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ON WEARING MOURNING.

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

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

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

the valleys might feel injured at their brightness? No, friend; the excuse is specious, but this is the real meaning of it: we are afraid of the censures, the opposition, the unkindness perhaps, which faithfulness to our convictions may bring upon us. But did ever martyr or apostle bear faithful and fruitful witness to a truth, who did not dare all this and much more? The power of the world, the sneer of "society" may be dreadful, but should be dreadful only to those who still wear their chains, and have no living practical faith in any better world, any more blessed societies of angel kindred wooing us to the free and joyous service on which they have entered. Let none, therefore, who claim to be Spiritualists, if they have the faintest conception of the scope and dignity of significance involved in the name, plead any secondary or unworthy excuse for not acting out into life any truth received from above. Let them be as faithful to their light as Materialists are to their Materialism; and it will not be long before they find a power at work with and through them, of which the world as yet knows little.

Now one social custom which I hold that every Spiritualist who understands his position is bound to abjure at once and for ever, is that alluded to at the commencement of this article, the custom of putting on mourning when any whom we love, or who are linked with us by ties of relationship, leave this world, die, as the expression is. Un-Christian as the custom is, there is yet an excuse to be pleaded for those Christians who have been brought up in the materialistic and semi-heathen notions, which put off the resurrection to a judgment-day so indefinitely distant, that the intermediate nothingness of the long grave-sleep is the one reality most vividly dwelt upon. But for any one who believes, as do all Spiritualists, that when the eyes of the body close for the last time on this earthly scene, the eyes of the soul then open on a scene of purer and more lasting uses, delights and realities,—any one who believes that every friend withdrawn from us here, is living, acting, growing and progressing there, loving as we love, working as we work, only far more purely and fruitfully,—for such a one, I say, to put on the mourning garments and adopt the dreary funeral countenance the world prescribes, is treason, high treason, to the majesty of the faith vouchsafed to him; a bowing down, at best, in the house of Rimmon in solemn homage to the idol Self, whose claims are thus exalted above those of the love or friendship which should teach us to rejoice with those who have gone hence—not to death but to life. But what? Must we not then weep for our friends? Well, a mother may weep when she parts with her daughter at the altar, but what should we think of her if she sullied her darling's happiness by an assumption of funeral

garments and a sorrow that refuses comfort? We may sorely miss the friend or brother whom "circumstances," as the saying is, compel to seek his fortune abroad, and who leaves us for long years, perhaps never to return in this world; but not having been taught to think it a necessary respect to the departed, it does not occur to us to treat the separation as the one intolerable misery which an all-loving Father relentlessly inflicts upon His creatures. Respect for the dead, alas! Might it not fairly be supposed by any person uninitiated in this paradox of custom, that persons so clothing and demeaning themselves on the departure of a friend must suppose the friend departed to some sphere the antipodes of heaven? And when we translate the phrase and say "respect for the living!" then alone may we fully realize the perversity, the absurdity, of this time-honoured—be it so—but eternity-dishonouring custom.

I, then, will never offer to those who, though no longer here, *are not here for that they are risen*—risen to a higher state of being—such mockery of respect again; and I would earnestly invite all those who really and vitally believe with me, that our friends gone hence are gone, not to a gloomy grave, but to a better, purer, more living world than our own, to join me in this protest against the practical disbelief of the world around us in those sacred facts, immortality and Divine Unchangeable Goodness, which are outraged by the customs of mourning. For if God be really an All-Loving and All-Wise Father, what insanity to treat as the most grievous of afflictions that change of state which His immutable decree appoints for all the creatures of His love. Is it not enough to say "What He does is well done: the death for which He permits us to be born, what then can it be but a blessing?"

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* As a young girl, urged by a growing feeling against this un-Christian practice of wearing mourning for the dead, I used to say to young friends: "Some day I will found an Anti-Mourning Association." Three years since, I carried out my resolve; and though, as yet, but a handful of members have joined it, I feel that at least "*liberavi animam meam*" in the act. The association is entirely unsectarian—its cards of membership simply expressing the determination of members no longer to wear mourning for the dead. No annual subscription is annexed to membership; a trifling subscription on entrance—optional, from 6d. upwards, and not desired from the really poor—towards defraying the expense of the cards of membership, being alone requested.

M. C. H. R.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED FOR THE SPIRIT CIRCLE.

By EMMA HARDINGE.

THE Spirit Circle is the assembling together of a given number of persons for the purpose of seeking communion with the spirits who have passed away from earth into the higher world of souls. The chief advantage of such an assembly is the mutual impartation and reception of the combined magnetisms of the assemblage. These in combination form a force stronger than that of an isolated subject: first, enabling spirits to commune with greater power; next, developing the latent gifts of mediumship in such members of the circle as are thus endowed; and, finally, promoting that harmonious and social spirit of fraternal intercourse which is one of the especial aims of the spirit's mission.

The first conditions to be observed relate to the persons who compose the circle. These should be, as far as possible, of opposite temperaments, as positive and negative in disposition, whether male or female; also of moral characters, pure minds, and not marked by repulsive points of either physical or mental condition. The physical temperaments should contrast with each other, but no person suffering from decidedly chronic disease, or of very debilitated *physique*, should be present at any circle, unless it is formed expressly for healing purposes. I would recommend the number of the circle never to be less than three, or more than twelve.

The use growing out of the association of differing temperaments is to form a battery on the principle of electricity or galvanism, composed of positive and negative elements, the sum of which should be unequal. No person of a very strongly positive temperament or disposition should be present, as any such magnetic spheres emanating from the circle will overpower that of the spirits, who must always be positive to the circle in order to produce phenomena. It is not desirable to have more than two already well-developed mediums in a circle, mediums always absorbing the magnetism of the rest of the party, hence, when there are too many present, the force, being divided, cannot operate successfully with any.

OF TEMPERATURE.

Never let the apartment be overheated, or even close; as an unusual amount of magnetism is liberated at a circle, the room is

always warmer than ordinary, and should be well ventilated. *Avoid strong light*, which, by producing excessive motion in the atmosphere, disturbs the manifestations. A very subdued light is the most favourable for any manifestations of a magnetic character, especially for spiritual magnetism.

OF THE POSITIONS TO BE OBSERVED.

If the circle is one which meets together periodically, and is composed of the same persons, let them always occupy the same seats (unless changed under spiritual direction), and sit (as the most favourable of all positions) round a table, their hands laid on it, with palms downwards. It is believed that the wood, when charged, becomes a conductor, without the necessity of holding or touching hands. I should always suggest the propriety of employing a table as a conductor, especially as all tables in household use are more or less magnetically charged already. If flowers or fruit are in the room, see that they are just freshly gathered, otherwise remove them; also, avoid sitting in a room with many minerals, metals, or glasses. These all injuriously affect sensitives of whom mediums are the type.

I recommend the *séance* to be opened either with prayer or music, vocal or instrumental; after which, subdued, quiet, and harmonising conversation is better than wearisome silence; but let the conversation be always directed towards the purpose of the gathering, and never sink into discussion or rise to emphasis; let it be gentle, quiet, and spiritual, until phenomena begin to be manifest. Always have a slate, or pen, pencil, and paper on the table, so as not to be obliged to rise to procure them. Especially avoid all entering or quitting the room, moving about, irrelevant conversation, or disturbances within or without the circle room, after the *séance* has once commenced.

The spirits are far more punctual to seasons, faithful to promise, and periodical in action, than mortals. Endeavour then, to fix your circle at a convenient hour, when you will be least interrupted, and do not fail in your appointments. Do not admit unpunctual, late comers; nor if possible, suffer the air of the room to be disturbed in *any way* after the sitting commences. Nothing but necessity, indisposition, or *impressions* (to be hereafter described) should warrant the least disturbance of the sitting, WHICH SHOULD NEVER *exceed two hours*, unless an extension of time be solicited of the spirits. Let the *séance* always extend to one hour, even if no results are obtained: it sometimes requires all that time for spirits to form their battery of the materials furnished. Let it be also remembered that all circles are experimental, hence no one should be discouraged if

phenomena are not produced at the first few sittings. Stay with the same circle for six sittings; if no phenomena are then produced (provided all the above conditions are observed), you may be sure you are not rightly assimilated to each other; you do not form the requisite combinations, or neutralise each other;—in that case, break up, and let that circle of members meet with other persons—that is, change one, two, or three persons of your circle for others, and so on until you succeed.

A well-developed test medium may sit without injury for any person, or any description of character or temperament; but a circle sitting for mutual development should never admit persons addicted to bad habits, criminals, sensualists, strongly positive persons of any kind, whether rude, sceptical, violent tempered, or dogmatical. An humble, candid, inquiring spirit, unprejudiced and receptive of truth, is the only proper frame of mind in which to sit for phenomena, the delicate magnetism of which is shaped, tempered, and made or marred as much by *mental* as physical conditions. When once any of the circle can communicate freely and conclusively with spirits, *the spirits* can and will take charge of and regulate the future movements of the circle.

OF IMPRESSIONS.

Impressions are the voices of spirits speaking to our spirits, or else the monitions of the spirit within us, and should always be respected and followed out, unless (which is very rare) suggestive of actual wrong in act or word. At the opening of the circle, one or more of the members are often impressed to change seats with others. One or more are impressed with the desire to withdraw, or a strong feeling of repulsion to some member of the circle, makes it painful to remain there. Let any, or all of these impressions be faithfully regarded, and at commencing pledge to each other the promise that no offence shall be taken by following out impressions.

If a strong impression to write, speak, sing, dance, or gesticulate, possess any mind present, follow it out faithfully. It has a meaning, if you cannot at first realize it. Never feel hurt in your own person, nor ridicule your neighbours for any failures to express or at first discover the meaning of the spirit impressing you.

Spirit control is often deficient, and at first almost always imperfect. But by often yielding to it, your organism becomes more flexible, and the spirit more experienced; and practice in control is absolutely necessary for spirits as well as mortals. If dark and evil disposed spirits manifest to you, *never drive*

them away, but always strive to elevate them, and treat them as you would mortals under similar circumstances. Do not always attribute falsehoods to "lying spirits," or deceiving mediums. Many mistakes occur in the communion of which you cannot always be aware.

Strive for truth, but rebuke error gently, and do not always attribute it to design, but rather to mistake in so difficult and experimental a stage of the communion as mortals at present enjoy with spirits.

Unless strictly charged by spirits to do otherwise do not continue to hold sittings with the same parties for more than a twelvemonth. After that time, if not before, fresh elements of magnetism are absolutely essential. Some of the original circle should withdraw, and others take their place.

All persons are subject to spirit influence and spiritual guidance and control; but not all can so externalise this power as to use it consciously, or as what is significantly called a "*medium*;" and, finally, let it ever be remembered that, except in the case of "trance speakers," no medium can ever hope successfully to exercise his or her gift in a large or promiscuous assembly; while trance speakers, no less than mediums for any other gift, can never be influenced by spirits far beyond *their own normal* capacity in the MATTER of the intelligence rendered; the magnetism of the spirit and the spirit circle being but a quickening fire, which inspires the brain, stimulates the faculties, and, like a hot-house process on plants, forces into abnormal prominence dormant or latent powers of mind, but *creates nothing*. Even in the case of merely automatic speakers, writers, rapping, tipping, and other forms of test mediums, the intelligence or idea of the spirit is always measurably shaped by the capacity and idiosyncrasies of the medium. All spirit power is thus limited in expression by the organism through which it works, and spirits may control, inspire, and influence the human mind, but do not change or re-create it.

ON THE EXISTENCE OF AN EXTERNAL WORLD.

THE question concerning man's resurrection and the Spiritual body, appears to require for its solution that it should first be settled what is the true meaning of the natural body of a man and the true meaning also of any other object of the senses which we call a body, whether the body of an animal, a vegetable, a mineral, an earth, a sun or moon, an atmosphere, or water, or anything else which we call an object of sense or an object of nature. Are any of these things, including the

human body, what they appear to be, namely, things external to, at a distance from, and independent of, conscious or sentient beings? Could they have any existence if there were no conscious or sentient beings? Is any one of them anything besides a set of sensations connected together, the feelings and combinations of feelings of conscious or sentient beings incessantly deriving life from God who creates them and causes them to have those feelings in the order which we see, and which we call the order of nature? Is it a rational conviction that these objects of the senses are nothing but our sensations in a fixed order, however impossible it is for them to appear to be merely such to the sentient faculties? I answer that it is a rational conviction, a rational truth, that it throws light on spiritual things, and that any argument which assumes it to be irrational, or not truth, can lead to no rational belief whatever.

