

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1869.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

THE following compendious statement from the pen of Mr. A. E. Newton, is taken from Hayward's *Book of all Religions*. In the *Ohio Spiritualist* it is kept up in each number as a standing declaration of what is meant by Modern Spiritualism, and it has appeared in other Spiritualist Journals in America. At the Fifth National Convention of American Spiritualists, which was held at Rochester, New York, August 25th, 1868, the paragraphs numbered 1 to 17 were adopted as a declaration of what Spiritualism teaches, and taken as the basis of THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, a body which is to take the place of THE NATIONAL CONVENTION of Spiritualists. It may therefore be taken as a fair presentation of the general principles and views of the great body of Spiritualists in the United States. It has not before, to our knowledge, been published in this country.

Modern Spiritualism, distinctively so called, took its rise from certain phenomena alleged to be caused by disembodied spirits, and believed to signalize the opening of intelligible intercourse between the earthly and spiritual states of existence. These phenomena first attracted special attention in the western part of the State of New York, in the year 1848, and have since spread, in various forms, throughout almost all parts of the civilized world. It is computed that from two to three millions of the people of the United States alone have become convinced of their reality and their spiritual origin.*

* This estimate was made above nine years ago; the number of Spiritualists in the United States of America has since then greatly increased.

DEFINITIONS.

Spiritualism, in its broad sense, as a Philosophical System, embraces whatever relates to *spirit*, *spiritual existences*, and *spiritual forces*, especially all truths relative to the *human spirit*, its nature, capacities, laws of manifestations, its disembodied existence, the conditions of that existence, and the modes of communication between that and the earth life. It is thus a system of Universal Philosophy, embracing in its ample scope all phenomena of life, motion and development,—all causation, immediate or remote,—all existence, animal, human, and divine. It has, consequently, its Phenomenal, Philosophical, and Theological departments.

But in neither of these departments is it as yet clearly and completely defined, to general acceptance. Hence there is no distinct *system* now before the public which can with propriety be called Spiritualism, or *the Spiritual Philosophy*, and for which Spiritualists as such can be held responsible.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM, more specifically, may be defined as that belief or conviction which is peculiar to, and universally held by, the people now called Spiritualists. This may be stated in the single proposition—

That disembodied human spirits sometimes manifest themselves or make known their presence and power, to persons in the earthly body, and hold realized communications with them.

Whoever believes this one fact, whatever else he may believe or disbelieve in Theology, Philosophy, or Morals, is a Spiritualist, according to the modern use of the term.

Hence there are wide differences among Spiritualists on theological questions. There are those who regard the Bible as divinely inspired and authoritative; though, in the light of modern revelation, they interpret its teachings somewhat differently from any of the prominent sects of Christendom. There are others who esteem it simply as an historic record, embracing the religious ideas, spiritual manifestations, &c., of the Jewish people and early Christians, having no higher claims to reliability or authority than have other histories.

The subjoined summary embodies the views on a variety of topics generally prevalent among the most intelligent class of Spiritualists.

I.—THEORETICAL.

1.—That man has a spiritual nature as well as a corporeal; in other words, that the *real* man is a *spirit*; which spirit has an organized form, composed of sublimated material, with parts and organs corresponding to those of the corporeal body.

2.—That man, as a spirit, is immortal. Being found to survive that change called physical death, it may be reasonably supposed that he will survive all future vicissitudes.

3.—That there is a spiritual world, or state, with its substantial realities, objective as well as subjective.

4.—That the process of physical death in no way essentially transforms the mental constitution or the moral character of those who experience it, else it would destroy their identity.

5.—That happiness or suffering, in the spiritual state, as in this, depends not on arbitrary decree or special provision, but on *character, aspirations, and degree of harmonization*, or of personal conformity to universal and divine law.

6.—Hence that the experience and attainments of the present life lay the foundation on which the next commences.

7.—That since *growth* (in some degree) is the law of the human being in the present life, and since the process called death is in fact but a *birth* into another condition of life, retaining all the advantages gained in the experiences of this life, it may be inferred that growth, development, expansion, or progression is the endless destiny of the human spirit.

8.—That the spiritual world is not far off, but near around, or interblended with our present state of existence; and hence that we are constantly under the cognizance of spiritual beings.

9.—That, as individuals are passing from the earthly to the spiritual state in all stages of mental and moral growth, that state includes all grades of character, from the lowest to the highest.

10.—That, as heaven and hell, or happiness and misery, depend on *internal state* rather than on *external surroundings*, there are as many gradations of each as there are shades of character,—each one gravitating to *his own place* by natural law of affinity. They may be divided into several general degrees or spheres; but these must admit of indefinite diversifications, or “many mansions,” corresponding to diversified individual characters—each individual being as happy as his *character* will allow him to be.

11.—That communications from the spiritual world, whether by mental impressions, inspirations, or any other mode of transmission, are not necessarily infallible truth, but, on the contrary, partake unavoidably of the imperfections of the minds from which they emanate, and of the channels through which they come, and are, moreover, liable to misinterpretation by those to whom they are addressed.

12.—Hence that no *inspired* communication, in this or any

age (whatever *claims* may be or have been set up as to its source), is *authoritative* any further than it expresses TRUTH to the individual consciousness,—which last is the final standard to which all inspired or spiritual teachings must be brought for judgment.

13.—That inspiration, or the influx of ideas and promptings from the spiritual realm, is not a miracle of a past age, but a PERPETUAL FACT,—the ceaseless method of the divine economy for human elevation.

14.—That all angelic and all demonic beings which have manifested themselves, or interposed in human affairs in the past, were simply disembodied human spirits, in different grades of advancement.

15.—That all authentic miracles (so called) in the past—such as the raising of the apparently dead, the healing of the sick by the laying on of hands or other simple means, unharmed contact with poisons, the movement of physical objects without visible instrumentality, &c., &c., have been produced in harmony with universal laws, and hence may be repeated at any time under suitable conditions.

16.—That the causes of all phenomena—the sources of all Life, Intelligence, and Love—are to be sought in the internal, the spiritual, realm, not in the external or material.

17.—That the chain of causation leads inevitably upward or inward to an Infinite Spirit,—who is not only a *Forming Principle* (Wisdom), but an *Affectional Source* (Love), thus sustaining the dual *parental* relations of Father and Mother to all finite intelligences, who, of course, are all brethren.

18.—That Man, as the offspring of this Infinite Parent, is his highest representative on this plane of being,—the Perfect Man being the most complete embodiment of the Father's "fulness" which we can contemplate; and that each man is, or has, by virtue of this parentage, in his inmost a germ of Divinity, an incorruptible portion of the Divine Essence, which is ever prompting to the right, and which in time will free itself from all imperfections incident to the rudimental or earthly condition, and will triumph over all evil.

19.—That all evil is disharmony, greater or less, with this inmost or divine principle; and hence whatever prompts and aids man to bring his more external nature into subjection to and harmony with his *interiors*—whether it be called "Christianity," "Spiritualism," or "The Harmonial Philosophy"—whether it recognizes "the Holy Ghost," "the Bible," or a present Spiritual and Celestial Influx—is a "means of salvation" from evil.

II.—PRACTICAL.

The hearty and intelligent conviction of these truths, with a realization of spirit-communion, tends—

1.—To enkindle lofty desires and spiritual aspirations—an effect opposite to that of a grovelling materialism, which limits existence to the present life.

2.—To deliver from painful fears of death, and dread of imaginary evils consequent thereupon, as well as to prevent inordinate sorrow and mourning for deceased friends.

3.—To give a rational and inviting conception of the after-life to those who use the present worthily.

4.—To stimulate to the highest and worthiest possible employment of the present life, in view of its momentous relations to the future.

5.—To energize the soul in all that is good and elevating and to restrain the passions from all that is evil and impure. This must result, according to the laws of moral influence from a knowledge of the constant presence or cognizance of the loved and the pure.

6.—To guard against the seductive and degrading influence of the impure and unenlightened of the spiritual world. If such exist, and have access to us, our safety is not in ignorance.

7.—To prompt our highest endeavours, by purity of heart and life, by angelic unselfishness, and by loftiness of aspiration, to live constantly *en rapport* with the highest possible grades of spirit life and thought.

8.—To stimulate the *mind* to the largest investigation and the freest thought on all subjects,—especially on the vital themes of a Spiritual Philosophy and all cognate matters,—that it may be qualified to judge for itself what is right and true.

9.—To deliver from all bondage to *authority*, whether vested in creed, book, or church, except that of perceived truth.

10.—To make every man more an individual and more a MAN, by taking away the supports of authority and compelling him to put forth and *exercise his own* God-given, truth-determining powers.

11.—At the same time to make each one modest, courteous, teachable and deferential. (If God speaks in one person's interiors, he does the same in those of every other person, with a clearness proportional to their individual development; and if one would know the truth in all its phases, it is well that he give a patient ear to the divine voice through others, as well as in himself, that all possible mistakes in his own intuitions

may be corrected. To refuse to do this, is the extreme of *egotism*; while unquestioning submission to another's convictions is the extreme of *slavishness*.)

12.—To promote charity and toleration for all differences, in so far as they result from variations in mental constitution, experience, and growth.

13.—To cultivate and wisely direct the *affectional* nature—making persons more kind, fraternal, unselfish, angelic.

14.—To quicken the *religious* nature, giving a more immediate sense of the divine existence, presence, power, wisdom, goodness, and parental care than is apt to be felt without a realization of angelic ministry or mediation.

15.—To quicken all *philanthropic* impulses, stimulating to enlightened and unselfish labours for universal human good,—under the encouraging assurance that the redeemed and exalted spirits of our race, instead of retiring to idle away an eternity of inglorious ease, are encompassing us about as a great cloud of witnesses, inspiring us to the work, and aiding it forward to a certain and glorious issue.

MANIFESTATIONS OF MUSIC, VOICE, AND DIRECT WRITING.

SINCE my narrative of the *séance* at my friend Mr. George Childs' I have had the satisfaction of witnessing other manifestations, through the mediumship of his brother, Mr. Edward Childs, and of Mr. Austin.

A few evenings after the date of my notes, which appeared in the June No. of the *Spiritual Magazine*, Mr. George Childs with Mr. Austin called upon me in passing, and I read to them my notes of the *séance* in order that Mr. Childs might check any error of statement. My wife and her sister were present, and as I read we heard the voice, first, of the spirit who speaks in rustic voice and dialect, and who gives the name of Joseph Campion, then of Antonius Sancto. On adjourning to the next room for more complete absence of light, Sancto said that he was pleased with the notes I had taken the trouble to make, and offered to give further proof of his facility in using musical instruments. I placed on the table a common organ concertina, and a 6-keyed flute, an old "Potter," that I had not used for ten years, and which I now tried to get some notes from,

but in vain. Upon this flute, however, the spirit Sancto executed some rapid passages, and then put it down, saying that it was a good flute, but wanted oil and wadding. He then took up the concertina, and upon it played two parts of a now obsolete piece, the "Copenhagen Waltz," with exactness and brilliancy. Then, at request, he repeated some of the pieces he had delighted the circle with a few evenings before. Then he invited us to name airs for him to render, between the pieces chatting with us like a familiar acquaintance, Campion in a simple way taking part.

Sancto excused us while we returned to our former apartment for supper, and there we commented upon what we had witnessed. I remarked that he had not played the last and prettiest part of the "Copenhagen," a piece I knew, from it being among the earliest I learned on the flute half a century ago. Returning to our former seats, the wanting part was played, Sancto saying that it had escaped his recollection for the moment.

In the course of conversation he said he was born at Nice, in 1774; his parents were in the musical profession; with them he went through France and Germany, and finally settled in England, where he departed this life; but not before he had learned nearly every instrument in the orchestra.

