

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

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MR. NEWTON CROSLAND ON APPARITIONS.*

A PAMPHLET-ESSAY on *Apparitions*, by our author, in 1856, is here re-written and expanded into a neat volume of 165 pages. Though dealing chiefly with the question of apparitions, it discusses generally, in a somewhat discursive way, the whole question of modern spirit-manifestations; our author says:—

“I went to the investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism as a simple inquirer after truth. I determined to undertake this task in neither a friendly nor a hostile disposition. I was for the time a self-appointed commissioner, to ascertain what was real and what delusive, in a matter occupying public attention, and perverted by public ignorance.”

The result of this study is embodied in the essay before us, which is divided into three parts, respectively entitled, “Arguments,” “Facts,” and “Theories.” The first part is a discussion of the utility, purpose, and object of the manifestations, and the objections which have been raised against their verity and genuineness. The second part gives us some of the more astonishing of these phenomena, and which our author has taken great pains to verify, and for the truth of which he pledges his word. The third part is an elucidation of the philosophy of Spiritualism, and of a theory to account for apparitions.

One newspaper critique we have seen says of it, “The book is as earnest as a sermon, and as interesting as any fairy tale.” At all events we think the reader may find instruction without dullness in its pages; but instead of reading our opinions about it he will wisely, we expect, prefer to form his own by reading

* *Apparitions: An Essay Explanatory of Old Facts and a New Theory. To which is added Sketches and Adventures.* By NEWTON CROSLAND. London: TRUBNER & Co., 1873.

the work itself, as we think he is likely to do when he has read the few passages we are about to quote; and first, as the men of science deem themselves entitled to precedence, we quote a few words in reference to some of the recent utterances of—

PROFESSOR TYNDALL, DR. CARPENTER, AND MR. SERJEANT COX.

“When, through a friend, I invited Faraday to come to my house to witness manifestations, he wrote to say that he had not time to investigate such a subject; but my friend brought Dr. Tyndall instead. The result was, however, very weak and unsatisfactory, as it generally is on a first occasion; but such as it was, Dr. Tyndall afterwards wrote in the *Pall Mall Gazette* an inaccurate account of his visit. I sent a refutation of his statements, but, of course, no notice was taken of my communication.”

“Among those eminent *savans* who have favoured me with a visit to witness spiritual manifestations in my house, Dr. Carpenter came once, and in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1871, he has given an account of this visit, which I am sorry to say is inaccurate in almost every particular, either as affecting matters of fact or matters of inference.

“Why are these experts so inexact when they deal with the spiritual phenomena? I am afraid we must attribute their erring complacency to a species of mental arrogance, the result of a long career of scientific triumph.

“Dr. Carpenter does not even quote correctly what I told him. The manifestations were feeble and unsatisfactory, as they generally are on the first occasion of forming a strange circle; and he makes me attribute the failure to his “atmosphere of incredulity.” I beg leave to observe that mere credulity or incredulity has very little to do with the production of the phenomena, and I wish also to inform him that I did not talk what every experienced Spiritualist would call ‘nonsense.’ What I did say was, that ‘he *absorbed* the magnetic atmosphere of the medium, and thus frustrated the development of the manifestations.’ ‘Magnetic atmosphere!’ What is that? The clairvoyant or seeing mediums tell us that when a circle is formed, they see emanating from themselves and others who are present, a luminous vapour, which is laid as a bright ring round the table; and that it is through this vapour or atmosphere that the spirits are enabled to act upon material objects. If this “bright ring”—visible only to the mediums—is broken or absorbed in any part of its circuit by any unfavourable condition, the intended manifestation is suppressed or extinguished.*”

* See critical remarks on Professor Tyndall's article on “Science and Spirits,” in *Appendix to Spiritualism*, by P. P. ALEXANDER, M.A., and quoted in last volume of the *Spiritual Magazine* on page 377.—ED. S. M.

In reply to the objections of Mr. Serjeant Cox, that the orthography as well as the ideas in spirit-communication are invariably those of the medium or "psychic," our author replies by the following fact and observations:—

"At this present moment I happen to know 'a medium.' She is clever, and one of her specialities is that of spelling accurately; but when in writing spiritual messages, her hand is supposed to be guided by her brother, who died very young, and imperfectly educated, she makes mistakes in spelling, which she would not commit in her normal state, but they are exactly those errors which might be expected from a little half-taught boy. It is, however, quite true that the intelligence and information conveyed in 'a message' are generally on a par with the capacity and acquirements of 'the medium;' but a very satisfactory explanation can be given of this suspicious circumstance. Spirits and mediums of a kindred quality are 'polarised' to each other, and when a spirit communicates through a medium, the disembodied intelligence cannot readily supply a higher intellectual machinery with which to express itself materially, than that furnished by the ordinary education of the medium."

The foregoing instances are sufficient illustrations that however careful and exact men of science may be in making physical experiments, their accuracy cannot always be relied on in other matters with which they are not so well acquainted, and on which prejudice is liable to warp their judgment and impair that strict fidelity of observation and statement they preserve in regard to experiments in the laboratory; and they also indicate how even our higher class journals are not only violently one-sided on this subject, but that they even refuse to rectify errors in matters of fact, when these are pointed out.

In common with all who have had like opportunities, Mr. Crosland bears emphatic testimony to the genuineness and wonderful character of—

MANIFESTATIONS THROUGH MR. D. D. HOME.

The following is an instance: It occurred at the house of Mr. Rymer, of Ealing:—

"Ten persons—I being one of the party—sat round three sides of a large dining-table, the fourth side, nearest to the window, was left vacant, that all those present might have an opportunity of seeing the expected manifestations by the aid of the dim twilight which entered the window. We commenced our sitting at nine o'clock in the evening of the 24th July, 1855. A wreath of jasmine and mignonette, made expressly for the purpose in obedience to a previous request of the spirits, was laid at the edge of the unoccupied side of the table. After remaining

quiet for about five or ten minutes, we saw rise up between the window and table, and about four or five feet from me, a gracefully formed female hand, with drapery falling from the wrist. The hand was solid and opaque, for wherever it passed across the window it eclipsed our view beyond. I also observed that the hand moved, not like a severed limb, but easily, as if it belonged to, and was supported by a body. After repeated wavings, as if making signals to bid us be attentive and calm, the hand deliberately took up the wreath, carried it round outside the circle of visitors, and placed it firmly on the head of a dear friend of mine who was sitting next but one to me. When the wreath was placed on her head my friend says that she distinctly felt the fingers adjusting and fixing it. I must confess that, when I witnessed this act I felt some trepidation; my hands became cold, and the roots of my hair seemed inclined to disarrange themselves; but I soon recovered my equanimity, and the ultimate effect of my acquaintance with the spiritual phenomena was to render me extremely composed whenever I was present at such manifestations, and to remove all dread of death, or of the supernatural."

"I may here remark, that when the hand holding the wreath passed out of the plane of the window, I lost sight of the proportions of the moving figure in the darkness of the room; it then appeared more like an ash-coloured shadowy form advancing in a curve towards me. On subsequent occasions I had opportunities of touching these hands—they felt like soft human flesh; sometimes they were warm and pleasant, sometimes cold and clammy, according to the medium's state of health; if we clutched them they melted away I witnessed many other marvels at Ealing; but I need not relate any more at present. The foregoing one will serve as a specimen of what occurred there nearly every evening for some months. I may as well add, that I took good care to be certain that I was not deceived by any trickery."

There are many instances on record of apparitions and manifestations by spirits to survivors in fulfilment of some agreement to that effect. The following is one of these:—

" THE SPIRIT COMPACT.

"On the 30th of January, 1856, at the early age of thirty, died the Rev. Theodore Alois Buckley, formerly one of the chaplains of Christ Church, Oxford. He was a man of extraordinary ability; his life was unfortunate, and his death sad. When he was alive and well at Oxford, about the year 1850, conversing on the subject of ghosts one day with a mutual friend, Mr. Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, the two friends entered into a

compact that whoever departed this life first should, if permitted, visit the other as an apparition; and the signal of communication was arranged to be the placing of a ghostly hand on the brow of the survivor. On the night of the 2nd of February, about 12 or half-past 12 o'clock, Mr. Mackenzie was lying in bed watching the candle expiring, preparing his mind for sleep, and *not thinking of his departed friend*, when he felt placed over one eye and his forehead a cool, damp hand. On looking up he saw Buckley in his ordinary apparel, and with his portfolio under his arm, as in life, standing at the bed-side. The figure, as soon as it was recognised, retreated to the window; and after remaining plainly in sight for about a minute, disappeared. A few nights afterwards, the spectral Buckley again made his appearance, bearing in his hand the exact image of a letter, which Mr. Mackenzie at once identified as an old one, which he had casually picked up from his letter-box in the course of the day. The letter had been formerly written by Mr. Buckley when alive."

The most frequent and best attested cases of apparition it is admitted are of that kind of which our next instance is an illustration, and for the correctness of which our author tells us he can personally vouch.

APPARITION AT THE TIME OF DEATH.

"About 40 years ago, there resided at Newbury, in Berkshire, a pious and excellent young lady. She had a brother, who was living in Scotland. One morning, about eleven o'clock, she was sitting in the parlour, working at her needle, and singing a hymn—that one in which occur the lines—

"He plants His footstep on the sea,
And rides upon the storm;"

when she distinctly heard a gentle tapping upon the window of the door; the door was half glass, half panel. After the tapping was repeated, the lady looked up and clearly saw her brother's long thin white hand and part of his shirt-sleeve; the latter she was able to identify as her own cut and needlework. Two or three days after the appearance of this apparition a letter arrived, announcing her brother's death; an event which happened at the time the spectre was seen."

Here is a touching little anecdote of the—

APPARITION OF A SPIRIT-MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

"I know a dear, interesting little girl. Her mother died in giving her birth. When she was five years old, this child was sent to visit a friend who possessed a portrait of the departed mother. The child at once identified the likeness, and exclaimed,

‘Oh, that is mamma! she comes to me in the night; and I know why she walks so softly—because she’s dead.’”

Perhaps the most interesting case of spiritual apparition in this volume, and the one most circumstantially related, is the narrative of—

TOM POTTER.