I say this is a rational truth; I don't say it is a natural or sensual truth; and, from not understanding this distinction, few are disposed to entertain the question at all, deeming it paradoxical or absurd. Such persons think the argument requires that we should see or feel that the objects of our senses are not external to, at a distance from, and independent of us; whereas the argument is, that so to see and feel is what makes a man a natural being, or gives him existence in nature; but that his reason can prove to him that this natural feeling, or sensual appearance, is an appearance, and nothing more,—a natural belief, but not a rational truth.

To illustrate the distinction between a rational truth and a sensual truth or natural belief, take the case of the sun's apparent motion. The sun neither rises nor sets, although such an appearance is presented to man, because the earth turns round every day on its axis. This apparent motion of the sun is a natural belief or sensual truth. Now, no demonstration that the earth thus revolves and moves round the sun can make it so appear to the senses, to the sight, to the sense of touch, to the muscular sensation, or to any other. When the philosopher says we must reason and think that the sun stands still, he does not mean that we ought to see or feel it standing still, and see or feel the earth moving from west to east: he does not mean that we ought to be sensibly conscious of the rational truth,—of a truth which does not belong to the domain of the senses; but he means that we must not suppose the apparent truth or natural belief to be the rational truth, and that all our subsequent reasonings must, to have any value, be based on the rational truth; the sensual truth, or natural belief of the sun's motion being merely a truth of sensation, or an apparent truth.

The same is the case with the rational truth that there is no

such thing as a material object or world external to, at a distance from, and independent of, conscious or sentient beings, or beings deriving their life every moment from God their Creator, and having their sensations according to the order fixed by Him. The belief of this rational truth does not require us to see or feel or believe it naturally or sensually, to see or feel that an object of the senses is not what to the sensual faculty it appears to be, namely, external to, at a distance from, and independent of, conscious or sentient beings. All that the rational truth, or the belief of it, requires of us is that we should believe all the conclusions which flow from it, and reject every belief as untrue which is opposed to it: reject, I say, every such *belief*; not reject any sensation: the *sensation* or belief of externality, distance, and independence, by a sentient being, is as natural, necessary, and inevitable, as the sensation of the sun's motion: while the natural belief of such externality, distance, and independence, is as irrational as the natural belief that the sun moves round the earth. Sensation or natural belief is one thing, and true as a sensation or natural belief, but true no further: a rational inference or belief therefrom is a different thing, and is not necessarily true. In a carriage in motion, fixed objects appear to sense and are naturally believed to be moving the other way; and such appearance is true to sense, but it is not true to reason, and the reason instantly corrects, or refuses to believe, the sensual truth, or the apparent truth, or the natural belief. The sensation of externality, distance, and independence of the perceiving or sentient mind, is the necessary condition of having sensation: they could not, it may be, be sensations if they had not such appearance: but the rational mind is no more logically obliged to believe that the objects of the senses are such as they appear to the sentient faculty, or such as we naturally believe, than it is obliged to believe that the objects said to be seen in a mirror are the same as the objects reflected thereon: or than the rational mind is obliged to believe that the objects said to be seen in dreaming or in insanity are independent of the mind having such feelings.

The rational truth does not attempt to "reason men out of their senses," as the phrase is: but simply says, let the senses be confined to their proper plane or province, and let them not be allowed to dictate to reason or have dominion over subjects which belong to the plane or province of the rational faculty. The rational faculty rises, or is raised, or has a resurrection (anastasis) against the sensual feeling that there is an infinitely spacious or extended world, independent of conscious or sentient beings; for it is in that case to believe that God is a being

infinitely spacious or extended, or co-existing with such an infinitely extended world or space; or, in order to get rid of the absurdity of two infinite extensions, the rational faculty under the dominion of the natural senses supposes that the external world is God, and not a creature of God.

The difficulty of defending the rational truth on this subject, arises greatly from the fact of common language being framed on the supposition or natural belief that there is an external world, or that the sensible world is external; so that almost every word we use in the argument keeps suggesting to the mind the very contrary to that to which the mind is intended to be directed. But this difficulty must be surmounted by a vigorous determination to be guided by rational truth, and not by sensual or apparent truth, in concluding whether there is or is not any object of the senses external to, at a distance from, and independent of, conscious or sentient beings.

The use and importance of this rational truth, namely, that there is no such world, appears to me great, affording a solution of several truths in theology, which, without this key, must appear to the natural mind of man to be foolish, weak, base, and despicable, yea, things which are not; whereas sensual things, or the things which apparently exist externally to the sentient faculties, are really "the things which are not," for they do not so exist; and the things which are not, in the estimation of the natural mind, are truly the things which are, and which God hath chosen to bring to nought things that have no other existence than that of appearing to exist, or of being perceived as if they existed externally to us; that no flesh or natural man should glory in His presence.

The interpretation of Scripture as the Word of God, notwithstanding any amount of historical, or natural, or literal infirmity, the doctrines of the incarnation of the Lord, of His natural life and death, of His resurrection, ascension, and coming again in spirit, of our resurrection and spiritual existence, can be rationally understood and believed only by this rational understanding of the nature of an apparently external world. Men may, of course, believe these things beneficially in simplicity, just as many and indeed all of us still believe that the earth is at rest and the sun in motion; but this faith in simplicity is losing its power to withstand the truths of science, and the rational faculty must have a resurrection to dominion over nature and science, that faith may continue to be the substance or support of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen.

We have need of patience, for truth rises slowly from its state of being as if it were dead in the human mind. Not merely

the Divine Truth lies naturally, as it were, made dead by and in the natural mind; not merely rational truth springing from faith lies dead therein; but even common rational truth (or what we may call natural rational truth, or rational truth which is natural) being obtained rationally or deductively partly from facts observed and partly from natural and legitimate suppositions, rises very slowly from, and receives the assent of, the rational mind. Let us take comfort from the history of scientific truth. In his Lectures on Astronomy, Airy says, "I dare say every person whom I see here has been brought up in the belief that the earth does turn round. But I ask, if they had not been brought up in that belief, whether they would believe it now from what I am telling them? I do not think they would. Amongst all the subjects of natural philosophy presented to the human mind, there is none that staggers it so effectually as the assertion that the earth moves. We must not be uncharitable then towards people in the middle ages who did not believe it. To think that the solid earth moves—that the solid ground is going round at the rate of one thousand miles an hour—do you believe it?" And then after giving grounds for the belief, the Astronomer-Royal concludes that "this is reasoning which ought to be received, and I cannot see why it was not received by those who were able to reason on the matter in more distant times."

Yet so it is. "The wisest men," says Mr. J. S. Mill in his work on Logic, "rejected as impossible, because inconceivable, things which their posterity, by earlier practice and longer perseverance in the attempt, found it quite easy to conceive, and which everybody now knows to be true. They could not credit the existence of Antipodes; were unable to conceive, in opposition to old association, the force of gravity acting upwards instead of downwards. The Cartesians long rejected the Newtonian doctrine of the gravitation of all bodies towards one another, because they thought it absurd to suppose that a body can act where it is not. Newton himself could not realize the conception without supposing a subtle ether, the occult cause of gravitation, the necessity of some intermediate agency appearing to him indubitable. It would seem that even now the majority of scientific men have not completely got over this very difficulty; for though they have at last learnt to conceive the sun *attracting* the earth without any intervening fluid, they cannot yet conceive the sun *illuminating* the earth without some such medium."

So again, "What does the sense of sight tell him, but that the objects that he sees are actually seen beyond, or out of himself? They all seem to occupy their respective positions in

a space, which frequently appears to be of vast magnitude. By day he sees the sun at a great distance, as he imagines, from himself, and by night he looks abroad into a space which, from the distance at which the stars are set, appears as if it were unlimited; and all this time, while he is wrapt in such sublime imaginings, he either knows not, or perhaps forgets what the natural philosopher has told him, that he is beholding nothing more than a multitude of minute images; and that, instead of infinite space, the little retina, on which his stars are all painted, could be covered with the finger's point; that the only space which he sees, or could see, is actually less than the little organ in which he thinks it is presented."—TULK'S *Spiritual Christianity*.

From these instances we may learn not to rely too confidently on our sensations, when they teach us that space has an existence distinct from those sensations, and that the earth was created before the conscious or sentient beings who were to dwell upon it, and not to suppose that there is an external world because to the senses it appears so, when no rational man has ever proved such a supposition to be rationally true.

All we know of what we call the objects of the senses or the objects of nature is certain sensations which we feel in a certain uniform order the same to-day as yesterday. The unchangeable Divine Life, the unchangeable Light of Life, the unchangeable divinely given Faith of God, rationally received and obeyed, will, no doubt, in due time, rise alive within us from being as it were dead therein. This rational Divine Truth will teach us that "all the objects of the senses, which seem to enter the sentient faculties from without, are actually from within, being creations of the Divine Life, according to the law which determines the relationship between natural effects and their spiritual causes, brought forth and exhibited by sensations in the ultimate faculties of the mind."—TULK'S *Spiritual Christianity*.

Let any man ask himself, concerning any object of sense he likes, his own body or any other body, what is it but a combination of sensations, as hard or soft, round or angular, large or small, distant or near, white or some other colour, hot or cold, heavy or light, sweet or bitter, and so on through as minute an analysis or examination as can possibly be made of the object? And sensations are states of sentient beings, of minds, and not things apart from or even contiguous to minds. All these sensations combined, or associated together as one sensation by the natural capacity which he has so to combine or conceive them, constitute what he calls the external object of which he is at the moment sensible.

But again, this object of his senses is to-day exactly like

what it was yesterday, or years before; and other men, as well as himself, if in a similar state or condition to his now, have had before, will have now and hereafter, an exactly similar object of their senses, or rather exactly similar objects, for there must be as many different objects of the senses as there are persons seeing, or in any other way conscious of the objects. Having formed the conclusion that the object is external to them, they believe their several sensations to be one and the same object, existing permanently, independently, and externally, to every one, though they know nothing more of the object than that it is a combination of various sensations in the mind of each who perceives it, though the sensations which a man has now or which is the same thing, though the object which a man perceives now is *numerically* different from that which he perceives at another time, or which other men perceive at the same or any other time, yet these severally perceived objects being exactly alike are regarded but as one and the same object. This way of so regarding them is as absurd as if a man should think that the taste of an apple which he is eating to-day is numerically the same as the perfectly similar taste of the apple which he eat yesterday. They are numerically two different tastes as the apples are two different apples, just in the same way the cluster of sensations which a man has to-day, and which he calls his house and grounds, is numerically different from the exactly similar cluster of sensations which he had yesterday, and numerically different from the exactly similar cluster which he may have to-morrow, and numerically different from the exactly similar clusters which other people will have as often as they are in a state or condition of mind like his.

It is not a rational truth then that we ever again perceive the numerically same object which we have perceived before, though it is a natural or sensual, or apparent truth. We consecutively see two different objects, though each is perfectly like the other, or at all events so perfectly alike that we can distinguish no difference between them; and because they are so alike, we believe them to be, not two separate things, but one and the same thing. This is a natural, sensual, or apparent truth,—a proper, and even a necessary natural belief.

