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VISIONS OF THE NIGHT.

By THOMAS BREVIOR.

SLEEP and dreaming are as common as eating and drinking. We all sleep, and presumably, we all sometimes dream. Indeed, some philosophers contend that dreaming is the universal and invariable concomitant of sleep, though we cannot always recall our dream, or even the fact of dreaming to our waking consciousness, especially when our sleep has been perfect and profound. Sir William Hamilton tested the question in his own personal experience. He caused his servant to waken him suddenly and unexpectedly at different hours of the night, and he invariably found himself dreaming when thus aroused. Of course many such experiments would have to be made, and with many persons, before any general conclusion could be safely drawn from such premises; but the elucidation of this point would certainly be an important step in psychologic science.

It is on all hands admitted that the great majority of dreams are occasioned by the bodily condition and mental state of the dreamer. A bit of undigested beef, a blot of mustard, an underdone potato, bodily temperature, reflex action of brain, vivid mental impressions, intense thought or emotion, will account for those foolish and fantastic dreams, and those refracted and disturbed images of the mind which are ordinarily presented in our nightly visions. But there still remains a residuum which cannot be explained as the result of bodily condition or mental association, and which seem to imply the action of our spiritual nature and the overshadowing presence of the spirit-world.

A proper classification of well-authenticated dreams of this latter kind would be another important step towards a true science of Psychology, but it would require more space and a larger and

more intimate knowledge of the subject than is at my command; but a few illustrative examples of some leading types of these Visions of the Night may here be given:—

CLAIRVOYANT DREAMS.

In sleep the dreamer sometimes accurately perceives, even to the minutest particulars, places and persons that are far distant. One of the most circumstantial instances of this class that I remember to have met with is the following:—

DREAM OF THE REV. MOSES LUPTON.

This instance is related by the Revs. Charles and Henry Kendall, in their work entitled *Strange Footsteps*.

“The Rev. Moses Lupton, Primitive Methodist Minister, who has seen long and arduous service, and occupied various positions of trust, in that Connection, with unblemished reputation, and is, we may observe, more fitted, by the constitution of his mind, for a lawyer, than for a poet or mere dreamer, has, at our request, supplied us in writing with the following account of this remarkable dream:—

“By the District Meeting (Hull District) of 1833, I was re-stationed for the Malton Circuit, with the late Rev. T. Batty. I was then Superintendent of the Lincoln Circuit; and, up to a few days before the change, Mrs. Lupton and myself were full of anticipation of the pleasures we should enjoy among our old friends, on being so much nearer home. But some days before we got the news of our destination, one night—I cannot now give the date; but it was during the sittings of the Conference—I had a dream; and next morning I said to my wife—“We shall not go to Malton, as we expect, but to some large town: I do not know its name, but it is a very large town. The house we shall occupy is up a flight of stairs, three storeys high. We shall have three rooms on one level: the first—the kitchen—will have a closed bed in the right corner, a large wooden box in another corner, and the window will look down upon a small grass plot. The room adjoining will be the best room: it will have a dark carpet, with six hair-seated mahogany chairs. The other will be a small bed room. We shall not worship in a chapel, but in a large hall, which will be formed like a gallery. There will be a pulpit in it, and a large circular table before it. The entrance to it will be by a flight of stairs, like those in a church tower. After we have ascended so far, the stairs will divide; one way leading up to the left, to the top of the place. This will be the principal entrance, and it leads to the top of the gallery, which is entered by a door covered with green baize, fastened with brass nails. The other stairs lead to the floor of

the place; and, between the door and the hall, on the right-hand side, in a corner, is a little room or vestry : in that vestry there will be three men accustomed to meet, that will cause us much trouble ; but I shall know them as soon as ever I see them, and we shall ultimately overcome them, and do well."

"By reason of some mishap or misadventure, the letter from Conference was delayed so that only some week or ten days prior to the change I got a letter that informed me my station was Glasgow. You may judge our surprise and great disappointment ; however, after much pain of mind, and much fatigue of body, and expense (for there were no railways then, and coaching was coaching in those days), we arrived at No. 6, Rotten Row, Glasgow, on the Saturday, about half-past three. To our surprise we found the entrance to our house up a flight of stairs (called in Scotland *turnpike stairs*), such as I saw in my dream. The house was three storeys high also, and when we entered the kitchen door, lo, there was the closed bed, and there the box (in Scotland called a *bunker*). I said to Mrs. Lupton, "Look out of the window," and she said "Here is the plot of grass." I then said "Look into the other rooms," and she replied, "Yes, they are as you said." My colleague, Mr. J. Johnson, said, "We preach in the Mechanics' Institution Hall, North Hanover Street, George Street, and you will have to preach there in the morning." Well, morning came ; and, accompanied by Mr. Johnson, I found the place. The entrance was as I had seen in my dream. But we entered the hall by the right ; there was the little room in the corner. We entered it, and one of the men I had seen in my dream, J. M'M——, was standing in it. We next entered the hall ; there was the pulpit and the circular table before it. The hall was galleried to the top ; and, lo, the entrance door at the top was covered with green baize and brass nails. Only one man was seated, J. P.—— ; he was another of the men I saw in my dream. I did not wait long before J. Y——, the other man entered. My dream was thus so far fulfilled. Well, we soon had very large, overflowing congregations. The three men above-named got into loose, dissipated habits ; and, intriguing for some months, caused us very much trouble, seeking, in conjunction with my colleague, to form a division and make a party and church for him. But, by God's help, their schemes were frustrated, and I left the station in a healthy and prosperous state."

In the foregoing instance the premonitory dream seems to have had no direct object, save that of preparing the dreamer and strengthening him for the work on which he was about to

enter. Many dreams are of this personal nature; but there are also instances of clairvoyant dreaming which have relation solely to others, and for some philanthropic purpose. An example of this, given by Dr. Bushnell in his *Nature and the Supernatural*, is the following—

DREAM OF CAPTAIN YONNT.

“As I sat by the fire one stormy November night, in a hotel parlour, in the Napa Valley of California, there came in a most venerable and benignant looking person with his wife, taking their seats in the circle. The stranger, as I afterwards learned, was Captain Yonnt, a man who came over into California as a trapper more than forty years ago. Here he has lived, apart from the great world and its questions, acquiring an immense landed estate, and becoming a kind of acknowledged patriarch in the country. His tall, manly person, and his gracious, paternal look, as totally unsophisticated in the expression as if he had never heard of a philosophic doubt or question in his life, marked him as the true patriarch.

“The conversation turned—I know not how—on Spiritism and the modern necromancy; and he discovered a degree of inclination to believe in the reported mysteries. His wife, a much younger and apparently Christian person, intimated that probably he was predisposed to this kind of faith, by a very peculiar experience of his own, and evidently desired that he might be drawn out by some intelligent discussion of his queries.

“At my request he gave me his story:—About six or seven years previous, in a mid-winter’s night, he had a dream, in which he saw what appeared to be a company of emigrants, arrested by the snows of the mountains and perishing rapidly by cold and hunger. He noted the very caste of the scenery, marked by a huge perpendicular front of white rock cliff. He saw the men cutting off what appeared to be tree-tops, rising out of deep gulfs of snow; he distinguished the very features of the persons, and the look of their particular distress.

“He woke profoundly impressed with the distinctness and apparent reality of his dream. At length he fell asleep, and dreamed exactly the same dream again. In the morning he could not expel it from his mind. Falling in shortly with an old hunter comrade, he told him the story, and was only the more deeply impressed by his recognizing without hesitation the scenery of the dream. This comrade came over the Sierra by the Carson Valley Pass, and declared that a spot in the Pass answered exactly to his description. By this the unsophisticated patriarch was decided. He immediately collected a company of men with mules and blankets and all necessary provisions. The

neighbours were laughing, meantime, at his credulity. 'No matter,' said he, 'I am able to do this, and I will; for I verily believe the fact is according to my dream.' The men were sent into the mountains, 150 miles distant, directly to the Carson Valley Pass, and there they found the company, in exactly the condition of the dream, and brought in the remnant alive.

"A gentleman present said:—'You need have no doubt of this, for we Californians all know the facts, and the names of the families brought in, who now look upon our venerable friend as a kind of Saviour.' These names he gave, and the places where they reside, and I found afterwards that the California people were ready everywhere to second his testimony.

"Nothing could be more natural than for the good-hearted patriarch himself to add, that the brightest thing in his life, and that which gave him greatest joy, was his simple faith in that dream. I thought also I could see in that joy, the glimmer of a true Christian love and life, into which, unawares to himself, he had really been entered by that faith. Let any one attempt now to account for the coincidences of that dream, by mere natural casualties, and he will be glad enough to ease his labour by the acknowledgment of a supernatural providence."

DREAMS OF PRESCIENCE, PREMONITION, AND FOREWARNING.

Many instances of this kind might be cited. One of the best authenticated is the dream of the murder of Mr. Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer; but this has been so often quoted that I need not here repeat it; it is related by Dr. Abercrombie in his work on *The Intellectual Powers*, who introduces it with the remark that there are dreams which do not admit of explanation on any principles which we are able to trace. The following narrative from the *Memoirs of Stephen Grellett* is less known:—

DREAM OF THE COUNTESS TOUTSCHKOFF.

"When Stephen Grellett was travelling in Russia, the Countess Toutschkoff related to him a remarkable instance of premonition in sleep of which she had been the subject, and which had produced upon her mind a happy spiritual effect. Her husband was a General in the Russian Army, and three months before Napoleon's invasion, while they were staying on their estate near Toula, she dreamed that she was at an inn in a town that was strange to her; that her father came into her chamber, having her only son by the hand, and said to her in a tone of great sadness—'All thy comforts are cut off; he has fallen

(meaning her husband), he has fallen at Borodino.' She woke in a state of distress, but knowing that her husband was safe beside her, she considered it was only a dream, and composed herself to sleep. The dream was repeated, and attended by such an increase of distress, that it was long before she could get over it, and fall asleep again. At last she succeeded, and she dreamed the same ugly dream for the third time. On this her anguish of mind was such that she awoke her husband, and enquired—'Where is Borodino?' and related to him her dream. He could not tell her where Borodino was; and though she and her husband and her father searched the maps of Russia with the greatest care, they could not discover any such place. At that time the seat of war was far off, but it soon drew near. The General Toutschkoff, her husband, was placed at the head of the army of reserve; and one morning her father, leading her little son by the hand, entered the chamber of the inn at which she was staying, and cried out in great distress—just as she had seen and heard him in her dream—'He has fallen, he has fallen at Borodino.' Then she saw herself in the very same chamber, and through the windows perceived the very same objects that she had seen in her threefold dream. Her husband was one of the many who perished in that bloody battle fought near the River Borodino, from which an obscure village takes its name. The Countess was convinced, by her strange experience, that there is a sensible influence of the Divine Spirit; she endeavoured to attend to it, and one thing after another was unfolded to her of 'the deep things of God.'"

When we carefully examine all the circumstances involved, it is scarcely possible to believe that the fulfilment of dreams like the foregoing can be satisfactorily explained as mere unconnected coincidences. As a mere matter of mathematics, the chances against their fulfilment to the minutest particular would be almost infinite. And the solution of the mystery is the more difficult, when we consider that apart from the evidence they present of the action upon the mind of an intelligence foreign to our own, these prophetic dreams are sometimes of the most trivial character, as in the following instance, communicated by the dreamer himself to the *Herald of Progress*, from which it is here extracted:—

DREAM OF THOMAS R. HAZARD.

