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MODERN FIRE AND OTHER PHENOMENA OF THE
EASTERN NATIONS.

• THROUGHOUT the East, phenomena, such as were recorded in the article by "T. S.," recently, have in all ages been general and positive facts. They are attested by scores of travellers who have observed them as they have done other facts, even when they did not pretend to understand the real causes of them. Such facts are still witnessed in many parts of the East and South, and are to be found in the narratives of eye-witnesses of unimpeachable credit. M. Piérart, in that rich treasury of spiritual events of all times and kinds, the *Revue Spiritualiste*, has in the sixth and other volumes collected many of the most striking. In the last volume of the *Spiritual Magazine*, p. 71, under the head of "Rocking Stones," will be found an account of various ordeals by fire, water, boiling oil or metals. The reader referring to these will find some great historical instances of the fire-ordeal in addition to those mentioned by T. S. Most of the cases which we shall now extract from M. Piérart are such as are practised in the present times in various countries of the South and East, but as the fire-facts are almost inseparably connected with others equally remarkable, and originating in the same spiritual agency, I shall give a few of those out of vast numbers. In fact, the mediums of the East perform wonders as great as those recorded of the magicians of Ancient Egypt, and still higher ones. They can turn stones placed in the hand of a boy or girl into dust, that dust into a serpent, and the serpent into a stone again; *Revue Spiritualiste*, vol. vi., p. 165. We know, too, that they can bury men alive for months, and recall them from the tomb at the end of the time alive still.

I said that the facts referred to are of the present time, but we may go back a little to take the evidence of Tavernier, the traveller, in his *Six Voyages en Turquie, en Perse, et aux Indes*, 3 tom, 1712. Being at Baroch, a city between Agra and Surat, Tavernier tells us, in the suite of the English President of the district, and accompanied by an English clergyman, they found themselves in the presence of a group of Indians, called *Charlatans*, who were heating iron chains in a great fire to a red heat, which they then wound round their naked bodies, without the least appearance of suffering or burning.

These Indians then demanded whether their guests would like any fruit produced by their occult power. Tavernier asked for mangoes, and immediately one of them taking a piece of dry wood, cut himself with a razor under the armpit; anointed the dry stick with the blood, stuck it in the ground, and forth shot buds, branches, leaves, and flowers. At this the English clergyman became terrified, snatched the wood and tore off the flowers and leaves, declaring that no one should eat fruit from such a devilish tree; forbade the President to allow the phenomena to proceed, and threatened to excommunicate any one who persisted in witnessing such things.

The production of these flowers and fruit are spectacles of common occurrence in India now-a-days. Piérart quotes some very wonderful things seen by Major Levison, an English officer, amongst which was the production of excellent mangoes, one of which he eat, but could not prevail on a single native to taste.

Piérart next presents us with the Bokte Lama from the travels of Abbé Huc, in Tartary, Thibet and China. A Lama on certain days of high religious ceremony, before all the people, cuts himself open, takes out his bowels, places them before him, and whilst the blood is flowing in streams from him, the people prostrate themselves before him, and demand of him the revelation of secret things; of things to come; of the destinies of certain persons; to all of which the Bokte gives answers, which are regarded by the whole public as *bona fide* and sacred oracles. This done, the Bokte replaces his intestines, gathers up some of his blood with his right hand, breathes a few times upon it, and throws it into the air with a loud cry. He then passes his hand rapidly over the wound in his body, and all is sound again. The Abbé Huc, who relates this, is a man of high character for veracity. M. Huc has as little doubt about the reality of the written Tree of Kounboum, said to have ten thousand well-formed Thibetian letters written on its leaves, by some anomalous process of nature, and to be the only tree of the kind in Thibet. It is of a great but unknown age.

.. Amongst a variety of other wonders, the Count de Gobineau,

the Ambassador of France to Persia, a rationalist, but a sincere and good observer, says that everybody in Persia, the Musselmans as well as the rest, assured him that the Nossayris, one of the principal sects in Persia, perform the following marvels: They fill with fire a large brazier in the middle of the room, and whilst a musician plays the *târ*, a little drum, also called *dombeck*, the Nossayri approaches the fire. He is agitated, he is exalted, he lifts his arms and eyes towards heaven with violent contortions. Then when he is excited to such a pitch that the perspiration pours from his face and from every part of his body, he seizes a burning coal and putting it in his mouth, blows it in such a manner that the flames issue from the nose. He receives no injury whatever from it. He then seats himself in the midst of the fire; the flames mount up and play in his beard, and caress without harming him. He is in the middle of the fire, and his dress does not burn; finally he lays himself down in the brazier, and receives no hurt from it. Others enter a baker's oven in full ignition, remain there as long as they like, and issue again without accident. What these people do with fire, others do with the air. They throw themselves from rocks with their wives and children, without receiving any damage, from whatsoever height they fall. This is the manner in which a *Purzadeh*, or descendant of a *Pur*, explained these extraordinary phenomena: "Since," he said "everything in nature is God, so everything contains, secretly but plenarily the omnipotence of God. Faith only is necessary to put in motion and make apparent this power. Therefore, the more intense and complete the faith, the more marvellous will be the effects produced. It is not merely from the air and the fire that we can draw prodigies, but from objects in appearance the most contemptible. If we wish to call our interior virtue, whatever it may be, into action, we have only to apply the irresistible instrument of faith, and then, nothing is impossible." Such are the ideas of the Nossayris.

A great number of travellers in different countries of the East relate similar things, but we confine ourselves to recent facts, often repeated and easily proved. In her *Souvenirs de Voyages en Asie Mineure et en Syrie*, published in Paris in 1858, the Princesse de Belgiojoso, relates the following facts, observed by herself in 1852, amongst the Dervishes of Angora:—

"One fine morning, as reclining on my divan, I endeavoured, but in vain, to shake off the stupor and headache caused by the fumes of charcoal which issued from a metal stove, and circulated through my closed room, I saw enter a little old man in a white mantle, with a grey beard, a pointed cap of grey felt surrounded by a turban of green; he had a lively eye, and a countenance frank and good natured. The old man announced himself as the

chief of certain Dervishes; performers of miracles, whom the grand Muphti had sent to show me their operations. I offered him my warmest thanks, and expressed myself perfectly ready to witness the spectacle which they proposed. The old man opened the door, made a sign, and quickly re-appeared, followed by his disciples.

“They were eight in number, and I must confess, that if I had met them on my journey, at the corner of a wood, their appearance would have given me little pleasure. Their clothes were in rags, their long beards untrimmed, their visages pale, their forms emaciated, a something indescribably ferocious and haggard in their eyes, all which contrasted singularly with the open, smiling countenance and somewhat gay costume of their chief. These men on entering prostrated themselves before him, made me a polite obeisance, and seated themselves at a distance, awaiting the orders of the old man, who, on his part, awaited mine. I experienced a degree of embarrassment, which would have been still more painful had the *séance* been of my own ordering. Happily I was perfectly innocent, and this consideration gave me a little self-composure, but I did not dare to make the sign for commencement of, I did not know what. I expected a scene of the grossest imposition, which I should be obliged to applaud out of politeness, and of which I must show myself a dupe out of good breeding.

“I caused coffee to be served, to gain time, but the chief only accepted it. The disciples excused themselves, alleging the seriousness of the trials to which they were about to submit themselves. I gazed at them; they were serious as men who expected the visit of a host or rather of a revered master. After a short silence, the old man asked me if these children might begin, and I replied that it rested entirely with themselves. Taking my answer as an encouragement, he made a sign, and one of the Dervishes arose; he then prostrated himself before his chief and kissed the earth: the chief placed his hands on his head as if to give his benediction, and spoke some words in a low voice, which I did not understand. Then arising, the Dervish put off his mantle, his goatskin fur, and receiving a long poignard from one of his companions, the handle of which was ornamented with little bells, he placed himself in the middle of the apartment. Calm and self-collected at first, he became animated by degrees from the force of an interior action. His breast swelled, his nostrils expanded, and his eyes rolled in their sockets with a singular rapidity. This transformation was accompanied and aided, without doubt, by the music and the songs of the other Dervishes, who, having commenced by a monotonous recitative, passed quickly into modulated cries and yells, to

which the regular beating of a tambourine gave a certain measure. When the musical fever attained its paroxysm the first Dervish alternately raised and let fall the arm which held the poignard, without being conscious of these movements, and as if moved by a foreign force. A convulsive twitching pervaded his limbs, and he united his voice with those of his *confrères* whom he soon reduced to the humble *rôle* of assistants, so much did his cries exceed theirs. Dancing was then added to the music, and the protagonist Dervish executed such amazing leaps that the perspiration ran down his naked figure.

“‘It was the moment of inspiration.’ Brandishing the dagger, which he never abandoned, and every motive of which had made the little bells resound, then, extending his arm and suddenly retracting it, he plunged the dagger into his cheek so deep that the point appeared in the inside of his mouth. The blood rushed in torrents from both apertures of the wound, and I could not restrain a motion of my hand to put an end to this terrible scene.

“‘Madame wishes to look a little closer?’ said the old man, observing me attentively. Making a sign for the wounded man to draw near, he made me observe that the point of the dagger had really passed through the cheek, and he would not be satisfied till I had touched the point with my finger.

“‘You are satisfied that the wound of this man is real?’ he said to me. ‘I have no doubt of it,’ I replied, emphatically.

“‘That is enough. My son,’ he added to the Dervish, who remained during the examination with his mouth open, filled with blood, and the dagger still in the wound, ‘go, and be healed.’

“The Dervish bowed, drew out the dagger, and turning to one of his companions, knelt and presented his cheek, which this man washed within and without with his own saliva. The operation continued some seconds, but when the wounded man rose, and turned to one side, every trace of the wound had disappeared.

“‘Another Dervish made a wound in his arm, under the same ceremonies, which was healed in the same manner. A third terrified me. He was armed with a great crooked sabre, which he seized with his hands at the two extremities, and applying the edge of the concave side to his stomach caused it to enter as he executed a see-saw motion. A purple line instantly shewed itself on his brown and shining skin, and I entreated the old man to allow it to proceed no further. He smiled, assuring me that I had seen nothing, that this was only the prologue; that these children cut off their limbs with impunity,—their heads, if necessary, without causing themselves any inconvenience. I

believe he was contented with me, and judged me worthy to witness their miracles, by which I was not particularly flattered.

“But the fact is, I remained pensive and confused. What was that? My eyes, had they not seen them? My hands, had they not touched them? Had not the blood flowed? I called to mind all the tricks of our most celebrated prestidigitateurs, but I found nothing to be compared with what I had seen. I had had to do with men simple and ignorant to excess; their movements were made with the utmost simplicity, and displayed not a trace of artifice. I do not pretend to have seen a miracle, and I state faithfully a scene which I for my part know not how to explain. The next day Dr. Petracchi, for many years the English Consul at Angora, related many such marvels, and assured me that the Dervishes possessed natural, or rather supernatural secrets, by which they accomplished prodigies equal to those of the priests of Egypt.”

M. Adalbert de Beaumont who visited Asia Minor, in 1852, asserts the reality of the same wonders as the Countess de Belgiojoso. He says when the dancing Dervishes have reached the paroxysm of their excitement, they seize on iron red hot, bite it, hold it between their teeth, and extinguish it with their tongues. Others take knives and large needles, and pierce their sides, arms, and legs; the wounds of which immediately heal, and leave no trace.

The same astonishing manifestations take place amongst the Aissaouas of Algeria. General Dumas in his work entitled *La Kabylie*, published in Paris by Hachette in 1857, gives many strange traits of the Zaouias, and believes them to be a remnant of the ancient Christian ascetics of the deserts of the Thebaid. Colonel Neveu in his work on the Khouans, was an eye-witness amongst the Aissouas:—“Seven musicians, beating Basque drums, produced a monotonous noise, which no doubt contributed to the excitement of the performers. In the middle of the place, which was kept clear, was a brazier, at which a negro was posted to keep up the fire. From time to time they threw into it incense and powdered aloes. Five or six men clad in berouses, reclined around the furnace inhaling the aromatic odours, intended to act on the brain, and to produce exaltation. All at once, one of these men raised himself suddenly, and gave vent to guttural sounds, like those of a door which creaks on its hinges, or of a cat miawling. Without ceasing his cries, and conducting himself like an epileptic, the inspired man fell into the arms of a sort of camel-driver appointed to receive the *illuminés* in the first agitations of the Divine Spirit. The *illuminé* being then clothed in a sacred vestment brought by the hierophant, went off into a wild dance.”