“On Groom’s Hill, Greenwich, there resides a friend of mine, Mr. H——d, a gentleman of great respectability, of varied attainments and of considerable mental ability, a student of literature, religion, and science. His position is that of an underwriter at Lloyd’s, and in the society of his wife and children he enjoys a wholesome domestic life. Among those persons engaged in this comfortable household in the year 1866, was a young widow, named Mrs. Potter, whose services were occasionally required for various periods as a needlewoman and general assistant. She had one son named Tom, a bright, handsome, delightful boy: he could sing and play; he was clever and accomplished; he excelled in any study to which he gave his attention, and though he was wayward and restless, he was the favourite of every one who knew him. This brave and troublesome boy was provided with a home and educated at the neighbouring Roman Catholic orphanage, under the direction and mastership of an able and enlightened priest, Dr. T——d. Those who knew this kind and estimable ecclesiastic will not require to be reminded of his many excellent qualities. His learning and intelligence, his affability and wide sympathy, his devotion to the cause of education and religion, and his high principles, have endeared him to all those who are honoured with his friendship. His heart is as tender as his mind is acute and sagacious. You might impose upon his good nature, but not upon his intellect.

“Tom Potter, the restless and impetuous scholar, caused many an anxious thought to his mother and her friends, and at last they raised a general chorus of ‘What shall we do with Tom Potter?’ About the year 1863-4, when he was probably 14 years of age, he was placed in a first-rate house in Manchester, but his vocation was evidently not ‘in dry goods;’ he would not settle down to a mercantile life—he determined to go to sea; and at last his friends most reluctantly consented that his whim should be gratified, as they could make nothing of him on shore. He was placed on board a training-ship at Woolwich, and in due time drafted on board one of Her Majesty’s ships of war. After a voyage or two, Tom got tired of the navy and rebelled. In company with some other naughty boys he deserted the ship, and after some disastrous adventures, he returned in a piteous

plight—weary, famished, and half naked—to his Greenwich home.

“The tables were soon turned upon the young and interesting truant; he became very ill, and a warrant was issued for his apprehension. His mother and her patrons immediately raised a despairing cry, and asked, with more emphasis than ever, ‘What shall we do with Tom Potter?’ Dr. T. again intervened with his kind offices and intercession. The captain of the ship consented to receive back again, with only a nominal punishment, the irresistible and pardoned culprit; and at last Tom was fairly shipped off on board the *Doris* frigate bound to the West Indies.

Tom’s mother having thus provided for her son, left the H— family altogether; got married again, and became Mrs. Cooper. After a time a new servant, who had never heard of either Mrs. Potter or Mrs. Cooper, arrived, and filled the office of housemaid. This new servant we will call Mary; and so ends the first chapter of my tale.

“On the night of the 8th of September, 1866, Mr. H.’s street door bell was rung. Mary, the housemaid, answered it; the door was duly opened, and, after a little confabulation, the door was shut again. Mrs. H., who was unwell, was in her bedroom, which commands a view of, and is within earshot of the entrance hall. She listened and distinctly identified the voice of Tom Potter. She was surprised, and called out, ‘Mary, who was that at the door?’ The servant replied, ‘Oh, ma’am, it was a little sailor-boy: he wanted his mother; I told him I knew nothing of his mother, and sent him about his business.’

“Mrs. H., whose anxiety was roused, asked Mary, ‘what the boy was like?’

“Well, ma’am, he was a good-looking boy in sailor’s clothes, and his feet were naked. I should know him again anywhere. He looked very pale and in great distress; and when I told him his mother wasn’t here, he put his hand to his forehead, and said, ‘Oh dear, what shall I do?’

“Mrs. H. told her husband what an unwelcome visitor had been to the house, and gave him the unpleasant intelligence that ‘she was sure Tom Potter had run away from his ship again.’ The family now laid their heads ominously together, and vexatiously exclaimed, ‘Goodness gracious! What shall we do with Tom Potter?’

“They sent to make enquiries of the mother, but she had heard nothing of her son; then they thought he was lost, and they upbraided themselves for ‘turning him away from their door.’

“In their trouble they went to consult the genial Dr. T.,

but his opinion only increased their perplexity and astonishment. He told them, 'It is almost impossible Tom Potter can have deserted his ship. I had a letter from the boy himself only about two months ago, and then he was getting on capitally.'

"It was then arranged that Mary should have an interview with Dr. T., and be examined by him. She was accordingly ushered into Dr. T.'s presence, and invited to take part in the council. Dr. T. had a store of photographs of many of his pupils, and among them was a carte of Tom Potter. He laid a number of these portraits before Mary, and requested her to pick out the one that resembled the boy she saw; at the same time with the view of testing her accuracy to the utmost, he called her attention to one which was *not* a photograph of Tom Potter, and quietly remarked, 'Do you think that is the boy? he was very likely to run away from his ship.' 'No,' said Mary, positively, 'that was not the boy I saw; this is the one;' at the same time pouncing upon the likeness of Tom Potter; 'I could swear to him.'

"The mystery became more mysterious; but the only decision the conclave could wisely make was to await the issue of events; in the meantime they could do nothing but patiently exercise their faculty of wonder. A solution of the mystery was at hand. In the next month of October, Dr. T. received a letter from the Admiralty, stating that they communicated with him because they did not know the address of Tom Potter's mother. The letter gave the sad intelligence that on the 6th September, just two days before he was seen at the door of Mr. H.'s house, Tom Potter breathed his last, in consequence of a dreadful accident on board the *Doris* frigate at Jamaica. He fell from the mast-head on the 24th July, 1866, and was frightfully injured. He lingered a few weeks and died raving, and calling for his mother.

"It was at Mr. H.'s door that the ill-fated boy parted from his mother, and there saw her for the last time in life. This circumstance may account for the spirit of the boy having been mysteriously attracted to the spot where he left his mother, of whose departure he was not aware. Disembodied spirits only know what comes within the compass of their experience and capacity. Their intelligence and information are sometimes very limited. The facts of this story are certain and indisputable. I have taken great pains to verify them."

Among other ghostly narratives in the volume is a group of four, for which our author says, "I am indebted to a lady, a relation of our present Prime Minister;" and among other incidents of the author's personal experience, is one in which a missing paper necessary to the administration of a will to which

he was executor was found by direction of a spirit after every search for it had proved fruitless; such direction being given through the alphabet by movement of the table in reply to questions on the subject. But we have cited so many illustrations that we have only space to refer briefly to our author's theory (or as he modestly says, his speculation may more properly be called—hypothesis) concerning apparitions: and which we give in his own terms.

MR. CROSLAND'S THEORY OF APPARITIONS.

The following is his hypothesis:—

“That every significant action of our lives—in the garments we wear, and in the attitudes and gestures of our humanity—is vitally photographed or depicted in the spirit-world; and that the angels, under God's direction, have the power of exhibiting, as a living picture, any specific circumstances or features to those who have the gift of spiritual sight, and who are intended to be influenced by the manifestations. These tableaux may represent still life, or they may be animated by certain spirits appointed for the purpose, or by the identical spirits of the persons whose forms are shown, when the apparitions are the images of those who have departed this world.

“But, exclaims the materialistic scientific scoffer, where does the Almighty keep his stock of chemicals, cameras, and sensitive plates, with which this wonderful photographic process is accomplished? My answer to this literal and prosaic querist is, ‘When you can tell me where the Creator keeps his paints and brushes with which he colours and decorates the heavens and the earth, I will tell you where he conceals his spirito-photographic apparatus.’”

This hypothesis at least explains some of the difficulties presented by the enquiry into apparitions—such as the appearance of spirit-garments, the perception by clairvoyance of objects and scenes which once have been but are past away, and the presentation of what our author calls still life; but when he speaks of these *tableaux* being animated by spirits we are unable to follow him, or to conceive how such *picture-tableaux* can manifest thought, memory, emotion; how they can speak, act, and present living personality and traits of individual character so perfectly as we see in the cases our author has so graphically brought before us. But, if we do not seek to make the hypothesis cover too much ground, and so strain it beyond its natural capacity, it may help towards the solution of a difficult problem; and it is one, at least, worthy of serious consideration.

The *Sketches and Adventures* appended to the essay are

interesting enough in their way, but have nothing to do with the essay; and the essay has nothing to do with them; and we think it would have been better for both if they had been kept separate.

A MANX CLERGYMAN ON "WITCHCRAFT, ANCIENT AND MODERN."

THE *Manx Sun* of December 14th and 21st, 1872, devotes upwards of eight columns, size of the *Daily Telegraph*, to the report of a lecture on "Witchcraft, Ancient and Modern," by the Rev. W. T. Hobson, M.A., President of the St. Barnabas Young Men's Christian Association, to which body the lecture was delivered. Though given under the above title, the evident object of the reverend gentleman was to denounce modern Spiritualism, and to warn the young Christians of his congregation against the "accursed thing." It is a stale and not very ingenious device for creating prejudice and preventing the fair investigation of any subject to brand it with an opprobrious epithet, which shall represent not its proper and legitimate nature and use, but simply the bad side of it, and that abuse and perversion of it to which the best things are the most liable. When those who are called infidels cite the follies, vices, persecutions, cruelties, and crimes practised by those who have taken the name of Christians, and proceed to inveigh against this as Christianity, clergymen are properly indignant, and demand that Christianity be judged by its avowed principles; but when Spiritualism is in question, they adopt the tactics of the infidel, and while they offer lip homage to Christ, they violate his plain injunction, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," and which clearly involves also the converse of the proposition, namely, that they should *not* do unto others what they do not wish done unto themselves.

Pressure of other matter has delayed our notice of this lecture, which is a fair specimen of its class. There is indeed little in it of a distinctive character. We all know the course of an orthodox clerical sermon or lecture on Spiritualism. They are all of one pattern, which might as well be stereotyped as the Athanasian creed. Indeed it might almost as well be preached by one of Mr. Carlyle's cast-iron parsons, if that cheap invention for such mechanical work should become an institution. After brief exordium the lecturer opens fire with the prohibitions from Deuteronomy, goes on to "wizards that peep and mutter;"

seducing spirits, "and doctrines of devils;" and winds up with "The last days, Antichrist, the Beast, and the false Prophet." Who are intended by Antichrist and the Beast the reverend gentleman may or may not know, but if we wish to ascertain who in this instance is the false prophet, we apprehend we need not go far from the pulpit or the reading-desk to find him.

Happily we now and then, though but rarely, find an oasis even in this most arid of deserts; to this intolerable deal of stale pulpit sack there is sometimes a ha'porth of the bread of common sense: and we are always glad to gather up these crumbs that nothing be lost. It is common for rationalistic commentators on the Bible, and for *pseudo*-philosophical divines to explain away the reality of witchcraft, and reduce it to mere ventriloquism and jugglery. Now our Manx clergyman has a crumb of common sense on this matter. We think that in the following passage he shows conclusively that according to the Bible—

WITCHCRAFT IS NOT VENTRILOQUISM AND JUGGLERY.

