few verses which he would recite at a future opportunity. He then arranged with us for resuming the *séances* which had been interrupted for more than a month, and bade us farewell.

Sept. 9th.—Mr. and Mrs. Childs, accompanied by Mr. E. Childs, called on us. After supper, hearing the usual heralding voice of Joseph Campion, we composed ourselves for a sitting. In the course of it Ebenezer made himself heard, and repeated the intimation made by Amos about the verses; but would not repeat them until Mr. Childs could arrange to take them down. Ebenezer was this evening very strong in his comb music, operatic, as well as ballad; also gave imitations of some of the speakers at the Gower Street conferences. *Apropos* to Mr. Jencken, who used to attend these, Amos gave a narrative of the attack made upon him in Spain. Alonzo Bates sang with perfection three character songs, with dramatic dialogue; Ebenezer Wyatt, the irrepressible, taking part in the dialogue of one. Ebenezer gave as a recitation the particulars of being called up by his schoolmaster after three days' truanting, and which he calls a reminiscence of schoolboy days. The applause this recitation received stimulated him to ask permission to give another; but we had been sitting for two hours, so it was postponed, and our invisible friends took leave.

Sept. 17th.—This evening Mr. Austin called on us. He told us that he had not been at a *séance* for three months, partly

on account of business engagements, and partly on account of his health; for he had felt this a little shaken by being out evening after evening at the invitation of so many new friends. But my last report having been shown him, he could not help calling to talk over the subject. After a time he said he wondered if Sancto were still able to manifest his presence as he used to do. I lowered the gas, and immediately we heard the well-known accents of Joseph Campion, first faintly, then more and more distinctly; then Amos's whispering voice saluted us. He said that his friend Antonius Sancto was present. I said we had not heard his music for three months, and were fearing we had lost it entirely. Sancto then spoke, said he was always ready to play, and that his continuing to come to our *séances* depended only upon the present medium. At Sancto's wish I placed the instruments upon the table, and he, selecting the large concertina, played airs which he invited us to call for. We had two visitors with us this evening, my brother Henry, the photographer, and a lady friend, who had never been present at a *séance*, and I was glad their accidental presence made no difference in the free action of our invisible friends. When we left Sancto to his own selecting he played what we had not heard him play before, "Ah! che la Morte;" then a fresh variation of the "Carnival of Venice;" and what he announced as an extemporised echo of spirit music. As the music went on, Ebenezer, Norton, and Alonzo made themselves successively heard by their greetings and observations. After playing the pieces I have mentioned, Sancto and Amos invited conversation, but our visitors could talk of nothing else than the music. I asked Mrs. D. whether she did not think Sancto played with more than usual animation and constancy? Sancto said—"It's the return of the dove, Doctor," alluding I suppose, to the protracted absence of Mr. Austin, the medium. Sancto then played, for half an hour a series of airs, gliding from gay into grave, and then into gay again, modern airs, ancient airs, not forgetting my old favourite, the "Copenhagen;" not merely playing the air, but playing with it, introducing bits of curious and intricate variation. In this way he went on for full half an hour with great fervour, and would have continued, had I not suggested (in a pause) that we should consider the distance the medium had to go. Sancto asked for another quarter of an hour, as there were a few more airs he wanted to play. The medium agreed on condition that he might leave in time to get home by twelve. Sancto resumed his play, introducing some tunes, that, by I know not what means, he seemed to know were old favorites of my brother, and continued until Ebenezer's voice shouted "Twenty minutes past eleven!" My brother

struck a light, and ascertained by his watch that that was the exact time, and we broke up with the customary farewells. I had observed before that they are able to tell us the time, very exactly. One friend of Mr. Childs, has to catch a certain train; they tell him the time to leave, and he says, always rightly.