Mr. Childs, who is fond of operatic music, suggested various airs, and Sancto at once played them. In his play, what astonished us was his facility, combined with precision, force, and striking chords. At my request he played the "Carnival of Venice." I asked, "Is that after Bottesini?" He said, "No, it is my own arrangement; listen if you have ever heard this." He then played the air in triplets, the third note of each triplet being taken with the left hand, producing a most original effect; then variations, rapid variations, on the "Carnival of Venice," played on a German concertina! He said, "Let me play something else for you, Doctor." I said, "I am just thinking of one of Hullah's simple airs, 'Down in a green and grassy vale.'" Without a pause he went into it and through it. I asked, "How is it that in your hands the instrument has a more brilliant tone than in ours?" He said, "When I play, I play with all my soul; perhaps that makes a difference in favour of my play, but I don't perceive the difference." "Will you kindly listen while I play the same air?" "With pleasure." I played it. "You play it well," he said, "and I fail to recognize any difference of tone." "Thanks for your complaisance, but Mr. Childs will agree with me that there is less brilliancy, the notes seem less vibrating. I think the difference is due to the instrument being in your sphere, which has some electrical effect upon it or upon

the atmosphere surrounding it." "If there is that difference you speak of,—but again I say I do not perceive it,—it may be due to such cause, but I don't know." "How is it you know music composed since you left the body?" "Through mediums; in a musical audience spirits are sure to find mediums through whom they can know the music."

On a subsequent evening at a circle at Mr. Childs', after the introductions were over,—for the spirits ask to be separately introduced to each member of the circle, and while Sancto was engaged in writing his programme on paper, there and then initialled by those of the circle who wished, a spirit, who used the name of Ebenezer Wyatt, said, "While my friend Sancto is writing his programme, I will, if agreeable, and if Mr. Childs will favour me with a comb, make a little music of my own." A toilet comb was got and laid with a piece of tissue paper on the table. "Now, keep passive," said Ebenezer in a loud rough voice, "and all join hands," and presently we heard a well-executed impromptu, as if from a bassoon, the range of notes being two octaves. "Light" was called by Sancto, and on one of the initialled sheets of paper was found written a programme of "Musicke for ye eveninge."

On settling ourselves like an audience Ebenezer again spoke, proposing that Mr. Sancto should be asked to be so kind as to illustrate musically a panorama in words. Sancto agreed:—"The title of my panorama," said Ebenezer, "is a passage in the life of a young doctor. Now, please, Sancto, favour us with a prelude." Sancto played a few bars on the flute, and Ebenezer presented his verbal panorama, beginning with a young doctor going one of his daily rounds, performing here and there operations of various and increasing eccentricity. Dining on his return home, he takes a customary nap after dinner, and is awakened by the exclamations of a friend, who had been helping himself from a bottle on the table, containing not wine, but poison stuff, and so the doctor finishes his day giving antidotes to his own physic.

The "panorama" was divided into successive stages, each illustrated by characteristic music, by Sancto, on the flute. Then came the programme, Sancto taking the airs, Ebenezer accompanying well upon the comb. Sancto says that he found Ebenezer capable of musical expression, without having had the advantage of learning the manipulation of any instrument while in the body, and so had taught to produce sound from the comb. In this way Ebenezer played well the "Faust March," and "Sing Birdie Sing," to which we again heard the accompaniment as of a living bird. Sancto played some of his airs on the flute; some one remarked in a pause after the flute-

playing that spirit lungs did not seem to require such frequent inhalation as a mortal's; when a note was blown, the hearing of which made one breathless, it was so long sustained.

Ebenezer, as if pleased with the general commendation of his comb-play, asked Sancto to oblige him by playing second to him on this occasion only, while he played "Auld Lang Syne." Sancto played his accompaniment on the violin, giving each verse in different style.

Another evening, Mr. Edward C. and Mr. Austin called on me very late, in passing, to apologize for not having paid a promised visit. While talking we heard Joe Champion's voice. I lowered the gas and closed the shutters; then came the voices of Amos, Sancto, and Ebenezer; then Ebenezer introduced another,—his "brother Norton." Amos said they had incited the mediums to call, that he and his friends might thank me for my trouble in drawing up the report.

I said that when Sancto was here before, he could not play certain pieces on the concertina, for want of semitones on the instrument; that I had obtained one, and asked if he would try it. He did so, and after a little manipulation, played some difficult pieces upon it.

"Glad to see you like water, Doctor," broke in the exclaiming voice of Ebenezer. When my friends knocked at the door, I was reading with a tumbler of water before me, and now, in the dark, leaning my arm upon the table, I felt the tumbler and drank off the water as Sancto finished his play. I asked Sancto to play a certain piece, and he asked for the first bar. I struck a light to refer to the music, and took the concertina to play it, when I found the screw of the right hand strap had been shifted a hole forward, making it too short for any physical hand in the room to use. Sancto, having played the piece, said, "Then I am to understand, Doctor, that you have obtained this instrument expressly for these concerts?" "Yes." "Then I will now play you a piece composed expressly for them and it." He played it, and afterwards a piece that he said was an echo of spirit-music, and strange and delightful it was.

Ebenezer of the loud voice said, "We ought not to go, Doctor, till Sancto has played 'Happy be thy Dreams'—I'd like to hear it." And he played it, and afterwards, another air, very beautifully; Ebenezer joining in loud encomiums.

July 2.—At a sitting at Mr. Childs' this evening, Mr. Austin—through whose mediumship Sancto and Escott manifest their action—was absent, and so the only music we had was Ebenezer's on the comb, Amos Ferguson as usual taking the direction of the circle, and announcing what his invisible company next proposed to do—this being, in addition to himself,

Joseph Campion, Ebenezer and Norton Wyatt, and Alonzo Bates. The last is a spirit who is developing the capability of singing as he used to do when in the body.

Ebenezer was, as usual, exclamatory and self-asserting, objecting to his brother saying much, and disposed, seemingly, to wrangle with him. But Amos told us that their quarrelling was only fun. Ebenezer's facetiousness is surprising, his short stories droll, his jokes full of point, his puns as good and as bad as a burlesque writer's; he has a knowledge of theatrical matters, for, this evening he quoted from the "Lady of Lyons," from a Victorian melodrama, and from Shakespeare: once he suddenly ceased, and Amos said, "Have patience a few moments, he has gone for another quotation." And immediately his voice was heard again, giving the quotation; I think if our friend Laman Blanchard could get acquainted with Ebenezer Wyatt, he might derive from him some telling points for his next Drury Lane piece.

This evening and on others, several of the circle took away with them, specimens of direct spirit-writing, executed on paper initialled there and then. Some of them autographs, others autographs accompanied by a few words of greeting or farewell.

8, Great Ormond Street,
July 26th.

J. DIXON.

"SPIRITUAL SEANCES."

UNDER the above heading the following letter appeared in the *Manchester Examiner and Times* of January 12th of the present year:—

"To the Editor of the '*Examiner and Times*.'"

"Sir,—In availing myself of your offer to give me space for 'the other side,' or, in other words, to show that 'spiritual séances' are not all scenes of confusion, and that spiritual phenomena are not all unsatisfactory and repulsive, I wish to say that I do so, not as an advocate of 'Spiritualism,' but simply as an inquirer, who desires to avoid the hasty conclusions which, in all ages, have led the multitude to denounce or deride new sciences.

"Personally, I hope the 'facts' and explanations of Spiritualists are true; for I confess that I want to believe in continued existence after what is called death, that I want to believe in the distinct continued personality of the so-called dead, that I want

to believe the 'departed' are really at hand, not ignorant and unobservant of the poor struggling pilgrims they have left behind. In a word, I confess I want to believe that my oldest friends are about me now. This confession may tell against me; I cannot help it. It will not touch my 'facts,' however; it will only help to account for my opinion that it is neither absurd nor monstrous to say that the so-called dead are near us still, and that (not by miracle, but in accordance with laws of our being not yet understood, or even believed in by us) they are, in certain conditions, able to prove their presence and their power.

"I have already admitted that much which happens or that is 'given' at these 'spiritual *séances*' is frivolous and unsatisfactory; I might, indeed, say, repulsive and disheartening; but, after all, that is only what the chemist in his laboratory has admitted for 3,000 years; it is what he admits to-day. They who are seeking in untried paths, they who are exploring on the confines of the unknown, must not mind disappointments and shadows. They must, at first, expect to 'see men as trees walking,' knowing well that the darkness is in them, and that, as they press on and become wise, the truth will be seen.

"This preliminary explanation will serve to shew what I mean by 'the other side,' and why such facts as you reported to us from Scotland, however they may distress, do not deter me, or cause me to 'disbelieve.'

"The 'spiritual phenomena' is very varied in its character, and what is called 'mediumship' is, of course, as varied in its nature. A 'medium' is, as we all know, a person to be suspected as an impostor, or ridiculed as a fool. This is the theory of the public and the press. Men ask—Why this need of 'mediums?' They might as well ask why this need of telescopes in astronomy, or crucibles and retorts in chemistry, and of a battery or something equivalent in telegraphy? Spiritualists say that a 'medium' is simply a person whose natural organism is susceptible to spirit influence. That is the long and short of it. There is no 'miracle' in the case. It is all in accordance with settled though at present imperfectly understood law. It would, indeed, be a rather suspicious circumstance if all 'mediums' were professors or adepts, but the truth is that ninety-nine out of a hundred, probably nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand, 'mediums' are the sons, the daughters, the sisters, the brothers, the husbands, or the wives of Spiritualists. Many of these I know; and I know that they are, as a rule, well-bred, intelligent, healthy, cheerful, and virtuous persons, incapable of lying and not likely to be self-deceived.

"But, in truth, the phenomena relied upon are not of a character that makes demands upon our 'faith.' Given, a scene

and circumstances that shut out the possibility of deliberate imposture, which would be as marvellously clever as it would be hideously wicked, and the case is at an end; inasmuch as, for what happens, you are not called upon to confide in the 'medium.' I shall now proceed to make this clear. I was, some time ago, in the house of a gentleman nearly 200 miles from my own home. A 'medium' was present—a bright, intelligent, but imperfectly educated girl or young woman. She knew nothing of me, and had only seen me for a few minutes on the previous day. Without asking me a single question, she presently told me she could 'see' something she would like to describe to me. She did so in a quiet and gentle manner—deliberately, and yet without hesitation. What she described was what happened to me 20 years ago, when I was a mere boy, what passed in my little study between me and a favourite little sister, who was very dear to me then, and whose childish love is not forgotten by me now. The incidents described were of a nature so peculiar, and, what the outward world would call so trivial, that I deemed it utterly impossible this stranger, of her own knowledge, could have been acquainted with them. They were incidents I think I have never spoken of to any one, and which no one would be likely to know or remember but myself. But her descriptions as to time, places, events, and persons were marvellously minute and accurate. She might have had a series of photographs before her, which she slowly turned over and described one by one. What she said was that she saw it all in a series of delicate pictures which my 'spirit-sister' showed her. I was not a 'believer' at the time; but, from first to last, the whole thing was so exquisitely touching, so beautiful, so charming in its method of identification if the thing were true, that I should have felt a thrill of horror if anyone had called the "medium" an impostor or a fool.

"On another occasion, in an unconscious or trance state (into which she passed at once and without solicitation or aid from without), this same young lady spoke to me in the name of this sister; and, for nearly half-an-hour, touched and delighted everyone present by the simplicity and beauty of her language. At another time, in another place, and in presence of another 'medium,' phenomena of another character presented themselves. I sat with the medium at a very small table, without a shred of covering on it, in the middle of a large and well-lighted room. The medium did not know my name, and had never seen me before. Without preliminary conversation we sat down, and before we had been seated three minutes we heard gentle but very distinct sounds (those who want to laugh can call them 'raps;'; I should prefer to call them signals produced by those

who, as spiritual beings, are at the very fountain-head of the marvellous magnetic forces of the universe). The medium said, 'I think it indicates the presence of a little child.' Suffice it to say that, as fast as I could ask questions, I got names, dates, and descriptions of almost every kind, which I had not to credit the veracity of the 'medium' for; the wonderful correctness of which I alone knew. One of the strangest things given to me was an exact copy of an unusual inscription on a tiny stone which had only just been placed in a country churchyard, nearly two hundred miles away. The touching "messages," with their suggestions so full of meaning to myself, and so little understood by the 'medium,' I cannot give you. I can only say, my heart worshipped the Great Spirit that day as it had seldom done before. On this occasion two or three things happened, however, which were more singular and demonstrative than touching and graceful. For two or three minutes the little table rose up under my hands, and rose up so high that even with standing up, I could hardly keep my hands on. This happened after a very odd occurrence in the spelling out of 'messages.' All at once we had these letters signalled—P I L I F. It was our first piece of what seemed 'nonsense,' and the 'medium' seemed a little annoyed at so absurd a reply to what I believe was a grave question; and said—'Let us go on to something else.' I declined, and began casting about to find what 'Pilif' could mean. At last, I asked,—What or who is 'Pilif?' The answer came at once—Uncle. I saw at once what was meant. One of the very first playthings my little child ever had was an old portrait of "Uncle Philip," whose name she learnt amongst her first half-dozen words. Does it not seem ridiculous that a little child 'in heaven' (so runs the phrase!) should 'come down' to talk to me through a table? Well, I am hardly sure. I think if she loved me, she would desire to be near me if she could. And, if she was near me that day, and by some natural law, aided by her spirit friends, could 'communicate,' I think it very probable she would do or say something as like her old self as possible. It was an absurd-looking incident, I admit, but it was intensely human, and it put out of court the charge of imposture, for when the letters came no one was pleased, and no one knew what they meant. It was when I discovered their meaning that the table rose up as I have described. I cannot help it if the scornful laugh at all this. I know it all happened in broad daylight, and that thousands and tens of thousands have had experience of similar things.

