

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1868.

THE MUCHELNEY DISTURBANCES.

A VERY interesting narrative of a visit to the scene of these disturbances (to which attention was called in our last number) is given in *The Western Gazette and Flying Post* for July 31st. In the editorial summary of the week, the editor says:—

“In our third page will be found a full account of a visit which we have paid to the scene of the Muchelney disturbances, and we commend the narrative to the careful attention of every student of natural philosophy, who, while uninfluenced by superstition, is not tied to any rigid theory as to what is possible and what impossible.”

We give the article entire:—

“Our readers will remember that, during the last two or three months, our paper has contained, almost weekly, accounts of some mysterious disturbances that have taken place, at irregular intervals, at the house of Mr. Travis, a farmer at Thorney, a small hamlet situated between Muchelney and Kingsbury Episcopi, about two and a half miles from the town of Langport. The eye and earwitnesses to these strange manifestations were so numerous, intelligent, and respectable, that we found it difficult, even in our most sceptical moments, either to disbelieve their statements, or to regard them as the victims of an elaborate hoax. Thinking, however, that on so extraordinary a subject, the evidence of our own senses would be more satisfactory than the statements of any number of witnesses, we sought permission to investigate the affair for ourselves. This was promptly and courteously granted, and, at seven o'clock last Friday evening, we, in the company of three friends, arrived at ‘the haunted house,’ as the scene of the strange phenomena in question is familiarly called. Mr. Travis—a jolly

comfortable-looking yeoman, apparently of the modern school, met us on the lawn and gave us a hearty greeting. As we crossed the threshold, and were in the very act of asking whether anything had been seen or heard lately, we were startled by a series of three or four sharp, vigorous raps. The sound, proceeding apparently from the middle of the house, was like that which would be produced by striking a hard table very rapidly with a small hammer. Our surprise at this singular greeting having been duly expressed, our host described to us the phenomena that had immediately preceded our arrival. He said that, a short time previously, he, and a relative of his—a gentleman from the neighbourhood of Glastonbury, were on the farm premises at a considerable distance from the house, when they heard what they thought was a vehicle approaching rapidly. Thinking it might be a trap containing our party, which they were then expecting, they hurried back to the house and found that the noise they had heard was caused by the violent shaking, by some invisible agency, of the door which opens out of the kitchen into the passage. Soon after these motions had ceased, the house bells began to ring gently, and the ringing was succeeded by knockings similar to those which greeted us as, a few minutes afterwards, we entered the house.

“ Mr. Travis’s household consists of himself, his housekeeper (Mrs. Hawker), Miss Travis (a relative), and a maid servant. These were all present on Friday evening, as well as Mr. Kiddle—the gentleman to whom we have before referred. The arrangements of the ground floor apartments are as follow:—The front door opens into a wide passage, having a large sitting room on the right, and a smaller one on the left, of a person entering. Immediately opposite the door of the larger room, the passage turns sharp to the left, and terminates at the kitchen door. The total distance from the front door, round the right angle formed by the passage, to the kitchen door, is probably not much more than eight or nine yards. Another door opens out of the kitchen into a back court, which, in its turn, communicates with the farm premises.

“ One of our party was a believer in Spiritualism; and as he thought that if the disturbances were due to spiritual agency, a sitting, or *séance*, might be the means of obtaining some explanation of them, we formed a circle and impatiently awaited the result. That proved to be nothing. No sign of such movements as we have seen in other tables under similar circumstances was observed, and we presently gave up the sitting in despair. Our Spiritualist friend attributed this failure to the fact that there was no ‘medium’ among the sitters.

“ For an hour or more after our arrival, we listened in vain

for more knockings; but, soon after eight o'clock, we heard a number of raps proceeding apparently from the kitchen. We at once ran into that room and found the servant there. She said the noise had proceeded from the direction of a deal table which was standing opposite the back door. As the girl was in the kitchen alone at this time, it would have been easy for her to produce the sounds we heard, and if nothing more had ever been seen or heard than such knockings, under similar circumstances, we confess we should be strongly disposed to suspect the girl of being at the bottom of the affair. But, after what we saw later in the evening, and what had been described to us by Mr. Travis, and a number of other reliable witnesses, we find it impossible to accept this explanation of the mystery.

“ We had not left the kitchen long when we heard, from the same direction, a noise as of a heavy table being dragged over a stone floor. Again we ran into the kitchen, and found that one end of the deal table before-mentioned had been moved about a foot from the wall. The housekeeper was in the act of stepping out of the back door, and, on seeing us running into the kitchen, she said—‘ Oh! it is nothing this time. I believe I must have dragged the table with my dress, for it moved as I passed the corner.’ The servant, who was at the other end of the kitchen, declared, however, that her mistress was mistaken. She was certain, she said, that her dress did *not* touch the table, as she was looking in that direction when the lady walked towards the door. She asserted, moreover, and in this statement she was supported by the other inmates of the house, that the table had several times before moved away from the wall in the same manner. Not feeling quite satisfied, we requested Mrs. Hawker to pass the table again, dragging her dress against the corner as roughly as she could. This she did repeatedly, but found it impossible to move the table, which contained two heavy drawers, without actually lifting it with her hand, or pressing her side firmly against it. As both Mrs. Hawker and the girl were certainly present when the table moved, our sceptical readers will, of course, credit them with a trick. The strangest part of the evening's business, however, was yet to come.

“ We were standing at the front door, chatting about what we had seen (all the inmates of the house, except the servant, being either with us or in the larger sitting room) when we heard a great noise in the kitchen, as of something heavy being thrown violently upon the ground. Within three seconds the whole of our party were at the kitchen back-door, looking in amazement upon the table to which we have before referred. It was lying across the door-way upside down, with its legs sticking bolt

upright in the air. We were fairly on the spot when the servant, who had been into the barton, and had, she said, heard the noise while there, made her appearance at the opposite side of the court, running towards the door. We placed the table in its normal position, and made a careful examination of the locality, without discovering anything in the slightest degree suspicious.

“One more piece of furniture-tumbling completed the evening’s performance. On one side of the passage, and within two or three feet of the kitchen door, there stood a mahogany table, perhaps three feet long and two feet wide. Mr. Travis had described to us, early in the evening, a number of extraordinary gymnastic feats which this piece of furniture had performed at different times. Indeed, it bore the marks of very violent usage. The top was split from end to end, and pieces of veneer were missing in various places along the edges. At nine o’clock, several of Mr. Travis’s labourers were in the kitchen, taking their supper. The passage door was wide open, so that they could see the table, and the clock which stood near it. At the opposite end of the passage, the door of the large sitting room, in which several persons were talking, was also wide open. The distance from one door to the other greatly exceeded 15 feet. One of our party had just left for Langport, and the rest of us were at the front door with Mr. Travis, preparing to leave, when we were startled by a noise very much like, but far louder than, that which accompanied the falling of the kitchen table. This time, moreover, it was accompanied by a shrill scream. We were within four or five paces of the spot from which these sounds proceeded (the inner passage), and were there in a twinkling. The mahogany table, in two or three pieces, was lying close to, indeed almost within, the kitchen doorway, in full sight of the men who were at supper. The servant, pale and breathless, with her hand pressed upon her side, was lying back upon the stairs, which leads out of the passage opposite the clock, and is therefore within a few inches of a straight line with the entrance passage in which we were standing when the crash occurred. We picked up the pieces of the table and propped them up against the side of the passage as well as we could, and then made inquiries. One of the men, who sat opposite the passage door, said he saw the table rear up at one end before being dashed violently on the floor; and the girl said that, as she was passing, either the table, or one of the pieces of it, struck her on the side, and threw her into the staircase in the position in which we had found her. If her fright was assumed, all we can say is—that she is an inimitable actor. We noticed that, when passing the remains of the table some time afterwards she

unconsciously put out her hand towards it, as if to protect herself from another surprise.

“ This grand smash of the mahogany table was the last act of the evening up to ten o'clock, when we left.

“ It may not be amiss to recapitulate the various manifestations which occurred while we were present, and to see which of them (if any) might have been caused by trickery. They were as follow :—

“ 1.—The knocking on our arrival.—As we were not fairly in the house when this occurred, and have no idea whence the sound came and where the inmates were at the time, we may pass this over.

“ 2.—The knocking in the neighbourhood of the kitchen table.—In this case, the servant was alone in the kitchen, and certainly may have caused the noise.

“ 3.—The movement of the kitchen table.—This occurred when both Mrs. Hawker and the girl were present, and may have been the result of either accident or design, though we cannot see how it could have resulted from the former.

“ 4.—The overturning of the kitchen table.—This was the only occurrence at which nobody was present. It was, we believe, utterly impossible that the girl could have caused the upset with her hands and then escape to the spot at which we first saw her, before our arrival. If she *did* play any trick, moreover, she played it, in this case, at the imminent risk of detection, for the table was visible from the farm premises on one side, and (through a window) from the inner passage on the other, and some of our party or of the other inmates were in the passage well nigh every minute.

“ 5.—The overturning and smashing of the passage table.—Here the girl was present, but it is inconceivable that she should have ventured on such an act of violence as the destruction of a table in a place where she was overlooked from both ends of the passage. We doubt, moreover, whether, by the exertion of her utmost strength, she could have caused so much noise and destruction. The effect of this last smash was, indeed, to render one of our party exceedingly nervous, and to cause him to declare to Mr. Travis that he would not sleep in the house a single night for £1,000.

“ We do not assert that it would be utterly impossible for a skilled conjuror to produce by mechanical means all the effects we have described. Were ours the only evidence bearing on the case, we do not know that we should greatly blame our readers for remaining sceptical. It is only when the accumulated evidence of Mr. Travis and his household, and of scores of other respectable witnesses, is viewed together, that the impossibility

of accounting for all the phenomena by the hoax theory becomes apparent. We will give, as briefly as we can, an account of what has been seen and heard by others, and we may add that the versions of the different witnesses are perfectly consistent with each other.

“The disturbances commenced in Easter week, and have continued at irregular intervals ever since. Sometimes nothing is heard for several days, and in one instance, we believe, Mr. Travis had a fortnight’s peace. But any long interval of quiet seems to be always dearly bought, for the agents that produce the rows appear to return like ‘giants refreshed,’ and to make up, by greater activity than ever, for their loss of time. During the first week or two, Mr. Travis heard none of the knockings himself. They were heard in the daytime, during his absence from home; and when his housekeeper and servant complained to him, on his return in the evening, he laughed at them, believing them to be the victims of some hoax or delusion. At last, he heard the noises himself, and was soon satisfied that there was neither delusion nor hoax in the case.

“The noises are not confined to any particular part of the house, but appear to proceed, at different times, from every corner of every room, upstairs and down. It is not always easy to tell where they *do* proceed from, for they appear to possess the peculiarities of a ventriloquist’s voice. If the hearer runs to the spot from which he fancies the sound proceeds, he not unfrequently finds, unless it has ceased in the meantime, that he appears to have changed places with it. Another peculiarity about the sounds is, that the dogs take little or no notice of them. Mr. Travis has dogs which, he says, rouse the whole family with their barking if they hear the slightest footstep in or near the house by night. But they have seldom indicated that they even so much as hear the very loudest of the knockings, whether by night or by day.

“The knockings vary as much in loudness as in locality. At one time, they are like a regular gentle knocking, travelling round and round the room; at another time, they can be compared only to the beating of the floors with mallets or to a volley of musketry. On some occasions, the noises have been terrific. The people of the village have heard them as they sat in their own homes, listening to the unearthly row for hours together. The number of excited persons who have thus assembled has sometimes been so great that the presence of the police has been rendered necessary. One day, Mr. Travis cleared the house and locked the doors, stationing a policeman at the back, and watching the front himself. To use Mr. Travis’s own words, fifty men with mallets could not have caused the awful row which

was heard while the house was thus watched, for the loudest knockings appeared to proceed from every part of the house almost simultaneously.

“ But, as was proved during our visit, the manifestations are not confined to noises. The metal cover of the furnace in the kitchen has been several times thrown off and dashed violently against the floor. A number of bits which were hanging over the mahogany table whose end we witnessed were once thrown off their nails and scattered about the passage; and the table itself was, *in Mr. Travis's presence*, violently overturned, just as it was during our visit. At three o'clock one morning, Mr. Travis was awoke by knockings of the ordinary kind upon the wall of his bedroom. They gradually increased in force, and terminated with a tremendous blow which dashed open the door. Except in the case of the tables, no damage appears to have been done amid the most violent of the manifestations. After a period of unusually high jinks, a little fine white dust such as might be supposed to have fallen from white-washed wall or ceiling, has been noticed in some of the rooms; and, in one case, a number of flat irons were so nearly shaken off a shelf in the kitchen that it was thought desirable to remove them.