Sept. 22.—This evening early, Mr. Edward Childs favoured me with a call. He said his friend Austin had been surprising him with the news that all the voices had come by his single mediumship. I related to him the particulars of the evening of Mr. Austin's coming, and when I said that Sancto had played "Ah! che la Morte," he wanted to hear it; and as I played from the notes, it was played by rhythmical raps on the table. Then we heard the shrill voice of Joseph Campion; lowering the gas, we heard successively the voices of all the others, except Sancto. Ebenezer, after a little conversation, asked for the comb, and on it he seemed to want to emulate Sancto, playing airs old and new, including the "Copenhagen," and played it well too, and "Ah! che la Morte," charging my book with omissions, and filling them up in his rendering; then, as if to shew that he was not a mere imitator of Sancto, he played "Poor Tom Bowling" and "Sally in our Alley," the latter in an upper key, introducing turns, and even a shake, with feeling and taste. Ebenezer's music was interspersed with jests, observations, questions to us, and answers to our questions,—that is from the medium, my wife, and her sister, and myself. Alonzo Bates took a turn, too, from time to time. He had proposed to give a recitation from Tennyson; but on my saying that my taste did not go in that direction, he gave two stirring ones, one from an American author, the other from the *Ingoldshy Legends*. After each recitation, Ebenezer indulged in comb music; Alonzo said, "I know the song of the air Ebenezer has been playing; shall I sing it, Doctor?" "Yes, please." It was sung very nicely. I said, "I've expected for some time to hear a certain lady singer, of whom Amos once spoke." Amos's voice said, "In due course, but in the meantime Alonzo has learnt to imitate a lady's voice." We said we should like to hear his imitation. Thereupon we heard a feeble execution in *falsetto*, of "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," upon my humming an accompaniment, Amos said, "Please sing it, Doctor, it will help him." I said, "I would rather sing something that I know be Alonzo wishes me to sing." Here was a general assent from the loud voice of Norton, up to the shrill Campion. I sang something. Alonzo then sang his "Halls" more clearly. I sang again and again some very good song, Alonzo following each with better and better of his own voice. Alonzo asked "Do you know the

Love, Doctor?" Yes, it's a favourite with me, ever since I heard Sinclair sing it; that was in 1824. Did you hear him sing it?" "It's a long while ago, shall I sing it now?" When did you leave the body?" "I am not permitted to answer that question." "Very well; I am all attention for the song," and he sung it in *falsetto*, with delicacy and taste.

After we had been sitting thus for nearly two hours, I said "Will you allow me to remind you that mortals have to recruit the body. I would invite you to our refreshment, if you needed it." Amos said—"We return you our thanks all the same, and will take our leave now. What would the world say, Doctor, to your listening to recitations and songs from ghosts—from a party of phantoms—and then inviting them to supper? what would the world say if they knew it?" "I don't know, indeed, Amos, what they would say; according to the measure of their wisdom, I suppose." We exchanged farewells.

Sept. 24th.—This evening both mediums were with us; our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Childs, Mr. Barber, and Mr. Fusedale, two veteran Spiritualist friends, whom I had asked to drop in, and ourselves. This *séance* was remarkable for the vivacity especially of Ebenezer and Norton, who would neither suffer repression from each other, nor from us by any remarks we made. Ebenezer's voice is low in pitch, but exclamatory in tone; and it is necessary to prepare strangers for it. Norton's is lower in pitch and louder in tone, and this evening he used it more freely than ever, and as though he had an audience, not of nine, but of nine hundred. Their puns and boisterous drolleries were surprising. Sancto's play on the concertina was very fine. Mr. Childs asked him for something from the "Stabat Mater," and to Sancto's play Ebenezer joined his own on the comb, in perfect time and tune. Mr. Childs then asked for "Cujus Animam." My friend, Fusedale, next me, asked, "'Cujus Animam'—what is that?" "There's a Hahnemann here already," said Ebenezer. I said—"There's a small photograph of Samuel Hahnemann's bust on the mantel piece behind you." "Excuse my pun, Doctor," said Ebenezer, and then joined Sancto, who had begun to play what Mr. Childs wanted.

We do not perceive any alteration in Sancto's play, but Ebenezer's on the comb has been progressively characterised by better execution and tone, and greater compass, and we complimented him upon his improved play; he said his teacher Sancto did the same, and had given his instrument a proper name, the *cammelodion*. Sancto explained that he derived the term from *camb*, Anglo-Saxon for comb, and *melodia*, Greek for melody.

Alonzo sang his character songs, also, with increased vocal

expression and humour, varying the details of the dialogue from previous singing, Ebenezer taking part in one of the dialogues, where there is some crying exclamation, and joining, with his cammelodion in the refrain, played by Sancto.