"But, as for 'table lifting,' if that is what men want as 'proof,' let me tell what I saw with my own eyes in the house of a friend whom I know to be intelligent, honest, and religious.

A large dining table, round which twenty persons could sit, rose up from the floor two or three feet without a hand touching it, and, after oscillating for a while, gently descended to the floor. This was done, we were told, not because the unseen ones cared for such experiments, but because we sought and needed such 'proofs.' When I saw this I was not excited; and the event happened in presence of fourteen persons, who met together in an earnest and devout manner, and agreed to open their 'séance' with a reading from the Scriptures and prayer; and what happened that evening has occurred a hundred times before and since. A clergyman who once saw it said it was of 'the devil.' I for one am not disposed to be positive either way as to the heavenly or hellish origin of these phenomena. All I know is—they occur. Let us get the facts first, whether they please us or not; and then let us pass on to account for them by educating laws, after due classification of phenomena.

"In my own house, with only two or three persons present, we have had in the quiet of our own room, sounds, soft and low, or rapid and loud, for an hour together. These sounds were wonderfully modulated to represent every kind of motion or thought. They gave rapid answers to questions, and more than once kept admirable time (I could almost say tune), to our subdued singing, or without our company. I shall not easily forget the playing, by these sounds alone, in the quiet of the night, a beautiful melody. Three of us sat in the centre of the room, and the sounds were produced four or five feet from where we sat. This, I know, is only vulgar 'spirit-rapping.' I cannot help it. It happened; and I do not know why I should not substitute for the phrase 'spirit-rapping' the better phrase, 'spirit-telegraphy.' It is true we who are so clumsy in our clay houses, need wires and an apparatus to get command over the current; but the supposition is quite reasonable that a man out of the flesh does not need all this material tackle to put him at once *en rapport* with what I have already called 'the marvellous magnetic forces of the universe.'

"On several occasions, I have sat with a number of persons, strangers to one another and to the 'medium,' who nevertheless, described departed friends and scenes in their past life in a most astonishing manner. On one occasion, for more than an hour, we were all inexpressibly impressed by such an analysis of character as I have never heard from other lips. The 'medium,' in a half trance, took us one by one to pieces; and, in a low and serious voice, described the characters, the peculiarities, and the lives of each one. Some of us the 'medium' had never seen at all; for these had been taken into the half-darkened room after the 'séance' had commenced, having arrived late. On one

of these occasions (in Manchester) a gentleman entered the room, and the 'medium,' who was at that moment in a trance state, at once took a pencil, wrote a message, signed it with initials, and pushed it past twenty persons, to the new-comer, who immediately recognised the initials and confessed the appropriateness of the message. This was at once followed by a description of the sender of the message, and a vivid and minute account of her last days; with not one word to distress or repel but much to soothe and win. The gentleman, though very exacting, acknowledged the singular accuracy of the description. The eyes of the 'medium' were closed, she was unconscious, and when she "came to herself," she knew nothing of what had occurred. I ought to add that she was between one and two hundred miles from home, and that she had never been within a hundred miles of the place before.

"In my own house, some of my own kindred and friends have been 'used' as 'mediums.' One, a student of divinity, in a trance state, speaks, in language earnest and well chosen, of noble themes, only calculated to elevate and instruct. Others have their hands moved to write with extraordinary rapidity. The characters are utterly unlike any they themselves employ, and, in many cases, they cannot even imagine the subject of what they have written. It seldom matters whether the eyes are shut or open, whether it is dark or light. Once I suddenly put the lights out, but the writing went on all the same. In this way we have had some correct and graceful poetry, and much spirit-stirring counsel given to us; and, in very many cases, the 'medium,' if not following the pencil, is unable to say whether what is written is poetry or prose, a jest or a prayer. Sometimes the writing is done with such force and rapidity that it takes some minutes to decipher it; and on these occasions we have had surprising results. In one case, I well remember, the 'medium' was a cultured and intelligent lady, who knew very little of 'Spiritualism,' and who was as much startled as any of us at what proceeded, time after time, from her hand, forcibly moved and used beyond her control, to write that which she knew not; for, in this way, in answer to questions, we have had particulars given of which the 'medium' knew nothing.

"In other cases, an alphabet and a pointer are used. The hand is forcibly or gently moved to point out letters, as in the other instance it is moved to write them. My own sister is thus 'used.' At one 'séance,' I remember, the 'message' affected her to tears, for she was observing it. She then hid her face in her left hand, but allowed the right hand to go on finishing the 'message,' the pointer flying from letter to letter almost faster than I could take them down. The latter portion of what was

thus spelt out the 'medium' knew nothing of, as she kept her closed eyes in her hand. I might add to this, that this form of 'mediumship' is rapidly spreading, and is a settled fact in perhaps ten thousand English homes.

"But I must not trouble you further. My statement, I am aware, is very imperfect and necessarily fragmentary, but I have, perhaps, said sufficient to show how varied are the phenomena and the forms of 'mediumship,' embracing spirit-seeing, trance-speaking, the moving of heavy substances, the production of sounds, writing, &c. I have now left no room for comment; but permit me to add, that they who enter into the investigation of this subject must not expect a perfectly smooth path. They will long to hold communion with those they love, and they may be, for a time, cruelly disappointed. But what if they can be sure they have held communion with some unseen intelligence? They will perhaps be repelled by confusion, contradiction, and folly; but these very things will, in certain circumstances, be in themselves startling proofs that the unseen world interpenetrates the seen, and that there is a law which, when we really understand it, will enable us to know that our old companions are near.

"When, moreover, we consider how many false, foolish, and confused beings we send into the spirit world every day, it need not surprise us that spirit-communion often yields only false, foolish, and confused results. But the question is—are the proofs of some intelligent communion there? It may be that the inferior grades of spiritual beings can more readily approach and make use of our earthly conditions, and that, until we master the laws which govern such communion, we shall be at the mercy of these inferior grades. But it may also be, that patience on our part, and knowledge and purity, will lead to progress; and that as we approach in our own natures the condition of the higher grades we shall approach their company. In a word, we may now be only groping amid the 'outer darkness' at the palace door. Presently, when we are wiser and more fit for it, we shall be able to enter in. Meanwhile, let no man despise him who is seeking for the truth, nor deride him who does anything to prove those blessed words, 'Are they not all ministering spirits?' or those still more ancient words, 'The angels of the Lord encamp round about them that fear Him.'

"Yours respectfully,

"FAIR PLAY.

"P.S.—I wish to intimate that I have now said all I have to say, in discharge of my task to which your courteous invitation called me, and that I shall not enter into controversy on the subject. It is a subject, not for discussion, but for investigation."

THE TWIN SISTERS.
AN INSTRUCTIVE NARRATIVE.

BY BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

THE following story has been recently published for private circulation only I believe, and has been sent to me by a friend to whom Mr. and Mrs. Waterman are known, and who occupy I am assured a highly respectable social position. They were members of the Congregational Church, and, notwithstanding their conversion to Spiritualism, are still reputed to be good church people; and, as Mr. Waterman says, "they do not feel that they have undergone any change that makes them less worthy neighbours, citizens, or members of society; but that the new light they have obtained through their angel child and others in the spirit-world, makes them truer to the principles of the loving Jesus, who taught 'Peace on earth, good will to men;' and with higher aspirations, ennobling thoughts, loving words, and willing hands, they are the more ready to aid the cause of human progress." To me this little history is extremely interesting: it answers many objections which are made by the opponents of our cherished faith, especially by that class who are misled by the erroneous teachings of the clergy of all denominations; and not doubting but that it will be acceptable to most readers of the *Spiritual Magazine*, I here present a brief epitome of the leading facts of the story of THE TWIN SISTERS.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Waterman of Cambridge, Massachusetts, had born unto them on the 15th March, 1865, twin sisters; one of whom only survived, and this one they named Rose. They had at that time two children—girls, the one—two, the other—four years of age. Mr. Waterman and his wife were of the orthodox faith; and although they knew of Spiritualism, and had attended an occasional *séance* and lecture, it was but as a matter of amusement, and Mrs. Waterman, especially, "treated the subject with scorn and derision."

The child, before she could talk, manifested great love for flowers, preferring rose-buds; and to gratify her, artificial roses were occasionally pinned to her breast and replaced as they were soiled.

When Rose began to run about, she avoided her sisters; taking great delight in playing alone, as her parents thought, with an imaginary companion, for whom she always provided by holding out her hand for another apple or another piece of cake. At two years of age she began to talk, and one day

when playing with her invisible companion she was asked, "Who are you playing with?" "My little sister Lily!" she replied. "Why do you want two apples?" "I want one for little Lily," was her answer.

When visitors asked her her name, she would say "Rosebud." "Is that why you wear a rosebud on your breast?" "No, my little Lily wears one." "Who is your little Lily?" "My little sister who is in heaven." "Where is heaven?" "Here, my sister is here."

Many questions such as these were asked of this interesting child, and her answers always consistently implied the presence of "little Lily," who was not only her playmate by day, but her bed-fellow by night. Stretching out her arms and patting caressingly the pillow, she would say, she was "loving little Lily." She would tell her parents how pretty little Lily is, would describe her light hair, blue eyes, and pretty dresses, and ask her mamma to make her own dresses like Lily's.

One day in the month of January, 1868, the child was found in possession of a fresh and fragrant white rose-bud: where she got it was a mystery to the whole family. There were no roses growing in the house, and no one came to the house who could have given it to her. "Where did you get this pretty flower?" was asked, and the same innocent and consistent reply was given by the child.—"My Lily gave it to me."

At another time she had some pansies brought to her under similar circumstances. These and many other incidents occurred before the child was three years of age, and still the parents attached no special importance or significance to them, until one day hearing some one talking of Spiritualism, Mr. Waterman was induced to call upon a medium, and then, among other things, he was told that little Rose's companion was her twin sister, whom she had named Lily, and Mr. Waterman says:—

"This was the first thought or intimation I ever had that Rose's little Lily was a reality. Lily and others of my spirit-friends were there, and through the medium, told me many things; some of which I then knew were true, and others I afterwards learned to be so.

"On my way home reflecting upon Rose's many sayings and doings, I could recall nothing that was inconsistent with the explanation that Lily is her twin sister, and a spiritual companion. Considering Rose too young, and without ability or opportunity, to be either a principal or accessory to a plot or delusion, I was constrained to accept her as an innocent and unimpeachable witness, unintentionally testifying to the truth of communion between the inhabitants of this and the spirit-world.'

Upon his return home Rose, who had been crying, clapped

her hands and said, "I am so glad papa has come and brought my little Lily." The mother then told her husband that the child had been fretting and all the cause she could find was that she said "Lily has gone to papa, I wish he would come home." Shortly after this, Mr. Waterman called upon Mr. William White, of Boston, one of the proprietors of the *Banner of Light*, the principal organ of Spiritualism in the United States, to consult with him. Mr. Waterman told him of these things and said that his wife was a very nervous woman, and subject to severe attacks of headache. Mr. White came to the conclusion that Mrs. Waterman was herself a medium, and he thought if she could be brought to a knowledge of Spiritualism she would probably be relieved of her fears and her headaches. Mr. Waterman accordingly began to talk with her in an easy way about Spiritualism, and gave her to understand that he was becoming interested in the subject and would like to know more about it.