“ Many persons will, no doubt, wonder that anybody can be found to live amid such infernal revelry. The truth is—one soon gets accustomed even to such disturbances as these. Mr. Travis and his family are evidently conscious that they run no risk of serious bodily injury, and they have come to look upon the phenomena as simple nuisances. The females confess, indeed, that they feel somewhat nervous when, after a few days cessation, the noises begin again suddenly; but they plead guilty to no other emotion. The men employed on the farm appear to be on very easy terms with the unknown agencies, and, on the recommencement of the noises after an interval of silence, they are heard to remark—‘There's the old 'un again!’ or words to that effect. Their appetites were evidently unaffected by the destruction of the table on Friday night. Their anxiety appears to be confined to any possible bad effects that may be produced on the cider. Mr. Travis says that one of them told him he didn't care if ‘they’ (the spirits, or whoever else the agents may be,) would only leave the casks alone, and not pull out the corks.

“ So much for the facts. By this time, our readers are, no doubt, anxious to hear on what theory we account for them, and will, perhaps, be disappointed to hear that we have formed no theory at all. Such however is the case. We should like some scientific man to observe the phenomena for himself, and then

tell us, if he can, how they are to be accounted for. Unfortunately, we have few *really* scientific men. We have plenty of so-called philosophers, who construct their theories first, and then endeavour to make the facts fit into them, instead of carefully ascertaining the facts first, and deducing a theory from them afterwards. Of course, a great philosopher cannot be expected to investigate a 'trumpery ghost story' or a 'silly haunted-house tale.' He *knows* that it is *impossible* for a table to move without hands, and it would, therefore, be only a waste of his valuable time to inquire whether a table has ever done so or not. This, we fear, is the view which too many of our all-knowing *savans* will take of the Muchelney business. But is such a view truly philosophical? Do we know everything yet? Are there no natural laws or forces yet to be discovered?—no exceptions, or apparent exceptions, to the operation of known laws to be determined? And, unless our knowledge of Nature and her marvellous doings *is* perfect, by what right do we set bounds to the possible, and pooh-pooh everything which appears to our weak vision to transgress those limits? Is it not equally true of the physical creation as it is of the moral world that

"'Tis but a part we see, and not the whole?"

"In view of the marvellous discoveries of late years, a cautious man will be very chary about using the word 'impossible.' A great French astronomer once said that no true philosopher would ever use it except with reference to the exact sciences. We may safely assert that it is impossible that one and one can ever make three, or that the three angles of a triangle can ever make more or less than two right angles; but, once clear of mathematics, we can never be safe in using the word 'impossible.' We borrow an illustration.

"Christopher Columbus has just returned to Europe from the long and perilous voyage which has revealed a New World to the wondering nations of the Eastern Hemisphere. As he lands from the crazy cock-boat which he dignifies by the name of 'ship,' and looks back upon the weary waste of waters whose billows have had him for a plaything during so many long months, a seer, looking forward across three centuries and a half of progress, steps up to him, and tells him that, in a far-off future, ships, unaided by sails and in defiance of winds and tides, will regularly cross the great ocean on which he has been so long afloat in nine or ten days, and with all the certainty and punctuality with which a short land journey may be performed on a good road. Still more marvellous! the prophet assures him that, at a rather later period, one man shall stand on the western shore of Europe and another on the eastern shore of the New

World, and that these two shall converse with each other across the mighty gulf of storm and fog as intelligibly and almost as rapidly as if they stood face to face. What says the discoverer of America to these bold predictions? He exclaims—'Impossible! The man is mad. Seize him!'

"And would not Columbus have been perfectly justified in regarding such a prediction as an evidence of insanity? His knowledge of the forces and laws of nature was extremely limited, and anything that appeared to him contrary to the teachings of his little experience would necessarily be declared impossible. There is less excuse for us if we, reasoning from our own more extended, but still imperfect, experience, declare anything to be beyond the bounds of possibility. A generation that sees two men on opposite sides of the globe conversing with each other by means of a ubiquitous agent that is known only by its effects, can surely believe in almost anything except the incorrectness of the multiplication table.

"In Mr. Dale Owen's remarkable work entitled *Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World* will be found accounts of a number of cases similar to that which we have described. It is impossible to explain these away except on the theory that, in each instance, a number of persons of intelligence and respectability combined to palm off upon the world a silly fiction. One of the cases mentioned is that of John Wesley's father's house, which, if we are to believe John Wesley, his brother and sister, and other equally reliable witnesses, was, for several weeks, the scene of disturbances very similar to these at Muchelney. If we understand Dale Owen, the object of his work is to trace these and similar phenomena to spiritual causes. We do not wish it to be understood, because we have mentioned his book, that we necessarily accept his theory. As we before said, we have no well-defined theory on the subject; but we are convinced that there is no trickery in *this* case, that the phenomena are due to causes of which Science has, as yet, taught us nothing, and that we should act in an unphilosophical spirit if we rejected the evidence of our own and others' senses because of its apparent inconsistency with the little which we happen to know of Nature's laws."

LITERARY COMPOSITION DURING SLEEP.

It was during sleep that Henricus ab Heeres, a very celebrated Dutch author, composed all his works. Once awake, he had only to transcribe from memory.

JAMES NAYLER, A CONFESSOR OF "THE INDWELLING DEITY."

CHAPTER I.

"At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you."—*Words of Our Lord Jesus Christ.*

"Yesterday
I pitched my tent on the highest throne.
I drank, crowned by the Beloved,
The wine of Unity from the cup of the Almighty."

Dervish Breviary.

"Godly men are called God-like, for God lives, forms, ordains, and works in them in all His works, and doth, so to speak, use Himself in them."—*Tauler.*

"A meek man must be *de-formed* from the creature, *con-formed* to Christ, and *trans-formed* into Deity; yet the *divine* 'Thou' and the *human* 'I' continue to exist."—*Suso.*

"He is in us, and we in Him; and if our lives are holy we may know ourselves to be God. Man is the living book of God."—*Böhme.*

"What then is the evidence that God is God? That He should be able to appear objectively to sense and spirit, but also to reveal Himself subjectively from His infinite imminence within, descending, so to speak, from the heights of being, which are above our consciousness, and literally giving Himself to us by procreation of His life into our own through a divine respiration, so that we may feel that He dwells within us and we in Him."—*Harris.*

"THE secret of all religions," it has been remarked by an original thinker of our own day,* "is God-possession." The recognition of the presence of the Divine Spirit within man, not alone vaguely, but as a literal fact, that God, as "the Breath of Life," breathes through the soul, operating upon the heart and intellect in contradistinction to that will and operative spirit which man has learned to regard as his own individuality, may assuredly be regarded by us as the entrance into the penetralia of the soul's temple; as the unveiling of the recess of mysticism; as the arrival at the goal of all religious pilgrimage.

Indeed, this recognition of the literal fulfilment of Christ's promise to His disciples, *that He would be "in them"* in the form of the Holy Ghost, and this, too, "until the end of the world," must truly be the seal and crown of the religious life. Doubtless it is the reception of "the white stone"—the undefiled, pure truth—containing "the new name," or nature, which can alone "be read" or comprehended "by him to whom it is given." Doubtless it is what is termed "the reception of the bridegroom"—or not less, of "the bride"—the mysterious "Sophia or divine wisdom;" that mystical espousal of the invis-

* John E. Dove.

ble and spiritual with the visible and material, in its most sacred and refined form, and which being universal—since it is of God, who is universal—has, as it would seem under the needful conditions, manifested itself in all ages and amongst all nations according to the moral and intellectual culture of mankind, giving forth in the early times poetry, myth, and fable, as well as in later ages, literal, individual, and widely-spread fact.

These highly-favoured human beings—these seekers and finders of God, who, recognizing within their own awe-stricken individuality this sweet and sublime presence radiating through them like burning flame through a lamp, and impelled by this living fire of truth, to proclaim unhesitatingly—because undoubtedly—the stupendous fact that God does indeed tabernacle with man in the “temple made without hands”—a fact as yet hidden by the veil of outward sense from their less spiritually transformed brethren—are not alone the witnesses and confessors of the Holy Ghost, in varied ages, but also its martyrs.

A History of the Confessors of Indwelling-Deity, or, in other words, of “God-possession,” would present before our vision a mighty and august assembly. It would comprise the subtlest and most philosophic minds which have left their indissoluble impress upon ancient oriental revelation of truth adapted to the varied families of Asia; upon the Schools of Philosophy in Greece and Alexandria; and descending through the Middle Ages, and gathering up in its course the most transcendental spirits of Europe, male and female, would be seen to roll forward like a mighty flood until it reaches our own times. This tide of ardent souls has been composed invariably of the most heretical of all heresies: They have been “the stumbling blocks” and “thorns in the flesh” even of their own co-religionists; they are those who have been most severely “wounded in the house of their friends.” They have penetrated one degree beyond the experience of their enlightened fellow-explorers in the realms of truth, and have, in their turn, even by the hierophants of the New Revelation, been denounced as deceivers and blasphemers.

As an illustration of a man making claim to the profession of this intimate union with God, we have selected the life of the Quaker, James Nayler, because from the comparative proximity of his age to our own time, we can the more readily recognize and realize the man; and because his career presents examples of almost every phase of the subject, and evidence sufficient, the writer thinks, to warrant the belief that he truly possessed the divine gifts to which he laid claim, also because this life affectingly illustrates the aberrations of a fallible human

nature, unequal under all temptation to hold itself sufficiently upright to sustain so august a condition, and the consequent fallings away from it unwittingly into the dire weakness and suffering of simple humanity.

“By their fruits shall ye know them;” and thus we will leave it to our readers to pass judgment upon James Nayler the sufferer, as to whether his words and actions were sometimes of God or no; to pass judgment when they shall have witnessed the triumph of his meekness and penitence over the bitterness of his spiritual fall and his physical sufferings; and how his tender and gentle nature became ever more tender and Christ-like through the bitterness of his purgation.

Our authorities are a pamphlet entitled *The Life of James Nayler, wherein it is attempted to include more particulars respecting him than are to be found in any one account extant; Besse's Sufferings of the People called Quakers; Sewel's History of the Quakers; James Nayler's Writings*, published shortly after his death; &c.

James Nayler was born of honest parents, in the parish of Ardesley, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire, about the year 1616. His father, in one account, is stated to have been a “husbandman,” nevertheless having “a competent estate to live on, with industry, according to the manner of the country where he dwelt.” James, is said to have received a good, plain English education, and to have written well. About the age of twenty-two he married, and removed to Wakefield. The Civil War breaking out in the following year, he became a soldier in the army of Fairfax, and afterwards a quarter-master under Lambert. Sickness, however, disabled him, and detached him from his military employment, and he returned to Wakefield. During this time his religious profession was amongst the Independents.

In the year 1651, George Fox, already fully entered upon his apostolic career, appeared at Wakefield; and amongst various men and women whose hearts were touched by “the Truth,” as set forth in the words of that earnest and truly inspired man, was James Nayler. In the beginning of the subsequent year, we read in his own words that, “as he was in the field at plough, meditating on the things of God, *he heard a voice*, bidding him go out from his kindred and from his father's house; and had a promise given with it, that the Lord would be with him; whereupon he did exceedingly rejoice that he had heard the voice of God, whom he had professed from a child, and endeavoured to serve; and when he went home he made preparations to go, but not being obedient, the wrath of God was upon him, so that he was made a wonder, and it was

thought he would have died. (What is precisely intended by this is not clearly expressed.) After this he was made willing, and began to make some preparation, of apparel and other necessaries, not knowing whither he should go. But shortly afterwards going a "gateward" with a friend from his own house, having on an old suit, without any money, having neither taken leave of wife or children, not thinking then of any journey, he was commanded to go into the west, not knowing whither he should go, nor what he had to do there. But when he had been there a little while, he had given him what to declare. And ever after he remained, not knowing to-day what he should do to-morrow.

