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EXPERIENCES OF A LADY.

“Truth can never be confirmed enough, though doubts did ever sleep.”  
*Shakespeare.*

[SOME time ago we were enabled to present our readers with a description, by Mrs. Andrews, of Ithaca, of a variety of experiences whereby, to her intense joy and satisfaction, she was brought into communication with her son Harold, a boy who had been killed by accident in a New York hotel. As Mrs. Andrews' narrative has excited much interest, we have much pleasure in having its continuation placed at our disposal.—ED. S. M.]

Thursday, noon, Feb. 6th, 1873.

Had a *séance* with Dr. Slade. He placed the slate upon the far side of the table, out of the reach of our hands, with a tiny bit of pencil underneath it. The sound of the writing ceased, and we heard the raps upon the slate indicating that the communication was concluded. After reading it—an affectionate letter from my boy, Harold—we continued our sitting, and my skirt was pulled hard many times; my hand, which rested upon my lap under the table, was smoothed and patted, and my eye-glass played with. The hands of the medium were on the table. I asked several questions, and had them answered, affirmatively or negatively, by pulling three times or once upon the guard of my eye-glass. The white hand came up into sight, clasped my right arm several times round the wrist, and played with the eye-glass, throwing it up on the table.

Afternoon *Séance*, Feb. 6th.

A few words were written upon the slate; my dress was pulled, and my eye-glass, which opens, not easily, by pressing a spring, opened and thrust up in the fingers of a spirit-hand, then shut again, and thrown upon the table.

On my asking whether Owassoo (an Indian spirit associated with Dr. Slade) was present, my right hand, resting upon my lap (the medium sitting on my left, with his hands in sight) was grasped so suddenly and firmly by a large hand, which seemed to cover it all over, that I made an exclamation and started. Then both the small and large hand patted mine, the large one also grasping my arm forcibly as a strong man might do, and was then thrust up, showing itself distinctly, big and copper-coloured, in strong contrast with the delicate white fingers which had shown themselves before. I asked Owassoo if he could touch my foot, and immediately I felt my foot grasped firmly and tightly. The touches were so rapid, and the patting, pullings and graspings so strong as to be quite bewildering.

It is not possible to give, by words, an idea of the swiftness with which the spirit-hand moves, and of the life-like naturalness and materiality of its grasp. There is a velvety smoothness in its touch, different from that of the most delicate hand of flesh, while the strength of its clasp is in every respect like that of a person full of health and vigour, whose muscles are as real and firm as those of any embodied spirit.

Friday, noon, Feb. 7th.

The day rainy, and the atmosphere full of fog. The following words were written upon the slate, laid, as always during these sittings, on the top of the table: "Mother, dear,—I will write you a good long letter on paper before you go home. I cannot write more now, it is so damp. I am your loving boy, Harold."

Felt touches both of the large and small hand. The large hand was cold, (as the medium tells me that of Owassoo always is), the smaller one warm. The former grasped mine, afterwards taking hold of my arm and shaking it. Then I felt the skirt of my dress slightly lifted, and my foot touched. Several attempts were made to pull off my slipper, by taking hold of the toe, but the grasp was so tight that it pulled upon my foot without removing the shoe. I said, "Owassoo, if you take it by the heel it will come off,"—after a momentary pause, the hand grasped the heel and pulled the slipper off. I asked, "Let me see it," when it was thrown from under the table, falling upon the floor at my side. Afterwards, as I was speaking to the medium, it was again taken, and several attempts made to replace it upon my foot, which were only partially successful. When it was off, I requested that the spirit-fingers would touch the sole of my foot; which was done several times. Afterwards, my dress being pulled, in a quick, eager way, as if to attract attention, I looked down and found the slippers upon my lap. I asked, "Can

you pull my chair back from the table?" This was at once done, and the table afterwards pushed up towards me. I felt plainly the grasp of a hand upon the back of my chair. The medium became entranced, and Owassoo spoke through him, alluding to what he had done, and giving some directions and promises.

Evening Sitting, between 5 and 6 p.m. (gaslight).

Dr. Slade said he saw two spirits by the rocking chair, which stood on the opposite side of the room from him, and almost four feet from my right hand. It rocked, then stopped, and rocked again. I saw very faint shadows pass and re-pass across the back of it, but no form. I had placed my button-hook on my lap, intending to unbutton my boot and try whether the Spirit-hand could button it. It was taken, and I felt Owassoo's large hand grasping mine under the table. He took the hook and thrust it playfully, many times, against my hand. In a moment afterwards I felt the hand upon my boot; the hook was thrust into the button holes, pulling and twisting in a very violent way. This was persevered in until one or two buttons had been undone, and then the hand grasped the toe of the boot and pulled hard, pinching my foot tightly and shaking it about; then some more buttons were undone, by dragging and twisting with the hook in the holes, and another effort made to pull the boot off, alternately using the hook and pulling till five buttons were undone, when the hook was hung upon my watch-chain. While this operation was going on, the scraping of the hook upon the boot, and the noise made in pulling and dragging it, were plainly heard, and the medium exclaimed, "O do not let him do so, he will tear your boot to pieces!" But I was too much interested to make any objection, and was much surprised afterwards, in examining, to find that the boot, which was of French kid, was not in the least defaced. The Indian hand showed itself twice putting the hook upon the table close to its edge, in front of me, and taking it off again. The third time it was taken, the motion was so rapid that I could not tell how it disappeared; but the first and second times the long dark Indian fingers were shown quite plainly. When Owassoo influenced the medium, at the close of the last *séance*, he promised to kiss my hand, and the promise was recalled to my mind by feeling soft, cool lips pressed upon it, several times in succession. Not being quite willing to trust the sense of touch, I said, "If it is really your lips which touch my hand, give a little bite, that I may be sure." Whereupon I immediately felt teeth nip the back of my hand, and, on lifting it up, I found that the place was red from the pressure, and also so wet that in drawing a finger across it the moisture was

gathered in a little ridge, sufficient to damp the handkerchief with which I wiped it.

Feb. 8th, 7 p.m. (gaslight).

The medium laid a long slate pencil on the table in front of me, saying that if the spirits wanted it they should take it. He spoke of seeing two shadowy forms by the sliding doors, across the room, and of something that glittered as they passed. I felt a soft, small hand laid on mine, which held the slate upon my lap (where I had placed it, thinking it might be written on with the long pencil), and fingers thrust into it some links of a tiny gold chain; one bit I got hold of, the other slipped and fell upon the floor. Each piece was from two to three inches long. After this, fingers of a white hand showed themselves between my waist and the table. At first I only saw the point of one, which glowed and fumed with a strong smell of phosphorus, so that I thought for a moment that it was a lighted match. Gradually the whole hand appeared covered with quivering flame, the phosphorescent smell being unpleasantly strong. I requested the medium to lower the gas partially that I might see this light more clearly. The illuminated hand pulled upon and played with the broad ends of my neck riband, leaving upon it lambent, flickering flames, as if it had been rubbed with phosphorus, though lasting for a shorter time. This hand showed itself over and over again. It was about the size of my own. Once it came up white and flaming, and grasped my arm above the elbow with the firm, though fiery, fingers, shaking my sleeve hard, and then disappearing like a flash of lightning. I stooped my head forward, asking that if it were Harold's hand he would lay it upon my head. Almost instantly I felt a hand laid upon the top of my head, and the medium started, with a little nervous cry, as he does when surprised by some unusual manifestation, saying that flames were playing all over my head. Afterwards, at my request, the hand was lifted from under the table, patting my chin and cheeks, and I kissed it several times. As it approached my lips, the flame appeared to recede, leaving the fingers, and playing about below them, as if around the wrist. The Indian spirit Owassoo, influencing the medium, said that they had found the bit of chain out in the streets and broken it that I might keep one piece and give one to E., that he had helped Harold to bring it, and that Harold's hand had placed it in mine.

February 10th, 1 p.m.

Dr. Slade placed a half sheet of letter paper and a small bit of lead, broken from a pencil, between two slates, which he laid on the top of the table. I had both slates and paper in my

hands, and saw that there was nothing upon them. As soon as this was done, I heard the sound of the pencil upon the paper, and occasionally a slight rattling of the latter as if it was slightly moved. In a very few moments the taps upon the slate announced that the letter was finished. Lifting them to look at the paper, we found considerable difficulty in separating them, one clinging to the other like the armature to a powerful magnet. The page which had been blank paper was covered with writing and signed with Harold's name.

Feb. 10th, 6 p.m. (gaslight).

The rocking chair which we saw rocked at a former sitting stood this evening nine feet from the medium, and near it, in the corner of the room, on its far side, a small table, on which were some papers and a little hand-bell. Dr. Slade said he saw Owassoo by the chair, and afterwards exclaimed, "There is the form of a boy standing by the table; he is lifting the bell!" As he spoke the bell was lifted and rung. It was gently replaced, again lifted, rung sharply, and again replaced. I said, "If it is Harold who holds the bell, please lift it three times." This was directly done, the bell rising about a foot and then descending rapidly, three times in succession. Several questions were answered by lifting it once or thrice. It was rung vigorously as it hung suspended in the air. Once, while it was up, I counted 25, but not having begun as soon as it rose, I asked, "Will the spirit hold it up again, still, that I may see how long it remains before descending?" This request was complied with, and I counted 36, not counting very rapidly, before it came down and rested as before. I asked if Harold himself wrote the letter upon paper, when it was taken up and replaced three times very quickly, and then rung long and loudly, a real joy-bell, as I believe, to the spirit as to me. This was the first time that this manifestation had occurred through Dr. Slade's mediumship, when the bell was so far off from him and the sitter, and he was much pleased and excited about it. It was a beautiful and wonderful thing to see, but the feeling produced in witnessing such manifestations of spirit presence and power over matter cannot be conveyed by words so as to be comprehended by those who have not seen phenomena of this kind.

Feb. 11th, Evening Sitting (gaslight).

A large hand grasped and patted mine. It came up several times, once or twice with the fiery glow upon the fingers, and the strong smell of phosphorus. It showed itself distinctly; was dark in colour like that of an Indian, and felt as if it had strength to crush mine if it would. It was so immense that I said to the

medium, "I do not believe that Owassoo's hand is really as large as that; Indians usually have very small hands." And he said, in reply, that Dr. Gray had expressed his belief that the Spirit had power to expand his hand, so as to make it appear very large. I asked, "Will Owassoo show me his hand the true size?" when it almost instantly came up again, a smaller hand than the medium's, and grasped the edge of the table, remaining still long enough for me to examine it carefully. Then alternately, it and a small white hand, took hold of and caressed mine. This small hand was illuminated when it first came, the finger ends gleaming brightly, and when it was laid upon mine, it was not only warm, but hot, like that of one in a burning fever. At my request the Indian hand was laid in mine, so that I clasped it firmly, but it was soon withdrawn, seeming to slip away without an effort.

A large copper-coloured hand, natural looking, and without the phosphorescent light, grasped my arm strongly above the elbow. The arm was very shadowy, but the hand distinct. Dr. Slade said he saw a boy's form standing by my side, the whole face dancing with glee, and the influence such as to thrill him all through with its joyousness. In an instant, as he spoke of this, hands patted me all about, not gently, but very strongly and with vigour, first on one side and then on the other, on my back, arms, and about my waist, flying from one point to another with the rapidity of lightning. The medium exclaimed, "I see a hand coming towards you from behind!" and in a moment a hand was laid two or three times upon my head, and then patted it playfully. I can give no idea of the swiftness and the vigour of the touches and claspings of spirit-fingers. Once my hand, which rested on my lap, was grasped so strongly that, one of my fingers being bent under the palm, I cried out with the pain, which was just what would have been caused by the grasp of a strong man, with my fingers placed as they were. After this strong grasp, I felt a tender, caressing touch, and something was put in my palm, which I found to be a silver thimble. After some moments something else was placed in my hand, which proved to be a bit of blue glass, cut like a precious stone. Owassoo influenced the medium, and said he had helped Harold to bring the thimble, which they had found out of doors, and also the "pretty blue stone," which they picked up "out yonder," where men were cleaning the streets. He said that Harold had been delighted to bring me these things, and that he (Owassoo) would "put an influence on the thimble," and, taking it between his palms, he uttered what seemed like a prayer, or incantation, in Indian, of which language the medium himself is ignorant. When he is influenced by either of his spirit-controls he is

entranced, and unconscious of what is spoken through him. Of this there is the strongest evidence, apart from faith, felt by those who know Dr. Slade; but of these proofs I cannot now speak. They are various, and to me convincing.

February 12th, 10 a.m.