"In a few days," he says, "she found courage to tell me that something, which she suspected was what they called spirits, had been troubling her for some time, but that she had continually resisted the influence. Several times at night when she knew she was awake, she heard a voice speak to her which sounded like the voice of her mother who had been dead ten years. She repeated the sayings of the voice, some of which were prophecies that afterwards proved true." From this time Mrs. Waterman became a writing medium, but believing that if they were spirits who impelled her to write, they must be evil spirits, she determined to resist the influence.

To please her husband, however, she one day took a pencil and immediately wrote out several messages which were signed by the names of different spirits who gave evidence of their identity. One was from his aunt Abby with whom he spent his boyhood and to whom he was much attached.

This testimony and the sayings and doings of Rose and her little Lily, established a mutual interest in the subject, and every day, Mr. and Mrs. Waterman had fresh evidence of the reality of spirit intercourse.

Next morning Rose brought her mother a lock of brown hair and said, "Mamma, my little Lily told me to give you this," and she pointed to the spot upon the carpet where she had found it. The mother became much excited, and her hand was immediately controlled to write this message addressed to Mr. Waterman:—"Lewis, it is my hair, you will have Sunbeam's* soon; hers is almost white, ABBY." In the evening of the same

* Sunbeam, it appears, was Lily's spirit name.

day when the children had gone to bed, Mrs. Waterman's hand was again influenced to write, "Go to Rose now, both of you. ABBY." They accordingly went, and about a foot from Rose's head, there lay a curl of golden hair, unlike any in the house, or that they knew of anywhere.

Mr. Waterman placed it folded in a piece of paper in his pocket book, and on the following morning before leaving home, he showed it to Rose and asked her what it was. The child exclaimed, "My little Lily's hair," and running into the sitting room to her mother in great glee, she said, "Mamma! papa has got some of my little Lily's hair." Mr. Waterman's office is in Boston, eight miles from his residence, and on several occasions the child has told her mother of incidents transpiring there, and of persons who were coming to dine with them. When asked how she knew, she always said, "Little Lily says so."

Rose has among her playthings a set of blocks painted and lettered, which she piles up in various forms, and then calls upon her invisible playmate to knock them down; and away they fly, dispersed by her "little Lily."

There resides in New York a spirit artist, Mr. W. P. Anderson. To him Mr. Waterman sent a portion of the lock of hair found on Rose's pillow, and he requested Anderson to take a likeness of the spirit if he could. Not a word had been said to Rose upon the subject, yet she knew the fact. Five days after the letter had been sent to Mr. Anderson, Rose came clapping her hands in great glee to her mother, and said, "I'm so glad, papa is going to get a picture of my little Lily." "What makes you say so," asked her mother. "Little Lily said so, and she is going for it now;" she replied.

In a few days the picture portraying a beautiful child was received. It is a pencil drawing, 44 by 28 inches. After hanging it in his study, Mr. Waterman called Rose into the room and asked her—"Who is that?" "My little Lily," she replied. Mrs. Waterman has become a very reliable medium; she could not now be persuaded that evil spirits control her; and, as Mr. White predicted, her nervous fears, and her constitutional headaches have passed away. "Every day," Mr. Waterman says, "we have evidence of the reality of spirit communion freighted with loving words and cheering counsel." He adds:—"The spirits have warned us of danger, healed us when sick, cheered and comforted us in times of trial and trouble, and in spite of our doubts, fears, prejudices, and unbelief, *we have by the personal presence and testimony of our departed friends been convinced of the truth of man's immortality, and of the actuality of communication between the inhabitants of this and the spirit-world.*"

IS THERE A SPIRIT HOME?

By MARY F. DAVIS.

OF all subjects of human interest, those which spring from the life of the soul take precedence. And of all benefactors of the human race they are most universally revered who have helped to solve the problem of spiritual being that is stated in the questions, Whence? What? and Whither? In their own day they may have been called fools, dreamers, or insane, as were Mahomet or Swedenborg, and classed with malefactors and outlaws, as were Socrates and Jesus; but the question of ESSENCE ever brought mankind back to its fealty, and the martyrs of one age became the saints and redeemers of the next.

Spiritualism works directly on this world-old problem. As its first effect is to free and individualize the mind, the questions which arise receive answers, not from one favoured personage alone, but from thousands of minds, more or less inspired. Hence shades of difference, and even contradictions on vital points, appear, which may be owing to different degrees of insight, to individual idiosyncrasies, or to the lack of a mutual understanding of terms.

Has the spirit a future locality? is one of the questions concerning which there are these differences of opinion and testimony. As an instance, I venture to cite the following letter, addressed to Mr. Davis by a highly valued and intelligent correspondent, who possesses that spirit of enquiry indicative of the sincerest love of wisdom:—

39, Buckingham Palace Road,
London, England, 4th May, 1869.

A. J. DAVIS—Respected Brother: I have read your *Stellar Key*, and also the *Banner of Light*, No. 1, of the 20th of March, in which latter is the report of a discussion purporting to have taken place between a disembodied spirit (Father Henry Fitz James), and sundry embodied persons; in which the former tells them that “the notion that many teach of a distinct locality set apart for departed spirits is *entirely erroneous*. Do not believe,” he is reported to have said, “that there is a locality set apart for departed spirits, *for there is not*.”

At page 159 of the *Stellar Key* are the following words: “The first Summer Land is *found* to be revolving near the grand orbit of the Milky Way.”

Probably you may be able, as I feel certain you will be willing, to enlighten myself and others, who are attached to the principles of the Harmonial Philosophy, upon the cause of the above contradiction. Is it a distorted communication of the medium? or on what principle is it to be accounted for? The discussion alluded to appears extremely rational.

Yours fraternally,

A. B. TIETKENS.

To ascertain whether the spirit has locality hereafter, we should inquire concerning its circumstances here; and on this point the reader will find a statement in the volume entitled

“Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions,” (*Harmonial Series*, page 57). The author says:—

“The spirit of man is never out of the spirit-world. [By the ‘spirit-world’ we do not mean the Second Sphere, or Summer-Land.] By the term spirit world is meant the ‘silver lining to the clouds of matter’ with which the mind of man is thickly enveloped. There is no space between the spirit of man and this immense universe of inner life. Man’s spirit touches the material world solely by means of spiritualized matter, both within and without his body. Thus the five senses come in contact with matter: 1. The eyes by *light*. 2. The ear by *atmosphere*. 3. The taste by *fluids*. 4. The smell by *odours*. 5. The touch by *vibration*. * * * By such conditions and attenuations of matter your spirit (yourself) comes in contact with the outward world. Interiorly you are already in the spirit-world. You feel, think, decide, and act as a resident of the inner life. Death removes the ‘cloud of matter’ from before your spiritual senses. Then you see, hear, taste, smell and touch, more palpably and intelligently, the facts and forces of the world in which, perhaps as a stranger, you have lived from the first moment of your individualized existence. It is not necessary to move an inch from your death-bed to obtain a consciousness of the spirit-world or inner life. Instantly you perceive the *life of things*, and the shape and situation of the things themselves are also visible in a new golden light. * * * The Summer-Land is a vast localized sphere within the universal Spirit-world.”

According to this view, the spirit-world, like the “universal ether” of which philosophers discourse, is not pent up in any locality, but surrounds and permeates all places, persons, and spheres. “We lie open, on one side, to the deeps of spiritual nature, to the attributes of God.” Interiorly we exist in a boundless realm of essential being, and it is all accessible to us at every hour. What prevents us from being mingled with this infinite ocean to which all the attractions of the spirit tend? It is the material environment, by means of which we attain the boon of individual consciousness. Let that be stricken out, and there would follow what was sought by the Hindu philosophers, the absorption of the soul into Brahma, or the Universal Being. But “there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body;” and by virtue of these, the spirit becomes an individualized entity, receptive of the tides of Infinite Being, but for ever undivided and unabsorbed.

It is then localized to a certain extent in the body. Nor is this all. Nature, by slow gradations, age after age, carried on her process of evolution until the earth was fitted for the local habitation of this embodied spirit. When it leaves the external form, will the laws of Nature be suspended? It makes use of the natural body here; will it not hereafter need and make use of the spiritual body? Its locality now is fixed on a sphere, eliminated from an elemental orb, and balanced in boundless space. Is it unreasonable to infer that, emanating from rudimental worlds and balanced by them, a mighty sphere of perfected particles hangs in the immeasurable ether, to which the spirit, with its finer embodiment, involuntarily tends when released from earth?

The laws of Nature are invariable. If we could come to a full understanding of their action here, we should have a key to their operation in every section of the universal whole. Granted that the spirit is an eternal entity; if it has locality here it must have the same hereafter, else a natural law is subverted. In a recent lecture, Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "I remember when talking with one whose 'Rewards of the Future' appeared to me fanciful, he said: 'It is not so in your experience, but it is so in the other world.' I was prompted to reply, 'Other world! Do you not know that the laws above are sisters of the laws below? Other world! There is no other world! Here, or nowhere, is the whole fact.'" In the sense which superstition gives to the term, there surely is no "other world"; that is, no world where the laws of Nature are abrogated. Would we know what takes place in a future state, we must study the track of the Divine from our present lookout, for "Here, or nowhere, is the whole fact."

It is a mistake to suppose that the *Stellar Key* teaches that there is "a locality *set apart* for departed spirits." Well may "Father Henry Fitz James" assert that there is no such arbitrary arrangement in the universe. The *Stellar Key* furnishes scientific and philosophical evidences that the "Summer-Land" is a substantial sphere, and is as natural and inevitable an outgrowth of the rudimental worlds as the fruit of a tree is of its roots, trunk and branches. "We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Amid all the mutations of time there is deeply rooted in the human soul a love of the permanent. Ties that bind us to kindred and friends cannot be broken without pain; and the wandering exile sadly yearns for the familiar scenes and the restful security of some far-away hamlet which once had for him the sacred name of *home*. In all the "Dreams of Heaven" which have come to the sad heart of humanity during the ages of the world, a thought of home-welcome and changeless love has mingled like a precious benediction. And the new perception of the supernal which a fresh baptism of spiritual insight has given to mankind changes those vague dreams to bright and beautiful certainties. The "evergreen mountains of life," the crystal streams that flow through the "city of God," the songs of praise and joy that float over the radiant hill-tops of the "Better Land," the immortal love that links soul to soul and makes holy the atmosphere of "Heaven:—" these exist, not alone in the imagination of the poet, but as beautiful realities that fill with blessedness and peace the eternal home of the spirit.—*Banner of Light*.

THE INNER WORLD.

By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It lies around us like a cloud,
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet and calm,
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,
They lull us gently to our rest,
They melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
'T is easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently wrapped in loving arms,
To swoon to that—from this—

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
So feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet sounds around us! watch us still;
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as nought,
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

A STRANGE STORY.

THE following strange narrative is from the *Banner of Light*, Boston, of July 25th, 1868:—

“I have finally concluded to gratify the request so often made for me to write out an account of the surprising spiritual manifestations that took place in the village of Putnam, Conn., where I reside. I am well aware that story-telling is not my *forte*. All I can do is to state the *facts* as they occurred, according to my own observation and the testimony of reliable witnesses. In doing this I shall give the real name of the medium and most of the parties, with the exception of the family in whose house the principal manifestations took place, as they were not Spiritualists, and might object to having their names made public. I shall endeavour to make no statements that I am not prepared to substantiate.

“The opening events of the story date back to the month of September, in the fall of 1866. At that time there was living in a substantial two-story dwelling house, not far from the railroad station at Putnam, a family whom we will call, for convenience sake, Lind. The members of the family were Mr. Lind and wife, both being somewhat advanced in years, and their son, Mark Lind, and his wife, Mattie, who had rooms in the house, boarding with the old people. The senior Mr. and Mrs. Lind were members of the Methodist church, and considered respectable and well-to-do people. Mark had been married some few years, had been in the army, and become somewhat unsteady in his habits. His wife, Mattie, was a fine-looking young woman, something over twenty years of age, active and intelligent, yet possessed of an exceedingly passionate and violent disposition, which, when aroused, was manifested in uncontrollable storms of rage. As is often the case when a husband takes his wife home, Mattie and the lady did not agree very well, nor did Mark always maintain that kindly bearing toward her which she considered was due from a husband. These facts gave rise to more or less disputes, which, before being ended, usually drew in the whole family, to some extent, and generally terminated by Mattie getting very angry and leaving the house, declaring that she would never darken the doors again. But time always cooled her temper, and after two or three days she would return, to remain until another storm would produce a similar result.