In various contemporary memoirs we come upon casual references to Nayler, as he was then wandering up and down through England upon his apostolic mission; now alone, now accompanied by others of his co-religionists. He was with George Fox upon his singular and (especially to Fox, as it proved in the sequel) momentous visit to Swarthmore Hall, in Furness, the seat of Judge Fell, when Margaret Fell, the judge's wife—afterwards, in her widowhood, married to George Fox—and all her "large household" were incontinently convinced of sin, and embraced the "New Truth," as set forth by the burning words of Fox (*vide* "Testimony of Margaret Fox," *Fox's Journal*). In later days, not unfrequently, was Nayler received at Swarthmore Hall, and his "wounds dressed," and his spirit strengthened to endurance by the lady of the Hall; for poor Nayler met with no gentle usage, as we shall see further on, in the public carrying out of his mission.

But perhaps the most graphic picture of him we find—slight though the sketch be—is in the quaint autobiography of Thomas Elwood, the friend and scholar of Milton, who had met him at the house of a neighbour, before he himself had joined the Quakers. There was a discussion upon predestination, which was strongly supported by Elwood's father, when Nayler interposed, and "handled the subject with so much perspicuity, and clear demonstration, that his reasoning seemed to be irresistible," and this the more surprised young Elwood, "as the appearance of James Nayler was that of a plain simple husbandman or shepherd."

We will now continue our narrative pretty much in the words of our authorities. In 1652, notice being had by the priests that James Nayler would meet with some of his friends, about a mile out of Kendal, at the house of a widow, the town of Kendal was raised against him; but being long in getting the company together, the time of the meeting was over. However, they had placed spies on the steeple and

other high places to observe James, and which way he passed; and as he was coming towards Kendal, two priests with a justice of the peace and some other magistrates, with a great multitude following them, met him, and one of the priests said to him, "Nayler, I have a message from the Lord Jesus Christ to thee, but this is not a convenient place." To which James answered, "The Lord Jesus Christ is no respecter of places." The priest then delivered what he called his message, thus: "I conjure thee to tell me by what power thou inflictest such punishment upon the bodies of creatures?" (referring to the divine power attending the ministry of Nayler, and others of those early witnesses to the Truth, and which wrought so effectually on the spirits of some of their hearers, that their bodies were affected therewith, to the surprise of the priests, and such as were not acquainted with the nature of those operations; and which, therefore, the priest ignorantly called *inflicting punishment*). James answered, "Dost thou acknowledge it to be done by a power?" "Yes," said the priest, "I have the spirit of God, and thereby I know it is done by a power." James said, "If thou hast the spirit of God, as thou sayest thou hast, then thou canst tell by what power it is done." The priest said, "When God cometh, He comes to torment the souls and not the bodies." James replied, "He comes to redeem the souls."

After which discourse the priest began to accuse him of many things before the justice and magistrates, as that he taught people to burn their Bibles, children to disobey their parents, wives their husbands, people to disobey their magistrates, and such like accusations. To which James replied, "Thou art a false accuser. Prove one of these things here, if thou canst, before the magistrates." But not being able to prove anything, he went on accusing James, "for holding a light that doth convince of sin, which," said the priest, "all have not." James replied, "Point out one of this great multitude that dare say he hath it not." He answered, "These are all Christians; but if a Turk or an Indian were here, he would deny it." James said, "Thou goest far for a proof; but if a Turk were here, he would witness against thee."

The people growing disorderly, the priest turned away, saying, "There will be a disturbance." James replied, "These are thy Christians; and this is the fruit of thy ministry." The justices endeavoured to prevent the people from abusing him; yet many ran before to a bridge which he was to pass over, swearing that they would throw him off the bridge into the water, but he undismayed passed through the midst of them, testifying against their fury, and receiving no harm. Thus he

passed through the town and market place, declaring boldly the Word of the Lord, who restrained the rude people from tearing him, though they continued shouting, crying out, and throwing stones at him for above a quarter of a mile out of the town.

At another time, James being at a meeting at Orton, five priests came thither, and many people from all parts. The priests asked him many questions, to which he gave such answers as prevented their purpose of ensnaring him in his words; however, the next First-day (Sunday), they had prepared their sermons against him, representing him to the people as a blasphemer, and as denying the resurrection and humanity of Christ, and contemning all authority; and some of them, as their hearers reported, said it would be doing God good service to knock him down. Having thus prepared the ruder sort of people, one of the priest's sons, got a great company of them together next morning, who beset the house where Nayler was, threatening to knock out his brains against the wall, and to pull the house down, if he would not come out. But he answered them, thus, "You did not use me so civilly the last time I was among you, but if any have a mind they may come in, the doors are open." Which answer being told to the priests, the rabble rushed violently into the house, took him by the throat, and dragged him into a field, where a justice, sent for by the priests, was present. Then they struck off James's hat with a pitchfork, and the justice commanded him to answer such questions as the priests should ask him. Whereupon one of the priests asked him many questions, as concerning the Resurrection, the humanity of Christ, the Scriptures, and other things, to which he answered scripturally. At length, being asked "If Christ was in him?" he answered, "I witness Him in me in measure." The priest asked him, "If Christ was in him as man?" He answered, "Christ is not divided, for if he be, he is no more Christ; but I witness that Christ is in me, in measure, who is God and man." The priest said, "Christ is in heaven with a carnal body." To which James answered, "Christ filleth heaven and earth, and is not carnal, but spiritual; for if Christ be in heaven with a carnal body, and the saints with a spiritual body, that is not proportionable, neither was that a carnal body that came among the disciples, the doors being shut. For Christ is a mystery, and thou knowest him not."

When after much conference, the priest got little advantage, he became angry, and warned the people not to receive him into their houses, and so turned from him. Then the people began to abuse some of the Friends present; but James Nayler said to the justice, "Surely you will set us peaceably into the house

again?" but he also turning away as if he meant to leave them to the mercy of the rabble, James said, "The will of the Lord be done;" at which, the justice being moved, returned, saying, "We will set them in the house again," and did so. This displeased the priests, who were heard to say, "If we let him go thus, all people will run after him;" whereupon they agreed that he should be brought before the justice again. Then the priests and justice mounted their horses, and went to an ale-house at some distance, and the rabble, having seized James again, hurried him after them. When they came, the justice told him that if he would not put off his hat he would send him to prison. Then they concluded to commit him to prison for that pretended contempt, and also as being a vagabond, saying, "None there knew whence he came," which was but a quibble, for they had shut his acquaintance out of doors. On the morrow, he and his friend, Francis Howgill (who had followed him), were sent to Appleby Gaol.

At the sessions held at Appleby in the month called January, 1652, James Nayler was tried on an indictment for blasphemy.

The indictment having been read, wherein he was charged with saying that "Christ was in him," and that "there was but one Word of God," Justice Pearson and Colonel Briggs began questioning him regarding his birth, condition, former life, and supposed call to God's service; to all of which questions Nayler returned clear and concise answers; the words and purport of which have been embodied in the commencement of this narrative.

Colonel Briggs.—What was the promise thou hadst given? (referring to James Nayler's words, that when "the Voice" called to him whilst ploughing, that "He had a promise given him.")

Nayler.—That God would be with me. Which promise I find made good every day.

Col. Briggs.—I never heard of such a call as this in our time.

Nayler.—I believe thee.

Justice Pearson.—Is Christ in thee?

Nayler.—I witness Him in me; and if I should deny Him before men, He would deny me before His Father, which is in heaven.

Justice Pearson.—Spiritual you mean?

Nayler.—Yea, spiritual.

Justice Pearson.—By faith, or how?

Nayler.—By faith.

Justice Pearson.—What difference then between the ministers and you?

Nayler.—The ministers affirm Christ to be in heaven with a carnal body, but I with a spiritual body.

Justice Pearson.—Which of the ministers say Christ is in heaven with a carnal body?

Nayler.—The minister, so called, of Kirkby-Steven.

(Priest Higginson stood up, and affirmed it again, openly before all the court.)

Nayler.—If Christ be in heaven with a carnal body, and the saints with a spiritual body, it is not proportionable; neither was that a carnal body which appeared among the disciples, the doors being shut, and appeared in divers shapes.

Question.—Was Christ man or no?

Nayler.—Yea, He was; and took upon Him the seed of Abraham, and was real flesh and bone; but this is a mystery not known to carnal man, for He is begotten of the immortal seed, and those that know Him, know Him to be spiritual, for it was the Word which became flesh, and dwelt among us; and if He had not been spiritual, He had not wrought by redemption.

Justice Pearson.—Is Christ in thee as man?

Nayler.—Christ filleth all places, and is not divided; separate God and man, and He is no more Christ.

Justice Pearson.—If we stand to dispute these things we should have the ministers.

Nayler perceiving Priest Higginson offended, because he had told of his saying Christ was in heaven with a carnal body, said, "Friend, I had not accused thee, had I not been asked what was the difference between the ministers and me. For I am not come to accuse any, for I am against accusation."

* * * * *

Colonel Briggs.—Didst thou not write a paper wherein was mentioned, that if thou thinkest to be saved by that Christ which died at Jerusalem, thou art deceived?

Nayler.—If I cannot witness Christ nearer than Jerusalem, I shall have no benefit of him. But I know no other Christ but that who witnessed a good confession before Pontius Pilate, which I witness in me now.

Colonel Briggs.—Wilt thou deny thine hand?

Nayler.—I will not deny my hand, if I may see it; and I desire that I may have so much favour that that paper may be kept as an evidence either with or against me.

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Thus it appearing, after a long examination, that the priests could not make out the charge of blasphemy exhibited against Nayler, he was discharged by the Justices from his imprisonment, which had continued about 20 weeks.

IT IS ALL CLAIRVOYANCE!

By R. H. BROWN.

SUCH is the objection made by a great number of those who have slightly investigated the Spiritual Phenomena of the present time. Thus it is that Spiritualism has come to the aid of Clairvoyance. Before the advent of Spiritualism, Clairvoyance was the great mysterious humbug of the day and all the wise and scientific men of the land shook their heads and lamented the credulity of human nature, and the superstitious, wonder-loving ignorance of the masses. Spiritualism has forced the world to admit Clairvoyance, because there is no middle ground. These things are either what they profess to be—the work of spirits—or they are the result of Clairvoyance and Magnetism. It was thus, also, that Magnetism came to the aid of Phrenology, and proved it to be true.

It is all Clairvoyance! But what is Clairvoyance? The phenomena of Clairvoyance may be briefly described as follows: Persons thrown into the somnambulic trance by Magnetism, through the agency of an operator, or falling into the same state involuntarily, have been known to see without the aid of the physical or external organs of vision, and *without the assistance of light*. Books are read as well in the darkness of night as in the full glare of noonday. Objects and scenes, at great distances, far beyond the reach of the external organs of vision, are seen and described. The clear sight of the clairvoyant mind not only penetrates through the most opalic and dense substances, but also sees the thoughts that bud and blossom in the inmost recesses of the soul. The past is illuminated, and its most hidden passages revealed; and the future, hidden by an impenetrable veil from the normal eye, prophetically presents its yet unrolled panorama, and stamps upon the clairvoyant mind the impress of its coming form. This is Clairvoyance. Now let me ask the candid investigator *what it is that sees without the physical eyes, and without the assistance of light?*

It is evident that neither the optic nerves nor the crystalline lens are employed by those who read a book, amid the darkness of midnight, unaided by a single ray of light. The answer to this question is all-important, for therein hidden lies the golden key which will unlock all the mysteries of Spiritualism. What is normal sight? What is it that *sees* when the natural or external eye, together with light, are the mediums of perception? It is evident that the mere fluid called light cannot see, neither can the lens or humours of the eye, nor the optic nerve, nor a

combination of these; for light and visual organs are only the mediums by which perception is conveyed to that mysterious something which lies hidden within. In ordinary or normal sight three things are employed—the object, the eye, and the light which serves as the connecting link or medium of contact between the eye and the object. The eye, like a beautiful and delicate camera obscura—paints with fidelity the picture of the exterior world upon the retina. It is the immortal soul which stands behind the curtain, and gazes on the shifting panorama. Let the soul be absent, and sight ceases, though the organ be perfect; it becomes but a common camera obscura—the mere arrangement of parts for the production of a picture. The picture is perfect, but there is no spectator. When a person falls into a state of profound abstraction, the eyes, though open, often cease to convey any idea of sight to the soul. This is because the attention of the spectator behind the curtain is turned in another direction; he does not regard the panorama which moves along the darkened curtains of the eye. The Materialists reply to this, that sight is not the result of the attentive perception of the soul to the pictorial sensations of the optic nerve. They tell us that the soul has no separate and distinct existence apart from the body. Light, they claim is but sensation, and sensation is the result of organization. When the organization ceases (they argue), sensation will cease—that of sight together with all other sensations; and that when sensation ceases, the whole being ceases to be, for organization and sensation, say they, compose the whole of man—there is no soul. (see Baron d'Hollbach's *System of Nature*, chap. xiii., for an able statement of the Materialistic argument).

