

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. II.]

DECEMBER, 1861.

[No. 12.]

SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

VI.

IN a former number of the Magazine, I gave the history of the spirit-drawings in my possession obtained through the mediumship of Mrs. French and Mrs. Mapes, which have excited very great interest.

Mrs. Mapes, it will be recollected, had never been instructed in, and had no knowledge of drawing, but spiritually influenced, she now produces most perfect specimens of the art in water colours. Of the two drawings which Mrs. Mapes kindly presented to me—one is an iris, and the other is a collection of American autumnal leaves. *Both were commenced and completed in little more than an hour!* It was suggested to me that no artist could copy them in less than two days. I am now told by Mr. Heaphy, an artist of known celebrity, who has examined them with great care, that there is a peculiar stereoscopic effect in one of the drawings which cannot be imitated by any process known to the artists of this country. This testimony is most important and interesting, and confirms, to a certain extent, the spiritual origin which is claimed for these drawings. The following is Mr. Heaphy's note to me on the subject, which I publish with his permission:—

“5, Bulstrode-street, Manchester-square,
October 20th, 1861.

“My dear Sir,—I was greatly interested in the drawings you showed to me as having been executed by, or with the aid of, spirits. You are aware, that while I respect the arguments of the Spiritualists, I am not a Spiritualist myself. I must, however, say that the drawings in question possess many peculiar points, especially one of them representing a number of leaves of plants. This drawing is highly coloured; and, on being looked at through a powerful lens, the surface of the leaves—especially of the red one—possesses a reality of appearance quite stereoscopic. Indeed, I was obliged to pass my finger repeatedly over

with mediumistic powers of a very high order. She could not induce physical manifestations; but she saw spirits—was impressed by them—impelled to act independently of her own volition, and her organs of speech would at times be controlled by minds foreign to her own. The spirits of friends or relatives of the individuals with whom she was in conversation, would speak through her, whilst she was apparently in her normal condition. She appeared to be an earnest Christian woman, thoroughly versed in the Bible, which she quoted with great readiness, and she talked at all times with an ease and fluency which was surprising, and seemed like inspiration.

To the advantage of having made this highly gifted lady's acquaintance, I owe a great source of happiness. It was her earnest eloquence, that first impressed my mind with the meaning and tendency of what at first appeared to me, whether influenced or not by spirits, to be undignified and objectless manifestations. I soon, however, through her brilliant exemplifications, realized the wisdom of the words of the Apostle Paul, when he says that "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the mighty." Thus was the blank wall of ignorance and educated prejudices at this time overthrown, and an entirely new vista opened to my refreshed senses. I accepted the fact that these manifestations were effected by spirits, and I thus saved myself from being further bewildered by the futile and contradictory theories of *pseudo* philosophers.

I recollect an incident occurring at that time which conclusively proved Mrs. Newton's mediumship. A Mr. Holmes engaged her one evening in conversation. He was confessedly a materialist, and of course an unbeliever in Spiritualism. He started several propositions, which she combated in language so eloquent, and manner so earnest, and with reasoning so logical, that Mr. Holmes was speedily driven into a corner, and at length he said, "Well, well, all that you have urged may be true, but it does not convince me, and indeed nothing will, until I have direct evidence from some one whose memory I revere. If, for instance, I could obtain a manifestation from my mother, it would go far to satisfy my doubts." "Why," exclaimed Mrs. Newton, "it is your mother's spirit who has impressed me to speak these truths to you; I see her standing by your side; her name is Betsy, and she is accompanied by the spirit of your child Ellen; they implore you to believe that there is a spirit-world and a life immortal." Mr. Holmes's countenance changed, and he became silent. I asked him if he recognized the names, and he admitted that his mother's name was Betsy, and that he had lost an infant daughter, whose name was Ellen. But the seed in this instance was scattered on

“ stony ground,” as I found, on meeting him some years after, that he was still an unbeliever.

On my arrival at Boston, I at once made a visit to my interesting friend, and was introduced to her husband and children. Mr. Newton I knew, of course by reputation, as one of the best writers and most earnest advocates of the spiritual faith, and by his contributions to various periodicals, and his papers recently published in the *Spiritual Magazine*; he is known to many in this country, and recognized by all, as an excellent Christian man and a profound philosopher. He and his gifted wife were respected members of a Congregational Church, at Boston, from which body they felt compelled to secede, about eight years ago, upon their conversion to a belief in Spiritualism. Since then, they have suffered severe trials for the maintenance of their faith; and I hope those who have received pleasure and advantage from their teachings will join with me in raising the means of presenting to Mr. and Mrs. Newton some substantial testimony to mark our appreciation of the services they have rendered to the cause.

The charge of a young family, domestic cares and perplexities forced upon them by the straitened circumstances in which they have been kept ever since their reception of the new light, have been unfavourable to the full development and exercise of Mrs. Newton's peculiar faculty; but her husband acknowledges that he owes his success, when writing on spiritual subjects, almost entirely to her inspired suggestions, and her varied experience of psychological and inspirational phenomena have given him rare opportunities for their careful investigation under the best conditions.

I was informed of the circumstances that influenced Mrs. Newton's visit to England at the period I have mentioned, which are curious and interesting. It appears that she was on a visit in a distant part of the country, and one day, while she was ascending, for air and exercise, one of the Alleghany Mountains, entirely alone and no human presence near, the words “ You must go to Europe ” were spoken to her inner hearing with startling distinctness and force. At that time nothing seemed more improbable than her compliance with this injunction. But soon after, invisible intelligences—sometimes through other mediums, and again directly to herself—began to set forth the desirableness of a visit to the Old World. Various reasons were urged, but prominent among them was the importance of making known in England the elevated and practical views of the significance of the great movement which was then influencing so large a number of the inhabitants of the Western World, and by her personal mediumship, to effect an immediate rapport between some of the prominent minds of the two continents.

It was also said that travel would be beneficial to herself in an educational point of view, to fit her more completely for future usefulness. At length, after the lapse of some months, her husband and friends were satisfied of the propriety of her mission, and she trusting, as she has told me, to a protecting Providence, which had already carried her through many scenes of trial, made up her mind to separate herself from her husband and young family, to whom she was most devotedly attached, and to prepare herself with very slender means, to obey and follow her leadings to accomplish what she considered a sacred duty.

That she has been instrumental in impressing many minds with a sense of the deep religious significance of the new unfolding, has been abundantly evidenced by numerous testimonials received from England since her return home. That she was protected in a very marked manner, was amply shown by the fact of her being welcomed on her arrival, though an entire stranger without credentials, by several families, and by them tenderly and affectionately cared for. I may mention, as prominent in these acts of kindness, the names of Mr. and Mrs. Rymer, who in their turn have since been called on to make great sacrifices for the cause of Spiritualism; and Mr. William Cox, a gentleman who has ever been foremost in disseminating the truth of Spiritualism, with the phenomena of which he has been acquainted for more than five-and-twenty years.

In closing my remarks on Mrs. Newton, I will relate one further proof of her peculiar gifts, as shown in the following touching incident, evincing spirit affection, which recently occurred:—

A gentleman, an entire stranger, having official business with the Bureau of Emigration, with which Mr. Newton is connected, arrived from Hayti. Immediately on hearing of his arrival, Mrs. Newton felt the presence of a spirit, who seemed to take a deep interest in this gentleman. The spirit urged her to make him a gift of flowers. These flowers were meant to be emblematic, and she was shown in vision a peculiar arrangement which it was desired should be made of them. They were, she was told, to consist of a full-blown white rose, with a little red bud beside it; the two were to be placed in a small pasteboard box, between two layers of pure cotton wool, the top layer to be turned down, like the upper sheet of a bed. Though unable to discover the object of all this, the wish was carried out by Mrs. Newton, and the flowers were presented to the gentleman with a statement of the facts as above related. On receiving the flowers he was much surprised and affected, and he explained that just before leaving Hayti he had lost a tenderly devoted wife, who had died after giving birth to a child, and that mother

and infant—the full-blown rose and the little bud—had been consigned to the tomb side by side.

Mr. Freeland, an intelligent, gentlemanly young man, called on me at my hotel, explaining the object of his visit to be, that hearing of my visit to New York, and that I was enquiring into the subject of Spiritualism, he was anxious that I should make the acquaintance of his friend Mr. Andrews. I ought not, he said, to leave the country without seeing Mr. Andrews, and hearing his peculiar views; and he thought I should also be interested with Mrs. Andrews, who is a remarkable trance medium. I accordingly accompanied Mr. Freeland at once, and was introduced to this gentleman and his wife, who reside in a superior house, with all comforts about them. The walls of the room in which we sat were hung with a variety of frames, containing trite aphorisms and moral exhortations. Mr. Andrews, who is a man of education, past the middle age, of grave mien, and evidently a serious and deep thinker, explained to me that he and a few others were engaged in organizing a society, *spiritually* originated, and guided, for the universal regeneration of mankind, which embraced the establishment of a Catholic Church, in the broadest sense of the word. "Of course," he remarked with a smile, "I and my followers are looked upon by the multitude as a band of madmen." The plan of this party proposes a NEW SPIRITUAL GOVERNMENT FOR THE WORLD, called THE PANTARCHY, which includes a NEW CHURCH and a NEW STATE, with, to use his own language, "all other subordinate institutions, educational, informational, &c., which are universal in their scope and nature, and which can be devised and established as subservient to the collective wants of mankind."

The new church called "THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH," as described by Mr. Andrews, is "to concern itself especially with the culture of the EMOTIONAL and SENSATIONAL attributes of man, and more especially of these in their higher and universal aspect, known as religion," &c. &c.

From a printed pamphlet, describing the constitution and organic basis of this NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH, I extract the following:—

"ARTICLE I.

"CONSTITUENCY OF THE CHURCH.

"The Church is the world. The Church universal can do no less than embrace all mankind. This is in the largest or most extended meaning of the term. In another sense, the true CATHOLIC CHURCH is an interior organized body, which should be the spiritual mother of the race. The relation between mother and child exists equally, whether the children have so

grown as to recognize the mother's face or not ; so, in the world, great numbers of men and women have not hitherto known any spiritual mother, nor consciously recognized their need of one. Others, following legitimately the analytical process of the intellect, or the self-assertive instinct of individuality, have been led to deny and abjure all relation to the Church ; the truth of their essential and spiritual unity with the race, and hence with the true spiritual Church, is not however affected thereby. These two classes of persons, the uninformed or ignorant and the intelligently infidel, belonging, equally with the most spiritualized or sanctified persons, to the CHURCH UNIVERSAL, should be the especial objects of the labours and care of the more interior body," &c.

In Article VII., entitled " FAITH AND PRACTICE," it is prescribed—

" That unity of the FAITH of the CHURCH is not to be found in the truths apprehended and accepted by any single or individual mind, but in all the truths apprehended and accepted by all minds. Hence the creeds of the Church are not one, but many ; different and even opposite faiths, combining, balancing, and harmonizing with each other in the bosom of the greater truth—INFINITE VARIETY in UNITY. As in the constitution of the Church, so in its faith, all truths derived from all sources—or the universe of truth, observational, scientific, institutional, and inspirational—constitute the universal creed of the Church—a creed which is therefore progressively developing in time ; but, in a special or interior sense, the creed of the Church is the aggregate of the TRUTH, known or believed, in relation to the highest sphere of thought and feeling, and in relation to the out-working of DIVINE LOVE and WISDOM in beneficent action.

" Every pastor of a Church congregation will rally his flock under that creed, which will best express the aggregate unity of his and their sentiments or religious beliefs ; or under no written or formally constituted creed, if that method is more highly approved—the religious unity consisting of love, and of that knowledge of principles which not merely tolerates but accepts and approves of diversity of opinion as necessary and beautiful, resulting from diversity of organization and development."

During my visit, and whilst in conversation with Mr. Andrews, his wife passed into the trance state. Laying her hand on my breast and her head on my shoulder, she addressed her husband and Mr. Freeland, and gave them a minute description of my character. It will be sufficient for me to say on this head, that her remarks were very flattering. I said, " Her language is glow-

ing; but I am afraid the picture is too highly coloured." Mr. Andrews replied in a very serious tone, "Mr. Coleman, her words have a deep significance with us. We are almost entirely guided by the precepts which fall from her lips, inspirationally influenced as we believe her to be whilst in that state, and we never think of acting contrary to her dictum."