Ebenezer said he had learned a new effect for his instrument, the roll of the side drum, and he executed a close and loud imitation of that instrument.

After, to please Mr. Childs, Ebenezer had repeated his reminiscences of schoolboy days, he went through a performance with Norton, of crying in chorus; Sancto announcing it as the "crying duet, by the Brothers Wyatt." Offenbach's laughing song in the "Orphée," was played by Sancto, the vocal part being taken by Ebenezer on his instrument.

Ebenezer, with evident reluctance, ended his part of the entertainment with what he called a "whimsical impromptu on the cammelodion." Then Sancto resumed his play on the concertina. While playing, we heard something snap, yet still the play went on. Some one asked what was broken. Sancto said, "Pass the concertina round." We felt that one of the hand straps was broken; it was passed back, and in the instant it was taken hold of by the medium the play was resumed; immediately at the end of the piece, Sancto sent it round again for us to feel, as he said, that he had means of working the instrument, other than those, indispensable to those in the body.

Ebenezer seemed excited by the applause we had not been able to withhold from his play, and his and Norton's voices were getting unpleasantly loud, so I hoped they would all now receive our farewells. They all bade farewell, and as I was about to turn the light on, Amos's loud whisper said, "Something for you, George," and we heard something fall lightly near Mr. Childs. We found it was the tissue paper, in a ball, which had formed part of Ebenezer's cammelodion, on which was written in pencil, "Do not forget Amos Ferguson."

While sitting talking with each other, we heard the shrill voice of Campion. "Ah," I said, "he went without saying farewell, let us exchange 'good night' with him." On turning down the gas, we were again noisily greeted by the voices of Ebenezer and Norton. Ebenezer said, "Amos has been giving something to George, I want to give something to t
thereupon I felt the antimacassar of the sofa fall in
"Here, Austin!" "Here, George!" they shouted, an
and sofa squab were pitched right and left, while
who was sitting on the sofa with a large ta
called out, "Light, light!" Light restored, there
the medium said that he had felt lifted up, and
suddenly dropped, and he called out as soon q

r ;
ids.
ons
ls,
n,
;
f

below his former level on the sofa frame. Not wanting this kind of rough diversion, we did not turn off the gas again.

Oct. 6.—Went this evening to Mr. Childs', to form one of the circle, by special invitation, to witness some expected new development. The conditions required were however departed from; and Amos and his invisible, but very audible band, were able to give no more than such manifestations as I have already described. Mr. Maurice, of the Dialectical Society, was present at this *séance*, and Messrs. Hodgson and Furney, of Manchester, were present during the latter part.

Amos pencilled his autograph on separate pieces of papers marked by the initials of those who wished to have it. Ebenezer also gave his to me, at my asking.

8, Great Ormond Street, W.C.

J. DIXON.

October 13th.

Notices of Books:

A GLANCE INTO THE HIDDEN LIFE OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT.*

IN Volume IV. of this Magazine we gave a short notice of Professor Perty's comprehensive *Die Mystischen Ercheinungen, &c.*—that is, "The Mystic Phenomena of Human Nature." That work consisted of nearly 800 closely printed pages, which, though only published in 1861 was followed in 1863 by a supplementary one—*The Reality of Magical Powers and Operations defended against Opponents*. The learned professor of Bern is, in fact, a collector of the most numerous facts on these and cognate subjects which are scattered through great libraries of the Continent. Besides these two works, Professor Perty has published *Anthropological Lectures delivered in the University of Bern*; *Facts and Observations on the Soul-Life of Animals*; *The Preliminary School of Natural Science: a Review of its principal Forms and Phenomena*; with other works. The industry of Professor Perty is prodigious; he is essentially a gatherer and condenser, and he ranges over fields as extensive as any bee.