“Thus things continued, until one day they had an uncommonly severe and violent altercation which ended, as usual,

in Mattie's departure. But little notice was taken of the matter, the rest of the folks supposing of course she would return as she had always done. Imagine the surprise and horror of the old gentleman when he arose the next morning and found Mattie lying on the piazza of the house, *dead*. A *post mortem* examination revealed the fact that she had taken arsenic sufficient to cause death, or in other words, she had committed suicide by poison. Of course it created a great sensation in our village, and for a time nothing else was talked of but the tragic death of the young and beautiful Mattie Lind.

"Even great excitements cannot always last, and so ere long, the people believing that Mattie's death had closed the scene, ceased to give the subject thought. But it seems there was an *afterpiece* to come, which was not laid down in the programme. To be sure, Mattie Lind's body lay over in the burying ground, but it soon appeared that *she* was not there.

"On the same street, and near Mr. Lind's house, is an eating saloon, kept by one Thomas Capwell, who had in his employ a young man by the name of James Philips. I would here state that I am personally acquainted with Philips, and I am willing to vouch for his truthfulness and honesty. He was not a Spiritualist, and up to this time had not seen any of the phenomena; in fact, knew nothing whatever about the subject. Some little time after the afore-mentioned facts took place, Mr. Capwell went away, leaving the saloon in charge of Philips. One day during Mr. Capwell's absence, it was noticed by Mrs. Capwell and others that Philips appeared very strange. He had a peculiarly wild look, and when spoken to would respond only in monosyllables, if at all. His appearance and actions were such as to lead the people to suppose that he was suffering from a temporary attack of insanity.

"Mrs. Capwell, knowing that there was two hundred dollars in the money drawer, thought she would secure that, and went to get it, but to her consternation found it gone. She inquired of Philips what had become of it? He affirmed that he did not know; and although his person and the premises were thoroughly searched, no trace of the money could be found. He continued in that peculiar state of mind all day, and at nine o'clock locked up the shop and started for home, as usual. But instead of going home, he went directly to Mr. Lind's, and entering the kitchen where the old gentleman and his wife were sitting, took a lamp and went up to the room formerly occupied by Mark and his wife. The old people, supposing that Mark had sent him on some errand, said nothing.

"About ten o'clock Mark came home, and before entering the house he was surprised to see a light in his room. He

inquired who was there. His father replied that Mr. Philips was, asking if he did not send him. Mark passed up stairs and opened the door into his room, and beheld, to his utter astonishment, *James Philips dressed in his wife's—Muttie's—clothes.* I will here state that Philips is a man somewhat below the medium size.

“When Mark had sufficiently mastered his surprise to speak, he inquired of Philips what he was there for? The reply was, ‘I should like to know who has a better right in Mattie Lind’s bedroom than herself? Why didn’t you come home before? It’s time we were in bed. Come, get ready, and let us go to bed.’ But Mark being completely confounded, not understanding the case, having seen little or nothing of the trance before, did not readily assent to the proposed arrangement. This aroused the amiable disposition of his late spouse, and she insisted upon his *immediate compliance*, in terms precisely similar to those employed in former days. The old folks, hearing the familiar sounds, rushed up stairs. The sight of the old lady did not serve to allay the *wrath* of the already enraged Mattie (for it was she in full control of the medium Philips), and she expressed herself in strong language, much of which is not found in *polite literature* stating that she was not dead, as they had supposed, that they had not got rid of her so easily, and she had come back to have her *revenge* both on Mark and the old woman; it was her determination to kill Mark Lind if she could; and as if to verify the statement, she hurled a penknife at his head, which barely missed him, and struck half the length of it in the door panel. This demonstration had the effect to make the whole party beat a hasty retreat. Mark brought up the rear, and shutting the door after him attempted to hold it; but although he had the handle of the latch and the medium the “catch,” he was unable to do so. Mark is a man weighing nearly two hundred pounds. He called his father to bring a rope, which he did, and by passing it through the handle of the door and winding it round the banister of the stairs, he succeeded in keeping the door fast.

“The senior Lind then called in a Mr. Lucian, who is a Justice of the Peace, and when people get into trouble they always send for him, no matter what it is. He also called in Mrs. Capwell. Happily, Mr. Lucian is a Spiritualist. He describes the scene as being somewhat ludicrous when he arrived. He asked the old lady what the trouble was? She replied, ‘I do not know; Jim Philips is upstairs, and he acts just like Mat. Lind for all the world.’ There stood Mark by the stair banister, as white as a sheet, holding on to the rope with all his might. ‘What is the matter, Mark?’ said Lucian. ‘Jim Philips is in my

room, and he acts like possessed.' 'Why don't you let go the rope and go in and see what is wanted?' 'I have been in there once, and I would not go again for a thousand dollars.' 'Unfasten the door, and I will go in.' So Mr. L. opened the door and went in. There lay the medium in bed. Mattie's clothes were taken off and laid exactly as she used to lay them. All her little keepsakes were taken from the drawers where they were carefully put away, and lain upon the table. The album was open at her picture, and many other tests given to prove her identity. She addressed Mr. Lucian, 'What are you here for? This is no place for you, in a lady's bedroom!' He, understanding the case, said in substance, 'I thought, Mattie, you would like to see me. How do you do?' This pleased her much; her desire was to be recognized, and he had done so. He continued to converse with her in a pleasant manner, and finally prevailed upon her to yield to the control of the medium.

"About midnight Philips put on his own clothes and went home, and there were no more demonstrations that night. The next morning, when the bed was examined, there was found among the clothes a *dirk knife* that Mark had when in the army, and which had been lost for more than a year.

"The next morning Philips was oblivious of the night's and most of the day's proceedings. When he went to the shop, Mrs. Capwell asked him about the missing money. With much surprise he asked, 'What money?' 'The money that was in the drawer.' 'I suppose it is in my pocket-book, where I always put it at nights,' taking it out; and there, sure enough, it was, all done up in a nice package, with a string tied round it, 'Ah!' said he, 'who has fixed it up like this? I certainly did not do it.' He was evidently unconscious that the money had been missing. No one knows where it went to this day, only Mattie says that it was one of 'her tricks.'

"After this Mattie often took control of Philips, and whenever she did she was always for going to Lind's. She said she was determined to have her *revenge* on them some way. They had caused her to suffer, and she was going to return the *compliment*. I had considerable talk with her and endeavoured to shew her how wrong it was for her to entertain such feelings, but all in vain; she was inexorable. I conversed with Philips about her. He told me that he could always see her before she controlled him, just as distinctly as he could any one. She looked the same as she did in the earth-life, only there was a dark shadow across her forehead, indicating her unhappy condition. He suffered a good deal from fear that while under her control he might be made to do some bad thing. The

prospect was certainly not pleasant, and I did not blame him for being disturbed.

“ But he was not destined to continue in this uncertain state long. One day he saw approaching him a spirit whom he describes as a large, noble and very pleasant-looking man. This spirit spoke very kindly to him, saying. ‘ You are very much annoyed by this *bad spirit* that seeks to use you for an *evil purpose*. I have come to take charge of you, and to prevent her using you to any injury. You need fear her no more. Trust me, and I will guide you free of danger.’

“ Since that time, whenever Mattie has come and expressed herself vindictively, she is immediately made to retire by this benign and good spirit. He gave his name as Moses Figenbaum, a German by birth, lived in New York when he entered spirit-life, and did business on such a street, giving the number; told all about his family, &c. We of course knew nothing of such a person. One day an old German pedlar came to our place, who lived in New York. He stopped at Mr. Capwell’s and Mrs. C. asked him if he ever knew Moses Figenbaum? He said he did, and was well acquainted with him. On being questioned, he corroborated every statement that had been made through Philips. This to us was a very satisfactory test.

“ Philips tells me a very remarkable circumstance, the truth of which is testified to by Mr. Capwell and Mr. Lind, which took place about this time. He says, “ I was waked up one night about two o’clock, and saw my bedroom door opened, and Mattie Lind entered with a pencil and paper in her hand. She approached the bedside and spoke to me, saying, ‘ Mark Lind agreed to meet me to-night. He has not done so. I am going to write him a letter.’ She sat down at the stand and wrote. I noticed that the pencil and paper were unlike any that was in the house. After writing for a time she arose and went out.

“ The next day Mark Lind came into the shop, and while there Philips was entranced by Mattie, and she said to him ‘ I wrote you a letter last night, and carried it and put it on my grave in the cemetery. You will find it there, under the evergreen wreath. I tore the wreath to pieces—I am sorry I did so. Under the remnants you will find the letter.’ Mr. Capwell proposed to go with him to verify the truth of the statement, so they both went over to the cemetery, which is a mile from the village, and coming to Mattie’s grave they found the evergreen wreath torn to pieces and under the remnants they found a letter directed to Mark Lind, in the handwriting of Mattie Lind.

“ Since the good spirit has controlled Philips, Mattie has been powerless to use him as an instrument to wreak her vengeance on the objects of her hatred. But it seems that her

wrath is still unquenched, and it is more than whispered that she has commenced business on her own responsibility, and strange sounds are heard and sights seen at Lind's. True it is that Mark Lind is an unhappy if not a haunted man.

“Such is the substance of the story, as near as I am able to express it. All the parties mentioned still live in Putnam, and can be consulted in reference to the truthfulness of the account. I presume that I have left out many important items, but enough is mentioned to prove this one of the most remarkable manifestations on record. It is interesting because the facts throw much light upon the condition of spirit existence, and are thus made very instructive.

“It should be borne in mind that these manifestations came spontaneously, wholly unsought, into a family who were not Spiritualists, and through a medium who was neither a Spiritualist nor at all acquainted with the phenomena. The dark and unhappy condition of Mattie is a warning to all those who raise their hands against their own life, thinking to escape misery by so doing. Her persistent attempts to be revenged upon those whom she conceived to be the cause of her sufferings, shews that death does not make us saints, but that for a time at least we may retain the same feelings that governed us here. On the other hand a beautiful lesson is taught us by the mild yet firm interposition of the good spirit in answer to Philips' desire to be freed from the dangerous influence of Mattie. But I will leave people to draw their own inferences.

A. E. CARPENTER.

“Putnam; Conn., June, 1868.”

VERA VINCENT;

OR THE TESTIMONY OF T. M. SIMKISS, OF WOLVERHAMPTON,
TO THE TRUTH OF SPIRITUALISM.

“*To the London Dialectical Society.*”

“Gentlemen,—In accordance with the expressed wish of your Committee, I herewith furnish, in writing, the substance of my testimony to the truth of Spiritualism, as given by me at your meeting at the residence of Dr. Edmonds, Fitzroy Square, London, on the evening of Tuesday, the 13th of April, 1869.

“Wolverhampton,

“T. M. SIMKISS.

“May 1st, 1869.”

“I have been a Spiritualist for nearly sixteen years, and have examined the various phases of mediumship with all the critical research of which I am capable.

“ I am not myself a medium in the common acceptation of the term, though I have tried hard to become one. I have tried in a variety of ways to see, hear or feel spirits myself: by sitting frequently in circles as passively as possible, by submitting myself to repeated mesmeric manipulations, and by sitting alone in the dead of night for many hours in a room that was used for some years exclusively for the purposes of spirits and mediums, and might be considered to be thoroughly permeated with spiritual magnetism; but all with no apparent effect.

“ I have never been able to witness any independent physical manifestations, (*i.e.* without contact of the medium,)—which would admit of efficient testing; so that I am generally sceptical as to the reality of this branch of Spiritualism. Though I have not seen any reliable physical manifestations, I have witnessed a great number of neurologic spiritual manifestations; and after deducting the greatest possible per centage for mesmerism, for imposture, and for hallucination, there remains for me no possible alternative but to acknowledge that some persons who are physically dead, have still a conscious existence, and can, by operating through the nervous systems of certain sensitive individuals, called mediums, give unmistakable evidence of their identity.