I mention the fact of this visit to Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, to show my friends at home one of the many, and certainly not the least curious phase of American Spiritualism. I make no comment on Mr. Andrews' scheme of universal regeneration, for, indeed, I do not, as I candidly told him, fully comprehend it. My experience, however, teaches me to be humble in my judgments of other men's philosophy, and rather at all times to mistrust my own wisdom, than deride what I do not understand. I recollect the words of that eminently learned and pious prelate, Jeremy Taylor, who said—"Although I be as desirous to know what I should, and what I should not, as any of my brethren, the sons of Adam, yet I find that the more I search, the further I am from being satisfied, and make but few discoveries, save of my own ignorance."

Perhaps the most remarkable phenomenon to which American Spiritualism has given birth is Andrew Jackson Davis, known as the Poughkeepsie Seer. Those who have read the history of his life will know that he was of the humblest parentage, and with scarcely any school education. When he was about 18 years of age, Professor Grimes visited Poughkeepsie, and there delivered a course of lectures on Mesmerism, illustrating the subject by experimenting, as usual, on some members of his audience. The phenomena induced by the lecturer set the villagers at work to try their power of producing the same effects, and young Davis, who was at that time apprenticed to a shoemaker, was one upon whom the experiment was tried by a neighbour, with the most perfect success. He was at once thrown into the mesmeric sleep, and soon became a clairvoyant. His clairvoyance was at first used exclusively for tracing the origin and seat of disease. His diagnosis was considered extremely clear and reliable, and he was instrumental, it appears, in effecting some very wonderful cures. An ignorant youth in his normal condition, he was yet, when placed in a state of trance by his magnetiser, an illuminated and profound philosopher. Like Emanuel Swedenborg, he became a seer, and had visions, and ultimately he developed into a state designated "THE SUPERIOR CONDITION," which as distinguished from clairvoyance, enabled him not only to see objects, but to analyse and explain them scientifically.

In this "superior condition," he delivered several lectures, showing, as it is said by Professor Lewis, who was one of many persons present on the various occasions when these spontaneous effusions were eloquently poured forth, "a complete mastery of the subject in its various ramifications and relations, and forming in the whole a profound and elaborate discussion of the *Philosophy of the Universe*." These lectures were published, and form a large volume, extending to several hundred pages, and are entitled *Nature's Divine Revelations*, which no doubt many of my readers have seen, as the book has had an unusually large circulation in England as well as in America.

Since that period, Andrew Jackson Davis has become widely known as the author of several books, which have become very popular among a certain class of American Spiritualists, and in the production of which he has been under spiritual influence. He is personally held in the highest respect and regard by all who know him. I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance, and was agreeably surprised to find him bright, active, and solidly intelligent, with nothing of the dreamy mystic about him. His personal appearance is extremely prepossessing, with a massive and most intellectually formed forehead, prominent nose, long black hair and profuse flowing beard. He has established a spiritual paper, entitled *The Herald of Progress*, of which he is the chief editor. He resides in the country, and spends half his day, as he told me, in gardening, and the other half in his study; once a week only he visits his office in the City, where numbers of persons of both sexes call on him, chiefly, as I understood, to consult him and receive medical advice, which he gratuitously prescribes, and which is inspirationally given to him.

His character, as I have said, stands high. Professor Mapes informed me that he made the most rigid inquiries as to Davis's antecedents, and found them exactly as is stated in the preface to *Nature's Divine Revelations*.

I spoke with Mr. Davis about his peculiar gifts. He said the continued exercise of them in no way interfered with his health, as his time was systematically apportioned. His power of complete abstraction is very great. He can walk, he said, through the throng of Broadway, and feel as isolated as if he were in a forest. He was delighted to look on the likenesses of William and Mary Howitt, which I showed him; and it will be a satisfaction to all the friends of this amiable couple to know that their literary talents and private worth, are as fully understood and appreciated throughout the States of America as they are in Europe.

The *Herald of Progress* throws open its columns to all classes of religionists. The reader will find occasionally from some of its correspondents the utterances of a pure spiritual Christianity;

but most frequently its pages are occupied by what the orthodox would properly denounce as rank Infidelity, and of this character are the editorial articles. Davis, indeed, does not acknowledge the divinity of Christ; and it will thus be seen that Spiritualism does not mean any defined doctrine or creed.

One column of the *Herald of Progress* is devoted to "Medical Whisperings," which are answers to correspondents, who ask medical advice from the seer; and it may be interesting to the ordinarily educated physician to hear what Andrew Jackson Davis is spiritually influenced to say on the subject of disease.

"All diseases, he says, are but modifications of one disease—namely, a want of spiritual and physical harmony, or a loss of equilibrium in the atomic motions and temperature of the body; and that individuals are subject to *one* or *more* of those almost innumerable variations from the primary harmony according to progeniture, or acquired predisposition; and that the weakest part of the organization will be the seat of its or their development. All acute and recent diseases are physical disturbances, primarily caused by a positive, or magnetic condition of the atmosphere, which throws the spiritual principle out of its natural equilibrium." And again he says:—

"The mind can, by its own action, cause and cure disease. Even as prominent an organism, as a cancer, can be psychologized into being by the same law. It is very necessary that modern Spiritualists should understand the whole force of this principle. They would be saved from many hasty conclusions respecting 'Evil Spirits' and other trials with which they frequently come into close and painful relations." Andrew Jackson Davis is, indeed, a wonderful phenomenon, a profound philosopher, educated chiefly by those wonderful spiritual experiences to which I have adverted.

Having now exhausted the Notes of my American Journal, I hasten to bring these papers to a close. I have given nearly every incident and fact connected with Spiritualists and Spiritualism which came under my notice during a sojourn of just three weeks in the cities of New York and Boston.

Objections have been taken by friends, some to one, and some to another, of the manifestations recorded in this narrative. It is not agreeable to our refined ideas of a future life, to think that the spirits of departed persons would come to engage in a game of cards, as spoken of in one instance, or in any of the lower occupations of this world. But I respectfully submit that to be faithful to the task I had undertaken, I was bound to record everything which came to my notice, tending to elucidate the subject of my investigations without stopping to consider whether I offended

the religious scruples of one, or destroyed the poetic dreams of another. If the phenomena attested by so many unimpeachable witnesses are *facts*, we want them *all* to lay the foundation of a sound philosophy. It would certainly mislead us, were we to receive only those which accord with our religious bias, or with our individual and peculiar views of the spirit-life.

Let me say, then, in conclusion, that though we have leaders of public opinion amongst us, like the Brewsters, and the Faradays, whose erroneous theories on this subject remain unrevoked, and are still accepted by vast numbers who have not thought upon and thoroughly investigated the question for themselves—yet, in the face of the accumulated mass of facts which lie broadcast throughout society in America, attested there by men and women of the highest intellect and character—and by the more limited, though very marked experiences we have had in this country—it must be acknowledged by every fair and intelligent reasoner, that to deny the occurrence of what are called “spiritual phenomena” is to impeach the veracity of our senses, and deny the value of human testimony in relation to this class of facts. That the study of them may lead to differences of opinion, honestly entertained, I have already admitted; and will only add that in America the most searching and best-qualified investigators, while differing as to the origin of these phenomena, all agree in admitting their reality.

COMPASSION.

The sweetest voice
 That warbles in the grove, is not so sweet
 As thine, Compassion—nor the boldest deed
 Of hero's arm so worthy of the lyre,
 As act of Mercy; nor, in all the round
 Of being, is there aught in God's pure eye
 So blessed, so sanctified, as those kind thoughts
 That stir the bosom of Benevolence.
 What are the joys of Heaven but those of love?
 What God's own bliss?—The bliss of doing good,
 Unlimited and perfect.

W. H. DRUMMOND.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

So long ago as the early part of 1855, Sir David Brewster accompanied Lord Brougham to a *séance* with Mr. Home, at the invitation of Mr. William Cox, of Jermyn Street, and seated in a private room, in the open light of day, they saw among other extraordinary things, a good sized heavy table rise from the floor. The very fact, which Professor Faraday had but a short time previously asserted that "the undeviating truth" of Newton's law would not permit, and which to believe in was proof of "deficiency of judgment," then occurred in his presence.

Here are the very words of Sir David Brewster on this point, conveyed in a letter which he subsequently wrote to Mr. Benjamin Coleman, dated October 9, 1855, at the time when he was disingenuously endeavouring to free himself, from admissions he had previously made, on the subject to Mr. Coleman and to others. But he was forced, nevertheless, to admit, "It is true that at Mr. Cox's house, Mr. Home, Mr. Cox, Lord Brougham, and myself sat down to a small table, Mr. Home having previously requested us to examine if there was any machinery about his person, an examination, however, which we declined to make. When all our hands were upon the table, noises were heard—rappings in abundance; and finally, when we rose up, the table actually rose, *as appeared to me, from the ground.* *This result I do not attempt to explain.*"

It will thus be seen that the occurrences were so extraordinary, that Sir David Brewster, the philosopher, whom we are taught to look up to as an authority, was disposed to mistrust the evidence of his senses, and choose, as has been said of him by the Rev. Dr. Maitland, "to place himself before the public, as a person who really could not tell whether a table under his nose did, or did not, rise from the ground." The same learned divine contemptuously asks: "Is it on men, so grossly and avowedly incompetent to judge of plain matter-of-fact, submitted to their senses, that we are to pin our faith, in matters of physical science?"

We are further enabled to inform our readers, that after the *séance* at Mr. Cox's house, Sir David Brewster, in a conversation which he had with Mr. Coleman, expressed his astonishment at what he had witnessed in company with Lord Brougham; that he scouted the idea of there being either trick or delusion in the matter, but that though unable to explain the agency by which the phenomena were produced, he was not prepared to admit the claim of spirit-power; using these memorable words, which could never have escaped the lips of a true philosopher,

“*Spirit is the last thing I will give in to.*” Sir David also expressed to Mr. Coleman his desire to witness something more, and being asked by Mr. Rymer, at whose house Mr. Home, the medium, was then residing, to fix his own time, he selected the following Sunday evening, when in the company of Mrs. Trollope and her son, Mr. Thos. Trollope, Sir David examined every surrounding condition with the utmost care, and “*he appeared*” to be thoroughly satisfied that it was no known power, that effected the marvels which he witnessed.

On this occasion, Sir David sat for some time *under* the table, which was a heavy dining table ten or twelve feet in length, whilst the rapping sounds were all around him. He asked for the air of “*Scots wha hae*” to be played on the accordion, which was done by the unseen agencies. He afterwards stood at the end of the table, and the spirits being requested to prevent his raising it, Sir David was unable to lift it. Again he tried, and the spirits being requested to help him, the table was easily raised to a considerable height. These experiments were repeated several times, so as to leave no doubt in the minds of all present, that there was an independent and intelligent invisible power at work in that room. Sir David “*appeared*” to be seriously impressed with all that he saw and heard, and he talked over the events of the evening with Mr. Trollope, in a way which assured that gentleman, that Sir David was profoundly impressed with the spiritual manifestations, and when Sir David afterwards wrote to the *Morning Advertiser*, attempting to cast ridicule on the subject, Mr. Trollope, Mr. Cox, and Mr. Coleman, each wrote to refute Sir David, and succeeded in placing him in a position, which humbler men would have sunk under.

We are also enabled to assert—and Sir David shall be furnished, if he desires it, or if he denies our assertion, with our authority for the statement—that he has, at a much more recent period, discussed the subject with a gentleman of high scientific attainments, and himself a full believer in spirit-intercourse, and in the reality of the modern manifestations, in the most serious manner, acknowledging what he had seen on the former occasion, and subsequently leaving again the impression on this gentleman’s mind as he had formerly done on Mr. Trollope and others,—that he was now satisfied that the subject was at least entitled to the most respectful consideration. What, then, are we to say? What will every honest and intelligent man think of the remarks Sir David Brewster made to the members of the University of Edinburgh at their recent opening session?

“It is among the middle and the upper classes chiefly that this credulity and love of the marvellous is most conspicuous. It is rank and luxuriant among the votaries of gaiety and

idleness, who are incapable of continuous thought, and who have, therefore, no faith in those forces in the material world, and in those laws which are in daily operation around us. Who that is acquainted, even superficially, with the facts of electricity and magnetism, can for a moment believe that similar forces emanate from human hands, rushing through non-conducting materials, floating them even in the air, and imparting to them a knowledge of the past, the unseen, and the future? Who that confides in the revealed truth, or has the least knowledge of the relations between our mental and physical nature, can allow themselves to believe that impostors, male or female, can summon the dead from their graves, and marshal them under the table, to perform the paltriest tricks that would hardly amuse the inmates of the nursery or the schoolroom? All such beliefs are the result of an imperfect education—of the want of general knowledge. They are the observations of ill-trained faculties, the cravings of morbid and mystic temperaments that have been suckled on the husks and garbage of literature, and reared on the rank pastures of our mushroom publications.”