Had a short sitting with Dr. Slade. Loud, strong raps were made on the table, and, at my request, upon the legs of my chair, which was also dragged suddenly back a distance from the table. The table was twisted around, and pushed with much violence towards me; and a chair, several feet distant from us, and far out of reach, jumped away and then leaped back again, striking itself against the table with great force.

The medium went into trance, and being influenced by one of his controlling spirits, talked with me, and promised to do all that was possible for me, during my stay, in the way of physical manifestations.

February 12th, 11 a.m.

Sat with Mrs. Kane (Margaretta Fox) at the house of a friend. Raps, of great variety in tone and power, came about the table and floor. The medium's left hand was influenced to write, the writing being reversed. I was told to write on a paper a number of names, including those I hoped to communicate with. The medium was a stranger to me; we had never met before. On pointing to the names written, loud raps responded to those of H. and E.; and afterwards through her hand was written, "Talk to us; we are present in form." She cannot herself read what her hand writes until the paper is held up to the light so that the letters show through upon the wrong side in their proper position. Several questions were asked and answered. I was desired to place a sheet of paper and pencil upon the floor under the table. No one was present but the lady of the house, the medium, and myself, and we sat at a small table with our hands upon it. After the paper had been placed as desired, I expressed a wish that Harold could bring me something to take to his brother.

After sitting in silence for some time, we heard the paper rattled as if handled and moved about, and twice it seemed to be lifted up to the under side of the table, where we heard the crackling and also scratching upon the wood. When about twenty minutes or half an hour had elapsed, the alphabet was called, and the word "Look" spelled out. We looked and upon the sheet of paper were arranged tastefully, and with care, a tea-rose, a white carnation, three violets, and some geranium leaves. Through the medium's hand was written the assurance that these flowers had been gathered and brought from a distance

by Harold after I had expressed the wish for something to take from him to his brother, and that I should find the petals still wet. There was a light rain falling, and we found the flowers damp, while the stems were dry, showing that they had not been in water. They had every appearance of being freshly gathered, and were not in the room when the *séance* began. Our hands never left the top of the table, and the flowers were not thrown upon the paper, but arranged with evident care. The remainder of the sitting consisted of communications in writing, or by raps. After I stood up to go there were raps upon the floor in various places.

February 12th, 7 p.m.

Sat for materialisation with Dr. Slade, but felt exhausted, and not in a fit condition to get what I wanted. An indistinct face showed itself; evidently the face of a boy about the age of Harold, and the general form of the head resembling him. But the features were very indistinct and wavering, as they always are when the materialisation is imperfect. My question, "Is it Harold?" was answered by raps and smiles, and the lips whispered distinctly the word, "Mother." It disappeared, and was shown again several times, but always indistinctly. Afterwards a hand touched mine, and clasped my arm near the shoulder. Some one was playing the piano in the next room, and fingers beat the time on the table, and also upon a slate which was lying by me. Dr. Davis influenced the medium, and said that Harold's extreme impatience and eagerness to come to me defeated their efforts to show his face as in earth-life.

February 13th.

Sat about 2 p.m. The slate was written upon as follows:—  
 "Mother dear,—I did the best I could last night, and it did please me to do so well. Mother, I will try and show you my form to-night. Please do not feel too anxious. I am ever with you, dear Mother.—H." After a pause, the slate was tipped, and when we laid it down for writing the following words were written:—  
 "I have got your handkerchief." It had been lying upon my lap, and on looking I found it tied up tightly. Afterwards there were showers of rapid raps, which generally indicate merriment, and are as expressive of fun and excitement as raps can be. We looked about to see what had been done, but I missed nothing from my pocket, and saw no evidence of anything having been taken. But, as I was wondering what it could mean, I found that my handkerchief was gone. The medium's hands had been holding mine until I rose to search for the handkerchief, when we both looked vainly for it, and resumed the sitting without finding it. The chair on the opposite side of the room jumped

violently up and away, and then back again, striking the table very forcibly. The medium exclaimed, "There he is, the other side of you!" And I felt twice a hand patting my lap, on the side indicated, and looked, thinking to find the handkerchief there, but there was nothing visible. The whole room was shaken as by a slight earthquake, producing with me a very unpleasant physical sensation. The shaking was instantly stopped, and as instantly renewed, many times in succession at my request.

The medium spoke of seeing a boy's form in the rocking chair, and called my attention to the shadow cast upon the back of it. I was not sure that I saw it, because I had not previously noticed how much, or how little, in shadow the chair was; but upon watching it, I found that when the medium asked the spirit to move from it, the back of it became light, and whenever it returned it was again darkened. He said that the form was so ethereal that he could see through it. I saw no form, but only the shadow. I saw also, distinctly, a shadow pass several times across the wall of the room, behind the rocking chair. The room is at the back of the house, and up stairs, and nothing can pass the windows to cast a shadow, even if the going and coming of the shadow had not coincided with that of the form seen by the medium.

There were raps upon the floor, and Dr. Davis spoke through the medium relative to the manifestation.

Feb. 13th, 7 o'clock (gaslight).

The gas was burning brightly over the table at which we sat. The bell, which stood on a corner of the mantelpiece, was slowly lifted, and after wavering a moment in the air, was wafted gently down and placed upon a little table standing in the corner of the room. The medium sat facing the mantel, two thirds the length of the room away from it. This table stood about three feet from the corner of the mantel. After the bell had been placed upon it, the medium said he saw the form of a boy standing by it, and then a hand taking up the bell. It was lifted from two to three feet, floating, sometimes higher sometimes lower. The medium spoke, saying, "Please ring it, spirit." It was rung loudly, and after having been wafted some distance towards us, was carried back and replaced upon the table. I asked if the spirit could bring it to me. It rose high in the air and came about half way, when something seemed suddenly to break the influence, and it fell upon the floor.

After this all was quiet for a few moments, when raps came, and I saw descending rapidly, not as if falling, but quite slowly, the handkerchief I had lost at the former sitting. It was so

tightly knotted, that it felt as hard as a twisted rope. The medium became suddenly entranced, and Owassoo, speaking through him, said that there was something "printed" in the middle of the handkerchief, and I was not to undo it until after my return to Ithaca.

When the medium came to himself he asked what had been said, and on my telling him urged me to untie the knot, as he was sure Owassoo would not care, but I declined to do so, and put the knotted handkerchief into my pocket.

At my request the medium lowered the gas, as I desired to see, if possible, a spirit form or face. For awhile all was silent, and nothing visible; then I saw something like pillars of attenuated vapour, giving out a faint light, pass and re-pass. The medium said he could distinctly see Owassoo's form, and that of a boy, but to me, having no mediumistic vision, there was no distinct outline to the appearances. These forms passed and re-passed several times, and then the smaller one came floating upwards, and towards us, until it rested upon the middle of the table, where the medium's hands were laid upon mine. I could see something ball-shaped, as if it might be a head about four feet above the table, but beneath it only a column of misty light. But this seemingly impalpable form began dancing and stamping as with heavily shod feet, so that the whole table shook and vibrated, and we found afterwards that the noise had been loudly heard in the farthest part of the house. This was kept up for some time, and it seemed as if the stamping feet must crush our hands if they should step upon them, while nothing was to be seen but the faintly luminous column, gently rising and falling like an intangible cloud. As the shadowy form approached my face, I felt a sense of physical oppression, such as is sometimes experienced during a violent thunderstorm. There seemed to come a wind from the motion made which felt very cool. The medium was much agitated, as he always is when the manifestations are unusual or violent, and held my hands in an almost convulsive clasp. After some minutes the form floated down and came towards my right side, the side furthest from the medium. It was very faintly visible, but I felt distinctly drapery sweeping over me, and heard it rustle against the silk of my dress. This was not momentary, it was drawn backwards and forwards over my arm, back, and breast many times, the medium asking nervously what that noise was. A hand came and patted me all over the shoulders and back, with a lightning swiftness impossible to any hand of flesh. All about me I heard the rustle of drapery, and also at times a slight crackling sound, and also a sensation of coolness and tingling, like that produced by an electric current too faint to shock. Then, something was laid

over my head, feeling like a very thin lawn. It fell quite over my face, and touched my forehead and cheeks, just as a softly-falling veil would if so placed. This veil felt very cool, like linen which had just been brought from a cold damp atmosphere. Again the rustling drapery was drawn backwards and forwards across me, the medium exclaiming that I was enveloped in light. My head was patted all over, and a soft caressing hand smoothed gently the hair upon my forehead, first on one side and then on the other, the velvety fingers passing over my brow. Then, as in play, my head was lightly tapped; I felt fingers handling the braids, and several hair pins were drawn out and thrown down on the table. They struck our hands as they fell, and the medium cried out that "something like wires" was falling upon his hand. My whole face, cheeks, and chin were smoothed and patted, so that the slapping sound made might have been heard all over the room. The spirit-fingers played with my earring, seeming to try to pull it out. I felt as if completely surrounded and enveloped by something like materialised LIFE. I cannot express it. Sound—motion—touch, light fanning winds, a fresh vital atmosphere of living magnetism, all about and through me. The air, which blew at times in our faces, was cool, like a breeze which blows over water.

After the spirit left my side vague lights and shadows flitted across the wall opposite me, and suddenly the table at which we sat was pounded with tremendous violence, as by the fist of a powerful man. This lasted a considerable time, and I could see a faint trail of light, reaching upwards from the centre of the table towards the side farthest from me, which the medium said he saw distinctly to be Owassoo's arm and hand. It rose and fell with a soft motion, like a waving mist, which it seemed difficult to connect with the almost terrific blows inflicted by it. The vibration of the air caused by the motion was sensibly felt, as well as that of the wood of the table on which our hands rested. As this powerful manifestation ceased I spoke to the spirit, saying, "Owassoo, if that was your hand, please place it on my head;" and in a moment a very large hand grasped the top of my head, as mine might that of an infant, and shook it from side to side until I cried to him to stop. The medium was much agitated, and declaring he could not stand that sort of thing any more, turned the gas fully up.

As we sat under the bright light of the chandelier, speaking together of what had occurred, I heard a slight noise in the north-east corner of the room, and looking to see what caused it, saw a large book being drawn gently from between others upon the shelves of a desk. The medium said, "Bring it here, Owassoo." The book came through the air towards us, and would

doubtless have reached its destination safely, but that the medium, being worn out, and extremely nervous, jumped up with a little cry, when it fell upon the floor before reaching us. Owassoo again came, suddenly entrancing the medium, and, speaking through him, said that Dr. Davis told him to bring "the house we live in," and showed him which it was, and if his medium had not "up-jumped and squealed," he could have brought it all the way. He then went on to warn me not to open the handkerchief until I got back home, and, as he was speaking, he started, pointing across the room, and exclaiming, "See, see!" began what seemed a violent objurgation in the Indian tongue. He was apparently under great excitement, and very angry, and scolded for some time in his native language. While he was speaking, I felt a hand laid upon my pocket, on the side farthest from the medium, and entirely out of reach. "What is the matter?" I asked, "Who is it?" "Why," he exclaimed, "it was Obagia," (another Indian control, who when he comes never speaks in English), "and he was trying to get that handkerchief out of your pocket, to give it to my medium; but he's gone now, I sent him off!" and relapsing again into Indian, spoke vehemently some words which did not sound like a blessing. After this, saying that his medium was too much exhausted for him to use him any more to-night, he left.

About an hour after the sitting Dr. Slade had very distressing spasms, such as he suffers from at times, after a number of *séances* when the manifestations have been powerful.

February 14th, 7 p.m.

The medium said he would lower the gas, or not, as I preferred. I had it lowered, hoping to see a spirit face or form. My dress was twitched, and questions, some of them unspoken, answered by one or three pulls, indicating "no," or "yes."