"About the year 1830 I was engaged in the business of manufacturing cotton and woollen goods, some kinds of which were woven in hand-looms. I called at a house some eight or ten miles from home, and left a web to be woven. The woman who took the web wanted to have two left, which I declined

doing. After trying in vain to persuade me to leave her the two webs, she suddenly exclaimed: 'Well, I dreamed last night that Mr. Hazard came round with a load of weaving, and would not let me have but one piece.'

"Several of her children, who were with her, spontaneously corroborated this, by exclaiming: 'Yes, mammy, you did; you told us so this morning!'

"The incident was trifling, but I was satisfied the statement of the woman and her children was true; and as I journeyed home, my thoughts were a good deal occupied with the subject of dreams—querying in my mind why, if unseen intelligences did really come to us in sleep, they should choose such trifling matters for their subjects of communication.

"I went to bed with my thoughts still on the subject, and towards morning awoke, with the incidents of the following dream most vividly impressed upon my memory: I thought I was eating my breakfast, when a man named Ephraim Smith came into the adjoining room, and put down a bag of corn against the partition. He then came to the door, and asked me if he could have his corn ground at my mill. I told him he could not, as the miller was not there, and besides that, we did not then run the mill, as the water was all wanted for the factory below. He said that if I did not grind the corn, his children would go without breakfast, as he had nothing in his house to eat. (He was a poor man, and lived some miles away.) I at length told him that if he would go up to the dam and raise the gate, I would try to grind the corn myself, although I knew but little of the business. (The water was brought to the mill in a trough about 600 feet long, supported by wooden legs. In its course it passed over a stone wall a few rods from the dam, but did not touch the wall in any way.) I thought that I started the mill, and that it run for some time, when its speed began to slacken, and at last ceased altogether. I looked up towards the dam to learn the cause, and saw that the trough had broken down just where it passed over the wall, and two men, who, among many others, were then in my employ, were standing near the broken place. I thought I saw the water distinctly as it poured out of the break in the trough.

"I again went to sleep, and awoke with every vestige of the dream effaced from or taken out of my mind. I sat down to breakfast. Ephraim Smith came in at the back door, and put down a bag of corn against the partition. He then came to the door and asked that it might be ground. I told him that it could not be done, as the miller was away, and that we wanted the water for the factory below. He said that if it was not done his children would be obliged to go without breakfast, as he had

nothing in his house to eat. I finally told him to hoist the upper gate, and I would try to grind it for him. He did so, and I set the mill at work. I then went into an adjoining building to assist in invoicing and baling cloth, the two men seen in my dream being the only other persons present. Whilst thus engaged, the speed of the mill began to slacken. From where I was I could see the mill, but not the water-trough. As the speed of the mill gradually slackened, I repeatedly ejaculated: 'What can be the matter with the mill?' It took probably from three to five minutes for the water to get entirely out of the trough, when the mill stopped.

"Up to this time not the faintest recollection of my dream had revived in my memory, but as the mill stopped it was instantly and vividly recalled in all its parts, and I exclaimed, 'I will be bound my dream has come true!' I had to pass through three rooms before I could get to a window from whence I could see the trough. I looked at once at the spot where my dream indicated the break in the trough, being just over the wall, and sure enough, there was the water pouring out of the broken trough, just as I had seen it in my dream!

"Even at that time I felt that the dream had been conveyed to me by some loving, unseen intelligence, in answer to my cogitation respecting the woman's dream about the web—my dream being of as little importance as hers. But trifling as it seemed, it was sufficient to convince me that there were 'more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in *learned* philosophy.' Viewed in the light of modern Spiritualism, there is but one incident connected with it worthy of notice, and to which even the daguerreotype principle, so often observable in visions, does not seem to apply. It is this:—

"In the dream I saw two men standing by the broken trough. In the fulfilment of the dream these men did not appear in the place I had seen them, but they were beside me at a distance off. Doubtless on my exclaiming that my dream had come true, and rushing to the window to look at the broken trough, they had followed me, and saw it simultaneously with myself, their thoughts being projected at once to the object of remark.

"Query—Did these thoughts actually constitute spirit-body, the same that was presented to my interior vision in sleep?

"Again—The incidents of the dream were all of a prophetic character, not differing in degree from many others, but the coincidences are rendered more striking by the trough's breaking down directly over the stone wall, which had no connection with it, and only served for a mode by which I could be sure that the dream was exactly fulfilled. Had it broken anywhere else, there

was no other land-mark in the whole length of the trough by which the exact place could be well determined.

“Query again—Did the communicating intelligence merely foreshadow the future, or was it through its agency that the break occurred where it did?”

“South Portsmouth, R. I.,
“Feb. 23rd, 1863.”

GOETHE ON THE POWER OF PRESCIENCE IN DREAMS.

Goethe recognised this power of prescience in dreams. In his Autobiography he gives this account of his grandfather:—

“But what still increased the veneration with which we regarded this excellent old man was the conviction that he possessed the gift of prophecy, especially in regard to matters that concerned him and his. It is true that he confided the full knowledge and particulars of this faculty to no one except our grandmother; yet we children knew well enough that he was often informed, in remarkable dreams of things that were to happen. For example, he assured his wife, at a time when he was still one of the youngest magistrates, that at the very next vacancy he would be appointed to a seat on the board of aldermen. And when, very soon after, one of the aldermen was struck with a fatal stroke of apoplexy, he ordered that on the day when the choice was to be made by lot, the house should be arranged and everything prepared to receive the guests coming to congratulate him on his elevation. And sure enough it was for him that was drawn the golden ball which decides the choice of aldermen in Frankfort. The dream which foreshadowed to him this event he confided to his wife, as follows. He found himself in session with his colleagues, and everything was going on as usual, when an alderman (the same who afterwards died) descended from his seat, came to my grandfather, politely begged him to take his place, and then left the chamber. Something similar happened on the occasion of the provost's death. It was usual in such case to make great haste to fill the vacancy, seeing that there was always ground to fear that the emperor, who used to nominate the provost, would some day or other re-assert his ancient privilege. On this particular occasion the sheriff received orders at midnight to call an extra session for next morning. When, in his rounds, this officer reached my grandfather's house, he begged for another bit of candle, to replace that which had just burned down in his lantern. ‘Give him a whole candle,’ said my grandfather to the women: ‘it is for me he is taking all this trouble.’ The event justified his words. He was actually chosen provost. And it is worthy of notice that the person who drew in his stead having the third and last chance,

the two silver balls were drawn first, and the golden one remained for him at the bottom of the bag. His dreams were matter-of-fact simple, and without a trace of the fantastic or the superstitious, so far at least as they ever became known to us. I recollect too, that when as a boy I used to look over his books and papers, I often found, mixed up with memoranda about gardening, such sentences as these:—‘Last night came to me and told me’—the name and the circumstance being written in cipher. Or again, it ran thus:—‘Last night I saw’—the rest in characters unintelligible to me. It is further remarkable in this connection, that certain persons who had never possessed any extraordinary power sometimes acquired it, for the time being, when they remained near him; for example, the faculty of presentiment, by visible signs, in cases of sickness or death occurring at the time, but at a distance. Yet none either of his children or of his grandchildren inherited this peculiarity.”

DREAM OF MRS. GRIFFITHS.

Blackwood's Magazine for 1826, contains the following letter:—

“Being in company the other day, when the conversation turned upon dreams, I related one, which, as it happened to my own father, I can answer for the perfect truth of it.

“About the year 1731, my father, Joseph D’Acre, Esq., of Kirklington, in the County of Cumberland, came to Edinburgh, to attend the classes, having the advantage of an uncle in the regiment, then in the castle, and remained under the protection of his uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. Griffiths, during the winter. When spring arrived, Mr. D’Acre and three or four young gentlemen from England (his associates), made parties to visit all the neighbouring places about Edinburgh: Roslin, Arthur’s seat, Craigmillan, &c.

“Coming home one evening from some of these places, Mr. D’Acre said, ‘We have made a party to go a-fishing to Inchkeith to-morrow, if the morning is fine; and have bespoke our boat; we shall be off at six.’

“No objection being made, they separated for the night.

“Mrs. Griffiths had not been long asleep, when she screamed out, in the most violent, agitated manner, ‘The boat is sinking: save, oh, save them!’

“The Major awakened her, and said, ‘Were you uneasy about the fishing party?’

“‘Oh, no,’ she said, ‘I had not once thought of it.’

“She then composed herself, and soon fell asleep again. In about another hour, she cried out, in a dreadful fright, ‘I see the boat is going down.’

“The Major again awoke her, and she said, ‘It has been owing to the other dream I had, for I feel no uneasiness about it.’

“After some conversation, they both fell sound asleep; but no rest could be obtained for her. In the most extreme agony, she again screamed, ‘They are gone! The boat is sunk!’

“When the Major awakened her, she said, ‘Now, I cannot rest. Mr. D’Acre must not go, for I feel should he go, I should be miserable till his return. The thoughts of it would almost kill me.’

“She instantly arose, threw on her wrapping gown, went to his bed-side (for his room was next their own) and, with great difficulty, she got his promise to remain at home.

“‘But what am I to say to my young friends whom I was to meet at Leith, at six o’clock?’

“‘With great truth you may say your aunt is ill, for I am so at present. Consider, you are an only son, under our protection; and should anything happen to you, it would be my death.’

“Mr. D’Acre immediately wrote a note to his friends, saying he was prevented joining them, and sent his servant with it to Leith. The morning came in most beautifully, and continued so till three o’clock, when a violent storm arose; and, in an instant, the boat and all that were in it went to the bottom, and were never more heard of, nor was any part of it ever seen.

“I have often heard the story from my father, who always added—‘It has not made me superstitious, but with awful gratitude I never can forget my life, by Providence, was saved by a dream.’

In Chambers’ *Book of Days*, Vol. II., p. 188, the writer of the above letter is identified as Lady Clerk, of Penicuik, whose maiden name was Mary D’Acre.”

DIDACTIC DREAMS.

Some dreams seem to have what may be called a didactic purpose—to enforce some great principle or duty, to communicate some truth, to convey some lesson, usually of a moral or religious nature, in a striking and impressive form. This class of dream is perhaps the highest and the rarest, but as this instruction is generally imparted by symbol, correspondence, and pictorial representation, it is probable that did we better understand this inner language, this kind of dream-teaching would be found less rare than it now appears, and that much in dreams which now seem unmeaning would be seen fraught with deep significance.

Such was the dream of Linnæus when the death of the successive generations of plants was explained to him ; such was the dream of Madame Guion when she saw depicted the deep serenity of a soul that dwelt in God ; and such was the

DREAM OF DR. DODDRIDGE.

One evening, after a conversation with Dr. Watts on the intermediate state of the soul after death and the probability of its immediate entrance into the heavenly world, Dr. Doddridge retired to rest with his mind full of the subject discussed, and in "a vision of the night" his ideas were shaped into the following beautiful form.

"He dreamed that he was at the house of a friend, when he was suddenly taken dangerously ill. By degrees he seemed to himself to grow worse, and at last to expire. In an instant he was sensible that he had exchanged the prison house of suffering and mortality, for a state of liberty and happiness. Embodied in a slender ærial form, he seemed to float in a region of pure light. Beneath him lay the earth, but not a glittering city or village, the forest or the sea, was visible. There was nought to be seen below save the melancholy group of his friends, weeping around his lifeless remains.

"Himself thrilled with delight, he was surprised at their tears, and attempted to inform them of his happy change, but by some mysterious power, utterance was denied ; and as he anxiously leaned over the mourning circle, gazing fondly upon them and struggling to speak, he rose silently upon the air, their forms became more and more indistinct, and gradually melted away from his sight. Reposing upon golden clouds, he found himself swiftly mounting the skies with a venerable figure at his side, guiding his mysterious movements, and in whose countenance he remarked the lineaments of youth and age were blended together with an intimate harmony and majestic sweetness.