These are the foolish words of this veracious *savant*, who started on his inquiry with the foregone conclusion, that spirit was the last thing he would give in to, and now puts forward so crude and badly-expressed a sentence, which pretends to say more than its actual wording will bear, though evidently its main purpose is to place the whole subject in a ridiculous position. It will be observed that this paragraph is not precise enough to shew more than the dishonesty and moral cowardice of the writer, who wilfully misstates the case, in order that he may deny the form in which he puts it, and deceive his hearers into the belief that he has accurately stated the whole truth.

~~~~~

MEMORY.—Is not every recollection of a departed friend in some hour of sadness and temptation—confirming us in a right resolution, restraining us when we would do something wrong—a message from the world of spirits? I speak literally, not figuratively. It is easy to talk of such recollections as only acts of memory. But what is an act of memory? The ancients thought Memory a most wonderful and mysterious power; they called it the Mother of all Arts. I cannot think they were wrong: certainly they did not exaggerate the seriousness and awfulness of that art which brings back to us words that have been spoken, deeds that have been done, our own states of mind, in years that are gone; which brings them back to us as present realities. The more we consider what is implied in such an exercise, the more we must tremble at the greatness of our own being; the more we must feel in what close relation we stand to eternity. And if, instead of saying, ‘I remember a friend, I call back his image to me,’ I say, ‘He is actually conversing with me; he is suggesting thoughts to me; he is sympathising with me and upholding me when I am weak;’ there is an increase of awe—perhaps of joy. But I do not feel that I have introduced a more difficult or incredible kind of speech. I am not sure that it is not a more simple one, more accordant with experience, even more like what men in all ages have felt *must* be true; more like what the analogies of science would lead one to expect.—Rev. F. D. MAURICE.—*Christian Ethics*.

## MR. H.'S OWN NARRATIVE AND MR. DICKENS.

[THE following story, which we extract *verbatim*, with the prefatory remarks, from Mr. Dickens's *All the Year Round*, is one of the best which have anywhere appeared, and what is better still, we are enabled by the kindness of Mr. H. to assure our readers, from him, of the truth of the narration, so far as his veracity is concerned. The names used throughout, however, are not those of the real persons concerned, one of whom is of the nobility, and the others do not wish their names to be made public. This is a practical comment on the incredulity of the world, which visits with ridicule these most wonderful faculties of man, and causes those who are the objects of them to be ashamed of having been actors in such scenes. Perhaps no one of our popular writers has been more prominent at times in his abuse of the whole subject, and in contributing to this unwholesome fear and concealment than Mr. Dickens, whose weekly journal is just now converted into a deputy *Spiritual Magazine*, by his successive ghost stories, and by the *Strange Story* of Sir Bulwer Lytton. Sir Bulwer Lytton is himself thoroughly acquainted with the more common phenomena, having both observed and practised them for several years, and hence he is very capable of making skilful use of them with his easy pen. We do not approve of his plan of mixing them up with fiction, in such a manner as that the uninitiated, cannot distinguish the one from the other. Mr. Dickens, however, in throwing ridicule and denial on the subject, and in speaking of mediums as impostors, has only shewed one side of his mind, for at other times he has in his more free and genial writing, spoken of it as all men of genius occasionally feel towards the realities of the spiritual world. Besides this, he has frequently introduced ghost stories, as they are called, and has evinced a strong tendency towards the supernatural. As our theory is that all are mediums in some degree or modification, so in men of genius a more direct inspiration frequently appears, so that they themselves can hardly recognize as their own, the words that come from them in the freest flow of their soul. A better instance than this affords, of an internal influx or connexion with an inner world, can hardly be given to a philosophical mind, but in the more outward states of the mind the idea of its inner causation is lost for want of a better system of pneumatology. The supernatural phase of Mr. Dickens's character must have been uppermost lately, and we had intended to have given a most interesting anecdote as an instance of it, in connexion with Mr. H.'s narrative, and to which we alluded in our last number.

•

It has, however, been considered that it is of a so far private nature, that we should hardly be justified in publishing it, and we must, therefore, leave it with Mr. Dickens to make it known himself. It is certainly not the least interesting portion of this wonderful story. We observe that already some of Mr. Dickens's contemporaries are in full cry after him for admitting such stories into his periodical. Ghost stories, they say, are capital reading, and everybody likes them, so long as they are not asked to believe them; but now when Mr. H.'s story is put forward as true, it is said to be a disgrace to Mr. Dickens to give it currency. This is a sample and foretaste of what he may expect when he walks out arm-in-arm with us, as we have no doubt he is destined to do. But woe for us that in that happy day, we shall be no better off than now, although it will be so much worse for him, for he will only be another of the madmen and badmen who believe in the existence of spirits.—*Ed.*]

#### MR. H.'S OWN NARRATIVE.

[From "*All the Year Round*," No. 128, Oct. 5th, 1861.]

There was lately published in these pages (No. 125, page 589) a paper called "Four Stories." The first of those stories related the strange experience of "a well-known English artist, Mr. H." On the publication of that account, Mr. H. himself addressed the conductor of this Journal (to his great surprise), and forwarded to him his own narrative of the occurrences in question.

As Mr. H. wrote, without any concealment, in his own name in full, and from his own studio in London, and as there was no possible doubt of his being a real existing person and a responsible gentleman, it became a duty to read his communication attentively. And great injustice having been unconsciously done to it, in the version published as the first of the "Four Stories," it follows here exactly as received. It is, of course, published with the sanction and authority of Mr. H., and Mr. H. has himself corrected the proofs.

Entering on no theory of our own towards the explanation of any part of this remarkable narrative, we have prevailed on Mr. H. to present it without any introductory remarks whatever. It only remains to add, that no one has for a moment stood between us and Mr. H. in this matter. The whole communication is at first hand. On seeing the article, "Four Stories," Mr. H. frankly and good humouredly wrote, "I am the Mr. H., the living man, of whom mention is made; how my story has been picked up, I do not know, but it is not correctly told; I have it by me, written by myself, and here it is."

I am a painter. One morning in May, 1858, I was seated

in my studio at my usual occupation. At an earlier hour than that of which visits are usually made, I received one from a friend whose acquaintance I had made some year or two previously in Richmond Barracks, Dublin. My acquaintance was a captain in the 3rd West York Militia, and from the hospitable manner in which I had been received while a guest with that regiment, as well as from the intimacy that existed between us personally, it was incumbent on me to offer my visitor suitable refreshments; consequently, two o'clock found us well occupied in conversation, cigars, and a decanter of sherry. About that hour a ring at the bell reminded me of an engagement I had made with a model, or a young person who, having a pretty face and neck, earned a livelihood by sitting for them to artists. Not being in the humour for work, I arranged with her to come on the following day, promising, of course, to remunerate her for her loss of time, and she went away. In about five minutes she returned, and, speaking to me privately, stated that she had looked forward to the money for the day's sitting, and would be inconvenienced by the want of it; would I let her have a part? There being no difficulty on this point, she again went. Close to the street in which I live there is another of a very similar name, and persons who are not familiar with my address often go to it by mistake. The model's way lay directly through it, and, on arriving there, she was accosted by a lady and gentleman, who asked if she could inform them where I lived? They had forgotten my right address, and were endeavouring to find me by inquiring of persons whom they met; in a few more minutes they were shown into my room.

My new visitors were strangers to me. They had seen a portrait I had painted, and wished for likenesses of themselves and their children. The price I named did not deter them, and they asked to look round the studio to select the style and size they should prefer. My friend of the 3rd West York, with infinite address and humour, took upon himself the office of showman, dilating on the merits of the respective works in a manner that the diffidence that is expected in a professional man, when speaking of his own productions, would not have allowed me to adopt. The inspection proving satisfactory, they asked whether I could paint the pictures at their house in the country, and there being no difficulty on this point, an engagement was made for the following autumn, subject to my writing to fix the time when I might be able to leave town for the purpose. This being adjusted, the gentleman gave me his card, and they left. Shortly afterwards my friend went also, and on looking for the first time at the card left by the strangers, I was somewhat disappointed to find that though it contained the name of Mr. and Mrs.

Kirkbeck, there was no address. I tried to find it by looking at the *Court Guide*, but it contained no such name, so I put the card in my writing-desk, and forgot for a time the entire transaction.

Autumn came, and with it a series of engagements I had made in the north of England. Towards the end of September, 1858, I was one of a dinner-party at a country-house on the confines of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. Being a stranger to the family, it was by a mere accident that I was at the house at all. I had arranged to pass a day and a night with a friend in the neighbourhood, who was intimate at the house, and had received an invitation, and the dinner occurring on the evening in question, I had been asked to accompany him. The party was a numerous one, and as the meal approached its termination, and was about to subside into the dessert, the conversation became general. I should here mention that my hearing is defective; at some times more so than others, and on this particular evening I was extra deaf—so much so, that the conversation only reached me in the form of a continued din. At one instant, however, I heard a word distinctly pronounced, though it was uttered by a person at a considerable distance from me, and that word was—Kirkbeck. In the business of the London season I had forgotten all about the visitors of the spring, who had left their card without the address. The word reaching me under such circumstances, arrested my attention, and immediately recalled the transaction to my remembrance. On the first opportunity that offered, I asked a person whom I was conversing with if a family of the name in question was resident in the neighbourhood. I was told, in reply, that a Mr. Kirkbeck lived at A——, at the farther end of the county. The next morning I wrote to this person, saying that I believed he called at my studio in the spring, and had made an arrangement with me, which I was prevented fulfilling by there being no address on his card; furthermore, that I should shortly be in his neighbourhood on my return from the north, but should I be mistaken in addressing him, I begged he would not trouble himself to reply to my note. I gave as my address, The Post-office, York. On applying there three days afterwards, I received a note from Mr. Kirkbeck, stating that he was very glad he had heard from me, and that if I would call on my return, he would arrange about the pictures; he also told me to write a day before I proposed coming, that he might not otherwise engage himself. It was ultimately arranged that I should go to his house the succeeding Saturday, stay till Monday morning, transact afterwards what matters I had to attend to in London, and return in a fortnight to execute the commissions.

The day having arrived for my visit, directly after breakfast I took my place in the morning train from York to London.

The train would stop at Doncaster, and after that at Retford Junction, where I should have to get out in order to take the line through Lincoln to A——. The day was cold, wet, foggy, and in every way as disagreeable as I have ever known a day to be in an English October. The carriage in which I was seated had no other occupant than myself, but at Doncaster a lady got in. My place was back to the engine and next to the door. As that is considered the ladies' seat, I offered it to her; she, however, very graciously declined it, and took the corner opposite, saying, in a very agreeable voice, that she liked to feel the breeze on her cheek. The next few minutes were occupied in locating herself. There was the cloak to be spread under her, the skirts of the dress to be arranged, the gloves to be tightened, and such other trifling arrangements of plumage as ladies are wont to make before setting themselves comfortably at church or elsewhere, the last and most important being the placing back over her hat the veil that concealed her features. I could then see that the lady was young, certainly not more than two or three-and-twenty; but being moderately tall, rather robust in make, and decided in expression, she might have been two or three years younger. I suppose that her complexion would be termed a medium one; her hair being of a bright brown, or auburn, while her eyes and rather decidedly-marked eyebrows were nearly black. The colour of her cheek was of that pale transparent hue that sets off to such advantage large expressive eyes, and an equable firm expression of mouth. On the whole, the *ensemble* was rather handsome than beautiful, her expression having that agreeable depth and harmony about it that rendered her face and features, though not strictly regular, infinitely more attractive than if they had been modelled upon the strictest rules of symmetry.

It is no small advantage on a wet day and a dull long journey to have an agreeable companion, one who can converse, and whose conversation has sufficient substance in it to make one forget the length and the dreariness of the journey. In this respect I had no deficiency to complain of, the lady being decidedly and agreeably conversational. When she had settled herself to her satisfaction, she asked to be allowed to look at my Bradshaw, and not being a proficient in that difficult work, she requested my aid in ascertaining at what time the train passed through Retford again on its way back from London to York. The conversation turned afterwards on general topics, and, somewhat to my surprise, she led it into such particular subjects as I might be supposed to be more especially familiar with; indeed, I could not avoid remarking that her entire manner, while it was anything but forward, was that of one who had either known me personally or by report.