The Doctor held my hands upon the table, as he always does. I saw a large hand, and shadowy arm rise up from beneath the far side of the table. Just afterwards the latter began to rise from the floor and turn downwards towards me, so as to rest (though evidently not with its whole weight) upon my lap. As it seemed coming directly against my face, I called out to the medium to push it back. He rose partially from his chair, and pressing against it, tried to force it down, calling out, "Owassoo, *don't* do that." It seemed to require all the force he could use, pressing upon it with his open palms, and I know that I pressed as hard as I could against it, to get it down, and it was hardly in place before it rose again. It felt exactly as if a strong person were under the side of it opposite to me lifting it up and turning it over at the same time. Dr. Slade became agitated, and jumping

up, with his hands pressing against the top of the table, exclaimed, "I can't stand this, and I *won't*," and as soon as it was replaced he turned up the gas, so as to make a brilliant light over our heads. Immediately afterwards my chair was dragged violently backwards. I pulled it into place again, and again it was dragged away, and sideways, so that the back of it struck the table at which I sat. The medium said, "Suppose you leave it so, perhaps they want it away." But after sitting still a minute, I drew it into more comfortable nearness to my hands, which he held upon the table. It was then pulled so suddenly and forcibly backwards that I was forced to jump up to prevent falling, and the chair fell heavily back upon the floor. Dr. Slade picked it up and I resealed myself, but not so closely as before, although near enough to allow of my hands resting upon the table, which almost directly began to rise again. I urged the medium to be quiet, and remembering that the spirits had promised to show me, in every way they could, their power over matter, I determined to let them act without interference. Gradually, the heavy walnut table rose, and slowly turning itself upside down, floated up over our heads until the legs nearly touched the high ceiling of the room. The motion was quiet and easy, and the solid wood hung like a bubble in the air. The medium became agitated, and jumping up cried, "O my! O my!" As he stood with his arms thrown up, the tips of his fingers just touched the reversed top of the table after it began its descent.

Seeing the medium losing his self-control, I remembered that the bell and book had fallen from sudden loss of power, and I did not want the heavy table to fall upon my head, so I stepped from under and watched it as it came down, which it did slowly, carefully avoiding contact with the glass shades of the chandelier, and turning over, was replaced, with a very slight jar, upon the spot whence it had been lifted.

After this, we sat quietly talking; when I saw the large rocking chair, across the room, begin to rock. The medium, who was speaking to me, did not notice it until I called his attention to it. He then exclaimed that he saw Harold standing on the far side of it, with one hand on the arm and the other on the back. I could only see the motion of the chair. I said, "Rock it harder, please," when it immediately rocked violently. He then said, "Lift it, if you can." It was a heavy rocker with arms. Immediately the chair rose from the floor, until its seat was above the level of the table, and remained awhile, suspended in the air. I asked, "Can you bring it round to me?" At once the chair was pulled forwards several times by jerks, and brought part of the way, when, in attempting to get round the

corner of the table, it struck it with great force, and fell upon the floor. Owassoo took possession of the medium, and laughed heartily at our both being afraid of the table. He was also amused that Dr. Slade had made the room light thinking to stop the violence of the manifestations. "I didn't mind the light one bit," he said; "I could lift it just as well in the light as in the dark." I asked if he could help Harold to come and touch, or whisper to me. He replied, "Why, he is there now, close by your side, stroking your face,—can't you feel him?" But the spirit-hand was not so materialised as to be perceptible to my sense of touch. On repeating my request that he would whisper to me, Owassoo turned around as if addressing some one behind him, and speaking in Indian, seemed to be urging some request, or arguing about something. I asked, "Who are you talking to, and what were you saying?" He replied, "To Obagia. I was asking him if he could help Harold to speak so you could hear, and he said he would try." The medium came out from trance, and after a few moments, said he saw Harold at my right side—that farthest from himself. I heard a whisper, but could not distinguish the words. Sometimes he spoke close on one side sometimes on the other, and again, as if standing behind me, but I could only make out the words, "Good-bye." The medium said he heard "Aunty" plainly. I was certain as to the voice, and I heard it twice while the medium was speaking, so that I had to ask him to be silent that I might listen. At intervals I felt touches and fingers tapping upon the back of my chair, sometimes on the wood and sometimes on the upholstered part; and many questions were answered by one or three raps in this way. They were also, at my request, on the legs of the chair.

February 15th, 10 a.m.

I asked Dr. Slade to sit with me a few moments, so that Harold might write upon the slate the whispered words I had failed to hear the evening before. The slate was laid upon the table, and immediately we heard the bit of pencil at work, and the following words were written:—

"My darling Mother,—I was so pleased to come last night. What I said was, 'Love to aunty, father, and brother.—Good-bye!' I shall be by you EVER.—H."

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LITERARY NOTICES.—A Trance-Discourse, by J. J. MORSE—*Where are the Dead?* has been translated into the Welsh language. We believe this is the first pamphlet on Spiritualism translated into the Welsh tongue.—*Fraser's Magazine*, for September, contains an article on "Prayer, Miracle, and Natural Law," also the story of the "Woodhouselee Ghost."—The *New Quarterly Review*, for October, contains an article entitled, "A Spiritualistic Séance."

## EXPERIMENTS IN PHOTOGRAPHY CONTROLLED BY INVISIBLE BEINGS.

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I HAVE to describe some experiments involving principles so complicated and new in their character that I am puzzled to see my way through what I am so anxious to do clearly, in order that there can be no mistake as to the true nature of the manifestations. I must therefore preface my description with the statement of a few facts.

Light in all its conditions is invisible, and, whether simple or compound, it possesses the power of rendering objects, but not itself, visible. If, for instance, what are called the invisible or ultra rays of the spectrum are made to fall upon certain substances, and by their impact have the period of their wave motion either heightened or lowered, they will render such subjects the objects of vision. In every case of vision it is some thing or substance that is visible, and not the light alone which is so.

Farther: if vision depends upon the receiving textures of the mind being attuned to, or in harmony with, movements of a given exaltation, it is then plain that in some cases individuals will see some substances to be luminous which to others may be completely invisible. In the usual way of experimenting upon the nature of light we generally shut out all light but that which we are working upon, and by the use of a most beautiful and complicated set of instruments we gain all the knowledge possible of its nature. That knowledge has taught us that invisibility and intangibility under ordinary circumstances are no proof of non-existence. Still farther: that knowledge has taught us that if luminous masses are visible only to one or more in a company, and at the same time the said luminosity produces chemical action and *heat*, it is not the ultra rays condensed that alone produce such effect, but it all depends upon substance, or substances, being so formed, condensed, or otherwise placed to receive the impact of certain rays in order to produce a given result.

The above remarks will prepare the reader's mind for my description.

I have for about six weeks, along with the same gentleman and under the same conditions, been conducting another series of the same kind of experiments as were described in *The British Journal of Photography* last year. This time we have had results which, by bearing repetition, confirm all I then wrote about the question; and we find that not only chemical action is evolved but likewise heat. This time, as before, the failures far exceeded the successes; but, to take up as little of your space as possible,

I will only make you acquainted with the most interesting of the results.

The first experiment was, as you see, on one plate, taking three exposures. There were two what are called "mediums" present. One of them sat with his back to the camera facing the background; the other opposite to him, looking towards the camera. In every case, as soon as I got the plate sensitised and put in the camera, I took my seat by the mediums, leaving Dr. Thompson to uncapp the lens when required to do so. The medium next the background became entranced, and then by his influence he caused the other to pass into some strange spiritual condition. That condition, as will be seen, had a most marvellous influence over his power of vision. The exposures were about two minutes. As soon as the lens was uncapped he used these words:—"I see a pale light all over; I can hardly see through it." In the second, he said:—"Now I see a luminous figure leaning to one side." In the third:—"I again see the figure." On development I found the first fogged; the second two contained white luminous figures, as minutely stated.

Another week after, but the fourth manifestation, before the lens was uncapped and during the exposure, he described "a light like purple crystal rising from the centre of the table—so very bright! It rises higher and expands at the top." In the fifth, he saw "the same light with a pear-shaped top." In the sixth he said, "It now is trying to form a crown, throwing out spear-shaped points—and so bright! I can hardly look." On development I was astonished to find it so, exactly as stated.

In a week after, and on the seventh manifestation, he described "a light behind him coming from the floor." In the eighth, he said:—"It rose up and over another person's arms, coming from his own boot." In the ninth, he said:—"There is the same light, but now another column comes up through the table, and it is *hot* to my hands." Then he, as if lightning had been shot into his eyes, exclaimed with great impulse:—"What a bright light up there! Can you not see it?"—pointing to it with his hand. You will see by the enclosed what came on the plate when developed—how exactly it answers to the description.

On our next evening we had most strange experiences; but, as I record here nothing but photographic facts, that they may be embalmed in your columns for future resurrection, I leave all out which would be considered offensive in strictly scientific pages.

After many failures I had prepared the last plate for the evening, and it was then 7.45. As soon as all was ready, one medium said he saw on the background a black figure, old, and putting out his hand; the other medium saw a light figure—

each stating their exact position. On developing this plate there came out but rather faint, the figures as described. I could not get them to print; I therefore made a transparency, and from it a negative, in order to get printing power. You will see how strange the result is. The black figure evidently belongs to the sixteenth century, is in mail, with long hair. The light figure is indefinite; in fact the result is a negative picture to look at.

The next and last, although most singular, can be described shortly. On one exposure (the eleventh) a star or jet of light is seen; in the next it enlarges; in the next it is described as a large sun, a little transparent, and on a hand being held in it, it was found hot like the steam from a kettle. The fourth of this set was described as a beautiful sun, transparent in the centre, and a head similar to the one on a shilling being in it. On the development the descriptions were found to be perfectly correct.

I enclose you illustrations\* of the above experiments; you can see for yourself how curious they are.

Allow me a little more space to say in so many words that the experiments above described refused to be placed in any category of known phenomena. It is suggested by Dr. Thompson to get some of the bisulphate of quinine and try if the luminosity can be made visible to all.

But I cannot ask you for more space now, as I will have shortly to request you to grant me room to explain other experiments, and to say something on their philosophy. I see no escape from the spiritual theory.—JOHN BEATTIE. — *British Journal of Photography, August 22nd.*

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## AN ULTRAMONTANE VIEW OF SPIRITUALISM SIXTEEN YEARS AGO.

### V.

[IN this—the last of the remarkable series of articles from the *Civiltà Cattolica*—the careful reader can hardly fail to be struck with the contrast between the clear cogent argument by which the writer establishes the supernatural character of the phenomena of Spiritualism against the philosophers who attribute them to purely natural causes, with the singular lack of evidence to sustain the accusations so freely brought against Spiritualism as evil and diabolical. Here the clear vision and close logical faculty signally fails him, and their place is poorly

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\* The singular specimens accompanying this article are in our office, and may be seen by any person on application.—[Eps. B. J. P.]

supplied by wild declamation, loose invective, and appeals to sectarian fears and prejudices, which he seeks to array against all investigation of the subject.

When we remember that the world of spirits is only the world of departed humanity, and must bear the same characteristics; and further bear in mind that spirits on both sides the veil are of every grade of ignorance and knowledge, of worth and unworth—ignorant, foolish, frivolous, profane; learned, wise, grave, and pious;—we shall not be surprised to find manifestations of extravagance, levity, and even buffoonery, on the one hand, any more than with those of art, science, philosophy, and religion, which we find also on the other hand. This is just what on the theory of Spiritualism we expect to find; and it would be indeed strange were the fact otherwise. Even in the history, ceremonies, and practices of the Church itself extravagance, levity and buffoonery are not altogether absent; and, if these qualities occasionally show themselves from the spiritual side, there is no need to call in the agency of a separate order of fallen, reprobate spirits to account for them.

We have before remarked that the doctrines taught by spirits are as varied as on earth; though we never heard of any attempt to establish uniformity of opinion in the spirit-world by thumb-screws and *auto-da-fés*. We have known good, pious Catholics practise Spiritualism, and some able men and women who have become Catholics through Spiritualism, though this is by no means commonly the case. It is, however, instructive to find that while Romanists contend that Spiritualism is of the devil because of its origin and support in Protestant countries, and its alleged Protestant heresies, Protestants on the other hand denounce it as diabolical because leading to Popery. The fact apparently being that Spiritualism favours what is true in each while it rejects the errors of both. We should, however, hardly expect to find that those who believe in and practise the invocation of saints objecting to our holding converse with our departed friends, on the ground that "supreme worship is due to God alone."

To the simple reader it must seem strange that spiritual manifestations should be so vehemently assailed in an ultramontane journal when the same "necromantic phenomena" are scattered with such profusion in the lives of the saints, and in ecclesiastical history. St. Bernard was the Dr. Newton of his day. St. Hildegarde was in her time more famous as a clairvoyante than is now the "Poughkeepsie seer;" and a catalogue of saints, from St. Catherine to St. Cupertin, might be cited who, like Mr. Home, were the subjects of levitation. St. Ignatius (the founder of the Jesuits) illustrated in his own person

almost every phase of the necromantic phenomena;—levitation, trance, vision, revelation, prophecy, clairvoyance, exorcism, healing; and after his death he frequently appeared and gave communications, and exercised healing powers.\* Why should that be considered as evidence of sanctity within the Church, which when outside the sacred pale is denounced as “contrary to the order of Providence,” and “a most grave crime?” Is not this an illustration of what we are told in *Hudibras*, that—

Some men may do the same thing by  
The Spirit in sincerity,  
Which other men, when tempted, do,  
And at the Devil's instance, too.