Thus, then, if the rational faculty is not “raised” above the natural or sensual faculty, but lies as it were “dead” under its dominion, it makes two false—that is, rationally false—suppositions. First, that the objects of the senses, or the things perceived by the mind are external to, and at a distance from the mind which perceives the objects—the perception of objects being nothing more than “having a certain number of sensations regarded as in a particular state of combination, that

is, of concomitance;* and, secondly, that these objects of the senses, or clusters of sensations, have a permanent existence; but the truth is, that these objects of the senses, or clusters of sensations, have no permanent existence, but are changed as often as we have new sensations, nor have they any existence at all besides that of being sensations of a sentient being or mind at the moment of being felt, and no longer than he perceives or is conscious of them. From this, the rational faculty proceeds in its slavish submission to, and, as it were, death, under the dominion of the natural man, mind, or faculty, to make a third false supposition, namely, that the objects of the senses, or clusters of sensations, are independent of sentient minds, existed before they existed, and would continue to exist, if there were no sentient beings having the clusters, called objects. No true theological doctrine can be firmly built on such a sandy foundation as this. Rational theology, founded on a Divinely given Faith, quickening and instructing the rational faculty, teaches that God or the Divine Life, received by the sentient faculties, is continually creating the sensible universe through the sentient faculties of created sentient beings by uniform laws, and discards the notion that once upon a time He began and finished creating a sensible universe of which there was no created being to be sensible. The first created being is man, and, the next, (if we must imagine a succession of time), man's sensations, the various combinations of which sensations seem to him to be what he calls external objects. This rational theology teaches that the sensible universe is changed as often and as far as the sensations of sentient beings are changed; but the sensations, their combinations, and the entire aggregate of them, being constantly alike or nearly alike, the aggregate is presented to the sentient faculty (and the natural rational faculty basely consents) as one and the same permanent, self-existent universe, independent of its Creator and of His sentient creatures through whom it exists. Such teaching is rational theology and the first step towards the rational understanding of Divine Truth. To embrace it and to reason from it, and to live according to it, is resurrection from the dominion of the perishable natural or sentient faculty to the dominion of the imperishable Life of God in man. This is a position from which it seems not irrational to suppose that we ought to be able to give a rational meaning to *post mortem* resurrection and spiritual existence.

In yonder field there are sheep bleating with bells on them ringing. The sounds which I hear are sensations which I have and nothing else. They appear to come from the sheep and

* See MR. JAMES MILL'S *Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind*.

the bells, and so they do. But *where* are the sheep and the bells? They are at a certain distance from me. But "the notion of extension, or distance, is that of a motion of the muscles continued for a longer or a shorter duration."* And what else are the muscles and their motion but clusters of sensations? All the phenomena, then, that is, all the things perceived by me, the sheep, the bells, the sound, the distance, are nothing but my sensations connected together under some invisible and unknown governing law, so that any one else in the same state as mine will have the same sensations according to the same invisible and unknown law. What is this invisible and unknown law? Clearly something that can be only rationally discerned, never naturally, for natural discernment would be mere sensations as before. Can it be rationally discerned *with irresistible assurance* without a Divinely given Faith (the substance or support of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen) IN Him in whom we live and move and have our being, now *naturally*, as well as hereafter *spiritually*; IN Him who is the *Arche* (the beginning not merely as to time but as to substance) of the creation of God, (Rev. iii., 14); IN whom all things visible and invisible are created and stand together (that is as one thing), (Col. i., 16) though they *appear* as separate things, by which appearance conscious beings acquire consciousness and a sense of individuality, and a natural belief of independence of one another and of God?

This fact (of being constituted as one body in God, but appearing to ourselves consciously as several members of such body, in this world without a natural belief in God) can be conceived to exist also when the belief in God is a *perfect* rational assurance, the feeling of independence of one another and of Him *still existing but never being attended to*; and this state, it is rational to believe, constitutes *post-mortem* existence. The *post-mortem* member of the one body may exist in Him as easily then as it lives and moves and has its being *in Him now*; having a body, organs of sensations, and sensations, then as now; but never thinking of the sensations (as he now does) as objects external to him, but solely as representative effects (in his sensitive faculty) of their corresponding causes in and from the body of which he is a member; and this is what I mean by spiritual existence. Now we think from space and appearances or effects. Then we shall think from causes, from realities, suggested by sensations, but no more consciously attending to the sensations than one attends to the sensations of the letters when one sees the meaning of the word.

W. P. G.

* MR. JOHN STUART MILL'S *Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy.*

'TWELVE MONTHS' SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA.

By J. H. POWELL.

PART III.

I WAS called to Rochester, N. Y. State, where I met many who had seen the first manifestations through the Fox girls in 1848, and listened with deep interest to their recitals. Amongst others with whom I became acquainted were Amy and Isaac Post, whose names are associated with the early history of modern Spiritualism, and with the movement for the abolition of slavery. They are members of the Society of Friends, in the decline of life, and prominent as heretofore in advocacy of Spiritualism, and in befriending the coloured race. I stayed some portion of the time I was in Rochester at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Burtis, whose experiences in Spiritualism, some of which Mrs. Burtis read me from her diary, have been as remarkable as any of which I have heard or read.

She, at one time, had in her house a German girl, in the capacity of servant, who proved to be an excellent medium; most of the communications she received appearing in large legible letters on her arm. On one occasion, Frederick Douglass, the slave orator, sat with this girl, when lo! on her arm appeared the picture of a slave kneeling, with chains on his wrists. I mention this *en passant*, simply to give one fact to shew the character of the manifestations through this girl, who was both ignorant and uninterested in her own mediumship. Mrs. Burtis showed me likewise some spirit-photographs taken by Mrs. Butler of Buffalo, N. Y., of whom I shall say more anon.

I was present at the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of modern Spiritualism held in Rochester, and at which Isaac and Amy Post, Mr. and Mrs. Burtis, and other of the early pioneers gave their experiences, which were all full of interest.

On Sunday, April 26th, when I entered the hall to deliver the morning's discourse, I was attracted by a couple of pictures which hung on each side of the platform. Before, however, I had time to inspect the pictures, I was introduced to Dr. H. Slade of Michigan. After a while, I took a minute survey of the pictures. One is a portrait, in colours, of a female, painted in Scotch style; the other, in pencil, is said to be a correct portrait of Omasao, the spirit controlling the doctor in the physical demonstrations through his mediumship. I learned on inquiry that each picture was produced within a single hour,

the medium wholly unconscious at the time. The longer I looked at the coloured portrait, the more wonderful appeared to be the statement as to time. It is said by the doctor himself and others to be a perfect likeness of his departed wife. Every lineament appeared so natural, I almost fancied that I was looking at flesh rounded and glowing with life. Dr. Slade declares his inability to produce of himself anything approaching it.

In the afternoon, at the Children's Lyceum, Dr. Slade, under spirit influence, played and sang to his own accompaniment a pleasing improvised production on "spirit life." In the evening before my lecture, the doctor offered, under influence, an invocation, and closed the proceedings by sitting at the piano, and executing a piece to the delight of the audience.

The next day, Monday, April 27th, at two o'clock, I sat by appointment with the doctor at his room, No. 42, at the National Hotel, Rochester. No other person was present. The medium was provided with a slate, a piece of slate pencil, an accordion, and a common hand bell. The table at which we sat was a common flap four-legged sitting room table. The doctor taking the slate pencil, broke a piece off scarcely as large as the fourth of a pea, certainly not large enough for the thumb and fingers of a man to hold, so as to write with force and legibility. Before, however, testing the slate experiment, the doctor placed his hands on mine; immediately there commenced a series of light and heavy rappings—some muffled, others sharp. I had several distinct evidences of force, my coat being more than once pulled; the pulling not being done by any visible hand. At the time, both hands of the medium were visible to me. The doctor now took the slate, and threw the small piece of pencil on the top of it. He then desired me to observe minutely his position, and how he held the slate. He drew his chair right back, so that I could see his feet, and pulled off his boots to shew me that nothing was attached to his toes. He then held the slate almost three-parts under, close to the table top. I saw all the time the hand that held the slate, and could perceive a force applied to the slate, making it difficult for him to keep firm hold, and I heard the small piece of pencil scratching. When the doctor showed me the slate, there was written on it my surname, with a Christian name I could not decipher. This sort of thing was repeated with variations, then the medium placed the slate with the little piece of pencil on my shoulder; I could see not only his hand that held it, but a portion of the slate as well, yet still the scratching of the pencil was heard, and there was written, "*J. Powell.*" The slate and pencil were placed again on my shoulder, and there was written rapidly and

distinctly, "*All is well for you—have hope.*" The small piece of pencil was somewhere on the floor. The doctor asked the spirit to be good enough to restore it. This was done in the twinkling of an eye. It was next written, "*We will play.*"

Dr. Slade held the accordion at the opposite end to the keys, placed the hand bell under the table, and drew back his chair, so that his feet could not in any way aid. The concert commenced, the accordion taking the lead, accompanied by the bell. The beautiful tune, "Home, sweet home" (very appropriate to me, often sighing for home), was sweetly played by the mysterious musician.

This sitting could not have been more satisfactory; every chance was given for full and thorough investigation; *and all took place in broad daylight.*

The doctor desired me to call and have a second sitting, more time not being available for my special benefit. Accordingly, I set apart Thursday, April 30th, and on that occasion, sat with the doctor and a lady, in the same room, at the same table. Loud knockings were first heard all over the legs of my chair, and once on the wall several yards from where we sat. The doctor, as on a former occasion, provided himself with a small piece of slate pencil, and held the slate under the table, giving every opportunity for examination. The first communication in writing was for the lady:—"Tell Mr.—that he must come here." "Will he come?" Loud knocks signifying an affirmative. Next was written, "*Mr. Powell go West.*" I said, "*I feel dull to-day—want sympathy. Can you not say something to cheer me?*" The answer came rapidly written with the small piece of pencil, "*Have hope. All is well.—J. P.*" The slate at my request was again placed upon my shoulder. I could see, as before, Dr. Slade's hand that held it, and a portion of the slate. The lady could see nearly the entire slate. The scratching of the pencil commenced, and a communication was written.

I said to the doctor, "*I think you should go to England. Such manifestations as these would paralyse the scepticism of the scientific. Those who would turn away from dark circles might possibly be staggered by such as yours in the light.*" The slate and small piece of pencil were again in vogue, and there was written, "*This medium will go to England within two years.*"

Immediately following this, the doctor took the accordion, and held it as before with the keys facing us. The tune emitted this time was equally beautiful and well executed. In an instant, the force applied drew the accordion from his hand, and broke it. The slate was again taken up. The doctor took from his pocket a silver-bladed knife, and placing it on the slate,

blade shut, held the slate under the table. In an instant, the knife was thrown on the top of the table, blade open. The experiment was repeated by request, with a different result. The knife was carried from the slate, and, no one hearing it fall, we all wondered what had become of it. The impression came to me to feel in my coat pocket, and there, sure enough, was the knife, blade open.

This second *séance* concluded with the levitation of the table which was effected with great power. I have witnessed many physical manifestations, but, I do not hesitate to say, none more satisfactory than those in the presence of Dr. Slade; nor can I conceive how sceptics could witness such as I have through his mediumship and find a loop-hole of escape from the legitimate conclusion that what takes place is manifestly beyond his volitional powers.

I could detail various other interesting incidents relating to mediums and their manifestations in Rochester, but must pass on to Buffalo, New Zealand, the birth-place and home of the Davenport Brothers.

I did not forget that Mrs. Burtis had shown me spirit photographs, or what purported to be such, taken by Mrs. Butler, 250, Main Street, Buffalo. It so happened, too, that Mrs. Burtis was in Buffalo and was desirous of introducing me to the lady photographer. I was so far favoured. But what resulted from my visits to Mrs. Butler I shall relate in order. I had the necessary introduction on the first day I was in Buffalo and was promised a sitting.

On the evening of May 20th I accompanied a lady, Mrs. M——, to the house of Mrs. Hazen, a well-known and respected medium. We found ourselves unexpectedly in the presence of a large company who had met to hold a *séance*. The room was darkened, and in a few seconds a gruff, muffled voice was heard, purporting to belong to the deceased husband of Mrs. Hazen. After a brief interval another masculine voice, evidently different, answered to the cognomen "Ben." Some pointed and smart remarks were elicited from this spirit. Then followed in succession other voices male and female.

I was in the dark mentally as well as physically, and longed for light to learn who was who. Presently "Ben" was in full vocal force again. We kept up a long dialogue with him, in which he showed quick perception and ready wit.

When the light was introduced I saw the medium Hattie Tackerberry sitting entranced in a corner of the room.

The man near me who acted the part of manager of the *séance* told me that he was captain of the schooner "Comely" from Cleveland, and that Hattie was engaged on board the vessel

in the capacity of cook. I expressed a desire to have the opportunity of testing the medium at a future time. The captain invited me to come on board the "Comely" the next day.