In our notice of his *Mystical Phenomena*, we did not agree with some of the theories which he had framed from the facts collected: nor do we now, but in the present work he has clearly made a great advance towards the views which the same facts have presented to most minds in this country. Still Herr Perty

* By MAXIMILIAN PERTY. 290 pp. Leipzig and Heidelberg, 1869.

appears to us too credulous on some points and too sceptical on others. After marshalling a great host of spiritual facts, many of them drawn from the American, French, and English authorities on such subjects, amongst them the wonderful but most thoroughly attested ones of the fire phenomena exhibited through Home, the material flowers, birds, fruit, &c., brought through closed doors and windows to various *séances* in London and at many places on the Continent—the hard, palpable facts of spirit embodiment in matter, &c.—it is strange to see the author, under the head of “Hallucinations,” classing things which would be very odd hallucinations indeed if they were such. The visions and apparitions of saints and ascetics; those of artists and poets, as Raphael, Benvenuto Cellini, Dante, Tasso, &c., he treats as hallucinations. He considers the whole of the scenery and personages of the *Divina Commedia* as the results of hallucination. He gives us the experiences of a young man in Switzerland, who from the age of four years has seen and conversed with spiritual beings, good and bad. When any unpleasant event is approaching, this young man has a miserable sense of it beforehand. He became conscious of a friend of his falling ill at a distance. He knew the moment of his decease, and asserted these things, which all proved correct both as to time and fact. He had seen Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare, and other celebrated men as real as if in mortal bodies, but still very different to their pictures and photographs. He felt the hair of one such apparition as solid and real as any human being's. They gave him advice at different times, and he found this advice, when he followed it, the best possible. In fact, Professor Perty seems to think the most palpable apparitions merely subjective forms. But can hallucinations, which are actual delusions, foretell events and announce truths? Can they inspire the highest poetry and the most consummate art? Can hallucinations give the best advice, and prescribe the most noble and profitable conduct? Can they do this and still be delusions of the mind? Then delusion must be truth and truth delusion. The tree of hallucination must produce the fruits of reality. The professor's logic must be somehow at fault more consistent, and the only consistent theory is, that in this clairvoyant state see as perfect realities in the spirit as in an ordinary state we see in the physical one. The professor has advanced as far as this in his spiritual philosophy he will see that the opening of the inner senses to a spiritual real world is the only explanation which can account for the unexplained and pre-apprehended facts in what he classes as hallucinations. The cause and effect must be one in their nature, and not originate delusion, nor delusion reality.

Apart, however, from theory, Herr Perty has brought together a great body of most interesting facts, which we recommend to the perusal of readers of German. One of the most astonishing characters to whom he introduces us is the Rabbi Hersch-Dänemark of Siebenbürgen. When he has put on his gold-laced cap he counts with a glance the longest rows of lines in a closed book or manuscript that any one can bring. He counted, for instance, instantly and correctly, the 44 lines in the page of a printed book. Still more, he will read the words in the book whilst it is shut if those words are Hebrew. It is a peculiarity in such cases that he can only read Hebrew. Let himself or some one present touch with a finger, a knife, or the point of a needle, the page of a closed book, and he will read the words which the finger, &c., touches with his eyes shut. He has, moreover, an astonishing memory, and knows not only the *Talmud* literally by rote, but probably thousands of Hebrew books. He gave exhibitions of this kind in Germany, France, and Switzerland in 1842. On the 26th of September of that year, before an assembly of the professors of the University and clergymen of Basle, he not only read and counted as before stated, but he allowed those present to name any page in the *Talmud*, and the particular ~~particular~~ page in a copy of the *Talmud* on the table, ~~and~~ immediately read the words in that line. He put his finger on a certain spot in the *Talmud* with his face turned away, and not only read the words there, but said also what were the words on several leaves farther, and what were above and below on these leaves. He read with his back turned on the book, long passages in it, and noted where every fresh page began to a syllable. Still more mysterious and astounding is another faculty of this extraordinary man, to which it is difficult to give a name, and which has much engaged the enquiries of the learned in Germany. He allows any one present to select at pleasure a Hebrew volume, to lay his finger or a needle on some place in the book, or turn down a corner of a leaf, and he at once indicates the places on that page under or above the finger, the needle, or the corner of the leaf; or he allows a number of the leaves to be pierced through with a needle, and names the number of the leaves thus transpierced, and the number of the page where the puncture ceases. This he did with a manuscript of the University Library, with a pocket edition of the *Psalms*, and with Ewald's *Hebrew Grammar*. Of trick or sleight-of-hand there could be no question, for the Rabbi was watched by too many critical eyes.