It might reasonably have been expected that a writer who has shown so conclusively that the “necromantic phenomena” of modern Spiritualism entirely overthrows those materialistic theories which have so largely invaded the science and philosophy of our time, would have welcomed Spiritualism as a most potent ally in the service of religion; as one which—in the conversion of sceptics and atheists to the belief in a future life, which is regarded as fundamental alike by Protestant and Catholic—has already accomplished a work to which the Church has been found utterly unequal, inasmuch that “in Europe and everywhere else it has no more warm and firm partisans than among those people who have” (or, rather, had) “no religion at all.”

In a former article the writer tells us that “Atheists and libertines, who for years had lived in the contempt of religion and of every virtue, on seeing the world of spirits thrown open before them with such new and speaking wonders, and the existence of that future life demonstrated, which they had been all along denying, immediately changed their belief and their manners;” and it will be also remembered that, in speaking of the Bavarian Psychography, he says that the peculiar and special feature which it took from its very beginning, and has always maintained ever since, is that it “is not only religious, but it appears to be exquisitely Catholic and all fervour of piety.” The spirits, he goes on to say, “never speak of anything except of matters of religion and things sacred. The sentiments which they express seem to spring forth from the pure fount of Catholic faith and morality;” And, “as regards the authority of the Church, venerate it deeply as infallible in matters of the faith.” And, further, we are told in the same article, that, “besides this, in these its first fervours Psychography succeeded in making several conversions. Catholics,

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\* See *Mariani's Life of Loyala*. 2 vols. RICHARDSON & SON. A brief sketch of the life and spiritual gifts of this saint will be found in the first series of the *Spiritual Magazine*, Vol. IV., p. 289.

who for 10, 20, or 30 years had neglected every religious duty, after being roused by these prodigies or touched by the discourses of these spirits, began to think earnestly of their souls, and with a general confession commenced a new life." But all this we are assured only "emboldened the spirits and confirmed their authority, while it misled and dazzled the eyes of some persons, otherwise sincere Catholics, who honestly believed that God had raised them up to regenerate a corrupt world." And so, instead of acknowledging these great services with becoming gratitude, the agency which Divine Providence has thus signally blessed is denounced as "abominable," "impious," "immoral," "blasphemous," and other terms sanctioned by ecclesiastical usage as the theological equivalent for profane swearing.

Well, gentlemen of the *Civiltà Cattolica* and of the Jesuit College, Stonyhurst, we understand you. "The practical consequence" you wish your readers "to draw from all this" is, indeed, obvious. The cloven-foot of priestcraft is plainly discernible under the white robe of sanctity. You would have the priesthood retain the keys of the invisible world in their exclusive keeping, so that none should be released from the pains of purgatory but by their prayers, given for a consideration; and make Heaven a close, rotten, pocket-borough of the Church. You dread Spiritualism as a Reform Bill, invading the monopoly of priestly power and privilege. Whatever else the faithful may be allowed to do, one thing they must be sternly forbidden—they must not inquire for themselves: especially must they be forbidden to inquire into Spiritualism. To prevent that unpardonable sin they must be threatened with "the dreadful fruits" it has produced—"suicide, madness, domestic discord, crimes and disasters of every kind;" and the devil, even, must be evoked to scare them from investigation. Let every good Catholic, like a dutiful child, remain in the bosom of the Church—his mother—and be content with the teachings of the Catechism he learned from her. Let him, above all things, beware of "the wild license of private judgment;" and never dream of going out of priestly leading-strings, lest he stray into some forbidden path of heresy—perhaps, even into the outer darkness of Spiritualism.

The experience of the last 16 years it must be admitted is not very encouraging to this sort of thing. That "Modern Necromancy" should have made great progress all this time in America and in England was to be expected, as they are Protestant countries, clean gone over to the devil; but it must be discouraging to find, that, "notwithstanding many zealous and learned bishops have raised their authoritative voices" in con-

demnation and prohibition, "even from the very first year when these practices became the fashion;" and, notwithstanding "that delicate instinct of virtue and superhuman wisdom, by means of which the most simple and uneducated of the faithful are often superior to the wisest men of the world," the dreadful light of Spiritualism is penetrating even the sacred darkness of Papal Europe, so that there is now in Catholic France and Catholic Spain more journals of Spiritualism than in all the rest of the world put together. As that abominable, impious old man—Galileo—blasphemously said, three centuries ago, "The world still moves."—ED. *S.M.*]

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"It seems clear from what we have already said, that among all the hypotheses and theories brought forward to explain naturally the phenomena included under the name of American Spiritualism, there is not one which is sufficient for the object, that is to say, which explains them all; since if one of them happens to account for some of the phenomena, it always leaves not a few others altogether unexplained and inexplicable. Certainly we must make a great allowance in the facts which are related for imposture, lies, exaggeration and hallucinations; but, after this defalcation, there still remains so large a surplus, that, if we were to deny its reality, we should have to refuse all credit to our senses, and to human testimony. Of these facts a part may be explained by the mechanical or mechanico-physiological theory; but a much larger part remains behind which cannot be made to fit in with this explanation. Such are all those phenomena in which either the effects produced are evidently too great for the mechanical power which had to call them forth, as the dancing and violent agitation of heavy and well-balanced bodies produced are by a slight touch or pressure of the hands, or efforts and motions produced without any contact, and therefore without any mechanical impulse, whether mediate or immediate; or, finally, the effects are such that they manifest in the author of them an intelligence and will distinct from that of the experimenters. To explain these three orders of effects there remains the theory of magnetism; but, however generously we may make concessions to it, and even if we were blindly to admit all the gratuitous hypotheses upon which it is founded and all the errors and absurdities of which it is made up, all the portentous faculties which it attributes to the human will, to the nervous fluid, or to whatever other magnetic agent, it will never be able with its principles to explain how a table magnetized by a medium manifests an intelligence and will of its own in its motions; that is to say, one distinct, nay, sometimes contrary and superior to the intelligence and will of the

medium. How then are these phenomena to be explained? Must we also have recourse to some occult and unknown causes?—to some new and unforeseen unfolding of faculties and laws which have been hitherto almost inert or dormant in the bosom of creation? This would be openly to confess our own ignorance, and to send back the problem into the realm of those many enigmas which the poor mind of man has never been able nor ever will be able to unravel. And we do not at all hesitate to confess our ignorance with regard to many of the phenomena, the nature of which is so ambiguous and so obscure, that it appears to us the wiser way to say nothing at all about them. But there are still others, in which we think it not difficult to find the way to the solution. It is quite true that it is impossible to find this in the circle of natural causes; but why should we hesitate in such cases to seek for it among those which are beyond nature? Or shall we be frightened at the difficulty which the adversaries of the supernatural and sceptics allege, saying in this, as in several other cases, that we cannot define the boundaries of the power of nature, that the field which physical science has yet to discover is boundless, that no one knows the limits of the natural order, so as to be able precisely to indicate where the preternatural order commences. The answer to this difficulty is easy. Be it so that one cannot assign the precise line which divides these two orders of things, the natural and the preternatural, it does not follow from this that we can never define with certainty whether a given effect belongs to the one rather than to the other. Who can distinguish in the rainbow the precise limits where one colour ends and another begins?—or who can determine the exact instant in which the day dies and night is born? No one would be so simple as to infer from this that we cannot know if such and such a zone of the Iris be red or yellow, or if a given hour belong to the night or the day. And this for the simplest of all reasons, that to know the nature of an effect it is not at all necessary to pass through the limits of the beginning and ending of the category to which it belongs, but it is quite enough to see if it has the characters peculiar to that category.

“Now this same thing is true in the matter we are speaking about. We cannot tell to what point the forces of nature reach; but, nevertheless, when we are given a fact, we can often from certain of its characters tell with certainty that it is preternatural. And to speak of our own problem, among the phenomena of the speaking tables there are several in which these characters are to our mind most manifest. Such are all those in which the agent which moves the tables operates as an intelligent and free cause, and at the same time shows an intelligence and will altogether proper to itself; that is to say, superior or

contrary to or in some other manner distinct from the human intelligence and will, whether of the mediums and experimenters, or of the spectators and the attendants. In such cases we are obliged to admit that that agent is a spirit, and not a human spirit, and hence one placed outside the order of things which we are wont to call natural; that is, of those which do not exceed the forces of matter and of man. And these are those phenomena exactly, which, as we have already mentioned, have resisted every other theory founded upon merely natural principles, whilst in this they find a most clear and easy explanation; for every one knows that the power of pure spirits over matter very far surpasses that of man; and there is not one of the marvels related of modern necromancy which may not be attributed to their power. We know very well that the mention of spirits here will make several persons put on a contemptuous smile. Not to speak of those who, like good Materialists, have no belief whatever in spirits, and reject as fables and chimeras all that is not pure and palpable matter; and to say nothing of those others also who, though they admit the existence of spirits, deny that they have any influence upon or interfere with the affairs of our world; there are many in our own days who, though they grant to spirits that which no good Catholic can deny, that is their existence and intervention at times in the affairs of human life in different ways, open or secret, ordinary or extraordinary, do nevertheless seem practically to renounce this their belief, and it appears as if they felt that to admit in any special case the intervention of spirits would be rather a mark of too great credulity or of womanish superstition, for they content themselves with not denying it in the lump. And, to say the truth, people have been in the habit, for the last century or so, of declaiming against and making a joke of the easy credulity of the Middle Ages, which were finding out spirits and witchcraft and witchery everywhere, that it is no wonder if some weak people, who wish to appear strong-minded, should experience a reluctance, and, as it were, be ashamed of believing in the intervention of spirits. But this excess of incredulity is no less unreasonable than that which was perhaps the contrary excess in other times; and if too much faith in such things leads to vain superstitions, the believing nothing at all may lead one towards the impiety of naturalism. The wise man, therefore, and the prudent Christian must equally avoid these two extremes and walk steadily in the middle way in which virtue and truth may be found. Now, in this matter of ours of the speaking-tables, what opinion does prudence counsel us to hold?

“The first and wisest rule which prudence dictates to us, and which we have already mentioned before, is that we are

only to have recourse to preternatural causes for explaining extraordinary phenomena, when the natural are not sufficient: which is the same thing as saying, *vice versâ*, if the natural causes are found to be insufficient, we are to admit the preternatural. Now, this is exactly the case in our present subject. In fact, among the phenomena of which we are speaking, there are many which it is not possible to explain thoroughly, by any merely natural theory or cause, as appears from what we have said and argued upon already. It is then not only prudent but necessary to seek the cause of them in that order which is beyond nature, or, in other words, to attribute them to the agency of spirits, since beyond nature no other causes exist except spirits. The other rule and infallible criterion to judge of an effect whether it be natural or preternatural, is to examine the characters which it exhibits, and from them to infer the nature of the cause. Now, those more marvellous effects which no other theory can explain, have such characters as show not only an intelligent and free cause, but one endowed with an intelligence and will not human. This cause cannot, therefore, be other than a simply spirit. Thus by two ways, the one an indirect and negative one, that is by exclusion, the other direct and positive because founded upon the nature of the facts, we are brought to the same conclusion—*viz.*, that in the phenomena of modern necromancy there is one class at least of facts which doubtless have spirits for their cause. And we are led to this conclusion by such a natural train of reasoning that so far from suspecting that its reception is due to our having gone too far through credulous imprudence, we should, on the contrary, deem it an inexcusable incoherence and weakness of mind were we to reject it. Nor would there be a lack of other arguments to strengthen our position still more, if the brevity which is imposed upon us allowed us to bring them forward. But what we have already said must suffice: the sum and substance of which, in a word, may be condensed under the following heads. First—Among all the facts of modern necromancy, after making the necessary deductions of what may be reasonably ascribed to imposture, hallucination, exaggeration, and deceit, there still remain many, the truth of which cannot be denied without violating every law of sound criticism. Secondly—To give an adequate explanation of these facts, all the natural theories which we have propounded and discussed are insufficient, because if they explain some, they leave many, of those the most difficult, altogether unexplained and inexplicable. Thirdly—These last, as they manifest an intelligent cause not human, cannot be otherwise explained than by attributing them to the intervention of spirits, of whatever character they be; of which

we shall say more presently. Fourthly—Finally, all the facts may be grouped into four classes. Many, as false or feigned, ought to be entirely rejected. Of the remainder, some, the most simple and easy, as the turning of little tables in certain circumstances, admit of a merely natural explanation; for example, mechanical impulses. Others more extraordinary and mysterious are doubtful, in so far as though they seem to exceed the forces of nature, they have not, however, such characters as evidently demand a preternatural cause. Others, lastly, which manifestly present these characters, must be attributed to the invisible operation of spiritual beings.