This dance was kept up frantically until the man fell exhausted, and others successively went through the same process, and were laid down by him. "The drum having made a pause, the chief Aissaoua, seized a branch of cactus resembling in shape the wooden beater of a French laundress, bristled with spines like a branch of a gooseberrybush, thicker than a hand and as large as two hands. He rolled with delight his face on this spiny leaf, and then devoured it with avidity, manifesting the joy of a *gourmand* over a delicious meat. This delicacy despatched, he was presented with an iron shovel, large and intensely red hot. We felt the heat and saw its fiery glow as it was taken from the brazier. The chief Aissaoua seized it, and began embracing it in the reddest part. He then commenced licking it from end to end, putting out his tongue to its full extent, and passing it over the surface of the burning iron as a child over a paper of adhesive comfits. After this, removing it from his face, he tapped it repeatedly and slowly, and began to describe on it with his finger-end cabalistic signs. At the second sign, one of his nails, probably longer than his finger-end, met the fire and burnt, contrary to the programme, for an odour of burnt horn arose like that from the shoeing of a horse; a proof of the real heat of the shovel. In the meantime, the shovel, still red-hot in the middle, began to darken on the edges; he took it in his teeth, and, on his knees, holding his head in the manner of a dog which sets game, offered it to his guardian."

After this exhibition, others equally extraordinary took place. A very sharp sabre was held up in the air by two strong men, edge upwards, and two Aissaouas naked, and in succession, mounted on this edge, and threw themselves across it, the body balanced upon it, with the head hanging on one side and the feet on the other, without receiving any cut. Then another man, in a wild dance, thrust out one of his eyes with the end of a pole, and with the eye hanging down went on with his dance, and showed himself round to the horrified spectators. Put again into its socket, and the blood wiped away, the eye was all right and as well as the other.

Such are the liberties taken with matter by mediums in Eastern nations. It is clear that there are laws of matter utterly unknown to our physiologists, which these nations avail themselves of; for the facts are allowed by all travellers, and it could do our physicists no harm to enquire into them. It would be of immense benefit if our doctors, instead of stitching up wounds or binding them with adhesive plaister, could give them a gentle touch, and heal them instantly, as if they had never been. What a magnificent endowment on a field of battle! Yet in Europe, science not only looks contemptuously on such marvellous powers, but

even prohibits their exercise when they come voluntarily forth. The Zouave is not permitted in France to perform the beneficent cures which God has put into his hands. God himself is laid under the malignant ban of human selfishness and professional bigotry. Licensed doctorship joining action with military jealousy puffs itself out, and tells God that he shall not do the good that He desires. What hundreds of poor afflicted creatures now in Paris, and other parts of France, are enduring agonies of pain, or are lying helpless and sorrowful, prostrated by paralysis or by the multifarious nervous maladies which tyrannize over humanity; and knowing that God, through the Zouave, could cure them at once if men would let him. And who are these men? Nominal Christians, and good servants of the devil. When shall that millennial time arrive, when Almighty God having indulged the devil and all his doctors and professors of obstructive science to the height of their folly and their greed, shall close the drama of His marvellous patience, and with one sufficient thunderbolt shall blast and burn out all their conspiracies against abused humanity, and shall take leave to "do as He likes with His own?"

W. H.

EVIDENCES OF SPIRITUALISM IN MODERN WORKS OF HISTORY AND LITERATURE.

PART II.

PREDICTIONS.

IN the year 1707, John Needs, a Winchester scholar, foretold the deaths of Mr. Carman, chaplain to the college, Dr. Mew, Bishop of Winchester, and himself. All these events took place within the year, as he said they would. His schoolfellows had made much sport over his predictions, and called him Prophet Needs. When Mr. Carman died at the time he had specified, people said that that required no great spirit of prophecy, as he was an old man; yet there was no apparent cause for his approaching death, much less that it should take place at a given time. The bishop's death was occasioned by an accident. As for Needs himself, he was quite well and young. Mr. Fletcher, the second master of the school, and father of the Bishop of Kildare, insisted and reasoned with him on the folly of his belief of his own decease, but without in the least shaking his conviction. With the utmost calmness and composure he only

replied that the event would verify his prediction. As the time approached he named not only the day but the hour, and as these approached, he, without any apparent anxiety, began to droop in frame. To deceive him, they put the town clock forward, but he saw through the deception, and said that as the church clock struck he should expire; and he did so.

This account, in answer to an enquiry of Bishop Trimnell, was confirmed by the then Fellow, Mr. Lavington, and this gentleman, when afterwards Bishop of Exeter, gave the same account to his friends.

AN APPARITION IN A SCHOOL.

On Saturday, June 22, 1728, John Daniels, a lad of about 14 years of age, appeared in the school of Bemminster, at 12 o'clock at noon, between three weeks and a month after his burial. The school at Bemminster was kept in a gallery of the parish church, to which there was a distinct entrance from the churchyard. On Saturday the master had dismissed his scholars, and soon after some of them went into the school again to seek for old pens. Hearing a strange noise down in the church, like the sounding of a brass pan, they ran out and told their schoolfellows in the churchyard, thinking it was done to frighten them. A general search was made, but nothing found. As they were again going into the school, they heard a noise as of a man marching in heavy boots, and, terrified at it, they all ran round the church, and when at the belfry, or west door, they heard a voice as of the minister preaching, and then of the congregation singing psalms. When all this had passed away, they got calm, and went to play at ball again in the churchyard; but on one of them going again into the school to fetch his book, he saw lying on a bench about six feet from him a coffin. Alarmed at this, he rushed out and told his schoolfellows, on which they all, twelve of them, thronged to the school door, and five of the twelve saw the apparition of John Daniels sitting at some distance from the coffin, farther in the school. *All* of them saw the coffin, and the conjecture why *all* did not see the apparition was, that the door being narrow, they could not all approach it at once. More probably, some were not so clairvoyant as the rest; but such things were not understood then.

The first who recognized the apparition was his half-brother, who on seeing it cried out, "There sits our John, with just such a coat on as I have."—They were generally clothed alike in the lifetime of the deceased.—"There he sits, with a pen in his hand and a book before him, and a coffin by him. I will throw a stone at him." He was told not to do so, but did, and doing it said,

“Take it;” on which the apparition immediately disappeared, and left the church in a thick darkness for two or three minutes.

On examination before Colonel Broadrep, all these boys, between nine and twelve years of age, agreed in all their relations, even to the hinges of the coffin, and the description of the coffin agreed with that in which the deceased was buried. One of the boys, a sedate lad of twelve, had never seen John Daniels, having only come to the school about a fortnight before Daniels died; yet he described him accurately, and took notice of one thing which the others had not observed, namely, that the apparition had a white cloth bound about one of his hands. The woman who laid out the corpse declared on oath that she took such a white bandage from John Daniels' hand, which had been put on four days or a week before his death, the hand being lame. The body had been found in an obscure place in the fields, and buried without an inquest, on the mother saying that he was subject to fits. After the apparition, the body was disinterred, and on examination of it, the jury which sate upon it brought in a verdict of *strangled*. No further light, however, could be thrown on the subject.

VALENTINE GREATRAKES, THE HEALER.

By an account of Greatrakes, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. XLIX., p. 22, it is shown that he experienced the same incredulity, calumny, and persecution, as all other such benefactors. The Bishop of Lismore, when crowds flocked to him from all the country round, and scores and hundreds were cured by him, cited him into the Ecclesiastical Court, and forbade him to lay hands on any for the future. We suppose that Greatrakes said, as the apostles did before him, “Whether it is right to obey God or you, judge thou.” At least he did it practically, for he went on curing in spite of the so-called Christian bishop, but certainly not a follower of Christ, who forbade any one healing and doing miracles to be stopped. What a queer inversion of a Christian church, when a bishop of it stands forward and denies Christ himself in the face of the Saviour's most emphatic act and declaration. Such a church, take what name it will, is obviously Anti-Christ. The court of England—but what a court! that of the libidinous reptile Charles II.—was not wholly convinced of his power. How could such a den of filthy reprobates be convinced of anything decent, much more sacred and spiritual, yet it allowed him to go on, and he cured vast numbers in and around London. Still he was violently talked and written against, although the royal physicians, the celebrated Robert Boyle, the learned Cudworth, and Drs. Wilkins,

Whichcot, and Patrick, three bishops, Flamsteed, the royal astronomer, and many eminent lawyers and men of rank, bore full testimony to his cures. The writer of the article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* himself credits the report that his reputation was only built on the credulity of the public, as if the celebrated and acute men named were not capable of believing their own eyes. His reputation, he says, did not last much longer than that of James Aymor, 1692-3, in Dauphiny, who made so much noise with his divining rod. This writer says St. Evremond wrote a novel called *The Irish Prophet*, to ridicule Greatrakes' pretensions; and he also refers us to "A Humorous Account of Greatrakes' *strokings*," in King's Works, Vol. II., p. 46, and also *The Miraculous Conformist*, by Henry Stubbs, M.D., Oxford, 1666. Yet Greatrakes' reputation survives and grows greater as further spiritual developments confirm the facts of his time; and this writer himself confesses that, on the closest inquiry, nothing but what was most honourable to Mr. Greatrakes could be discovered.

CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING THE DEATH OF DR. HARRIS, PREBEND OF ROCHESTER, AND AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF KENT."

Dr. Harris was visiting at the house of Mr. Godfrey, of Norton Court, in Kent. On Monday Mr. Godfrey sent out his coachman and gardener to take some rabbits in their nets. They returned after their sport in great precipitation and alarm. They said that, at only a field's distance from the house, the dogs came suddenly running to them, and endeavoured to creep between their legs to hide themselves. Both the men declared that, looking about, they saw a coffin carried just by them on men's shoulders. Mr. Godfrey laughed at the occurrence, Dr. Harris and the rest of the family were gone to bed, and the men were desired not to say a word of this to any of them. Yet Mr. Godfrey, himself, to amuse Dr. Harris, who had often laughed at such things, went to his bedroom and woke him up to tell him of it. They had a hearty laugh, over the folly of the men, who, they said, had converted a black horse or cow in the dark into a coffin. The next day it was the subject of great mirth in the family. At the eating of the rabbits at dinner, Dr. Harris said, if the devil had a hand in catching them, they were very good for all that. The writer of the article, who had the account from relations staying in the house at the same time, adds, that one morning, as some one was relating a dream of the night before, Dr. Harris said, he thought they were always relating their dreams. For his part, he said, if ever he took notice of

a dream, it would be one *he* had last night. "I dreamed," he said, "that the Bishop of —, in Ireland, sent for me to come over to him, and I returned answer that I could not, for I was dead; when methought I laid my hands along by my sides, and so died." At this time the doctor was as well as usual, but after eating the rabbits he became unwell, a physician from Canterbury was sent for, but he grew steadily worse. The rabbits, the source of so much jest on his part, were caught on the 31st of August, and he died on the 7th of September.

DREAM FULFILLED.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LVII., Part 2, p. 1062, there is a very striking fulfilment of a dream. One Adam Rogers, a man of good sense and repute, who kept a public house at Portlaw, a small hamlet nine or ten miles from Waterford, dreamed one night that he saw two men at a particular green spot on the adjoining mountain; one of them was a small sickly-looking man, the other remarkably strong and large. He then saw the little man murder the other, and he awoke in great agitation. The circumstances of the dream were so distinct and forcible that he continued much affected by them. He related them to his wife, and also to several of his neighbours next morning. Soon after he went out with a Mr. Browne, the catholic priest of the parish, and they came, accidentally as it seemed, to the very spot in the mountain where he saw the murder in his dream, and called the priest's attention to it. On the following morning he was extremely startled on seeing two strangers enter his house, about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, precisely like the two persons of his dream; he ran into an inner room and desired his wife to take particular notice of them. They both became very much alarmed for the little weakly man, though contrary to the appearance in the dream. So much concerned was Rogers, that he earnestly dissuaded the little man from going on, and promised to take him with him the next morning to Carrick. Hickey, the little man, seemed quiet and gentle in his demeanour. Caulfield, the large man, had a ferocious bad countenance. Rogers felt persuaded that something fatal would happen if they went on together, but did not like to tell Hickey his dream. When they were gone and the wife heard that Hickey had money about him, she blamed her husband greatly for not being resolute in detaining Hickey. They had not been long gone when the body of Hickey was discovered by some labourers—murdered and still warm—in the very place of Rogers's dream. The news quickly reached Portlaw, and Rogers and his wife hastened to the scene of the murder. They at once

recognized the body of Hickey, and declared their conviction that Caulfield was the murderer, whom they described. Caulfield was apprehended on his way to Waterford, where he intended to have embarked for Newfoundland. When taken he had spots of blood on his dress, and on his feet the shoes of Hickey, which were new, and his shoes, an old pair, he had put on the feet of the murdered man. Rogers had noticed the difference of the shoes of the two men. Rogers on the trial very minutely described the dress and appearance of the two men; and Caulfield, from the dock, shrewdly asked him whether it was not very extraordinary that he who kept a public house and saw so many people, should have so very nicely observed the dress of two strangers. Rogers replied that he had a particular reason for it, and on being questioned by the court on this reason, and urged by the prisoner to state it, then mentioned his dream, and called on Mr. Browne, the Catholic priest, then in court, to testify to his having stated the whole fact of his dream to him, and shown him the place of the murder before it took place; and added how much his wife had blamed him for not stopping Hickey, as the two men must pass by the spot on their way indicated in the dream.