“ I will quote a few marked instances out of a great number, of which I have had personal experience:—Sixteen years ago, being in the city of Philadelphia, in America, sceptical as to future existence, and quite unacquainted with Spiritualism, except by report as ‘the last American humbug,’ I went to see Henry Gordon, a noted medium. The instant I entered his room he became entranced, and his body appeared to be controlled by some intelligent power other than himself. He immediately extended his hand to me, saying quickly—‘Tom, how are you; I am glad to see you here; I am your old friend Michael C——’ After a pause, ‘I and others have influenced you to come here, so as to give you proof of immortality, which you have given over believing in.’ Michael C—— was a college friend of mine who had been dead more than three years. I had then been in America only six days, and was a complete stranger to all around me. I had never mentioned the name of Michael C—— to any one in America, nor had I thought of him for some weeks before that time. On subsequent occasions, through Henry Gordon, Michael C—— related many incidents of a private nature which completely established his personality in my mind.

“ On the next day after my first visit to Henry Gordon, I went to see a lady who was not a public medium, Mrs. Chase, the wife of Dr. Chase, one of the Professors of the Eclectic

Medical College of Philadelphia, and who was said to see spirits. On my entering her drawing room, she said, 'Oh, Doctor, there are several spirits come in with this gentleman; one is a tall, thin, young man, with brown hair, and only a little whiskers by his ears; he stoops and coughs very much, and died of consumption; but he has already communicated through some other medium.' This, I recognized as being a correct description of Michael C——. Mrs. Chase then continued—'On the other side of him there is a young girl, apparently about 16 or 17 years old, with very white skin; her hair appears to be nearly black and hangs in ringlets; she has a broad square forehead and square shoulders; you knew her very well when alive.' I could not recollect any one answering to that description. 'She is very merry and rather fond of teasing, and is amused at your not recollecting her, as you used to know her so well.' I was still perplexed, and began to think that Mrs. Chase was playing with my imagination. After a few more tantalizing remarks I began to get tired of the affair, when Mrs. Chase said—'She is now going to say something by which you will know who she is.' After a pause she continued—'You bore me to the grave.' This remark, originated by the spirit herself as a sign of recognition, was a perfect test to me. I had never in my life, up to that time, been present at the funeral of any young girl except at that of the one of whom Mrs. Chase had just given me such a perfect description, both as to her appearance and playfully teasing manner, all of which this test brought fully back to my mind, though I had not thought of her for at least two years previous to that time. She had then been dead nine or ten years.

"For the past three years my wife has been a medium. Constitutionally she is quite healthy, rather wiry and energetic than actually strong, with a quick circulation, strong nerved, never been subject to fits or fainting, almost insensible to fear, and of a sceptical turn of mind. She was first entranced almost immediately on her sitting in a circle of Spiritualists, to which she went out of curiosity. Afterwards she was frequently in the unconscious or trance state, and easily possessed by spirits, who could have full control of her organization for their own peculiar modes of speech and gesticulation, and were apparently as much at home as if in their own bodies. One spirit who at this time very frequently possessed her was of a Scotchman, who invariably spoke broad Scotch through her, which she is quite unable to do in her normal condition.

"This trance state, unsurpassed as it may be for test purposes, is detrimental to the nervous system if much persisted in. In the case of my wife it appears to have been a transition stage

that she passed through as means of developing her interior senses, so as to enable her to see and converse with spirits, without the closing of any of her external senses. She is now as wide awake and fully conscious when seeing spirits as any person with whom she is in company. She not only sees them, but occasionally gives the full names, both christian and surnames of total strangers, and by this means has convinced many persons of the truth of Spiritualism and immortality, about which they were previously doubtful.

“ One evening, in the midst of a general conversation, my wife suddenly said to me, ‘ Here is a spirit who says his name is Father F——;’ she went on giving me a correct description of his personal appearance, and told me where and under what circumstances we were previously acquainted with each other. A week afterwards I took an opportunity of testing her with regard to this spirit. Seeing his photograph in a shop where I was making some other purchases, I bought one; my wife not being with me. I afterwards caused her to see it in an accidental manner, without her having any suspicion of intention on my part, by showing it to another person. She looked to see what I was showing my friend, and said, ‘ Who is that, I have seen that face before.’ ‘ Don’t you know?’ said I. She replied, ‘ Oh! it’s that spirit that I saw last week; it’s Father F——, what a good likeness it is.’

“ On another occasion we went by invitation to visit some persons who were strangers to us; during the evening my wife described a spirit, a deceased relative of theirs, which description they said was accurate; and he gave his name as ‘ Tommy.’ To this I was paying but little attention, not being acquainted with their family connections, when my wife said to me, ‘ Tommy says he used to know you very well.’ I then enquired of the lady of the house as to the former residence and business of her uncle, (the spirit Tommy) and found that he was quite correct; I was officially connected with him when alive, and knew him well, but never had any idea that he was any relation to the persons whom we were then visiting. Some six months afterwards she saw an oil portrait of this person at a house in another part of the country, and instantly recognized it as ‘ Tommy,’ whom she had seen on the evening above mentioned.

“ My wife has given me the names of spirits of historical personages, many of whom I am quite certain she had never heard of, and in several cases that I had never heard or read of until I searched various Encyclopædias to find if such persons had ever existed. One instance was that of ‘ Annibale Carracci,’ who she said was an Italian artist. Not being given to artistic pursuits or literature, I did not know of such a

person ; but on looking out for him in the Encyclopædia I found his name and profession rightly given. She has correctly described the details of dress of many ancient Grecian and Roman spirits, such as the tunic, toga, sandals, &c., of which she was previously quite ignorant."

ON SOME OBJECTIONS TO SPIRIT-COMMUNION.

It is objected, that the spirit-world is an internal world: to imagine, therefore, that the departed can manifest themselves to sense, is to commit the blunder of confounding two distinct spheres of existence: the natural man perceives natural things, and the spiritual man spiritual things. The assumption on which this argument rests requires a constant divorce of matter from mind. But are we less essentially spiritual now than we shall be hereafter? Nay, can there ever be a subjective reality without objective manifestation? Is the subjective knowable until it has become objective? Is the spiritual ever known until it is *expressed*; and what are the elements of expression but Matter? Are not the two intimately related and indissoluble, being but the within and the without of the same thing? Arising, as we do, from conditions comparatively little plastic, the full expression of the spirit on earth is, to a large extent, hindered, but so far as the materials are tractable, we do see that men involuntarily shew themselves as they are. The whole body tells of the struggles of the soul, and is scarred or bent with sin and anguish, or beautifully chiselled and elastic with conquest and delight. Is it so wild a dream, then, to imagine that we are not only gravely our existing body, but secretly preparing a new corporeal shell, our "soul-garment," which will float into a vitalized whole when the new birth, our so-called "death" occurs? As we start on the earthly race as our parents have made us, may we not start on the heavenly race as *we have made ourselves*, entering each sphere as we leave the last, but, apart from that pre-determined restriction capable of moulding ourselves as we will?

The objection that the departed are too exalted for commune with our "lower world," arises from a confusion of two distinct orders of thought—quantitative and qualitative phenomena. Of the former it is the characteristic that they are *necessary*, of the latter that they are *self-evolved*. Physical and moral phenomena are separated by an impassable gulf, differing not only in degree but *in kind*. It is not difficult to see to which of the two the

phenomenon called death belongs. It is a physical phenomenon, something necessitated, the consequent of physical antecedents. No doubt the immediate physical antecedents may be themselves the consequents of a moral antecedent, but the phenomenon itself, death, is wholly physical, as much so as the contraction of a muscle, or an inflammation of the brain. The character is made up *before* the act of death, however closely the last moral act, or volition, may abut on the palpable fact. But even the last volition does not represent the character of the man. A single splendid volition has no power to annihilate the fruits of the whole past life, and the "hero of an hour" does not redeem the scoundrel of fifty years. Until the whole *bent* of the mind be in a forward direction, until aspiration, and its fruit volition, be the constant attitude of the soul, the character is not high but low; and working under whatever material conditions, or in whatever world, is still "of the earth, earthy." Now, as without exaggeration, we may assert, that up to the present period of this world's history the number of the spiritually undeveloped greatly exceeds the number of the spiritually developed, it is probable that the after-death sphere is peopled by multitudes who are in a far lower moral grade than many who have not crossed the boundary, and consequently we might without awe venture to hold communion with a vast company of our peers, if not of our superiors. And as even the "sainted" of earth do not hesitate to condescend to our infirmities, and spend their powers in trying to draw us up after them, should we not expect that those who have entered yet more deeply into the high glory of self-abasement would, if they were able, still shed a ray of light upon the human darkness they know so well. —*The Truthseeker.*

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY.

At its last meeting, July 22nd, the Committee appointed by this Society "to investigate the phenomena alleged to be spiritual manifestations, and to report thereon," adjourned till October. The evidence given on this evening was of a very mixed character, and took an entirely new direction. M. CHEVALIER, the writer of *A Week's Experience in Spiritualism* (reviewed, p. 284, Vol. II., N.S.), repeated the statements and conclusions of the above pamphlet. By applying the test given by St. John (1 John, chap. iv.) and by adjuration "in the name of God, Father, Son,

and Holy Ghost," the intelligence making the manifestations was made to confess, that it was the devil, and to take its departure; and the manifestations ceased. On being questioned, M. Chevalier admitted he could not explain how it was that the experience of others who had applied this test, and tried the force of this adjuration, differed from his own; nor whether the result in his case might not have been due to the magnetic force of his own will rather than to the strength of his adjuration; he could only give his own experience, he could not say how far such experience might be exceptional; but he attributed much to the faith of the exorcist, whose adjuration might fail in its effect if, for instance, he were a Unitarian.

Mr. FRISWELL could state from his own experience that M. Chevalier's case was not wholly exceptional; he had by the same means stopped the manifestations in the circle at Mrs. Marshall's, and at his own house, and compelled the spirits to depart, after acknowledging that the manifestations were made by the same power as that exercised by Elymas the sorcerer, mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. There could in his mind be no question of the truth of the facts; which in nature and source were similar to many others occurring in past ages with which the student of history was familiar, and which, he believed, were justly regarded as diabolical. Mr. Friswell, on being questioned, said, he had heard that a quiet or passive state of mind in those constituting the circle was a primary condition, but he did not know whether it were so or not; and on being further asked if his own mind, being the most positive mind at the circle, might not have influenced the answer he received, and the cessation of the manifestations, through the same law as that by which spirits operated; he said he could not answer that question.

Miss HOUGHTON stated that she always tried the spirits according to the test given by St. John. All the spirits who communicated with her made confession that Christ came in the flesh, and acknowledged the Divine Trinity.

Miss ANNA BLACKWELL related some experiences of herself and sister (Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell), bearing on the point raised by M. Chevalier, and illustrating the results of a different mode of procedure to that adopted by him. If, as had sometimes happened, a spirit came signing himself "Satan," or "Beelzebub," they never for a moment thought of calling him "accursed spirit," and adjuring him to depart. They spoke to the spirit kindly but firmly, with sympathy and an earnest desire that the unfortunate one might be benefitted through intercourse with them; and though at first, he would annoy them and be irritated that he could not deceive and frighten them by these names, by

perseverance their efforts had been rewarded; the spirit became more gentle and truthful, and thanking them for the good they had done him, said they had been the means of bringing him into a better and happier state.

Mr. PERCIVAL had arrived at a conclusion the direct anti-thesis of that of M. Chevalier, though not so dogmatically expressed. He related interesting instances of prophetic vision and other experiences prior to modern Spiritualism, including the speaking through him (sometimes in an unknown tongue) of a power foreign to himself. These things might or might not be done by spirits, but he believed they had been vouchsafed by God for his personal guidance, and in answer to prayer.

Mr. JONES gave evidence to having seen the phenomena usually witnessed at *séances*, and gave an exposition of the philosophy of Spiritualism as deduced by him from the writings of Swedenborg.

We learn that so great has been the interest called forth by the inquiries of the Committee that notwithstanding the honorary Secretary has received the help of two assistants, they find themselves unable to keep pace with the correspondence on the subject which is being poured in upon them.

THE EDITOR OF THE "BRITISH JOURNAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY,"
ON THE POSSIBILITY OF SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS.