There was in her manner a kind of confidential reliance when she listened to me that is not usually accorded to a stranger, and sometimes she actually seemed to refer to different circumstances with which I had been connected in times past. After about three-quarters of an hour's conversation the train arrived at Retford, where I was to change carriages. On my alighting and wishing her good morning, she made a slight movement of the hand as if she meant me to shake it, and on my doing so she said, by way of adieu, "I dare say we shall meet again;" to which I replied, "I hope that we shall all meet again," and so parted, she going on the line towards London, and I through Lincolnshire to A——. The remainder of the journey was cold, wet, and dreary. I missed the agreeable conversation, and tried to supply its place with a book I had brought with me from York, and the Times newspaper, which I had procured at Retford. But the most disagreeable journey comes to an end at last, and half-past five in the evening found me at the termination of mine. A carriage was waiting for me at the station, where Mr. Kirkbeck was also expected by the same train, but as he did not appear it was concluded he would come by the next—half an hour later; accordingly, the carriage drove away with myself only.

The family being from home at the moment, and the dinner hour being seven, I went at once to my room to unpack and to dress; having completed these operations, I descended to the drawing room. It probably wanted some time to the dinner hour, as the lamps were not lighted, but in their place a large blazing fire threw a flood of light into every corner of the room, and more especially over a lady who, dressed in deep black, was standing by the chimney-piece warming a very handsome foot on the edge of the fender. Her face being turned away from the door by which I had entered, I did not at first see her features; on my advancing into the middle of the room, however, the foot was immediately withdrawn, and she turned round to accost me, when to my profound astonishment, I perceived that it was none other than my companion in the railway carriage. She betrayed no surprise at seeing me; on the contrary, with one of those agreeable joyous expressions that make the plainest woman appear beautiful, she accosted me with, "I said we should meet again."

My bewilderment at the moment almost deprived me of utterance. I knew of no railway or other means by which she could have come. I had certainly left her in a London train, and had seen it start, and the only conceivable way in which she could have come was by going on to Peterborough and then returning by a branch to A——, a circuit of about ninety miles. As soon as my surprise enabled me to speak, I said that I wished I had come by the same conveyance as herself.

“That would have been rather difficult,” she rejoined. At this moment the servant came with the lamps, and informed me that his master had just arrived and would be down in a few minutes. The lady took up a book containing some engravings, and having singled one out (a portrait of Lady——), asked me to look at it well and tell her whether I thought it like her. I was engaged trying to get up an opinion, when Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck entered, and shaking me heartily by the hand, apologised for not being at home to receive me; the gentleman ending by requesting me to take Mrs. Kirkbeck in to dinner.

The lady of the house having taken my arm, we marched on. I certainly hesitated a moment to allow Mr. Kirkbeck to pass on first with the mysterious lady in black, but Mrs. Kirkbeck not seeming to understand it, we passed on at once. The dinner-party consisting of us four only, we fell into our respective places at the table without difficulty, the mistress and master of the house at the top and bottom, the lady in black and myself on each side. The dinner passed much as is usual on such occasions. I, having to play the guest, directed my conversation principally, if not exclusively, to my host and hostess, and I cannot call to mind that I or any one else once addressed the lady opposite. Seeing this, and remembering something that looked like a slight want of attention to her on coming into the dining-room, I at once concluded that she was the governess. I observed, however, that she made an excellent dinner; she seemed to appreciate both the beef and the tart as well as a glass of claret afterwards; probably she had had no luncheon, or the journey had given her an appetite.

The dinner ended, the ladies retired, and after the usual port, Mr. Kirkbeck and I joined them in the drawing-room. By this time, however, a much larger party had assembled. Brothers and sisters-in-law had come in from their residences in the neighbourhood, and several children, with Miss Hardwick, their governess, were also introduced to me. I saw at once that my supposition as to the lady in black being the governess was incorrect. After passing the time necessarily occupied in complimenting the children, and saying something to the different persons to whom I was introduced, I found myself again engaged in conversation with the lady of the railway carriage, and as the topic of the evening had referred principally to portrait-painting, she continued the subject. “Do you think you could paint my portrait?” the lady inquired. “Yes, I think I could, if I had the opportunity.” “Now, look at my face well; do you think you should recollect my features?” “Yes, I am sure I should never forget your features.” “Of course I might have expected you to say that; but do you think you could do me from recollection?” “Well, if it be necessary, I will try; but can’t you give me any sittings?”

“No, quite impossible; it could not be. It is said that the print I showed to you before dinner is like me; do you think so?”  
 “Not much,” I replied; “it has not your expression. If you can give me only one sitting, it would be better than none.” “No; I don’t see how it could be.”

The evening being by this time rather far advanced, and the chamber candles being brought in, on a plea of being rather tired, she shook me heartily by the hand, and wished me good night. My mysterious acquaintance caused me no small pondering during the night. I had never been introduced to her, I had not seen her speak to any one during the entire evening, not even to wish them good night—how she got across the country was an inexplicable mystery. Then, why did she wish me to paint her from memory, and why could she not give me even one sitting? Finding the difficulties of a solution to these questions rather increase upon me, I made up my mind to defer further consideration of them till breakfast-time, when I supposed the matter would receive some elucidation.

The breakfast now came, but with it no lady in black. The breakfast over, we went to church, came home to luncheon, and so on through the day, but still no lady, neither any reference to her. I then concluded that she must be some relative, who had gone away early in the morning to visit another member of the family living close by. I was much puzzled, however, by no reference whatever being made to her, and finding no opportunity of leading any part of my conversation with the family towards the subject, I went to bed the second night more puzzled than ever. On the servant coming in in the morning, I ventured to ask him the name of the lady who dined at the table on Saturday evening, to which he answered: “A lady, sir? No lady, only Mrs. Kirkbeck, sir.” “Yes, the lady that sat opposite me dressed in black?” “Perhaps, Miss Hardwick, the governess, sir?” “No, not Miss Hardwick; she came down afterwards.” “No lady as I see, sir.” “Oh dear me, yes, the lady dressed in black that was in the drawing-room when I arrived, before Mr. Kirkbeck came home?” The man looked at me with surprise as if he doubted my sanity, and only answered, “I never see any lady, sir,” and then left.

The mystery now appeared more impenetrable than ever—I thought it over in every possible aspect, but could come to no conclusion upon it. Breakfast was early that morning, in order to allow of my catching the morning train to London. The same cause also slightly hurried us, and allowed no time for conversation beyond that having direct reference to the business that brought me there; so, after arranging to return to paint the portraits on that day three weeks, I made my adieus, and took my departure for town.

It is only necessary for me to refer to my second visit to that house, in order to state that I was assured most positively, both by Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck, that no fourth person dined at the table on the Saturday evening in question. Their recollection was clear on the subject, as they had debated whether they should ask Miss Hardwick, the governess, to take the vacant seat, but had decided not to do so; neither could they recall to mind any such person as I described in the whole circle of their acquaintance.

Some weeks passed. It was close upon Christmas. The light of a short winter day was drawing to a close, and I was seated at my table, writing letters for the evening post. My back was towards the folding door leading into the room in which my visitors usually waited. I had been engaged some minutes in writing, when, without hearing or seeing anything, I became aware that a person had come through the folding-doors, and was then standing beside me. I turned, and beheld the lady of the railway carriage. I suppose that my manner indicated that I was somewhat startled, as the lady, after the usual salutation, said, "Pardon me for disturbing you. You did not hear me come in." Her manner, though it was more quiet and subdued than I had known it before, was hardly to be termed grave, still less sorrowful. There was a change, but it was that kind of change only which may often be observed from the frank impulsiveness of an intelligent young lady, to the composure and self-possession of that same young lady when she is either betrothed or has recently become a matron. She asked me whether I had made any attempt at a likeness of her. I was obliged to confess that I had not. She regretted it much, as she wished one for her father. She had brought an engraving (a portrait of Lady M. A.) with her that she thought would assist me. It was like the one she had asked my opinion upon at the house in Lincolnshire. It had always been considered very like her, and she would leave it with me. Then (putting her hand impressively on my arm) she added, "She really would be most thankful and grateful to me if I would do it," (and, if I recollect rightly, she added), "*as much depended on it.*" Seeing she was so much in earnest, I took up my sketch-book, and by the dim light that was still remaining began to make a rapid pencil sketch of her. On observing my doing so, however, instead of giving me what assistance she was able, she turned away under pretence of looking at the pictures around the room, occasionally passing from one to another so as to enable me to catch a momentary glimpse of her features. In this manner I made two hurried but rather expressive sketches of her, which being all that the declining light would allow me to do, I shut my book, and she prepared to leave. This time, instead of the usual "Good morning," she wished me an impressively pronounced "Good-bye,"

firmly holding rather than shaking my hand while she said it. I accompanied her to the door, outside of which she seemed rather to fade into the darkness than to pass through it. But I refer this impression to my own fancy.

I immediately inquired of the servant why she had not announced the visitor to me. She stated that she was not aware there had been one, and that any one who had entered must have done so when she had left the street door open about half an hour previously, while she went across the road for a moment.

Soon after this occurred I had to fulfil an engagement at a house near Bosworth Field, in Leicestershire. I left town on a Friday, having sent some pictures, that were too large to take with me, by the luggage train a week previously, in order that they might be at the house on my arrival, and occasion me no loss of time in waiting for them. On getting to the house, however, I found that they had not been heard of, and on inquiring at the station, it was stated that a case similar to the one I described had passed through and gone on to Leicester, where it probably still was. It being Friday, and past the hour for the post, there was no possibility of getting a letter to Leicester before Monday morning, as the luggage office would be closed there on the Sunday; consequently, I could in no case expect the arrival of the pictures before the succeeding Tuesday or Wednesday. The loss of three days would be a serious one; therefore, to avoid it, I suggested to my host that I should leave immediately to transact some business in South Staffordshire, as I should be obliged to attend to it before my return to town, and if I could see about it in the vacant interval thus thrown upon my hands, it would be saving me the same amount of time after my visit to his house was concluded. This arrangement meeting with his ready assent, I hastened to the Atherstone station on the Trent Valley Railway. By reference to Bradshaw, I found that my route lay through L——, where I was to change carriages, to S——, in Staffordshire. I was just in time for the train that would put me down at L—— at eight in the evening, and a train was announced to start from L—— for S—— at ten minutes after eight, answering as I concluded, to the train in which I was about to travel. I therefore saw no reason to doubt but that I should get to my journey's end the same night; but on my arriving at L—— I found my plans entirely frustrated. The train arrived punctually, and I got out intending to wait on the platform for the arrival of the carriages for the other line. I found, however, that though the two lines crossed at L——, they did not communicate with each other, the L—— station on the Trent Valley line being on one side of the town, and the L—— station on the South Staffordshire line on the other. I also found that there was not time to get to the other

station so as to catch the train the same evening ; indeed, the train had just that moment passed on a lower level beneath my feet, and to get to the other side of the town, where it would stop for two minutes only, was out of the question. There was, therefore, nothing for it but to put up at the Swan Hotel for the night. I have an especial dislike to passing an evening at an hotel in a country town. Dinner at such places I never take, as I had rather go without than have such as I am likely to get. Books are never to be had, the country newspapers do not interest me. The Times I have spelt through on my journey. The society I am likely to meet have few ideas in common with myself. Under such circumstances, I usually resort to a meat tea to while away the time, and when that is over, occupy myself in writing letters.

This was the first time I had been in L——, and while waiting for the tea, it occurred to me how, on two occasions within the past six months, I had been on the point of coming to that very place, at one time to execute a small commission for an old acquaintance, resident there, and another, to get the materials for a picture I proposed painting of an incident in the early life of Dr. Johnson. I should have come on each of these occasions had not other arrangements diverted my purpose and caused me to postpone the journey indefinitely. The thought, however, would occur to me, "How strange ! Here I am at L——, by no intention of my own, though I have twice tried to get here and been balked." When I had done tea, I thought I might as well write to an acquaintance I had known some years previously, and who lived in the Cathedral-close, asking him to come and pass an hour or two with me. Accordingly, I rang for the waitress and asked : "Does Mr. Lute live in Lichfield?" "Yes, sir." "Cathedral-close?" "Yes, sir." "Can I send a note to him?" "Yes, sir."