After sentence, Caulfield confessed to the murder, and it came out that Hickey had been in the West Indies two-and-twenty years, and falling into bad health, was returning to Ireland, his native country, bringing with him the produce of his industry. Being driven by stress of weather into Minehead, he there became acquainted with Frederick Caulfield, an Irish sailor, much distressed for money. Hickey pitied and relieved him, and they agreed to go to Ireland together. It was remarked on their passage that Caulfield had often said, it was a shame such a young fellow as Hickey should have money, and he himself be without a shilling. They first landed at Waterford, and together attended the trial of a shoemaker for murder; but this had not produced any effect on the callous mind of Caulfield, though Hickey in Waterford bought Caulfield necessary clothes. Particulars of the life of Caulfield are added to that of his execution.

This account produced the usual crop of objections. It was argued that dreams were mere coincidences, and that even if true, were useless. In this instance, Rogers's dream did not prevent the murder, therefore it was not likely that it was preternaturally sent; the whole of the case showing, on the contrary, that the warning was given to Rogers, and had he done his duty, the murder would have been prevented. He himself was conscious of that, and his wife still more so. God may warn, but if man does not obey, the blame lies with him of frustrating the designs of Providence. The whole of this case is a great lesson on this head.

OTHER DREAMS.

A correspondent falling into the reasoning used in the above case—that is, “of the extreme danger of the popular belief in dreams”—gives another case, which again proves the extreme danger of *neglecting* striking and impressive dreams. Some years before the erection of the well-known lighthouses off the Isle of Alderney, called the Caskets, an islander dreamed that a ship had been wrecked near those rocks, and that some part of the crew had escaped to the rocks. He related this dream to some sailors the next morning, but they treated it as an idle vision. Again, however, the next night the dream recurred, and the following morning he persuaded a friend to take a boat and accompany him to the rocks, where they found three poor fellows nearly dead with cold and hunger, and brought them away. This circumstance, and the supposed loss of the *Victory* on these rocks, occasioned the erection of the three lighthouses there.

These cases shew how at that time of day the materialistic views were advancing, and what a distortion of reason they produced in the very plainest circumstances.

KNOCKERS IN MINES.

In Vol. LXV., Part 2, p. 559, of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, A.D., 1790, there is the following account in a letter from Lewis Morris, Esq., the antiquary, a native of Anglesea, to his brother William Morris, Esq., Comptroller of the Customs, Holyhead, dated Oct. 14, 1754. He introduces his remarks by an allusion to Hugh Lloyd, a famous necromancer of Carnarvonshire, of whom wonderful accounts are still alive amongst the Welsh, and whose so-called pulpit is seen in the midst of a wild mountain torrent, near Festiniog—that is, an insulated rock rising out of the boiling, roaring gulf of waters of the river in the deep and rifted glen through which it has forced its way. He declares himself not over-credulous about what are called supernatural things, but adds that scepticism is madness, and quotes Lord Bacon in support of his views. He then proceeds:—

“People full of conceit of their own abilities and knowledge will laugh at the Cardiganshire miners, who maintain the existence of Knockers in mines, a kind of good-natured, impalpable people, but to be seen and heard, and who seem to us to work in the mines—that is to say, they are types or forerunners of working in mines, as dreams are of some accidents which happen to us. The barometer falls before rain and storms. If we did not know the construction of it, we should call it a kind of dream that foretelleth rain; but we know it is natural, and produced by natural means comprehended by us. Now how are we or

anybody sure but that our dreams are produced by the same kind of natural means? However this may be, I must speak well of these Knockers, for they have actually stood my very good friends, whether they are aërial beings called spirits, or whether they are a people made of matter not to be felt by our gross bodies, as air and fire and the like. Before the discovery of Esgair-y-Mwyn mine, these little people, as we call them here, worked hard there day and night; and there are abundance of honest, sober people who have heard them, and some persons who have no notion of them, or of mines either; but after the discovery of the great ore these were heard no more. When I began at Llwyn Llwyd, they worked so fresh there for a considerable time that they even frightened some young workmen out of the work. This was when we were driving leads, and before we had found any ore; but when we came to the ore then they gave over, and I heard no more talk of them. The old miners are no more concerned at hearing them blasting, boring holes, landing *deads*, &c., than if they were some of their own people; and a single miner will stay in the work in the dead of night without any man near him, and never think of any fear of harm that they will do him: for they have a notion that the Knockers are of their own tribe and profession, and are harmless people who mean well. Three or four miners together shall hear them sometimes, but if the miners stop to take notice of them, the Knockers will also stop: but let the miners go on at their own work, the Knockers will go on as brisk as can be in landing, blasting, or beating down the *loose*; and they were always heard a little from them before they came to ore. These are odd assertions, but they are certainly facts, though we cannot, and do not, pretend to account for them. Let who will laugh, we have the greatest reason to rejoice, and thank the Knockers, or rather, God, who sends us these notices."

The German miners have the same experiences with their Cobolds, and the Welsh miners to this day declare that the Knockers are realities and very active ones, often pointing out fresh mines by their subterranean sounds of hammering and blasting, where no ore has ever before been suspected.

A DREAM FATALLY REALIZED.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1796, Vol. LXVI., Part 1, p. 456, commencing with the amiable desire not to foster a superstitious belief in the accomplishment of dreams, tells this story. A poor chimney-sweeper, in the neighbourhood of Swindon, Wilts, lately dreamed that he should lose one of his children by water. This dream he communicated to his wife,

and with an earnest solicitude entreated her stricter care and watchfulness over their family. In consequence the mother, when obliged to work in the field, in the absence of her husband, locked up the children in the house. But soon after, a neighbour wanting to borrow some common utensil, and knowing the place where the key was usually secreted, took it, opened the door, and proceeded to possess herself of the article she wanted. That done she again locked the door and returned the key to its hiding-place. But during her being in the house the eldest boy, about six years of age, had managed to steal out unobserved, and proceeding to a horse-pond not far off, fell in and was drowned. The father was so shocked at the fulfilment of his dream that he was seized with a delirious fever, and within a few days put an end to his own life. The writer refers the reader to the inhabitants of East Cott, the village where this occurred, and to the clergyman who had performed the melancholy funeral service over both father and son.

APPARITION OF MR. NAYLOR.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LXXI, part 2, p. 995, there is a curious letter from Mr. Waller, a Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, to Mr. Thomas Offley, a brother of the Rev. Mr. Offley, rector of Middleton Stoney, near Bister, in Oxfordshire, relating the apparition of a Mr. Naylor. The same account is also given by the Rev. J. Hughes, the learned editor of *St. Chrysostom on the Priesthood*, and also by the Rev. Richard Chambre communicated to the Rev. Dr. Townley, rector of Malpas. This is Mr. Waller's letter to Mr. Thomas Offley:—

“Milton, Dec. 12, 1706.

“Dear Sir,—What I now from friendship relate to you, I can soon produce my authority for. The man to whom the apparition appeared was one Mr. Shaw, who had one of the College livings in Oxfordshire, nigh your brother. This gentleman, Mr. Grove, Fellow of the College, called in last July in his journey to the West of England. On his return, he stayed three days with Mr. Shaw. One night after supper, Mr. Shaw told him that there had happened a passage which he could not conceal from him, as being an intimate friend, and as one to whom the transaction might have more relation than to another man. He said, about a week before that time, which was July 28, as he was smoking and reading in his study, about 11 or 12 o'clock at night, there came to him the apparition of Mr. Naylor, in the same garb as he used to be, with his arms clasped before him. Mr. Naylor had been a Fellow of St. John's, and a

neighbour of Mr. Shaw, and died two or three years ago. Mr. Shaw, not being wonderfully surprised, asked how he did, and desired him to sit down, which Mr. Naylor did. They both sate there a considerable time, and entertained each other with various discourse. Mr. Shaw inquired how they lived in a separate state. He answered, far different from what they did here, but that he was very well. He inquired further, whether there were any of their old acquaintances in the place where he was? He answered, "No, not one," but added that one of their old friends, Mr. Orchard, would die very quickly, and that he himself, Mr. Shaw, would not be long after him. He mentioned several other people's names; but who they are, Mr. Grove can not, or does not declare. Mr. Shaw asked him whether he would visit him again before that time, but he answered that he could not, for he had only three days allowed him, and further he could not go. Mr. Shaw then said, "*Fiat Domini voluntas;*" and the apparition left him."

The letter goes on to say, that Mr. Grove mentioned these particulars to Mr. Clark, Fellow of the College; to Dr. Balderston, the Vice-Chancellor, and to others; and the truth of the apparition was proved by Mr. Orchard dying on August 6th, and Mr. Shaw soon after, of apoplexy, in his reading desk; and thus concludes:—

"Considering these gentlemen (Mr. Shaw and Mr. Grove) as men of learning and integrity, the one would not have first declared, and the other spread the same, was not the matter itself serious and real. The rest I leave to your descant.

"EDM. WALLER."

That is all that Mr. Shaw told to Mr. Grove, and Mr. Grove to me.

THE KINGSLAND DOCTRESS.

Elizabeth Hughes, a stout woman, about 47 years of age, at Kingsland, Herefordshire, used to cure lameness, blindness, and all morbid affections, by stroking the parts. She was the wife of a labourer; and declared that this curative power had been revealed to her in a dream, when suffering much grief for the loss of a child. Her success must have been great—for, it is said, that she made £2,000 by her practice—which could not have been the case, if she had not produced decided and continued effects; yet, a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, signing himself J. P. Malcolm, probably a doctor, giving an account of her, in November, 1804, says:—"If she is not a deceived, stupid fanatic, she richly deserves transportation!" For what?

For curing people? For, if she did not perform cures, they must be deceived, stupid fanatics indeed, who continued to go to her. It is the old story.

TOUCHING FOR SCROPHULA BY KINGS.

It is a curious question how far the cases attributed to touching by royal hands are to be credited. There are such numbers strongly attested that it is not readily to be all set down to base flattery or superstition. That such action should reside in kings, we must suppose to be not because they are kings, but that they are men with the mesmeric powers of men. These powers appear to be often effectually exerted by all sorts of men, and with accompaniments perfectly ridiculous, as from the blood of a royal so-called martyr, or a handkerchief brought from a tomb, as in the case of that of the Abbé Paris. In all these cases there is a strong faith in the recipient, and probably where that exists the amount of electrical or magnetic power in the manipulation need not be very great. In about half a dozen cases operated upon by Dr. Newton in my presence when he was in England, only two cures were performed, and they were on Spiritualists who had faith in his gift.

In some scarce tracts there are very curious cases of royal cures, namely:—

“The ceremonies for the healing of them that be diseased with king’s evil, used in the time of King Henry VII. Printed by H. Hills, 1636. London.”

“A miracle of miracles, wrought by the blood of King Charles I., of happy memory, upon a *mayd* at *Detford*, foure miles from London, who, by the violence of the disease called the king’s evil, was blinded one whole year; but by making use of a piece of handkerchief dipped in the King’s blood, is recovered of her sight, to the comfort of the King’s friends and astonishment of his enemies. The truth thereof many thousands can testifie. London, 1649.”

“A letter, sent to a noble lord of this kingdom, from an eminent divine, of a great miracle wrought by a piece of handkerchief dipped in his Majestie’s blood; the truth whereof he himself saw, and is ready to depose to it, and doth believe will be attested by 500 others if occasion require. 1659.”

“His Grace the Duke of Monmouth honoured in his progress in the West of England; in an account of a most extraordinary cure of the king’s evil, in a letter from Crookhern, in the county of Somerset, from the minister of the parish, and many others. Signed, Henry Clark, minister; John Stacky, clerk, and seven others. London, 1680.” Single sheet.

“Charisma Basilicon; or, the royal gift of healing strumaes,

or king's evil. By John Browne, chirurgeon in ordinary to his Majesty. London, 1684."

Authorities relating to the same, collected from the parties and their relatives; by the Rev. Mr. Robert Watts, LL.D., MS."

In this last work, we have the following "account of persons touched by his sacred Majesty, King Charles II., for the king's evil, from May, 1660, from a Register kept by Thomas Haynes, Esq., Serjeant of his Majesty's Chapel Royal:—

1660	6,725	1663	4,667
1661	4,619	1664	3,335
1662	4,271				

"Register kept by Mr. Thomas Donkley, Keeper of his Majesty's Closet, from May, 1667, to May, 1682:—

1667	3,073
1681	6,007
1682	8,477

The whole amounting to upwards of 921,000."