True to my appointment I wended my way to the harbour in search of the "Comely," and a search it proved. The rain fell thick and fast and it required no small courage to face it on such a mission. Climbing up the slippery side of the vessel, I was glad enough to enter the little cabin, where the captain made me welcome. Hattie, the medium, was in her berth taking "a nap." I learned from her that she was under 25 years old, was married when she was only 15 years of age, that her husband had met his death at sea, leaving her with one child, and that she was born in Nottinghamshire, England.

I further learned that "Ben," the principal talker at her *séances*, is recognised by her as none other than Ben Tackerberry her husband. Other spirits that frequent her *séances* are named Mr. and Mrs. Wester, her own father and mother.

Hattie is below medium height, possessing small but marked features. She has realized experiences enough to fill a dozen lives, yet she does not display more than common-place intellect, and is certainly very deficient in scholastic culture.

Hattie, the captain, and myself sat in a small sleeping room. The bed was on the right, the medium sat in front near the window, which was darkened for the purpose for which we sat. The captain took his position by the door and I sat upon the bed, but owing to the smallness of the room our feet were necessarily in contact, which was an evidence to me that neither the medium nor the captain moved from their seats. A tin horn, commonly used for speaking through, was taken from some part of the room by invisible power. It was used to touch the captain and me. Presently "Ben" hailed us, and in return we each greeted kindly our mysterious interlocutor.

Several loud knockings came on the walls quite out of reach of either of us. Presently "Ben" said, "*Becker, I want you to hold the trumpet.*" The captain took it from the spirit and placed it on the bed behind me. Another voice, said to be Wester's, the father of Hattie, sounded close to the medium. "How is this?" exclaimed the captain, "can you speak without the trumpet?" "*I speak through the trumpet,*" was the instant answer. "How can that be!" queried the captain, "the trumpet is still on the bed?" I felt and found it there. The voice replied, "*I speak through the trumpet, and send my voice to the spot.*" Here was an experiment worthy of note. If a trumpet be necessary to the production of these voices, and the medium, on the supposition of jugglery, is supposed to use the trumpet, how did she get her mouth to the trumpet behind me?" I am

satisfied that she did not move from her chair. I heard "Ben's" characteristic voice, "I say Becker, you put that trumpet down." The captain laughed, telling me that he had taken it in his hand. Another voice, called by the captain "Eliza," next held converse with us. She professed to understand the nature of disease and to prescribe, and gave me some advice respecting my health. I quietly took up the trumpet. She cried in a quick loud tone, "*Powell, put down that trumpet.*" A few minutes after I placed my elbow on the bed and my head upon my hand. The voice called out immediately, "*Powell, you are leaning upon your dignity.*" Other slight movements, as the putting of my fingers through my whiskers, were immediately remarked on by the same voice, although the room was so dark that I could not distinguish by sight a single object; yet it was evident that some invisible eye saw me. This is why I mention these otherwise trifling incidents, and this was doubtless the conviction arrived at. The voices during the evening were all distinct, and the various conversations, and other incidents too lengthy to note in detail.

A third *séance* at which Hattie was the medium, and at which I was present, took place at the residence of Mrs. M——, the lady I accompanied to Mrs. Hazen's. The sitting was a lengthy one, and the various voices singularly strong. "Ben," as usual, was the principal talker. When any one of the circle spoke out of order, "Ben" thundered "*Silence! one at a time,*" or words to that effect. Mary C——, a young lady present, received a large share of his attentions. He told her that she had in her pocket a love-letter, which she had that day received, and that she had found passages difficult to read. He described the writer, told of a rival. All "Ben" said on this interesting topic, excepting a statement that the writer of the letter lived in Chicago, was acknowledged by Mary to be perfectly correct. Several tests similar to those I have enumerated were given.

Apart from the variations of these peculiar voices, and the physical demonstrations of hands and rappings, which interperse the conversations, there is an acquaintance manifested by the invisibles with the private affairs of the company (including strangers), truly surprising and removed out of the range of guess-work.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 7th, 1868.

HAUNTED HOUSE IN THE COUNTY OF CLARE,
IRELAND.

[The Earl of Dunraven has forwarded the following authenticated account of a haunted house, drawn up by his lordship, then Lord Adare, in the year 1843, and which we have much pleasure in inserting.—ED.]

MY DEAR M——,

The following is the account of the strange noises which were heard some years ago, and which I promised to draw up for you. Mr. and Mrs. Daxon went to live at Kilmoran, in the County of Clare, about the year 1824. They occasionally heard rumours from the old people of the place that two persons had often been seen riding, driving, and walking about the grounds, but no credit was given to these stories. The disturbances commenced on the 5th of September, 1828, with the following remarkable occurrence: Mr. and Mrs. D—— had retired to bed; a little boy a year and a half old sleeping in a cot by the bedside; and no light in the room, when a large dog seemed to arise with a heavy step and walk across the floor to the cot, where it made a noise as if going to eat or lap up something; the child instantly awoke and screamed violently. Mrs. Daxon held him while Mr. Daxon called up the servant to turn out, as he conceived, a large watch dog; but no dog was to be found. Some nights after they heard what seemed a barefooted person walking stealthily about the room; a candle was lighted, and search made, but no one could be found. Night after night the noises became more violent, the child appearing much disturbed by them, and often in the daytime screaming out, "Mamma, look at that black man;" at other times, "that large black dog." One night Miss P—— heard the trot of horses up to the hall door, she opened it and looked out, the moon was bright, but no horses to be seen; she retired to rest, and put the night-bolt in the door. Immediately after lying down she heard a person walk over to the fire-place and stir the embers, and then come to the side of the bed, when the pillow was pulled away and thrown into the middle of the room, and the bed-posts struck with a stick; the person then quitted the room, slapping the door with violence. At first Miss P——'s alarm prevented her from getting up; but on recovering her fright she found the pillow on the floor, and the door as she had fastened it. The noises now became various and wonderful, and were heard by all the family. Different creatures were assumed, as far as could be judged

by the sounds: sometimes large four-footed animals, sometimes birds, but generally the human form. One evening, before tea, Miss P——, the governess, and children were in the school room, when the books were taken off the table and thrown on the top of the press. After this a footstep came to the door and two or three screams were heard; Miss P—— opened the door, and heard a step retreating heavily, she followed with a candle, the step seemed to return, and the candle was blown out with a puff. At another time she was writing, when the table cover and writing implements were thrown off the table, and the chair pulled from under her; this was in the daytime.

Several friends came and endeavoured—but without success—to discover a clue to these events. The figures of two men were seen by Mrs. Daxon, and Miss P——, at different times, walking outside the windows, and by one of the servants, but not by two persons at the same time; on one of these occasions Mr. Daxon, who was outside, saw nothing. Mrs. Daxon once saw a large savage looking dog, but it vanished immediately. Another time the voices of two persons were heard, speaking in an unknown language, close to her bed room. Every noise that could disturb the family was resorted to; screaming, clapping of hands, firing shots through the glass, (no glass being really broken), playing on the bagpipes, and noises so ridiculous as scarcely to be credited. One of the modes of annoyance was that of throwing a great weight upon the chest, or some part of the body. This has been felt by Mr. and Mrs. Daxon, Miss P—— and Miss O——; sometimes when a light was in the room and sometimes in the dark. Once when the candles were lighted Mrs. Daxon felt the pressure of a very cold hand on her back. A gentleman one night felt as if a person lay by him in the bed. A common prelude to its coming was as if a piece of the ceiling had fallen and was scattered upon the floor. Sometimes balls appeared to be thrown from one part of the room to the other. After the month of March, 1829, the noises by night seemed to decline, but were constantly heard by day. Sighs and moans were very common.

One day, Mrs. Daxon was writing in the dining room; she felt a breathing on the back of her neck, accompanied by heavy sighs; she ran out of the room and met Miss P——, who said that she had just heard a noise as if a person was drawing a chair about her room. There was a favourite canary bird in the house, which appeared alarmed by the noises. It would jump off the perch, and hide at the bottom of the cage. A cat killed the bird; after which for some days the bird's notes were exactly imitated, and Mrs. Daxon has followed them to different parts of the house.

A favourite dog was also occasionally alarmed; one day, so

much so, as to jump through the closed window. Mr. Daxon's brother (Mr. R. D——) now arrived; and the two brothers sat up armed. The noises continued. One night It appeared to walk between them, and knock loudly at a door close to which they stood. Mrs. Daxon one night addressed It, asking in the name of God why they were thus tormented. After a moment's silence there was a scream, and a rush out of the room, the door being shut violently. After this, It did not come inside the house for three weeks. Mrs. Daxon changed her bed room more than once, but all in vain. One night the bed-posts were beaten so that the bed shook. It was very violent; particularly if when being addressed, our Saviour's name was used. If candles were lighted, It became worse. Miss P——, who had great courage, used to follow the noise from room to room. One night, when the child was sleeping with her, she heard the noise of a person forcing himself under the bed. At last some one came out by the head of the bed and caught her by the throat, pressing her so that she screamed and fainted.

Upon another occasion when it was in the room, the little child jumped up in his sleep, calling, "Let me go, I must be off." On being awoke immediately, he could recollect nothing which had caused his alarm. The winter, 1829, Miss P—— and the little boy left the house. They remained away nearly three years. During their absence the noises were very seldom heard; but upon their return they recommenced; lasting, however, but a short time.

A strange incident now occurred. One day Mrs. Daxon went into the kitchen whilst a pot was on the fire, in which was a goose. She heard moans issuing from the pot. She was of course greatly astonished; and there being no one present, she called to Miss P——, Miss M. P——, and Miss P. S——; and they also heard the sounds. The servant girl then came in, and by Mrs. Daxon's direction took the pot off the fire, in doing which she let it fall; when a scream issued from the pot. The sound rushed across the room, and a step was heard ascending a staircase at the other side of the kitchen, accompanied by a noise like that of a chair being dragged after it. There was no visible appearance. One night Miss P——, the governess, and boy, who were sleeping in the same room, heard what seemed to be chairs dragged up stairs, and a noise as if some one was trying to force open the door. Miss P—— got up and opened it, when the candle was blown out. She re-lighted it; went to the lobby, calling upon It to leave the house in the name of God. It appeared to retreat quickly, uttered a yell, and rushed out of the kitchen door, slapping it with violence. The family were awakened by the scream. The house was infested by crickets

previous to the commencement of the noises, after which they all disappeared. A Roman Catholic priest offered to exorcise It, but this was declined. Some of the servants left the house. No shot was ever fired at It. Not the slightest noise has been heard for nine years.

The foregoing account, written in 1841, by Mrs. Daxon, is signed by her, and by Miss P——, Mr. B. D——, Mr. D——, Doctor B——, Miss M. P——, and Miss D——.

In a letter written to me in 1842, Mrs. Daxon says:—"Six months after the noises had commenced, the night being dark and the shutters shut, I heard noises in a corner of the room. I looked and could see nothing, when suddenly two flashes of light illuminated the room. I only saw these flashes on two occasions. One night a baby, six weeks' old, lay by my bedside in its cradle; some alarming noises were in the room, so I took the baby into bed; when something seemed to pull the cradle away to a little distance, and jump in and hop three times. Mr. Daxon threw himself across the bed and tried to catch it; but in vain." In another letter she says:—"Mr. Daxon's father held this place 30 years ago; his wife, one night, being at prayers, felt a smart slap on her back; the door was secured, but no one could be discovered. The steward, about this time, on a moonlight night, heard horses pass his house towards a high gate, which he knew was locked; he got up, and went out to open it, when, to his amazement, he saw them pass through the gate, and appear to sink into the ground. I had heard many stories of occurrences that took place long before I came to live here."

The following extract is from a letter of Miss R——'s, the governess:—

"I remember the books being taken and thrown upon the desk; the curtains of the bed being thrown on the top; also the dreadful scream, and Miss P—— going to the door and addressing it, and the candle being blown out; also hearing music like the bagpipes and the piano; and a car being driven furiously to the door, and on going to it, no car, or trace of one, being visible."