I wrote the note, saying where I was, and asking him if he would come for an hour or two, and talk over old matters. The note was taken ; in about twenty minutes a person of gentlemanly appearance, and what might be termed the advanced middle age, entered the room with my note in his hand, saying that I had sent him a letter, he presumed, by mistake, as he did not know my name. Seeing instantly that he was not the person I intended to write to, I apologised, and asked whether there was not another Mr. Lute living in L——? "No, there was none other." "Certainly," I rejoined, "my friend must have given me his right address, for I had written to him on other occasions here. He was a fair young man, he succeeded to an estate in consequence of his uncle having been killed while hunting with the Quorn hounds, and he married about two years since a lady of the name of Fairbairn." The stranger very composedly replied, "You are speaking of Mr. Clyne ; he did live in the Cathedral-close, but

he has now gone away." The stranger was right, and in my surprise I exclaimed: "Oh dear, to be sure, that is the name; what could have made me address you instead? I really beg your pardon; my writing to you, and unconsciously guessing your name, is one of the most extraordinary and unaccountable things I ever did. Pray pardon me." He continued very quietly, "There is no need of apology; it happens that you are the very person I most wished to see. You are a painter, and I want you to paint a portrait of my daughter; can you come to my house immediately for the purpose?"

I was rather surprised at finding myself known by him, and the turn matters had taken being so entirely unexpected, I did not at the moment feel inclined to undertake the business; I therefore explained how I was situated, stating that I had only the next day and Monday at my disposal. He, however, pressed me so earnestly, that I arranged to do what I could for him in those two days, and having put up my baggage, and arranged other matters, I accompanied him to his house. During the walk home he scarcely spoke a word, but his taciturnity seemed only a continuance of his quiet composure at the inn. On our arrival he introduced me to his daughter Maria, and then left the room. Maria Lute was a fair and a decidedly handsome girl of about fifteen; her manner was, however, in advance of her years, and evinced that self-possession, and, in the favourable sense of the term, that womanliness, that is only seen at such an early age in girls that have been left motherless, or from other causes thrown much on their own resources.

She had evidently not been informed of the purpose of my coming, and only knew that I was to stay there for the night; she therefore excused herself for a few moments, that she might give the requisite directions to the servants as to preparing my room. When she returned, she told me that I should not see her father again that evening, the state of his health having obliged him to retire for the night; but she hoped I should be able to see him some time on the morrow. In the mean time she hoped I would make myself quite at home, and call for anything I wanted. She, herself was sitting in the drawing-room, but perhaps I should like to smoke and take something; if so, there was a fire in the housekeeper's room, and she would come and sit with me, as she expected the medical attendant every minute, and he would probably stay to smoke, and take something. As the little lady seemed to recommend this course, I readily complied. I did not smoke, or take anything but sat down by the fire, when she immediately joined me. She conversed well and readily, and with a command of language singular in a person so young. Without being disagreeably inquisitive, or putting any question

to me, she seemed desirous of learning the business that had brought me to the house. I told her that her father wished me to paint either her portrait or that of a sister of hers, if she had one.

She remained silent and thoughtful for a moment, and then seemed to comprehend it at once. She told me that a sister of hers, an only one, to whom her father was devotedly attached, died near four months previously; that her father had never yet recovered from the shock of her death. He had often expressed the most earnest wish for a portrait of her; indeed it was his one thought, and she hoped, if something of the kind could be done, it would improve his health. Here she hesitated, stammered and burst into tears. After a while she continued: "It is no use hiding from you what you must very soon be aware of. Papa is insane—he has been so ever since dear Caroline was buried. He says he is always seeing dear Caroline, and he is subject to fearful delusions. The doctor says he cannot tell how much worse he may be, and that everything dangerous, like knives or razors, are to be kept out of his reach. It was necessary you should not see him again this evening, as he was unable to converse properly, and I fear the same may be the case to-morrow; but perhaps you can stay over Sunday, and I may be able to assist you in doing what he wishes." I asked whether they had any materials for making a likeness—a photograph, a sketch, or anything else for me to go from. "No, they had nothing." "Could she describe her clearly?" She thought she could; and there was a print that was very much like her, but she had mislaid it. I mentioned that with such disadvantages, and in such an absence of materials, I did not anticipate a satisfactory result. I had painted portraits under such circumstances, but their success much depended upon the powers of description of the persons who were to assist me by their recollection; in some instances I had attained a certain amount of success, but in most the result was quite a failure. The medical attendant came, but I did not see him. I learnt, however, that he ordered a strict watch to be kept on his patient till he came again the next morning. Seeing the state of things, and how much the little lady had to attend to, I retired early to bed. The next morning I heard that her father was decidedly better; he had inquired earnestly on waking whether I was really in the house, and at breakfast-time he sent down to say that he hoped nothing would prevent my making an attempt at the portrait immediately, and he expected to be able to see me in the course of the day.

Directly after breakfast I set to work, aided by such description as the sister could give me. I tried again and again, but without success, or indeed, the least prospect of it. The features, I was told were separately like, but the expression was not. I toiled

on the greater part of the day with no better result. The different studies I made were taken up to the invalid, but the same answer was always returned—no resemblance. I had exerted myself to the utmost, and in fact, was not a little fatigued by so doing—a circumstance that the little lady evidently noticed, as she expressed herself most grateful for the interest she could see I took in the matter, and referred the unsuccessful result entirely to her want of powers of description. She also said it was so provoking! she had a print—a portrait of a lady—that was so like, but it had gone—she had missed it from her book for three weeks past. It was the more disappointing, as she was sure it would have been of such great assistance. I asked if she could tell me who the print was of, as if I knew, I could easily procure one in London. She answered, Lady M. A. Immediately the name was uttered the whole scene of the lady of the railway carriage presented itself to me. I had my sketch-book in my portmanteau up-stairs, and, by a fortunate chance, fixed in it was the print in question, with the two pencil sketches. I instantly brought them down, and showed them to Maria Lute. She looked at them for a moment, turned her eyes full upon me, and said slowly, and with something like fear in her manner, “Where did you get these?” Then quicker, and without waiting for my answer, “Let me take them instantly to papa.” She was away ten minutes, or more; when she returned, her father came with her. He did not wait for salutations, but said, in a tone and manner I had not observed in him before, “I was right all the time; it was you that I saw with her, and these sketches are from her, and from no one else. I value them more than all my possessions, except this dear child.” The daughter also assured me that the print I had brought to the house must be the one taken from the book about three weeks before, in proof of which she pointed out to me the gum marks at the back, which exactly corresponded with those left on the blank leaf. From the moment the father saw these sketches his mental health returned.

I was not allowed to touch either of the pencil drawings in the sketch-book, as it was feared I might injure them; but an oil picture from them was commenced immediately, the father sitting by me hour after hour, directing my touches, conversing rationally and indeed cheerfully, while he did so. He avoided direct reference to his delusions, but from time to time led the conversation to the manner in which I had originally obtained the sketches. The doctor came in the evening, and, after extolling the particular treatment he had adopted, pronounced his patient decidedly, and he believed permanently, improved.

The next day being Sunday, we all went to church. The father, for the first time since his bereavement. During a walk

which he took with me after luncheon, he again approached the subject of the sketches, and after some seeming hesitation as to whether he should confide in me or not, said, "Your writing to me by name, from the inn at L——, was one of those inexplicable circumstances that I suppose it is impossible to clear up. I knew you, however, directly I saw you; when those about me considered that my intellect was disordered, and that I spoke incoherently, it was only because I saw things that they did not. Since her death, I know, with a certainty that nothing will ever disturb, that at different times I have been in the actual and visible presence of my dear daughter that is gone—oftener, indeed, just after her death than latterly. Of the many times that this has occurred, I distinctly remember once seeing her in a railway carriage, speaking to a person seated opposite; who that person was I could not ascertain, as my position seemed to be immediately behind him. I next saw her at a dinner-table, with others, and amongst those others unquestionably I saw yourself. I afterwards learnt that at that time I was considered to be in one of my longest and most violent paroxysms, as I continued to see her speaking to you, in the midst of a large assembly, for some hours. Again I saw her, standing by your side, while you were engaged in either writing or drawing. I saw her once again afterwards, but the next time I saw yourself was in the inn parlour."

The picture was proceeded with the next day, and on the day after the face was completed, and I afterwards brought it with me to London to finish. I have often seen Mr. L. since that period; his health is perfectly re-established, and his manner and conversation are as cheerful as can be expected within a few years of so great a bereavement. The portrait now hangs in his bedroom, with the print and the two sketches by the side, and written beneath is: "C. L., 13th September, 1858, aged 22."

---

[There are two incidents in this narrative which require a good digestion—the hearty meal which the spirit is said to have made, and the entire silence observed by Mr. H., who does not appear to have addressed a single observation to his mysterious travelling companion during the time he sat with her at table. Mr. Dickens, however, has allowed the story to pass without comment, and it would ill become us to be too critical. Had *we* ventured to originate such a story, it would have been treated by the outside world as pure fiction. We believe the narrative, however, because we have full faith in the intelligence and integrity of the writer, who has personally assured us of the facts; and also because we see no reason why they should not

have happened just as they are narrated.\* We have also had the pleasure of seeing a copy of the full-length portrait of the lady, which adorns Mr. H.'s studio. It represents a graceful and lovely young English woman, of gentle blood, dressed in the fashion of the day; and we can readily believe the living beauty would make a deep impression on an artist's memory.—*Ed.*]

---

### THE TIMES CORRESPONDENT ON HEALING MEDIUMS.

---

WRITING from Racine, Wisconsin, Mr. Russell says: "Racine has several newspapers for its population of 4,000 or 5,000, and boasts of a variety of religions—not including the Spiritualists, who, to the disgrace of the intelligence and education of the New England States, prevail in Connecticut and Maine, and spread across the States to the West, so that there is scarce a little town in which there is not an advertising 'medium,' who prepares prescriptions according to recipes given her or him by angels (on the cheapest terms), for all sorts of diseases, and practises all sorts of blasphemous, wicked, and shameless impostures on the miserable victims of superstition."

There are some things in which Mr. Russell excels, but the subject on which he has in these words pronounced so oracular a judgment is not one of them. His writings on the Crimean War justly procured for him the name of the English Xenophon, but it does not follow from that, that he can discourse on all themes

---

\* Three angels appear to and eat with Abraham:—"And the Lord appeared unto him in the Plains of Mamre; and he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day. And he lift up his eyes and looked, and lo, three men stood by him; and when he saw them he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself toward the ground, and said, My Lord, if now I have found favour in thy sight, pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant. Let a little water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the tree, and I will fetch a morsel of bread, and comfort ye your hearts; and after that you shall pass on, for therefore are ye come to your servant. And they said, So do as thou hast said. And Abraham hastened into the tent unto Sarah, and said, Make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth. And Abraham ran unto the herd, and fetched a calf, tender and good, and gave it unto a young man, and he hastened to dress it; and he took butter and milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them, and he stood by them under the tree, and they did eat." Genesis, xviii, 1-8. Lot entertains two angels:—"Behold now, my lords, turn in, I pray you, into your servant's house, and tarry all night, and wash your feet, and ye shall rise up early and go your ways. And he pressed upon them greatly, and they turned in unto him, and entered into his house; and he made them a feast, and did bake unleavened bread, and they did eat." Genesis, xix, 2, 3. The supper at Emmaus:—"And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them; and their eyes were opened, and they knew Him, and He vanished out of their sight." Luke, xxiv, 31, 32.

with equal knowledge. Probably, as we shall see, he cannot write with much knowledge on Spiritual healing. He is evidently of opinion that angels do not on cheap terms interfere in the cure of disease, and yet the contrary belief has strongly impressed humanity throughout all history, sacred and profane. It might have been thought that, at this day when clairvoyance and mesmerism, have drawn so much and wide-spread attention to the fringe of the subject, a D. C. L. would have been more careful in pronouncing an opinion which denies the common experience and knowledge of thousands. At all events he should have been better read in history and in the Bible as to the ancient testimony to healing mediums, as they are now called.

In a little work recently published by Jacob Dixon, L.S.A., who is well-known to our readers,\* we find the information of which Dr. Russell is in need, and which, as it is in a very portable form, we here transcribe:—

“The subject of Hygienic Clairvoyance, however novel it may appear to modern readers, is not new to the world.