"They travelled through a vast region of empty space, until at length the battlements of a glorious edifice shone in the distance, and its forms rose brilliant and distinct among the far-off shadows that flitted athwart their path ; the guide informed him that the palace he beheld was, for the present, to be his mansion of rest. Gazing upon its splendour, he replied, that while on earth he had often heard that the eye had not seen, nor had the ear heard, nor could it enter into the heart of man to conceive the things which God had prepared for those who love Him ; but, notwithstanding the building to which they were then rapidly approaching was superior to anything which he had actually before beheld, yet its grandeur had not exceeded

the conceptions he had formed. The guide made no reply; they were already at the door, and entered. The guide introduced him into a spacious apartment, at the extremity of which stood a table, covered with a snow white cloth, a golden cup, and a cluster of grapes, and then said he must now leave him, but that he must remain, for he would receive, in a short time, a visit from the Lord of the mansion, and that during the interval, before his arrival, the apartment would furnish him with sufficient entertainment and instruction.

“ The guide vanished, and he was left alone. He began to examine the decorations of the room, and then observed that the walls were adorned with a number of pictures. Upon nearer inspection he found, to his astonishment that they formed a complete biography of his own life. Here he saw upon the canvas that angels, though unseen, had ever been his familiar attendants, and sent by God they had sometimes preserved him from imminent peril. He beheld himself first represented as an infant just expiring, when his life was prolonged by an angel gently breathing into his nostrils. Most of the occurrences here delineated were perfectly familiar to his recollection and unfolded many things which he had never before understood, and which had perplexed him with many doubts and much uneasiness. Among others, he was particularly struck with a picture in which he was represented as falling from his horse, when death would have been inevitable had not an angel received him in his arms, and broken the force of his descent. These merciful interpositions of God filled him with joy and gratitude, and his heart overflowed with love as he surveyed in them all an exhibition of goodness and mercy far beyond all that he had imagined.

“ Suddenly his attention was arrested by a rap at the door. The Lord of the mansion had arrived. The door opened and he entered. So powerful and so overwhelming, and withal of such singular beauty was his appearance, that he sunk down at his feet completely overcome by his majestic presence. His Lord gently raised him from the ground, and taking his hand led him forward to the table. He pressed with his fingers the juice of the grapes into the golden cup, and after having himself drunk, presented it to him, saying, ‘ This is the new wine in my Father’s kingdom.’ No sooner had he partaken than all uneasy sensations vanished; perfect love had cast out fear, and he conversed with Jesus as an intimate friend. Like the silver rippling of a summer sea, he heard fall from his lips the grateful approbation:—‘ Thy labours are over, thy work is approved, rich and glorious is thy reward.’ Thrilled with an unspeakable bliss, that glided over his spirit and slid into the

very depths of his soul, he suddenly saw glories upon glories bursting upon his view. The doctor awoke. Tears of rapture from his joyful interview were rolling down his cheeks. Long did the lively impressions of this charming dream remain upon his mind, and never could he speak of it without emotions of joy and tenderness."

This dream was a beautiful foreglimpse of that unveiling which must come to every soul. Happy that soul who, in this wonderful Art Gallery of memory, shall find confronting him in the day of his unveiling only pictures that he shall delight to look upon; pictures that are the expressions of the goodness and beauty and truth that are enshrined within his bosom.

"We shape *ourselves*, the joy or fear,
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered *here*,
And painted on th' eternal wall
The past shall reappear."

OTHER PSYCHOLOGICAL PHASES OF DREAMING.

The appearance of spirits at or about the time of death, generally to some surviving friend or relative, is of frequent occurrence, and well attested. It occurs sometimes in full wakefulness, sometimes when in sleep. We cite an instance of the latter from *Strange Footsteps*, a work already quoted.

DREAM OF DR. WILLIAM THOMPSON.

"Dr. William Thompson was minister of Middle Perth church, and his brother, Dr. Andrew Thompson, was minister of East Perth at the same time. Andrew afterwards removed to Edinburgh, and became minister of St. George's, and leader of the Evangelical party in the Church of Scotland. He was a man of vast energy and great logical power, and remained leader of his party until his death, when he was succeeded by Chalmers. Dr. William remained in his church at Perth, and lived till he was ninety. Andrew was at a stirring debate of Presbytery one night, and grew excited, which was for him a dangerous thing, as he had disease of the heart. He went home, reached his own door, and rang the bell, then dropped down and expired, and was found lifeless when the servant opened the door. The same night, William, at Perth, dreamed that he saw Andrew's sudden death, at Edinburgh, and was led from his dream to look out for the letter which arrived two mornings afterwards, informing him of the solemn event. This incident was related to

us by a minister who had an aunt and two cousins that attended on Dr. William's ministry, and had heard the circumstances from his own lips."

DREAM OF A CLERGYMAN.

In *Bramwell's Life*, p. 227, is recorded the dream of a clergyman, who, after his morning and afternoon services, laid down on his couch for rest previous to his evening labours, fell asleep and dreamed he was walking in his garden; met a friend, a minister, with a gloomy countenance. After the usual salutations, he first was asked the time of day, and replied, "Twenty-five minutes past four." Then said his friend, "It is just one hour since I died." After he awoke, he proceeded to the chapel to the evening meeting, and on the way was accosted by a friend who asked if he had heard of the death of that able minister, Mr. ———. He answered, "No. When did he die?" "At twenty-five minutes past three this afternoon."

Among other phases of dreams may be enumerated—

DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS IMPARTED.

Mr. Cyrus Avery, extensively known both in England and America, has received many valuable inventions in this way: indeed, though one of the shrewdest and most practical of Yankees, his achievements in this respect have acquired for him among his friends the designation of "the dreamer." His account of the matter is, that in sleep a spirit appears to him and shows him the model of the invention, and explains its construction and working; sometimes instructing him also from time to time how to proceed with it. The method employed in making round shot by dropping it from a high tower was first suggested to its inventor in a dream.

DREAMS OCCASIONED BY PERTURBED SPIRITS.

There are many instances in which perturbed spirits remain restless and unhappy till they have unburdened themselves of some worldly matter, in which they seek mortal assistance; and it would seem that in sleep they can often impress those who are susceptible to their influence more readily than in the waking state. It may be to effect the performance of some neglected duty, or the restitution of some wrong, to convey information of hidden treasure, to confess some undetected crime, or to reveal and to revenge some secret crime of which they were the victims. Our newspapers and criminal records present many relations of

robberies traced through dreams,* as well as of more heinous offences so brought to light;—of

Unknown facts of guilty acts,
Revealed in dreams from God.

INSTANCES OF MURDER DISCOVERED BY DREAMS.

One of the most familiar instances of this is that of the murder of Maria Martin, commonly known as the murder in the Red Barn, and which was brought to light by means of a dream, which (as is often the case) was thrice repeated, to make it the more impressive. We quote a more recent instance of this kind.

Two men named Hawser and Bowser, were executed in America a few years ago for the murder of two women named Paull and Munday. Soon after the committal of the prisoners for trial, the mother of Miss Munday had a dream in which she plainly saw her daughter struggle with her murderer, and heard her cry "Help!" "Mother!" She could remember the features of the man whom she saw in the bloody act, and the dream made so deep an impression on her mind that she determined to visit the prisoners in the jail, and see if she could recognize the murderer of her daughter. The inmates were all placed in a row, and the old lady closely scrutinized them, one after another, until her eyes fell upon Bowser, when, starting back, she exclaimed, "You are the murderer of my child."

In *Richardson's Local Historian's Table-Book of Northumber-*

* The following, taken from the *Manchester Courier*, is an instance of

"TRACING A ROBBERY BY A DREAM.

"Yesterday a singular case occurred at Manchester Police Court, showing an extraordinary fulfilment of a dream, and the consequent tracing of a quantity of stolen property. We give the facts shortly as they appeared before the Court, and on the testimony of the Police Inspector, who had the matter in hand. Some time ago a woman of the name of Heyes, living at 23, Dyer's Lane, was committed for an offence to prison for a month, and whilst she was in confinement she dreamt that her house had been entered and robbed, and that a witness named Fox, who had been brought against her, but who had been too weak to give evidence, was dead. On the completion of her term of imprisonment she found her dream fulfilled in almost every particular—viz., that Fox had in fact died during her incarceration, and that her house had been plundered in the manner revealed to her. The vision, moreover, contained so exact a representation of the scene of the robbery, and of the appearance of the actors in it, that Inspector Gill had no difficulty in tracing a portion of the stolen property to a clothes dealer, named Michael Donnelly, in Fleet Street, which Mrs. Heyes described to the officer as being the place to which it had been taken. Similarly, other portions of wearing apparel belonging, as alleged, to Heyes, were discovered at the house of Mary Riley, 19, Billington Street, and Phoebe Campbell, 7, Fleet Street. The dealer and the two women last named were at once taken into custody, and their explanation of their possession of the property being considered by the Magistrates as unsatisfactory, they were committed for trial."

land and Durham, in the "Historical Division" is found at p. 410 of Vol. I, the following statement:—

"1774.—In the beginning of January of this year a melancholy circumstance occurred at Berwick-upon-Tweed. A sergeant who was beating up for recruits in the place fell in with a farmer who lived at some distance from thence. While they were drinking together at an alehouse, the sergeant offered him some guineas to enlist, which he refused, saying very imprudently, that he stood in no need of his gold, for that he had at home fifteen guineas in his chest. Their landlord most unluckily overheard their conversation, and shortly afterwards disappeared. In the meantime, it being late, they continued drinking till the farmer consented to go to bed with the sergeant in the same house. About midnight when they were both in bed and asleep, the farmer started up in the greatest terror, and said to the sergeant that he was sure some ruffians were at that time plundering his house, and that they had killed his wife; but the sergeant laughing, replied that it was a mere fancy, which should not be regarded, and begged him to lie down again, which he accordingly did. A little after, he started up a second time in the same fright as before, and repeated the same words, which made so strong an impression on the sergeant that he instantly got up, put on his clothes, and taking some soldiers with him, accompanied the farmer to his own house, when, looking in at a window, they beheld with astonishment the landlord of the alehouse from whence they came, and another villain, plundering the house as the farmer had foretold. They were still more surprised on entering at the sight of the poor woman, his wife, lying in her blood with her throat cut. They immediately apprehended the ruffians, and carried them to Berwick, where they were laid in gaol."

One of the most extraordinary cases of this kind is that of the

DREAM OF DR. PARKMAN'S MURDER.

"The following case, in which a dream—in other respects highly remarkable—occurred twice on the same night, came under the notice of the narrator when he was practising in London in the year 1848. Our older readers may recollect," says *Once a Week*, "that, in the year just recorded, there was a terrible case of murder in America, Dr. Webster, Professor of Chemistry in Harvard College, being convicted for the murder of his acquaintance—we can hardly say his friend—Dr. Parkman. A lady—we will call her X. Y.—well known in the literary world, and then residing in London, had some years previously paid a long visit to the United States, during which she became intimately acquainted with Dr. Webster and his family, who

showed her much kindness and attention. After her return to England, she continued to correspond with the family; and one day, in the early autumn of 1848, a gentleman related to Dr. Parkman called upon her with an introduction from Professor Webster. On that night she went to bed at her usual hour, but soon experienced a horrible dream. She fancied that she was being urged by Dr. Webster to assist him in concealing a set of human bones in a wooden box; and she distinctly recollected that there was a thigh-bone which, after failing to break it in pieces, they vainly attempted to insert, but it was too long. While they were trying to hide the box—as she fancied, under her bed—she woke in a state of terror and cold perspiration. She instantly struck a light, and tried to dispel the recollection of her horrible vision by reading. After a lapse of two hours, during which she had determinedly fixed her attention on the book, she put out the light, and soon fell asleep. The same dream again occurred; after which she did not dare—although a woman of singular moral and physical courage—to attempt to sleep any more that night. Early on the following morning she called upon the writer, and told him of her fearful experiences of the past night. Nothing more at the time was thought of these dreams; but shortly afterwards the news reached England that Dr. Parkman was missing; that the last time he was seen alive he was entering the college gates; and that the janitor was suspected of having murdered him.