The following extract is from a letter from Mr. P. S. D—— to me:—

"On retiring for the night I heard a tapping at the bedroom door, and, on opening it, so as to command a view of both sides, the tapping continued for some time; and then moved to a part of the wall three or four feet off from the door, and continued long enough for me to make a full examination, but without effect. I went to bed, and the fire was bright enough to enable me to distinguish the smallest object. One of the bedposts was shaken violently; then a patting sound as of a small animal

running, came from the fireplace to the beds, under both of which it went. I was looking at the part of the floor where it seemed to run; I searched and could find nothing. We often heard sounds like the rolling of a large beam of timber. Sometimes a piece of mortar appeared to fall from the ceiling, and to scatter on the floor; and other times, water, as if from a leak in the roof, seemed coming down drop by drop."

I have a letter from Miss P——, corroborating all the statements in Mrs. D——'s letters. Amongst other things, she says, "I saw the books raised off the table and thrown upon the top of the desk. I was pinched in the arm one night, in the passage; the mark remained for several days. It was not quite dark; I could well have discerned a person. I once saw a tall figure dressed in white pass the window. The men always appeared outside the windows, and were invisible to all outside. The candle has frequently been blown out in my hand. I have often felt the unaccountable pressure. The noises were never violent after the scream, and gradually declined."

Dr. B——, in a letter to me says, "The first night I slept there I heard, as it were, plaster falling from the ceiling, but could see nothing, although there was plenty of light. The second night I heard a strange sound as if the bed curtains were slashed with a switch; there was no visible motion about the curtains."

I have now to relate a singular circumstance, which may be connected with these noises. Some time before they commenced, one of the family was buried in a family vault near the house. About a year afterwards this vault was found open. The steward relates (in a letter to me) the following facts:—"I was told that the vault was open, and I found it so, as also the coffin, and a cut across the body, nearly from one hip to the other, and the track of two people inside and outside the vault, the body was perfect and the cut fresh." It is a tradition in Ireland that a part of the inside of a body (the liver I believe) gives power of witchcraft. The steward also says, "About a year after, the family left home; I was desired to sleep in the house. One night I was alarmed by a strange and loud noise inside and outside the room, it lasted five hours; but, although the night was very bright, I could see nothing: I was often obliged to get up and see who was rapping at the hall door, but could never detect any one."

I have now extracted from all the letters I possess, connected with this mysterious subject whatever is necessary, to shew the character and variety of these strange proceedings. I was so interested in the whole matter that I took all the pains in my power to get at the facts, and in order to satisfy myself more

fully, I went to Kilorman. Mr. Daxon is a gentleman farmer and agent, of respectable family. Mrs. Daxon suffered so much in health, from anxiety and constant annoyance, that she was obliged to leave the place for some time; indeed, even now, she does not much like to allude to the noises; she and her sister believe them to have been in some way supernatural. After seeing the house I was more than ever alive to the difficulty of attempting to explain the different things that occurred, by attributing them to clever contrivance or mechanism. The house is a small, plain, modern building, a hall door in the middle, opening into a small space and passage, a room on each side; over these, bed rooms, and the kitchen, &c., at the back. I examined the walls and satisfied myself that there was no place where arrangements or contrivances could have been made. The passage where Miss P——'s candle was blown out, and where she was pinched, is narrow, and it appears to be perfectly impossible to avoid seeing the person who could have done these things. The house was not infested by rats.

I heard several additional particulars from Mrs. Daxon, that among them she used occasionally to hear the gentlest tapping at the wall, sometimes at the sideboard; the tapping would appear to move away to other parts of the room. One day, a carpet or cloth, I forget which, had been stretched out in a bed room, on chairs. Towards evening, a violent noise was heard by those in the room below, and they thought some one had gone in, and had stumbled over the chairs and carpet. They proceeded to look, when on opening the door, all was in its proper place—no one had been there. Mrs. Daxon related a circumstance to me, which I am bound not to repeat; but which would afford some faint clue, so far as this—that it points to a person as a possible agent in the transaction; and this person was said by the people to be possessed of the power of witchcraft. The surmise is a very vague one; but I feel bound to allude to it, as far as I can, without breach of confidence; not that, however, I put very much trust in the connection between the noises and this supposed possible cause, nor I imagine does Mrs. Daxon. I asked her whether there were any quarrels among the servants, or between the family and the servants, and was told not. Nothing had ever occurred which could cause Mrs. Daxon to have any fanciful fear of a dog before the first night of the noises. She also told me that she has heard and felt, as it were, a person or creature pressing between the bed and the wall, although there was no room for any one to walk between; and that no one can imagine how horrible it was to feel the pressure on the chest, and to be, as it were, completely at the mercy of an unknown and invisible being or agent, who

had power thus to torment you. In April, 1842, not long after I had made an examination of the house, I heard from Mrs. Daxon that the noises had recommenced in the following way: Mrs. Daxon going from home, ordered two maid servants to sleep in Miss P——'s room. They were maids who had lately come. On Mr. Daxon's return, they said that an invisible being had been in the room at different times, and pulled the bed clothes off. The same thing happened next night to Mr. Daxon and to Miss P——. Mr. Daxon left home; and the following night the two ladies slept in the same room. They heard a curious noise between the beds, and Miss P——'s clothes were pulled off the bed, and a large hand laid heavily on her back. She cried out that she would fire the next night, and a step then appeared to walk towards the window and go out through the wall. The ladies got pistols and fired shots next day. At night there was a violent pounding on the top of the house over their beds. Nothing occurred for a month, after which Miss P—— left the house. The day previous to her departure, she gave Mrs. Daxon her pistol; and that night the clothes were pulled off her bed. I think this last proceeding wears the appearance of a trick; as if some one, who had heard of the strange noises 12 years ago, was endeavouring to imitate them. I wrote lately to Mrs. Daxon to know if anything had occurred since 1842. I received a letter yesterday, saying that all has been quiet. I now leave you to form your own conjectures upon this extraordinary story; and with many apologies for the length of my letter,

I remain, yours very sincerely,

ADARE.

THE POWER OF THE INVISIBLE.

WE find in a late number of the *Methodist*, a denominational paper of New York, a full sermon by Bishop Simpson of that Church, on the theme above named. Did our space permit, we should be glad to publish much more copious extracts than those which we are about to give to our readers. The Bishop directed his thoughts to the propriety of the habit of fixing the spirit's gaze on invisible things; first, in order to steady the purpose and concentrate the forces of the individual life, and, secondly, to elevate the nature, expand the sympathies, and make spiritual things supreme. From a perusal of parts of this discourse, we should say that Bishop Simpson is an unconscious Spiritualist; he cherishes, to be sure, the dogma of unending punishment, but he clings with a far more eager desire to the

belief in a heaven into which attending spirits are ready to introduce him while occupying the tabernacle of the flesh. To illustrate and enforce our remarks, and especially to satisfy all persons of the Methodist persuasion that one of their own Bishops does hold to a faith which they would be afraid of under the name of Spiritualism, we proceed to subjoin a few extracts, as follows :

“Man rises on the triumphs of art just in proportion as he approaches toward the invisible. The studies of men lead in the same direction. We commence with the simple elements around us—the visible. We take hold, in philosophy and chemistry, on what might be termed the alphabets, the elements, the grosser forms of matter. As we rise in our speculations, we go still higher, and light, and heat, and electricity, and magnetism, in all their impalpable forms, pass before us in review ; and to-day a large part of chemical and philosophic science is employed in reference to this impalpable and imponderable element, and science rises to its highest glory as it lays hold of the invisible. Now, if we find that man rises in civilization just as his thoughts are directed toward the invisible, shall it not be so that the Christian, in grappling with the highest possible thoughts, shall find himself passing over toward the unseen? So far from this habit of mind being unreasonable, then, we find it to be in harmony with the laws of God.

* * * * *

If we can know that we shall be the sons of God and heirs of a glorious inheritance,—with this assurance, we can look out into the invisible with calmness. There is none of us that does not have a feeling that the invisible is near us. It gathers about us—its very shadows seem sometimes to fall upon us. We know not by nature what that invisible is, but that there is an invisible the very instincts of our hearts tell us. Who has not trembled at thoughts of the invisible? Who has not been anxious to lift the veil that shrouds it from our view? Who has not thought of friends who have just passed over the boundary-line? Who has not trembled by the side of the death-bed and the grave, when the eternal seemed to come so near and the invisible to move in view? And why that feeling? We have a relation to the invisible. The heathen are in dread because of it. They have peopled the air with genii, and fairies, and ghosts, and demons, and they dread the invisible because darkness hangs upon it.

But to the Christian, the invisible flames with light—Christ hath brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel—and we know that while there is the invisible, there are beauty and joy beyond. The very grave itself is a passage into the

beautiful and the glorious. We have laid our friends in the grave but they are around us. The little children that sat upon our knee, into whose eyes we looked with love, whose little hands clasped our neck, on whose cheeks we imprinted the kiss—we can almost feel the throbbing of their hearts to-day. They have passed from us; but where are they? Just beyond the line of the invisible. And the fathers and mothers that educated us, that directed and comforted us—where are they but just beyond the line of the invisible? The associates of our life, that walked along life's pathway, those with whom we took sweet counsel, and who dropped from our side—where are they but just beyond us?—not far away—it may be very near us, in the heaven of light and of love. Is there anything to alarm us in the thought of the invisible? No. It seems to me that sometimes, when our heads are on the pillow, there come whispers as of joy from the spirit-land; which have dropped into our hearts thoughts of the sublime and beautiful and glorious, as though some angel's wing passed over our brow, and some dear one sat by our pillow and communed with our hearts, to raise our affection towards the other and better world.

* * * * *

The invisible is not dark; it is glorious. Sometimes the veil becomes so thin, it seems to me that I can almost see the bright forms through it, and my bending ear can almost hear the voices of those who are singing their melodious strain before the throne of God. Oh, there is music all around us, though the ear of man hear it not; there are glorious forms all about us, though in the busy scenes of life we recognize them not. The veil of the future will soon be lifted, and the invisible shall appear. And when you and I shall just step beyond the veil, oh how glorious! We shall look back to life and wonder why it was that it did not flame with light, even while we were treading the pathway here below. Oh, that look into eternity! We see the invisible, and it gives us joy. Our friends are there, our loved ones are there, and they are not far from us. Whether though connected with the coming of winter, whether my mind has been inclined to look more into the grave of late and beyond it, I cannot just say; but as I grow older, it seems to me that the invisible has greater and greater attractions for me from year to year. Never did I ponder so much on those beautiful passages where the life of the future is brought to light, and where immortality seems to glow all around me, as I have done in recent times. I have seen such a fulness in that passage where Jesus is represented as bringing light and immortality to light in the Gospel, that my soul has sometimes seemed to be almost filled; and as friend after friend passed over, I hold

sweeter and sweeter communion in my thoughts with the spirit world."

* * * * *

After demonstrating from Scripture history that the dead, when they come back to earth, do recognize old scenes and friends, and are fully alive to old interests and occupations, the Bishop breaks forth in the following strain of triumph, which is but breaking through the old barriers of ecclesiastical dogma, and planting himself on the solid ground of spiritual faith and religion. These are his words:—

"Oh, they do care about earth! they do come back to earth! The glorified saints love our earth still; our kindred in heaven love us still. The mother who counselled me, and who bore me when an infant, who talked to me in my riper years, and whom I laid in the grave a few months ago, she is my mother still. Beyond the dark curtain which hides immortality from view, oh, she is the same still. She loves me still; she waits to welcome me. If I but give my heart to God and discharge my duty, she waits to welcome me in the spirit-world. Oh, our kindred and mothers and fathers wait for us; wives and husbands wait for us; the little children—sainted cherubs—are waiting for us! The song of joy is going up just on the other side; and methinks white hands are beckoning to some of us. They are sailing onward and upward. A little longer bear earth's jarrings and toils, and then go up higher. The invisible is flaming in light; and as I look out, it becomes a source of joy to my heart."—*Banner of Light*.

SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE.