“In so difficult a matter as this is, we certainly cannot be accused of having been obscure. But of what sort are these spirits? good or bad? angels or demons? souls of the blessed or of the reprobate? To this last part of our problem the answer cannot be doubtful, if we consider a little the peculiar nature of the different spirits on the one hand, and on the other the characters of their manifestations in modern necromancy. In the first place, the ridiculous extravagance, and so to speak, buffoonery of their wonders in moving tables, in making them knock, dance, and run about like jugglers in public amusements; the silly levity of their answers to a thousand questions of mere useless curiosity; and, worse still, the wickedness of the doctrines which they teach, impious, immoral, blasphemous, and always more or less hostile to the Catholic Church; the horror which they show of holy things; the open confessions which they have often made of their own accord, and finally the dreadful fruits which the practice of these things has often produced, of suicides, madness, domestic discord, crimes and disasters of every kind; all these are such characteristics, as whilst on the one hand they are manifestly repugnant to the nobility and sanctity of the good spirits, and to all that which Holy Scripture and the Church, and the writings of the Saints tell us concerning them, they are just what one would expect from the perverse and fallen nature of the wicked spirits, and tally with that which the most authentic histories have delivered to us of their manners. Add to this the quality of the sympathies which these manifestations have awakened in the world: and this too is an excellent sign by which to judge of the character of the spirits which govern them. For the eternal antagonism which exists between the city of God and the city of the devil, as St. Augustin calls them (*see De Civit Dei*, 1. xii., 1.)—that is, between the society of all the good and the society of all the wicked men and angels, reveals itself besides by a thousand other marks, also by the contrast of their loves; and as the good approve of and universally love, as it were by a certain instinct or moral sense, that which is good

and comes from God or from his angels, so the wicked, on the contrary, guided as they are by their evil instinct, run to all that is evil, and which has its origin in the evil spirits.

“ Now, where did the so-called manifestations of the tables and spirits spring up? Where have they become most the fashion? Where have they been and where are they still in most credit and seduce the greatest number of people? Who are their admirers, defenders, and most ardent followers? and by whom, on the contrary, are they rejected, condemned, or, at least, held in great suspicion? America, which is, as every one knows, the country of all the sects and of all the religious follies, was and is still the country of modern necromancy; and in Europe and everywhere else it has no more warm and firm partizans than among those people who have no religion at all, or belong to a false one, or if to a true one, are just as if they had none at all as regards their practice of it. With good Catholics, on the contrary, the tables and spirits have had no success at all. After the first and innocent experiments of table-turning, such a distrust and suspicion was generated in their minds, that they made it a matter of conscience the having anything more to do with them. Many Bishops, especially in France and America, soon raised their authoritative voices in condemnation and prohibition of them, qualifying them as practices if not openly impious and diabolical, at least gravely suspicious, perilous, and contrary to the laws of God and the Church, which forbid not only the calling up of the dead and every sort of communion with the spirits of darkness, but also every practice or attempt suspected of leading to such a termination.

“ As we have already shown that the spirits of the tables are wicked, we shall not extend our examination further into a hundred other questions, which might be raised concerning them: whether, for instance, these spirits are really (as they generally give themselves out to be) the souls of the dead, or whether they are demons, which according to their wonted deceitfulness conceal themselves under those names, the better to insinuate themselves and succeed in their wicked intentions—whether, again, in order to produce their wonders in the tables and in the organs of writing and speaking mediums, they avail themselves (according to Mirville) of certain fluids, or whether they apply a motive power immediately to bodies, which power they possess as a natural faculty, and which is in them much more free, strong, and multiform than it is in man—whether, again, considering the historical connection of the phenomena and their uninterrupted development from the first experiments of table-turning up to the strange oracles and wonders of the

speaking tables, they ought to be all in a lump, that is, no less the first than the last (supposing even that the first can be explained naturally), attributed to one and the same principle in common, that is, to the more or less manifest action of the spirits—whether, also, the will of the medium exerts an influence upon that of the spirits to move them to operate, and how great that may be, and why the spirits seem to subject themselves to the will of man, why they often require certain rites and practices which seem *per se* useless as regards the end; and several other questions of a like nature, which, if we were to discuss them, would draw us much beyond the limits which we have proposed to ourselves. And we consider it to be better worth our while to answer, in the last place, some difficulties which have been made by some persons against the doctrine of the intervention of spirits in the phenomena of the speaking tables.

“And, first, let us hear M. Babinet, who gravely puts the following question: ‘Admitting that the mover of the table is a spirit, is one quite sure that a spirit (which is generally looked upon as something very light and very little compact) would have enough force, enough impulsion or shock, to move a heavy table?’ (*See Revue des Deux Mondes*, May 1, 1854). ‘*Risum teneatis, amici!*’ Who would ever have thought that so celebrated a *savant* could give utterance to so great a blunder? He who explains away the motions of a heavy table by certain imperceptible and nascent impulses of the muscles, fears that spirits have not got enough impulsive force in them to effect as much; and why?—because they are a something of the lightest and thinnest description—perhaps a gas, a vapour, a wind, a fluid, an ether, or something of that sort? But the able physicist ought not, at least, to have forgotten the very powerful impulses and motions which fluids, though they are of the most subtle nature, produce daily in the most solid matter. Who does not know the dynamic effects of the electric and magnetic fluids, of vapours, winds, gases, which are all of them ‘very light and slightly compact things?’ The worst of it, however, is in his believing that spirits are matter, however fluid, thin, and light it may be, and in supposing that matter only can impress motion upon other matter. The first error is simple materialism; the second, which is very little short of it, would render motion in the universe inexplicable, unless we choose to follow the absurdity of the eternity of matter and motion. The beginning of motion cannot be otherwise explained than by ascending to a merely spiritual cause; and though we are in ignorance as to the manner in which spirit moves matter, it is, nevertheless, indubitable that it does move it. And have we not, in fact, in

ourselves the continual experience of it? Does not our soul, which is pure spirit, continually give movement and life to all our members?

“Less unreasonable is the difficulty which Littrè and others make, not on the ground of the defective power of the spirits, as we have seen Babinet does, but instead of it on the ground of their superhuman power. ‘If they really are spirits or devils,’ say they, ‘that is, beings immaterial and powerful, from whom nothing is concealed, and who can do everything, let them give some proof of their knowledge and power. All is confined to the poorest manifestations, and they can only move about articles of furniture, shake doors and windows, make sounds and lights, and hold conversations in which we never find anything more than mysterious repetitions of what has been already said hundreds of times and better by far.’ The answer is very simple: though it may unfortunately be rather an old and common one, which is enough to make it have the less credit with a member of the institute.

“The infernal spirits have certainly a power and knowledge very far indeed greater than that of man, and such as is able to work, not indeed true miracles, but many portentous and wonderful effects. But they are chained and can only so far injure mankind as Almighty God gives them permission. Now God, on account of that supremely wise providence by which he governs the world and especially man, is not wont to permit either that they should reveal the great secrets of nature, nor make a great show of sublimity of knowledge, nor work remarkable prodigies, nor confer great advantages upon man were it only in the natural order: and this He does as well to humble their pride as to punish the foolish and wicked curiosity of evil men, who might allow themselves to be seduced by their arts, and also, at the same time, to leave to the good certain counter-signs by which to mark the operation of the angels of darkness. And this conduct of Divine Providence is manifest in the sacred Scriptures, and in the most authentic histories, wherever we meet with diabolical operations and prodigies. In fact, the devils of whom mention is made in the Gospels, did not give great signs of transcendent power or knowledge in tormenting those whom they possessed, rendering them dumb and deaf, making them fall into water and fire, and making them utter cries and horrid howlings: and that entire legion of devils, which possessed that miserable inhabitant of the country of the Gerasens (*see* St. Luke, viii. 26), made no show of any marvellous power; when compelled by Christ to abandon their victim they instantly rushed at His permission into a herd of 2,000 swine, who were quietly feeding on the neighbouring hill-side, and then all

frenzied they made them run down into the bottom of the lake. And yet who can deny that these were real and true devils, unless he denies the Gospel? When there are therefore from other quarters certain marks of a preternatural agency, the extravagance of the wretched character of the effects proves nothing else than that the agent belongs to the wicked band of those 'outcasts of Heaven, abject race and scorned.' (Dante, *Inferno*. Cary's Trans.)

"Finally, there are some good Catholics, who, in order to excuse their reluctance to believe in the spirits, say that the admitting this theory of the invasion of devils in the world at the present day is an injury to Christ and to His redemption. If He *in hoc apparint ut dissolvat opera diaboli*, how is it to be believed that after His coming the devil still exercises such a power of producing marvels for the deception of mankind? We answer, that this argument, taken in the sense of our adversaries and rigorously carried out, would prove too much. For it would prove that since the coming of Christ the devil has lost all power and efficacy of seduction in the world. And no good Catholic can admit this without at once condemning as useless and absurd the exorcisms of the Church, and the entire order of exorcists which forms one of the minor degrees of her hierarchy, and without cancelling all those prophecies in the New Testament which attribute to the princes of darkness so great and terrible a power of false wonders, especially in the last times, to which we are undoubtedly getting near. The text, then, of St. John alluded to, and the power of the redemption of Christ against the diabolical influence must be taken, not in an absolute, but in a relative and limited sense; inasmuch as through the coming and grace of Christ, not only has the power which the devil exercised before in the world as the strong man in peace, been very greatly lessened, but there has been given to every one of the faithful the power of combatting and overcoming him; and there has been made a happy beginning to that which was continuing in the Church militant until the consummation of the age which will then only obtain a complete triumph when the Divine Father, filling up the last measure of the glory of the Son, *ponet omnes inimicos sub pedibus ejus*. And this does not imply that the devil does not still exercise some empire among men at every time, especially among infidels and the heterodox, when the absence of the true faith, of the true sacraments, and of the adorable sacrifice of the altar renders the operation of grace and of the redemption less efficacious; nor that in our own days this empire may increase, and by degrees become more visible and powerful, until it arrives at that degree foretold in the Scrip-

tures, when the Man of Sin shall be manifested—*secundum operationem Satanae, in omni virtute et signes et prodigiis mendacibus*, and the seducing power of the infernal wonders shall be so great—*ut in errorem inducantur (si fieri potest) etiam electi.* (See Thessal. ii. 9; St. Matthew, xxiv. 24.)

“ And here we bring our treatise to an end. The courteous reader who has followed our reasoning will no doubt have already anticipated, in his own mind, the practical consequences which we wish to draw from all this, which are indeed so obvious and manifest that there is no need of a long discourse to set them forth; and every good Catholic will be very well able to deduce them of his own accord, if he will but recall to mind the teaching of the Catechism, which as a child he learned in the bosom of the Church, his mother. According to it, the evoking of the souls of the departed, or other spirits, in order to have answers from them, the consulting tables, tripods, or anything else for the divination of hidden and future things, the producing or the attempt to produce singular effects by entirely vain means, and such as are disproportionate to the necessity, and similar other practices, are all of them superstitions which tend to bind man by ties of communication and service expressly or tacitly understood to the devil; they are opposed also to the order of providence which God has established in the universe, and to the supreme worship due to Him alone; and therefore they are of their own nature illicit, impious, abominable, most dreadful, and severely forbidden, no less by the natural law than by the law of God and the Church: whatever be the judgment which an age of levity and scepticism passes upon it, and by whatever name it chooses to call it. To practise them seriously, therefore, and deliberately, must be judged as a most grave crime; to experiment upon them only by way of play is rashness, to say the least, of a most dangerous kind, as it is never without great danger to trifle, though at a distance, with that serpent, in whom the art of deceit is no less ancient and refined than his malice in doing man evil. And here observe, that to make such practices unlawful, it is not necessary that they be known as things certainly diabolical; but it is quite enough if they be only seriously suspected; and if this suspicion were sufficiently strong in the minds of those most zealous and learned Bishops of France and America, whom we have before mentioned, to cause them to prohibit the Faithful of their dioceses, in words of deepest feeling, from making experiments with table-talking, even from the very first year when these practices became the fashion in those countries, how much more ought it to be sufficient at this day, now that the subsequent facts have changed that suspicion, at least in great part, into certainty? Lastly,

sincere Catholics, who keep the Divine flame of the Faith ever burning in their breasts and are conscious of the nobility of their Christian dignity, have no need of much argument to divert them from these follies and dark practices of the tables and spirits. That delicate instinct of virtue and superhuman wisdom, by means of which the most simple and uneducated of the Faithful are often superior to the wisest men of the world, when forming a judgment of the practical morality of actions, as in the beginning it inspired them with a just distrust of the necromantic novelties which had sprung up in America, so it will at present teach them to regard them more than ever with distrust and horror.