This method of argument is plausible. At the moment that sight is proved to exist *without the use of either light, sensation, or any of the physical and material organs of vision*, the whole pyramid of their logic falls to the ground. Its base is thrown from its foundations, and the whole fabric of their laboured art crumbles to atoms.

Thus it is that Clairvoyance furnishes the most conclusive answer to the ingenious ratiocinations of the Materialists, and presents the most satisfactory proof of the existence of the soul, separate and apart from the body, residing within it, generally employing its organs for the reception of ideas, but at times acting independent of them, and obtaining information without their aid. By Clairvoyance we have thus shown the truth of the first proposition upon which Spiritualism rests—the existence of a dual nature in man, a soul as well as a body. We have unlocked the casket, and shown within it, shining with celestial

radiance, the jewel which it contains. But we are not content to rest satisfied with this; we will not leave the subject until our whole case is demonstrated. The second proposition, which lies at the basis of the new philosophy, is the existence of a "spiritual body," interfusing and permeating the physical, material, or "natural body."

If, in an obscure field, you should pick up the fragments of the bones of an arm, the inference that there had once been a full and complete organization, of which the fragments before you were a part, would be logical and correct. The train of reasoning by which your mind would instantaneously deduce that conclusion, if analyzed, would be as follows: The whole is equal to the sum of all its parts. In all the works of nature all the parts are *adapted* to each other. The whole cannot exist without the existence of all its parts. A single part cannot exist without the existence of all the other parts to which it is *adapted*. Here is a part before me—it is an arm; an arm is *adapted* to a human body; it is a part of such a body; therefore such a body must have existed. The nature of each part is *adapted* to the nature of the whole. This part is physical and material: therefore the whole must have been physical and material. And the final conclusion to which you arrive is, that the arm must have been a part of a human body, physical and material in its nature. It is thus that the Naturalist is enabled, from the fragment of the skeleton of an extinct antediluvian animal, to reconstruct the whole, and draw the portrait of a creature which existed before the Flood, and whose kind ceased to be thousands of years before the creation of man.

Of the logical accuracy of this method of reasoning, and the absolute verity of the conclusions it draws out, there cannot be the slightest doubt.

Let us, then, apply this method of reasoning to the subject under consideration.

The clairvoyant mind *sees* without the aid of light, or the assistance of the external or physical eye.

The soul does not leave the body to place itself in direct contact with the object seen; therefore the mind must have some medium of sight. This medium of perception is neither light nor the optic nerve. What, then, is it? It is not the odic force simply, for there must be some means *whereby the character of the impression conveyed by the odic force is determined and individualized*—some agency whereby the impression of sight is made distinguishable from that of hearing, or the impression made by an abstract idea. It is the peculiar function of an organ to individualize and characterize the nature of an impression received. A simple object—for instance, a tree—makes upon

the physical body a multitude of impressions, and it is the various organs of the body which individualize these impressions. The impression which the size, form, and colour of the tree makes is individualized and characterized by the organs of sight. The impressions which its hardness and impenetrability make are individualized and characterized by the sense of touch. If it were not for this, the mind would receive a mass of confused impressions, without possessing any means to analyze, arrange, or distinguish them. As a prism separates and individualizes the various colours which compose a ray of sunlight, so the senses separate and individualize the combined impressions which an object makes upon the physical organism, and presents them in an orderly and defined spectrum to the mind. If the reader has followed with close attention our train of reflection, he will be prepared for the conclusion to which we have arrived, to wit: If the mind *sees* without the aid of light or the assistance of the optic nerve, it must have *some other medium* by which the simple impression of sight can be individualized and presented separate and distinct from all other impressions; or, in other words, that there must be a spiritual *organ* of sight; distinct and separate from the physical *organ* of sight. The remainder of our task is now simple and easy; for if there is a spiritual organ of sight, there must also be a spiritual organ for the individualization of all the other impressions. In nature each part is adapted to all the other parts, and the existence of one part presupposes the existence of all the other parts. If there is a spiritual organ of sight, there must also be a complete spiritual organization or body interfused with and permeating the physical body.

Nature, our wise and powerful mother, foreadapts every thing for the conditions amid which she intends it shall live. How shall we escape the conclusion, that by adapting the soul to another state of being, and endowing it for that purpose with the power to exist, act, think, see, and hear, without the aid of the body, and separated from it, Nature has given us her solemn and sacred guarantee that we shall live hereafter? To arrive at any other conclusion is to charge Nature with the weakness of creating that which is useless, and God of the folly of adapting man to a sphere of existence which he does not intend him to enjoy. All the arguments which have ever been made against the immortality of the soul are based upon the idea, that the soul has no identity of being separate from the body. From which premise the conclusion is correctly drawn that the soul and body being one in substance must perish together. But Clairvoyance demonstrates to us that this premise is false, and teaches us that the soul and the body are not one in substance, but, on the contrary, that the former can think, act, see, and

hear without the aid of the latter, and independent of all its organs. It is thus that Clairvoyance with a mighty hand crushes to powder the laboured logic of the Materialists, and places the belief in our immortal nature upon a firm and scientific basis. But again, Clairvoyance, by demonstrating the truthful character of the teachings of *Intuition*, has afforded conclusive proof of a higher sphere of existence. God has given man two methods of attaining a knowledge of truth—Intuition and Reason. The one is intended to prove the correctness of the other, thus affording man the highest evidence of truth, by giving him the power to arrive at the same results by two distinct and totally diverse mental operations. What Intuition and Reason both affirm to be true, no man need doubt.

It is true that neither is infallible, and he who expects to find any *human* faculty infallible in its nature, only betrays his own ignorance of the laws of mind and matter. Nevertheless Intuition is a faculty of the soul, just as reliable as that of Reason, and the teachings of the one may be reposed upon with as much confidence as those of the other. Clairvoyance has demonstrated beyond all cavil the truthful character of Intuition.

What does Intuition say in regard to the immortal nature of the soul?

There is not a clairvoyant in the world, no matter what may be his *normal* belief, who does not affirm the existence of the soul after death has destroyed the clay-built palace wherein it dwells during its brief residence upon earth.

Many philosophers have puzzled themselves about the theory of "*innate ideas*." And the belief in our immortality has been classed as an "*innate idea*." But the philosophers may learn a lesson from Clairvoyance. It is no "*innate idea*," but only the divine voice of Intuition, which, deep within each man's soul, proclaims a life to come.

We must look to Intuition for the true cause of that faith in a future beyond the grave, which has prevailed in all nations and all ages.

Clairvoyance, then, in demonstrating the truthfulness of Intuition, has also demonstrated the immortality of the soul.

We have now arrived at the last of the propositions which is to be considered—the proof which Clairvoyance affords of the *power* of spirits who have left the earth-form to communicate with those who remain behind.

As a matter of course, this portion of the argument, as well as the former, is addressed only to such as believe in the phenomena of Clairvoyance. To those who are yet so far behind the great age in which they live as to doubt or sneer at magnetism

and psychological science, all that has been said or will be said by the writer can be of no use. Such persons have yet to learn the *a b c* of that great science which lies at the basis of all others, and is the most important of them, for "the proper study of mankind *is* man."

In order to make it plain that Clairvoyance does afford scientific and conclusive proof of the power of spirits to communicate with us, it will be necessary to refer to some of the familiar and ordinary phenomena of "animal magnetism." Those phenomena may be divided into three classes:

1st. Profound abstraction, magnetic sleep, and insensibility to all external influences.

2nd. Sympathetic Clairvoyance.

3rd. Independent Clairvoyance.

Attention is more particularly requested to the second class, *viz.*, Sympathetic Clairvoyance. The *subject* while in this state is almost entirely under the control of the *operator*. No vocalization of the will of the positive *operator* is required to induce obedience in the negative *subject*. The simple concentration of the unspoken will is all that is required to direct and control the subject. So great is the sympathy induced between the two, that the will of the one acts freely upon the muscular system of the other, and compels him to rise up, sit down, walk, stand, or talk according to the volition of the operator. The nervous systems of the two are united by a constant interchange of the odic fluids. This union is as perfect as in the case of the "Siamese Twins," who were united by a continuous branch of nervous fibre. The result of this intimate union and fraternal sympathy between the operator and the subject is, that the thoughts of the one are known to the other. An idea evolved in the mind of the operator, *though unspoken*, immediately becomes present in the mind of the subject. But you will remember that the will of the operator also has control of the muscular system of the subject. Hence, no sooner is the idea of the operator present in the mind of the subject, should the operator will that idea to be spoken by the subject, than the subject is compelled to speak it. In other words, the operator for the expression of his own silent thoughts can use the vocal organs of the subject.

EXAMPLE.—A, in the presence of C, magnetizes B, and throws him into the *sympathetic* clairvoyant state. This being done, A silently thinks in his own mind these words: "Good-evening, friend C." Now by virtue of the sympathy established between the *operator* A and the *subject* B, those words are immediately impressed upon the mind of B, and become present there. A now silently wills B to speak those words, which B is

compelled to do, and so he turns to C and says, "Good-evening, friend C." Thus you perceive A, instead of using his own organs of speech, has employed those of B. In other words, A has been speaking to C *through a medium*. This is an experiment which the writer of this article has performed with success.

It will be observed that the *body or physical organism of the operator was not employed in the above experiment*. The operator used two things only: first, his will; second, an odic force which was controlled and directed by his will, and made the agent for the transmission of his thoughts and commands to the subject.

It is evident, therefore, that though the operator *be deprived of his body*, he will not lose the power to control and speak through B, provided he yet retain the power of volition and the command of the odic force.

It needs no argument to shew that the escape of the soul from the body will not deprive the soul of the power of volition. The will is an essential attribute of the soul. Without volition a soul would not be a soul, and nothing short of a total annihilation of the soul can destroy its volition. The whole is equal to the sum of its parts. If the whole is immortal, all the parts must be immortal. Hence we see that the immortality of the will is just as certain as the immortality of the soul. But will the disembodied volition still retain command of the odic force? There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. This spiritual body is very rare and refined in its nature, but is yet less refined than the soul enshrined within it. The soul therefore needs some agent by which it can put itself in connection with that spiritual body. The soul cannot come in direct contact with that body; it requires an agent which may transmit its commands to the various parts and members of the same.

What Nature requires, Nature supplies, and such an agent exists. The agent which serves to put the soul in connection with its new spiritual organization is an etherealization of what we term the odic force or vital fluid. It has been termed spiritual magnetism, in contradistinction to animal magnetism. Hence we have surviving the destruction of the human form the only two conditions needed to enable A to control and speak through B. This, then, is the true philosophy of the method by which spirits speak through media. It is sympathetic Clairvoyance in both cases. In the one case the *operator* is a spirit *in the form*; in the other case, the operator is a spirit *out of the form*. In both cases the subject is the same. In the former case, the spirit *in the form* uses his will, and the odic force evolved from his physical organism. In the latter case, the spirit *out of the form* uses his will, and the odic force flowing from his spiritual

organism. The analogy between the two is perfect, and the means used are the same.

We have thus shown that spirits not only exist, but also exist in the full possession of all the powers required for them to communicate with us. If they possess such power, why should they not exercise it? How can they refrain from exercising it?

When the arisen spirit of a mother gazes upon the form of her child bowed to the earth with grief, and refusing to be comforted because he believes he shall see her no more for ever, how can she withhold the gentle words of love and consolation, the joyful news that she yet lives and can speak to him in her old familiar way?

IS IT POSSIBLE ?

WHEN we state that under this title, in *All the Year Round*, "conducted by Charles Dickens," there was recently an article in which the writer seriously suggests the possibility of spirit-manifestation, and gives several remarkable instances in evidence, many of our readers will echo the writer's question—"Is it possible?" Of course, there is the usual fling at Spiritualism as "a moribund absurdity"—no article on the subject in a popular journal would be considered complete without it; but, having sprinkled his few grains of incense on the altar to Mrs. Grundy, in order to shew that he is not one of the proscribed and despised heretics, the writer proceeds to set forth the heresy and some facts in support of it, after the following fashion. We abridge the article, but present its principal passages:—

"The expression may seem a strong one; nevertheless, history bears out the bold assertion that there are few things in the world easier to accomplish than a declared impossibility. Any gentleman addicted to compilation might produce, in a very short space of time, a handsome volume descriptive of schemes and theories which—during, say, the last hundred years—have been authoritatively pronounced impracticable—are now in full swing, and provoke no more astonishment than the phenomenon of a hansom cab.