Was there not something far more serious than delusion and jugglery? In an heathen, it was a chief abomination in the sight of God. I can hardly think that it would have been a chief cause for the destruction of the Canaanites that there was one class of successful jugglers in the land and another class of deluded dupes; or that the people imagined they could have supernatural aid or supernatural information by means of their incantations and magical rites, and acted on this their vain imagination. Besides, if we are to take in its simple meaning the Scriptural account of the wonders in Egypt, previous to the exodus of the Israelites, we must believe that the magicians of Egypt—Jainus or Jambres—were enabled to some extent to withstand Moses by working counter-wonders to those wrought by him. Moses, by God's command, bade Aaron, as a sign to Pharaoh, take his rod and cast it before Pharaoh, and it became a serpent. Pharaoh called his wizards and sorcerers, and the magicians of Egypt did also in like manner with their enchantments. They cast down every man his rod and they became serpents. So also when Moses and Aaron turned the water of the Nile into blood, and brought the plague of fogs upon the land, the magicians of Egypt did so with their enchantments, and the heart of Pharaoh was hardened against Moses and Aaron and the word of God by their mouth. And, we might ask, was it by juggling that Balaam won for himself the character as a magician that still in those Eastern lands attaches to his name and memory?—that led Balak to say, "I wot that he whom thou cursest is cursed, and he whom thou blessest is blest?" Did Jezebel add skill in conjuring to her other accomplishments? Were Simon Magus, and Elymas, and others in New Testament history, mere experts in sleight-of-hand tricks? And was it some future wizards of the North—who will add the probable dishonesty of the Devenport brothers to the skill of a Professor Anderson—that our Lord and his Apostles warned us of as false Christs and false prophets, who should "show great signs and wonders,"—"miracles, and signs and wonders in support of a lie,"—so as to "deceive, if it were possible, even the elect?" It is plain—if we are to believe the Bible and our Lord himself—that there has been and will be supernatural power exerted on the side of evil and through the agency of men. It is God's own explanation of what we have seen to be a divinely asserted fact, as well as a fact almost universally believed among men—believed, we might almost say, by all but the foolish few who disbelieve in the supernatural altogether.

Witchcraft then was a spiritual reality, and universally prevailed among the heathen, and was even extensively practised

among the Jews. The next point on which we quote the lecture for a crumb of common sense, is on the enquiry—

WHAT IS THE SIN OF WITCHCRAFT.

What then, was the sin of witchcraft? Well, to the Israelite and to the Christian it was and is in the first place an act of daring disobedience and rebellion against God. Whatever harm or wrong they may have seen in it of itself, it was forbidden by God. It was in addition, sin to the Jew and Christian as being a part, and it would seem an essential part, of the *religion of heathendom*. *It was closely connected with idolatry* and we further see in Israel that it was, like idolatry, a departing from the living God; ungodly men put their trust in their enchantments, in their sorcery and witchcraft in matters where godly men put their trust in God. So it was distinctly in the case of Saul—he had greatly apostatised from God, and God was bringing his judgment on him. “The Philistines were gathered together at Shunem and the Israelites at Gilboa. Saul saw the host of the Philistines and he was afraid, and his heart trembled greatly. And when Saul enquired of the Lord, the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams nor by Urim, nor by prophets. Then said Saul unto his servants, Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, that I may go to her, and inquire of her;” and so he went and enquired of the witch of Endor, he who had in better days put away those that had familiar spirits, and the wizards out of the land. Again Isaiah prophesied concerning a time of great trouble coming on Judah from the confederate hosts of Syria and Israel that in that time of trouble and judgment there would be a great going after more than human aid, and so he says, “And when they shall say unto you, seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep (or as we would now say cheep) and that mutter; should not a people seek unto their God, for the living unto the dead?” *i.e.*, instead of the living God, should they seek to the dead? In fact, there was evidently this relation and connection between idolatry and witchcraft, that while one was a putting of a false and forbidden worship instead of the worship of the true God, the other was putting a false and forbidden consultation instead of consulting the true God.

We particularly call attention to the passage we have italicised, as we think it goes far to explain the reason of the prohibitions in Deuteronomy. In another part of the lecture the reverend gentleman defines witchcraft as “supernaturalism, in a bad sense, in a forbidden direction,” and, again, as “devil-worship and devil-teaching.” He further tells us, “The gospel had an early conflict to wage, and a victory to win over the abounding witchcraft of the heathen, and even, to some extent, of the Jewish world, and there are plain indications of a revival of the belief in, and practice of, magic, as a last effort of expiring paganism.”

No doubt Spiritualism of the kind here indicated is condemned alike by Scripture and by enlightened reason. But is this the only kind of Spiritualism spoken of in the Bible? Does it not commend and present examples of a Spiritualism the converse of all this? Does it not recognise the Divine appointment and universal ministry of angels, and exhort to covet spiritual gifts, such as those witnessed at the present day— healing, discerning of spirits, and prophecy, or speaking under a holy, spiritual power? If there were wizards and sorcerers, were not those who had open vision, and who exercised this and other spiritual gifts in furtherance of religious truth and holy

living, called seers, prophets, men of God? Men to whom we are told "the word of the Lord" came; and to be deprived of whom was a public calamity? Nor is the force of this to be evaded by making a distinction between angels and departed human spirits, for the distinction, if meant to imply a difference of nature, is one the Bible does not recognise. It uses the terms "angel" and "man" interchangeably; the angel Gabriel "is the man Gabriel;" the angels at the sepulchre are "men in shining garments;" the angel who conversed with the seer of Patmos, proclaimed himself his fellow-servant, of his brethren the prophets; the spirits who talked with Jesus were certainly departed human spirits, for they are identified as the two most famous prophets of Hebrew history—Moses, the founder of the Jewish polity and promulgator of the law against witchcraft; and Elias, the most daring enemy of idolatry and false prophets, yet both combining with the founder of the Christian faith, and in presence of his chief disciples, to sanction the practice of Spiritualism by their own example.

Our divine is perplexed with the case of the departed Samuel appearing to Saul, but considers it inconclusive, because exceptional. Were this true, the plea would be of no avail. The resurrection, and the open, frequent appearance of Jesus after his decease is represented as exceptional. Has it, therefore, no significance? But, as we have seen, the instance of Samuel is not exceptional: Moses, Samuel, Elijah, the unnamed prophet (held by some commentators to be Daniel) who appeared to John the revelator, showing visions to and holding converse with him on the Lord's Day, and Jesus himself, are all Bible instances to show that the best and holiest who have worn our humanity have returned as spirits to hold converse with those still on earth.

SPIRITUALISM NOT CONJURING.

The president of the Young Christians of St. Barnabas thinks it highly probable that the facts of Spiritualism are supernatural, though like most gentlemen of the cloth, in dealing with strange matters which they don't understand, he fathers it all upon the devil. But he is quite sure it is not conjuring; and in evidence, he not only cites the testimony of the Committee of the Dialectical Society, Professor De Morgan, and Mr. Crookes, F.R.S.; but after referring to the millions of Spiritualists in the world, truly says—

It would take an enormous staff of conjurors and jugglers to minister to them, and we would have heard, I think, of their training and preparation for their work, were all the mediums conjurors; or were there even one conjuror in every circle. Besides, I point to the result even so far of the whole, and I see that such a result must not only have some cause other than juggling, but that, from the nature of the result, it must have had a Satanic cause. The

result is the establishment and the rapid spread in the world of a religion of infidelity as regards all Christian truth—of witchcraft, subjective at any rate, in full practice, in disobedience and defiance of God and His word.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM AND WITCHCRAFT.

It is admitted that Spiritualism combats the widespread materialism of our time with great success, and that it teaches the being of God and a Future Life. So far, then, we apprehend, it is neither witchcraft nor satanic. These are principles understood to be common to all forms of religious faith, and in helping men to these it promotes what all admit as important truths of religion, and is antagonistic to none. But from this point it leaves every church to make good its special doctrines and claims as best it may. It imposes no creed, but leaves each one free to think, and judge, and act for himself. Among its millions it numbers Romanists, Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, Independents, Swedenborgians, Shakers, Mormons, believers and unbelievers. No one is responsible for any other opinions than his own. Of course, from a literature so vast and multifarious as that of Spiritualism, it is easy to find extracts to prove anything, and much that is spoken and written in its name may well make the judicious grieve and give a handle to its enemies; but it will surprise Spiritualists generally to learn (chiefly from apocryphal quotations at third hand) that Spiritualism forbids to marry, enforces vegetarianism, and leads direct to idolatry and Anti-Christ. One thing that always surprises us in these clerical lucubrations is, that these reverend gentlemen affect to be intimately acquainted with occult mysteries more startling than any revelations of Spiritualism. They may not be able to throw much light on the correlation of forces, or on heat as a mode of motion; but they are as intimate with Hell as with their native village. The manners and customs of its inhabitants are as familiar to them as are those of the gorilla to M. de Chaillu. The Rev. W. T. Hobson, M.A., for instance, says:—

“It may be, I fully believe it is, that while some with curious carnal minds are seeking to, and fondly hoping that they are conversing with their departed friends, or with the mighty dead of long past ages, some tricky fiend is deputed by the prince of devils to personate the required spirit, and is (*con amore*) acting his deceitful part.”

We are curious to know how the reverend gentleman has attained this fulness of belief. Is it a belief according to knowledge, or only of ignorance and prejudice? Has it come to him (as Dogberry says reading and writing come) by nature? Has he discovered it by the light of intuition, or has he evolved it (as the German did his camel) from the depths of his own con-

sciousness? Or has he been secretly dabbling in the black art? He certainly cannot have extracted it from the New Testament, unless by some such occult process as that by which the Laputan philosophers extracted moonbeams from cucumbers. He chooses to regard it as "At any rate a good working hypothesis, and one which explains all the sorcery and witchcraft and Spiritualism of all ages." No doubt it is a good hypothesis with which to work upon the fears and superstition of the ignorant, and prevent investigation, and maintain priestcraft, but those who have practically investigated Spiritualism and received into their souls the heavenly truth and consolation it imparts (like the lady who recorded her experience in our last number), will see in it only a manifestation of the same spirit which led the Pharisees to say of One whom the reverend gentleman calls his Master, "He hath a devil?" His knowledge of the subject does not seem to extend much beyond what he has gleaned from a few numbers of a penny journal for material for his discourse. With fuller knowledge and a more open mind we doubt not he would attain to better views, more worthy of a Christian pastor and a teacher of young Christians. Those best informed as to the facts will be least inclined to Hobson's choice, as an hypothesis to explain the "Spiritualism of all ages."*

T. S.

WHO GAVE THE INFORMATION?