“On the writer mentioning this to X. Y., she at once exclaimed, ‘Oh! my dreams! Dr. Webster must be the murderer!’ The next mail but one brought the news that the true murderer had been detected; and that, at the very time when X. Y.’s dream occurred, he must have been actually struggling to get the bones—the flesh having been previously burnt—into a wooden box such as she had seen; and that after attempting in vain to break the thigh-bones, he had hidden them elsewhere.

“In this remarkable case, the visitor’s call, and his conversation regarding their mutual friend, may have suggested to the mind of X. Y. the idea of Dr. Webster; but why it should have called him up to her mind as engaged in that singular manner, we admit that we cannot explain, as he had not seen her for some years. It is in the highest degree improbable that, when engaged in this horrible attempt to conceal the evidence of his guilt, he should have been especially thinking of X. Y.; otherwise we might have explained the dream according to the ‘Brain-wave Theory’ propounded in the *Spectator* for January 30, 1869.”

Other instances of this class of dreams, some of which are

given in former volumes of this Magazine, will readily occur to the well-informed reader. Instead, therefore, of occupying space with further examples, we shall close our Gallery of Illustrations with an exposition and example (taken from Davis's *Great Harmonia*, Vol. III.) of—

ONE MODE IN WHICH DREAMS ARE SPIRITUALLY INDUCED.

“ In this place I will relate an instance, which came under my own interior observation. It was in the case of a lady whose death is described in the first volume of the *Great Harmonia*. It was several months previous to her departure from earth, when she was seated by the window in her parlour, gazing with the expression of one lost in reverie, at the distant mountains. Although I had entered the room a few moments before, and had spoken a few words, yet she remained abstracted. On observing this, my earnest desire to perceive the action of her mind in that condition enabled me to rapidly pass into the spiritual state. By directing my internal perceptions toward her, I beheld a female guardian *spirit* standing immediately behind her chair watching her mind. Being also in the spiritual state, I could distinctly see the mental operations. She had become bewildered by thinking upon a subject which could not be easily solved. The fatigue of brain in consequence of the protracted mental effort had induced temporarily the perfect slumber. The action of the intellectual and will powers were for the time being entirely suspended. At this point I saw the guardian spirit pass her beautiful hand over the moral organs, and extend her fingers, in an earnest, positive manner, toward the left temple. The emanation from her hand was soft and penetrative—like the softest aura, and I beheld a thought *evolved* from the faculties in that locality. This thought passed, like a breath, into the upper portions of the brain, and was then joined by several others, which the guardian had caused to come forth from the different faculties.

“ Now, this was a dream full of significance. It originated from a spiritual influence; not from any imperfect slumber or unsettled thoughts. The lady did not know, however, that she had a guardian spirit. Therefore, on awakening from the reverie, which she did a few moments after this spiritual impression had been made upon her, she exclaimed, ‘How beautiful and clear was that dream!’ Before she uttered this, I had returned to my ordinary state, determined not to inform her what I saw in her case until she should express to me her thoughts. Hence, I enquired: ‘Have you been dreaming?’ She replied: ‘Yes, but I didn’t lose myself more than five minutes, I think; and yet I dreamt out what I must

do in regard to a certain matter which has been on my mind for the last two weeks.' Said I, 'Do you mean to follow dreams in matters of importance?' 'O, no,' said she; 'but when I can lose myself in my chair for only five minutes, and awake with a better plan of procedure than I have ever had before, I will certainly act upon it.' I then related to her what I had seen, much to her surprise and gratification.

"But let us come to the application. You will perceive, by the above illustration, that the mind can be psychologically acted upon by spiritual beings. Spirits may breathe their influences and sweet discourses upon the mind, without disturbing its repose or exciting the least suspicion that a Divine power is acting so immediately upon it. And yet, when the human mind receives an impression from the spirit-world, which takes the form of a clear and beautiful dream, there is no doubt but the true import of that impression will be recognised by the individual who obtains it. These impressions are never lost when once imparted to, and distinctly developed in, the mind. The dreams which are generated by spiritual influences may be distinguished from ordinary dreaming by an unerring rule—*viz.*: by the *clearness*, *beauty*, and *power* which invariably characterise the former; while the latter are generally obscure, disagreeable, and troublesome to the mind.

"We must not, however, accustom our minds to depend too much upon the guardian spirit for direction and happiness. When we ascertain our duty and destiny, or obtain certain convictions concerning them, we should act in strict accordance with all the light we possess. Then it is—when the individual has done, and is doing what he believes to be his duty, that the higher influences rush into the soul. Yet it should be remembered that these dreams cannot be received from the spirit-world, unless the slumber be perfect and the state harmonious."

Of extraordinary exercises of the mind and of vivid impressions made on it during sleep (probably due to this and other modes of spirit-action on it) we have many examples.

"Sir Thomas Browne is by no means the only man who is free to confess that his sleeping self transcended his waking self. The mathematician has solved the problem which before was difficult even to forlornness and despair; the poet has indited the inimitable poem, and on waking been but the amanuensis of his dream; the painter has seen the model of a goddess floating on a cloud half way to heaven, and the musician has rifled Paradise itself of an angelic melody. Thus Voltaire wrote a duplicate of the first canto of the 'Henriade;' the 'Divina Commedia' is said to have been inspired by a dream; Coleridge's

'Kubla Khan' was unquestionably completed during a dream; and Tartini's 'Sonata du Diable' is a plagiarism from a violin played by a dream-devil."

Our great Milton tells us—

Millions of spirits walk the earth unseen,
Both when we wake and when we sleep.

And while to yield an indiscriminate credence to these nocturnal visions would be an abject and mischievous superstition, and to follow every idle dream would be the height of folly, there yet may be good reason for the ancient belief that spiritual guidance and warning and Divine instruction is sometimes vouchsafed "in dreams, in visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men."

NOTES OF SÉANCES.

TWO SEANCES WITH HERNE AND WILLIAMS.

August 24th, 1872.—Again went with my sister, to Herne and Williams's rooms, 61, Lamb's Conduit Street. There were ten persons present beside the mediums. We sat in darkness, and with all hands joined. The spirits held audible conversation with us throughout the evening as before. My sister requested that her hat might be brought from the adjoining room where she had left it. This was done. On placing it on her head, Peter's voice was heard immediately—"You have got it hind part before." I note this little circumstance as one of many illustrations that spirits take cognizance of material objects in what to us is total darkness. Remembering the promise of the spirit at the *séance* described in a former number, that on a future occasion I might be allowed to cut off a small piece of the drapery in which they appeared, I had provided myself with scissors. Peter seemed aware of this for he called out to me "S—, have you got your scissors ready?" I replied "Yes, and I am quite ready to use them, if you will give me the opportunity." "Well, here is my drapery, feel it; you may cut off a small piece if you like." I cut off a piece from the hem, about three inches, and wound it round my finger for the rest of the *séance*, lest it should be taken away, or otherwise disappear without my perceiving it. Before the *séance* ended Peter said, "S—, would you like to feel my hand?" "Yes; how long could I retain it?" "Not more than five minutes." The hand was then placed in mine; I grasped it firmly, but was told not to do so or it would at once melt away. It was then

withdrawn for a moment, and the fingers lightly placed in contact with mine. I felt the palm of the hand, the shape of the fingers, and their phalanges. The hand was large, masculine, solid, and slightly warm; gradually it increased in warmth and moisture, and in about three minutes became almost fluidic, and was then withdrawn.

After the *séance* was over we adjourned into the front room, where we all carefully examined the fragment of drapery. It was pronounced by the ladies real Indian muslin, machine hemmed, chain stitch. Whence the drapery from which it was taken was obtained, whether the spirit was only temporarily invested in it while present with us, and whither it disappears immediately light is introduced, are questions I reserve for the spirits on a favourable opportunity. One thing struck me, that it exactly corresponded with the drapery in which the spirits appear in the portraits taken by Mr. Hudson.* I believe this was the first instance in which a fragment of materialised spirit-drapery has been obtained. Others have since been equally fortunate with myself in this respect. While we were all in the front room examining the little piece of drapery, my sister's hat which had been left in the *séance* room was thrown over our heads and dropped on the table before her.

Other incidents of the *séance* I omit, as they are faithfully described in the following account by a lady present, and which forms a fitting supplement to my own:—

“On Saturday last, after a very remarkable *séance* at my house in presence of a cousin of my own, our medium, another of the family circle, and myself, we determined upon two of us attending the dark *séance* at Messrs. Herne and Williams's in the evening. On our way there I said to my cousin, ‘I feel sure we shall get something extraordinary to-night, as John King and Katey always give wonderful tests to those who accompany me for the first time.’ We had scarcely been two minutes seated when Katey came to me, and addressing me by name asked me what she should do for me. I passed her on to my cousin, who sat at my side and next to Mr. Williams. In answer to her request that her shawl (previously left in an upper room where we had taken off our bonnets) should be brought to her, the shawl seemed almost instantaneously to have passed through the ceiling, falling on her head into her lap, whilst a scarf, also left upstairs, was rubbed against my face as a token of how quickly the commission had been accomplished. We were both repeatedly touched by spirit-hands. John said, ‘Would you like to see the faces to-night?’ One acclamation followed this pro-

* See article, “Spirit-Photographs and Spirit-Drapery,” in last number.—ED.

posal. John then directed us to change for the arrangements to be made, and afterwards to remain still, 'like good children.' The mediums were next ordered to be tied tightly with ropes by the wrists and legs on a seat in the window recess, the curtains falling on each side of them. The large table remained in its place, and we sat in a semi-circle about a yard from it, after examining the ropes and knots which tied the mediums. Very soon bright phosphorescent lights appeared in front of us, growing larger and larger, clouds and luminous hands waving about in the air. Katey, calling me by name, then desired me to approach her, and to hold my hand over my mouth, that my breath might not interfere with the manifestations, and that she would show herself to me. Bright hands, full of phosphorescent light, were waving quite in front of my face as I earnestly strove to look, and presently I saw a beautiful face, full, and with a soft olive complexion and dark lustrous eyes, which absolutely gazed into mine with such an intense look that they quite fascinated me. This was done three times, each time the face becoming more and more distinct. I then requested Katey to show herself to my cousin, which she did three times, holding out her exquisitely-fine white drapery to one and then the other to feel. It appeared to my touch like the finest Indian muslin. Katey then passed from my left to my right, showing herself to the gentlemen seated there. In this position I could see her fine profile, and I saw her distinctly waving her illuminated hands over her face. She then rose to her full height on the table, and passing her hands upwards from her feet, showed the whole of her figure draped in purest white; then passing them from her head, which was encircled by a tightly-twisted white turban, over her face slowly to her feet again, looking like an exquisite statue suddenly endowed with life. As she did this the bust of John King appeared at her side. This lasted but for a few seconds, but I could detect his head and beard. He afterwards exclaimed, 'See my hand,' and high up in the air was a large hand brilliant with a kind of phosphorescent light.* This was repeated three times. Katey's form seemed to float about, sometimes near, sometimes in the air. Presently she said, 'See, my mother,' and a form appeared seated on the table, with legs crossed in Eastern fashion, the drapery and turban similar to those of Katey; the face appeared smaller, but singularly beautiful. During these manifestations I distinctly saw, close to my own, a face exactly resembling Mr. Herne 'spiritualised,' and the idea of his 'double' immediately presented itself to my mind.