"*Apropos* of the Mumler spirit photographs, a good many absurd things have been said *pro* and *con* on the subject. But a writer in the latter category who asserts that anything that is visible to the eye of the camera, and thus capable of being depicted by photography, must, therefore, necessarily be visible to the human eye, is surely ignorant of that important branch of physics popularly known as florescence. Many things are capable of being photographed which to the physical eye are utterly invisible. Why, for the matter of that, a room may be full of the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, and a photograph might be taken by means of that 'dark light.' Objects in a room so lighted would be plainly visible to the lens of the camera; at any rate, they could be reproduced on the sensitive plate, while, at the same time, not an atom of luminousness could be perceived in the room by any person possessing ordinary human vision. Hence the photographing of an invisible image, whether that image be of a spirit or a lump of matter, is not scientifically impossible. If it reflect only the florescence or ultra-violet spectral rays it will be easily photographed, but it will be quite invisible even to the sharpest eye."

A TEST OF SPIRIT PRESENCE.

“ Port Huron, St. Clair, Mich.

“ EDITOR PRESENT AGE:—I have concluded to write to you concerning a *test* of spirit presence, which was given through the organism of Dr. S. D. Pace, of this city.

“ J. P. Minnie, Esq., an old resident of this county, and for many years a Justice of the Peace, departed this life in 186—, and left a large estate to be divided among his heirs. His business transactions were somewhat extensive, he having dealt considerably in lumber and real estate. Among other transactions was one to the amount of Seven thousand dollars with Mr. C——, of the State of Wisconsin. Mr. C—— claimed this amount from the estate, and had it not been for what I am going to relate, the heirs of Mr. Minnie would have been compelled to pay this sum.

“ Mr. Joseph Minnie, a son of the aforesaid J. P. Minnie, not feeling satisfied, called into my store. Talking about his father's estate, he made the remark that there was something wrong about it, and that he would give anything in the world to get the facts. I suggested that he go to Dr. Pace. We then went to see the Doctor, and found him in his office. The Doctor was controlled by what purported to be the spirit of J. P. Minnie who then made the following remarkable disclosure:— Addressing his son Joseph, he said that the estate did not owe much of anything—that long before his death, he had made a settlement with Mr. C——, and Mr. C—— had given him his receipt in full of all demands, and that since that settlement he had not transacted any business with Mr. C——. He then said, ‘Joseph, you will find that receipt, folded up in a certain deed, in the administrator's office.’

“ Joseph went to the administrator's office, found the receipt as foretold, and at the next meeting of the commissioners, that receipt was produced, Mr. C—— being present acknowledged the signature, and the estate was saved to the amount of \$7,000.

“ After making the above disclosure to his son Joseph, he went on to say that there was another matter he desired to call his attention to: ‘Those lots I sold to Captain Ellory, and I agreed to wait another year for the pay—he told you the truth when he told you so.’

“ This was a good test to his son, as some time previous, Captain Ellory met him in the street, and told him that his father had agreed to wait another year for the payment of those lots, and Joseph had doubted his word.

“ It may be well to state that Dr. Pace was wholly un-

acquainted with Mr. Minnie's business, and that there was no possible way to account for this communication except on the grounds of spirit intercourse. J. H. HASLETT.

"I hereby certify that the above statement is correct in every particular, and I cheerfully give my testimony to substantiate its truth. J. S. S. MINNIE."

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE AND SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS FROM
THE ROMAN CATHOLIC POINT OF VIEW.

The Catholic World, a Roman Catholic magazine, published in New York, writing of Modern Spiritualism, remarks:—

Contemporary science, indeed, or what passes for science, has shown great ineptness before the alleged spirit manifestations; and its professors have, during the twenty years and over, since the Fox girls began to attract public attention and curiosity, neither been able to disprove the alleged facts, nor to explain their origin and cause; but this is because contemporary science recognizes no invisible existences, and no intelligences above or separate from the human, and because it is not possible to explain their production or appearance by any of the unintelligent forces of nature. To deny their existence is, we think, impossible without discrediting all human testimony: to regard them as jugglery, or as the result of trickery practised by the mediums and those associated with them, seems to us equally impossible.

STRANGE DOINGS AT THE FEATHERS HOTEL, MANCHESTER,
AND AT NANTWICH.

"For several nights past immense crowds have been collected in and about the Feathers Hotel, in London-road, Manchester, attracted by a story so singular, and, on the face of it, so incredible, that numbers of people, instead of laughing off the matter as a joke, have been excited by real curiosity. The new sensation, which is filling the coffers of the landlord of the Feathers, and at the same time mulcting the pockets of the rate-payers for the services of an extra force of policemen—uniform men and detectives—is a ghost which has chosen one of the busiest centres of Manchester, immediately opposite the London-road station, for its nocturnal appearances. The story is (says the *Manchester Examiner*) that for five weeks past the inmates of the hotel have been disturbed at all hours of the night by strange and unaccountable noises. When the weary waiters have gone to sleep, their dreams have been disturbed by the unwelcome tinkle, first of one, then of two and more, and sometimes of all the bells in the house—fourteen in number—clanging together. A strict watch has on several occasions been kept, and when this has been done, the watchers have seen and heard nothing unusual, but so surely as the lights in the inn have been extinguished and quiet has been maintained, the strange noises

have commenced. About a week ago, bellhangers were got in the house, who rearranged the wires and muffled the bells, and by this means it was supposed that the perturbed spirit had been laid at last to rest, an idea which was confirmed by the fact that for six nights thereafter the "ghost" made no manifestation. In the "wee short hour" between Tuesday night and Wednesday morning, however, the sound of bells again broke forth with undiminished violence, and in defiance of bellhangers and special detectives. An indescribable presence is said to have made itself manifest on the stairs of the hotel, dressed in most unghostly habiliments of black, to a couple of boys and a policeman, who were so much frightened by the sight that they are unable to give any account of the spirit's disappearance. Of all the inmates of the house the cook, whom one would have thought the most material and unimaginative, has been most affected by the spiritual influence, and on Wednesday resigned her comfortable situation, with all its perquisites, and, we believe, has taken to bed seriously ill. Meanwhile the house is nightly crowded by hundreds of visitors, who, excited by curiosity, thirst of knowledge, or other desire, have been exorbitant in their demand for spirits, to the no small profit of the landlord, to whom the presence of his singular guest has been as lucky as angels' visits. At the same time hundreds of people have thronged the streets and lanes outside anxious to obtain sight or hearing of the ghost. Whatever else may be thought of it, this revival of the Cock-lane spirit has been and continues most successful as a sensation in drawing crowded houses."—*Echo*, June 4th, 1869.

The Macclesfield Courier, of July 3rd, says the spirits have transferred their operations from Manchester to Nantwich, where at a public house, articles have been seen to move without visible agency, unaccountable noises have been heard, and a great destruction of glasses and other property has taken place. "The tenant himself says that he has lost some £30 by it, and can show a pile of broken glass in the yard, certainly puzzling to account for."

THE HON. ROBERT DALE OWEN ON THE PROGRESS OF
SPIRITUALISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

From a private letter received from Mr. Owen, we take the following extract:—

"The progress of Spiritualism in the United States, silent and informal as that progress has been, is most encouraging. Without any prescribed creed, without any sectarian organization, without any ordained ministers, it greatly outnumbers any sect in the United States. Five millions of Spiritualists is a

moderate computation ; some calculations are much higher. It has obtained a lodgment among the most respectable classes, and prejudice against its doctrines is gradually passing away."

[We understand that a new work on Spiritualism from the pen of Mr. Owen may shortly be expected.]

THE MORMONS AND SPIRITUALISM.

The Deseret *Evening News*, a Mormon paper, writing of planchette, of which it understands "there are a number in the houses of our citizens," says of Spiritualism:—

As a people we are familiar with the spiritual agencies that operate upon mankind. Our elders especially have had numerous opportunities, in their experience abroad, of witnessing the effects of good and evil spiritual influences upon the people. Since the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, belief in spiritual agencies has increased very much among the inhabitants of Christendom. Hundreds who would not believe that angels could minister to man in these days, when Joseph Smith bore testimony that they had ministered unto him, have readily adopted Spiritualism. And the convert to that system—if it may be called a system—are now numbered in this Republic by millions. Comparatively few men express doubts now about spiritual manifestations.

A CELESTIAL UTOPIA.—T. L. HARRIS.

"On the inside of the cover of this Number we insert four supplemental pages, containing Oliver Dyer's account of the Harris community on Lake Erie. Mr. Dyer was sent there by Charles Dana, editor of the New York *Sun*. We have put ourselves to considerable labour and expense to publish Mr. Dyer's impressions, that all sides of the Harris movement may be seen. Mr. Dyer and Mr. Dana are both New Churchmen. The former, however, has a good reputation for 'writing up' a sensation (*vide* John Allen, 'the wickedest man in New York'); it must also be borne in mind that he only spent *six hours and a half* at Brockton, and of course, saw the sunny side of the picture *couleur de rose*."—*Independent* (New York).

A GHOSTLY VISITANT.

A very curious case of spectral visitation occurred a few days since to the occupant of a chamber in one of our city hotels—a hotel which certainly has never previously made any pretensions to being haunted, and none of whose guests, permanent or transient, have ever before been heard to complain of company from the other world. The gentleman to whom the adventure occurred is a well-known resident of this city, whose word is fully entitled to credence. He has occupied the chamber in which he saw the spectre for some months. It is inaccessible save by one door, which he asserts was securely locked on the night in question. The window could not be reached, save by a winged being from the outside, and as he found the blinds inside fastened after the spectre disappeared, he feels entirely sure that he was the victim of no practical joke. He arrived at midnight from a neighbouring city, where he had

been engaged in business all day, and went straight to his room and to bed without turning out the gas, as he desired to read one or two letters which had arrived during his absence. Having finished these, he turned the gas flame almost out, leaving a tiny jet, like the ray of a star, athwart the darkness, and and lost himself in sleep. He awoke suddenly, just as the City Hall bell was striking two, and feeling cold, pulled the clothing more carefully around his person. As he half rose to do this he became conscious of a presence, and an indistinct feeling of fear overcame him. Near the foot of the bed was a tall, slender, indefinite form, like "a pillar of cloud," which advanced quietly toward him. It had no human shape, was noiseless, but as it advanced, the gentleman grew deathly cold, felt overpowered, and desired to cry out. He was broad awake—he knew that; but he could not stir. He thought of optical illusions and wondered if this was one; but the thing, whatever it was, advanced slowly to the head of the bed, and the chill around him became frightful. His blood was congealing; he felt that he must do something or die. Summoning all his courage, he instantly rose, trembling in every limb and walked to the shape. It stood between him and the gas jet, distinct now—an outline gradually developing into human proportions. Each second added to its development. He walked directly through it, caught at the gas pipe, turned on the full flame, and saw nothing! But he is firmly convinced that had he remained in bed he would have been found dead there the next morning, as the approach of the spectre gradually absorbed his life. He is a color-blooded man and not a believer in Spiritualism; but he is most positively sure he has seen a ghost—and rejects all theories of nightmare, nervousness and illusion as ridiculous. There may be many ghost stories, but this one has the advantage of being true, if any human testimony is to be believed.—*The Republican* (Springfield, Mass., U.S.)

ASHES TO ASHES, DUST TO DUST.

It is asserted by scientific writers that the number of persons who have existed on our globe since the beginning of time, amounts to 36,627,853,273,075,256. These figures, when divided by 3,095,000—the number of square leagues on the globe—leave 11,320,689,732 square miles of land; which being divided as before, give 1,314,622,076 persons to each square mile. If we reduce these miles to square rods, the number will be 1,853,174,600,000; which, divided in like manner, will give 1,283 inhabitants to each square rod, and these being reduced to feet, will give about five persons to each square foot of *terra firma*. It will thus be perceived that our earth is a vast cemetery. On each square rod of it 1,283 human beings lie buried, each rod being scarcely sufficient for ten graves, with each grave containing 128 persons. The whole surface of our globe, therefore, has been dug over 128 times to bury its dead! How literally true the declaration of the poet:—

"There's not a dust that floats on air
But once was living man."

"All that tread
The globe are but a handful, to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom."