DR. CARPENTER AND SERJEANT COX REQUESTED TO EXPLAIN.

- "SIR,—I beg to acquaint you of a very singular event which occurred here yesterday. On Saturday night, a villager named Andrew Scott, dreamed of being along the coast on St. Cyrus Sands, and finding a man among the rocks under Whitson Houses. On Sabbath morning, after breakfast, he cleaned himself, and told his wife he would go and see if there was anything in his dream, taking another man with him to whom he made known his errand, and on arriving at the spot where he expected to find the man, sure enough there was the drowned man, washing amongst the rocks, just as seen in his dream. He was taken ashore, reported to the St. Cyrus authorities, and to-day he is to be interred. He is supposed to be one of the men

* For a fuller discussion of many of the points raised by Mr. Hobson, see our recent Reply to the Rev. John Jones; and on the general question of the Relations of Spiritualism to Religion, the essay on *What is Religion?* and also *The Two Worlds*.

belonging to the *Providence*, wrecked on December 19th.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient Servant, DANIEL HAMILTON, Johnshaven, Kincardineshire, January 20th.”—*Evening Standard, January 24th.*

A similar case to the above, is reported by Mr. Chapman, of 10, Dunkeld Street, Liverpool, as to the finding of the body of a Mr. Moor, a gentleman farmer, and friend of Mr. Chapman, who lived at Raegill House, about two miles from Hanes, Yorkshire, and who had suddenly disappeared. The strictest enquiry and search was made to discover him, or to find the body, but without success. The brooks and rivers were all carefully dragged. It is said not a foot of water was passed over without examination. Thousands of people turned out to search the lands, the woods and the streams, but to no effect. For seven weeks his wife and family waited with intense anxiety to learn his fate. In their despair they enquired of the spirits at a circle in their neighbourhood. Communications were received, stating where the body of Mr. Moor would be found, but this information was not believed. Mr. Chapman says:—

“However, three or four gentlemen resolved to sit at a table at Burtersett, about a mile from where the lost Mr. Moor had disappeared, and was last seen. It was at the house, I believe, of Mr. Pratts, in the above village, the place where I was born. The communicating influence told the sitters that the body was in the river Ure, about a yard or two from a place which was named. The sitters did not give much heed to this intelligence, but next morning related it to a young lad of the name of Metcalfe, who, putting more faith in what had been communicated, went straightway to the spot, and found the body of Mr. Moor at the identical place where the spirit, through the table, had said it was, and the poor boy got the reward which the family had offered and advertised.”

The editor of the *Medium*, who prints Mr. Chapman's letter in full, says, “Our readers and the public generally may put the fullest confidence in the truthfulness of this extraordinary report, which answers the demands of the *Illustrated London News* as to the power of the spirit to reveal things hidden.”

The only difference between these two cases is, that in the one the information was imparted in a dream, and in the other by the tipping of a table as the letters of the alphabet were called over; but the agency was doubtless the same in both instances. We ask the sceptic to answer the question, Who gave the information? Whence came it? Did it proceed from the unconscious cerebration of those whose conscious cerebration

had been racked in vain? Or, did it emanate from the extremities of their nerves? And if so, why in the case of Mr. Moor was it delayed for seven anxious weeks, and then only communicated after the idle ceremony of consulting spirits, who, we are told, never respond? Dr. Carpenter and Mr. Serjeant Cox are respectfully invited to reply.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

A Sermon by JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

“Are they not all ministering spirits.”—*Hebrews i. 14.*

How often, in reading the words of men and women on great subjects, are we tempted to pause and say—Do you really believe this that you say? What grand things they write about God! what noble things about man! what glorious things about the future life! Why, if people believed—really and vitally believed—half they say and write about these great themes, the victory over sense and sin, pain and hardship, sorrow and sickness, life and death, would be already won. We should have no more doubt, no more fear, no more foreboding, no more heart-break. Life would be a sublime triumphal march, and the very gate of death would shine with the radiance of the smile of God.

Especially is this so with what is said and written about the future life and the state of the so-called dead. Heaven is pictured as unspeakably bright, blessed, and beautiful, far transcending the loveliness of earth; and the spirits of the blessed are pictured as filled with rapture, not sorrowing that they have left us, but rather longing for us to go to them. But the special point to which I ask your attention now is this,—that the beautiful and blessed ones are said to watch over us, guide us, stand near us, and find their bliss still in ministering to our needs. Milton writes of “millions of spiritual creatures” who “walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.” And referring to the love and care of the angels for the virtuous and the pure, he says,—

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.

So the old cradle song has it of little children,—

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed:
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Do mothers who sing that really believe it? What a mighty difference it might make if they did! So Samuel Rogers, speaking of children of a larger growth, talks of man as having "a guardian angel o'er his life presiding;" and, in like manner, Milton writes of God's "winged messengers," sent "on errands of supernal grace." Coleridge, the poet, must have shared similar beliefs, ideas, or fancies, when he rebuked those who think that there is nothing but what we can see or feel, or who think that dirt is a more real thing than spirit. That is, of all delusions, the most delusive, and of all superstitions the most superstitious. Men sometimes talk of the superstition of belief in spiritual beings: why, the most degraded superstition of all is the ignoble and disgusting notion that there is nothing more real than mud. God, the great Life-giver, is Spirit; and yet, as Coleridge says,—

Some there are who deem themselves free
When they within this gross and visible sphere
Chain down the winged thought.

Let me tell such ignoble and earthly beings that, however proud they may be of their mud and of their superiority to the dreams of people who believe in spiritual things, they have yet to learn the very alphabet of being, and to discover the fountain-head of all life.

Our own Tennyson is full of faith in spiritual things. He says:—

For though my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

Again, he says,—

Far off thou art, but ever nigh,
I have thee still, and I rejoice.
Dear heavenly friend, that canst not die,
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine.
Be near us when we climb or fall,

he cries: and again,—

The dead shall look me through and through:

and again,—

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest.

Now does Tennyson mean all that? If not, what abominable trifling it all is! If yes, what a glorious faith he is inviting us to! His thoughts are echoed by Longfellow, whose poems throb and burn and glow with his belief in the nearness of the so-called dead. What does this mean?—

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Then the forms of the departed
 Enter at the open door,
 The beloved, the true-hearted,
 Come to visit me once more.

Or this?—

The spirit-world around this world of sense
 Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
 Wafts through these earthly mists and vapours dense
 A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Now what I want to ask is,—Do men believe what they say? or is all this mere fine writing and fine talking? Do the poets mean it all; or are they only spinning cobwebs? Do the preachers mean what they say, or are they only helping the poets to do nothing? Is there a life after what we call death?—not a spectral, mysterious, unreal sort of life,—existence as of a jet of gas or miserable ghost,—but a life of a real substantial character for the actual George or Jessie who left us yesterday? And is there, or is there not a real world inside this or beyond this,—a world just as real to the people in it as this is real to us;—a spiritual world just as adapted to spiritual beings as this material world is adapted to material beings? And is it or is it not a fact that these so-called dead people are just as conscious as ever, just as able to love and hate, hope and fear, learn and serve as ever?—also that they are not far from us, but real dwellers in the spirit-world, which is not far away, but here,—here, as a mighty living sea in which we all float night and day; hidden from us, only by reason of the limitations of the organs of the flesh.

In the *Unitarian Herald* for July 5th, there was a poem entitled, “What the Dead said,” a poem of great beauty, and containing either a great truth or a great deal of idle nonsense. I am going to read this poem to you; and, when I have read it, I am going to ask you whether you think the poet meant what he wrote, and, if so, whether you can agree with him. The story is a very simple one. A husband has lost his young and beautiful wife; and he, sitting alone with all that is left to earth of her, asks her to reveal to him now what was the great secret of dying, and what was the chief surprise of that great transaction. He asks her many strange things; and, when her answer comes, it puts all these aside and shoots an arrow straight to the mark, as you will see:—

<p>“She is dead!” they said to him. “Come away; Kiss her and leave her, thy love is clay!” They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair; On her forehead of stone they laid it fair:</p>	<p>Over her eyes, which gazed too much, They drew the lids with a gentle touch; With a tender touch they closed up well The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;</p>
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About her brows and beautiful face
 They tied her veil and her marriage
 lace,
 And drew on her white feet her white
 silk shoes ;—
 Which were the whitest no eye could
 choose !
 And over her bosom they crossed her
 hands—
 "Come away," they said, "God under-
 stands !"
 And there was silence, and nothing
 there
 But silence and scents of eglantere,
 And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary !
 And they said, "As a lady should lie
 lies she."
 And they held their breath as they left
 the room
 With a shuddering glance at its still-
 ness and gloom.
 But he who loved her too well to dread
 The sweet, the stately, the beautiful
 dead,
 He lit his lamp and took the key
 And turned it. Alone again—he and
 she.
 He and she ; but she would not speak,
 Though he kissed, in the old place, the
 quiet cheek.
 He and she ; yet she would not smile,
 Though he called her the name she
 loved erewhile.
 He and she ; still she did not move
 To any one passionate whisper of love.
 Then he said, "Cold lips, and breast
 without breath !
 Is there no voice? no language of death?
 "Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
 But to heart and to soul distinct, in-
 tense ?
 "See now ; I will listen with soul, not
 ear ;
 What was the secret of dying, dear ?
 "Was it the infinite wonder of all
 That you ever could let life's flower fall ?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
 The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?
 "Was the miracle greater to find how
 deep,
 Beyond all dreams sank downward that
 sleep?
 "Did life roll back its record, dear,
 And show, as they say it does, past
 things clear?
 "And was it the innermost heart of the
 bliss
 To find out so what a wisdom love is ?
 "O, perfect dead ! O, dead most dear,
 I hold the breath of my soul to hear !
 "There must be pleasure in dying,
 sweet,
 To make you so placid from head to feet !
 "I would tell you, darling, if I were
 dead,
 And 'twere your hot tears upon my
 brow shed.
 "I would say, though the angel of
 death had laid
 His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.
 "You should not ask vainly, with
 streaming eyes,
 Which of all death's was the chiefest
 surprise ;
 "The very strangest and suddenest
 thing
 Of all the surprises that dying must
 bring."
 Ah, foolish world ! Oh, most kind dead?
 Though he told me, who will believe it
 was said ?
 Who will believe what he heard her
 say,
 With the sweet soft voice in the dear
 old way .
 "The utmost wonder is this ;—I hear,
 And see you, and love you, and kiss
 you, dear ;
 "And am your angel who was your
 bride,
 And know, that though dead, I have
 never died !"