“To conclude, in the words of an illustrious Bishop of France, ‘Let those follow such wonders as these, and blindly give themselves up to such practices who, deprived of the light of the True Faith, are groping about amid the darkness of error and infidelity.’ This ought the more to move us to pity them; than to marvel at the fact; as it is the property of those who move about in the dark to follow every *ignis fatuus*, every light, though it be deceitful, in order to find the lost way. But we who live in the midst of the splendours of the Catholic doctrine, what need have we to go and beg elsewhere a light for our intellect, or consolations for our heart, or a guide for our actions? And why should we give up ourselves foolishly to run through untrodden and dark paths in search after good things, which we already hold in our hands by faith, and have a firm hope of possessing one day in all their fulness in the unveiled glories of eternity?”

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## DAWNING LIGHTS.

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FRANCES POWER COBBE published some year or two since a small volume in many respects extremely valuable and admirable, entitled “*Dawning Lights: an Inquiry concerning the Secular Results of the New Reformation.*” She takes as her motto the following beautiful lines from Tennyson’s “Two Voices:”—

And I arose, and I released  
The casement, and the light increased,  
With freshness in the dawning East.

A second voice was at mine ear,  
A little whisper—silver—clear,  
A murmur, “Be of better cheer!”

This title and this motto would lead a Spiritualist, on opening the pages of Miss Cobbe’s volume, to expect some acknowledgment of the advent of that “Aurora,” or Morning

Red of the new revelation of Spiritual Life of which he so long has been the "watchman," and joyous crier-aloud, in every city and in every street; and which he knows, as he opens *his* casements, floods his whole abode with the very light of heaven. The more is he at first inclined to await the recognition of this great "dawning light," as he carefully reads page after page of this interesting, as well as sweetly written little book; seeing how joyously and fully the authoress recognizes the light with which science is overflowing the world; how she rejoices at the vanishing away of the old narrow ideas of Deity, as set forth in creeds alone; over the spread of philanthropic ideas, and their practical working out amongst mankind; how she yearns after a spirit of universal charity, and the immediate and conscience guidance within each human soul of the God of Love; how she recognizes the advents of a new revelation in Spirituality far beyond the teaching of any special church, and where the inward consciousness of man can alone be the arbiter of truth and good; and how lastly she desires, with an almost vehement eloquence, that the immortality of the soul may be acknowledged in our social customs, by exquisite symbols of life eternal, rather than be everywhere denied by the drear, vulgar and hideous paraphernalia of death and mourning, as set forth in all our funeral pageantry. We say, *at first*, he is inclined to expect a recognition—however faint—of our great "Aurora," since the spirit of the book is in parts so very kindred to his own, that he can scarcely believe it to be ~~penned by one whose eyes are still filmed over with the film of spiritual blindness; he would fair hope that the reader is being~~ led step by step towards the summit of the higher hills, whence the full grandeur of the "dawning light," is to burst upon him at last in its glorious effulgence.

But, alas! it is not so; and with a sigh of real sorrow and compassion he will lay down the book, because he finds himself constrained to regard this little volume as typical of a very large and a very highly educated class of mind of the present day; of that class which proudly regards itself as the very aristocracy of intellect, and as the leaders of public opinion. Alas! they are, he discovers—regarded from a point of fuller illumination—still as yet but "blind leaders of the blind," and nevertheless so confident of their powers of vision, that it is hopeless even to offer that "eye-salve" by which they might become whole and seeing, both to their own inconceivable happiness and to the happiness of their many followers. Indeed, a Spiritualist feels truly to belong to that generation who say unto their fellows in the market-place of truth, "We have piped unto you, and yet you have not danced!" Nevertheless, this little volume is the utterance of one continuous cry after the sweetness of that

very music which it has been given us by the Divine Musician from on high so long to pipe unto them. But their ears as well as their eyes are still filmed over by the materialism of the present and of past centuries. In so many respects, however, these minds are so earnest, and in aspiration so kindred to our own, that frequently when differing most widely in our views, we acknowledge joyfully that this difference arises simply from our recognition of, and acquaintance with, facts made clear and undeniable to ourselves; but which are either simply unknown or at present ignored by them. And then, remembering our own condition of darkness—until, through God's grace, our Dawning Light illumined our souls—we once more take heart and say to ourselves, "Let us only continue our 'piping' to these our brethren (and that too with an ever-increasing sweetness), and then perchance by and bye the unearthly tenor of our strains, as we receive them even yet more perfected from the breath of the Divine Musician, may penetrate through their stopped-up ears, and reach at last the cores of all truly music-seeking spirits."

But we will now lay before our readers a few extracts from the book itself; examples both of the light and of the darkness contained within its pages, and which convey to our mind an interesting but painful picture of the condition of those who say that they see, and yet assuredly see not. Premising also that one of the marked features in these passages will be found to consist in this peculiarity, that within each passage will frequently be blended, inextricably, assertions to which the Spiritualist's mind will assent, and immediately as utterly dissent—the inferences drawn by Miss Cobbe being in entire opposition to those which the believer in spiritual manifestations will draw, since his fuller light illumines the past as well as the future. His light being of that light which has illumined the world from its very commencement, does not discover, as it reveals the past, alone error and darkness in its former creeds, but rather on the contrary exhibits the interior truth, whether small, or whether large, existing in every creed, and by means of which, spite of incrustations of human misconception and interpretation, each creed has alone existed, as a power to influence, and frequently out of due proportion, to subjugate the human mind. Spiritual illumination being in a truly Catholic mind especially the harmoniser and the proportioner, the restorer rather than the destroyer, the re-creator as well as the creator; spiritual illumination resembling the wise and wealthy householder who brings out of his storehouses "things old, as well as new."

In the following extract, in which Miss Cobbe rejoices over the death of the devil, our readers will find the sole reference vouchsafed by her to our great "Dawning Light," under the

guise of "certain obscure mental phenomena," which, had a devil existed at all, he might assuredly have had a hand in.

"The doctrine of the existence of Satan," writes Miss Cobbe (page 115), "beyond the narrow circles of professedly religious coteries, is neither put aside with respect, nor attacked with seriousness. *It is simply laughed at as ridiculous and childish.* Very recently a distinguished man of science, lecturing to a crowded audience in London, mentioned casually THAT CERTAIN OBSCURE MENTAL PHENOMENA HAD BY SOME PERSONS BEEN ATTRIBUTED TO THE INFLUENCE OF THE DEVIL. Immediately the whole company joined in a hearty peal of merriment. Why? Not because the devil (if he existed) might not have had the influence in question. By all accounts the case lay entirely within his proper field of action. But the notion of a devil doing anything, anywhere, was manifestly, in the opinion of the audience, altogether laughable and absurd. Surely this little incident (to be paralleled frequently in every theatre) was significant enough? The persons who laughed at the mere mention of the devil were, no doubt, nine-tenths of them members of orthodox churches, yet publicly, and without any effort at concealment, they showed their entire contempt for the notion of the devil *pur et simple*. When such are the spontaneous feelings of some hundreds of people, culled by chance from the most cultivated and refined classes of the community, it is hardly too much to assume, that at last and truly, 'Great Pan is dead.'"

But we Spiritualists are prepared to deny *in toto* this assertion that "Great Pan is dead," and have already through countless experiences, proved the dangerous fallacy of thus preaching to the world these very "smooth things." If our spiritual phenomena possessed no other mission to modern society than the reiterated announcement of the fact—proved by positive tests, through the physical as well as through the mental senses—of the individual existence of demoniac spirits of every grade, and possessed of every attribute of their "father, the devil," "the multitude in unity," of the spirit antagonistic to all Good (which is God) we maintain that to every veritable lover of truth, this momentous fact alone, would be invaluable, and must compel him to render to spiritual phenomena a very serious, if not an admiring attention. To the student of material science every creature, whether uncouth, poisonous, or otherwise noxious, is an object of extreme attention. Because it is called *evil*, it is not therefore denied as existing at all: neither is it considered superfluous in creation. On the contrary its existence is fully acknowledged; it is regarded as having proceeded from the hand of God (or of Nature, which is but another name for Deity); its functions are studied, and the purposes for which it was

created are sought after. However "obscure"—so "obscure" as to require for its observation the most powerful and expensive microscopic apparatus—it is considered worthy of the life-long study of the most learned men, who seek for it in all quarters of the world, within the depths of ocean, on mountain tops and in the bowels of the earth; it is dissected, it is depicted, it is classified, it is preserved in skeleton, in mummy and in effigy, in museums and in libraries. Why then should not the researches of equally earnest and laborious students into the realms of the spiritual worlds be regarded with respect and even admiration? For indeed the uncouth and the noxious creatures of these worlds—as well as the beautiful and bliss-restoring, are being equally revealed to the gaze of earnest and intelligent seekers into the realms of mind and soul; and they are not only manifested for the instruction of all men, but are being classified and depicted, and the results of this great supernal science are, as they are gradually stored up, so much positive and attested data prepared to make wise the minds of all such as have "ears wherewith to hear," and "eyes wherewith to see."

The study of the *metaphysical* history of the doleful and malignant beings swarming in the lower spheres of spiritual life, beings uncouth in their natures, and in their "correspondential" bodies, as the scorpions, the toads, the hyænas, and the jackals of the physical world, or beautiful but cruel as the tiger and the leopard, as revealed again and again by our investigations, would tend greatly, if it were possible for Miss Cobbe to believe in them, to have somewhat modified the tone of the following passage:—

"Kings have ordered many a *Te Deum* for victory over their enemies. Had I my will, all the cathedrals of Christendom should resound with a thanksgiving for the conquest of faith and reason over the belief in hell. No splendid discovery of distant clusters of suns by the astronomers, no revival of buried worlds by the geologist, no invention of steam or telegraphy, no political reform, no abolition of slavery, no change, amid all the thousand changes of our day, is truly greater or more blessed than this liberation of souls. Now, at last, may we look beyond the grave to a world where, not we ourselves only, or only those who have shared our creed, but *all* men, all of every age and clime, all whom we have loved, or honoured, or pitied, or mourned, shall sit down in the Kingdom of God, with none cast out. Now, at last, may we with our whole hearts love the Lord our God; and trust our souls and all souls fearlessly in His hand, whose universe may contain a million worlds of trials and of joy, but never a world of reprobation. *Sit laus Deo!*"

To us who, from careful investigation of facts, the experience of hundreds of trustworthy individuals, known and unknown to

us, and of ourselves also, are compelled to regard purgation from sin as the primal law and means of progress, towards and into the Life Divine, the words "there is no more hell to be believed in, no world of reprobation," sound as a mere mockery, and a grievous delusion; a delusion inevitably leading to future bitter surprise and disappointment. Nevertheless it is over these very abodes of woe and of darkness, of cruelty and of suffering—which, though we have reason to hope are not *eternal* for each individual soul, may yet be *eternal* states of purgatory—that the rays of our "Dawn" are able to penetrate, and, even there, to bring forth hope and consolation. Hope and consolation in the intimate union of Deity with His creatures; in the inconceivable and marvellous system of His government through *sympathy*; by means of which supreme magnetism all beings in the flesh and out of the flesh are indissolubly united and are ever eternally acting and re-acting upon each other; until assuredly, however gradually, however slowly, however for a time even retrograding, nevertheless ultimately ascending and progressing towards and into the Divine Life—that is, into the Highest Good. But this alone through the great law of sacrifice, of which the Saviour was at once the type, concrete and universal.

Of "The Change of the Idea of the Relation of this Life to the Next," our authoress thus writes:—

"It would seem beyond any doubt that the following alterations have taken place in the minds of thinking men on the subject of the future world. 1st.—The local heaven and hell, above the clouds and under the earth, have been abolished by astronomy. 2nd.—The word '*state*' has been sedulously substituted by divines for '*place*,' and conveys a far less definite idea, requiring even a considerable spiritual feeling in the hearer to be impressive at all. 3rd.—Descriptions of physical tortures in hell, or glories in heaven, are disused, if not disavowed, by the most orthodox. 4th.—The duration of future penalties has been so extensively disputed that it is hard, beyond the straightest sect of Evangelists, to find men thoroughly persuaded that such duration is endless.