These facts may well make us pause and think. If the resurrection of the spirit were dependent on and bound up with that of the physical body, its chances were small indeed. The

Apostle might well say to the churches: "Our teachings were vain, and your faith were also vain!" It is evidence how material—how unspiritual, must be our conceptions when such views can be held by a large section of the Christian world—when it is apparently believed that flesh and blood *shall* inherit the kingdom of heaven; that at some future, though it may be distant day, we are to reanimate and retain for ever "this muddy vesture of decay." A dismal prospect we should think—not one calculated to inspire the soul with hope and joy! We need not wonder at French Spiritists believing in re-incarnation when the belief of so many sincere and earnest, if not very enlightened Christians, is only another and not an improved version of the same old pagan doctrine. Both need to learn that true Christianity and sound philosophy alike teach—not the resurrection of the body, but the resurrection *out* of the body—and the clothing of the spirit with another—a more glorious, a spiritual body, "So, when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?"

Correspondence.

SPIRIT VOICES AND SPIRIT MUSICIANS AT EAST MOULSEY.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

MY DEAR SIR,—Some very remarkable manifestations of spirit voices and of spirits playing on musical instruments have been taking place at East Moulsey, for more than a year and a half, without attracting any attention from Spiritualists in general. The cause of their not having attracted the notice which they deserve may be easily explained. They occur at the house of Mr. George Strawbridge, a member of the Stock Exchange, who has very little acquaintance with Spiritualists, and who has conducted these extraordinary *séances* simply for his own satisfaction. Mr. Strawbridge has consented to the account of them being published with his name on the condition that I attach my own name to the statement. Hence this letter.

In the *Spiritual Magazine* for December, 1867, p. 562, I gave an account of a spirit concert at Kingston, the medium, William Turketine. I then said that Turketine was evidently a very sensitive medium, and, therefore, the presence of strangers easily

disturbed the conditions for an effectual manifestation of the powers exhibited through him. I stated that Mrs. Howitt and myself made four attendances at the *séances* at Mr. Champernowne's, the medium's uncle, before we obtained anything decisive. This opinion of mine was fully confirmed by a subsequent visit, when we were accompanied by two of our friends, and by the visits of other friends of ours, strangers to the medium. The same condition of Turketine's mediumship still exists, and this fact presents a grand obstacle to the general recognition of this very remarkable mediumship. Mr. Strawbridge has gradually surmounted this difficulty by holding weekly *séances* at his house, at which merely himself and Mrs. Strawbridge, the medium, and his uncle have attended. It was necessary to obtain the permission of the spirits for the attendance of myself and Mrs. Howitt, and we were then not admitted to the room for some time.

Besides the mediumship of Turketine, there is evidently a mediumship developed in Mr. and Mrs. Strawbridge. They sit occasionally by themselves at a table, and procure messages by tips. The occasion of Mr. Strawbridge's seeking the mediumship of the boy Turketine was the loss of his brother, Mr. John Strawbridge, about two years ago. This brother makes one of the chief *dramatis personæ* of the spirit performers. The *séances* regularly commence in the room in which he died, where they obtain messages at the table and then adjourn downstairs to the drawing room, which is darkened for the sitting. Before I attended any of the *séances* Mr. Strawbridge informed me that the spirits not only sung audibly and played on different instruments, but had actually, several times, taken the piano, a semi-grand, to pieces, carried it about the room, playing on the keys at the time, and put it together again. So much for what I heard; I now state what I have seen, or rather witnessed; of course, one does not see in the dark.—The spirits who generally take part in the performances, declare themselves to be William Champernowne, the son of Mr. Champernowne, who died when a boy, but must now be a full-grown spirit; yet, oddly enough, always speaks in a boy's voice; calls his father "Dadda," whilst the father seems to imagine him still a boy, and addresses him as such. The spirit of John Strawbridge is the second attendant and performer, and the spirit of Mrs. Strawbridge's mother, a third. Mrs. Strawbridge's father, of late, also joined in the spirit concert. Many other spirits attend, but these are the regular performers.

On the first evening at which I was present, after sitting at the table upstairs, and getting some messages, we went down; but soon after, entering the drawing room, which was pitch dark, Mr. Strawbridge, Mrs. Howitt, and myself were ordered

to withdraw again, and remain in the adjoining dining room till we were called for. We then heard playing on the piano commence, which continued a long time. At length the spirits gave consent to our admission. We were all placed on the sofa, with the exception of myself, who occupied an easy chair close to the sofa. Our group was at one end of the room and the medium at the diagonal corner at the other end, near the door. We found the piano drawn forward from its usual place, near the wall, a considerable distance into the room; and this we were told was done by the spirits, who lift about the heavy instrument and a heavy harmonium upstairs with the greatest ease.

Very soon the spirits rapped with the tambourine, which had been laid on the piano with a triangle, to announce their presence and to call for the alphahet, by which means Mr. Strawbridge was desired to play on the piano. This he did, and sung at the same time. Quickly a voice very much resembling his own, but much stronger and of a higher range, joined in, and sang with great clearness, strength and correctness. Mrs. Strawbridge then added her voice, which was almost instantly followed by another female voice, which she said was that of her mother,—a spirit. Thus we had a concert of two human and two spirit voices, accompanied by spirits on the tambourine and the triangle. Several airs were thus sung, and accompanied with extraordinary freedom and vigour, evincing familiar practice. "Old Rosin, the Beau," "I'm off to Charlestown," and "Coming through the Rye," were thus played and sung with a vivacity and vigour that no mortal performers could exceed. The tambourine, said to be played on by the spirit, John Strawbridge, was beaten with a violence that seemed likely to knock it to pieces. Altogether the storm of music was so tremendous that I did not wonder to hear that the occupiers of the other half of the semi-detached house had, some time ago, sent in and requested that the noise might be abated. As the spirits, however, had not shown any inclination to diminish their energy, the neighbours had taken the matter, very naturally, in dudgeon, and were now intending to leave; and in a similar case I should have done the same, supposing that I was ignorant or sceptical of the spirit-nature of the proceedings.

These *séances* are held on Wednesday evenings, and continue from 8 to 11 o'clock. They would continue much longer if the spirits were allowed that freedom; but Mr. Strawbridge, out of regard to the neighbours, peremptorily closes them at that hour.

The playing and singing are varied by talking, the chief spirit speaker being Willie Champernowne, called by them "Invisible Willie," who speaks in a boyish falsetto voice, and is fond of joking and flinging about cushions and other like articles.

Sometimes you hear his quick, quaint voice calling out "Strawbridge! play up!" Or the voice of John Strawbridge saying, in the midst of the tempest of music, in a strong tenor voice, "George!" I am sorry to say that the spirit, William Champernowne is sometimes rather brusque and rude. On one occasion he had Mrs. Howitt and myself, at Kingston, turned out of the room, and we heard him say, "Lock the door." He has had Mr. Strawbridge turned out of his own room; and I was sorry to hear him the other evening express a sentiment of resentment against the neighbours, because they don't like the din of the spirit concert. This does not savour of a very celestial grade in the invisible world; and presents a contrast to the spirits in general who, almost without exception, are most kindly and courteous. However, we must take them as we find them. It is a study of character amongst the invisibles.

Sometimes the spirits will vary the performances, playing themselves on the piano, and desiring the human members of the company to sing. Sometimes they will sing and play alone, that is, without Mr. and Mrs. Strawbridge taking part. On several occasions I heard the two spirit voices only singing, whilst Mr. Strawbridge played. These spirits are not fond of anthems or hymns, but of popular airs.

On my second visit I was accompanied by my daughter, Mrs. Alfred Watts, but on sitting down at the table up stairs, her hands were so much agitated, and indeed struck with so much violence on the table, that she was obliged to withdraw from it. It was tipped out that the spirits could not manifest till nine o'clock. This was the time that we had to go down, and on going down Mrs. Watts was not admitted to the darkened room by the spirits. It was clear that her magnetism and theirs did not amalgamate.

I found the piano brought forward into the room as before, and all parties were placed as before. Mr. Strawbridge was again called on by the spirits to play, and the spirits playing on the triangle and tambourine and singing were much as before: thus it continued till after 10 o'clock. With my daughter in the dining room were two gentlemen, guests, and believers in Spiritualism, who, nevertheless, were not admitted to the dark *séance*. The "Invisible Willie," after some time, said, "Tell the other people to shut themselves up in the dining room." Accordingly the medium got up and went to tell them, when, sure enough, they were found at the drawing room door in the hall listening. After a considerable time, again "Invisible Willie" said, in his quick Punch-like voice, "Those people are at the door again; tell them to shut themselves up." Again the medium went out and there they were, close to the door! My daughter afterwards

told me that the curiosity of it was that the two gentlemen were at the door most of the time, and the spirits took no notice of it, but the moment she ventured to join them she heard the shrill voice exclaim, "They are at the door, tell them to shut themselves in the dining room!"

It was perfectly evident that it was her magnetism to which they were so extremely sensitive. But we had a more striking proof of this. From time to time through the whole *séance*, Mr. Strawbridge begged that Mrs. Watts might be admitted, and was earnestly seconded by Mrs. Strawbridge and Mr. Champernowne. The request was constantly negatived by energetic raps with the tambourine. It was in vain that the spirits were told that Mrs. Watts was a Spiritualist of long standing, that she was herself a very remarkable medium. It was still as decisively, "No!" It was long after 10 o'clock before a reluctant consent was extorted from the spirits for her admittance: even then "Invisible Willie" said "Let us have another tune first;" and when it was again proposed to admit Mrs. Watts, he said, "The magnetism will clash." At length she was called in and took her seat on the sofa amongst us. Mr. Strawbridge then said, "Now my friends, play up," but there was no response. We waited, the spirits were silent; entreaties were used; still silence. After we had again waited to see whether the magnetisms would amalgamate, the spirits were asked whether they could not go on, and replied by the feeblest of raps—"No." Mrs. Watts again withdrew, and scarcely was the door closed, when the spirits broke out with voice and instrument as vigorously as ever. Nay, they beat time with their feet on the floor with such force that it seemed like the stamping of a giant or an elephant.

This is one of the most singular examples of the effect of conflicting magnetism on mediums that I ever witnessed. The power which seemed that of Titans; which could lift about a heavy piano down stairs and a heavy harmonium up stairs; which could dash about the tambourine with frantic violence, which raised a very tempest of vocal and instrumental sound was instantly annihilated by the presence of a lady, thoroughly believing, thoroughly sympathizing, and much interested. The phenomenon showed that not the spirit of scepticism only subdues this delicate force by which the invisible operates on the visible—the same force modified by the different conditions of individuals, neutralizes and extinguishes itself. It is probably the same process as that of chemical affinity; a property is drawn from one substance by another substance that has a stronger attraction for it. The magnetic condition of one medium draws

away the magnetism of another medium, and this cuts off the current of the operative force. For this reason, it is not to be expected that the medium, William Turketine can, unless the conditions of his mediumship undergo a great change, ensure successful manifestations, in the presence of strangers. Those, who naturally will wish to see what I have described, will most likely find themselves disappointed. At all events, they would have to seek permission, in the first place, from the spirits, and by their presence, enable them to discover whether their "magnetism would not clash." The difference betwixt so sensitive a medium, and that of such mediums as the Davenports, who appeared almost proof against adverse or conflicting influences, is very wonderful, but not the less real.

One word may be necessary to some readers as to the certainty of the actual singing and playing as well as talking by spirits on the occasions here stated. In the first place, they occur weekly in the house of a gentleman of most honourable character, and of a shrewdness of mind befitting a member of the Stock Exchange.

In the second place, although the room is darkened it is perfectly light when you enter it, and where all is quite visible, even if there were any silly desire on the part of the host and intelligent hostess to play absurd tricks. When the door is locked and the room darkened the company assembled, consisting generally of only four or six persons, sit together, and any one of them would instantly discover whether any of the group moved, spoke, or sung. The medium is the only one who could play tricks by singing, playing, and talking in a feigned voice, as he sits at a distance; but if the boy Turketine can play on a triangle and tambourine at once, and that in two different spots, as your ears tell you they are; if he can at the same time sing with two voices, one a full tenor and the other a soft feminine one; nay, sometimes in three distinct and different voices at once—he must be the greatest prodigy of this very clever age. To all who have studied these phenomena carefully, these observations are superfluous. They are now too common to be denied, and too uncommon not to keep alive our wonder, and to assure us that they are the antecedents of something still greater and more important. We have yet but the blossoms of astonishment, the fruit is sure to follow.

"What we believe in waits latent for ever through all the continents, and all islands and archipelagoes of the sea.

"What we believe in invites no one, promises nothing, sits in calmness and light, is positive and composed, knows no discouragement,

"Waiting its time!"

Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM HOWITT.