M. PIERART has completed the volume of the *Revue Spiritualiste* for the past year, and has closed it in a very superior manner. We hear nothing further of the *History of a Spiritualist*, by Leon Favre, probably because he has told us the most wonderful part of his narrative. We have some extraordinary prophecies of the career of Napoleon I. from the *Memoirs of Bourrienne* and the *History and Secret Memoirs of the Empress Josephine*, by Mademoiselle Le Normand, which we gave some time ago in this journal. Further translations are made from the remarkable recent manifestations of Mr. Home. There is a curious article on the Soul of Plants by M. Arnold Boscowitz, but perhaps the most striking paper is one on Spiritualism in Paris, called "Paris Somnambule," by Eugene Bonnemère. This article is quoted at length from the *Siècle*, a paper which M. Piérart says has always been especially

hostile to Spiritualism. If this be the case the *Sidcle* is much more liberal than most of our English newspapers, which vainly hope, by allowing any amount of attacks on Spiritualism and refusing the least defence of it, to extinguish it. Our English papers, particularly such as the *Star*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, &c., confess by their conduct that they are utterly beaten by their spiritual enemy. When journals do not condescend to notice a subject in any way we may be told that it is from sheer contempt of it; but when they allow continual and vehement attacks upon it, and refuse it all opportunity of defence, it is an unmistakable confession that they are beaten by it—that it is their lord and master. The *Sidcle* can afford to be more courageous and just.

The article sets out by the remark that, although Somnambulism has been a hundred times annihilated by the Academy of Medicine, it is more alive than ever in Paris: in the midst of all the lights of the age it continues, right or wrong, to excite the multitude. Protean in its forms, infinite in its manifestations, if you put it out of the door, it knocks at the window; if that be not opened it knocks on the ceiling, on the walls; it raps on the table at which you innocently seat yourselves to dine or for a game of whist. If you close your ears to its sounds, it grows excited, strikes the table, whirls it about in a giddy maze, lifts up its feet and proceeds to talk through mediumship as the dumb talk with their fingers.

You have all known the rage for table-turning. At one time, we ceased to ask after each other's health, but asked how your table was. "Thank you, mine turns beautifully; and how goes yours on?" Everything turned; hats and the heads in them. One was led almost to believe that a circle of passengers being formed round the mainmast of a ship of great tonnage, and a magnetic chain thus established, they might make the vessel spin round till it disappeared in the depth of the ocean, as a gimlet disappears in a deal board. The Church interfered; it caused its thunders to roar, declaring that it was Satan himself who thus raised the devil in the tables, and having formerly forbade the world to turn, it now forbade the faithful to turn tables, hats, brains, or ships of huge size. But Satan held his own. The sovereign of the nether world passed into the new one, and that is the reason that America sends us mediums: beginning so gloriously with the famous Home, and ending with the brothers Davenport. One remembers with what a frenzy every one precipitated himself in pursuit of mediums. Every one wished to have one of his own; and when you introduced a young man into society, you did not say, "He is a good waltzer;" but "He is a medium." Official science has killed and buried this Somnambulism a score of times; but it must have done it very badly,

for there it is as alive as ever, only christened afresh with a variety of names.

After a good deal of pleasant badinage of this sort, M. Bonnemère goes earnestly into a long and comprehensive article, in which he shews himself perfectly familiar with all the mysteries of Spiritualism; reveals himself as a sound believer in it; and ably demonstrates the great and cheering light which it has thrown on the world of spirit present and future, visible and invisible, on the true native destinies of man. When will the *Times*, the *Star*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, or *Saturday Review* have the courage or the philosophy to allow of the insertion in their columns of an article as bold and useful?

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

MR. W. H. MUMLER, of Boston, U. S. A., some of whose spirit photographs we re-published several years ago, respecting which we had at the time many paragraphs in the Magazine, has now removed to 630, Broadway, New York. We have received his prospectus, containing many testimonies, a few of which only are recent. The dates of the most of them are as far back as 1862, and it certainly seems a strange fact, to be accounted for, that if the photographs were genuine, there should have been a cessation of them for so many years, and that they should now re-appear at "10 dollars in greenbacks or post-office order." However as we do not profess to settle any question *a priori*, and prefer to let everything new and old rest on its own basis of fact, we shall be happy to receive any well accredited and scientific testimonies in favour of the spirit photographs.

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

The career of Victorien Sardou, which has been one of unexampled success, is known to be entirely under the control of the spirits. As a youth he had not exhibited the smallest dramatic talent. He was bidden by the spirit of Balzac to write a comedy—under the dictation of the great philosopher and novelist. Victorien obeyed without the smallest faith, and having written the piece, presented it to the director of the Gymnase, simply because he was bidden to do so by the spirits. The piece was played, and had taken the town by surprise before Sardou was even aware that it had been accepted. He was at Havre when the account reached him in the papers. The success which

has greeted every one of Sardou's productions—not one failure having marked his career—does seem the work of magic. No wonder it is attributed to the spirits.—*Birmingham Post*, April 10.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF ILLNESS AND TRANCE.

A remarkable case of suspended animation has occurred at Millom, in the neighbourhood of Whitehaven, in West Cumberland. It appears that some 18 or 19 weeks ago, a girl, about 11 or 12 years of age, residing with her parents at Millom was ill, and the medical attendant advised a removal for change of air. The patient was taken to Old Hall farm, leased from Mr. A. Brogden by Mr. W. Troughton. She was attended to with every care, but made no progress towards recovery, and in a short time fell into a lethargic state, resembling that of a person in a trance. In this condition she remained for many weeks, but at length woke up to a state of consciousness, and calling upon her mother, who was in attendance upon her, related how she had been in heaven and seen numerous angels and her brother, who had died some time ago. On being questioned to that effect, she expressed a desire not to recover from her illness, but to go to the happier land of which she had had glimpses. At that time she is described by her attendants as having a most "heavenly expression of countenance," and although she had then been for many weeks without one particle of solid food, her face was plump, her cheeks suffused with a lovely hue, the lips alone being devoid of the colour natural to her age when in health. The power of speech remained only for a short time, and the girl then relapsed into her former state, or nearly so. She lies in a lethargic condition, but when a question is put to her she manifests her power of understanding it by a slight moving of the head, or some motion to indicate that she is sensible to the sound of human voice. The only sustenance, if it can be called by that name, the girl has received for fully 15 or 16 weeks has been the occasional moistening of the lips with brandy and water or tea. Within the last few days the girl's limbs have become gradually more rigid, as though foretelling of no very distant dissolution.—*Newcastle Chronicle*, March 29.

THE WELSH FASTING GIRL.

We (*British Medical Journal*) have received from Dr. Lewis, of Carmarthen, an account of Sarah Jacobs, of Llanfihangel-ar-Arth, whose alleged long fasting has of late excited much curiosity. According to the account given by Dr. Lewis, she is

said to have taken no food since October 10, 1867, and not even water since the end of December of last year. He remarks that the statements made respecting Sarah Jacobs are of such an astounding nature that belief is scarcely possible, yet accumulated evidence might produce conviction. Some attempt has been made to test the credibility of the parents of the girl, by watching her closely; and the attempt came to an end for want of funds. The girl's parents are respectable farmers, not in needy circumstances. Dr. Lewis does not offer any explanation as to the manner in which life and growth can be maintained without ordinary food.

JUDGE EDMONDS.

The Hon. J. W. Edmonds declines the Presidency of a College, as he did a few years ago a Judgeship in New York. It will, no doubt, surprise our Christian friends to find there is a religion that raises man not only above worldly ambition, but above the highest positions of D.D. in our country, and yet leaves the person working for the spread of the new Gospel among the people, and writing and distributing, gratuitously, tracts and books to open the eyes that are sealed by sectarian bigotry to the light now bursting in from the spirit-world. The vast amount of good the Judge has done will not be appreciated until after he has gone to the other life.—*Banner of Light*.

AMERICAN OPINIONS OF THE "SPECTATOR'S" BRAIN WAVES.

"A writer in the *London Spectator* propounds a new theory in reference to the numerous well authenticated cases in which persons at the moment of death have made their presence seen or felt by distant friends. He suggests that the brain has the power of producing waves or vibrations in an atmosphere peculiar to itself, just as a magnetic battery sends an undulation through the magnetic fluid contained in a telegraph wire, or a bell sets the air surrounding it in motion when it is rung. At the moment of death, particularly of death by some violence, which finds the body in full vigour, the brain, exerting itself with spasmodic intensity, causes those brains which are connected with it by affinity to feel its power, and thus to perceive the presence of the person to whom it belongs. Such oblique methods of communicating between brain and brain, if such there be, would, in the opinion of the writer, probably but rarely take effect. The influences would be too minute and subtle to tell upon any brain already pre-occupied by action of its own, or on any but brains of extreme, perhaps morbid, susceptibility. But if, indeed, there be

radiating from living brains any such streams of vibratory movements, these may well have an effect, even without speech, and be, perhaps, the *modus operandi* of 'the little flash—the mystic hint' of the poet—of that dark and strange sphere of half-experiences which the world has never been without.

The theory, to which its propounder gives the name of 'brain waves,' is an ingenious one, and may yet receive scientific corroboration. That this material world has within it a host of forces not appreciable by the coarser senses, and that mind can act on mind without audible speech or visible motion, and at distances beyond the reach of sound or sight, is getting to be generally conceded. But how, or under what conditions, this power exhibits itself, is still an interesting subject of inquiry."

We clip the above from the *New York Sun*. To us, who are acquainted with both the facts and philosophy of this and other spiritual manifestations, it is amusing to see the ridiculous shifts of scientists in attempting to explain spiritual phenomena by the laws of matters with which they are acquainted. The above, though not quite as ridiculous as the explanation of spirit rappings by the Buffalo M.D.'s, is nevertheless destined to the same fate in the tomb of forgotten theories of nameless authors.

Twenty-one years have the spirits been rapping to us all over our country, and no explanation of any one opposed to the spiritual theory has given any satisfaction to the public, nor has any one lasted over six or eight months—only long enough to sell one edition of the book containing it. Most of the theories have injured the authors, and none have injured the cause of Spiritualism nor its advocates. The well established phenomena above referred to have been longer noticed and better known to many, but none but the spiritual explanation has given any clue to the cause. That guardian spirits often do carry news and make facts known at a long distance from the place where they occur, both by sounds and by appearances of forms, &c., is certainly true and therefore rational.—*Banner of Light*.

“MODERN SPIRITUALISM—PLANCHETTE; OR, THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE.”

This is the title of a work just published by Mr. Epes Sargent, of Boston, U. S. A., and of which we hear that the first edition of 1,500 was sold off in four days; and that it is already passing through its fifth edition. We hope to see a copy of it, and to review it for the benefit of our readers in an early number.

AN INSPIRED ARTIST.

WIGAU, a celebrated English physician, knew an artist who executed 300 portraits in a single year. He communicated to a journal of science, an account of this gifted painter, which will be interesting to our readers, when so many mediums in various parts of our own country, are manifesting similar endowments. According to Wigau, the patrons of this artist, never sat to him more than a half an hour. The portraits, which were admirable likenesses, were continued and finished in their absence.

This wonderful artist became insane, and for 30 years was the inmate of an asylum. When he had recovered his reason, he was asked by Wigau the secret of his marvellous rapidity of execution, and how it was possible for him to produce so remarkable a likeness from one short sitting.

He replied :—" When a subject presented himself, I regarded him attentively for half an hour, sketching a few lines occasionally on the canvas. I had no need of a longer sitting. I put aside the canvas and passed to another person. Then, when I would continue the first portrait, I took the model in my spirit, and placed it in the chair where I saw it as distinctly as if it had been in reality there, if not with outlines more clear, and colours more lively—I contemplated the imaginary face for a few moments, and then commenced painting. I suspended my work to observe the attitude, absolutely as if the original had been really before me, and every time I threw my eyes in that direction, I would see the model.

" This method rendered me very popular; and as I always caught the resemblance, patrons flocked to me, delighted to avoid the numerous sittings to which the other painters forced their clients. I made money rapidly, which I laid up for my children. But gradually, I lost my power to distinguish between the real and the imaginary face; it happened on several occasions that I insisted to certain persons that had not visited my studio for several days, that they had sat for me the evening previous. Their positive denials of what seemed to me reality, predicted a confusion which ended in a complete unbalancement of my spirit. I remember nothing more."

After thirty years of mental derangement, during which time he never touched a brush, most wonderful to relate, this artist's talent returned to him. His imagination served as vivid as ever, and he painted miniatures in eight hours which were striking likenesses, and for which the sitter gave only two sittings of half an hour each.