“The ancient Grecian philosophers, Pythagoras and Plato, and their successors, who discoursed of Hygiene as a department of human wisdom, had recourse to clairvoyance—the clear sight of the magnetic sleep. They regarded the clairvoyant, or clear-see-er, as a living entrance-door to the sacred temple of Inner Realities. They knew that to such an one the Internal becomes, without the use of the outer senses, more perceptible than the External is to us by the ordinary mode of objective perception.

“Pythagoras received his instruction in this subject in the temples of Egypt, in which, as well as in those of ancient India, there are representations of individuals being put into the magnetic sleep by the same simple process which we moderns have, of late years, discovered to be effective.

“The family of Hippocrates, ‘the father of physic,’ were, it is recorded, ministers in the temple of Æsculapius. Hippocrates’ knowledge of Clairvoyance is shown by the following passage—now no longer obscure—in his writings:—‘The sight being closed to the external, the soul perceives truly the affections of the body.’ This exactly states the case of the clairvoyant. He used to treat some disorders by the application of the hands; in other words, he used to magnetize—or as we, in these days would say, mesmerize the patient, probably under clairvoyant indications. Pythagoras himself, Iamblichus says, used this means to procure quiet sleep, with good and prophetic dreams. He even says, probably from analogous knowledge, that *the art of medicine originated in this ‘divine sleep.’* Æsculapius is said, according

---

\* *Hygienic Clairvoyance*, Caudwell, 335, Strand, price 1s.

to Cicero, who wrote on this subject, *to have uttered oracles in the temple-sleep for the cure of the sick.*

“If we turn to the sacred Scriptures, we there learn many things in relation to this subject. Moses, it may be inferred, with other lore of the Egyptians, was instructed by their wise men in this magnetic science. We read of a youth being restored to life by a prophet; *of an angel indicating the means of Tobias' recovering his sight.* But the Scriptures being accessible to all” (including Dr. Russell), “we need not refer further to them.

“The Jewish philosophic sect, the Essenes, it is matter of history, also taught the system, and practised it, of healing by ‘laying on of hands.’ It may be inferred that they knew also of Hygienic Clairvoyance, which is but an advanced chapter out of the same book.

“The Romans, who received their philosophy from Greece, could not but be acquainted with this department of it; and so we read without surprise, that with them, as with the Greeks, the sick used to be brought to the temples, where remedies were revealed by this means for their disorders.

“Celsus, the great Roman physician, according to Asclepiades, was familiar with the science. Tacitus records that, in obedience to a vision of the god Serapis, two men, one blind, and the other lame of an arm, had recourse to the Emperor Vespasian, at Alexandria, and they were cured by simple processes which we should call magnetic. Suetonius relates the same fact circumstantially. Strabo speaks of a certain place on the Asian shore, consecrated to Pluto and Proserpine, to which the sick were brought *to be prescribed for by the priests during the sleep.* The Sibyls—virgin prophetesses of the Temple of Jupiter—in other phrase, clairvoyantes under care of the priests of the temple, according to Saint Justin, declared many true things, and when the intelligence which animated them was withdrawn, remembered nothing of what they had said. This describes clairvoyance.

“We might also quote authorities to show that the Druidesses of Britain and Gaul were clairvoyantes, having among their functions the hygienic one of *discriminating and prescribing for diseases.*

“There has been, indeed, no nation, from the earliest times, without this science. But the knowledge of it was not solely in the possession of temples and schools; but wherever deposited, this knowledge could only be expected to be found in the records of philosophy. But when younger and barbarous nations overrun Europe, philosophy was put into abeyance, and its records passed out of the light of day. From the darkness consequent upon their incursions, slowly emerged other philosophies, all exhibiting

incompleteness, until at length Europe is practically under the sway of one which is distinctively styled the natural from which the subject on which we are engaged is excluded. Of course, this 'Natural' philosophy is the opposite of a spiritual philosophy, of which clairvoyance is an item and exponent.

"But parallel with the decadence of ancient philosophy and worship, there arose the new Christian religion, and something of that which the former lost was saved by the latter. The records, therefore, of our subject, which then became wanting in philosophy, are to be looked for in the archives of churches and religious institutions. And thus, as Alphonse Teste remarks, we find this subject, in the middle ages, intimately blended with that of religion in all the Christian nations. 'The churches,' says the historian Mialle, 'in this matter succeeded the temples of the ancients, in which were consigned the traditions and the processes of magnetism. There were the same customs of passing the nights in them, the same dreams, the same visions, the same cures.'

"The church, in those days, recognized practically 'the gifts of healing,' as among those other gifts of the Spirit (1 Cor. xii. 7—11), of which it held itself to be the sacred custodian.

"But whatever our subject gained, under the sanction of the church, was associated with religious faith rather than with science. Hence the disfavour in which the records of it, by ecclesiastics, are held by our modern scientific professors. And when philosophy did find its way among churchmen, it was of the one-sided and sceptical kind which prevailed among the laity of the time; and thus with them also the subject fell into discredit. They agreed with the lay philosophers, in regarding all such records (to borrow David Hume's words in commenting upon Vespasian's marvellous cures) as the 'palpable falsehoods of an exploded superstition.' But however ready the general mind to ignore, or deny, the fine truths involved in this subject, there were facts of continual occurrence which could not but attract the attention of independent and original observers; and who, from time to time, endeavoured to claim for them a place in the philosophy of their day. A century before Mesmer's discovery, Van Helmont wrote: 'Magnetism is in action everywhere; there is nothing new in it but the name; it is a paradox, strange and fantastical only to those who are sceptical of everything, or who attribute to the power of the devil that which they themselves cannot render account of.'"

Having refreshed our memories at these old fountains, of which Mr. Dixon has brought together so many, that their mingling streams form a broad river of thought traversing the ages, let us now see if this river has entirely dried up in these modern days, and whether these old faculties of the soul have died

out of humanity. Unhappily Dr. Russell is still in America, and may be there yet some time, chronicling the fortunes of the miserable war by which a whole nation seems demented and possessed. But when he returns to New York, and has relaxation from his sterner duties, let him inquire into the truth of the following account, given by Judge Edmonds in the 6th of his celebrated *Letters to the Tribune*.\* Judge Edmonds, who has taken on himself, after the strictest investigation of all alleged facts, and after travelling over the Union, as his own commissioner, at his own expense, to inquire into all the phenomena of Spiritualism, gives us his experience, and the result of his inquiries as follows:—

“ III. *Healing the Sick*.—This is a chapter full of interest, yet I must of necessity be so brief that I know I can give nothing like an adequate idea of the vast amount of good to mankind that has flowed and is flowing from this source.

There are two modes in which this work is done. One is by discovering what the disease is, and prescribing the remedy. *My own case is an illustration of this*. For over thirty years I was an invalid, varying the scene only by occasional attacks of long and severe illness. During this time I was treated for various diseases. My last severe illness was in 1854, when I was sick for about four months. A part of the time I was so ill that death was hourly expected. *Then it was that the spirits came to my aid. They discovered that my disease was what no physician had suspected*; but, through the mediums then around me, they could not prescribe the remedy. I sent over two hundred miles for one through whom they could, and whom they named to me. I followed their prescriptions from that day, *and I am now in the possession of better health than I have had for forty years, or than I ever expected to enjoy*.

There are very many mediums in this country, through whom disease is discovered and cured in this manner. But there is a more remarkable, though less frequent mode, *and that is by simply laying on of hands*.

The following is a brief summary of some instances of this:—

J. Loewendahl, of No. 201, Atlantic-street, Brooklyn, has cured in a few minutes “ a violent pain in the side,” “ general debility, accompanied by a most trying and nearly constant headache,” and in a few sittings has cured neuralgia of four or five months’ duration, and bronchitis, and affection of the kidneys.

William O. Page, No. 47, West Twenty-seventh-street, New York, cured, in a few minutes, a female who had had dyspepsia and chronic diarrhoea for years, and was at the time given up by her physician, as she had also inflammation of the womb and

---

\* Now on sale by Mr. Pitman, 20, Paternoster-row, price 1s.

bowels. He has cured rheumatism by once laying on his hand; and a long-scated dyspepsia and neuralgia, and a child severely afflicted with rheumatic fever.

Dr. C. D. Griswold, of Buffalo, thus cured a case of shaking palsy, from which the patient had been suffering some seven weeks.

Rufus B. Newton, of Saratoga Springs, has cured "consumption and spinal disease of eight years' standing;" "heart disease and paralysis of the left side;" "dyspepsia, female weakness and spinal disease;" "abscess on the right jaw, hip-disease and fever-sore;" "heart disease, pressure on the brain, and nervous derangement;" "an acute lung difficulty;" "cancer;" "blindness of one eye and partial blindness of the other;" "bronchitis and catarrh."

C. C. York, of Boston, has cured rheumatism of four years' standing, when one of the legs was drawn up, and the hands drawn out of shape; deafness, headache and vomiting; a person who for two years had lost her speech; an external tumour, which had been growing two years; rheumatic fever; tooth-ache; a scrofulous tumour and cancer.

John Scott, of No. 36, Bond-street, New York, was originally a pilot on a Mississippi steamer, but for now over five years has been used as a healing medium in St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, and Cleveland, and in this city since February, 1858. He is now receiving at his house from 40 to 100 patients a day, and is working many strange cures, principally by imposition of hands.

In this way he has cured an arm of a physician, poisoned in a dissecting-room; rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, even where the limbs were drawn up and distorted; total blindness; a club-foot from birth; fevers, particularly scarlet and yellow fever; small-pox, even after breaking out; cholera, of which he has cured hundreds, and never failed; paralysis, where, owing to age, the cure was slow and hard; neuralgia; displaced and broken bones; insanity; children dumb from birth; epileptic fits; issue of blood from nose, mouth, and womb; ruptures; falling of the womb; piles; dyspepsia; scrofula; cancers, sometimes by absorption, sometimes by removing them from the body, and restored withered limbs.

And all this, I repeat, by simply laying on his hands.

These are a few of the many cases of healing by laying on of hands, which are known among us. To detail more, or to spread out the evidence which I have in my possession, would exceed my limits. But this is enough to show the existence of the phenomenon now as of old."

Here in England, too, both these phases of mediumship are well known. Cases, whose name is legion, are known to the

writer, in which, by laying on of hands, cures have been effected, and in which, by mediums, and by modes of cure communicated in dreams, and by spiritual impression when awake, and by impressional and automatic writing, effectual medicines have been prescribed. This faculty he knows to exist to-day amongst some, as well known in the literary world as Dr. Russell, and with others more famous in science and philosophy. In particular, he has had the opportunity of studying its phases for the last five years in his own house, his wife having this faculty, which came unsought, and has since continued without interruption, throughout that period, whenever the frequent occasion for its use existed, and with the most beneficial results. To him, and to many, it is, therefore, of no value to deny its existence, or to undervalue its powers, and we can only regret that, for want of a more genial acceptance, the great Gospel promise of healing powers has come to be even treated with ridicule, and denied as an imposture, and a sham.

We have now shown enough to put Dr. Russell on his defence, if he would still be thought capable of writing on healing mediums; but the question of healing diseases, we submit, would be more satisfactorily settled by the patients themselves than by any quantity of writing about it. There is, in the whole range of Spiritualism, perhaps no branch of it, in which "blasphemous, wicked, and shameless impostures on the miserable victims of superstition" could be less successfully carried out, than in the matter of curing them of ordinary diseases. It is not a thing of practical difficulty, to say, with the blind man of old, whom the Dr. Russell of that day was persuading that he had not been born blind, and that Jesus, being a sinner, could not have healed him, "Whether He be a sinner or no, I know not: *one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.*"

The *Revue Spiritualiste* announces that our old friend, M. Squire, has permitted his wonderful mediumship to be witnessed by a great many of the literary and scientific since his return to Paris from Africa. Among his visitors is M. de Saulcy, member of the Institute and Senator, who has investigated the phenomena of Spiritualism, and who, says the *Revue*, "has the courage to publicly express his convictions."

The *Revue* also quotes the following from *Le Temps*:—"We have to chronicle a decree given on the 9th of April last, by the Imperial Court at Colmar, in the matter of magnetism and clairvoyance. This decree confirmed a decision of the Correctional Tribunal of Mulhouse, containing the following remarkable occurrence:—'Seeing that the employment of magnetic somnambulism, as a means of discovering diseases and of applying remedies, is not to be regarded in itself as an element of *escroquerie*; that the *inanity* of phenomena of this kind, as auxiliary to the art of healing, is far from being scientifically demonstrated,' &c. Here then is another Court, better informed than certain physicians, attesting the reality and value of medical clairvoyance."