Now, there are most palpable causes of suspicion on the face of these facts—those of political and church partisanship. In the second place, if these cures were really effected by Charles II., the most debauched and selfish wretch who ever sat on a throne, most assuredly they were neither attributable to saintship, nor to the "divinity that doth hedge about a king;" but the ordinary possession of mesmeric power in the operator, and of faith in the recipient. But are we to believe that, from year to year in the single reign of the dissolute Charles, for 22 years, an average number of nearly 4,200 persons every year presented themselves for the royal touch, if it were notorious that no good proceeded from it? It is easier to believe that the kings—in this instance, his predecessors and successors—and the kings of France, too, possessed a mesmeric power, which, probably, almost every other person possesses, if he had faith and will to call it forth, than that for ages thousands of people yearly presented themselves for cure, if no cures were ever performed? The "Gullibles," as Mr. Melville Fay calls them, or the "large family of fools," in the phraseology of Oliver Goldsmith, in such a case, must be a large and gullible family indeed.

CONFESSIONS OF A NAVAL OFFICER.

These confessions run through two or three volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and amongst a variety of maritime adventures in different quarters of the globe, narrated in an easy, chatty tone, give some remarkable cases of dreams and presentiments from which I select the following:—

“On the score of superstition.”—The captain never thinks of such things as dates. The confessions given in 1809 and 1810, the time that of the great Buonaparte war, but these occurrences were evidently earlier. “Gibraltar was prepared just at that time. *L'Oriflame*, a well-appointed 40-gunship, had been taken by our *Isis* of 50. Captain Wheeler, immediately prior to close action sent for Mr. Deans, surgeon of the *Isis*, and entrusted to him certain particular injunctions about family concerns. The doctor attempted to parry funeral ideas, but was bluntly told—‘I know full well this day’s work, Cunningham will soon be your commander. All the circumstances of my life have been shown in dreams, my last hour is now come.’ He was killed early in the fight, and Lieutenant Cunningham succeeded to his command, and afterwards became post-captain in the *Oriflame* in Gibraltar Bay.”

“At the siege of Havannah, the *Namur* and *Valiant* took it day and day about to fight a sap-battery, and the relief of the people was effected every midnight, to save from observation of the Spanish garrison, one party’s approach and the others retreat. We had marched forty in number, a lieutenant leading, and myself, a midshipman, bringing up the rear, to relieve the *Valiant’s* party; William Moore, one of our men, made frequent calls to stop. These at length became quite frivolous, and finally Moore confessed that he had not stomach to fight, knowing that he should be killed. On coming up with the lieutenant, who blamed us for our delay, I was obliged to report Moore, and state the cause of delays. An officer, a hard-headed Scotchman, ridiculed his fears, and ordered a sword to be carried at his back. Moore, with an air of evident indignation stepped into line. We relieved the *Valiant*; there remained on the wall only a solitary gun, and our first discharge dismounted it. Elated with our success, all hands jumped upon the platform and gave three cheers, when a little devil of a gun took us in a line and knocked down five men. Moore, who was the first on the platform, was the first killed. From whence had Moore this fore-knowledge? He quoted no dream.

“In 1778, at the taking of Pondicherry, Captain John Fletcher, Captain De Morgan and Lieutenant Bosanquet, each distinctly foretold his own death on mornings of their fate.

“Captain O’Brien, of the *Chesterfield*, had been sent year after year to convey Indian ships from St. Helena to England, a tedious, creeping, hungry voyage, without any prospect of gain. Returning one November about the length of the Scilly Islands, a petty officer at six in the morning went to relieve another upon the fore-castle, whom he found upon his beam-ends, wrapped up comfortably under a foul-weather cloak. With a

rough shake and a "What cheer, dreamer?" this gentleman awoke, and presently related that they should catch a prize before breakfast. At daybreak never was there a sharper look-out. A strange vessel was seen, and captured actually before 8 o'clock, as had been foretold." Vol. LXXX., Part 2, p. 32.

Here steps in another correspondent, stimulated by the captain's narrative, and gives two cases of presentiment, which we may as well take in their turn:—"The first happened in 1760. On the morning of the battle of Warburg, in the last German war, a quarter-master of the second, or Queen's dragoon guards, a man of tried courage and long service, came to his lieutenant's tent, and complained of an unusual depression of spirits. Being rallied on his idle fears, and treated to some brandy, he went away, but soon returned, and declared that he was utterly unable to get the better of his impression; but that he determined to do his duty, as that would be his *last*. He commenced the fight bravely, and was the only man of his quarter-rank killed in the first charge with the enemy.

"The second instance occurred when the North Gloucester regiment of militia was encamped at Cox Heath, or on Warley Common—for I do not exactly recollect which—during the American war. A private of that corps, who was appointed sentry at the commanding officer's tent, upon the next relief begged the sergeant to allow him to exchange that duty with a comrade, whom he had agreed to pay, as he himself had had a dream that he should be killed upon that spot. The improbability of such a circumstance made the sergeant and all who heard it laugh heartily; and their raillery, and the representation of the folly of paying another on such a fanciful ground, induced him to do his own duty. But that very morning an officer's servant coming past with a gun on cock, and not aware of the fact, just as he came in front of the colonel's marquee, put his finger on the trigger; the gun went off, and shot the sentinel dead."

To return to our naval captain:—"Mrs. S. had sailed from Bombay with her husband and family on their final return to England, but the ship made a roundabout voyage by China. Arriving in Canton River, the ship dropped her passengers at Macao, a small island under Portuguese colours, but in reality controlled by the Chinese government. Females were not allowed to go up the river; but all the principal stores and baggage remained on board, whilst she ascended further. At Macao Mrs. S. dreamed that these were all burnt, and the first ebb of tide announced that at Whampoa the ship had been consumed to the water's edge. The loss was very considerable.

On another occasion Captain Lindsay, of the *Ajax*, whose

story is connected with this Mrs. S. when in Bengal, sold his share in the ship, and instead of purchasing goods for the market in England, took bills from the Calcutta treasury on London. This appeared so imprudent that his chief mate, Peter Maitland, earnestly expostulated with him, but in vain. Captain Lindsay only returned for answer, "John Crockatt has been with me, Peter; neither myself nor the *Ajax* will ever reach England again." So it proved; Captain Lindsay died at sea, and the *Ajax* was taken near Havre by two French ships of war.

The naval officer adds, "I meant to close the chapter of dreams, but the nearest naval friend I have, who was a commissioned officer before a drop of water rolled under my foot, insists that I shall tell another, or that he shall tell it; so I give it in his words." In the year 1755 was struck the first blow of a war eagerly waged by this nation to rid her colonies. To watch a squadron of the colleaguings French, several ships were sent towards America, and I had a berth in the cable-tier of the *Dunkirk*, under Captain Howe, then called Black Dick. Near the banks of Newfoundland, our butcher, as he turned out, told his dream. 'On this day, an enemy will give us battle, and I shall be the first man killed.' At sunrise, two strange sail were descried, and chase was given. "Well dreamt, old Poleaxe," sung out the watch below, as they were bolting up. On coming up with one of these ships, she proved to be the *Alcide*, a French ship of war. Every shot from either ship told, and the first broadside killed and wounded 18 of our men; and among the former, our butcher received his knock-down blow.'" Vol. LXXX., Part 2, p. 323.

REV. T. L. HARRIS.

WE find the following in the *Independent* of Laporte, Indiana, United States:—

A friend wrote to us to know the whereabouts of Mr. T. L. Harris, and what he is doing, saying that he heard that he had returned from England wealthy, and had bought a farm. All the information we can give is that he has been located some years at Wassaie, N. Y., where he cultivated grapes, established a national bank and a flouring mill. He has recently sold out at Wassaie, bank and all, and purchased land near Cleveland, on the lake shore, where he is going extensively into the vine culture. I am not aware that any religious movement is on hand. The whole affair presents nothing more than a common business concern. His few followers contend that he has some grand end in view, for which manual labour is to form the foundation; but we recollect that when he went into the banking concern, it was going to revolutionize the whole system of finance. These mountains in labour bring forth nothing.

SPIRITUAL DISCOVERIES OF THE FRENCH
MAGNETISTS PRIOR TO THE OUTBREAK
OF SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

Répétons-le, le magnétisme a été le préparateur, l'annonciateur de l'intervention générale du monde invisible sur notre monde, qui caractérise au plus haut point le mouvement actuel de notre époque, et en constitue l'originalité et la solennité. Le magnétisme est le trail d'union entre le spiritisme secret et souvent voilé du passé, et le spiritisme patent et universel de l'avenir.

ONE of the most extraordinary facts connected with Spiritualism, though it has been made public in France, has as yet received no notice whatever in this country. It has formed the great topic of two popular works and has been commented on by the French journals—some of them, as *La Vérité* of Lyons, now, more is the pity, no longer in existence—giving ample details of the discovery. This remarkable fact is no other than that the Magnetists of France anticipated by at least half a century the revelations made at Hydesville, in the United States, in 1848. This great fact is brought to light by the publication of the correspondence of the two celebrated French magnetic philosophers, Messrs. Billot and Deleuze, in two volumes, in 1836. It has been strongly recommended to the French Spiritualists to reprint them. Though they were published in 1836, the correspondence commenced in 1829, and in it we find M. Billot asserting that there are none of these marvellous things that he has not witnessed during these last thirty years. This carries his knowledge of spiritual phenomena back as far as 1789, the period of the commencement of the French Revolution, into the period, in fact, of Lavater, Jung-Stilling, Kerner, Goethe, San Martin, &c. These phenomena, not only known to but avowed by those distinguished men, were, it now appears, equally well known to MM. Billot and Deleuze, who, as scientific men, had not, however, dared to reveal them. The sects of the Initiated and the Illuminati were well acquainted with these phenomena in the 17th and 18th centuries, and the only difference to note is that then they were familiar only to a few who kept the knowledge of them to a certain extent secret, and that now they are familiar to the public at large. But there is another circumstance especially noteworthy in this discovery of Spiritualism amongst the Magnetists, which is, that this class of scientific men has been as a body stoutly opposed to the admission of Spiritualism as a fact. In England, we know with what pertinacity Dr. Elliotson and

others resisted for many years the conviction that spiritual phenomena underlay those of magnetism, or in other words, Mesmerism. So in France, Dupotet, Morin, and the rest of them fought hard against this conviction, and so much so that M. Morin, the successor of Baron Dupotet, has constantly resisted the invitations of the Spiritualists to witness spiritual phenomena.

Here, however, we have the curious fact of two of the most celebrated magnetic philosophers of France, avowing after a concealment of the fact through a career of half a century, that they all the time, whilst prosecuting their magnetical inquiries, had become fully aware of other and still more wonderful phenomena supervening and arising out of those inquiries which they prosecuted with no such expectations. They arose like apparitions upon them, startling and astonishing them like the genius which stood before Aladdin when he rubbed his lamp, meaning only to polish it, and with no idea further from his mind than that his friction was the invocation of a spirit. So MM. Billot and Deleuze, experimenting only in magnetism, and expecting none but strictly natural though abstruse results, found that they were pressing on those secret and mysterious springs and laws of life which awake the attention of the inhabitants of the invisible, and cause them to manifest their presence.

It is still more remarkable that these two great Magnetists—who had published, each, work after work, and whose names were famous in that science—did not work in company or with a knowledge of each other's proceedings. They had each their own avowed theory, differing greatly one from the other, and these they had propounded and defended with that zeal and pertinacity which the leaders in science often do, till they had acquired a certain character of antagonism. All this time, however, their writings bore to the ordinary reader no traces of anything but the legitimate facts and doctrines of magnetism. But to these great antagonist magnates of science there was something in their language which awoke a more than ordinary sensation in each other, and opening a correspondence, they began to approach each other, putting forth the delicate feelers of an intense curiosity, grounded on a conviction that each possessed secret knowledge that he had not yet laid open to the light, and that this knowledge was, in reality, the property of both. They had each a consciousness that whilst they had been going along separate and even hostile paths, they had been treading the very same enchanted ground, and were twins in a life which they had hitherto hidden from each other and from mankind.

On the 24th of March, 1829, M. Deleuze wrote to M. Billot, complaining that certain Magnetizers made their experiments

out of mere curiosity. To this implied censure Billot replied, on the 9th of April, that modern Magnetizers had many humiliations to suffer from the jealousies of their *confrères*, but he now abandoned his cause to God, who had done great things for him. "Yes!" said he, advancing more boldly, "I have seen, I have understood all that it is permitted to man to see and know!" Still going further in his enthusiasm, and stimulated by the conviction that Deleuze himself had arrived at discoveries like his own, he says, "Permit me to observe that all that you write seems to me to betray *une arrière pensée*. Your theory is only a solemn ruse to avoid scandalising the *esprits forts* who will have nothing of the positive."

The ice was now broken, and the two great Magnetists proceed to make a clean breast of it to each other. M. Billot, nevertheless, is by far the most open and ready to throw off the cautious disguise that they both had worn for so many years. It turns out in the end that they have seen nearly all the phenomena of modern Spiritualism—apparitions, elevations of the person into the air, the fact of material substances being brought by spirits, obsessions and possessions by spirits, and nearly all the wonders which the ancient philosophers and the priests of different churches have declared as truths—and all this, be it remembered, long before the knockings at Hydesville opened up the great drama of renewed spirit-intercourse in our time. But it will be interesting to trace this remarkable correspondence a little further in its natural course.