Now mark what I am saying. The question is not,—Did this reply ever come? or, Was this scene ever real? but—Is there a truth in the reply? and,—If it were possible, might this scene occur? You observe what she is made to say;—that the greatest surprise of death is that the so-called dead can see us, love us, and kiss us, as of old; and that, though dead, they have never died. I am not asking whether that can be proved, but

whether it contains an intelligible idea; and I will further ask whether it does not contain the only intelligible idea of a future existence? He who affirms that the dead are really dead, and can never live again, is perfectly intelligible; and, though I may be sorry for him, I cannot fail to understand him; but he who affirms that the so-called dead are not dead, and yet denies that they know anything about us or can do anything for us, says something so irrational, so unlikely, so contradictory, and so painfully disagreeable, that it is rather a satisfaction to feel he is utterly unintelligible. Those of us who face the idea of a real life after death with all its consequences, are sometimes accused of superstition. Why, the superstition is all on the other side. What we stand by is solid fact, and what we ask is that life hereafter should be utterly denied or altogether affirmed, unless indeed any should wish to take shelter in that great refuge for the destitute,—Ignorance,—with its end of all controversy, “I do not know.”

I will conclude with a reference to two objections often advanced against the dealing in any way with this subject. The first is, that we can really know nothing about it: the second is, that it has no relation to practical life. As to the first of these objections, that we can know nothing about this matter, I will content myself with saying that no one can know that. True science is very quiet, and modest, and cautious, and humble. It is only sham science or shallow science that rushes into denials and that presumes to say what can or cannot be known. One thing we certainly do know, that we are surrounded with mighty forces of a most astounding nature, which are mainly unseen, but are not always unfelt. Another thing we know,—that we are only, as it were, knocking at the door of this great inner temple,—that life still eludes us, and that what we know is only a poor tithe of what we want to know, and of what is around us, above us, beneath us, and in us, to be known. If I were to give a word of advice to those who are over-fond of the words *Nonsense, It cannot be, Impossible, Don't tell me*, and the like, it would be this:—We have discovered so much about the casket that we never expected to discover, that we ought rather to cherish than rebuke the hope that we may yet find out something about that which the casket contains. Everything will come in God's good time; and, when we are fit for it, and when it can be of real use to us, it may come to pass that the link will be discovered which binds the unseen to the seen.

But the second objection remains, that this subject has no relation to practical life. It is simply wonderful that any rational human being should be found to offer such an objection: and yet the objection is urged in the very name of Rationalism.

Now, as a Rationalist, and in the name of Rationalism, I undertake to say that if men really believed in the actual continued existence of the so-called dead, and that these were near them, interested in their pursuits, observant of their struggles, mindful of their necessities, and often helpful in their times of need, this great faith would be one of the sublimest factors in human life, one of the grandest creators of noble motive, brave effort, unselfish action, joyous endurance, and invincible hope. Do not tell me that this reaching out of the soul after God and the things of God will rob me of interest, courage, and activity, for the things of this present scene. No delusion could be greater. The truth is that no man is so strong, so buoyant, and so unselfish in his work for earth as he who has caught a glimpse or heard something of the music of the unseen but not far-off heaven. Do not ask me, as a religious teacher, then, to confine my attention to mud. I cannot do it. I do not find all that I want there. I *must* look within: I *must* look beyond: I *must* look above: for I feel that I can only find my God where I find my unseen friends,—in the mighty spirit-world, where all the most real things are, where all the eternal essences are, and whence all life comes to this lower sphere. I will not be dragged down by my bodily senses to the earth. I will let my hungry and thirsty spirit lift me up to heaven. I will not let my flesh defraud my spirit, or my senses cheat my soul. I must “arise and go to my Father;” for my dearest treasure is there, and my heart must follow too.

MEMORABLE RELATIONS.

THE BANSHEE APPEARING.

“UNTIL within the last six years or so,” writes one of our correspondents, “I knew nothing personally of spiritual manifestations—being neither a born ghost-seer, nor dreamer. Nevertheless, one thing connected with the superstition of my country I did experience. My mother was a direct descendant of an old Irish family, claiming to be of the blood of the hereditary feudal princes of the County of Cavan, indeed the ancient name of that County was taken from them, being Breffney O’Reilly. Of course they were Catholics, and of course honoured by having a Banshee of their own. At that time, never having had experience of spiritual sights and sounds, I disbelieved in the experience of others—even of my own mother, who was a ghost-seer and a ‘dreamer of dreams,’ and whom I used to

laugh at. When about 19 years of age, I was staying with a relation in the County of Wicklow. It was the month of June, and the weather was beautiful. I slept in a room looking out upon the lawn. It was upstairs, and my cousin and her husband slept in the room adjoining mine. No other person slept on that floor, or on that side of the house at all. I awoke in the night suddenly—feeling quite collected. The moon was shining brightly into my room, which had no shutters, and I had drawn back the curtains on going to bed, as the view was very lovely. I lay for a few minutes quite wide awake, then turned on the other side, as persons generally do under such circumstances, and composed myself to sleep again. Then I heard a strain of the most extraordinary music, rise as it were from beneath my window, and gradually ascend, until it seemed to float and die away in the air. The sound was something like a woman's voice, but the notes were so clear, so sweet, so indescribably melancholy, that it is impossible to express the idea which they conveyed. I lay as if spell-bound until the sounds died away into silence, and then I began to persuade myself that it must be some howling of a dog. Then again the sounds arose; this time it was exactly as if, whatever produced them, was stationed on my window-sill. They rose by degrees till again the sweet, sad notes literally filled the atmosphere, subsiding gradually into silence. This occurred three or four times, and then ceased entirely. That same summer my grandmother died. Never have I forgotten those tones, they were so exquisitely pathetic—so unearthly—so thrillingly mournful. The only reason that I speak of my mother's family is that it is held as a fact that none but those who are of Irish blood are followed by the Banshee. Some other time I must tell you how my sister when a baby was cured by her grandfather O'Reilly's spirit *stroking* her ear. In those days, people in our part of the world had not heard of mesmerism except to laugh at it."

A GHOST OF EVIL ODOUR.

The same correspondent from Lucan has lately (1872) heard related, by a person well known to her, and on whose veracity she can rely, the following singular circumstance:—

"There is a very lonely piece of road which was and is the high road for carriers travelling from Celbridge and Lucan to Dublin. Those carriers were usually employed by the farmers to carry in grain, potatoes, &c., and often brought home large sums of money. This road, even thirty years ago, was infested by robbers, who sometimes added murder to robbery. There were, in particular, two comrades in this horrible trade; also,

there was a carrier who bore the character of being a regular profligate. This man, one night, was waylaid and murdered by those two wretches, and ever after the road where he was found was reported to be haunted, and very often the spirit appeared as a black calf of gigantic size, sometimes as a black dog, sometimes as a man, but always black. The odour also that proceeded from him was so overpowering that it caused vomiting, and in some cases the person who saw the ghost pined and died. One day a young woman (the sister of the narrator of this to our correspondent) was obliged to go to an uncle who lived at some distance, for money to meet a bill. She was desired on no account to remain out all night, and her brother, who had gone to a fair, promised to meet her on the road, just near the haunted spot. She was a bold, fearless woman, who did not trouble herself at all about the supernatural. It was rather late in the evening when she left her uncle's house, with the money carefully tied in a handkerchief, the uncle having in vain entreated her to remain until morning. Having proceeded some distance, she perceived the form of a man coming towards her on the opposite side of the road. He was sauntering like a person waiting for some one. She at once concluded that this was her brother coming to meet her. As soon as the figure appeared to catch sight of her he crossed the road rapidly, stopping in front of her. She then became alarmed, perceiving that the figure was much taller than her brother, and thinking that this was a robber. Raising her eyes to his face, she at once recognised who the figure was; still she did not lose her self-possession. He clutched her arm, and seemed as if to boil with evil passions. She adjured him in the name of the Blessed Trinity to say what he wanted of her. Immediately he let her go and vanished. She then went on to the next house, where, as it happened a girl was dying from the effects of having seen this phantom, and eventually this woman also died. Nor did the mark of black bruises, as if caused by the clutch of fingers and a thumb, ever leave her arm."

CASE OF HEALING THROUGH PRAYER RELATED IN A LETTER
FROM GERMANY.

"*September 7th, 1869.*—A young lady has arrived in this house from Frankfort, who tells me, that when a little suffering child who had not been able to walk for years, in consequence of some disease, believed to be incurable, her mother one night knelt down after the child had fallen asleep, and prayed as she never before had prayed, that Jesus would come and heal her child. *Upon which the form of Jesus entered the room, clothed in white robes; his hair was long and thrown back from his face;*

he wore a beard, and had sandals upon his feet. He spoke to the mother, saying 'Weep not, I will heal your child.' Then the figure walked up to the bed of the child, and laying his hand upon her foot, she was immediately healed! The next morning the child arose quite restored, ran into the garden and played there, running about like other children. She herself tells me that since then she has never had anything the matter with her foot."

CASE OF HEALING THROUGH LAYING ON OF HANDS, AND PRAYER, IN IRELAND.

September 1st, 1869.—William Howitt thus writes:—

"I had for the only companion in my carriage yesterday (on the road to Penmaenmawr) a young woman of Crewe, the daughter of a blacksmith there, and who called herself a 'machinist,' which means a worker of the sewing-machine. She had been engaged to work at Brighton, and was now returning home. I entered into conversation with her, and was interested to find what good sense, extensive knowledge, and right ideas she had. She appeared to approve disestablishment of churches; thought all religions should be equal, and the business of the Government to endow none or to endow all. Her ideas in politics were equally liberal. In religion, she thought *miracles* were as possible now as in the Bible times; and told me as a proof of this, that she had had a sister who had a white-swelling. The doctors had given her up, and said she could not live many weeks. Somebody advised her parents to take her over to Ireland to Father Furlong, who was said to cure many people, as the Apostles did. They did so, but for a good while Father Furlong would not do anything in the case. At length, one day; seeing him on the road, her mother went up to him, and said 'Father Furlong, if you won't do anything for my daughter for her sake, do it for God's sake!' This seemed to strike him. He came and took out his book, laid his right hand on her knee, and read a prayer. The knee, which was full of agony, immediately became easy. He never saw her again, for the knee every day getting better, they returned home. The knee became perfectly sound in a short time. The leg, which was wasted to the bone, filled up again; the foot, on which she could only rest on the toe, so long as she could walk at all—for she went a long time on crutches,—became all right, and there only remained marks of leech-bites on her knee, and a little hollow under the foot, caused by long pressure on the toe only. She is now married, and a mother, and is living in America, as well in health as any young woman can possibly be."