* Just as it appears in the photograph taken by Mr. Hudson with Mr. Harrison (editor of the *Spiritualist*) as the sitter, and as it also appears in one with Miss Houghton.—T. S.

I asked Peter to shake hands with me, as he appeared an unhappy, restless spirit. He came quite close, holding out his illuminated hand, and with the other firmly grasped mine and shook it. It felt warm and moist. Katey then appeared again (the whole scene being like a succession of dissolving views), rose into the air, repeating in a solemn voice, 'Serve God! serve God! Thank God for his gifts.' Then, leaning forward, said, 'You in England serve Jesus Christ, but you do not serve God; and God has said, "I am a jealous God."' She continued, 'Jesus did not say, "My Father," He said, "Our Father,"' and she looked up with intense expression, and her hand raised to Heaven. John King said, 'Oh, Katey, Katey, if we serve Jesus, we serve God, for Jesus served God.' Katey ended by—'Thank God for His great gifts; thank Him for allowing us to show ourselves to mortals.' All responded, 'Thank God.' She then rose as if dissolving into air, still repeating, 'Thank God,' and 'God bless you.' Thus ended the most extraordinary and, to me, stupendous phenomena it has been my good fortune to witness during a period of twenty-one years' investigation. The impression it has left can never be effaced.

" August 27th, 1872."

" C. FITZ-GERALD.

August 31st.—The circle consisted of about 20 persons. We sat in darkness; hands joined, doors locked, mediums fastened hands and feet to their chairs. The spirits kept up a brisk conversation the whole evening. I distinguished six different spirit voices; they moved about freely, and were heard from all parts of the room. One gentleman had left a walking-stick in the adjoining room; this with the doors closed was placed in his hand by the invisible agency. Katey was seen by nearly all present, and Peter also was seen by several of the company.

A SEANCE WITH MRS. HOLMES.

November 7th.—Went to Mrs. Holmes, 16, Old Quebec Street, Hyde Park. There were 12 visitors, among whom were Mr. Luxmore, Mr. Daw, Mrs. Scott, Miss Williams, and Mr. and Miss Shorter. On the table were two hand-bells and four bells fastened to a strap, a guitar, an iron ring about 12 inches in diameter, and two wooden tambourine rings about 18 inches in diameter. These were freely examined by the company, and the iron ring was suspended and struck; its ring seemed sound and perfect. We were told that we might at any time bring our own rings and instruments as this made no difference, or the rings might be taken home and examined, if returned on the following day, as they would be required for use. Before be-

ginning the *séance* the room was carefully examined, the doors had pieces of paper pasted over them so that they could not be opened without our knowing it, the window shutters were carefully closed to, and the medium securely fastened to her chair. The lights were then extinguished, matches being at hand so that the candles could be relit on the instant. We then all joined hands, and kept them joined as long as we were in darkness, this condition being strictly insisted on.

Immediately, the guitar was taken off the table, and was heard playing as it travelled round the room, gently striking each as it passed; and several of the company felt at the same instant a soft hand touching them. Then the bells were rung violently, first singly, then as it seemed altogether, making a deafening jangle. A voice, which we were told was that of a spirit whom Mrs. Holmes called Richard entered into conversation with different members of the circle; the voice was clear in its articulation, and seemed different to that of any of the company, speaking good English, but its knowledge did not seem limited to the English tongue, for on a gentleman making some remark in French it corrected his pronunciation. By this time the room was uncomfortably warm and the air close and oppressive, when suddenly we all felt it relieved by powerful and delicious waves of cool air, which Mrs. Holmes, in reply to our enquiry, said was caused by the entrance of the spirit-conductor of the circle. The guitar, bells, and tambourine rings were then thrown with much noise about the room, and the rope by which the medium had been secured was heard being rapidly untied, and then to fall at the feet of a gentleman on the opposite side of the room sitting to my right. On the candles being relit, these articles were seen scattered about the floor.

These objects being replaced, the lights were again extinguished, and we rejoined hands, the medium being left free, but apparently in a deep trance in which she continued during the remainder of the *séance*. A gentleman who had expressed a strong desire to have one of the rings placed on his arm while holding the hands of the medium, as he had witnessed it done with other visitors at two previous *séances*, was called to take the chair beside her. He felt the sleeves of the dress, to be sure that no ring was concealed there which might be substituted for the one on the table, and expressed himself satisfied of this. While firmly holding the medium's hands he called out "It is on," and on the light being struck one of the tambourine rings was seen to be on his right arm, the right hand holding the right hand of the medium, and his left hand clasping her left.

Once more the lights were put out, and this time I was called to sit beside the medium and hold her hands while the

ring was put on. I took one hand of hers in each of mine, and took care not to release either of them for an instant during the operation. Then with her right hand in mine I drew my fingers over the ring on the table, then placing them on her head, drew them down over the neck and shoulder and round the arm down to the wrist, first over the right arm and then the left. Keeping each hand tightly and separately clasped in mine, we sat quiet. In about a minute I felt the ring on my forearm, and being drawn upward to the elbow; and on the light being struck it was seen there by all. I then, as a further test, asked if the spirits would take the ring off, our hands being still kept joined. The lights were put out, and as quickly as before, I felt the ring drawn down the arm and taken off where our hands were closely linked. I may add that I felt no shock, no peculiar warmth, or bodily sensation of any kind, nor did the iron feel at all different in temperature, or in any respect. During the operation, I felt soft fingers gently and rapidly touching me on the head, arms, and shoulders.

Another gentleman also had one of the rings placed on his arm in a similar manner to that described. Other incidents of minor interest occurred. A lady had her spirit-friends described, much to her apparent satisfaction. A light, like a star, was seen apparently about two feet over the head of the medium. A voice, we were told was that of an Indian spirit-girl, who was called Rosa, saluted each of us, and chatted pleasantly and playfully for some time. A short impressive address and a kindly good-night from another spirit, brought our *séance* to an end.

T. S.

DIRECT SPIRIT INSCRIPTIONS.

Mr. H. NISBET, of Trongate, Glasgow, who is an active member of the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists, gives the following interesting account of direct spirit inscriptions obtained through the mediumship of Mr. David Duguid, the trance-painting medium of Glasgow :—

“ In July last it was suggested that it would be a good thing if Mr. Duguid’s spirit-friends would supply us with an appropriate inscription for a large panel on the wall above the platform in our new Hall, and in the expectation that the suggestion would be carried out, a few of us, accompanied by Mr. Stones, an English gentleman, met with the medium in his own house.

“ After sitting for some time in the trance, Mr. Duguid

selected two clean cards, and tearing, as he now usually does, a corner off one of them, he dropped the piece into the hand of Mr. Bowman. Laying the card on the table, along with a pencil, he sat back, and made the usual sign to put out the light. This was done, and in about two minutes the signal was made to light up, when we found the card (which was identified by the fitting-in of the corner piece), covered with Hebrew, Greek, and Latin inscriptions, with four Scripture references on the margin, and a word in strange characters below, apparently a signature. The Hebrew words are centred in a halo of light. Here is an exact copy of the original:—

עֲתִיק יוֹמִיָא

Dan. vii. 22.

הַמְלִאָךְ

Gen. xlviii. 16.

εἰκὼν τοῦ Θεοῦ τοῦ ἀοράτου.

Col. i. 15.

ἡ κεφαλὴ πάσης ἀρχῆς καὶ ἐξουσίας.

Col. ii. 10.

Mors ipsa dum venerit vincitur si priusquam venerit semper timeatur.

Virtuti modicum, vitio nil sufficit.

Læta venire Venus tristis abire solet.

“At the same sitting a second card was executed by our spirit-friends on which is delineated a circle of upturned faces, and in the centre a half-length figure of the Persian (the controlling spirit), pointing with upraised hand to an inscription above, from which are darting bright rays of light. The writing is in Hebrew, thus—יהוה; and at the bottom of the card is the following, in Roman characters:—‘O heiliger Geist gehe bey uns ein.’ The translations of the Hebrew and Greek lines are taken from the verses given in the margin, and these read as follows:—‘The Ancient of Days.’ ‘The Angel.’ ‘The image of the Invisible God.’ ‘The Head of all Principality and Power.’ The following translation of the Latin has been given by a gentleman in Glasgow:—‘Death itself is always feared until it come, but once come it is conquered.’ ‘Nothing is sufficient for vice; a moderate share suffices virtue.’ ‘Venus is wont to come joyfully, and to depart in sadness.’ The line of German on the other card is thus translated:—‘O Holy Spirit, accompany us.’ The word in Hebrew is the sacred name, ‘Jehovah.’

“I may here state that in the month of June last I received a direct card of a similar character. Enclosed in a wreath of flowers are Hebrew letters עֲתִיק יוֹמִיָא proceeding from the wreath there is an extended hand holding the globe, over which is the appearance of a face with rays, such as we see in the usual representation of the sun. From the wrist of the hand to the tip of the forefinger we have the translation in English, ‘Ancient of Days.’

“Our good friends the spirits having thus far favoured us with these *direct* models, we resolved to get the inscriptions on the first-mentioned card put up in large characters on the wall of our meeting-room, and that, if possible, by the medium in trance, leaving the subject of the second card to be reproduced at his leisure. Accordingly, having procured a sheet of strong paper, 7 feet by 3½, with certain water-colours (selected in trance), Mr. Duguid began the work about two weeks ago—not, however, without some humorous sallies from “Jan Stein,” the spirit-painter, on his descent from his high position as an artist to that of a sign-painter. A few sittings brought the work to a close, the whole being a faithful copy of the direct model card, with this exception, the first line of Hebrew, ‘Ancient of Days,’ forms the centre of the halo, from which rays dart down on a globe half submerged in a sea of dark clouds. At the bottom of the sheet, on the left-hand corner, the word ‘Hafed’ has been painted (the name of the Persian, according to ‘Stein’), and at the right-hand corner we have ‘J. Stein, D. Duguid, meds., 1872.’

“I may add that, towards the close of the painting of the large sheet, which was nailed to the wall of Mr. Duguid’s parlour, there was found on the extreme edge of the bottom part, which was only 15 or 18 inches from the floor, the following translation of the Latin lines, written in pencil, and evidently by the same hand that has executed the Latin and English direct writings on previous occasions:—

“‘When death comes it is conquered, though before its coming it be continually feared. Virtue is content with a little, but nothing can satisfy vice. Venus approaches with bewitching smiles, but sorrow comes as soon as she retires.’

“Altogether, this effort on the part of our spirit-friends forms not only one of the most wonderful phenomena with which we have been favoured, but one which, as now arranged, will prove a continual subject for inquiry and attention on the part of investigators attending our meetings. I understand that Mr. James Bowman, who is deeply interested in all that appertains to the spread of the truth, will photograph the inscription-sheet in a few days, when I will send you a copy.”

The Editor of the *Medium*, in a note appended to Mr. Nisbet’s letter, says:—

“We had the pleasure of scrutinizing the original cards with the inscriptions thereon, and can testify to the neat way in which the writing and sketches are executed. We have also received from Mr. Bowman a photograph of the work as it is executed in an enlarged form on the wall behind the speaker’s stand in the new hall. This performance is itself a wonderful manifestation.

The medium in his normal state is wholly unskilled in the work he has to perform, sits down and goes to sleep, his eyes tightly closed, and then, controlled by spirits, he performs his task in a truly artistic and satisfactory manner. All who doubt the fact have only to call at the Spiritual Institution and see the photograph, which cannot misrepresent."

ANOTHER CASE OF MYSTERIOUS STONE- THROWING IN FRANCE.