How forcibly are we reminded by this narrative, of our own Spirit Artists, Anderson and Starr.—*The Present Age*, U.S.A.

DEATH OF M. ALLAN KARDEC.

SIR,—A letter which I have just received from Paris, announces the sudden removal on Wednesday, the 31st March, of one of the most gifted of our brother Spiritualists, M. ALLAN KARDEC.

The immediate cause was the rupture of an aneurism with which he had been long threatened, but which he had hoped might be postponed until he had completed three more works, to be added to his valuable contributions to the philosophy of Spiritualism during the last 18 years. To accomplish this the more effectually, he had already placed the conduct of the *Revue Spirite* in the hands of a committee, and had resigned the Presidency of "La Société Spirite de Paris."

The labour of removal from the Rue St. Anne, which had been so long the centre of the Spiritist movement in Paris, to the Avenue de Ségur, where M. Kardec possessed a small property, seems to have hastened the sad event.

That Madame Kardec, who bore always a devoted and efficient part in her husband's labours, together with the Society of Paris, will receive the deep sympathy of you and your readers in the loss which they have sustained, I cannot doubt.

There was no evidence that any physical suffering whatever had been experienced—and a subsequent communication, made by the glorified spirit to the Society on the Friday following its departure, beautifully corroborated the assurance given in *Le Ciel et l'Enfer*, that "death for the purified spirit is simply a sleep of a few moments' duration, exempt from suffering, and where the waking is joy unspeakable." "A fitting close," as my correspondent, M. Anna Blackwell, adds, "of a life of abnegation, devotion, untiring labour, unswerving constancy and inexhaustible charity which has gained for M. Kardec such deep and reverent affection from the circle—wide as the world—of those to whom amidst the Atheism, Materialism, and non-belief of the age, his teachings has brought the light of immortality."

About 800 persons attended the funeral to the Montmartre Cemetery—a number which might have been doubled, had more time been allowed between the death and the burial.

When the coffin was in place, M. Levent, the President of the Society, read the allocution and prayer. He was followed by M.M. Camille Flammarion, Emile Barrault, and Colonel de Mallet.

It is painful to record that the solemn and affecting ceremony was interrupted by the gratuitous interference of a policeman, calling upon the speakers to end a proceeding unsanctioned by the presence and co-operation of a priest.

Permit me to remain, yours faithfully,
Woolston Lawn, Southampton, RICH. BEAMISH.
April 7th, 1869.

I have just received the following account of the career of M. Allan Kardec. The facts have been supplied to my correspondent by Madame Kardec herself. The statement might form an interesting appendix to the notice of M. Kardec's death, if not too late for your next publication.

Allan Kardec was born at Lyons, October 4th, 1804. His family name was Rivail. By that name he lived, worked, and wrote previous to his connection with Spiritualism. Of the reason for the change I may speak another time. His father was a barrister, of a highly respectable family, the senior members of which had discharged the duties of the magistracy during many generations. His mother, to whom he was deeply attached, and for whose memory he cherished an impassioned recollection, seems to have possessed not only great personal beauty and attraction, but to have been a highly accomplished woman, and one of the most brilliant ornaments to the Society of Lyons.

Allan received his early education at the Pestalozzian Institution of Youdem, Canton de Vaud. He very soon exhibited his aptitude in acquiring knowledge as well as his love for dispensing it; few things affording him more pleasure than being permitted to assist those of his schoolfellows who were less advanced than he was.

His love for nature was intense. He has been known to spend whole days on the neighbouring mountains in making collections for his herbarium.

On leaving school, he devoted himself to teaching, and in translating various French works into German. The more effectually to carry out his educational views, he, in 1824, took up his residence in Paris, and four years afterwards he purchased a large boys' school, which he conducted with so much ability and success, that in 1830 he hired a large apartment in the Rue de Sèvres, to which he transferred his scholars, and in which he delivered, gratuitously, lectures on Chemistry, Astronomy, Comparative Anatomy, Phrenology, and Animal Magnetism, to all who desired information upon these important subjects.

The classes numbered upwards of 500, and included many highly distinguished individuals. Notwithstanding the large amount of labour thus self-imposed, he yet found time to discharge the duties of secretary to the Phrenological and Magnetic Societies, and to contribute a series of elementary works in Grammar, Arithmetic, and French History to the University Schools of France, which are still retained in those schools. He also drew up a Memoir on Educational Reform, which was laid before the Legislative Chamber, discussed, admired, and neglected.

In 1862, having become convinced of the reality of spiritual phenomena, he abandoned all other pursuits, and devoted himself exclusively to the elucidation of the complex problems which Spiritualism presents. To this task he brought large acquirements, matured judgment, unusual opportunities, and a truly elevated and devotional spirit which enabled him to treat the questions as they arose with a philosophical acumen and affectionate earnestness, which have operated powerfully in directing the minds of his countrymen to the knowledge of their higher destiny.

Seven admirable works now followed one another in rapid succession, from his pen, *viz.*: *Qu'est ce que le Spiritism?* ; *Le Spiritism à sa plus simple expression* ; *Le Livre des Esprits* ; *Le Ciel et l'Enfer* ; *Le Livre des Médiums* ; *L'Évangéle selon le Spiritism* and *La Genése*. Nor did these special labours exhaust either his enthusiasm or his zeal. He not only organized the "Société d'Étude Psychologique," to the Presidency of which he was from year to year unanimously re-elected, but he continued to edit the *Revue Spirite* to the last.

It only remains for me to add that M. Kardec is succeeded in the Presidency of the Société d'Étude Psychologique by his valued friend Colonel Mallet (not de Mallet), who has announced his determination to leave the army, to sell a fine estate at Douai, and to devote himself to his new duties, in which he is supported by the sympathy of his amiable wife, who is herself an excellent writing medium.

RICH. BEAMISH.

April 19th, 1869.

Notices of Books.

A HOME FOR THE HOMELESS.*

THINKERS on all sides of us, absorbed in regarding, and thus in magnifying differences, instead of seeking for and loving points of agreement, fill the ears of listeners with the sharp babble of dispute, contention and opposition. If in pitiful regard of human nature we should be prepared to find this noisy babble not altogether hushed in the world we call the religious world, we should yet scarcely be prepared when we wander there, to hear its voice most harsh, its murmur of contention most loud and shrill; and yet such is the sad scene a wanderer beneath the shades of theological discussion will encounter.

First, in number and in importance, he will observe those who adhere to the letter of Scripture and look to it for all inspiration, men who endeavour to circumscribe life by a literal interpretation of "the Word," rather than to read in that Word a spiritual meaning growing and expanding with the increasing growth of humanity. First, observing those who thus would mould their life in narrow framework, he will find them looking with fear and anxiety toward the thinkers he next observes. These are men who uphold the authority of the Church, and preach the saving power of a priesthood—the sole efficacy of a miraculously chosen race to open the doors of heaven, and lead therein the train of fallen fellow mortals who, treading faithfully behind, they find themselves elected to save.

Outside these, regarded with equal dread by both, he will behold the world of science, men who seem preparing to storm the citadel of religion—men, who, on their part, assert the foundations of religious faith a baseless phantasy—that our labour and our thoughts are wasted on any studies which profess to extend beyond the seen and the known—that a greater wealth of knowledge may be extracted by a student from a bit of chalk, than from all the records of humanity.

To those whose life is bounded by the limits of an antagonistic class,—who seek truth in one department only of human knowledge—the book before us will offer little attraction. In the class, however, of thinkers, which we believe is large and increasing, a class which desires to be bound by no system or party, and is inclined to believe the intensity of human enthusiasm in any direction pre-supposes the possession of a portion, at least, of the truth, the broad and catholic tone of the book before us will

* *A Home for the Homeless: or Union with God.* By HORACE FIELD, B.A. London: LONGMANS & Co., 1869.

find welcoming listeners. The spirit of the book to which we thus refer, is in part expressed in these words:—

If a man has acquired a nature admirable to me, as a consequence of the nourishment derived from any faith, this fact *is a proof* that the vitality I desire exists in that faith: the fact is not merely a guide calling my attention to the faith, but an actual proof of vitality in it.

How far the book fills out its programme, we must leave such readers as peruse it to judge,—it is however a programme broad and universal—an endeavour to find the leading and fundamental truth in every class and system of theology, to eliminate the falsehood, and to combine the whole into one general scheme of thought.

Whether Mr. Field has found the true principle on which to combine all religious thought—as he thinks he has—or whether he has failed, he has at least produced a volume most suggestive to all thinkers, and it is one written in so reverential a spirit, that even if we disagree with portions of it, we can yet scarcely rise from its perusal without feeling refreshed and exalted.

The evangelical Christian will find respect for the word of Scripture, and faith in the individual revelation of its spirit, permeating the book from end to end. In special illustration of this statement however, we may quote the following passage on the consciousness of sin:—

That all religious feeling begins with a sense of sin, is a leading dogma. In all I have written I have upheld the truth of this dogma. I have impressed on my reader, page by page, the conviction that the end of evil is to impress on us this sense, and thus clearly part distinguish us, to our own perception, from God, our Creator. Every evil and painful thing—all we most abhor, is here, I say, to force on us this sense. Until it is created, until we feel this sense of sin in every member, we cannot reverently kneel to God, and ask of Him, a life which, that it may be ours, He must perforce give only in answer to such request, uttered or perhaps only felt. He must withhold union with Him—one thought, one will, one act—until crime, death, and pain, repeated and repeated, force us upon our knees, make us cry out for life, not only individually, but as a race. When such is the attitude of all men towards God, our life may be felt by us in every vein to be His life, but not before.

The High Churchman, also, will find in the book a love of symbolism, and a belief in the eternal authority of the Church of God, as handed down through the growing faith of ages. For proof of this general statement we must refer to the book itself. We can only here quote in illustration, the following pretty tribute to the beauty of the Christian year:—

Before leaving this subject, I must also refer to the beauty that lies in the "Christian year"—in the arrangement of the year into periods corresponding with the history of the life of Christ. All who thus regard the year, live each day, as it passes by, in company with Christ. In the seasons of Advent, Christmas, Lent, Easter, they breathe, as it were, his body, which stretches its mystic form over the Autumn, Winter, Spring, and Summer of that portion of man's life we call the natural year.

The man of science also, will see his latest, and as some

think his most subversive discoveries, eagerly hailed as certain to throw light upon all spiritual truth. After stating that the course of his study leads Mr. Field to understand the man of to-day, by pressing his enquiries back into the early history of the race—to see a redeeming work performed upon mankind which seems to man the result of his own labour—to look for the change redemption produces as a change in the human body itself,—Mr. Field proceeds:—

To developing this line of study—to walking along and relating what I see in the three paths I have described—my book is devoted; and my reader may likely expect to find me accompanying in my walk, the mystics and visionaries alone of past and present times. I may be with them—I hope, indeed, I am, but I am certainly not with them only, for I find myself side by side on each of the paths with Professor Huxley, Dr. Maudsley, and other scientific authorities of the day.

Claiming, thus, fellowship with the man of science, Mr. Field also points out, as a warning to him, that the primary negation of the unseen, is a rock on which all possible faith in it is needfully wrecked. We thus read:—

This profession of the man of science (that of displacing wholly the worship of God, as anything apart from nature), must result in the denial of God, because man's organization giving home to thought and reason, is the highest of all natural organizations. God, therefore, as revealed in man, appears in a higher form than elsewhere in nature. The scientific man, therefore, looking for God in nature, and not identifying his thought with the presence of God, makes God in reality inferior to himself, who seeks for Him; and thus, the search is practically founded on the denial of the object sought for.

In his doctrine of appearances also, in fact, in the whole tone and treatment of the book, Spiritualists will find ample justification for their researches into a land over which the mere man of science can have no control—a land, faith in which (our author shews) gives a soul to the world we inhabit, and a spiritual meaning to every event. The very name of one of his chapters, "Earth the body of heaven," indicates what we mean;—not, however to leave this statement without more direct confirmation from the pages of the book itself, we transcribe the following sentences:—

Regarding the world thus—every mountain and every tree, every event small and great has its soul—a soul distinct and individual, like man's own soul. * * * Images and events are the bodies that clothe all our ideas,—the ideas being their souls.