CURE THROUGH PRAYER IN PARIS.

We knew in Paris a gentleman, long interested in Spiritualism, and who had seen much of the cures performed by the Zouave Jacob and others. For some little time this gentleman (Mr. C.) had felt a curious belief gradually filling his mind, that he himself should possess the gift of spiritual healing. A beggar with a withered hand and selling things in a basket, came one day to Mr. C.'s house. While he looked at this man, the consciousness increased in the mind of Mr. C. that with God's help he could heal the hand, and he said so to his wife, who was present. Mr. C. told the man to show him his hand, which he did. It was, as I have already said, withered and crippled. Mr. C. took it in one of his own hands, and praying inwardly, began to make mesmeric passes down the arm and over the hand. As he continued to do this, the fingers, to his infinite surprise, seemed to elongate, the muscles to plump up—the whole hand to recover its healthy sound appearance. To the infinite surprise both of Mr. and Mrs. C., and of the beggar himself, the hand was cured! This is given as related by a friend of Mr. C's.

SHORT NOTICE OF "MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE."*

By RICHARD BEAMISH, F.R.S.

INDEPENDENT of the interest attached to biography when faithfully compiled, these volumes possess a value of their own which should commend them to all who desire to trace the development of mind from the incipient seeds of inheritance, through the subtle influence of circumstances to the final establishment of personal character. The intellectual, moral and religious atmosphere which breathes through these memorials is, in these days of formalism, intolerance and dogma, truly refreshing and fully accounts for the force of that attraction which we ignorantly denominate chance, that drew together into a peaceful and sacred union the two families of Leycester and of Hare, and which ultimately bound them together with the golden cords of devotion and of love. The circumstances which surrounded the early days of Maria Leycester and her sisters were singularly calcu-

Memorials of a Quiet Life. By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE. London: STRAHAN & Co.

lated to encourage intellectual progress and the growth of the best affections, and to find their consummation in the double alliance with the family of Hurstmonceaux.

The passages to which I desire to call attention are those which relate to the incidents of physiological and psychological interest, during the latter portion of Mrs. Augustus Hare's life in the form of trance.

The first of these events occurred in her 57th year, when, her constitution already much shaken by the loss of a devoted husband and many loving friends, received a severe shock on the death of her husband's brother, the Rev. Julius Hare, at Hurstmonceaux, in January, 1855. The narrative runs thus:—

“My mother's intense desire to be of comfort and use to others, gave her an amount of strength at this time which was astonishing to those who had looked forward with the utmost dread to the effect this long expected grief would have upon her; but her effort at self-command proved too great for her physical powers, and after Mrs. Julius Hare had moved to Lime, and the last link with the rectory was thus broken, she fell into a state of unconsciousness, which lasted for *sixty hours* with scarcely the faintest hope of recovery. Yet after that time she was again given back to us.”

The second, third, and fourth of these events occurred at Pau, in January and February, 1865.

“We had not been long at Pau,” says Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare, “when my mother became much worse, and soon quite unconscious. She said she thought she could sleep, but, while she slept, I was struck by a strange look in her face, and touched her. Her hands were quite cold. In terror, I moved her arm; it fell lifeless. I raised her head; it fell forward. Very soon her expression became radiant, one smile succeeding another. Complete beatitude lasted with the same unconsciousness for *sixty hours*. I felt the more certain it was the end because she seemed already in spirit to have passed the everlasting gates. After sixty hours, she spoke, but her mind still wandered amid green pastures, where she was still gathering the loveliest flowers, and where she heard the angels singing to her. She said that her brother and sister, who had gone before, had been with her while she was absent from us. Soon she fell into a deeper and deeper trance, which lasted a *hundred and twelve hours*. This was succeeded by a *third* trance which lasted *twenty-six hours*, of absolute rigidity, icy coldness; neither the pulse nor the heart beating, nor any breath—an entire appearance of death. The frail earthly tabernacle seemed

perishing, but one glance tells that her spirit, glorious and sanctified, has almost entered upon her perfected state. Her lovely smile, the heavenly light in her eyes, her angel sweetness, who can describe? Then from the gates of the grave God gave my mother back to me."

It appears that, in the first trance, Mrs. Hare was conscious of the presence of her adopted son and nephew, for, "when he came very near her, she smiled sweetly and even once murmured 'dear!' but she was totally unconscious of all else around her." Mr. Hare adds, "A serene peace overshadowed her; a heavenly peace filled her face, and never varied, except to dimple into smiles of angelic beauty, as if she were already in the company of the angels; and, indeed, perhaps she was, for "I have not been alone" were her first words on awaking; "your Uncle Penrhyn and Aunt K. have been with me." Another short trance followed, but she was ultimately restored to her usual health in the following May.

During a long illness which occurred at Rome three years afterwards, and when it seemed as though Mrs. Hare's spirit was indeed about to take its flight—not again to return—after describing in most touching passages the perfect state of beatitude in which his loved mother lay, "passing from one rapture to another—from one holy vision to another." Mr. Hare adds this remarkable expression from her—"You will not let me go." We are led then to ask whether it was not this intense desire to retain her, acting with mesmeric power upon the susceptible nervous system of his mother, that at length succeeded in recalling the spirit to its earthly tabernacle? for in describing her condition at Pau, he says, "In the long silent nights, with locked doors (as the French would insist that all was over), I have hovered over the pillow on which she lies as if bound by enchantment!"

Many cases are on record of this power having been similarly exercised, and with a like result. But it is not so much the physiological as the psychological phase of this interesting history to which I desire to call attention, and which goes so far to confirm that all-important principle of retributive justice, that—

Thought or feeling, word or deed,
Buried however deep,
What we sow, that we shall reap.

And to illustrate the argument of the exalted author of *Heaven and Hell*, in which he shows so forcibly that "our efforts after progress here cannot count for nothing in the attainment of happiness hereafter," nor that it is possible for "salvation to be reached through exterior ceremonies or the degrading instru-

mentality of silver or gold ;”* but that the usually dark border land and darker passage will, in virtue of those efforts grounded in the faithful promises of the Gospel and the inextinguishable love of the Saviour, lose all its terrors in the light and beauty of the perspective opened to the spirit and in the joyous assurance that the gentle deeds performed are recognised ; that sympathies in the sufferings of others are remembered ; that truths vindicated at personal cost are honoured ; and that the great and absorbing principle of love which had pervaded the thoughts and directed the actions is hallowed, and thus was the veil gently raised, and “ Mia’s ” pure and loving spirit was permitted to have a foretaste of those things which God hath prepared for them who love Him !

To the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* I venture, then, to recommend these profoundly interesting and instructive volumes.

MADAME MILTON, THE ROMAN CLAIRVOYANTE.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

WHAT really is Mesmerism? We call it magnetism, nerve-aura, and Serjeant Cox calls it psychic force, for he ignores Spiritualism, and recognises only a force. But what is this force? After all our discussions and theories about it do we know in any degree what it really is? We know only its effects. We know that it produces peculiar conditions of the nerves, induces a peculiar kind of sleep different from ordinary sleep, produces catalepsy, and clairvoyance. Under the name of biology it produces extraordinary effects on the mind, making a person believe whatever the operator wills ; and putting the two on the same plane of thought and sensation. It gives a powerful operator absolute command over another, so as by a mere action of the operator’s will, to compel a person instantly to stop and remain powerless as rooted to the spot. It will induce the person operated upon to imitate exactly all the movements of the operator though he does not see him. It can instantly change the internal disposition of the mind of the patient when under its influence by a touch on the different compartments of the brain. It produces instant and marvellous cures from the touch or will of particular

* *Le Ciel et l’Enfer, ou la Justice Divine.* Par ALLAN KARDEC.

persons, such as Dr. Newton, the once famous Valentine Grestorex, the Pastor Gassner of the Voralberg, and many others; but above all its production of clairvoyance is the most amazing. In this class of its functions it lays to rest, induces to inaction the bodily senses, and gives the spirit free action independent of them; enabling it to pass through the body and extend, almost without limit, its sphere of perception. It places the human soul, whilst still in the body, in a great measure on a footing with spirits who have quitted the body, and who pass through walls, doors, and other material obstructions, as though they did not exist, and more amazing still, bring with them material substances.

It is a truly wonderful power, force, fluid, essence, or whatever it is; so wonderful that Serjeant Cox has endeavoured to advance it to a rank really spiritual, though at the same time denying it any relation to spirit. Psychic force. What is that? Simply and literally, soul-force. But, says the Serjeant, it has nothing to do with soul, it is a purely material force. The Serjeant's term, then, is a mere misnomer, and yet, in my opinion, he has only missed by a hair what is probably its true distinctive name. For what is it? It is evidently a force which influences both soul and body; but most likely exists really and generically in the soul, and thence exerts its power on the body. According to the belief of Spiritualists, it is a force inherent in and employed by spirits to make themselves cognizant to us in various modes, these becoming every day more various, prominent, and positive, even to speaking, singing, showing themselves to us, and giving us their photographs. If the learned Serjeant had, therefore, done as Reichenbach allowed Dr. William Gregory to do by Od, add a material adjunct to it of $\nu\lambda\epsilon$, Matter or Stoff, as the Germans call it, we should then, instead of psychic, have had psychule force, making, probably, the nearest possible approach to the definition of this mysterious agent, namely, spirito-material, or physico-psychic.