THE POLICE BAFFLED.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I should be glad to add to the many interesting accounts of stone-throwing which have already appeared in your valuable Magazine, one which is given in the *Revue Spirite* for October last, in a communication addressed to *La Société Anonyme* of Paris, bearing the signature of three respectable inhabitants of Paris-Vaugirard.

In the month of January last a persecution commenced of a M. Guénot, a gardener, living at No. 61, Grande Rue, Montrouge, with a quantity of stones being thrown into his garden. M. Guénot is much esteemed in his neighbourhood as an honest and a laborious man. The garden, which is situated behind the house is a large rectangular parallelogram 300 mètres long (338 yards) and 200 broad (225 yards), surrounded by a wall 14 feet high. The house stands detached at an elevation of 15 mètres (50 feet) above the adjacent ground. On the opposite side of the street are houses of respectable freeholders, contiguous to which is a large scavengers' yard containing a number of dung carts each having a driver. Behind these houses are extensive kitchen gardens. To the east of M. Guénot's house is a young ladies' boarding school; to the west are other gardens. The stones always come from the scavengers' yard and from the gardens behind the opposite houses.

M. Guénot at once informed the commissary of police at Montrouge and Vanvres, of the attack which had been made upon him; a careful inspection was made of the premises. Subsequently four of the drivers of the dung carts were arrested, and subjected to a searching examination; but after four days confinement in the central dépôt, they were liberated, as the police had themselves seen in broad daylight 16 heavy stones, very thick glass bottles, and flints weighing a kilogramme (2¼ lbs.) fall, without being able to determine the points from whence they came.

The great objects of the attack were the bell glasses and glass frames in the garden, all of which were smashed to pieces. A few of the windows were also broken in the school-house adjacent. Some of the missiles were projected with such force as to leave a mark on the wall like that produced by a small cannon ball. It was obvious that no unaided human power could have produced such a result; but neither *ballista* nor any other machine could be found. And even supposing it possible that some ill-disposed persons were capable of throwing these missiles night and day during five months, for the purpose of tormenting a neighbour, such a phenomenon of malevolence would be as strange as the appearance of the projectiles. It will also be remembered that police were posted at different distances during the day, rendering it impossible that any machine could be set up and removed in the time observed to be occupied by the flight of the projectiles, which one after another broke the glasses and frames, and which came over the house, at an elevation, as we have said, of 50 feet above the opposite ground.

A son of M. Guénot, 16 years of age, was struck 27 times; not however with the heavy bottles and stones, but with small gravel and rubbish, sufficient to draw blood from his face and forehead. On the 24th June, at five o'clock in the morning, he received, for the last time, a blow from a flint which laid his temple open.

As the elder son was carrying away three bell glasses to a place of safety, a large pebble struck the glasses, smashing them into bits, but without touching him. Ultimately every glass and frame was broken to atoms.

The door of the cellar was burst in, and a quarter cask of wine broken up. The contents of another cask already broached was poured out on the floor; at the same time the harness of the horse was cut to pieces. The police observed that the leather, which was two centimetres ($\frac{3}{4}$ -inch) thick, showed that it must have been cut with a very sharp instrument, applied with great force, and at one blow. Experiments tried with various tools produced no such results; it required repeated blows, with the leather on a block, to sever it; yet the harness which was thus destroyed hung from a screw ring seven feet from the ground.

Many anonymous letters were found deposited under the door of the house which contained menaces couched in gross, if not obscene language, and accurate descriptions of what had occurred, with details of what would occur. One letter stated that they were paid for their work, and gave the names of three of the authorities of Montrouge who had furnished 8,500 francs (£340) for procuring these annoyances to M. Guénot; and that a further sum of 2,500 francs (£100) would be forthcoming if they succeeded in killing the horse and its master.

This is the substance of what occurred during six months. The whole neighbourhood witnessed the flight of stones and empty bottles from different centres.

M. Guénot appealed to a court of justice, fresh researches were made, but with no better result than at first.

Each night M. Guénot and the members of his family took in turns to watch with fire-arms loaded. A part of the land remained uncultivated. At length M. Guénot's courage failed; despairing of relief he was driven to the verge of madness. When his excitement was at its height, he received a visit from MM. Cochard and Niolet, father and son, known Spiritualists; they explained to him, to his sorrowing wife, and desponding family their views as to what they believed to be the cause of this persistent persecution, *viz.*: that in a preceding state of existence the spirits who had thus wrought all this mischief, had themselves suffered from members of M. Guénot's family, and had now found an opportunity to take revenge.

The recommendation which those gentlemen offered was, that the family should unite fervently in offering up prayers at nine o'clock every night, not only for relief from their own suffering, but also on behalf of those who had inflicted it on them. They further promised that other spirit-circles would unite their supplications to the same effect. "Pray, pardon, and rest in peace," said MM. Cochard and Niolet; "resume your labour, and be assured you will be no more troubled or alarmed."

Without entering into the vexed question of pre-existence, it is sufficient here to record that, after the visit of MM. Cochard and Niolet, and the adoption by Guénot's family of their truly Christian instruction, all disturbance ceased at Montrouge. According to the testimony of those gentlemen it would be difficult to recognize in the open and contented expression in the active and healthy aspect of M. Guénot, the man who two months before presented all the fearful traits of incipient madness — watchfulness — suspicion — discontent — attenuated form and haggard aspect, and who never ceased to utter frightful imprecations and maledictions against the disturbers of his peace and destroyers of his property. But Spiritualism in its highest form had entered No. 61, Grande Rue, Montrouge, and we have it on record that contemporaneously with the spirit of prayer, of pardon, and of love, the whole aspect of life in that home once so desolate is now entirely changed, and has become the abode of prosperity, happiness and peace.

Your obedt. Servant,
RICH. BEAMISH.

Woollton Lawn, Southampton,
October, 1872.

DIRECT AND CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE IN RELATION TO SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS.

ON Friday, October 18th, in company with a relative I visited Mr. Hudson's studio, 177, Holloway Road. We had once before obtained there a very good spirit-photograph in the presence of Messrs. Herne and Williams. We now wished to see if we could get one without the presence of a professional medium. The morning was dark, and it rained heavily. Under all the circumstances we scarcely expected any success in our experiment. But on the first plate, to our surprise and pleasure, with the portrait of myself and sister there appeared a well-defined figure, not in the loose flowing drapery common in these photographs, but in a long cloak, covering the dress, and a close fitting cap. The figure standing directly opposite me, looking straight into my eyes, as if perusing them. We at once recognised the tall, stately form and face as that of a well-known relative who has been many years in the spirit-world ; but it was not the one of whom we were both thinking, and whose portrait we had hoped to obtain.

That we might make "assurance doubly sure" my sister took the photograph to a cousin, and after some general conversation, handed it to her with no other remark than that she had something to show her. She looked at it in evident surprise, and on being asked if she recognised it, she exclaimed "Why, it is *my* mother!" Other relatives also recognise it.

On Thursday, November 14th, I accepted an invitation from Miss Houghton to meet her at Mr. Hudson's studio. A second figure appeared in two out of three photographs taken. In one the head is stooping forward, resting on the chest, and seems to have moved a little, and there is a hood over the face so that the features are not clearly discernible. The face of a child is also faintly visible, partly covered by the drapery of the other figure. They are like a mother and child well known to us, but both are too indistinct for us to confidently identify them. There is also the faint image of a pen, apparently in the air, about a foot from the floor. In the other photograph the spirit-form and face are clear, and strongly remind myself and sister of an old lady who lived in the house with us many years ago and with whom I was a great favourite when a child, but as we are unable to recall her features quite distinctly to mind, we cannot be so sure of the identity in this as in the portrait obtained on October 18th. A second careful inspection of the photograph under better light confirms our impression that it is indeed the portrait of our early and venerable friend.

T. S.

Messrs. Herne and Williams have just returned from Llanelly, South Wales, where they have obtained most powerful and varied manifestations, including spirit photographs, taken by Mr. Shaw, at the studio of Howell, Brothers. The following declaration has been made by Mr. Shaw:—

“ I do most solemnly declare and take oath that the so-called spirit-photographs—Nos. 1, 2, 3—taken by me are genuine, and that there has been no deception, collusion, or fraud of *any kind* in the production of them, and that no one but myself had anything to do whatever in the manipulation of them.—(Signed) W. GERMANIUS SHAW.”

In *Human Nature* for November, the editor, after quoting the letter of Mr. William Howitt, which appeared in our October number, goes on to say:—

We have seen a great number of other successful portraits of spirits which have been recognised in the most satisfactory manner, but the sitters have been in many cases persons in private life, and who have not energy of public spirit to push them to the front with their testimony. Others have been persons in such social positions that they dared not give publicity to the fact that they were interested in Spiritualism or had sat for a spirit-photograph. A praiseworthy exception to this too general practice amongst those who could really lend some influence to the movement is communicated in the following letter:—

“ 21, Green Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

“ October 20, 1872.

“ Dear Mr. Burns,—I asked my friend Mrs. Hughes if she would be willing publicly to add her testimony regarding the genuineness of Mr. Hudson's spirit-photographs. I have much pleasure in sending you her answer:—

“ I shall be most happy to lend what small weight my name may have to support that worthy and honest man, Mr. Hudson. One of the spirit-photographs I have was taken on a glass I brought myself and had previously marked. I also always went into his dark room on the several occasions I was there and followed the whole process, from the cleaning of the plate—never losing sight of it—till the spirit-forms were developed on it. I can, therefore, affirm that there was no imposition in the production of the spirit-images on my photograph—it was all honest and above board, and thinking it so, I am ready to declare it to be so to the world. Yours affectionately,

“ ‘ 13, Grosvenor Square.’

GEORGINA HUGHES.

“ I need scarcely add that Mrs. Hughes authorises you to publish her testimony in favour of Mr. Hudson if you think it will be useful to the cause of truth and justice.

Yours very truly,

“ LISETTE MAKDUGALL GREGORY.”

The foregoing testimony, which is only *one of several dozens* we could adduce, is confirmed by our own experience, the result of successive sittings. We have not been able as yet to recognise the identity of the forms obtained, but there is no question in our mind as to the genuineness of the manifestation. When we have visited the studio in the company of sensitives, they have always felt the peculiar sensations indicative of spirit presence when the images of spirits were being taken. The spirits thus represented were not relatives, and therefore could not be recognised though answering to the descriptions given by other spirits.

A very interesting development in connection with spirit-photography is the fact that, at Kingston-on-Thames, Mr. Russell has repeatedly obtained plates

exhibiting what photographers would call unmistakeable signs of double exposure, a feature which is also observable in those pictures which actually contain *the well recognised likeness of spirits*, and therefore indisputably genuine.

No doubt the considerations referred to have influenced many who have recognised the spirit-portraits obtained at Mr. Hudson's studio to withhold their testimony, but Mr. Hudson has been able to favour us with the following—

LIST OF SITTERS WHO RECOGNISE THE SPIRIT-PORTRAITS
TAKEN BY MR. HUDSON.