In Vienna he was invited to a particular proof of his powers in the saloon of Prince Metternich and before the Grand Duke Franz, and in the presence of a number of distinguished physical

Philosophers and men learned in languages. At his departure the Prince presented him with a gold snuff-box in which was laid a bank-note of 100 florins. In Basle he received this testimony:—"The performances of the Chief Rabbi, Hersch-Dänemark, in the presence of a number of learned men and clergymen, have exceeded all expectation. Not only has he shown a power of memory perfectly inconceivable, but as respects Hebrew words in books, which he had never before seen, and had never opened, he displays a gift of real divination, which the more it is reflected upon appears the more astonishing." This was signed by the Professors Gerlach, Fischer, De Witte, and Deacon Preiswerk.

Dr. Friedenber^g, editor of the *Voss Gazette*, relates of Hersch-Dänemark in 1847—"We have witnessed a test of his achievements, and have thence derived the conviction that these belong rather to some undiscovered field of the endowments of nature than to human art. They border on the incredible. Herr Hersch-Dänemark is in a condition to read in a book closed to his eye, any passage at pleasure. He can, however, only read Hebrew. Every one present brought such a book. I myself, a *Journey in Africa*, by Samuel Braggoli, translated into Rabbinical Hebrew, a very rare book, which Hersch-Dänemark had certainly never seen. With his finger laid on the book, and his entranced eye directed into space, he read off the words or the places that we had noted privately ourselves. Still more, he asked us which line in a certain page he should read; we said the sixteenth from the top. He replied, "That I cannot do; for there is a vacant place in the book, but I will give you the contents of the twelfth page," which he did. On opening the book, the page was found exactly as he had said.

A physician present doubted whether the Rabbi could read a book which he did not touch immediately with his finger, but he read just as well a volume wrapped in silk or woollen cloth. Most striking was to every one present the sort of entrancement in which the Rabbi seemed to be when he read or divined the passage in a closed book. Let us reflect that though he has exercised this gift at any given moment through a long unbroken course of years, yet it would be difficult to bring it into a parallel with the now known phenomena of clairvoyance."

In an article in the Appendix to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of March 9, 1851, it is stated that a doubter of the reality of the Rabbi's power was allowed to put his finger on a Hebrew word in the German book of a friend, where it was impossible for the Rabbi to see it, but he gave the word correctly. He himself asserts that he has no knowledge of whence his wonderful capability arises. In the moments of his power he is in an ecstatic

condition in which he comes into *rapport* with spirit-life, like somnambulists and mediums, and into co-operation with this life; "a very different thing," says the learned professor, "to legerdemain."

Truly; but what strikes our mind with a vivid wonder in reading of such a person as the Rabbi is the question—What are the real limits of the human intellect when liberated from the obstructive despotism of the physical frame? Has it any? The powers, as it were, of instinctive perception displayed by Hersch-Dänemark in his trance state, would seem to say that there are none.

Not the least curious chapters of this volume are those detailing the remarkable visits of a spirit professing to be Marie Antoinette, to the seeress, Anna Maria Weiss, of Vienna, with a political purpose, published in full at Leipsic during the present year; and the concluding essay of the continuance of our identity in another state. In conclusion, our friend Coleman would smile to find himself figuring in this work as the editor of the *Spiritual Magazine*.

THE OLD YEAR.

By ROBERT LEIGHTON.

Good-bye, old year, good-bye! now would I learn
The new one's name, but yours jumps to my pen,
As, like a parting friend, you turn and turn
To shake my hand again.

What promise made! how little done, old year!
But 'tis God's way, and we are wisely mute.
The blossom'd Spring gives hope of endless cheer;
But Winter counts the fruit.

And so, our hopes are blown to outward loss:
Yet, inwardly, the gain, who knows how great!
For, like the blighted hope on Calvary's cross,
They grow, would we but wait.

Good-bye, old year! though now you largely stand,
With all your living memories in store,
Soon will you lie, an unknown grain of sand,
On Time's eternal shore.

And with my farewell I could give a tear,
If man's own end were only death and dross:
But, with eternity around us here,
Lost time can be no loss.

Yet, mourn its waste—for that is waste of soul;
And make each blighted hope a chastening rod:
Then, though the years inexorably roll,
They bring us nearer God.