It is not worth while here to refer to the learned Serjeant's greater mistake of calling this a *new* force. That has been sufficiently exposed. According to the physicists now in fashion, there can be no new force. Law, perpetual and unchangeable law, as the motor and sustainer of the universe, is their cardinal axiom. Those laws originally established at creation are eternal and invariable laws. As they existed then they exist now, and will for ever exist, neither more nor less of them, neither augmented nor diminished in force. If they are right, the Serjeant is obviously wrong. A *new* force is a new chimera. But still, what is this old force, to whose perpetual existence, coeval with the universe, all history testi-

fies, as well as the philosophers? Its real essence is as unknown, and, I believe, as inscrutable by any means at the command of mundane science as is the real essence of the principle of life itself. Modern philosophers have, indeed, pretended every now and then, that they were on the eve of discovering this great secret; but they are as far off the revelation as ever. Like the rainbow, when pursued it recedes, and is ever at the same distance from the pursuer. Huxley has lately tried the hocus-pocus of protoplasm, and now we have bioplasm, which are evidently as far off the revelation of the grand, profound arcanum of the seat of life as was the formula of Paracelsus for making a man scientifically, or rather empirically. No such man has ever been or ever will be made, though God, by his own old process, is making thousands every day. Even the imagined Frankenstein was acknowledged by his literary mother, Mrs. Shelley, to be, not a man, but a monster, ferocious, diabolic, destitute of every fine, noble, or delicate sentiment. And what a man would our present physiologists make, if they ever did reach by their experiments the basis of life, and acquire some, but of necessity, a limited power over it. It must be a greater monster than the literary monster Frankenstein. The very construction of a smile would be a puzzler for them. To create and arrange the necessary muscles, to effect their proper motion, to enable their man to command this motion, not by thinking of each muscle, and exactly when and how to contract or relax it, but by an instant volition; at the same time throwing into the eyes and the whole countenance the flash of light and soul that constitute the character, expression, beauty, and wonder of a smile! If this would be a poser, how much more to create, organise and arrange the mechanism of the whole body, its wonderful power of telegraphy to the outer world and to fellow-men. I believe that this knowledge and these powers are as far out of the reach of human science as the Divinity himself is beyond it. To unlock the secrets of a God, of course, demands the power and capacity of a God, not of a man; to fathom the contrivances of a Deity is the work of nothing less than a Deity. As has been well said, a God that is comprehensible is no God at all. The philosophers who in their scratches on the surface of this planet, imagine that they are getting to the bottom of infinite things, are the frogs which Æsop saw more than a thousand years ago, endeavouring to inflate themselves into oxen.

This, however, is a long preface to a short story. As we eat, drink, digest, sleep and grow, without understanding or thinking about the process by which these real and daily miracles are effected, so our mesmerisers and clairvoyants have

gone on utilising this beneficent force without troubling themselves about its essential nature and entity ; and both America, England, the Continent and Australia have produced and are producing more and more of those who relieve and benefit mankind, and keep open the doors betwixt the visible and invisible world by its means. It is this latter fact which shews that this force connects itself with spiritual existences, and is dominated by them, as the electricity of the telegraphic wire is by the human telegrapher.

Some time ago, that is, in the *Spiritual Magazine* for September, 1871, I gave you some account of several mesmerisers and clairvoyantes of Italy, chiefly of Bologna. I was then aware only of one in Rome, Elise Zarandelli. She, I understand, has left Rome some time, and curiously enough, most of the Bolognese ones have since ceased to advertise so outrageously, and have, some of them, tried their hand in Rome. Professor Guida and Anna di Cornelio, I believe, are now practising here. Most of these, I believe, cure chiefly by means of clairvoyance, thus professedly drawing their curative knowledge, and probably in a great measure power also, from spirit-physicians. There is one lady, however, who was then unknown to me, who never seems to have advertised much, and yet has acquired a great reputation. She is the wife of a dentist, whose name is English, but who is Italian by several descents, and who does not understand English. He is the mesmeriser, his wife the clairvoyante. He throws her into the trance and she then gives the diagnosis of the case submitted to her by placing herself in contact with the patient, and then prescribing the remedy. Besides this, I believe she possesses the power of healing by mesmeric passes. I have seen numbers of her cures given in the leading newspaper of Rome, *La Capitale*, as matters of news, not as advertisements, for these two years. These cases were all attended by the names and exact address of the persons professed to be cured, so that the proof of their truth or falsehood was of immediate attainment. I cannot do better than give a number of these cases, prefaced by the remarks of the editor of the paper, to which I would beg the particular attention of any English newspaper editor who takes a sly peep into this magazine—as I have no doubt numbers of them do. It may do him good ; or, if it do not, it ought to do.

MADAME MILTON.

(From the Roman journal *La Capitale*.)

“ What relation exists between magnetism and somnambulism ? Somnambulism has really the faculty of a second sight ; that is to say, to test the sensations of the persons with

whom they come into contact, and to look, so to say, into their interiors. It is a question which exercises many of the scientific, stimulated by which they ascertain and record a multitude of facts which really impinge on the wonderful, and yet defy every explanation.

“There resides in Rome a Madame Milton, in the Via Monterone, No. 74, second story; a somnambulist, very celebrated, who has performed many cures on persons well known, and who merits particular attention on the part of those observers who have not the fixed habit of denying that which they don't understand. Let us give a few cases, which anyone can test, if he will take the trouble:—

“ ‘ Sig. Bernardino Jori, living in the Via Sapienza, No. 38, third story, for seven years has gone about with his person bent, not being able to move freely the right arm and leg, in consequence of a spinal complaint. He is now quite restored to his natural erectness, has regained the perfect movement of the right leg, and moves his arm with sufficient ease.

“ ‘ Signora Louisa De Vivo, governess in the family of the Commandatore Rosa, director of the Farnese Gardens, was perfectly cured of chronic hysteric convulsions, attended with palpitations of the heart. The child Carlo, the son of Notary Augusto Mallagricci, Via del Seminario, second story, who was reduced almost to a skeleton by an attack on the chest, and by a slow intestinal inflammation, in less than a month, has been amazingly benefitted, and is on the way to a perfect cure. Signore Guglielmo Manti, Via del Governo Vecchio, No. 3; Signore Isidori di Anguillara; the child of Stefano Trementini, ten years of age, Via della Valle, No. 67; Signora Anna De Filippi, Via della Dogana Vecchia, No. 11, first story, were all perfectly cured; and we might continue the list. To deny is extremely easy; but, in the face of facts, it is necessary to have recourse not to denial but explanation. Magnetism is certainly, as yet, a science in its infancy in Italy; but we may remember that our ancestors, in seeking for the chimerical philosopher's stone, caused a wonderful progress in chemical science.’ ”

These were cases published in the *Capitale*, the most popular gazette of Rome, and its remarks on them on the 19th of November, 1872. A few days afterwards, it added the following facts:—

“ In addition to the cases given the other day of cures performed by Madame Milton, we ought to say that we have made it our business to speak with Signora Maria Trementini, aunt of the boy Stefano, and find that from a state considered desperate in less than a month he has been restored to perfect health. This lady has not words sufficient to express her

gratitude to Madame Milton for the rescue of her nephew from what appeared hopeless illness, and imminent death."

Shortly after the same journal gave these additional cases:—

"We have received information of a number of fresh cures performed by the somnambule Madame Milton, and for the sake of brevity, we make a concise selection from them. The child Maria, daughter of the distinguished Carlotta Sizzo-Noris, Via dell'Arancio, No. 30, third story, suffering from a pulmonary attack, which was leading her visibly to certain death, was restored thoroughly in less than a month. Signore Botti, of Albano, has been perfectly freed from an incipient tubercular phthisis. Maria Casadio, governess in the family of Signore Flandini, banker in the Corso, No. 201, second story, suffered for four years from an affection of the heart, in consequence of a fright, but is now quite relieved from it. Signore Pietro Clario di Castel Trione (Aquila), affected by severe rheumatism in the right leg, has been quickly freed from it. Signora Maria Danti, Via Scanderbecchi, No. 1, first story, has been perfectly cured of severe hysteric sufferings. Signore Guiseppe Faccio, Via Ottocasotoni, No. 9, first story, who has suffered for eight years from nervous asthma, is now perfectly cured."

On January 18th of this present year, 1873, an additional batch of the cures of Madame Milton were published by the same journal, not as advertisements, but as particulars of news very valuable to the community:—

"Signora Cardinali, Via del Pavone, No. 26, fourth story, troubled for above 14 years with serious uterine disturbances which resisted all cure, consulted Madame Milton, and in the space of a month has felt herself wonderfully improved in health. The boy Graziadio, son of Signore Alberto Piperno, Via Fiumara, No. 26, fourth story, has been cured of violent dysentery, attended with sickness, for which the attendant physician has sent to Madame Milton his sincere congratulations. (A rare example to English doctors.) The son of Signore Guilio Vemaccioni, Via di Capellari, No. 117, second story, has been freed from an excessive restlessness which could not be allayed by any injunctions of his parents, and gave them serious fears for his future. Signora Annetta Gostoli, Piazza Rosa, No. 16, first story, has been cured of an eruption covering the whole person, attended by other disturbances of the system."

"We might refer to other cures of children of croup and bronchitis in a most rapid manner, but these cases are as good as thousands. They are chiefly in families of respectability,

some of them of high standing, and can be at once verified by inquiry, their full addresses being given. In fact, a whole volume of cases might be cited, but if the public find these genuine, as they will, further references are superlative."

Recently we have had a visit in Rome from our excellent and energetic friend Mrs. Macdougall Gregory, one of the most persevering and efficient workers in the field of Spiritualistic propaganda in existence, and many of whose efforts have been crowned with most felicitous success. Mrs. Gregory was anxious to consult Madame Milton on behalf of an invalid friend detained in Rome by her indisposition. I accompanied her to Madame Milton's. We found her a woman of, I suppose, betwixt thirty and forty. From the contour of her countenance and her complexion she might be an Englishwoman. The first glance at her convinced you that she was genuine. There was no air of speciousness or pretence about her. She was simple, modest, unaffected, and serious. You could see by her eyes, somewhat cloudy and feeble, the traces of the clairvoyante. Her husband, on the contrary, with his English name, was essentially Italian. He had the dark hair, dark eyes, and the oval and somewhat delicately chiselled features of the Italian. He was apparently younger than his wife, perfectly gentlemanly, intelligent, and urbane. He might pass very well for a young polished city physician. Though at first we professed to have called only out of English curiosity, but as familiar with the phenomena of mesmerism and clairvoyance, they received us with the greatest courtesy, and gave us readily all the information we solicited. Mrs. Gregory, however, to satisfy herself further, said she would have a regular consultation regarding herself. Signore Milton seated himself opposite to his wife, and took her hands in his. In a few seconds she passed into the trance, and then putting Mrs. Gregory's hand into his wife's right hand, withdrew. After the communication Mrs. Gregory said to me in English, "This is most satisfactory. Madame Milton has told me the state of my *physique* exactly as Mrs. Dickinson did in London, and has prescribed precisely the same remedy."