Count Wimpffen.	Mr. Connor.
Lady H. Newenham.	Mrs. Clarke, Glasgow.
Mr. William Howitt.	Mrs. Jackson, Elm Road, Camden Town.
Mr. Jebb.	Lieut. Salmond, Woolwich.
Mr. Ainger.	Mr. M. Jones, Lombard House, Bexley Heath.
Dr. Dixon, 8, Great Ormond St., <i>W.C.</i>	Mr. Andrews, 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, <i>W.C.</i>
Mr. Russell, Kingston-on-Thames.	Mrs. Richmond.
Mr. Slater, Optician, Euston Road.	Mrs. Fitzgerald, 19, Cambridge Street, Hyde Park Square.
Mr. H. Clifford Smith, 98, Offord Road.	Mrs. Henry Senior, Kelskel, County Devon.
Mr. T. Shorter, 23, Russell Road, <i>N.</i>	Mrs. Brown, Belfast.
Mr. Shearwood, Upper Norwood.	Mrs. Cooper, Sydenham.
Mr. Popham, Gloucester Road, South Kensington.	Mrs. Cutmore, Norwood.
Mr. Raynald, 106, George Street, Portman Square.	Mrs. Gregory, 21, Green Street, Grosvenor Square.
Mr. S. Hocking, Camborne, Cornwall.	Mrs. Tebb, 20, Rochester Road, <i>N.W.</i>
Mr. J. Sutherland, Sloane Street, Chelsea.	Mrs. Burns, 15, Southampton Row, <i>W.C.</i>
Mr. Triall, 14, Holland Cottages, Brixton.	Mrs. Blyton, 74, Navarino Road, Dalston.
Mr. B. Hawkes, 13, New Street, Birmingham.	Mrs. Pearson, 15, Harper Street, <i>W.C.</i>
Mrs. Berry, Margate.	Miss Houghton, 20, Delamere Crescent, Westbourne Park, <i>W.</i>
Miss Kissingbury, Notting Hill.	
Mrs. Simkiss, Wolverhampton.	
Miss Lottie Fowler.	
Mr. W. Arbuthnot, Upton Park, Slough.	

Besides these, there are others (some of high rank and social position) who recognise the spirit-portraits taken with their own by Mr. Hudson, but who have specially desired their names not to be made public.

Indeed, the impatient clamour for recognised spirit-portraits of those ever eager to be the first to ring the loud bell of alarm, when there is nothing save their own indiscretion to be alarmed about, has been so widely and promptly met, that even the editor of the *Spiritualist* now says—"We know that all along Mr. Hudson has obtained a certain proportion of real spirit-pictures;" "and possibly on every day of the week."

This, then, being so, we ask:—What occasion could there be to make spurious photographs when the genuine ones could be so much more easily obtained, and have been so obtained "all along?" Some months ago, when the screaming first began, it was asked in this Magazine—"Who has detected Mr. Hudson in the

act of fraud?" No one has yet stepped forward to say "I." In place of this we have had only apocryphal stories, and doubtful inferences from ill understood facts; in fine, what is called circumstantial evidence. That the strongest circumstantial evidence is often deceptive, even in matters with which we are much better acquainted than spirit-photography, is well known. In a Report on Capital Punishment made to the Legislature of New York in 1841, it is remarked—"No human ingenuity can conceive of cases in which evidence of this nature has seemed to bring home the charge to an individual more strongly, and apparently beyond the slightest possibility of a doubt, than some cases in which the innocence of the individual had afterwards, though too late, been established with equal certainty."

The truth of this remark is shown by the citation of a large number of instances of the most striking kind. It is said that more than 100 persons in England alone have been convicted and suffered the extreme penalty of the law, who have afterwards been *proved* innocent. That should surely be a caution to us, lest we too condemn those who may be innocent. If the consequences of false accusation always fell on the accuser, charges of wrong doing would not be bandied about so freely and on so slight grounds. That circumstantial evidence is particularly inconclusive and even sometimes deceptive with regard to spiritual manifestations, of the laws, forces, and conditions of which we know so little, is well pointed out in the following letter which appeared in the *Spiritualist* of November 1st:—

Sir,—A statement is made on the first page of your paper for October the 15th which seems to me of great value:—

"A boy medium obtained some spirit hands, and a person present squirted some ink over the hands. When the boy was released from the cabinet his hands were covered with ink, and the youth was denounced as an impostor there and then. . . . A gentleman was not satisfied. He tried experiments, and found that colouring matter placed upon the spirit hands afterwards appeared on different parts of the body of the medium."

My object in quoting this is to call attention to the nature of the evidence required, in testing the genuineness of professed spiritual communications. This remarkable statement ought to teach us not to accept even what appears to be the strongest circumstantial evidence as proof, especially where the character of individuals is involved.

I would apply this to the present painful controversy respecting Mr. Hudson and Messrs. Herne and Williams. I am not going to express any opinion as to the truth or falsehood of the charges made against them. Nor do I know what either yourself or Mr. B. W. Pycock might be able to state, if disposed to do so.

But I do wish to say that it appears to me and to others with whom I have conversed, that the evidence which has been published is insufficient to justify the readers of it in returning a verdict of guilty. Also, bearing in mind the above anecdote, and the photographic *possibilities* which Mr. Henderson some time ago made us acquainted with in the pages of *The Medium*, I should protest against *any inferences whatever* which are drawn from an examination of photographs, or which rest upon circumstantial evidence however strong being accepted as



proof of imposition. We ought to be more diffident in relation to subjects of which our actual knowledge is so very small.

I would also venture to remind both yourself and your correspondents that it is entirely contrary to our English sense of justice and fair play, to expect answers from a supposed culprit to questions in reference to his assumed criminality.

Betchworth, Oct. 28th, 1872.

EDWARD T. BENNETT.

The following letter also enforces the same lesson:—

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—The close resemblance to the mediums, borne by the materialised forms—the two Katies to Miss Cook and Mr. Williams, and of Peter to Mr. Herne—is highly suggestive. Thoroughly satisfied of the genuineness of what I have witnessed with these mediums, some ideas occur to me in connection with this. The materialised faces are as like as if they were casts from the mediums; we must assume from the subtle relation between the medium and the spirit that this is absolutely unavoidable. The direct spirit-voices, also, from the resemblance to the mediums have always been a difficulty. As the face is like a cast, it would appear reasonable to assume that a materialised organ of voice is formed a fac-simile of the mediums; this would account for the resemblance in its tones. From these known facts it is clear the mediums themselves are more the victims of what appears a cheat, than other people, and have to take all the responsibility, whether they will or not. It is inconceivable to suppose that any mediums from choice—would present spirit-voices to be heard, and spirit-faces to be seen, so like as to be taken for their own. We can get a lesson from this experience. As purely circumstantial evidence to convict a medium, it is really worth nothing with all its apparently undeniable evidence of fraud. Photographers know all about "exposures," "single," "double," "under" and "over"; but we must confess, learned as we had become of late in such matters, that the "double" part played by the spirits with the mediums, is inexplicable by the wisest of us, including the photographers. Why don't they "expose" the spirits?

G. CHILDS.

We were recently conversing with a gentleman who was much with the Davenports, both in England and on the continent of Europe. Count W—— was present, and the conversation turned on some spirit-photographs lately taken at Kingston-on-Thames, which the Count had seen, and which had on them marks of apparent double exposure though the plates had been only once exposed; but which photographs had been destroyed by a malicious spirit, said to have been a former tenant of the house. Our friend who had been with the Davenports (and who has been quoted as "a great authority" in the matter of spirit-photographs), said he knew that spirits could thus destroy photographs from an instance in his own experience. A photograph of the Davenports had just been taken and placed on the mantel-piece against the wall. While conversing, they noticed a peculiar vibration in the photograph. On examining it they found that, during the few minutes that had elapsed, the collodion had been scratched through, and the portrait in part erased, though there was no visible means by which this could have been done. Yet, though the fact was witnessed by himself, it is probable that scarcely a photographer from John O'Groats to Land's End could be found to credit it;

and should something like this happen to a spirit-photograph in Mr. Hudson's studio, would it not be cited, even by some Spiritualists, as conclusive proof that a pointed instrument had been used to erase evidence of fraud—say to obliterate marks of "double exposure" about which a clamour was being raised.

Mediums are peculiarly susceptible to the influence of those about them, and if instead of that kindly sympathy they might naturally expect from Spiritualists under such trying circumstances as are above referred to, they encounter suspicion and mistrust, and the worst construction is put on facts which are exhibited through their unconscious agency, we not only do them personally great injustice, but may very prejudicially affect their mediumship, and they will naturally be tempted to suppress, as far as they can, all facts in their mediumship, however interesting and valuable, of which a full and satisfactory explanation cannot at once be given.

It is to guard against such results that we have of late recurred so frequently to this subject. Our experience fully bears out some excellent remarks in the last number of the *Spiritualist* to the effect that the best tests and manifestations (in which we include spirit-photographs) are given when the mediums are honoured with that confidence and respect which from the many proofs they have given of their integrity, they in general are entitled to claim.

There are many mysteries in Spiritualism, as in everything else, of which it is true wisdom to say frankly—"I don't know;" for if we profess to know when we do not, a little access of true knowledge may at any time expose our empty pretensions to shame.

In bringing this controversy (as we hope) to a close, a brief *résumé* may be fitly given of the facts and considerations we have from time to time presented in favour of the genuineness of the inculpatated spirit-photographs:—

1.—That those who have personally and practically tested the matter by careful investigation and experiment, who have narrowly watched the whole process from first to last, who have themselves selected the plates used, or have taken and marked their own plates, and even used their own camera, have testified to the entire genuineness of the spirit-photographs taken by Mr. Hudson, or by themselves in his studio. Nor could some of the effects obtained be produced *under the same conditions* by any known process.

2.—That forty sitters whose names are given (besides others)—many of them well-known as intelligent Spiritualists, have severally certified that they recognise in photographs taken by Mr. Hudson the likeness of their departed friends or relatives.

3.—That spirits have emphatically and repeatedly affirmed that these photographs are genuine, and that no fraud has been practised.

4.—That with regard to one of these photographs, the genuineness of which has been most questioned, at a public *séance* a spirit appeared just as seen in this photograph, and said audibly, "I am Willy Herne, brother to the medium: it is I who appeared on the plate!" The spirit at the time being plainly visible, and the identity evident, and the drapery (both seen and felt) being similar. Dr. Dixon, Mr. H. Clifford Smith, Mr. Andrews, Miss Shorter, and the editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* were witnesses.

5.—That it is admitted, as a matter of knowledge, that "all along Mr. Hudson has obtained a certain proportion of real spirit-pictures," "and possibly on every day of the week;" that therefore, there could be no occasion to make spurious ones.

6.—That the spirit-figures in these photographs are so numerous and varied that they could not have been personated without a vast conspiracy, in which so large a number of persons must have been concerned that detection would have been almost inevitable, and that the secret would almost certainly have been betrayed.

7.—That no one even pretends to have detected Mr. Hudson, or any one connected with him in any such fraud as has been alleged; nor have any of these numerous supposed confederates turned evidence against him.

8.—That similar photographs have been obtained by both professional and amateur photographers in England, on the continent of Europe, and in America.

9.—That similar charges were brought against Mr. Mumler, of Boston, U.S., but that when these charges came to be fully examined in a court of law, Mr. Mumler was honourably acquitted.

10.—That the evidence on which these charges are based, are wholly circumstantial, and that such evidence is often uncertain, and even misleading.

11.—That this is specially so in regard to spiritual manifestations in general, and to spirit-photographs in particular, as we have had no previous experience of them, and have no knowledge of the laws and processes by which these photographs are made, other than the spirits have themselves revealed; and that mere inferences deduced from ordinary photography alone can not be accepted as conclusive proofs.

12.—That the marks of apparent double exposure that have been pointed out may be otherwise accounted for, and have been so accounted for by the spirits; but that whether that ex-

planation be deemed satisfactory or not, such appearances are insufficient to justify deliberate charges of imposture against men of good character, and whose *bonâ fides* had been previously vouched for by their accusers.

13.—That such appearances are found on photographs in which recognised portraits of departed friends and relatives appear.

14.—That these marks of apparent double exposure are found on photographs where it is certain there has been only one exposure, and on plates brought and marked by the sitters.