"That craven spirit, so ready with its impossibilities, has, fortunately, two results—a good as well as a bad. If, on the one hand, it discourages the more timid class of philosophers, it stimulates the bolder to more minute and determined enquiry. There is no ingress here, sigh the former. If there be a road, let us find it, say the latter.

"The key to every scientific mystery is not hung up outside

the door. It is found in unlikely corners. It has to be scrubbed, fitted, tested, till, freed from the rust of disbelief, it suddenly slips into the corresponding socket, and a vast new sphere lies enfranchised before the student's delighted eyes.

"Seeing what have been the realised issues of modern inquiry, it is sometimes amazing to notice through what an atmosphere of coy hesitation, a new and reasonable theory has frequently to force its way, more especially if it partake of that character to which the much-dreaded charge of 'superstitious credulity' may by possibility attach. And yet it should *not* surprise us. Few have the courage to defy ridicule, to despise the despisers, and hold on their steady course of investigation and experiment, comforted—if that be necessary—by the recollection that derision, while it has rooted up some worthless weeds, has been equally directed against flowers of knowledge, the most sacred and precious to the heart of man.

"We come to the point at issue. Can the spirits of the departed reveal themselves, under any conceivable conditions, to the outward senses? To collate the mighty mass of testimony adducible in favour of such a possibility, would occupy an average lifetime; and then where is the Solomon who shall decide? It is a question of veracity—of impression. Ghosts give no certificate, leave no mark, save on the mind and memory of the seer, and this mysterious countersign is lost to all but him. We are cast back, for confirmation that will wholly satisfy our reason, upon the consideration of the question that heads this paper—'Is it *possible*?' Is it possible that pure spirit can communicate with spirit still incorporate, and that through the channels which are characteristic of this present state of being? If the freed can reach the captive spirit only through the latter's material eye or ear, it would seem to infer the necessity of a corresponding material presence or tongue. If spirit could act on spirit irrespective of the fleshly bar, the revelation might be as distinct as if every outward sense had been accessory to it. Yet in no instance that can be regarded as authentic, has it occurred that a mere mental impression has been the means of imparting those circumstantial details, which give to what are called ghost stories such solemn tone and dread reality.

"From hence arises a question which, in a paper intended to be suggestive, not argumentative, shall be dismissed in a few lines. Is it not *possible* that, in that convulsive moment which separates soul and body, there may be evolved a transient condition of being, which neither body nor spirit—semi-material—possesses some of the attributes of both? It may be regarded as the veil of the disembodied spirit—a fluid vaporous essence,

invisible in its normal state—but, for the brief space of its new condition, exercising some of the properties of matter.

“If it be objected that this fluid substance, in a form so subtle, can in no wise act on matter—cannot influence eye or ear—how is it that, from the most subtle fluids—electricity, for example—are obtained the most powerful agents? or why do mere changes of light exercise chemical action upon ponderable substances?”

“Granting the possibility of the existence of such a transition state, the supernatural features would be referable to the circumstance that the spirit, as the surviving and superior essence, accomplishing what was impracticable while it was wholly clad in clay, might annihilate time and space, and, in the image and reflex of the form from which it has hardly departed, be itself the bearer of the tidings of dissolution. Who can say but that these mysterious visitations instead of being, as some allege, the suspension or supercession of natural laws, may prove to be rather the complete fulfilment of one of the most beautiful and interesting of the marvellous code?”

“Let us see how far the theory thus hastily sketched out is applicable to known examples.

“If we commence with an instance so familiar to many readers as the famous ‘Lyttelton Ghost,’ it is because that singular narrative supplies us with a double apparition—because, though related in many a mutilated form, it has never, to the writer’s knowledge, been given entire—and because his—the writer’s—mother, when a girl, heard it from the lips of an actor in the tale, Mr. Miles Peter Andrews—a frequent guest of her father, Sir G. P——, of Theobald’s Park, Herts. Sir G——, suffered much from gout, and the hours of the establishment were usually early; but, on the occasion of Mr. Andrews’s visits, no one stirred till midnight. It was five minutes before that hour that Lord Lyttelton’s ghost had appeared to him; and though, at the time we speak of, fifteen years had elapsed, he was not wholly free from certain nervous emotions, which made him prefer to pass that never-forgotten moment in company.

“It was in or about the year 1775, that Lord Lyttelton, while resident at Hagley Park, made the acquaintance of a family living a short distance off, at Clent, and consisting of the father, mother, son, and four daughters, of whom the eldest was married to a Mr. Cameron, and had, it was said, demeaned herself in a manner to create some scandal.

“Upon the death of the father of the family, which occurred in June, 1778, the intimacy increased, and the gay and agreeable lord was firmly established in the good graces of his ‘Clentiles,’ as he called them, to whom on New Year’s Day, 1779—the last

he was destined to see—he addressed an epistle burlesquing, with more wit than propriety, the language of apostolic writings.

“Accepting this specious address in the spirit its author no doubt intended, the unsuspecting mother not only read it to her children, but encouraged the visits of the supposed moralist, until the young ladies, to the astonishment of all who knew Lord Lyttelton’s real character, were seen actually residing at Hagley Park! The mother’s eyes were now open, but too late. She had lost control of the girls, and when, in September of this fatal year, 1779, Miss Christian accompanied his lordship to Ireland, an Irish lady being of the party, the consciousness of her own indiscretion threw the unhappy lady into an illness from which she never recovered.

“Early in November the party returned from Ireland, and, being met by the two other sisters who had remained at Hagley Park, all went together to reside at Lord Lyttelton’s town mansion, situated in Hill-street, Berkeley-square. Here, on the night of Thursday, the 26th of November, occurred the famous vision, which, whether or not it may be held to connect itself with the event it purported to foreshadow, certainly rests upon evidence too strong to admit of rational question.

“Lord Lyttelton’s bedroom bell was heard to ring with unusual violence, and his servant, hastily obeying the summons, found him looking much disordered. He explained that he had been awakened by something resembling a fluttering white bird. Having, with some difficulty, driven this object away, he had been still more startled by the appearance of a figure in long white drapery—a woman of majestic presence—the image (as he afterwards averred) of the mother of his young guests.

“‘Prepare to die, my lord,’ said the apparition; ‘you will quickly be called.’

“‘How soon—*how* soon?’ Lord Lyttelton had eagerly asked. ‘In three years?’

“‘Three *years!*’ was the stern rejoinder. ‘*Three days.* Within that time you will be in the state of the departed.’

“The figure vanished.

“This incident made a deep impression on his lordship’s mind. Making no secret of what had occurred, he related it not only to the party in his house, but to many friends—among others, to Lords Sandys and Westcote. The latter, who was a connexion, and, after Lord Lyttelton, the representative of the house, made light of the matter, and advised him to devote his thoughts, preferably, to a speech he was to make in Parliament a few days later.

“Lord Sandys gave better counsel. ‘My dear fellow, if you believe this strange occurrence, and would have *us* believe it, be

persuaded to make some change in your doings. Give up, by all means, that silly frolic you told us of—I mean, of going, next Sunday I think, to Woodcote. But I suppose it is only one of your fine devices to make us plain people stare. So drink a cup of chocolate, and talk of something else.’

“The ‘frolic’ alluded to by Lord Sandys was a projected visit, on the Sunday following, to Woodcote, or, as it has been more recently called, Pit Place—a country seat at Epsom, stated to have been won by Lord Lyttelton from Lord Foley at play.

“That the apparition was discussed in the interval is further attested by Madame Piozzi.

“On Saturday, a lady from Wales dropped in, and told us she had been at Drury Lane last night. ‘How were you entertained?’ said I. ‘Very strangely *indeed*,’ was the reply; ‘not with the play, though, for I scarce knew what they acted, but with the discourse of a Captain Ascough, or Askew—so his companions called him—who averred that a friend of his, the profligate Lord Lyttelton, as I understood by them, had certainly seen a spirit, who has warned him that he is to die within the next three days, and I have thought of nothing else ever since.’”

“No further accounts reached the Thrales until Monday morning, when the return of the scared party of guests from Epsom brought the first tidings of their entertainer’s death.

“Not quite the *first*. On the Sunday night, Mr. M. P. Andrews, who had been invited to join the mad party to Woodcote, but had declined on account of an engagement to the Pigous, in Hertfordshire, had retired to bed at the mansion of the latter. At a few minutes before twelve—so he was accustomed to relate—Lord Lyttelton “thrust himself between the curtains, dressed in the yellow nightgown in which he used to read, and said in a mournful tone, ‘Ah, Andrews, it’s all over!’ ‘Oh,’ replied I quickly, ‘are *you* there, you dog?’ and, recollecting there was but one door to the room, rushed out at it, locked it, and held the key in my hand, calling to the housekeeper and butler, whose voices I could hear, to ask when Lord Lyttelton arrived, and what trick he was meditating. The servants made answer, with much amazement, that no such arrival had taken place; but I assured them I had seen and spoken to him, and could produce him; ‘For here,’ said I, ‘*he is*, safe under lock and key.’ We opened the door, and found no one.”

“Let us see what at that precise moment was passing in Surrey. According to the testimony of Williams, Lord Lyttelton’s valet, whose story never varied in the slightest degree, and was confirmed in every particular by Captain Ascough, the party had arrived from London in the highest

spirits, and, being joined by other young people of the county, prolonged their merriment until past eleven. Soon after that hour Lord Lyttelton, looking at his watch, observed:

“Well, now I must leave you, agreeable as you all are. I must meditate on next Wednesday’s speech. I have actually brought some books with me!”

“But the ghost—the ghost!” exclaimed one of the careless party, laughing.

“Oh, don’t you see that we have bilked the ——?” (a coarse expression,) returned his lordship. (Another of the party affirmed that he had said ‘jockeyed the ghost.’)

“He escaped from them, ran up to his chamber—one of the smaller—still chosen at Pit Place as the ‘carved chamber,’ from the carved oaken facing to the doors. His servant had placed the reading table, lamp, &c., and assisted his master to put on his yellow gown.

“Lord Lyttelton then said: ‘Make up my five grains of rhubarb and peppermint-water, and leave me. But did you remember to bring rolls enough from London?’

“‘I brought none, my lord. I have found a baker here, at Epsom, who makes them just as your lordship likes.’ He was stirring the mixture as he spoke.

“‘What’s that you are using? A toothpick? You lazy devil, go fetch a spoon directly.’

“Williams hastened away, but had hardly quitted the room when a loud noise recalled him. His master had fallen sideways across the table, bringing it, books, lamp, and all, to the ground. He raised him.

“‘Speak to me, my lord. My dear lord, speak.’

“The dying man gasped, and strove to answer, but ‘Ah, Williams!’ were the only intelligible words, and these were his last.

“Williams, his watch in his hand, flew down to the revellers below.

“‘Not twelve o’clock yet’ (it wanted five minutes), ‘and dead—dead!’

“It remains to be added that, owing to circumstances never fully explained, tidings of the death of their mother, *on the Thursday night preceding*, only met the young ladies on their arrival in town on that dismal Monday.

“The coincidence of the result with the previously-announced prophecy, suggested to the incredulous an idea that Lord Lyttelton had determined on self-destruction. A hundred circumstances united to negative this mode of explanation. Of a genial, easy temperament, immersed in the excitement of politics, a successful gambler and turfite, in a position of great prosperity, Lord

Lyttelton could have had little inducement, at the age of thirty-six, to terminate a life which, to a man of his feelings and principles, left nothing to desire.

“ If, then, such a theory as has been suggested at the beginning of this paper may be regarded as *possible*, is it not under circumstances like these it might be found taking practical form? To whom would the dying thoughts of the heart-broken mother so naturally turn as to him who had broken up a respectable home, blasted her children’s fair fame, and laid her on that couch, alone, to die? As for the solemn augury uttered by the visionary form, we know with what strange prophecy the words of the dying have been found fraught. How much more may not be imparted to them, as the speaker stands so much nearer infallible truth, as on the very boundary-line betwixt the beings?

“ With the single additional remark that Mr. M. P. Andrews always declared that a compact existed between Lord Lyttelton and himself, that whichever departed first should visit the other, we turn to incidents of kindred character, but more recent date.