"Thus we have substituted for our Father's heaven above the sky, with its crowns and harps, and then hell under the earth, with its fire and worms (each to be entered at death, and inhabited for ever), a quite different idea of the future state. Those among us who are most convinced 'that the soul of man never dies,' still admit that they have not the vaguest notion, where he lives, nor how he lives, after death. We have a heaven which is nowhere in particular, and a hell whose localisation by any preacher's imagination in the remotest region of the astronomical universe, is instantly scouted and derided on all

hands. In a word, we men and women whose minds are so constituted, as that every idea must take its place under the great *intuitions à priori* of time and space; who can think of nothing lucidly, except in relation to time and space, have contrived to banish our own immortality to a twilight limbo, which we place nowhere in the universe of space, and conceive of as nowise affected by the limitations of time. We believe, indeed, that we shall exist hereafter; and that in some unknown existence our moral sense will be satisfied by the reward of suffering virtue and the punishment of vice\* unchastised upon this planet. But beyond this 'who telleth a tale of unspeaking death?' Who ventures so much as to cast an image from the magic-lantern of fancy upon that dread 'cloud' which receives all the dead out of our sight, and whereon our fathers fearlessly threw the phantasmagoria of the *Divina Commedia*, and the triumphal vision with which closes the *Pilgrim's Progress*? What must be the result of this dissolving away of the old heaven and the old hell? The result is patent. The worlds, enveloped in mist, are fading away into comparative insignificance. We do not think of them as we once did. We cannot measure the latitude of our voyage over life's ocean by orbs hidden behind the clouds. Without denying, or even gravely doubting, we allow the future to pass into dim distance, and the present to fill the whole foreground of our thoughts. We live in 'the light of common day,' no longer illumined by gleams of radiance from the open portals of the Celestial City, nor yet made lurid with the reflected flames of Gehenna. The relative position of the two worlds has been counter-changed. The present world has gained in interest whatsoever the future world has lost. Or rather we may say, that the shade in which the All-wise Creator has been pleased to leave immortal life of man, and the broad light of his present interests and duties have returned each to its normal degree. . . . There is no more *living for* the future possible. There is only living *in the present*; feeling assured that as is the present, so in a moral and spiritual sense must all future be." (pp. 135-6-7.)

"*Those amongst us who are most convinced that the soul never dies, still admit,*" says Miss Cobbe, "*that they have not the vaguest notion where he lives, nor how he lives after death, and we have banished our own immortality to a twilight limbo.*" If this be a true statement of the condition of the most enlightened minds of the century, of those who are studying the revelations of physical science, and are the enlighteners of the world; of those who are the pioneers of education and of moral improvement;

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\* If so, what is this very state but hell or purgatory?—A. M. H. W.

if this be the open confession of the most aspiring after God amongst them ; and that this very want of knowledge by a logical sequence leads them to an utter disregard of the future, and an entire centring of themselves into the material interests of the present, irrespective of any other life—though they profess to believe in immortality—if this be so—how welcome to their hearts, and to their heads too, ought not the results of our investigations in our Divine Science to be? For if one branch of our spiritual experiences is perhaps richer in fruit than another, it is that which may be called a knowledge of the ‘homes and the haunts’ of disembodied spirits, a knowledge of the ‘many mansions’ in the great immortal home of our Father, mansions, after all, perchance, not so very far from any one of us even now, whilst dwelling in the flesh. Mansions continually day by day erected by ourselves, not ‘made by hands,’ but developing in the world of spirit according to a Divine Law, which moulds everything spiritual—every thought, every affection, every action into its corresponding form—‘mansions’ even now surrounding our spirit—which have forms themselves also marvellous and transcending the imagination of the most imaginative poet—and in which, after the change called by us ‘death,’ we shall find ourselves inhabiting ; mansions of woe, or mansions of bliss, according to our past lives on earth, deformed or embellished by the forms corresponding to our thoughts, aspirations and actions. Then also to us it is known—not imagined—but *known* that there are many voices and many visions which do tell us ‘tales of the speaking dead,’ and that in every deed there are many images cast from the ‘magic-lantern of spiritual truth upon the dread cloud of witnesses to immortality, which crowd and surge around our hearths and homes. Thus it clearly appears to us—investigating as we do our science—that the very truths and knowledges intrusted to our care by the Great and Divine Instructor of His human children are precisely those needed to supplement and complete those other truths connected with the physical world, which God has in such affluence bestowed upon our brethren—and that He would have a mutual interchange of these knowledges between the two sets of students, whereby each may become more fully cognizant of the Divine whole of God’s marvellous economy. Thus we would say to our brethren in the market-place of truth, ‘Come and eat of our fruit plucked from the Tree of Life Immortal—eat and fear not, and give us in your turn fruits from your Tree of Knowledge—we need them not less, for we perceive that we are placed here in this present world to learn of all things around us, as in a vast picture book ; to be fed with all things which proceed from God, whether they be truths of the physical

or truths of the spiritual world; for all must in the end harmonize and interpret each other, being from one and the self-same source. And do not fear for yourselves, that in taking of *our* fruit you will cease to live in the present, because you will learn of the future. Rather you will first fully recognize the true importance of the present, since you will learn to regard her as the Mother of the Future, out of whose womb must be born all the joys or all the pains of the next stage of existence; the present being but the seed-sowing of the future harvest, which in every respect must correspond to and develope out of the seed now sown—and that as the present is, so truly in a moral and spiritual and even representative sense must all future be, henceforth and for ever—world without end.’”

We will conclude our article with Miss Cobbe’s wise remarks regarding the additional gloom thrown over the idea of death by the hideousness and vulgar solemnity of our orthodox funeral pageantry—remarks in which our readers will cordially concur. She writes as follows:—

“Christianity (it has always been boasted) has taken away the sting of death, and robbed the grave of its victory. Practically, although millions of Christians have died, some peacefully, some triumphantly, ‘in sure and certain hope’ of a blessed resurrection, it is a fact that death is more terrible in Christendom than elsewhere, and that the spontaneous sentiments of Christians have surrounded it with gloom and horror unknown to the ancient and heathen world. How much of this dark shadow is due to the fear of eternal woe I shall not now enquire. But alike in North and South, amid both the coarse and the affectionate, death is made doubly dark and terrible by all the circumstances wherewith we surround the brief path from the home to the grave. Above all, in England, we have contrived to invest it with hideousness; and even (what might have appeared impossible) with vulgarity. The coffin, the hearse, the mourning coaches, the mutes, the crape-banded mourners of an English funeral, would be sordid and odious, and types of nothing but grossness and stupidity, were it the national creed that the corpse so carried to its resting-place was all that remained of the dead, and that no higher or better life awaited the soul. They are utterly monstrous and incongruous as preliminaries to the reading of the English burial service, and to that glorious expression of ‘sure and certain hope,’ even for the weak and wicked, which breaks at the last hour into the Liturgy, over-riding all the creeds, and vindicating natural human faith in defiance of them over the open grave. The truth is, that the mass of men really believe neither the promises nor the threats of the churches to which they belong. If they believed

the threat of eternal fire, they would go mad; and if they believed the promise of Paradise, they would bear their dead to the cemetery, not on hearses surrounded by mutes, but in triumphal chariots with songs of joy. They have just enough faith in heaven and faith in hell to neutralize each other; and at the same time to do away with the solemn desolation of the thought of annihilation. Nothing remains but the ugly and dreary physical reality, and this they typify very accurately by the sordid and vulgar pomp of the undertaker.

“Is this to go on always amongst us? Will the faith of the future have no better effect than the faith of the past, if not in reconciling us to the dread Destroyer, yet in elevating and ennobling our behaviour at his visitations? Let us try to think what we ought to feel about death: we who believe in a Living God in whom the dead live for ever. . . . Shall we never show a faith, whose emblems might fitly be palms, and lilies, the anchor, the butterfly, the dove, white robes and everlasting flowers; and not black plumes and sable pall, the broken column and the extinguished torch?”

A. M. H. W.

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## REMARKS ON MATTER, FORCE, AND MIND, ILLUSTRATED BY RECENT MANIFESTATIONS IN CLIFTON.

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THE following is from the *Bristol Daily Post* of October 15th:—

“To the Editor of the *Daily Post*.”

“Sir,—I was invited a few evenings ago by a family of high rectitude, and of considerable attainments in general knowledge, to witness some experiments in Spiritualism. The medium, a young, quiet-spoken man, with a fair complexion, a soft blue eye, a very large development of anterior brain, and of middle size, did not seem to think much of the strangeness of the quality he possessed.

“One fact was to me clear, that took place in the presence of eight individuals, all seeing and recording their evidence alike, which was very suggestive of deep consideration. On this point, however, there might be difference of opinion: some would find matter enough for a book in the discovery of any fossil fragment which would assist, however feebly, in indicating from whence we came, and at the same time treat as unworthy any evidence that might turn up as to where we are going.

“What I am about to relate, however, convinces me that the seeming dark chasm which has separated the spiritual and the physical aspects of being is fast closing up; the former is descending and the latter is ascending.

“Not long ago we were told material substances were of two kinds—the ponderable and the imponderable; the latter were light, heat, electricity, and magnetism, whose particles travelled with inconceivable velocity.

“It is now clearly proved that no such substances exist in Nature. ‘They are only the equivalents of *force producing motion,*’ and all of them by their intensity measure the amount of force that has been resisted or deflected. All these conditions are dependent; the impact of homogeneous bodies produces light, that of heterogeneous bodies electricity. If currents of electricity meet at right angles magnetism is the result. Vibratory action set up by the sun touches the retina, and we have the sensation of light; their impact on the skin produces heat, and so on through the whole range of sensation and phenomenal existence—‘*force once exerted is never lost and never ceases.*’ This is the correlation and conservation of forces; in other words, their equivalence and eternal continuance, whose discovery and demonstration is the great achievement of modern science.

“Now, if it is true that the ponderable substances—the rocks and earth and all that is got out of them—are resolvable in the last analysis into force, changing the form of its manifestation, and that matter is divisible until it leaves human thought, ‘What we have called matter is composed of no fixed or final atoms that we know of; it is a co-ordination of forces which may be recombined or changed into their equivalents; thus the most enlightened materialism tends to Spiritualism, and almost merges into it.’

“What the Spiritualist demands and asserts is, that behind all material play there exists the real source of all force, namely universal mind, matter being a necessary condition for the expression of mind. We are told of this we can know nothing; but as the end and aim of all being is to grow into the flower and fruit of reason and intelligence, we may safely come to the conclusion that infinite and pure intelligence is the prime force, and that as initial force is inconceivable apart from mind, all motion is clearly traceable to mind as the source of all effort.

“What mind is in substance will be for ever unknown; but its laws we know something of. One evident law is the universal pliability of matter to the action of mind; it uses matter merely as its vestment, and all change is subject to its control. Every day proves that we cannot say what may or may not be possible, or, in other words, our possibilities are only the limit of our experience. This much Spiritualism has clearly proved: one step further it is most anxious to take, and that is, if possible, to take the idea of continued existence from the region of pure speculation, and make it take the place of a demonstrated

truth, and by similar means to make the pages of revelation to glow with light made visible to the mind by experiment. Surely this is worth working for, and its influence can only be for good.

“The experiment I will now describe as carefully as I can. It was strictly private. In the house there were five individuals, all nearly middle age; two more besides myself, making, with the medium, nine. We found the front drawing-room too much exposed to the street, we therefore retired to a room, lofty but small. When we were all seated at a somewhat large table, there was not room for anyone to pass round behind the chairs. The medium sat at one end next to the door. Observe, we all entered the room then for the first time, and the medium had never been in it in his life before, so that no previous conditions were possible. We had been seated but a short time when we had positive evidence that the room contained intelligent forces independent of those visible; bodies were moved without visible contact, questions answered correctly, beings unthought of by any present minutely described; then the light was put out in order that a class of phenomena might take place impossible in strong light. We then had a light—carried about by some intangible being—a light so strange I cannot describe it exactly—like no physical light I know of; soft and luminous, producing currents in the air as it moved on, in appearance most like florescence of anything, about four or six inches diameter. It moved about in time to music, and gave numerous proofs of being controlled by intelligence. Now while this took place the whole of the company had hold of each other’s hands and the medium was confined to one part of the room. Next the medium was twice carried over our heads and placed on the table, and twice floated to the ceiling of the room, on which he made the drawing of a hand, and part of an arm with a bracelet upon it, which is to be seen by friends of the family; and I am only sorry that the position of the family prevents the public from having the weight of their high character in favour of manifestations so very wonderful.

“A word in conclusion. It must not be thought that my description of the physical portion of the phenomena embraces the whole. In the trance condition the medium uttered in very beautiful language the highest Christian sentiment, concluding the session by two prayers which were pleasing to the family, who are all communing members of the best churches.