15.—That these appearances are found on other spirit-photographs than those taken by Mr. Hudson, and where they have not been taken for a commercial purpose, but solely for investigation.

16.—That these photographs have only been worked upon by hand as is common with photographers to cover blacks, pin-holes, &c., and not for any fraudulent purpose.

And as corollary :—

17.—That the unfounded aspersions of mediums, especially by prominent Spiritualists, is not only a great wrong done to them personally, but tends to injuriously affect their mediumship, and that of other mediums who may be influenced by such representations, to bring Spiritualism into discredit, and to retard its progress.

18.—That in view of these considerations, public retractation and apology is due to those whose characters have been defamed.*

CHURCH BELLS ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE time draws near the birth of Christ ;
 The moon is hid, the night is still ;
 A single church below the hill
 Is pealing, folded in the mist.
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow.

* * * *

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more ;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

* * * *

Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

TENNYSON.

* Some critical remarks on matters connected with spirit-photographs which could not fitly be introduced into this article, will be found in the notices on our wrapper.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY AND SPIRITUALISM.

ABOUT five years ago the Anthropological Society appointed a Committee to investigate and report on the subject of Spiritualism. Why that Committee so suddenly collapsed has been hitherto a mystery, on which some light is now thrown by the following statement of Mr. Henry G. Atkinson:—

As a late Vice-President of the Anthropological Institute previous to the amalgamation, you will allow me to say that, at my suggestion, and through my influence with the president and founder of the society, the late Dr. Hunt, we *did* appoint a committee for the investigation of the case of the Davenport Brothers. The committee had several sittings, and we arranged our tests, &c., but unfortunately before the evening came on which the brothers were to present themselves, there came out some "slashing" articles against Spiritualism in a leading paper, and Dr. Hunt got quite frightened lest the Institute he had founded, and which was the pride of his life, should be injured. Indeed, he so clearly exhibited fright that I quite pitied him. The other members of the committee, from their undisguised prejudices, were not in a more favourable condition for calm, honest, and earnest investigation; indeed, those who investigate with prejudices are pretty sure to find the prejudices confirmed. The result was that after one exhibition, they voted, in spite of my protest, that nothing had been shown worthy further notice; and that is the plain truth, which I could not well state during the life of Dr. Hunt.

DIRECT SPIRIT-WRITING.

Mrs. Slater, of 19, Leamington Road Villas, Westbourne Park, W., in a letter dated October 22nd, writes:—

"In our dining room, in broad daylight, on Sunday afternoon, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, Miss E. Dickson, Mr. Slater, and myself, a deeply interesting incident occurred. Mr. Slater had a few days previously been strongly impressed to purchase a slate and pencils. Mr. Holmes said, 'Just let us sit round the table and see if we can get direct writing.' We immediately drew close to the table and joined hands, Mr. Holmes and Mr. Slater holding with their *right* hands the slate under the table. Upon the slate were placed tiny morsels of pencils. Scarcely two minutes had elapsed ere we heard writing going on distinctly. On the noise ceasing, we removed the slate, and to our delight found a long and interesting message duly signed by the writer. Mr. Holmes then proposed our again joining hands, and placing the slate with the tiny bits of pencil under it *upon the table*. The slate was lying on the middle of the table, and our hands not nearer to it than about 14 inches. The result was similar, the only difference being that the messages were all varied."

This, so far as we know, is the first recorded instance of this mode of direct spirit-writing in England; though it has been long practised in America, especially through the mediumship of Dr. Henry Slade, of Boston.

SEANCES AT BIRMINGHAM.—FRUIT AND FLOWERS BROUGHT.

A letter appears in a Birmingham journal, and also in the *Medium*, giving a description of *séances* at the house of Mr. Gifford, Market Street, Birmingham, at which fresh grapes, fuchsias, and other flowers were brought into the *séance* room, the doors being closed and all hands joined. Mr. Evans and Mr. Huskinson are spoken of as the mediums.

A HAUNTED HOUSE AT FOREST HILL.

It is reported that mysterious hauntings have occurred at 3, Windsor Cottages, Forest Hill. We cut the following from the *Forest Hill Advertiser*:—"About half-past one in the morning, Mr. and Mrs. Penfound were awakened by what they compare to the shooting of barrows of mortar between the wall and the partition, and a sensation as if the roof was falling in. The shadow of a very tall woman, with long hair hanging down her back, carrying something in her arms, was also seen passing along the room, while outside heavy footsteps were heard in the passage; and five distinct groans, as if of some one crying for help with a hand placed over the mouth, lent additional weirdness to the mystic phenomena. So vivid was the sense of something dangerous and strange, that Mr. Penfound sprang from his bed and struck a light, finding, to his surprise, everything was as it had been. Peculiar noises of the same kind were also heard on succeeding nights, a shooting as of some heavy substance between the walls being again noticed. About midnight yesterday week, mournful cries were heard. Similar cries were heard by Mrs. Penfound last Saturday night, and she, proceeding upstairs, saw the mysterious apparition of the lady as before gradually disappearing behind a sideboard in the room; Mrs. Hilliot, downstairs, hearing at the same time peculiar sounds as it were behind the sideboard in her room. Mr. Hilliot, who has been a sailor, also saw the inscrutable figure twice the same evening; and with a view to discover if it could possibly be the shadow of some one passing, or any outside substance, made a strict investigation into the surroundings of the dwelling, and made various tests to endeavour to elucidate the abnormal phenomena by natural circumstances; only, however, to satisfy himself that the mystery was not thus explainable."

INCIDENT IN THE EARLY LIFE OF CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

The well-known novelist, Captain Marryatt, took part in some stirring scenes in his early life while serving under the personal command of Lord Cochrane. We find the following incident in a published memoir :—

“ One of the fore-topmen, drawing water in the chains, fell overboard ; the alarm was instantly given, and the ship hove to. I ran upon the poop, and seeing that the man could not swim, jumped overboard to save him. The height from which I descended made me go very deep in the water, and when I rose I could perceive one of the man's hands. I swam towards him : but, O God ! what was my horror when I found myself in the midst of his blood. I comprehended in a moment that a shark had taken him, and expected that every instant my own fate would be like his. I wonder I had not sunk with fear : I was nearly paralysed. The ship, which had been going six or seven miles an hour, was at some distance, and I gave myself up for gone. I had scarcely the power of reflection, and was overwhelmed with the sudden, awful, and, as I thought, certain approach of death in its most horrible shape. In a moment I recollected myself ; and I believe the actions of five years crowded into my mind in as many minutes. I prayed most fervently, and vowed amendment, if it should please God to spare me. I was nearly a mile from the ship before I was picked up ; and when the boat came alongside with me, three large sharks were under the stern. These had devoured the poor sailor, and, fortunately for me, had followed the ship for more prey, and thus left me to myself.”

A SPIRIT APPEARS TO HER HUSBAND AND CHILD.

A remarkable circumstance occurred in the experience of the Rev. John Grey, a faithful missionary who sailed from Scotland to Russia in 1818. His son has given some interesting accounts of him in the *Christian Intelligencer*. It seems that upon the death of his wife, he was filled with the deepest sorrow. He could neither eat nor sleep, and often went to her grave to pour out his grief. In writing to his son he relates the event to which I refer as follows :—

“ You will now stare, if not smile incredulously, at what I am about to tell you. You may do as you please either way. I shall relate the fact and leave you to draw your own conclusions.

“ I had just laid down on my bed. I was not asleep nor sleepy. My candle burned by my side—when who should walk

in but your mother! She was dressed in everyday clothing. She walked past me; went to the foot of the bed, and putting both of her hands on top of the footboard, stood and looked me in the eyes for a considerable time. She spoke not. I wished to do so, but was not able. She looked as natural as when in health. I was fully aware it was her apparition, and feeling that I should never see her again, I looked at every part of her body with a last and greedy look. I wished her to stay long; would have spoken, yea leaped into her arms, but could not stir. That look—that long, long look she gave me then, I never can forget. It was all love—the same fond look she had so often cast upon me, making me the happiest of men; yet there was something in that look which said, ‘Why do you thus grieve for me?’ She did not vanish from sight, but let go her hold of the footboard, and walked out as she came in. I was not flurried or troubled in mind at what had taken place more than I am at this moment, but turned my head on my pillow, that I might see her back as she went out at the door, and which I saw distinctly as I had ever seen it.

“In a few minutes your eldest sister, Mary Ann, came springing into my bed room from her own, where you all slept, and leaping into my bed and reaching over me, said, ‘Father, where is mother?’ ‘Why do you ask that, my child?’ I said; ‘you know mother is dead.’ ‘But she has come home again,’ she replied. ‘What makes you say so, dear?’ ‘Because, father, she has just walked out of our bed room.’ ‘You dreamed so, dear.’ ‘No, father, I saw her. She had on her own clothes again, and she went to all our beds and kissed us all; and I know she has come home again. Where is she, father?’ The child wept and would not be persuaded but that her mother was somewhere in the house; and it was no small task to pacify her and get her to rest again. She could talk about nothing in the morning, but that mother had been home and kissed them, and wish she would come again and stay. I asked her what dress mother had on, and it was the same in which I had seen her.

“My vision you might attribute to the disturbed state of my mind; but how can you account for the little child’s? You have the simple facts, and I leave you to account for them as you please.”

His son adds:—“I make no comments on the above. I know all that can be said of optical delusions, though it would be strange if such a delusion would seize both father and child at the same time, and in different rooms. I only maintain that there is nothing unreasonable or unscriptural in believing that it was the spirit of the departed wife and mother.”

MY SAINTS.

Forth from the mighty city,
On a shadowed work I pass,
With the autumn sere around me,
To keep my Hallowmas.

And the fallen leaves are lying,
Where thoughtfully I pace
The streets of that silent city,
Of the quiet sleeping-place.

I wreath my poor dried flowers
Around the tiny cross,
Which stands the happy emblem
Of my earliest earthly loss.

For my boy, so brave and comely,
Whom once I there laid low,
Is a golden-tresséd angel
In the deathless world, I know.

And another tinier infant,
Who scarce drew earthly breath;
One day—nay, a single fleeting hour,
Witnessed its birth and death.

That mystery of being
Still waits beyond the skies,
To greet me, a stranger angel,
In the streets of Paradise.

And I pass on, in God's acre,
To another lowly bed,
Where he who gave me being
Laid down his silvery head.

To another and yet another
Pass thoughtfully along,
Where rests my brother, who, last
year,

Like me was hale and strong.

And I feel how the Mansion is filling,
The solemn Waiting Hall,
Till I almost hear the echoes
Of my own imperious call.

I seem more ready to hear it,
As thus I number o'er
The files of the long procession,
"Not lost, but gone before."

So back to my earthly business
More cheerfully I pass,
Since in the cemetery
I kept my Hallowmas.

MAURICE DAVIES.

Correspondence.

THE CASE OF SPIRITUAL OBSESSION.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—In answer to the request of "E. P.," the writer of the communication under the above heading, page 499 of your number for November, I would state the summing up of my own experience, something like in kind, but less severe in degree.

I regard myself as a temple, if disorderly and discordant spirits are able—by some condition of affinity—to enter this temple, or in common spiritual language, my sphere. I invite them in my turn to listen to the Lord's Prayer. I make my soul mentally resonant with it, so long as I have the perception of their presence. If they prolong their stay, or *rapport*, I make—as a work of brotherly love—each sentence of the prayer a text upon which to preach mentally a homily. If the intruders turn away from it, I am left in peace to my own meditation; they may have taken with them some material for orderly thought and feeling. If they stay and listen, I find reason to rejoice. By prayer, the temple is opened to guardian spirits, whose mission it is, I doubt not, to guide such intruders out of darkness and discordance.

J. D.