## Notices of Books.

### *The Herald of Progress.*—New York.

THIS Paper is ably edited by Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis. It has already some circulation in England; but many of our readers would find in some of its articles, matter which would seriously offend their religious beliefs. We refer especially to those which deal with the Bible, and with the divinity of our Saviour, and which we believe to be unnecessarily offensive to that large class which happily holds the opposite belief, and to have nothing to do, either in their original idea, or in their method of treatment, with any form of Spiritualism. In our opinion, they are only the relics of a shallow materialistic view of the Bible, and betray the folly of dealing with spiritual truths from the natural plane of thought. All the small discoveries of natural discrepancies have been made over and over again; but to those who can feel prophetic truths, and the real power of prophetic writing, they are powerless, to divert them from their great need of a revelation from God to man. A larger scope, and a deeper insight, would remove the Bible writings altogether from the attacks of these small critics, who, however, are very numerous still, in this country, as well as in America, and whose existence dates for some centuries before modern Spiritualism. We have every wish for the fullest and freest discussion of the subject in all its bearings, but such articles are not in any way needed, and we conceive that a building up of spiritual facts will never be possible without taking as its basis, not only the spiritual truth of the Bible, but Christ as the corner-stone.

The Bibles which these would-be critics write, are by no means equal to the old one which they seek to supplant. If they were wiser even upon the subject of the modern manifestations of Spiritualism, they might even be able to draw some analogies between the impressional prophetic writings of those old Bible days, and those which come now, and which latter they do not entirely reject because of inconsistencies. In the outer letter of the Bible there are inconsistencies, which, to dwell upon, only proves that great truth, that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." So it must necessarily be in all really prophetic writing, which means writing that has a spiritual significance apart from and to be unfolded within the letter. The whole question of spirituality might be written from this point of view; but we are only anxious to show how short-sighted are those Spiritualists who would entirely ignore and destroy the most unquestionable evidences of spiritual writing which exist in the world. They would have some show of consistency if they were to confine themselves to proving that some inconsistencies exist in the Bible books; but when they argue from this, that the whole are therefore false, they show mainly their own want of understanding. The idea at the bottom of all this weak criticism is that Christianity still remains to be discovered; an opinion from which we entirely dissent, for we believe that it was written in the spirit of these Bible books long ages ago, and that our main purpose is to bring it forth thence, into a new and living power.

In other respects, our readers will find in this Paper free sterling thought, and much valuable reading; but as an advertisement of it appears on our cover, we have felt it a duty to define our position with regard to the above portion of its contents.

*The Mystical Phenomena of Human Nature*, by DR. MAXIMILIAN PERTY, Professor in the University of Berne. F. F. Winter, publisher, Leipsic and Heidelberg.

THE prospectus of this work in German has been sent to us, with a table of contents, embracing "Visions, hallucination, nightmare, somnambulism, vital magnetism and sleep-waking, with remarkable instances of the same, psychical duality, demonomania, vampyrism, magic and witchcraft; also modern forms of magic, table-moving, pycography, mediums, spectral apparitions, oracles, seers and prophets." We invite the attention of German readers to the work, of which a more extended notice may appear when we have seen it.

## Correspondence.

### REICHENBACH ON OD.

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

SIR,—I am very glad to see Baron Reichenbach at length give us, in his own person, his derivation of the word Od. Undoubtedly, a man who develops new characteristics of a substance, though but as a modification of a substance well known, has a right to give a name to that modification. It remains, however, for the public to judge of the felicity and fitness of that name; and I must say that, having now heard Reichenbach's *second* derivation of this word, I think it more cobbling, far-fetched and inartistic than ever.

Lately, we had from Dr. Ashburner, whom Reichenbach says is so accurate a renderer of him, a statement that Reichenbach's word Od is derived from the Danish, and means—A POINT. This statement will be found in the work of the Rev. Granville Forbes, reviewed in your last number, as communicated by Dr. Ashburner himself. Now it is a fact that Od does exist in the Danish as a word, and in the Danish only, as far as I am acquainted with any language. And what does it mean there? Not simply a point, but the point of a spear; so that Odic would mean "point-of-spearish"—a sufficiently absurd derivation.

But now, we have from Reichenbach himself another derivation. This time it is from a Germanic root,—*vá*, the origin of "*vehen*," to blow, in German,—a capital pedigree for a god of the winds. This, by a process about as clever as that which derives gerkin from Jacobus, he traces from Wuodan, Wodán, Wodin, to Odin. But why does he stop there? After all, where is the Od? This lame result, in fact, completely proves my original assertion,—the unfortunate cause of this dreary discussion, so totally foreign to these pages, that Od, in any sense to which it is applied by Reichenbach, is—no word.

In the first place, I deny that Odin does mean "the universal power which pervades universal nature." Even in the Scandinavian mythology, that idea was reserved for the power far above Odin, who was considered but a physical, perishable power—the universal, all-pervading power was admitted to be the ALFADER. Neither do I admit that the Odyle force is yet shown to be the great moving power of all nature.

Now this is on the highest possible authority for Scandinavian mythology, the Edda,—an authority the antiquity of which lies beyond history, far up in the regions of tradition, and to which the German Nibelungen Lied, which is built upon it, is a comparatively modern poem. According to the Edda, the four great Scandinavian deities are Odin, god of War, the Mars of the North; Thor, the god of Force; Loke, the god of Mischievous and Fire; and Balder, the god of Goodness. If the Baron must go to Scandinavia, which he is pleased to call a Germanic source, for a type of his *force*, it would have been much more correct to have taken Thor, the god of *force*, and Thor and Thoric would have been good terms, without chopping them up into senseless particles. Even Loke has more of an electric character than Odin, and Od or Odyle, Reichenbach says, is but modified electricity. But to take Odin and cut him in two and then to expect half of him to represent his entirety, is, to say the least, eccentric without being philosophical. To take the god of War, declared by the prophetic Vala, to be a mere temporary transitory agent of strife, and imagine that he had hit upon the "great all-pervading power of the universe," as developed in that wonderful mythic system, is only to say that he committed a great mistake through ignorance of the philosophy of the primæval North. Whoever would satisfy himself on this point, let him study the ancient Edda,—"*Edda Sæmundar hinns Froda*," or, if not master of the Icelandic or Swedish, refer to Howitt's "*History of the Scandinavian Literature*."

But Od is not even Odin. Od is but half a word; and, as such half, has no life or meaning. The Baron criticizes Dr. Gregory's derivation from the Greek as incorrect; but surely it is more than incorrect, it is barbarous to cut a word in two, and then assign the meaning of the whole to one half of it. *Od* separated from *in* in Odin, means absolutely nothing. It is reduced to as perfect an inanity

as if you cut off the latter half of a horse, and still called the head and shoulders a horse. Truly a most barbarous system of technology. What connection does there remain betwixt *Vá* and *Od*? None whatever. The fact remains that *Od*, from any Scandinavian or Germanic root means simply the point of a spear. That was, according to Dr. Ashburner, Reichenbach's derivation, so late as the present year, and immediately previous to his arrival in this country. See the work of the Rev. Granville Forbes. Now, again, it is as Reichenbach has given it.

We have thus three derivations, all attributed to Reichenbach, *Od* from *Odin*, *Od* from the point of a spear, and *Odyle* on the authority of Dr. Gregory. Baron Reichenbach, indeed, says that he did not assent to the term used by Dr. Gregory. There must be some great mistake somewhere. I have been assured by the late Dr. Gregory that Baron Reichenbach *did* accept this term, as much the best for an English translation. This has been confirmed by Mrs. Gregory, and by an intimate friend of Dr. Gregory. Since this controversy arose, that gentleman has favoured me with the history of the too rival translations. It is not my intention to go into the past heart-burnings of the controversy which arose out of that subject—God forbid! but I will simply quote one passage from this gentleman's letter: "I can confirm what you have said on the *Od* force." He then gives the history of Dr. Gregory's abstract of the first part of Reichenbach, published some years before the work at large, and the review of which in the *Zoist* made Drs. Elliotson and Ashburner acquainted with the subject. He then adds: "I suggested to Dr. Gregory that, however good the word *Od* might be in German, it was so odd a name in English, that I thought he had better try and find another term. He wrote and obtained Reichenbach's consent to *Odyle*."

It is not my business to reconcile these conflicting statements. I confine my concluding remarks to the statements of the Baron that Dr. Gregory's term is a mixture of Greek and German: and that *Odylos* is no Greek word. I imagine that nobody, except the printer of the *Spiritual Magazine*, who crushed two words into one, and sent no proof, ever supposed *Odylos* to be a Greek word, but it is a Greek word with its definite article prefixed, a thing continually done in modern technology as, for instance, in *Ozone*. 'Ο *Δυλός*, of course, Reichenbach knows to be Greek, and to have a meaning in direct reference to the qualities of the *Odyle* force. As to the use of *ὄλη*, it is not a use made by Dr. Gregory. It may be now used as a chemical term meaning stuff, but it is not the stuff that his term *Oyle* is made of. That has its simple, significant and legitimate origin in the Greek referred to, and, in my opinion, is infinitely the best, and the only good term yet used in this farrago of derivations—it is direct, classical and *apropos*.

Finally, for I here take my leave of the question, as our friend Ashburner insists that Baron Reichenbach's theory shall be termed *Od*, I trust he will allow me to assent to its oddity. That is all I ask, and the whole dispute may be condensed into a couplet, and is not worth extending over a greater space—

"*Od*," says Ashburner,—"*Odyle* is a bore,"

But I say *Od* is odd, and nothing more.

Penmaenmawr,  
October 31, 1861.

I remain, yours faithfully,  
WILLIAM HOWITT.

### REMARKABLE DREAM.

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

SIR,—In the month of April, 1861, a gentleman, whom I shall designate Mr. A., and who was engaged in business as a general dealer, died. His death took place after a short illness. He left the settlement of his affairs, which were in a very incomplete and unsatisfactory condition, in the hands of Mr. B., a personal friend. Mr. B., on entering upon an examination of the business transactions of his friend, found the estate in the utmost confusion. There were no books, nor systematic statements of accounts to be found among the papers of the deceased. The executor, after a considerable amount of trouble, and by obtaining statements of accounts from various parties indebted to the departed, thought he had got the affairs in as complete a condition as he possibly could.

In the month of July last, three months after the death of Mr. A., Mr. B. dreamt that his friend visited him, and asked him how he was getting on with his affairs. He replied that everything was now satisfactorily settled. Mr. A. said, "How does Messrs. C.'s account stand?" Mr. B. replied, "There were no particulars in your papers of any account against them, but they have rendered to me details of two transactions which have been placed to your credit; after deducting the amount of these accounts from the sum you owed them, there is a balance of £120 due to them." Mr. A. said, "That account is wrong; there is another invoice for which I ought to have credit. You will find it in an old basket in your possession, among some waste papers. On examining that invoice, you will see that there are five entries—two are charged out, and three are not, because I had not the weights of the goods supplied. If you send the invoice to Messrs. C., they know the amounts and prices, and will complete the invoice." Mr. B., impressed by the dream, searched the basket, and discovered the identical invoice referred to, in the handwriting of Mr. A., with the various particulars above enumerated. Mr. B. took an early opportunity of presenting the invoice to Messrs. C., and telling them how he had received it, requested them to examine their books, fill in the particulars, and return the invoice completed. I saw the invoice when completed. It is now before me as completed by Messrs. C., and reduces the balance due to them from £120 to £50. I am well acquainted with the parties concerned, and can vouch for the genuineness of the above record.—I am, yours truly,  
T. P. BARKAS.  
Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nov. 2, 1861.

---

EXTRACT FROM LETTER FROM JUDGE EDMONDS.

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

New York, October 12.

SIR,—On my return from the country, I found quite a number of English newspapers which had accumulated in my absence, and which some one in London had kindly sent me. From them, I see that the subject has been earnestly discussed during the summer, and I rejoice at it, for the "Agitation of Thought is the Beginning of Wisdom."

But it is amusing to see how the arguments and positions on both sides, which were all gone over by us ten or twelve years ago, are now reproduced with you, and with so strong a resemblance, that one might almost talk of plagiarism.

I congratulate you, however, on this aspect of the case, and particularly on the prominent feature of the discussion—that our supporters are gentle, considerate, and forbearing, amid vituperation and intolerance.

*Esto perpetua*: let our friends persist in that course. They may rely upon it, that such a course is not only right of itself, but is decidedly the best policy. They should have as much as they can of the wisdom of the serpent; but let it *always* be displayed with the gentleness of the dove. It is by such policy that we have worked such marvels here, and so it will be with you. And peculiarly is this applicable to you in England, for you have elements to contend with that we had not—I mean the element of caste, not so strong with you as among the Hindoos, but still far beyond anything we have with us.—Yours truly,

J. W. EDMONDS.

---

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

November 5th, 1861.

SIR,—Although I am far from subscribing to all the sentiments or doctrines I see advocated in your Magazine; and although I may even think some of the practices therein narrated, disorderly, this does not prevent my esteeming your work very highly, and entirely approving its aim and principles as set forth on its title-page. I regard you, therefore, as well deserving of your country, and of the support of all lovers of truth; and shall esteem it a privilege to be allowed to bear a share of the burden, for which purpose I enclose a Bank of England note for £5 (I—L 72,389, Liverpool, May 12th, 1860),

And remain, Sir, yours very obediently,

DEVONIENSIS.

The following important letter has been received from a friend in America, an author of high repute in both countries, and an eloquent preacher:—

MR. FOSTER, ONE OF THE BEST MEDIUMS, EXPECTED.

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