“Now, I submit that, whether we look at the subject from the point of pure physical science, or from the one of Spiritualism, it is most worthy of the soberest consideration from rational men.

“Clifton, October 13th.”

“JOHN BEATTIE.

## NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

## MRS. TAPPAN'S ORATIONS.

MRS. TAPPAN'S Orations, and the Conferences in Gower Street, have been noticed by nearly all the London daily, and by most of the London weekly newspapers; and the generally favourable character of these notices, is in marked contrast to what has hitherto been the prevalent tone of the press in treating of Spiritualism. St. George's Hall having been previously taken by other parties, the Committee have engaged the Royal Music Hall, 242, High Holborn, formerly known as the National Hall, where Mr. W. J. Fox, M.P., delivered his celebrated "Lectures to the Working Classes." The subjects of Mrs. Tappan's orations are, if the audience so elect, chosen for her by a Committee nominated by themselves immediately before the service. At its conclusion, the Committee first, and then the audience are invited to put questions concerning it. Both the orations and the answers to questions have given great satisfaction, and the Hall, which is of rather larger capacity than St. George's Hall, is filled to overflowing with eager, enthusiastic audiences.

## CANON KINGSLEY AND "THE APOTHEOSIS OF"—FUDGE.

At the opening of the present session of the Working Men's College, October 2nd, Canon Kingsley delivered an address in which speaking of what he called "the apotheosis of hysteria," he said that "it ran through every form of mind down to the persons who believed they could make the spirits of the dead answer them by rapping on a table." Now, the cause of reason against unreason, of which Canon Kingsley professed himself the champion cannot be served by statements like this, which so far from being accurate, may be called, "the apotheosis of"—Fudge. Spiritualists do not believe that they "can make the spirits of the dead answer them by rapping on a table." They know better. There are indeed (what is a very different thing) millions who not only believe, but know, that under favourable conditions spirits may and do of *their own free volition*, answer questions by this and many other means. And Canon Kingsley might know it, too, if he would only have recourse to investigation instead of denunciation—if he would but faithfully follow out his own teaching, to "face the facts to which evidence pointed, whether pleasing or not."

It is because we have acted on this principle that we are Spiritualists. It is because Canon Kingsley in this matter has

not illustrated his principles by his practice that his words are the utterance not of knowledge or of reason, but of simple prejudice. Whether there is any real conflict between natural science and Spiritualism, as Canon Kingsley assumes, is a question on which we respectfully invite him to compare notes with that great master of natural science, Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, who has practically and thoroughly investigated Spiritualism, which Canon Kingsley certainly has not. Were he to do so, he might find in Spiritualism a more potent ally in the battle against unreason and superstition than he dreams of, for it would furnish him with the key to a true explanation of the facts on which superstition is based, instead of rudely and unwisely denying them, and attributing them to imposture or hysteria.

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#### SPIRITUALISM IN SUSSEX.

During the past month Dr. Sexton has been actively engaged in lecturing on Spiritualism in both the North and South of England, and, as usual, his lectures have called forth notices and correspondence in the local press. His lecture at Eastbourne, reported in the *Eastbourne Gazette*, occasioned a letter to that journal from "An Inquirer," to which the following reply appeared in its next issue:—

#### IS SPIRITUALISM THE HANDMAID OF RELIGION?

Sir,—If "An Inquirer," who writes in your issue of the 8th inst., would push his inquiries a little further, he would find that Spiritualism does not consist in the acceptance of the theological opinions of any spirit, embodied or disembodied, but in the facts of spirit-manifestation and communion, and the truths which these facts establish, of which the most obvious and most important is that of human immortality. The demonstration of this truth has, by its means, been brought home to multitudes who previously, like Dr. Sexton, were unbelievers, secularists, and materialists. This is no matter of opinion, but one of fact, which no well-informed person will attempt to controvert; and this alone, if there were nothing else, would justify the statement of Dr. Sexton, in his lecture, that Spiritualism was the handmaid of religion. It is, of course, easy to select certain phenomena of Spiritualism, and, by placing them in wrong juxtaposition, raise a false issue, but this course indicates the cunning hand of the sophist rather than the candid spirit of "An Inquirer." I may, however, remind your correspondent that many of the modern spirit-manifestations closely correspond to those recorded in the Old and New Testaments, such as those of trance, vision, direct spirit-writing, the visible appearance of spirits, and their audible converse with men. I know that in this way the facts of modern Spiritualism have led many who formerly rejected these narratives in the Bible as incredible, to now accept them as being in harmony with corresponding facts in their own experience. This is another illustration of how Spiritualism is a handmaid of religion. I do not care to discuss here the view of Christ's character and mission entertained either by your correspondent, or by the spirit whom he quotes; nor would your columns be exactly the place for such a discussion.

I am, Sir,

ONE WHO HAS INQUIRED INTO AND SATISFIED HIMSELF  
OF THE TRUTH OF SPIRITUALISM.

## DICKENS AND HIS MEDIUM.

The following further particulars are extracted from the *Boston Post* of September 11th:—

“In regard to the ‘medium’ who is exciting such general interest, the descriptions of his character, that have been floating about through the papers, seem somewhat unjust to those who have known him in Brattleboro’. He certainly has exhibited none of the shrewd, sharp qualities of the adventurer, but has simply appeared a hard-working, rather commonplace person, who would never excite remark or attention, were it not for the peculiar circumstances which have brought him so prominently before the world. Ever since coming to Brattleboro’ he has been engaged as foreman in the printing office of the *Vermont Record and Farmer*, and Mr. Cobleigh, the editor, speaks in the highest terms of his fidelity, his attention to business, and his peculiar fitness for the place. During all the time in which he has been engaged in this other work, he has still attended to his duties in the office until a short time since. He was a regular attendant at the Episcopal Church, and entirely sceptical regarding Spiritualism and spiritual manifestations, and no one was more surprised than he when it was discovered that he possessed remarkable mediumistic powers. A little time after coming to this village he moved into a house which was owned and partially occupied by a widow lady, well known in town as one of the most prominent Spiritualists in this portion of the State. Circles were frequently held in her parlours, and about a year ago Mr. James was induced to attend one of them. The manifestations were more wonderful than usual, and the new power was traced to him. He was comparatively a stranger to nearly all present, and yet he wrote the most astonishing communications to several in the circle, signing them with names of persons dead years before he ever came to Brattleboro’. After this he became a constant attendant at the *séances*, and it was at one of these that he received a message asking him to sit alone in his room on a certain evening, which was named, the message being signed ‘Charles Dickens.’ . . . . .

“Among the requests made of the medium when placing the work in his hands was one urging him strongly to give no publicity to the affair, as it would retard the work. The power, whatever it was, would choose its own time for giving the information to the world. But the secret slipped out inadvertently. A gentleman very much interested in the matter wrote the story to a friend, who, considering it too wonderful to keep, set it afloat in the papers. . . . .

“A few weeks since, Mr. James quietly left town, and for

a while another mystery was added to that which was already most mysterious. 'Cleared out,' said the triumphant sceptics; 'cheated us all he could, and left.' But both mystery and triumph were of short duration. It was soon announced by the initiated and interested, that, in place of running away in disgrace, Mr. James had gone to a neighbouring town in order to finish his work, which is very near completion, in quiet. During the latter part of his stay in Brattleboro', he was subjected to such constant interruption and annoyance that he was almost entirely unable to work; and this mysterious power by which he seems controlled bade him go away, and signified the place where he was to go. The book is nearly finished now—so, at least, those say who profess to know about it; and after its completion, nothing remains to do but prepare it for press and find a publisher. . . . .

"Those who know the medium all agree that he could not do this work unaided, even if he were ever so close a student of Dickens. In the first place, he has not the power, and if he had, he has not the education sufficient for the purpose. *Whatever it is, it surely must come from a power outside himself.* Even those who are the most sceptical are acknowledging that."

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## Notices of Books.

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### A LITTLE BOOK OF VERSE BY THOMAS BREVIOR.\*

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A FEW of the pieces in this neat little pocket volume originally appeared in the *Spiritual Magazine*, and some have found their way into other journals and into collections which have attained a large circulation; others are now first published. "Written on particular occasions and for special purposes, they reflect broken lights and shadows of individual experience, moods of thought, phases of feeling, images of fancy, pictures by which imagination would represent, however faint and dimly, the realities seen by the inward eye." Nature in its varied aspects and seasons; human affections, memories, hopes and sorrows; the alternate clouds and sunshine of the inner life; doubt, faith, aspiration; the consolations derived from religion, and especially the firm trust in a Fatherly Providence, in angel ministrations, and the better life beyond the present; and those strange, mystic

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\* *Wayside Verses. A Little Book for My Friends.* By THOMAS BREVIOR. Author of *The Two Worlds, &c.* London: F. PITMAN, 20, Paternoster Row.

sympathies which unite and blend the material with the spiritual, are the favourite themes which our author seeks to interpret and illustrate. The tribute of respect and admiration is paid to some who in our time have shown themselves truly brave workers for humanity. Of this kind is the following piece, addressed to one known to thousands on both sides of the Atlantic for his gentle, genial nature, but more especially for the beneficent labours in which he is so successfully engaged:—

TO J. R. N.

In days when Mammon-worship fills the land  
 With blind and slavish devotees, who prize  
 Not worth nor nobleness; who by strong hand,  
 Or trick of brain, with cunning plots and lies  
 Gather unearned wealth, coining their hearts for gold,  
 While all around—aye at their very door—  
 Wander uncared for in this biting cold  
 The homeless outcast and the unfriended poor—  
 'Tis sweet, O generous friend, to think of thee  
 Healing with kindly touch the sick, the blind;  
 No thought of self, so tender and so free,  
 Giving thy life in love of human kind!

We give one other specimen of these "Wayside Verses":—

PREMONITIONS.

In the soft and tender twilight,  
 When the shadows faintly fall  
 On the green and pleasant meadow,  
 Where the poplars straight and tall

Stand like sentinels on duty;  
 When the birds have gone to nest,  
 And the sun in fading splendour,  
 Sinks behind the purple west,—

Then I love to sit and ponder  
 By the embers' fitful glow  
 On the days that are departed:  
 Then the friends of long ago

Troop around and sit beside me,  
 Not as phantoms of the brain;  
 But I stretch my hand expectant  
 Of their grasp in mine again.

For they are more truly present  
 Than the world that round me lies:  
 Nought is e'er so constant with us  
 As the heart's fond memories.

Are they not true premonitions  
 Of the better time to come,  
 When all we loved on earth shall gather  
 In the soul's eternal home?

The pieces, it may be added, are not too long to be read as we saunter by the wayside on a summer tour, or circle round the fire on a winter night.

CHEAP AND REVISED EDITION OF THE "DIALECTICAL SOCIETY COMMITTEE'S REPORT ON SPIRITUALISM."\*

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WE analysed and reviewed this important work so fully at its first appearance that any extended notice of this edition would be superfluous. It is reprinted from the original plates, and in some important respects is an improvement on the original edition; most of the irrelevant matter it contained is here eliminated, and the more glaring typographical inaccuracies have been corrected. If our suggestion could have been adopted of sending to each writer and contributor the matter supplied by him, for correction, it would have been susceptible of still further improvement in this respect. There are some new features in this edition. Prefixed to the *Report* we have "How Reviewers agree on Spiritualism, and how they criticised the *Dialectical Report*," consisting of numerous extracts from the Press; and in the Appendix an article on "The Press *versus* Spiritualism," "How to Investigate Spiritual Phenomena," "Rules and Conditions for the Spirit Circle," and a Letter by Dr. J. Lockhart-Robertson, reprinted from the *Spiritual Magazine*, for May, 1860; but if the note appended to his letter by the editor had been attached, we think it would have corrected his modest statement that he is not a bit wiser than he was, for, as there remarked, he is wiser than when he denied the phenomena; the significance of which we pointed out, and which we hope he has by this time learned to appreciate.

The list of works on Spiritualism, &c., in the original edition of the *Report*, might have been revised with advantage, but we regret its entire omission, as it was useful for reference, and as a guide to students; and its place is poorly supplied in this edition by advertisements, which very inadequately represent the literature of Spiritualism, and which should have been so printed as to admit of detachment from the work itself. We have only to add that the present edition is well printed on good paper, it is handsomely bound, and very cheap. It deserves, and we are glad to know is receiving, an extensive circulation. It is the most useful work that has been issued from the Spiritual Institute.

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\* *Report on Spiritualism of the Committee of the London Dialectical Society: Together with the Evidence, Aural and Written, and a Selection from the Correspondence.* Fourth thousand. London: J. BURNS.