“ Several years ago (so commences a story related to the writer by a lady well known in London society), the brother of Colonel C—— was killed in battle, leaving a widow and one little girl.

“ The widow subsequently married a German baron, and the little girl, Maud, was brought up entirely in Germany. The latter was about twelve years old, when her mother, being attacked with an illness that threatened to prove fatal, became very uneasy about the probable future of her child, and feeling, one evening, more depressed than usual, called the little Maud to her bedside. She warned her that their parting was near, and enjoined the weeping girl to write immediately to Mrs. B—— (a friend of many years’ standing), entreating her to come at once, to receive her last embrace, and take charge of her orphan child.

“ Maud obeyed without delay, but the dying woman’s eyes were not gladdened by the appearance of her friend. The summons had reached its destination, but the absence of her husband, without whom she felt unwilling to travel so far, had induced Mrs. B—— to postpone her departure, consoling herself with the hope that her friend, being naturally of a nervous and desponding temperament, had somewhat magnified her own danger.

“ Mrs. B—— resided at Hampton Court, and here it was that, on the night of the 9th of November, a curious incident occurred. Retiring to her room between eleven and twelve, she rang for her maid, and the latter not appearing as promptly as usual, went to her still-open door to listen if she was coming.

Opposite to her was a wide staircase, and up this came, noiselessly, a figure which the lamp held by Mrs. B—— shewed to be that of a lady dressed in black—*with white gloves*. A singular tremor seized her. She could neither stir nor speak. Slowly the figure approached her, reached the landing, made a step forward, and seemed to cast itself on her neck; but no sensation accompanied the movement! The light fell from her hand; she uttered a shriek that alarmed the house, and fell senseless on the floor. On recovering, Mrs. B—— related minutely what she had seen, her memory especially retaining the image of the white gloves; but nothing more than the usual unsatisfactory solutions were propounded, nor does it appear that the occurrence was at all associated with the dying baroness in Germany.

“ In a few days, however, came a letter from little Maud, announcing that her mother was no more, that her latest thoughts were directed to Mrs. B——, and her sole regrets the not being permitted to embrace her before her spirit passed away. She had died a little before midnight on the *9th of November*.

“ Mrs. B—— hastened to Germany to claim her orphan charge, and then was added a noteworthy confirmation of the vision. Little Maud, in one of their conversations, observed:

“ ‘ Mamma had a curious fancy. On the night she died, she made the baron promise that she should be buried in her black satin dress—with *white kid gloves*.’

“ The request had been complied with.

“ The following example is of yet more recent occurrence, and took place in one of the large and fashionable mansions in the district of South Kensington, which had been taken by a family whose name can only be designated by the initial L.

“ On the first night of their occupation, the lady of the house, while arranging her hair at the glass, saw in the latter the reflexion of the figure of a man. He was old, of strange appearance, and was seated in an arm chair that stood near her bed. He wore a grey coat with a cape, and had spectacles.

“ The lady possessed strong nerves, and after the first moment of surprise, finding that the spectrum did not disappear, came to the conclusion that her vision was affected by some disarrangement in the system. Resolved to test it, she turned calmly round, walked straight to the mysterious object, and sat down upon its very knees! She found herself alone in the chair.

“ The next morning she sent for her doctor, and related to him what had occurred, laughing merrily at the remembrance of her visitor’s grotesque appearance. Observing that the doctor hardly participated in her mirth, she inquired if he for a moment believed that what she had witnessed had any material existence?

“‘I do not say that,’” was the answer ‘but there is this singular coincidence in the matter, that your description of the man’s person agrees precisely with that of an old gentleman living—or, rather, who did live—a few doors from hence. He was missing all yesterday, and was found dead in a piece of ground prepared for building, late last night, with every appearance of having been murdered. His age, dress, his very spectacles, were exactly as you describe.’

“An example of a similar kind happened two years since in Dumfriesshire. A man employed in the quarries was walking home late, by moonlight. Suddenly he came upon two objects lying on the road, which resolved themselves, as he approached, into the bodies of his brother and nephew, workmen in the same quarry, with whom he had parted, still at their work, half an hour before. Stooping to touch them, they faded into the white dust on which they seemed to lie! In alarm and amazement, he hastened back to the quarry. An accident had occurred a few minutes after he had left, which cost several lives. Among the victims were his brother and his nephew.

“Nothing would be easier than to fill fifty pages with similar examples. These, however, will suffice to illustrate the theoretical principle on which we base the presumption of possibility. Of the differing modes of operation it is in vain to speak. One thing only seems clear, that it is not always, as in the case last quoted, a mere reproduction of the dying or deceased image, but is endowed with the power of presenting the appearance of action and vitality, and imparting impressions entirely foreign to such as would naturally arise from a contemplation of the scene actually passing.”

We omit the story of the Tyrone ghost given by the writer, as we hope to present a fuller version of it in a future number; but we may remark that there is appended to the article a “Note by the conductor,” in which he gives an anecdote which is worth preserving, though it apparently belongs to another class of the spirit mysteries than that of which the writer of the article has been treating, namely, to the apparition of spirits of the living, Mr. Dickens says:—

“Of the broad margin of allowance that must always be left for coincidence in these cases, we had personal experience not very long ago. We dreamed that we were in a large assembly, and saw a lady in a bright red wrapper, whom we thought we knew. Her back being towards us, we touched her. On her looking round, she disclosed a face that was unknown to us, and, on our apologising, said, pleasantly: ‘I am Miss N——,’ mentioning a name, not the name of any friend or acquaintance we had, although a well-known name. The dream was un-

usually vivid, and we awoke. On the very next evening, we recognised (with a strange feeling) coming in at the open door of our room, the lady of the dream, in the bright red wrapper. more extraordinary still, the lady was presented by the friend who accompanied her, as Miss N——, the name in the dream. No circumstance near or remote, that we could ever trace, in the least accounted for this. The lady came on a real commonplace visit, in pursuance of an appointment quite unexpectedly made with the lady who introduced her, only on the night of the dream. From the latter, we had no previous knowledge of her name, nor of her existence."

JACOB, THE HEALER.

"To another, the gifts of healing by the same Spirit."—*St. Paul.*

JACOB, the Healer,—no longer the Zouave, resides at No. 10, Rue de Camps, Passy, Paris. The house is a suburban one, having an enclosed or rather walled-in forecourt, about 30 feet by 16. He refuses to see "sightseers," therefore any one visiting Paris, and desiring merely to see "Jacob the Zouave," will be disappointed. Money has been freely offered to Jacob by those who have been cured and also by others; but he respectfully refuses, saying, "The power is not of me; if I sell it it may leave me;" but he does not object to the patients, or their friends buying his "*carte*" portrait from his father, the cost of which is a franc.

Having taken the journey from London to Paris solely to gain certain knowledge as to whether Jacob was the possessor of the spiritual gift of healing, I found myself at Passy, walking down the Avenue d'Empereur on Thursday afternoon the 10th of September 1868 about 2 o'clock, and on turning into the opening on the left hand, also found myself in the Rue de Camps. Before the house No. 10, there were about a hundred men and women, a carriage, a country cart, and a donkey cart; and in them couches and chairs with invalids. Among the persons standing on the pavement were the palsied, the lame, the blind, the rheumatic with distorted hands and feet, and others evidently internally ill. The gate bell was rung by one of the crowd. The door was opened by the father of Jacob, and a pass or ticket was given to each, having on it a number—say 8,017: several other persons pressed in and got tickets, then returned to the street, and the door was shut. This was repeated till about a

quarter to three o'clock, when the gate was opened, and all pressed into the fore court till it was full. I entered in with the rest, and found bench seats placed round on which the invalids sat. On a rough calculation 90 persons were in the forecourt; one third were outwardly afflicted, one third inwardly so, and the other third were friends of the afflicted. At a quarter to three o'clock, the invalids were called in rotation according to the number on their ticket; about 28 entered the house, and the door was closed. In about half an hour the door opened and the 28 came out, and 28 others were let in, in the same manner; and so it continued till all had passed in.

Anxious to see Jacob and his method of curing; I suddenly remembered that my eyesight was bad (having some eight years ago suffered intensely from inflammation), and on asking for a ticket I received one, and determined to use it. The following day (Friday), therefore, I was again at No. 10, Rue de Camps, saw the same kind of scene as before, and, in due course, passed through the doorway into a room about 12 feet square. The lame—the palsied, the afflicted in various ways—nearly all workmen and workwomen—were seated round the room silent. A side door opened, and Jacob entered dressed in ordinary black clothes; he is of ordinary height, firm build, black hair, and respectful manners. As he walked into the middle of the room, he clasped his hands, glanced at the chest of each of the patients, and then stood silent. Quickly he half turned round suddenly, looked at a young woman behind—resumed his position—turned again to the woman, went up to her and took her hand. I saw it was distorted. He earnestly but kindly spoke to her, then passed on to the next patient, and so on round the room. Whether the ailment was external or internal, he at once placed his hand on the place afflicted, and the invariable answer to him was, "*Oui, Monsieur.*" In no case did he look rough, or speak roughly; on the contrary, his voice was often tender when speaking to the patients. Some three or four he called out into the centre of the room, laid his hand on them; then requested them to exercise their hands, feet, legs, and spine, in positions indicated, and evidently they were surprised at the ease they did what he directed. My difficulty in understanding "spoken French," is very great, and so I had to gather knowledge by seeing. Jacob came up to me in turn, put his fingers at once on my eyes, and said, "You will be cured, do nothing to them, avoid coffee, tea, and roast food, and come here in 20 days." I involuntarily placed my fingers to my eyes, they being somewhat tired with earnestly watching the scene around me. He saw it and requested me not to do so; then put his fingers again on my

eyes; passed on to the remaining patients, and then quietly stepped into the middle of the room, spoke earnestly to several of them, and retired. As he was passing through the door, he turned, gave me a quick glance, spoke to a French lady who understood English requesting her to inform me as to certain details. As the patients were leaving—in answer to my enquiries—the lady stated she was suffering internally—that when Jacob came in she felt at once as if something had laid hold of her, creating in her a trembling, and that she felt a change going on in herself. She added that the woman next to me had been there once before with arms and hands much contracted, and that at Jacob's request she had come this the second time, and was now able so to use her limbs that she declared herself cured.

How these cures are effected may be learned from Jacob's assertion to a friend of mine at Paris:—"I see the diseases, and sometimes from 20 to 30 spirits acting on the invalids, while I am standing in the room looking on." No wonder Jacob claims no merit—takes no remuneration.

The consecutive number on my ticket was 8,297, and as the first on Thursday was 8,017, and other patients were waiting their turn, we may fairly take 150 persons as the daily average number of Jacob's patients.

Enmore-park, Norwood Junction,
15th September, 1868.

JNO. JONES.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT BY A LADY.

As for Jacob, the truth is that he has never been in any way "persecuted," either by the Government, the Marshal, the priests, or the police. *This* I know from himself, from his father, from M. Dufaget, and from his superior officers. The officers said, "Do one of two things—if you wish to set up as a *guerisseur* (physician), leave the army; if you wish to stay in the army, give up this pursuit which keeps our barrack-yards crowded, pesters us with incessant letters, and makes a fuss and a scandal about one of our men that is subversive of all propriety, order, and discipline." When with Mrs. G., I saw the colonel at Versailles, he said ours was the nineteenth application received by him that day on account of Jacob, and that he was literally driven to his wits' end by the worry. Jacob had only to let himself be bought out by friends, or to send a proper petition to his colonel to be let off scot free. His pride prevented his doing either. Since his term expired he has not been interfered with by anybody. He has a little house near this, and receives from 80 to 120 people daily, all of whom are *offered*, as they go in, a photograph of him, for which they pay *one franc*. I do

not know that he would refuse admission to those who refused to buy his photograph, but, practically, everybody buys it, and many pay, voluntarily, many francs for it. He is rude; and I could tell you things on this head that it would grieve you to know, just as it has grieved me: for the man is, undoubtedly, a great medium, and will evidently cease to be assisted by the higher spirits if he go on in this unchristian style.

TWELVE MONTHS' SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA.

By J. H. POWELL.

IT is now about 12 months since I left England for America. My experiences have here been varied and instructive. It would need a volume to write in full all I have experienced which would interest the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine*. I will, however, as briefly as I can detail some of my principal experiences in Spiritualism during the past 12 months.