MY DEAR SIR,—I wish to tell you that Mr. Foster, an excellent medium, is proposing to visit Europe next month. He is quite a young man. I have been favourably impressed by him, and I would bespeak for him your good offices. He is what is called a very good test-medium. He says that he sees spirits, and hears them—through his spiritual senses, of course. What purport to be spiritual communications, are given through him by his being made to speak, by his hand being guided to write, by rappings on the floor, on the table, and on chairs. Also, what will interest you very much, the names of persons come out on his hands, and arms, and on his forehead. One evening, soon after his coming to this city, I was conversing with him, when suddenly, in a peculiar manner, he cried out, "Bernard." "There," he said, "that is some spirit whom you have known, I think. Do you recognise the name?" "I can tell you better," I answered, "if you will give me the rest of the name." He said, "The initial of it will be given on the back of my hand." He held out his hand, and as I looked at it, I saw come out in bright red colour, the letter H. It was, indeed, a name I knew very well; but it was a name which I had not thought of for a long while—the name, too, of a person whom I knew, many thousands of miles away from this continent—a name which I suppose the medium could never have heard of, and never, possibly, in connection with myself. This curious phenomenon I have witnessed many times, and under perfectly satisfactory conditions. Mr. Foster hopes to be in London at the beginning of December, and purposes to remain there awhile, to exercise for the public, his profession, or rather his gift, of mediumship. His presence in London will be a good opportunity for persons who wish to investigate Spiritualism, and for candid men who desire to judge justly the much-abused opinions of some of their neighbours, and also for curious men, who rightly suspect that the mysteries of human nature are, at least, as well worth exploring as the Polar seas, or Himalayan heights, or as the haunts of the gorilla. The manifestations, of which Mr. Foster is the medium, will have great interest for those students who have begun to think that it is not right to shut one eye in reading the Fathers of the Church, and the Historians of the Middle Ages, and that, indeed, it may be altogether wrong to blind one's self to every other page, merely because of its being illuminated with colours, which, it has been supposed, are now no longer to be found in nature. Richard Baxter is held, and justly, in fresh and warm admiration for his writings. Among them, there are some volumes which are now altogether neglected, but which he himself put forth as his personal, fervent convictions. Those neglected books of Baxter would instantly become readable and very interesting, to anyone who should accord Mr. Foster an interview.

But really, whether this Modern Spiritualism be scouted or not, be examined or not, what right has a man to open the works of Henry More, of Cambridge, and act as though he should say "On this page I find More was one of the wisest of men, and I respect him much and venerate him; but on this other page, which I always skip, I know he must have been an idiot and a fool, telling as he does of ghosts and such trash." A wise idiot, a most subtle fool—this is a character hard to conceive; and really, perhaps, it is not Henry More at all. And what propriety or reasonableness is there in the proceeding of those who walk in admiration with Cudworth, as he traverses the Intellectual System of the Universe; but who stop their ears, and out of pity, try not to mind him, when he gravely states things which are to them incredible, simply because themselves they cannot match them with some little experiences of their own. Some twenty years ago, the Earl of Shrewsbury published in one of the London journals an account of his visit to a young woman in the Tyrol, who was an ecstatic and on

whose person were visible, from time to time, those marks which are technically called "stigmaia." If there are any persons who recollect that letter, they would be interested in knowing Mr. Foster, on whose person is to be seen a phenomenon curiously resembling that which once excited so much attention in connection with the Tyrolese ecstatic. He tells me, that at Havana, to Spaniards he spoke Spanish freely, as a medium, though when he is himself merely, he is quite ignorant of the language. It would seem, too, as though to his fine perception, occasionally places have tales to tell of occurrences of which they have been the secret scenes—as though, indeed, in his ears sometimes the very stones cried out. In writing this, I do not wish to suggest that any one is to expect from Mr. Foster or of all other mediums together, a new revelation, nor yet a system of any kind; but I would say that simply a few facts may be looked for, which, in the view of a reasonably acute mind, will be seen to point in a direction which it is good to look at.

Boston, Nov. 4.

Yours sincerely,

W. M.

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

Thorpe Malson Rectory, Kettering,  
November 13th, 1861.

DEAR SIR,—I fear that my reply to Mr. Smithson, concerning the details of my ballad "The President," will prove but unsatisfactory to him.

I wrote the piece one winter's night, from what I may call, a sudden impulse. I had not been reading or thinking of the subject previously, and I neither was, nor am, aware of any *séance* that took place when the vessel was missing. Shortly afterwards, the ballad, with other pieces, was printed for private circulation, and I gave a copy to a friend starting for America. In the course of the voyage, an American gentleman took up the volume, and after looking it over restored it, with the observation—"That story ('The President') is very well told, and I *know the incidents* to be true." The circumstance of a stranger vouching for the truth of what I had written as fiction, struck me at the time I heard it as singular, and should I be able to obtain his name I will send it to you. It is but fair to add, that although I trust, open to conviction, I am not, in the present sense of the word, a Spiritualist.

I remain, your obedient servant.

G. E. MAUNSELL.

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

SIR,—I feel so anxious for the continuance and increased prosperity of the Magazine that I must ask you to forgive the intrusion of a stranger. I feel that you have a difficult task to perform; for if you give only general information on the progress, at home and abroad, of the cause you advocate, you will hardly satisfy Spiritualists themselves; whereas, if you cater for them, you will be likely to be misunderstood by the public. I for one should like the Magazine to give practical directions for the development of dormant mediumistic powers, to encourage and facilitate experiments by your readers themselves. Would it not be well to devote some space for 'Notes and Queries,' exclusively on Spiritualistic subjects? It might elicit much useful and pithy information. You may find it difficult with your present staff of contributors to answer many important but difficult queries: then why not have a 'Spirits' Corner' in the Magazine for spirits themselves to have the chance to say a word on intricate subjects? Nor do I see why you should so carefully avoid bringing up theological subjects, difficult passages of Scripture, &c., and lay bare even (in moderate language and a charitable spirit) the errors in doctrine, practice or discipline of religious sects in and out of the establishment. Very many would be wide awake to a *religious* Spiritualism, who now think it a scientific problem or a philosophical speculation. I am persuaded that if the advanced and liberal school of theology in connexion with Church or Dissent, could once be induced to investigate the subject of Spiritualism (practically by experiments), they would hail its revelation. Not

to give mere advice, I enclose a few questions, which you may from time to time feel disposed to propound in the Magazine. Most happy should I be to afford more substantial aid; but I am no medium myself, nor have I access to any at present. Until it shall please God to tear from me the grave clothes of social and ecclesiastical bondage—I dare not even come boldly forward as the champion of a cause, which has proved an unutterable comfort and blessing to me as a man, a Christian, and a minister.

I enclose my card, and remain, yours faithfully,  
COSMOPOLITANUS.

—————

*Queries for the "Spiritual Magazine."*

1.—Are the mediumistic powers a gift arbitrarily given by God to whomsoever He will—or are they subject to certain laws and conditions depending, for their development, upon human conduct and agencies? If the latter, what are they?

2.—Is not the presence of a medium absolutely necessary to obtain spontaneous spirit-writing? Baron Goldenstube states in his book that he was no medium when he obtained his, nor does he state that such a one was ever present?

3.—Is the "planchette" of any use to others but mediums?

4.—Can any directions be given for inducing what is termed "Internal Respiration?"

5.—Is the photographic art equal to the reproduction of spirit-hands, &c., seen at circles? It has been stated that the *odic light* of Baron Reichenbach could be thus reproduced?

6.—What was the nature of the education imparted, and the training undergone at the schools of the prophets recorded in the Old Testament? In other words: How was the prophetic gift developed in the aspirants to the prophetic office?

7.—What was the nature, quality, and mode of using the "Urim and Thummim" as worn by Aaron the high priest?

—————

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

SIR,—In common, probably, with many of your readers, I have read the address of Sir David Brewster, recently delivered in the Edinburgh University. With respect to his oration generally, any discussion upon its merits or demerits would be unsuitable for your publication, but as a part was devoted to the stern condemnation of Spiritualists, and as the learned professor endeavoured to stigmatize the persons known as mediums, I, as a believer in the spiritual phenomena, desire to make a few remarks, connected with the speech and the orator, especially as it is usual for persons inferior to this gentleman in their scientific acquirements, to join the chorus of abuse against Spiritualism, and its supporters, as your pages testify. I have understood for several years past, that during the autumn of the year 1855, Sir David was a believer in the manifestations, and that he had actually "given in," to the idea that they were caused by means of spiritual influences, on account of certain remarkable movements having occurred in the presence of himself, and of a medium or mediums. I have not learnt that Sir David has had any valid reason for his recantation, but whether he is still a believer in the manifestations, declining to acknowledge such belief, or whether he is an honest sceptic, I protest against his attack upon mediums in general, contained in his speech, as an act unjustifiable and unworthy of a scientific man. It is not true, as Sir David alleged, that a particular education is necessary either for the satisfactory investigation of the subject of Spiritualism, or for the possession of the gift of mediumship. Books have been written, and lectures have been delivered, physical and other manifestations have been produced, by persons who were uneducated, or who had not any scientific knowledge. The actual occurrence of such phenomena have been confirmed by people in all classes of society—by the learned and unlearned, by scientific enquirers and by mere tyros—all of whom acting as jurymen in the great trial, have agreed that spiritual influences verily caused the various phenomena. The rejection of evidence thus tendered, would lessen or destroy the value of the evidences upon which the Christian religion is based, and if Sir David's charitable opinion be correct, that a medium and an impostor

are identical, and the gift of mediumship fallacious, then the teaching of the apostles and early Christians, might be excluded, and their faith impugned: for they condescended to believe in the happening of apparently inexplicable phenomena, although they might be unable to explain the mystery. They were persecuted and destroyed for their belief, but their faith was retained to the last. The learned orator affirmed that the predictive power of mediums is fallacious. Experience, past and present, justifies me in giving a plain denial to such affirmation, although occasionally there may be a failure, total or partial, in the fulfilment, owing to certain operating causes, which I do not now attempt to explain. Until I receive a satisfactory reply to my simple question, *Spiritual Magazine*, vol. 1. p. 435, I shall believe that the influence there mentioned was spiritual, and that the gift of the medium was genuine. To experienced Spiritualists my experience is a mere trifle, but in spiritual matters, the legal maxim, *de minimis non curat lex*, is not applicable. To conclude:—If Spiritualism is to be explained away, and rejected as merely depending upon simple facts, connected with natural philosophy as expounded by modern savans, we may enquire whether any benefit can accrue to an individual by his attending a church, or any place of public worship? What reason can there be for prayer, if there be no spiritual influences, and if there are no good or evil spirits? Perhaps some rational or chemical individual can answer this question; meanwhile with the deference due to his position, I beg to recommend Sir David Brewster to read the Tracts of Judge Edmonds, and the introduction to his work upon Spiritualism; for Sir David may be assured that that Judge's opinion and experience are preferable to his own, in the consideration of the subject which he has ridiculed.

58, Pall Mall, 11th November.

Yours faithfully,

CHRISTOPHER COOKE.

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

SIR,—Although the *Spiritual Magazine* does not enter into spiritual affairs to such an extent as to throw much light in the dark places of society, and thereby to alleviate the condition of certain classes of people in this country; yet it has well supported the cause of Spiritualism against Materialism, and its cessation would be a Christian loss. I, therefore, feel myself called upon to contribute £5 towards the expenses of this year's publication. The spirit drawings afford material proof of immaterial existence; and the declaration of the power of the spirit to leave the body in this world, as in the case of Miss Edmonds and the young lady in London, throw light upon many passages of the Epistles; but much more information is wanted on this subject, to bring about the restoration of Primitive Christian rights and blessings.

I remain, Sir, yours truly,

T. E. P.

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

October 31st, 1861.

SIR,—The conditions essential to obtain the highest class of phenomena—as given in Mr. Coleman's narrative of Mr. L.—are singularly corroborative and confirmatory of my experience, obtained in a long series of investigations of the mesmeric manifestations, during the years 1839–40–41–42 and 1843. I have often published this fact,—that when the results were taking place—in consequence of the complete harmony of those present—the entrance of a person of active scepticism would in an instant destroy the exalted state of the mesmerized person, producing only confused results. I think this fact is of paramount importance in connection with the investigations of Spiritualism, as proving that it is absolutely necessary, in order to obtain satisfactory phenomena, that we must approach the subject as learners and not as teachers. The electrical condition of the atmosphere is certainly closely allied to the perfect manifestation of the more exalted phenomena, which are dependant on the most subtle ethereal state of relationship between the medium and other surroundings.—Yours truly,

ROBT. H. COLLYER.

8, Alpha Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.