On the 27th February, 1830, M. Billot writes to M. Deleuze, assuring him that he stated to him the whole truth regarding the extraordinary phenomena manifested through his clairvoyante, Mademoiselle Mathieu, and that he will never deviate from this in his communication of his experiences; and he proceeds to reveal to him things which, he says, he will probably regard as reveries, and then adds, "You would not have combatted the theory of spirits for these forty years if, like me, you had had under your eyes and your hands the masses of facts which have compelled me to adopt it." He then gives some curious facts concerning a clairvoyante in a state of wakefulness.

Deleuze, on the 15th of May, avows that he has seen lucids in that state. "Dr. Chase," he says, "reports having seen the same; and then he makes the candid confession—"I have suppressed many things in my works, because it was not yet the time to disclose them." Billot, on the 16th of June, touches on certain particulars of somnambulism, which Deleuze in his writings had effected to treat as inexplicable; but he insinuates that he is quite satisfied that they now understand each other on these points. After referring to various passages in Deleuze's

writings—"between us, Monsieur," continues Billot, "what need of so much reserve? In spite of your reticences, I understand you."

In his reply on the 24th of September, Deleuze treats of matter at great length, and at first professes to think that the only thing which proves the communication of spirits with us, are apparitions; but again, thawing a little more, he says, if his health permit, he will write an article in the *Hermes* on psychical phenomena, in which he will free himself from the reserve which he too, hitherto, imposed on himself, and of which M. Billot has divined the real cause. "These facts," he says, "are now so numerous and so well known that it is time to speak the truth."

On the 24th of June, 1831, M. Billot wrote to M. Deleuze, that in reading his works, he had seen that certain phenomena had been already familiar to him before he himself had entered on his career, and that there was nothing of the marvellous of which he had not been a witness during the thirty or forty years of his magnetic experience. "If you have not made mention of these things," he added, "you have lost your reason for keeping silence." To this M. Deleuze, on the 9th of July, replied that he had designedly avoided the statement of marvellous facts, considering it not always necessary to shew these to the incredulous, as being indeed not the most likely way to convince them.

Billot then went on much further with his cautious correspondent, who, though he did not reveal much, was forced to confess that his friend had penetrated into his secret, and that he knew a great deal. "The time," said M. Billot, "is come when I ought to have no further concealment from you. I repeat that I have seen and known all that it is permitted to man to see and know. I have been witness of an extacy, not such as Dr. Bertrand imagines, but I have seen magnetic clairvoyants with stigmata. I have seen obsessions and possessions, which have been dissipated by a single word; I have seen many other things, which others have seen also, but which the spirit of this age has not permitted them to reveal. I am an *esprit fort*, and that which the priests have not been able to do now for many years, magnetism has accomplished. The truths of religion have been demonstrated by it."

He then proceeds to relate some of these revelations, which very much resemble the teachings of the ancient philosophers, mingled with that of Christianity—doctrines which prepared the way for the inculcations of Spiritualism. Superior intelligences, he says, presented themselves; presided at *séances*, and manifested themselves by the delicious odours which they diffused around them. The ambrosia of the Mythologists; the odour of

sanctity of the Church were discovered to be realities. Evil and unclean spirits also presented themselves; but the clairvoyants immediately recognised them (July 23, 1831). These and other statements, M. Billot says, which he extracted from the journals of the *séances*, could never have seen the light of day, had he not deemed it for the interest of the great science to confide them to the bosom of prudent and discreet friendship; and on the 9th of September he announces that he is about to proceed to more substantial proofs of the apparition of spirits, such, as he says, it will be impossible to deny or to diminish; for these spirits were tangible; you both saw and touched them. Perhaps, he adds, M. Deleuze may think these things a little too marvellous for belief; but his doubt will no longer be pardonable when he may touch them himself, and touch them again. What he says on September 30th, must convince the most sceptical; there is neither illusion nor vision; he and his co-secretaries have seen and felt, and he calls God to witness the truth of it.

On the 6th of November, 1831, Deleuze writes, that he is greatly grieved that the state of his health and his great age will not permit him to make a journey to see M. Billot, as he most anxiously desires. That the immortality of the soul is proved to him, and the possibility of communicating with spirits; but that personally he has not seen facts equal to those cited by Billot. Nevertheless, persons worthy of all confidence have made the like reports to him. "I have this morning," he continues, "seen a very distinguished physician, who has related to me some of your facts, without naming you, and gave me many others of a like character. Amongst others, his clairvoyants caused material objects to present themselves. I know not what to think of all this, though I am as certain of the sincerity of my medical friend, as I am of yours. I cannot conceive how spiritual beings are able to carry material objects." M. Billot on the 25th of June, 1832, wrote that in the doctrine of Spiritualism the question is not of *opinions* but of *facts*: these are the things which lead to the truth, but neither the magnetizers nor the magnetized can reproduce these at will. He denies the assertions of some that somnambulists have the power to cause material substances to be light at will.

The writer of the articles in *La Verité*, accepts this last assertion as a proof that the phenomena exhibited through the Davenportes are not genuine, because they can invariably obtain them. This is again an instance of persons theorizing on what they have not put to the test of experiment. The writer living at Lyons, has, it may be confidently assumed, never seen the Davenportes, and, therefore, rashly assumes the truth of an assertion of M. Billot, in the face of a widely and familiarly

known fact. The phenomena of the Davenports are both genuine and reproducible with almost perfect certainty on all occasions. The reason is that the Davenports are more thoroughly developed mediums for psycho-physical phenomena than any M. Billot had seen.

On another occasion M. Deleuze remarks that "the clairvoyant seizes *rappports* innumerable. He catches them with an extreme rapidity; he runs, in a minute, through a series of ideas which, under ordinary circumstances, would demand many hours. Time seems to disappear before him. He is himself astonished at the variety and rapidity of these reflections. He is led to attribute them to the inspiration of another intelligence. Anon, he perceives in himself this new being. He considers himself in the clairvoyant sleep a different person from himself awake. He speaks of himself in the third person; as some one whom he has known, on whom he comments, whom he advises, and in whom he takes more or less interest: as if himself in somnambulism and himself awake were two different persons." M. Deleuze finishes by urging M. Billot to publish his experiences, but with his habitual caution counsels him to suppress the most astounding facts. Billot heroically determines to victimize himself for the truth, to brave the sarcasms of the learned—"For," he observes, "to talk of spirits in France, where the majority of the Magnetists hold fast by their accepted theory, of merely material agencies, is to become an object of contemptuous pity." He was also aware of another difficulty—the uncertainty of securing successful *séances*: which whilst the causes affecting them are but partially understood, so often fail in the presence of the determinedly sceptical. These facts will only convince those who witness them, and often at the moment of exhibiting them, they disappear altogether, and create a triumph for the incredulous. They had yet to learn, that none but the earnest seeker of the truth will be able to obtain such phenomena,—an atmosphere of candour being as necessary for their development as sunshine, and not snow, is necessary for the development of delicate flowers and rich fruit.

Such was the correspondence of the two celebrated Magnetists, at a time when Spiritualism in its present phase was yet unheard of. The great facts of spiritual life thus bursting upon them in pursuance of their scientific experiments in magnetism, and in opposition to all their prejudices, as well as most contrary to their expectations, must be regarded as one of the most curious and most interesting events in the annals of Spiritualism. Besides the transport of material objects by invisible agents, the spirits which appeared to them, were solid to the touch as they have so often made themselves since; living persons were elevated

in the air in their *séances*. Dr. Schmidt, of Vienna, and Dr. Charpignon, of Orleans, also give some striking cases of delicious odours, or cadaverous effluvia issuing from pure or impure spirits which presented themselves: the most startling communications of facts otherwise unknown were made, and they had cases of obsession and possession as well as of successful exorcism.

After all the confessions of M. Deleuze, he afterwards was greatly tempted, like Sir David Brewster, to recover favour with his scientific and incredulous cotemporaries. Becoming one of the chiefs of magnetic initiation, he endeavoured to weaken or to neutralize the force of his avowals. A gentleman well instructed in these mysteries, wrote to him thus: "You have endeavoured to fortify your readers in your journal, against the system of the Magnetists of the North, who admit superhuman powers as intermediates in certain magnetic phenomena. I would take the liberty of observing to you that this is not at all a system with them, but the simple enunciation of a fact, that a great number of their somnambulists, raised to a high degree of lucidity, have asserted that they were illuminated and conducted by a spiritual guide." The answer of Deleuze is worthy of attention. "The facts which seem to prove the communications of souls separated from matter with those who are still united to it, are innumerable, as I know. These are existent in all religions, are believed by all nations, are recorded in all histories, may be collected in society, and the phenomena of magnetism present a great number of them. Yes, a great number of somnambulists have affirmed that they have conversed with spiritual intelligences; they have been inspired and guided by them: and I will tell you why I have thought it best not to insist on such facts and proofs of spirit-communication. It is because I have feared that it might excite the imagination, might trouble human reason, and lead to dangerous consequences." Deleuze did not, when thus challenged, walk backwards out of his previous avowals like some on this side of the water; he was only timid and cautious—not untruthful. The frank bravery of M. Billot in regard to a truth which he knew would be unpopular, is deserving of the highest praise.

The author of these valuable papers has given a number of other instances amongst the Magnetists who have arrived at the same conclusions as MM. Billot and Deleuze in the same manner. They have found themselves in contact with unmistakable spirits, when they have been expecting merely the operations of magnetic laws. Amongst these were M. Bertrand, physician, and member of the Royal Society of Sciences. Baron Dupotet declared that he had rediscovered in magnetism the

spiritology of the ancients, and that he himself believed in the world of spirits. "Let the *savan*," he says, "reject the doctrine of spiritual appearances as one of the grand errors of the past ages, but the profound inquirer of to-day is compelled to believe this by a serious examination of facts" (*Journal du Magnetism*, 1852, 1st series.) Dupotet asserts the truth of all the powers assumed by antiquity and by the church; by all religions, indeed, such as working miracles and healing the sick. "When," he says, "lightning, or other powerful agents of nature, produce formidable effects, nobody is astonished; but let an unknown element startle us, let this element appear to obey thought, then reason rejects it, and, nevertheless, it is a truth; for we have seen and felt the effects of this terrible power." Terrible, however, only when nature is not understood as Spiritualism has revealed it. "If," adds Dupotet, "the knowledge of ancient magic is lost, the facts remain on which to reconstruct it." He exclaims—"No more doubt, no more uncertainty, magic is rediscovered." He then gives a number of phenomena produced of a most extraordinary kind, and laughs at those brave champions of science who, far from danger, talk with a loud and firm tone, reason on just what they themselves know, and pay no regard to the practical knowledge of others; who, in fact, hug their doubts, as we, with more reason, hug our faith. These avowals were made in 1840, long before the American phenomena or those of Vienna were heard of. But as Spiritualism began to shew itself as a distinct faith, the majority of Magnetists took the alarm. They who, like Messieurs Bertrand, D'Hunin, Puységur, and Seguin, had stood on the very threshold of Spiritualism, began to step back a step or two, and to shroud themselves in mystery, and to shake their heads at the prospect of awful consequences in pushing further on such a path. "The magnetic forces cannot be explained," said Puységur, "We have no organs," said M. Morin, "for discovering spiritual beings." "The real causes of apparitions, of objects displaced, of suspensions, and of a great portion of the marvellous," said D'Hunin and Bertrand, "is inscrutable." Seguin, who thought that magnetism would revolutionize the whole of science—starts, and stands still—he finds himself on the brink of a precipice. Inaccessible to danger, however, M. Seguin would wish to pursue his researches, but wisdom commands him to stop on the edge of an abyss, which no man, he affirms, can ever pass with impunity.

What is the precipice which M. Seguin and his fellow-Magnetists see at their feet? Simply, the precipice of Spiritualism. The spiritual world opens before them when they desire only to deal with this. In the words of Baron Dupotet—"There is an agent in space, whence we ourselves, our inspiration and our

intelligence proceed, and that agent is the spiritual world which surrounds us." A step further, and the Magnetists were aware that they must cut the cable which held them to the rest of the scientific world, and float away into the ocean of spiritual causation. They must consent to forfeit the name of philosophers, and to suffer that of fanatics in the mouths of the material *savans*. There was a danger of their science merging into Theology and Religion. They were not prepared for this mighty leap, and there was no alternative but to shut their eyes and retreat into the regions of the material. The ostriches of modern science—they strive to thrust their heads into the first bank, and hope that the world of discovery will cease to revolve with them. It cannot be. We have arrived at the threshold of the world of causes, and the eternal procession of the Divine plans will force us into it. The apparitions which the Magnetists have seen will come again and again, for they are at our doors, and about our very chairs and beds. The telegraphic cable is laid between the two worlds, and there will be found those at each end who will continue to send messages to and fro. The Magnetists thus startled by unlooked-for sights, will have more and more of them. The very elements of their science are the elements which connect men and the angels, and they cannot tamper long with them without the invisibles, on whom they inevitably operate, ever and anon, shouting to them—"What are you about there?" They will have repeatedly to make the same confessions, late perhaps, but inevitable, of MM. Billot and Deleuze, that the truth is there and it must out. Amen.