At Hammenton, New Jersey, I spent a few hours with Mrs. J. M. Peebles, whose husband is western editor of the *Banner of Light*, and a man of genuine soul, loved by all who know him. Mrs. Peebles showed me a number of pictures produced under spirit influence, one of which I deem worthy special mention: it is a crayon drawing of the head of Christ. I was so transfixed gazing upon it that I can never forget the expression of that tenderly human face. The experience of Mrs. Peebles is similar to that of the celebrated painter and poet Blake. She describes seeing in vision the model from which, three years later, she drew this head of Christ. I have no words to do justice to this truly beautiful masterpiece of art.

I was called to lecture at New York, and whilst there resolved to improve the occasion by visiting mediums and carefully noting manifestations. My first visit was to Dr. J. P. Bryant, healing medium. When I visited him I was suffering from a severe attack of bowel complaint and bronchitis. I was ushered into a large magnificently furnished room, 308, West 34th Street, New York. I lost no time in acquainting the doctor with my bodily condition. He very kindly offered to treat me free of charge, and bade me come to him as often as I pleased. He commenced operations giving me some sharp pommellings about the shoulders and chest and "laid on hands" to my benefit. I left the doctor promising to

dine with him the next day (Sunday). At my lecture in the evening I met Judge Edmonds, and arranged to visit him at his town address.

I owe it to a second treatment at the hands of Dr. Bryant, that I was enabled to go through my duties at Masonic Hall.

Dr. Bryant is under the medium height, about 40 years of age, and his countenance expresses the intelligence and benevolence of his character. He treats his cases scientifically, and makes no promises to effect hasty cures, but few of his cures however fail to be lasting. He tells his patients beforehand the length of time he will require to effect a permanent cure, and *never* promises to work "miracles."

The doctor has been out to California, where he performed many wonderful cures. He had in six months no less than 13,552 patients, of whom 80 per cent. were either cured or considerably benefitted by his treatment. I saw many reports from the California and Western Press testifying to Dr. Bryant's wonderful healing powers. I was invited to go and see the doctor's crutches—quite a number of them—which he keeps at Brooklyn, mementoes of his triumph over disease, but I had not the time.

I paid a visit to Judge Edmonds, and spent a pleasant time with him. I said little during the interview, being desirous of hearing all I could from so good an authority on spiritual matters as the Judge is on all hands admitted to be. I dare not attempt to detail the varied and wonderful experiences epitomised by the Judge. He talked much of English Spiritualists, especially of our mutual friend, Wm. Howitt; and after offering objections to organization amongst Spiritualists (wherein I differ from him), went into the subject of his letter in the *Spiritual Magazine* relative to the numerical strength of Spiritualists, contending that there are in and out of the churches in America alone, no less than *eleven million* Spiritualists; a computation I see no objection to if we accept the wide and comprehensive definition of Spiritualism adopted as the motto of the *Spiritual Magazine*.

I paid a visit to Chas. H. Foster, who received me kindly at his rooms, 29, West Fourth Street, New York. I had no opportunity of witnessing Mr. Foster's manifestations when he was in England, but from accounts I had heard and read of him I was anxious to take advantage of the opportunity to sit with him.

Mr. Foster is under 30 years of age, has a tendency to corpulency, and looks like a man that enjoys the "good things of earth." His face is full and flushed,—his manner agreeable,—and his appearance—somewhat feminine—gives one the idea of an easy-going don't-care sort of being.

Two gentlemen entered, one a young man connected with the army who sat at the table ready to test Mr. Foster's medium powers; his friend did not sit for manifestations. Mr. Foster handed the young man a number of pieces of paper, and requested him to write the names of spirit-friends upon them and roll them into pellets. This was done without the medium obtaining the chance of a glimpse even of the pencil. I counted the pellets, nine in number. In an instant the medium commenced operations and with marvellous readiness handed him seven of the pellets, which on being opened answered to names spoken aloud by the medium. One name was then given in blood-red letters on Mr. Foster's arm, another by writing, the medium holding a piece of paper with pencil on it under the table.

Next came in a company of seven persons; two gentlemen and five ladies, who sat round the table. Mr. Foster supplied them with nearly 40 pieces of paper, and whilst they were all engaged writing names on the pellets, he came and sat on the sofa near me and entered freely into conversation. I am positive he did not watch the movements of the company with the pellets. When all were ready Mr. Foster retook his seat at the table and called out the names in full of the spirits whose names were written on the pellets,—and as he spoke a name, he handed the pellet containing the same name to the person who had written it. This was done with the majority of the great heap of pellets without a mistake.

In one case Mr. Foster's hand was moved to draw a primrose, on which he wrote the initials H. C. He then handed a pellet to a lady. She opened it and the name H. C. Primrose was upon it. Tears filled her eyes at this beautiful manifestation.

A little later Mr. Foster said,—“Two spirits are here together.” He drew a lily and spoke the name “Addie.” He then handed to one of the circle a pellet on which was written Lilly and Addie. I was unable to stay to the close of this sitting, and left with the promise to return another day for a special sitting.

On the following Sunday, February 23rd, I paid a second visit to Mr. Foster, and was fortunate in being allowed to sit with him. I took a long slip of paper and wrote at one end, the following:—“Father, Mother, Marion, Francis Short, Humphrey Short.” I folded the paper so as to conceal what I had written and handed it to the medium. Immediately he said, that a spirit claiming to be my mother was present, and he gave her name, Sarah Powell. I wrote, concealing the question—“Have you seen father since he has been in the spirit-world?” The answer came through Mr. Foster's hand—“I saw him as soon as he entered the spirit-world.” I then wrote—“Was father much distressed on entering

the spirit-world?" The answer came the same way—"He is not distressed." "Did the knowledge we were instrumental in bringing to him of Spiritualism afford him any consolation?" The reply immediately was—"Yes. He gained much consolation through it." Mr. Foster said—"There is a spirit present who will give the initial letters of his name on my arm." He turned up his sleeve, and, lo! in blood-red letters appeared on his arm, F. S. He then wrote the full name correctly—Francis Short. From the alleged spirit of Francis Short, the medium wrote—"I am glad to make a communication of my presence this time. Your dear Marion is standing by your side. She is glad to come to you." "Have you any message to send to your sister? (my wife.)" The answer came—"Tell my dear sister that I shall ever be near to guide and direct her at all times. I shall assist her in all her undertakings and she will be happy." I asked Mr. Foster for a description of Marion, my darling daughter, who left the earth-life some 14 years ago. He said—"She looks about 16 years of age and holds flowers in her hand." The message she gave was—"I am always with you." At a later period was written—"Angel ones have directed your footsteps to the New World for a wise purpose, and although you have found stumbling-blocks in the way, they are to be removed. We know in our world that you will prove worthy, and friends will arise to assist you, and the light of the heavenly world will shine on you, and remove all obstacles from your pathway, and your journey through life will be smooth.—MARION."

Mr. Foster next wrote the name, Humphrey Short, and the sitting was over.

The whole of this communication through the mediumship of Chas. H. Foster was to me in every way satisfactory. I gave the medium no chance to deceive me, had he been so disposed. A day or two after my sitting with Foster, I met J. V. Mansfield, medium for answering sealed letters, at a private musical *soirée*. He very courteously invited me to his rooms, 102, West 15th Street, New York. Accordingly I paid him an early visit.

Mr. Mansfield is about 50 years of age, of strong bilious nervous temperament. He is above the medium stature and size, and exceedingly gentlemanly. I watched his movements during the process of obtaining communications. His left side, which has been twice paralyzed, he tells me is alone influenced by the invisibles. I inquired if he wrote from brain impression. He said, "No"—and described the peculiar movements of his hand and fingers which always accompany spirit communications through him. He told me that in the earlier stages of his development, the thought occurred to him that if his right hand could be educated to imitate the movements of the left, intel-

ligible messages might be written. This turned out as he supposed, and the results are truly astounding.

No other medium that I have seen exhibits in so marked a degree the peculiar mediumship which distinguishes Mansfield's from others.

He showed me a number of letters sent to him for answers; some were sealed with five or six seals, others were sealed, and riveted with brass and copper rivets. These letters all so carefully sealed, riveted, and marked, lay by to be answered. In some instances the names and addresses of the writers have to be discovered from the contents in order to send the answers per post.

I was requested to sit at the table and write the names of spirit-friends at one end of a long slip of paper. I did so, taking care to fold the paper so that the names could not be seen. I wrote—"My dear father, William James Powell, are you present?" Mr. Mansfield took the paper. In a few seconds his left hand kept up a series of movements of an intermittent or spasmodic character, whilst with the right hand was written—"Thank you, thank you, my dear son, for this assurance I have you keep my memory green in your heart of hearts. Yes, my son, well, very well do I know how much you have sacrificed in the past for truth's sake, and, although you have laboured early and late to convince the unbelieving ones that 'If a man die, yet shall he live again,' you have found it difficult to keep body and soul together, and for this, and to breathe a freer atmosphere, you left your native land to come to the Land of Freedom, so called. But, my son, you find even where you are that you have scepticism and selfishness to contend with. Yet for all this you took a step in the right direction when you embarked for America. Do not, my son, be in the least discouraged. Better days are ahead for you and yours. Try and follow the dictates of the inward monitor and you will yet have the satisfaction of your soul.

"Your spirit-father,
"WILLIAM J. POWELL."

It will be observed that I wrote my father's name, William James Powell. In the spirit-communication, only the initial letter of the James is given. I now remember that my father's practice was to write his name, Wm. J. Powell, or William Jas. Powell. I do not remember that he ever wrote James in full when giving his name.

Taking another slip of paper, I wrote, holding the pencil as lightly as I could so as to make the writing scarcely decipherable—"My dear mother, Sarah Powell, if you are present, kindly say a few words to me." Folding the paper as before I handed it to Mr. Mansfield. For some minutes nothing came. At last

his left hand took up its accustomed movements whilst his right hand wrote a communication commencing—"Can it be, my dear son, you have thought to call me to you from my happy abode, and, my son, I was with you yesterday, (alluding to my sitting with Mr. Foster) and so was your dear father." This was signed,

"Your loving mother,
"SARAH POWELL."

Taking another long slip of paper, I wrote—"My dear daughter, Marion, will you kindly give a communication to me and your mother?" I folded the paper this time in at least a dozen folds. Mr. Mansfield was a long time before any response was given, much longer than before. I sat watching in silence his every movement, feeling a strong desire for some message from the loved one. I was disappointed. Mr. Mansfield wrote—"Will my son be patient. The messenger has gone for my grand-daughter. She will be with you before you leave, and I trust, speak with you. Our spheres are not the same. Therefore we are called by messenger. "Your spirit-father,

"WM. JAS. POWELL."

This answer was altogether unexpected. Yet it was to me as good a test as I could wish of the presence of some invisible intelligence, the name too was signed in my father's usual style.

I am quite satisfied that all theories of "trickery" ever invented utterly fail to solve the *modus operandi* of Mr. Mansfield's truly marvellous test manifestations. Mr. Mansfield disclaims the gift of "clairvoyance," sometimes offered as a solution of the mystery. He sees, as indeed, logical minds must see, that invisible intelligences are the *bonâ fide* agents in the production of the phenomena.

Mr. Mansfield spent three years in California, and kept a journal detailing his experiences and tests, which he sent by instalments home to his wife. The entire journal fills 16,700 pages of letter paper. Mrs. Mansfield has shown her appreciation of her husband's labours by having the journal bound. It forms quite a library.

This must suffice for the present. I will in my next detail my experiences with Anderson, the spirit-artist, and other mediums.

Boston, Mass.,
August 29th, 1868.

PRAYER.—The effect of prayer upon ourselves is to bring us nearer and nearer yet to God; not in the sense that He is moved, approaches, or answers our finite supplications, by change of His eternal purposes; but prayer connects us with Him, by drawing us up to Him.—EMMA HARDINGE.

Obituary.

DR. ELLIOTSON.