In further confirmation of our last statement, we will quote two of the verses with which the volume is interspersed. These verses—many of which, we must warn our readers, are rather metaphysics in rhyme than poetry—occur at the commencement of the book, and between each of the seven parts into which it is divided, and consist of conversations between two friends (one of whom is obviously intended to personify the author of the book) and comments by a body of angels who step in to assist their

deliberations. The verses we quote are the concluding words of one of the addresses from the angels to the men, and run thus:—

When ye come here, your heart ye bring—
The whole of your belief;
And thus ye'll find, round heart will cling,
Your earth without the thief.

A spirit earth—a spirit land—
But still to eye the same,—
Houses and trees, yon moaning strand
From whence but now ye came.

In concluding this notice of a work which we cannot forbear to call remarkable in its construction, and luminous in many of the truths it advances, and which we think highly opportune in its appearance, we must indulge in one more quotation to display the quiet earnest tone in which it is written.

We are very simple earnest men, I say, and think of Father God as of a Father indeed. This is a great word, a word of mighty meaning—a Father! Well, then, he talks to us somehow. He does not leave us without guidance; He talks to us every way He can, we may be sure. Talks! Yes, talks! We heard Him in the telegraphic wires just now, through the hands of his servants—the breeze. He hears our answer too, and knows we understand. He sees our face brighten, as He meant it should—our face lighted up, as it is, by the setting sun glancing across the heath, and tipping the furze bushes and the heather. Being, then, simple minded, we have brought our troubles to His knees, and told Him of them—aye, every one, little by little, word by word. He is our Father; we believe in Him, and we will trust Him; and He has heard us with unwearied patience. He has listened to our foolish, childlike tongue, to our words tasting of distrustfulness, and shown no anger; has encouraged us to speak, and given many a plain answer—answers without end, which we feel are full of a satisfaction—perfect, were we not so infantile; had we not a childish distrust not to be calmed away. He has never repulsed us by a tone or sigh; His words, when we have hungered to address Him, have always been—“Come now, and let us reason together, saith Jehovah; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be eaten by the sword: for the mouth of Jehovah hath spoken it.”

And I call these gentle words—very gentle and very strong,—the words to encourage and strengthen us; for we have every desire not to rebel; we would be one with Jehovah for ever. The wooing words we feel, are addressed to us—the words of repulsion, to the Satan that torments us—would tear us from the grasp of God: the Sun of heaven we see in the gentle words, the Shield of heaven in the angry.”

In reviewing a book professing to give an account of creation which shews evil and sin not to be abnormal and hateful, but appointments of Deity essential to creation, and which, in the logical unfolding of its theory, embraces all Christian dogma, two courses were open to us; to give an independent account of the book, or to illustrate its general spirit and tenor by free quotation. We have chosen the latter, and in now leaving the book in the hands of our reader, we hope the course we have followed will have excited his desire to seek in its pages and form his own judgment as to the author's success, and the truth, or untruth, of our remarks. If thus

tempted, he should not find in its pages a new and all embracing development of religion more than shadowed forth, he will at least—we are assured—find many luminous truths and a spirit which will give him strength, comfort, and courage an walking the chequered path of life.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I am sorry that you have thought it worth while to reproduce that rather stale but playful jest of my old friend Jerrold, as, from the line so strangely omitted in *Human Nature*, but now supplied, you must see that the joke does not really apply to me in the least. I merely protest as Bacon protested, and as almost all our eminent thinkers do still protest, against anthropomorphism, or the pretence of understanding the nature of "that Great First Cause least understood;" that great fundamental principle from which all must flow, but which must in the very nature and essence of things be "incomprehensible." And I must request you, sir, as a man of honour—and as you expect to be fairly dealt with yourself—to print this note in your next number. As to Dr. Chance, I repeat that I shall be most happy to furnish him with the explanation, or rather the information, he requires, if I am permitted to do so; but Mr. Burns refuses me that permission, and I think Dr. Chance should know this; and that it is not I who am treating his very able article with neglect. I may add that I have never asserted or attempted to dictate to the Spiritualists, though strongly objecting to Mr. Jackson doing so. The suggestion of the thread in place of rope was at the request of the Davenports themselves, to see if any more convincing tests could be devised.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

61, Upper Gloucester-place, N.W.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

P.S.—Mr. Howitt is mistaken in regard to my influence in the production of the manifestations. My Sub-Committee of the Committee of the Dialectical Society has obtained by far the most positive results, and I am pronounced by Mrs. Hardinge and others of the spiritually enlightened to be a good medium.

"To the Editor of the Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—A press of business has hitherto prevented me from sending you the following extract, from a letter in reply to my communication published in the March number of your Magazine. It will be remembered that I gave certain remarkable statements (professedly from George Fox), reflecting upon the Society of Friends as hard, exclusive, and barren. I had at the time no *means* of ascertaining either the truthfulness or falsity of the remarks. Indeed, from my reading, I had formed a favourable judgment of the Quakers, who have done what no large sect in this country has done, *viz.*, borne a consistent testimony against the wickedness of war. They have always, moreover, protested against the unchristian character and the brutalising effects of punishments by means of death, which are nothing else than murder according to law. Yet a Quaker, who gives his name and permits me to make whatever use I like of his letter, says, "As a Quaker myself, I most cordially sympathise with the spirit of your remarks, and I believe we have entirely departed from the intentions and spirit of our 'founder,' by constituting ourselves into a sect, and building up boundaries of forms and doctrines like all the other churches. The unity and simplicity of the 'spiritual' teaching, coming as it does through such diversified channels, is one of its most extraordinary characteristics."

I would here make two observations: first, that whenever any human being is set up as an authority, be he Luther, Wesley, Swedenborg, Fox, or any one else, however eminent he may have been for piety, learning, &c., those who set him up and repeat his words necessarily fall beneath their idol; they never can attain to his standard, which they exalt into a power that rules over them; and by the subjugation of their minds to their "Author"—their one human "Author"—they contract their sympathies and dwarf their intellects, and do other serious mischief to their whole being. Secondly, that sectarianism of every kind should be utterly eschewed; it should be broken up and utterly dispersed; no one should bow down his soul to this (or any other) degrading yoke; but, free from all fetters, and all hindrances to the fullest development, every human being should stand upright in the presence of God; take his constantly revealed will as the rule of life, and obey this ever-righteous will cheerfully, thoroughly, and fearlessly, resting assured that nothing but good can ever come to such an independent, wise, and useful life.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WM. HUME-ROTHERY, Clerk.

3, Richmond-terrace, Middleton, Manchester,
31st March, 1869.

A MEDIUM'S EXPERIENCES.

"To the Editor of the Spiritual Magazine."

London, 3rd April, 1869.

SIR,—I wish to relate some of my experiences of the use of spirit intercourse, stating only enough to indicate their character.

I sat at circles in Texas for five years, and then was developed into an impressional writing medium; at first I wrote many pieces on political, moral, and social subjects, some of which were readily published by newspaper editors without their knowing how I wrote them—the style was not mine, and the ideas new to me. Soon afterwards, I had occasion to go to Hockley, a railroad terminus, to collect some small debts; staying at a house 18 miles from there, the spirit indicated to me in the morning by a slight trembling of the hand that he wished to write, so I wrote that I must go to Hockley. "Why?" I asked. "Because there is a man there who wishes to see you," said the spirit. "The weather is too blustry and windy," I replied. "No weather ought to hinder you from going," was the answer; but I then thought spirits had no business to interfere in material business, and would not go. Next day I went to Hockley, and found that a man had arrived there, whose note for 200 dollars I had in my pocket, and had waited for me all day to lift his note, and had gone off leaving word that he had to go to Ohio, and I have never seen him since. I was so annoyed at this, that having to ride across the country to the Sabine River, I paid particular attention to the spirit directions, which urged me six or seven miles every day farther than I wished to go. On arriving at the Trinity, I accepted the invitation of an old friend to stay with him a week, but next morning I proceeded on my journey by the advice of the spirit, and as before, he urged me as far as I could go every day. Two hours after I arrived at the Orange on the Sabine, it commenced raining heavily, and it continued for several weeks; the whole of that low country, where there are no bridges was flooded; had I delayed on the road, I would have been detained somewhere at a heavy expense for five or six weeks.

I had taken an interest in a business at the Sabine; I was advised at a spirit circle not to have anything to do with it, but I hooted at the idea of spirits interfering in my business. Ultimately the partner who had charge of the business there, sold it out and ran off, leaving me minus 4,000 dollars, whilst I was absent attending to other matters.

Some time after that, I undertook to travel through Texas in order to collect debts for various parties, and organize a new business on a large scale. Several times I was lost in the woods or prairies, puzzled by the numerous cow trails, and had to depend on spirit impression, which invariably led me correctly where there was no path. One time I ran the risk of crossing 14 miles of

prairie to the very house I wanted to, without any means to guide me but the spirit impression, and did not see it until I was close to it, as it was at the bottom of a hill which I had to ride over. I was saved a day's ride once by the spirit informing me I would find the man I wanted to see at Brenham, and not at home, which I accordingly did. My experience was that whenever I was in real and immediate need, I was never deceived; but in unimportant or future matters, or questions of mere curiosity, no dependance could be placed on spirit communications.

Yet, when I had got through that business my old scepticism returned. Coming home, after riding hard for a week, drenched to the skin with rain, I began to arrange papers to start again next day. The spirit advised me to wait five days. "No," says I, "I must get through Washington County in four weeks." "If you go before five days, you will be no farther advanced in four weeks than now." "I don't care," said I; "I will risk it." "You will do us a particular favour to rest to-morrow," said the spirit. "Why?" I asked. "Because you are too much exhausted to ride." I agreed to this, and rested next day. I then started the day after, and was only able to get to the house of a friend 12 miles off, when I lay down there in a burning fever, and could not get up for ten days, and it was just four weeks ere I was able to go again. Laying on a sick bed I determined never again to despise spirit warnings; and several times during the war must have lost my life but for those warnings, particularly at Matamoras, in Mexico; but I shall only mention the last circumstance which brought me to London.

At Brownsville, on the Rio Grande, the year before last, I had determined to go to the upper part of that river, to trade for hides, skins, &c. I was so bent on it that the spirits could not impress me otherwise, so they sent old Ben Prime to me, an old botanic physician, who sometimes spoke under spirit influence. Said he, "You must leave here for London before the 1st July, and as an evidence that this communication is true, you will receive money to-morrow per mail." The mail brought me two drafts next day, which I had no expectation of; and soon after Ben Prime came again. Says he, "Arrange all your business next week to leave, as you will receive by next mail (being a weekly mail) an urgent letter from your sister in London to pay her a visit. The letter came as advised; I was all ready, and left; and some time after I arrived here I was astonished to learn that the three gentlemen whom I left in the house where I lived, died soon after. They were all younger and stronger men than myself, and not in bad health. My spirit impressions were that they were poisoned by the Mexican servants. I would have been another victim had I remained.

During the war when we were blockaded, all the medicine being sent to the troops, I wrote by impression for a physician the medical virtues of many of the wild herbs with which Texas abounds. On trial he told me the impressions were perfectly correct.

The German philosopher stated at the Conference that all Spiritualism was merely a deception or sleight-of-hand; and I suppose he is only one of a large class. My experiences, and much greater than mine, can be corroborated by that of thousands in every part of the United States, for I am a very imperfect medium compared to many.

For instance, in 1856, before I could write from spirit impressions, I sat beside a lady in Texas, who wrote communications from old acquaintances of mine, some of whom had died in the West Indies, and whom I had forgotten. They had to recall themselves to my mind by circumstances which had passed between us: one was from my father, of two pages, and a perfect fac-simile of his handwriting. The lady could see spirits, and saw him, described his personal appearance and the manner of his death. He had died in Scotland before she was born. Part of his communication stated that in due time I would be in London with a relative of mine, and that certain matters would be adjusted between him and me. It appeared so improbable at the time, that I started up and said it was impossible; nevertheless, within the last week—12 years afterwards—the whole has been accomplished. Now, if those impressions either of sight, or hearing and guidance, are not spirit impressions, what are and whence do they proceed?

R. B. HANNAY.