Cahagnet should have been included amongst these Magnetists, but we propose to devote to him a more detailed notice.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

"WHO CARES?"

IN a recent article in the *Star*, abounding in those misstatements of Spiritualism for which that journal stands pre-eminent, it advises scientific men to have nothing to do with inquiry into the manifestations. "Science had much better let them alone." Such manifestations whatever they come from, may defy scientific inquiry," and "scientific men" who "look rather foolish when they get into such controversies," all admonished to "mind their own business, and trouble themselves not with Spiritualism. We hope Professor Tyndall, to whom this advice is specially tendered,

will be duly grateful for it. Let science, if it will, acknowledge itself incompetent to explain the manifestations; but in that case, let us no more hear that "Spiritualism is disproved by science." Science must either renounce the lofty pretensions so universally set up for her, or make good the claim, by fair, careful, patient observation and inquiry, pursued in the true scientific method.

But even "suppose there is some hitherto unknown eccentric force, in nature or supernature," which produces these manifestations and messages, the *Star* asks—"What then? We are inclined even to ask Who cares?" This inquiry, we fear, is but too faithful a reflex of the popular mind, under the blind guides that lead it. Spiritualism, say our public instructors, is pure humbug; or if it be not legerdemain and ankle-snapping, it is mesmerism, or "some hitherto unknown eccentric force;" or if not a new force, it is the old force—the devil; or—"who cares?" This last is the latest phase of modern sadduceism? Do the spirits "come to tell us anything worth knowing? That is, will Spiritualism pay? Will it put money in our purses? Will it add to our respectability? Will it tell us what consols will be? or who will be the winner of the Derby? Will it give us a new force that we can put in harness and set to work for us? If it can do none of these things—"who cares?" It has solved the problem which has divided and perplexed the thinkers of all ages—it has demonstrated the future life and the existence of a spirit-world; but "who cares?" It has banished the darkness of unbelief from the minds of millions, and established in its place a conviction of the certainty of the fundamental truths of religion; but "who cares?" It has done what neither science nor sermons had been able to effect in stemming that dark tide of materialism which had swept over the continents of Europe and America; but—"who cares?" It has established a telegraph and opened up communications between the visible and the invisible worlds; but—"who cares?" It has thrown light on the facts of history and of Scripture, and of the laws which govern the relations of mind and matter; but—"who cares?" It has given us clearer and brighter views of Divine Providence, of the purposes of human life, of our destiny in the great hereafter, and of the character of that spirit-world of which we are the citizens; but—"who cares?" It has brought hope, strength and consolation to bereaved and sorrowing hearts all the world over; but—"who cares?" Truly there are Scribes and Sadducees in England as there were in Judea who would not "be persuaded though one rose from the dead." Should such a manifestation occur they would soon persuade themselves it was only an "optical delusion," or at

most "some hitherto unknown eccentric force in nature or supernature." And unless it would tell them "something worth knowing," they would only ask concerning it—"who cares?"

ELONGATION AND SHORTENING OF THE BODY.

In a recent number of the *Banner of Light* is a letter by Mrs. Emma Hardinge, relating some particulars as to Spiritualism in London, one paragraph is as follows:—"I presume your readers may have seen in some of the English periodicals accounts of Mr. D. D. Home's last exhibition of phenomenal power, which consists in the extraordinary fact of his body being *elongated*. He appears during the process to be in his normal state, laughs and jokes over it, invites witnesses to place their hands on his feet to note that they are flat on the ground, and that the motion is in no way influenced by any muscular action of his own. The process appears to go on chiefly in the trunk between the ribs, and extends the body until his head rises up against the wall by measurement from five to eight inches. The phenomenon takes place in brilliantly lighted rooms, and conveys the most undefinable and strange aspect to the elongated medium. I have seen this remarkable phenomenal act three times, and on the last occasion it was succeeded by Mr. Home's being shortened, and without the least appearance of any voluntary contraction of the joints or motion from himself. I observed him actually and I may say fairly shortened, until he appeared to be a stumpy little man of about five feet high."

"DAYBREAK."

The first rays of *Daybreak* have reached us, and, no doubt, ere this, have penetrated into many a welcome home. It is a small, unpretending sheet—"a journal of facts and thoughts in relation to spirit-communion," specially suitable for extensive circulation among working-class people, and inquirers generally, and for distribution at public meetings where Spiritualism is the topic. The main object of the publication is thus stated:—

We, of course, set out chiefly to commend to the earnest attention of all the facts of "spirit-communion." We hold that such communion is both possible and lawful,—nay, that it may, with due care, become most helpful and beneficial. We hold that the evidence of this is both varied and abundant, and that any one who is really in earnest, as a lowly seeker after truth, may easily become acquainted with the facts on which we rely. We shall, therefore, prefer rather to furnish *aids to enquirers* than to provide evidence to supersede enquiry. Our work is to investigate the laws that govern or regulate communion between the material and the spiritual worlds, to point to promising fields where honest

investigators may reap results, and, generally, to encourage seekers in this vast and wonderful science now once more presenting itself to the minds, and appealing to the hearts of earnest men.

The editor invites the hearty co-operation of all who sympathise with this purpose, and says, "But we particularly invite all to send us *questions*, which, to the best of our ability, we will answer." We are informed that the secretary of a Spiritualist society in this country has received during the past year 1,800 letters of inquiry concerning Spiritualism,—a sign that the subject is quietly but steadily arresting public attention. If Mr. Hopps's invitation meets with a like liberal response, he will soon have his hands and his paper full, and *Daybreak* will be a *Spiritual* "Notes and Queries."

VISIONS.

A relative of mine was returning, some 50 years since, from the Cape of Good Hope, with a little girl about six years of age. Early one morning, when at sea, this child cried violently, and stated she had seen her mother, whom she had left at the Cape in good health. The child was pacified with difficulty, and a note was taken of the hour when the vision was supposed to have been seen. Subsequently, it appeared that the child's mother had died about the same time.

The late Captain Mott, R.N., knew a sailor, who, when on the night watch, would see sights and hear noises in the rigging, and the sea, which kept him in a perpetual state of alarm. One day he stated that the devil, whom he knew by his horns and cloven feet, stood by the side of his hammock the preceding night, and stated he had only three days to live. He repeated this statement, having had a second warning. On the morning of the fatal day he went with others to the topmast, to perform some duty amongst the rigging; he bade his messmates farewell, stating he had received a third warning from Satan, and he should be dead before night. He went aloft with the foreboding of evil on his mind, and in less than five minutes he lost his hold, fell upon the deck and was killed immediately.

"THE SECRET OF SPIRITUALISTIC SEANCES DIVULGED."

Since the time when Mrs. Gamp *divulged* certain important secrets to Mrs. Harris, nothing so mysterious has been told to the public, than what appeared in the *Scientific Review* for June in the shape of a letter from JEAN BAPTISTE MANNET, *Bachelier de Lettres, &c.*, and which the editor has published

under the above title. The letter is dated the 1st May, but should have been written on the first day of the previous month, for it is a fine example of the *poisson d'Avril*. Our scientific men and periodicals are showing up very badly just now.

The "divulging" is as follows:—

The "workers" (*exploiteurs*) of spiritualistic *séances* work on the mind alone,—the proceedings may well be called *spiritual séances*,—and since no one appears to have had the opportunity, or the courage, to divulge the true nature of this species of gross imposture, pray allow me to give you the following simple narrative:—

Whilst residing in London about twelve months ago, as you are aware, I accompanied some friends to several of these *séances*, and was not long in observing that one of the conditions essential to the success of every *séance*, or in other terms, to render "the spirits favourably disposed," was to partake of tea or some kind of *refreshment* before the *séance* began. If I remember rightly, we paid five shillings each, or some such amount, and the "tea, &c." was included.

Now you know that I have been for several years interested in the investigation of the physiological effects of certain narcotic drugs, having begun some experiments on this subject during my prolonged residence in the East, and I was not a little surprised, after partaking of the "tea, &c.," at the very first of these *séances*, to feel coming on the—to me exceedingly familiar—effects of hemp-resin or *haschish*! *The dose thus fraudulently administered must have been tolerably strong*, for, accustomed as I have been to experiment on hemp and similar drugs, its effects were, nevertheless, very powerful; this may have arisen, however, from the circumstance that I had not previously taken any for more than a year.

I will not stay here to dilate upon the effects—spiritual effects—that can thus be easily brought about. The action of hemp-resin is well known to European physiologists since the experiments of Dr. Moreau, Professor De Luca and others in France, and Dr. O'Shaughnessy in England. It will be sufficient for me to state that *the success of a spiritualistic séance depends upon the fantastic effects produced by this potent drug*. The usual exhilarating effects of small doses are, when larger doses are administered, quickly followed by an intense feeling of *bien-être*, a peculiar sense of happiness; it is, if we may so express it, a feeling of intense intellectual happiness. Shortly, however, another effect supervenes; the power of controlling the thoughts vanishes gradually, judgment disappears, and the mind becomes the faithful slave of any fantastic idea that may arise, or that is impressed upon it by any person present. In fact, we believe, or rather, *we realise most completely, everything that is said to us*. It is not unusual, at the same time, to feel oneself rising in the air; in fact, when simply walking across a room it is impossible not to feel that you are walking in the air, and not upon the ground; all sense of distance is completely gone, and in taking a few steps you imagine, or rather you feel, that you are travelling for miles.

You may now fancy some four or five *imbéciles* undergoing a *séance*! *If the "tea" or "refreshment" is, perchance, refused*, "the spirits are not propitious," or "the *séance* is, unfortunately, not possible to-night;" the impostors are "very sorry, but it will be necessary to come another evening," &c.

Fortunately for the deluded individuals upon whom this simple trick is practised, the taking of one dose of the poisonous drug is not usually followed by very serious consequences; otherwise, had some fatal accident occurred, the matter would long since have been investigated by some of your learned barristers.

"THE SCIENTIFIC REVIEW" ON THE INCAUTIOUS PROFESSOR.

"While we write these lines, a correspondence is going on *apropos* of Spiritualism between Mr. Home and Professor Tyndall. It appears that the late Dr. Faraday had communicated with some of Mr. Home's friends, who desired that

this great philosopher and good and sensible man should test, by actual experiments, the alleged facts of Spiritualism. The mantle of the departed prophet seems to have fallen on one who, whatever others may think, is, in his own opinion at least, thoroughly competent to succeed to the prophetic honours. Elisha Tyndall, accordingly, publishing a letter from Faraday, stating conditions under which he would experiment upon the spirits, winds up with the following postscript:—

“*P.S.*—I hold myself in readiness to witness and investigate in the spirit of the foregoing letter, such phenomena as Mr. Home may wish to reveal to me during the month of June.’ Oh that inveterate *I* of Dr. Tyndall! Will no kind friend tell him that self-assertion is but a fool’s fame? Is the first personal pronoun the only one in the grammar from which the new philosopher of Albemarle Street learned his English? We have already had occasion to comment on this weakness to which one of our great lights of science is unfortunately subject. We have already shown that in a page taken at random from one of his purely scientific treatises, the stark staring bold capital occurs no less than eight times. We admire Dr. Tyndall’s genius, we applaud his efforts in the pursuit of science, but we do seriously advise him to keep Dr. Tyndall a little more in the background, and to push the subject of his disquisitions somewhat more towards the front.

“In his correspondence with Mr. Home, *we cannot help thinking that the philosopher gets rather the worst of it.*”

The following is the copy of a letter, in April, 1864, from Professor De Morgan, to Mr. Joseph Paul, F.R.G.S:—

“Dear Sir,—I am perfectly satisfied that phenomena such as you describe are genuine, and this from what I have seen, and heard on evidence which I cannot doubt. What they arise from I cannot tell.

“The physical phenomena which you describe are beyond all explanation, but still there may be physical forces we know nothing of. The mental phenomena are vastly more difficult; there must be, so far as we can see, some unseen intelligence mixed up in the matter. Spirit or no spirit, there is at least a reading of one mind by something out of that mind.

“Yours truly,

“A. DE MORGAN.”

A SINGULAR DREAM VERIFIED.

The *Banner of Progress* (San Francisco) relates the following:—“While the plague was at its height in Alexandria, a Mohammedan merchant dreamed that eleven persons would die of the plague in his house. When he awoke he remembered the dream; and there being exactly eleven persons in the house, himself included, he became uneasy. His alarm increased, when, on the following day, the wife, two female slaves, and three children, died; but he became quite certain that his death was at hand, when, on the fourth day, his two remaining children, a woman servant, and an old man servant, sunk into the grave,

He accordingly made his preparations to pass into eternity—related his dream to some of his friends, and begged them to make inquiry every morning, and in case he should be dead, have him buried with the usual solemnities.