THE *Morning Post* of August 3rd has the following announcement:—

“ We have to record the decease, a day or two since, of one of the most remarkable scientific men of the century, who attained to the highest rank of the medical profession, and who was held in the greatest esteem for the daring and successful character of his innovations, and yet who, after living down and conquering aspersions cast on him, has lived long enough to be almost forgotten in the busy round of life. Dr. Elliotson was born somewhere about the year 1785, and studied at St. Thomas's and Guy's Hospitals. He was one of the first physicians to adopt the stethoscope in the diagnosis of lung and heart diseases. In the course of his practice at University College Hospital certain phenomena developed themselves in the cases of two young girls named Okey, and Elliotson was thus led to investigate mesmerism, and with his characteristic boldness and love of truth he published the results fearlessly. He was at this time enjoying as large a practice at the West End as had ever been the lot of any physician. The result of his bold utterance of the truth was that his learned brethren persecuted him, and his practice fell off to the extent of £5,000 per annum, and in 1838 he was obliged to resign his professorship. His practice, however, rose in time till it was larger than before, and he became noted for his mesmeric knowledge, which he cultivated assiduously. He continued through good and evil report to publish the results of his experiments, and established the *Zoist*, which he maintained for 12 years, the volumes of which form a history of this branch of science. He was founder and president of the Phrenological Society, and was president of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London. In 1849 he founded the Mesmeric Hospital, which has been a great blessing to many. During the greater part of his life he was an unbeliever, and while investigating mesmerism sneered at the accounts which he heard of spiritualistic phenomena, and denounced all mediums as impostors. He also wrote an elaborate treatise denying the existence of an immortal soul, and arguing that the Hebrew word 'nephesh,' translated 'soul,' had no other meaning than 'life.' In the year 1863 he was at Dieppe, and was introduced to Mr. D. D. Home, who told him he had acted

wrongly in calling him an impostor when he really knew nothing of him. He then spent some time in investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism aided by the sons of his friend Dr. Symes. The result was that he expressed his conviction of the truth of the phenomena, and became a sincere Christian, whose handbook henceforth was his Bible. Some time after this he said he had been living all his life in darkness, and had thought there was nothing in existence but the material; but he now had a firm hope which he trusted he would hold while on earth."

We may add to the foregoing notice, that not only was Dr. Elliotson for the greater part of his life—until he became a Spiritualist—an unbeliever in revelation, but a Materialist of the most uncompromising and determined type,—the acknowledged head of that school of Physiology of which Lawrence and Engledue were the champions—which regards man as a merely corporeal being,—the faculties of the mind as synonymous with functions of the brain, and in what is usually regarded as evidence of his spiritual nature sees only the results of cerebral action. These views he set forth with great force in his elaborate work on *Human Physiology*; and they were eagerly caught up by the atheistic secular party in this country, and reproduced in lectures, articles, and tracts; and his name (which since he became a Spiritualist they appear to have almost forgotten) was constantly in their mouths as that of an eminent authority on the subject. When Modern Spiritualism was introduced into this country, Dr. Elliotson was one of the sturdiest and most scornful of its opponents. Not only did he denounce it in the *Zoist*, but he gave a series of wood-cuts in that Journal to accompany the text, showing how the "rappings" were effected. On this question of Spiritualism, he joined issue with, and separated himself from his old friend and colleague in Mesmerism, and in the establishment and management of the *Zoist*—Dr. Ashburner; to whom it must have been a source of great satisfaction after years of estrangement, that Dr. Elliotson's conviction of the truth of Spiritualism was the means of re-establishing their former intimacy and friendship.

Spiritualism was not with Dr. Elliotson a conviction barren of results. It revolutionized the philosophy of a lifetime, as he was always ready to avow, bitterly lamenting the misdirected efforts he had made, however conscientiously, in the promulgation of materialistic principles. He became a thoroughly changed man, and changed in all respects for the better. Humbled by the recollection of past errors, his nature became softened, his demeanour more gentle, and he bore his losses and sufferings with patience and fortitude.

Some of our correspondents have expressed doubts of the efficacy of prayer. Dr. Elliotson affirmed that he could no longer entertain any question of it, as he had personal and constant evidence of the efficacy of prayer in his own experience.

To those who question as to the strength of evidence which Spiritualism presents to the scientific investigator, or as to its origin and effects, this brief record may be useful. Let the tree be judged by its fruits.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

MOURNING COSTUME.

ON this subject the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has the following sensible remarks: we commend them to the consideration of Christians generally, and of Spiritualists in particular.

“It is a matter of education. In so far as high colours have come to signify gaiety and pleasure, there may be a good reason for dismissing them. If one would mark one’s grief, why not by the colour chosen by the Bible to express spiritual things? White signifies purity, triumph, spiritual gladness, and this ought not to be uncongenial to the moods of Christian grief.

“It is not the custom of our people to symbolize their feelings by a change of dress, with this solitary exception. If a man becomes bankrupt, or has his house burned down, or loses heavily in commercial operations, or has a son in disgrace, or a child misled by evil company, or any other experience of grief, he does not change his garb. The one solitary and exceptional case is bereavement! But there is in domestic sorrow a delicacy, or ought to be, which would shrink from an ostentatiousness such as mourning apparel cannot fail to have. No one has a right so to express his sorrows as to intrude them upon every eye wherever he goes. Custom has justified it, otherwise it would be esteemed an indelicacy for one to be a walking advertisement of one’s own private griefs. But, even if one were permitted to announce this one side of domestic experience by change of garb, the question still remains whether expression should be given to the weakness of natural feeling, or the triumph of Christian faith. Whether we should symbolize the darkness of the grave as unenlightened nature shews it, or the grave made by the triumph of our Saviour and the glories of immortality beyond it? We may be sure there is something wrong

in a Christian community where death is surrounded with associations of terror, where the young are reared to a horror of the sepulchre, where present grief rises up like a dark cloud and shuts out the heaven; where—in sermon, service, conversation, and dress—everything conspires to shroud death and the grave with darkness. Has sorrow a right to be selfish? May it bear false witness against immortality? Has a Christian under bereavement a right to declare by his conduct, “There is no light in the grave, none beyond it, and no comfort for the bereaved, but only black, black sorrow?” I never met one muffled in black from head to foot without a certain horror. The smell of crape is to me like the smell of a charnel-house. Did it never occur to mourners to ask, what, if those for whom I grieve were to speak to me out of their blissful abode in heaven, would be their choice—that I should be shrouded like one in despair, or robed as one who mourns, but with Christian hope?”

MR. D. D. HOME.

We are glad to find that Mr. Home has been well received by his old and influential friends in Germany, where he has recently been staying for a few weeks. It is a practical and pleasant commentary on the injustice done him by the public and the press in England. As soon as the Emperor of Russia heard of his arrival in Germany, he sent an aide-de-camp to him, to desire him to come and stay with him. He has already paid a short visit to the Emperor, and was to repeat it after a few days' interval.

THE MUCHELNEY DISTURBANCES.

We give in this number a detailed and very ably written account of a visit to the scene of these remarkable occurrences, which are creating quite an extraordinary sensation in the neighbourhood, and indeed far beyond it. The local press teems with paragraphs and articles on the subject.

Pulman's News gives several articles on the subject. In one of the latest we have seen, it relates that a large table in the passage, which had been frequently overturned without visible agency, was “again upset and broken to pieces in open day, and in the presence of several persons;” and it mentions, as a new phenomenon in the case, that—

Miss Hawker, while sitting in the dining-room, suddenly felt herself pushed, as it were, out of her chair. She jumped up, and the chair fell completely over. She had felt this once before, some weeks ago, but considered that it might have been caused by some movement of her own. This time, however, she was convinced that such could not be the case, for in a few seconds one of the empty arm chairs suddenly performed a similar somersault. The servant was then in the kitchen.

The editor says:—

Numerous intelligent people have carefully but vainly endeavoured to elucidate the mystery. The unanimous testimony is, that, whatever the cause, there are no grounds whatever for the suspicion of trickery and collusion. Mr. Travis himself, we would stake our reputation, is too respectable and too honourable a man to be a party to any trickery. The two ladies, his relatives, are totally above anything of the kind. The servant, an intelligent-looking girl, is often not in the house when the mysterious noises are heard and the furniture is knocked about. Moreover, these things happen in broad daylight—rarely at night—and often in the presence of several people who could not fail to detect collusion, and whose testimony is in all cases exactly similar. We feel most thoroughly convinced of the good faith of the entire household, and should not once refer to it but for the satisfaction of those distant readers who, being personally strangers, perhaps not unnaturally are suspicious of the *bonâ fide* nature of the marvellous things about which they have read.

Another local journal relates that:—

One gentleman, who is well known at most of the markets in the county as a corn merchant, had his curiosity gratified a night or two ago by being allowed to remain in the house. In the dead waist and middle of the night the noises came on so violently that he hastily quitted the premises, and refused to go home alone, so frightened was he. Consequently he had to be conveyed to his residence, and has since been relating his experience to numerous circles. Religious zealots have visited the house, and three of them have held special meetings to exorcise the hobgoblins.

The *Bristol Daily Post* says:—

Correspondents assert that the house is undoubtedly haunted; indeed, it appears from their several statements that the invisible powers have everything their own way, for it is said that even the walls shake at times, while the doors and windows are opened and closed again very frequently in a most forcible manner. Beds shake so violently as to cause the inmates of the house to get up in the middle of the night; pillows and bolsters are taken from beneath the drowsy occupants of said beds; noises, ranging from the reports of many muskets to the distant boom of a field-piece, are heard in different parts of the house, and, in short, the inmates have been horrified almost to death's door. . . . However extraordinary it may appear, scores of persons attest the accuracy of the statements made above. A large number of persons from this town and from all the neighbourhood have visited the house to hear the noises and to see the strange pranks. Most of them avow, without the least hesitation, that no human agency could do what they have seen done and escape detection.

And it adds:—

If there be really anything true in the doctrines which they (the Spiritualists) preach, they may make converts by the hundred in this neighbourhood, for scores of persons have become favourably disposed towards them in consequence of what has taken place at Muchelney.

MYSTERIOUS BOMBARDMENT OF A HOUSE IN LIVERPOOL.

The Muchelney farm house is not the only place recently subjected to mysterious annoyances. The *Liverpool Mercury* gives an account of the bombardment of a house "near the junction of Hutchinson Street with Baker Street." It seems that lately, about 2 o'clock one Tuesday afternoon, the inmates of the house were startled by a stone crashing through a pane of glass in the kitchen window, which looks out into the backyard.

At first it was thought the stone must have been thrown by some child, and no particular notice was taken of the matter; but presently another missile struck the window and broke another pane of glass. At short intervals throughout the rest of the day, up till nearly 11 o'clock at night, stones, pieces of coal, and other missiles were thrown at the window, until almost every pane of glass that it contained had been battered out. The occupiers of the house, unable themselves to discover the quarter from whence the stones, &c., came, communicated with the police, and several constables appeared upon the scene. They were equally unsuccessful in their endeavours to discover the author of the mischief. Visits were paid to several of the neighbouring houses, but without in any way clearing up the mystery, and numerous stones were thrown while the officers were actually standing by the window at which the missiles were aimed, without their being able to tell from which direction they came. Yesterday, the bombardment of the window—or rather, of the shutters, which had to be closed—was resumed, though not so continuously as on the previous day. Half a dozen detectives were sent up from the police-office in the course of the morning, in the hope that they would pounce upon the offender, but they were obliged to depart baffled in the object of their visit, and the mystery which surrounds the affair is not yet cleared up. One singular feature about the affair is, that although there are numerous other windows equally within range, only this particular one appears to have been selected as a mark.

DR. HOOKER AND MR. ALFRED R. WALLACE.

The following mention of Mr. Alfred R. Wallace was made by Dr. Hooker, the President, in his opening address, at the meeting of the British Association at Norwich, in August, this year. Speaking of Darwin's theory of continuous evolution and natural selection, he said:—

“ I long ago arrived at the conclusion so well put by Agassiz, when he says, ‘ We trust that the time is not distant when it will be universally understood that the battle of the evidences will have to be fought on the field of physical science, and not on that of the metaphysical.’ Many of the metaphysicians' objections have been controverted by that champion of natural selection, Mr. Darwin's true knight, Alfred R. Wallace, in his papers on ‘ Protection,’ in the *Westminster Review*, and ‘ Creation by Law,’ in the *Journal of Science*, October, 1867, &c., in which the doctrines of ‘ Continual Interference,’ the ‘ Theory of Beauty,’ and kindred subjects, are discussed with admirable sagacity, knowledge and skill; but of Mr. Wallace, and his many contributions to philosophical biology, it is not easy to speak without enthusiasm; for, putting aside their great merits, he, throughout his writings, with a modesty as rare as I believe it to be in him unconscious, forgets his own unquestionable claims to the honour of having originated, independently of Mr. Darwin, the theories which he so ably defends.”

Mr. Wallace's testimony to the facts of Spiritualism is therefore that of a competent scientific man of the highest reputation, and we hope it will be accepted as such by the other scientific men of the day.