A cunning thief, who had heard the circumstance, took advantage of the merchant's fright to open his door in the night and when the terrified man called out, "Who's there?" to answer, "I am the Angel of Death," in order, while the merchant concealed himself underneath the bedclothes, and was quite beside himself, to pack up what effects he could find in the house and carry them away. Unluckily for him, he was seized with the plague and died on the stairs. The merchant, however, did not venture for many hours to put his head from under the bedclothes, till at length his friends came, heard from him what had happened, found the effects, recognized the thief, discovered the truth, and confirmed the strange accomplishment of the dream."

THE ROYAL SOCIETY PROFESSORS AND SPIRITUALISM.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN PROFESSOR FARADAY AND
THOMAS SHERRATT.

WE said in our last number that we should probably give some further letters of Professor Faraday of a subsequent date to that to Sir Emerson Tennent. We do this more to satisfy Professor Tyndall than our readers, because by this time they must have formed their opinion as to the value of Professor Faraday, Sir D. Brewster, and Professor Tyndall as unprejudiced inquirers. We wonder if Professor Tyndall will like to express publicly his approval of these petulant and conceited letters of Professor Faraday's, which display as much ignorance of the subject as they do arrogance in treating it.

We put no value whatever upon the adverse opinions expressed by Faraday, Brewster, and Tyndall; and to be consistent we would place no value whatever upon their favourable opinions had they expressed them. The defect is in their judgment, which has been proved to be so faulty, that we consider them as out of the question for the future as for the past.

Westmoreland Place,
Westbourne Grove North, W. Bayswater,
March 17th, 1862.

Sir,—Seeing in a leading article of the *Times* last Saturday, that you have a means of testing the table movements at spiritual *séances*, I venture to leave this note, asking as a favour that you will allow our small circle (three in number) to sit in your presence, either at our residence or your own, yourself joining it or not as you think fit. My object, indeed I may say *our* object, is to ascertain by the strict scrutiny of competent judges of magnetic forces, the verification of the communications, undoubtedly made to us, as being of a spiritual nature or otherwise. Until this last six months we were Tyros in matters of this kind, but our experiences since then, have been (to us at least) so surprising, that I have kept a list of them, which at some time will be interesting for perusal. I beg to say we are not connected in any way with the recognized mediums, and sincerely hoping you will give your consent for our sitting as before mentioned.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
THOMAS SHERRATT, Junr.

M. Faraday, Esq., F.R.S., &c., &c.

P.S.—Our circle consists (with myself), of my sister (the medium), and her husband.

Mr. Faraday's compliments to Mr. Sherratt—he refers him to the *Times* of June 30th, 1853, and to the *Athenæum* of July 2nd, 1853, for the method he employed for the investigation of table motions. He has no intention of returning to the subject.
17th March, 1862.

9, Westmoreland Place,
Westbourne Grove North, Bayswater,
31st October, 1864.

Sir,—I wrote to you some two-and-a-half years since about certain manifestations which had occurred to myself and relatives, of a kind generally known as of a spiritual character. I have been induced to keep an account of them, and the two numbers of the Magazine, which I take the liberty of inclosing, contain each a paper of mine on that subject. I would beg to call your attention more especially to that in No. 10, as being, as far as it goes, a result of our experiences; Magnetism being the means of producing them, but as that is a comprehensive word, I must leave others more skilled than myself therein, to define the

peculiar kind of production of those phenomena. Mr. T. J. Pettigrew, whom I have the pleasure of knowing, stated some time back in his *Obituary of the Associates of the British Archæological Association*, that Mr. W. Newton (whom I also knew), had been, when young, a member with himself of a society formed for the investigation of scientific subjects and which had resulted in much good to all; and if I am rightly informed, you was also a member thereof. I hope, therefore, that you will look on the inclosed as an effort to follow in that direction, humble and distant though it be.

Allow me, with the greatest respect to remain, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

THOMAS SHERRATT.

Professor Faraday, F.R.S., &c., &c., &c.

1st November, 1864.

Sir,—I beg to thank you for your papers, but have wasted more thought and time on so-called spiritual manifestation than it has deserved; unless the spirits are utterly contemptible *they* will find means to draw my attention. How is it that *your name* is not signed to the testimony that you give? Are you doubtful even whilst you publish? I see no evidence that any natural or unnatural power is concerned in the phenomena, that required investigation or deserves it. *If I could insult the spirits* or move them to make themselves honestly manifest I would do it, but I cannot, and am weary of them.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

Thomas Sherratt, Esq.

M. FARADAY.

9, Westmoreland Place,
Westbourne Grove North, Bayswater,
3rd November, 1864.

Sir,—I have just had your letter, and trust you will pardon me for saying a few words in reply. I believe, Sir, that the power, spiritual or magnetic, or whatever it may be ultimately found to be (although from my experience of it, I believe it to be spiritual), would manifest itself to you, if you could be induced to sit at a *séance* with your mind prepared to do justice to any manifestations which might occur; it may be that you have sat, and possibly nothing occurred—as such things often happen to us—all I can say is, try again, and again, and you are sure to obtain them ultimately. Respecting my name not being in full to the papers in the Magazine, I beg to say that it is not customary in those publications to put the name in full. The editor, of course, knows me; and that particular Magazine has somewhat of a local status, it being undertaken by the

clerks of the Great-Western Railway Company. I am consequently well known to the majority of its readers. But besides that, I have inserted communications in the *Spiritual Magazine* and *Spiritual Times*, in several instances with my name and address in full. I am also a member of the Spirit Power Institute, and can assure you that in my own mind there are no doubts whatever of the nature of these manifestations. At the latter part of your letter you say if you could move the spirits to manifest, you would do so. I hope you will not be offended with me by again asking you *to sit*, depend upon it they *would* manifest themselves if you did so. Nay, more, you might possibly become a medium, as we term it, in which case all doubts would vanish from you as to the truth of these things; the grand point would then only be for a mind like yours to lead them into a proper channel. In conclusion, I must again ask your indulgence for thus intruding on your valuable time, but I also know the—or think I know the—importance of the subject on which I write, and that induces me to do so.

With my respects, I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

Professor Faraday, F.R.S., &c.

THOS. SHERRATT.

Royal Institution,

4th November, 1864.

Sir,—I beg to acknowledge your letter of the 3rd, but I am weary of the spirits—all hope of any useful result from investigation is gone; but as some persons still believe in them, and I continually receive letters, I must bring these communications to a close. Whenever the spirits can counteract gravity, or originate motion, or supply an action due to natural physical force, or counteract any such action,—whenever they can pinch or prick me, or affect my sense of feeling, or any other sense, or in any other way act on me without my waiting on them, or working in the light, can shew me a hand, either writing or not, or in any way make themselves visibly manifest to me,—whenever these things are done—or anything which a conjuror cannot do better—or, rising to higher proof,—whenever the spirits describe their own nature, and, like honest spirits, say what they can do; or pretending, as their reporters do, that they can act on ordinary matter,—whenever they initiate action, and so make *themselves* manifest,—whenever, by such like signs, they come to me, and ask my attention to them, I will give it; but until some of these things be done, I have no more time to spare for them or their believers, or for correspondence about them.

I am, Sir, yours very truly,

T. Sherratt, Esq.

M. FARADAY.

9, Westmoreland Place,
Westbourne Grove North, Bayswater,
5th November, 1864.

Sir,—Permit me once more to reply to yours of this morning. I feel greatly honoured by the exposition of your views as to the utility of this spirit-power, and will briefly state what *I* have experienced, as in the cases of this kind, personal knowledge alone is reliable. 1. *This power can counteract gravity.*—I have repeatedly seen tables lifted from the floor, and kept suspended for some minutes, and, by an undulatory motion, keeping time to music: the hands of the sitters being on the top thereof, the room perfectly light. 2. *It can originate motion.*—I have seen a table move about a room without any person being near it, and this at my own residence. 3. *In supplying an action due to natural physical force, or counteracting it.*—I think this may be exemplified by the phase called “Writing or Drawing Mediumship,” the hand being acted on without the knowledge by its possessor of its performance: in one instance, this has happened to myself. 4. *It can pinch or prick to my knowledge.* 5. *It can also affect the senses.*—I can testify to hearing, seeing, feeling. I do not know how these things can occur to your experience, unless you seek for them per *séance*; so far, therefore, you must *wait on them*. There are exceptions, however, to this rule, that is, when the person is a *medium*: in that case, they seek such person. I am not a medium, but my sister is. 6. *They can show their hands, &c.*—I have seen and been touched by them in several instances, and this in the daylight. There are works published, in which their nature, &c., are described. I beg to inclose a catalogue; and I can bear witness to the fact of *direct spirit-writing*. I have a specimen, written when I was at a *séance*. Of course, the before mentioned operations cease when the magnetic, or other force which called them into activity is lost. That, however, is the case with all applications of motive power. What I consider to be the defect of this power is, its non-reliability, as, for instance, say six persons hold a *séance*, and have communications; perhaps the next evening they hold another, and get nothing, and so on for a few times, when again comes the power with, probably, additional force; the conditions, both mental, bodily, and atmospheric, &c., being apparently the same. These are a few of the perplexities which only one like yourself can solve, that is, if you would induce yourself to do it. The only instance I am aware of, where the power seems continuous, is that of the Davenports, and although there is much in their manifestations open to criticism, yet having been to a *séance*, all my observations, combined with what I have seen in other instances, have

failed to cause me any doubts of their truth. I have written as much as the paper allows, as I know not whether I shall have the pleasure and honour again. You can always command my attention, my time, and with my best respects,

Sir, I am your most obedient Servant,
 Professor Faraday, F.R.S., &c. THOMAS SHERRATT.

Whilst we are on the subject, and to clear up once for all this Faraday question, we will reproduce some other specimens of his letter-writing of the same kind, asking in a derisive tone to see phenomena, which he might have seen any day by taking the ordinary means.

“ Royal Institution,

“ 31st January, 1863.

“ Sir,—My opinion is in no way changed in character, but greatly strengthened. Nobody has ever been able to *shew me* the effect, therefore, I have no occasion to shew a cause. I do not believe those who say they have seen it. I doubt their competency to examine facts and evidence of facts, and think their statements as of no value for the cause of science and simple truth. When they can lift a table into the air in the presence of parties adverse to them in opinion, and can subject what they think can be done to strict and cross-examination, then it may be worth while to think about the cause.

“ Very truly yours,

“ R. Cooper, Esq.,

“ Eastbourne.”

“ M. FARADAY.

The following letter from the late Professor Faraday is later in date than the one given by Professor Tyndall as the last expression of his opinion, and it may be interesting to reprint it on that account, and to shew to what extent the same feeling of blind acerbity continued in his mind.

“ Royal Institution of Great Britain,

“ 8th October, 1864.

“ Gentlemen,—I am obliged by your courteous invitation, but really have been so disappointed by the manifestations to which my notice has at different times been called, that I am not encouraged to give any more attention to them, *and therefore leave those to which you refer in the hands of the Professors of Legerdemain.*

“ If spirit communications, not utterly worthless, should happen to start into activity, I will trust the spirits to find out for themselves how they can move my attention. I am tired of them.

“ With thanks, I am, very truly yours,

“ The Brothers Davenport.”

“ M. FARADAY.

Professor Faraday as we have had occasion to shew was eminently unfortunate in his dealings with Spiritualism. The very meeting which he was asked to attend took place in the presence of the following gentlemen:—

Lord BURY,	Messrs. J. W. KAYE,
Sir CHARLES NICHOLSON,	„ J. A. BOSTOCK,
Sir JOHN GARDINER,	„ W. J. RIDEOUT,
Sir C. LENNOX WYKE,	„ ROBERT BELL,
Rev. E. H. NEWENHAM,	„ J. N. MANGLES,
Rev. W. ELLIS,	„ H. M. DUNPHY,
Capt. E. A. INGLEFIELD,	„ W. TYLER SMITH, M.D.
Messrs. CHARLES READE,	„ E. TYLER SMITH,
„ JAMES MATTHEWS,	„ T. L. COWARD,
„ ALGERNON BORTHWICK,	„ JOHN BROWN, M.D.
„ J. WILLES,	„ ROBT. CHAMBERS, LL.D., &c.
„ H. E. ORMEROD,	„ DION BOUCICAULT.

Mr. Dion Boucicault was constituted the reporter of the proceedings, and in a letter to the *Star* of the 12th October, 1864, occurs the following paragraph:—

At the termination of this *séance* a general conversation took place on the subject of what we had heard and witnessed. Lord Bury suggested that the general opinion seemed to be that we should assure the Brothers Davenport and Mr. W. Fay, *that after a very stringent trial and strict scrutiny of their proceedings, the gentlemen present could arrive at no other conclusion than that there was no trace of trickery in any form, and certainly there were neither confederates nor machinery, and that all those who had witnessed the results would freely state in the society in which they moved that so far as their investigations enable them to form an opinion, the phenomena which had taken place in their presence were not the product of legerdemain. This suggestion was promptly acceded to by all present.*

It was really unlucky for Professor Faraday to have *without investigation* left the phenomena “in the hands of the Professors of Legerdemain,” as he did in his letter on the 8th October, and to find that on the 12th October, that 24 gentlemen of high reputation and ability should *after a careful investigation* agree to an unanimous resolution that “the phenomena were not the product of legerdemain.

Surely Mr. Tyndall will see cause to abate his admiration of Mr. Faraday's mode of treatment of this subject. We respect the memory of Faraday as a great man, and a man who has rendered invaluable services to science; but in this particular matter he was in fault from the beginning, and never could get himself righted from prejudice and pique. Mr. Tyndall we also highly respect as a man of science in some most important directions, but still not of the highest. He is a great investigator; but he is more to blame than Faraday, because he has followed him into error with his eyes open, and with his example before him. It is a great blow to him to find himself confronted by the letter of Mr. Varley, which we published last month, and on which he has yet to express his opinion. We do not,

however, for the reasons we have given, care which way his opinion goes, for he can be no further use in this controversy. The opinion of a man who forms it without the necessary inquiry is of no value on either side of a controversy.

“ THE SPIRIT - RAPPERS.”

From the “ Weekly Dispatch,” May 10, 1868.

“ THE ‘almighty’ sovereign—is it not as supreme as the ‘almighty dollar?’ Is the pursuit of wealth keener among the Americans than the British? Are there dirtier ways of grubbing and pot-licking in New York than in London? *Punch* hit the nail on the head when he made all Mincing-lane and Mark-lane, the Stock Exchange and Lloyd’s, take the side of Louis Philippe in the Revolution, and propose to give him a reception in his flight hither, until our men of business discovered that there was nothing in ‘Mr. Smith’s’ carpet-bag—that he was not nearly so rich as had been suspected. Our pictorial satirist depicted Bonus with *Times* in hand and the bristles on his bald head erect ‘like quills upon the fretful porcupine,’ because he had been deceived in his Majesty—because Mr. Smith hadn’t five millions in the British funds after all! An ‘adventurer!’—how we detest and despise him!—and what do we mean by the nick-name, but that merit and ability presume to aspire to distinction without a money qualification? Had Mr. Disraeli commanded the fortune of Lord Derby, how differently would the identical man have been regarded by public opinion!

“ The case of Lyon *versus* Home is already decided in the general estimation in conformity with this natural proclivity. We cannot bear that a fellow who has little of his own should be so lucky as to get £60,000 as a mere *pretium affectionis*. Nobody would care anything about the merits of the cause, but that it involves so much money. Envy and covetousness go hand in hand to set British public opinion against the beneficiary of such a windfall—chiefly because it is believed that he needs it, and because the supposed victim of his influence is a ‘widow lady of large independent property.’ The British mind is so instinctively financial that it projects from its own consciousness very distinct and reverential ideas of thousands of pounds sterling. It does not philosophise upon the consideration that chance and fortune would equally justify their choice whether the money fell to the plaintiff or to the defendant. Probably, if the latter were wealthy already, the destination of the gift of Mrs. Lyon would be re-

garded as quite unexceptionable. The Scotch have a proverb 'The fat soo's aye fed.' Miss Burney makes Madam Duval leave none of her property to the poor Braughtons, but lavish it all on Evelina, who had too much already. To rain the shower of Danæe upon one who is supposed to stand in need of it—why everybody instinctively is jealous of a favour which might with greater propriety have been lavished, he thinks, on the more deserving individual who censures its misapplication.

"Mrs. Lyon, of illegitimate birth, has in law no relations, and, morally, no kindred ties. Left by her husband with £150,000, she hears of the marvels of spirit-rapping, and addresses two letters to Mr. Home, who answers neither. Be it observed, the defendant had not taken up the trade 'for the nonce.' He had proved the depth and earnestness of his own belief by the profession and practice of a quarter of a century, by manifestations which had kings, emperors and philosophers for their admiring and believing witnesses. In default of any encouragement, Mrs. Lyon obtrudes herself on the British Magus, and after a week's acquaintance, the old woman adopts the young man, and endows him with a son's portion. It is not, however, our intention to examine the details of the controversy as the subject of judicial decision, but to confine our observations to the single consideration on which, apparently, the decision of the Court will be made to turn.

"The real issue is this—whether the profession and the practice of spiritual communion and mediation refer to phenomena so obviously false and incredible that no sane person who avows faith in the manifestation can be other than a conscious impostor—whether the deception is so transparent and so gross that every professor must be a lying rogue and every believer a credulous dupe, scarcely to be regarded as capable of consent or of contracting. We take the strictly legal view of the question. If a verdict were to be returned, not according to our own assumptions, or *presumptione judicis seu hominis*, but according to the evidence, what would it be?

"We denounce as infidels all who cast doubts on miracles or inspiration. Spirit-raising pervades the whole of the Old Testament; every writer of the New devoutly believes in it—in lying spirits—in spirits that would deceive even the elect. It is the undoubting belief of every nation in the world, savage and civilised. Four hundred millions of Chinese have been familiar with mesmerism, spirit-rapping, mediums, for thousands of years. Socrates had his demon; Plato was a spiritualist; Sir Thomas More punished witchcraft; Bacon, James the First, tortured old women for riding in the air on a broomstick. In Germany, the Baltic States, England, and America, there are hundreds of

thousands of persons of education, astute wordlings, judges on the bench, physicians and divines who are Swedenborgians, to whom the invisible world is more populous, busy and real than the 'thick rotundity' on which they stand. Hepworth Dixon, after careful inquiry, reckons the spiritualists at four millions in the United States. After several *séances* attended with the most vigilant experimental observation, one of our most acute writers declared of Mr. Home, 'I have seen that which I would not have believed upon the testimony of anybody else, and which I could ask anybody to credit on mine.' It consists with our personal knowledge that British statesmen—Cabinet Ministers of both parties—entirely believe in the reality of the phenomena while unable to account for them—and in this they are kept in countenance by foreign Sovereigns and Ministers of State. Nay, there are many of our clergy who admit the preternatural character of the phenomena and attribute them to satanic agency. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mary and William Howitt, many of the most eminent authors of America, have the most undoubting faith in all that Mr. Home professes. Why, then, is it to be assumed, against all the evidence of truthful and intelligent witnesses, that in the words of Mr. W. M. James, Home alone is 'an adventurer?' What is his warrant for putting the case thus:—

"The question to be considered is, was this lady the victim of a gross imposition? Was this lady the subject of influence unduly obtained, and most unscrupulously exercised? I say, upon the materials before you, you can come to no other conclusion, and your Honor will make a decree which will fully restore to this lady the enormous amount of fortune which she has been deprived of, and which will protect the public against a new and dangerous fraud.'

"We like fair play. We do *not* like the world to blow hot and cold. We excommunicate as *anathema maranatha*, as heathen men and publicans, the most educated, pure-minded pious men, lights and dignitaries of the Church, who presume to throw the slightest doubt on the preternatural reality of miraculous legends; and yet we will not so much as tolerate an argument on the assumption of the verity of phenomena passing before the world of life, simply because they seem to be unaccountable except by 'metaphysical aid,' although they are avouched by a far heavier weight of living testimony of millions of persons educated and enlightened—emperors, kings, ministers of state, men of science, philosophers, judges on the bench, and statesmen in the cabinet. We do not desire that there should be left any doubt of the state of our own mind in reference to these wonders. We have not the least faith in them. We

believe them to be illusory. But how can those who, in the face of such testimony, scout the whole averments as inherently and *à priori* incredible, presume to denounce as infidels, and persecute as soul-destroying and God-denying sceptics, those who claim to examine and judge of narratives embodying the like agencies?"

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—The long-mooted question of Professor Faraday's alleged refusal to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism, seems to have been now finally settled by what appears in Sir J. Emerson Tennent's letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, dated 22nd May, in which he distinctly says, that Faraday "Spent some time in an unsatisfactory search for some physical principle to which such phenomena might be referable," and that he was "unable to discern any."

This being so, it is difficult to see upon what grounds Professor Tyndall can hope for better success; and considering the ample proofs repeatedly and publicly given, that these phenomena are not the result of contrivance (although some evil disposed persons have in this as in other branches of inquiry), occasionally, nay frequently, prostituted truth for the sake of gain or notoriety. The only real benefit that men of science can hope to confer by their investigation of this subject, is to set aside their prejudices, and proceed as Newton did in investigating the moon's motion; namely, by what Professor De Morgan calls the "Development of one of the most outrageous ideas that ever was conceived, and trying how its consequences worked." This "outrageous idea" proved, however, to be the actual truth, and to it we are indebted for the means of finding the longitude by observation.

Doubtless, the first advocates of this idea were stigmatized as lunatics, just as modern Spiritualists now are; but truth will prevail in spite of flippant denunciation and ridicule.

Your obedient Servant,
A. B. T.

A CHALLENGE.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I have taken no part in the recent controversy induced by Professor Tyndall's letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as I could not have added strength to the admirable manner in which you, Mr. Varley, and others have handled the subject. I know, however, of two well-qualified gentlemen, who wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, one a Doctor of Divinity, giving some personal experiences which I think would have been interesting to the public and damaging to the opponents of Spiritualism, but the Editor declined to publish them.

I now write to say that I am authorized by a spiritual message, to invite any two men of known scientific acquirements who are not committed for or against Spiritualism (which of course excludes Mr. Tyndall), to attend a *séance* at which I should invite the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and two of my own friends, thus limiting the party to six persons exclusive of the "medium." The only conditions being that the names of the party and the facts they may witness (in broad daylight) shall be published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Should my challenge be accepted I will inform you of the result.

Your obedient Servant,
BENJ. COLEMAN.

Upper Norwood, June, 1868.

STRANGE MANIFESTATIONS.

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

SIR,—But very recently I came to Swindon, sceptical in respect to Spiritualism, with its manifestations and phenomena, as displayed in "*table-turning*," "*tipping*," "*rapping*," &c. I was, however, invited to the residence of Rev. F. R. Young, to witness a *séance*, where at the bidding of the spirits I was permitted to join the circle.

What I then saw appeared to me marvellous, if not incredible. Had not my faith in the sanity and the respectability of the persons then present been well founded, I should have viewed the whole thing as the result of imposture, which, to believe otherwise, would be utter infatuity, if not madness.

On my return home, I sat down with two other persons, who, like myself, were desirous of testing the invisibles, and formed a circle. Scarcely had we taken our places at the table before we were made conscious that spirits were present. The one that communicated with us had been in the spirit-world since 1849, but a scholar in my Sunday-school when in the flesh. In answer to questions, she detailed most minutely particulars relating to her own family and mine. The number of persons present at the services at Blackburn, the name of the preacher, and the absence of my wife from the congregation on that day, which was subsequently confirmed by letters received on the day following. In order that we might not be deceived, we asked for some other demonstrations, which it is in the power of these 'invisibles' to present.

Having received a promise from her that she would meet us again that day week, we dismissed her for the night. I ought to say, the demonstration we asked was a present of flowers, and on that day week I received bouquets from no less than 40 hands, the exact number of spirits counted out to us as occupying the room. True to her appointment, at the hour of ten we were made conscious of her presence, by tips on the table, when I asked for flowers; but was answered, by sundry tips, that I had received them. Not thinking this sufficient demonstration, I demanded more, and was bid to wait in darkness. Presently there came the odour of flowers of the sweetest perfume—a tingling sensation was felt at my fingers, and immediately I seemed whirled round with the rapidity of lightning, and before me were presented the most beautiful exotics. The person sitting next to me had a faint sense of their odours, as well as of the trance-like state into which I had fallen. The person opposite to me felt the vibrations of the table and its oscillatory movements, which he described, as "*standing and moving upon nothing*." This sensation over, I enquired if there was any special message in those flowers? I was answered by a "Yes," naming as many of the flowers as were presented to me by spirit agency; and of the names of those which had been received that day, I found that, in the language of flowers, they symbolized one thought.

I do not know if such manifestations as these are common with spirit-mediums; but to me it is a most extraordinary sensation and phenomenon, and has done much towards removing the doubts existing in my own mind, and quite confirmed the faith of those who sat beside me. Last night, a sitting was held, when a humorous spirit suggested that one of the ladies present might have a ride on the table, which she accordingly mounted. The table made a circuit round the room, when the lady suggested that she should be tipped like a load of bricks. To this request, the table tilted with a clashing noise, to the terror and dismay of its owner, but which, on examination, was found perfectly uninjured.

You are at liberty to make what use you think of this. If it serves the cause of Spiritualism to detail experiences, these are mine; and I shall be happy in communicating to you or to others future results of my inquiry.

W. BANKS.

Brunel Cottage, New Swindon, Wilts,
May 12th, 1868.