In consequence she introduced her to her friend who was confined to her bed by her illness, with which she had been long affected, and for relief from which she was now on travel. In a few evenings afterwards, being invited to spend the evening at this lady's, to our surprise we found her up, and though looking delicate, being quite lively, and professing to feel quite well, so much so that the doctor calling whilst we were there, she said she had no need whatever of him. She also said that

when Madame Milton called she was suffering from severe pain in the head, which vanished immediately under a few passes of her hand.

On leaving Madame Milton's on the day of our visit, we found a considerable number of patients waiting for admission in her ante-room, showing that she was much in demand.

Amongst the number of invalids who visit Rome, there may be those to whom these particulars may be acceptable. Madame Milton's address is given in this article, and I have only to add that though neither she nor her husband speak English as yet, though they propose to acquire it, they both speak French as well as Italian.

April 24th, 1873.

I have just read the following in a Roman newspaper:—

“ Testimony of Gratitude.—On the 12th of this month I lost a cow on the land of St. Anastatius, and from the enquiries that I made I believed her to be stolen. I gave in the particulars of the case at the General Depository, on the Campidoglio (a Government office of enquiry), but could not recover her. On the 20th I went to Signora Anna Cornelio, the somnambulist, in the Via Coronari, No. 34, first story, and she gave me all the indications by which I was able to find my cow in a great meadow, where she had produced a cow-calf.

“ On the land there was neither cattle-shed nor hut, but a great old tower called the farm of Roma Vecchia, the property of the merchant Mazzolei.

“ LUIGI GENTILE.”

BELL-RINGING AND DEATH.

By MEDICINÆ DOCTOR.

IN the *Spiritual Magazine* for February last is narrated a very interesting case of spiritual bell-ringing immediately before death, from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, which has brought to mind another in my own experience, but soon after death instead of before death.

In the summer of 1852, I happened to be on a visit to my brother-in-law in Lerwick, the principal town in the mainland of the Shetland Isles, N.B. Towards the close of my visit my brother-in-law died suddenly, there is reason to believe from the rupture of a blood-vessel of the stomach into the peritoneal cavity. I was then a medical student, and, like most of the

fraternity, a thorough unbeliever in the supernatural. I would rather invent fifty unfounded excuses, or possibly condescend to tell an actual untruth, than allow that I could credit for one moment that the dead could in any way influence the living, or own that there was such a thing as spirit communion with us, good, bad or indifferent.

On the evening of my brother-in-law's death there were four persons in the house with the corpse, namely, my sister, the cook, housemaid, and myself. The housemaid made the following remark to me, unasked: "Doctor, if you hear the bells ringing during the night, do not be in the least alarmed, as it is quite a common thing in this country when there is a corpse in the house." As might be imagined, I laughed heartily at the superstition of the girl and still more when the cook corroborated her statement, and said "it was no joke, but a serious thing." To which I replied, "Well, if the bells do ring, you have given me warning enough, and I have a pretty good guess who it is that will ring them, if it is not the cat." (There was no cat or other living animal in the house.) To which they replied, that "it would be done by the spirit of the deceased." Being sceptical, as I have said, and duly warned, and without stating my reasons, I proposed the following arrangement for the night. My sister and the two maids were to sleep upstairs in a double-bedded room; I was to sleep on a shakedown on the drawing-room floor by myself, on the same flat with the room in which the corpse was laid out. As the children were expected early the following morning, and, as they might run into the nursery where the corpse lay, I locked the door, took possession of the key, and, to make certain, I drove a nail into the door and another into the wall out of reach and fastened over them a strong cord. My sister and I were closely engaged during the evening with friends looking over certain valuable law and other documents, and, after seeing our friends out of the door, I secured everything myself. With a candle I examined the back and front doors and windows on the ground flat, and, as there were a great many documents lying about in the dining room and tin chests with family and law papers, I closed the shutters and barred them—a thing rarely or never done in Shetland, as house robbery is all but unknown. I then locked the dining room door and took possession of the key. About 10.30 p.m. I went upstairs to say "good night" to my sister and the servants, all of whom had already retired. I then made for my shakedown very tired and with a feeling of anything but comfort. Unpleasant thoughts came into my mind; I felt it difficult to believe that one so gay and active could now be numbered with the dead; I felt as if any moment I might

see him enter the apartment, or hear his kind and jovial manly voice.

Although I had been accustomed to the dissecting room and all its horrors, the nearness of a corpse of a dear friend, lately alive and well, fills one with very different feelings of awe and melancholy from that of a corpse who has no friend to pay for decent sepulture. Feelings or no feelings, ghost or no ghost, bell-ringing or no bell-ringing, nature demanded sleep, and at 10.55 the candle was put out, and I closed my eyes in peace. So far as I could guess, I had scarcely gone to sleep say 15 minutes when I heard a bell ring, and I recognised it as the dining room bell, the key of which was under my pillow. As I thought that I had only dreamt, I sat bolt upright, determined to listen. In about five minutes more a *terribly distinct* ring occurred, and it was *the same bell*. Not another sound could I hear, and nothing was visible; but as I expected that the next part of the performance might be the opening of the drawing room door, in a most dignified and scientific self-possession I laid my head upon the pillow, pulled the bed clothes over my head, and went off to sleep. In the morning, as the housemaid or waitress—she was both—brought me my shaving water, she asked me “if I had heard the bell ring?” I said, “What bell?” She said, “The dining room bell, to be sure.” I asked, “How often did it ring?” She said, “Twice distinctly, shortly after you left us.” To all of which I replied, “Of course, I heard the two rings, but then one of you did it.” “Never!” the girl replied, “Your sister can testify that none of us left the room until six this morning.” I dressed quickly, went to the room where the corpse was, and found all as I left it, the back and front doors the same, and the dining room door locked, the window shutters fastened, and everything as I left them; the bell-pull and bell all right, and not even the tail of a cat visible. For all that, in my then ignorance, I swore it must have been a cat, a mouse, the wind, an earthquake, &c., &c.; but no, no, the girls stuck to their belief that the bell was rung by the spirit of their old master, or by a spirit.

THE QUARTER-CENTENARY OF SPIRITUALISM has been celebrated with great enthusiasm in the principal towns and cities of the United States.

A SÉANCE WITH MRS. GUPPY.

A *séance* was held on the evening of May 11th, at 1, Morland Villas, Highbury Hill Park. Present, Mr. and Mrs. Guppy; Colonel Peter Greck, Russian Civil Engineer, M.I.C.E.; Mr. Joseph Swinburn; Mr. and Mrs. Volkman; Mr. J. Clark; Mr. Henderson; Miss Mann; Mrs. Fisher; Mr. Thomas Shorter, and Miss Shorter. We sat round a medium-sized circular table, hands joined. On the light being extinguished, several of the company expressed a wish for some article to be brought by the spirits, as a manifestation. Mr. Clark asked for some spring onions—immediately we heard something falling as if perpendicularly, and from a considerable elevation, on the table, which by the smell we at once knew to be onions, and on the light being struck, spring onions were found on the table in considerable profusion. On extinguishing the light, Mrs. Fisher asked if a photograph could be brought from the mantelshelf of her bed room. The wish was scarcely expressed when we heard something placed on the table. On the light being struck this was found to be a photograph in morocco case which Mrs. Fisher said was the one she had asked for, and was a portrait of her father. The room whence it had been brought was about a quarter of a mile distant. Mr. Henderson requested that a bunch of keys which he thought he had left at home, a distance of about three miles, should be brought to him. In a few minutes some keys were heard to fall on the table, which Mr. Henderson said were his keys. Miss Shorter requested that some dried flowers and a piece of the lilac she had seen in the garden of the house might be brought to her; a large bough of lilac which quite scented the room was directly thrown over her head on to the table. Mr. Swinburn asked for an apple, and Mrs. Fisher asked for an orange, both of which were brought, though neither fruit was previously in the house. The apple (a large one) fell on the table with such force that on the side of the impact it was almost smashed. In conversation Mrs. Guppy referred to an experience in which water had been changed into wine; this led me to ask the spirits if that could be done now. On raps responding in the affirmative, a tumbler about three parts filled with water (pronounced to be such by those who tasted it) was placed on the table; heavy poundings were now heard on the table, as if made with a wooden mallet, and then as if with the open palm of a large, powerful hand; then the table worked backward and forward with a rocking, churning motion, as we had seen it do previously immediately before a special manifestation occurred. In about three or four minutes the raps

signalled for light, and in place of the water in the glass was seen a red fluid, which we all tasted, and pronounced excellent wine. Mrs. Guppy said there was no wine in the room, but there was some in the house very similar to that we had just seen and tasted. This led me to enquire whether the water had been converted into wine, or whether the water had been first abstracted and then replaced by wine. The spirits affirmed by raps that the latter means had been employed. The empty tumbler was then placed on the table, and Mrs. Guppy asked that some water might be placed in it. The light was extinguished, when the churning motion of the table was repeated, and in two or three minutes, on the light being struck, the tumbler was found about one-third filled with water.

We had sat again in darkness but a few minutes, when Mr. Clark called out that his chair was being taken away, and in another minute we heard him from another part of the room calling for a light; when the light was struck, he was seen standing on the table, where, without noise or apparent effort he had been removed. A watch and chain, worn by Mrs. Fisher, was next, in the darkness, gently placed in the hand of Miss Shorter, who sat at some distance from her; almost at the same moment Mrs. Fisher's girdle was removed, and placed in the hand of Miss Manu, who sat opposite her; and one of her shoes was placed in the hand of Mr. Guppy, who was at the further end of the room. Mrs. Fisher's voice was now heard over the table, declaring with some alarm that she was being carried up, then that she had touched the ceiling with her head; at the same instant Mr. Henderson and Miss Mann felt her feet over the table; she then quietly descended to the floor. It may be remarked that her head came into contact with the ceiling with sufficient force to knock the comb out of her hair, which when picked up was found broken.* This, she said, was the first occasion of her being thus levitated. The chair in which she had sat was also floated over the table and about the room, the legs of the chair in mid-air being felt by Mr. Henderson; it was then beaten on the table with such force that one of the legs was broken. The table was then carried out of the circle, over the heads of the sitters, and gently deposited on the other side of the room; and the couch on which Mrs. Guppy and Mr. and Miss Shorter were sitting—altogether weighing probably over a quarter of a ton—was moved a distance of about three feet.

We now adjourned for refreshment, after which (with the

* In a note from Mr. Guppy, May 14th, he writes:—"On the ceiling are the distinct marks where Mrs. Fisher's comb touched the ceiling, and under the sofa were some dried flowers which Miss S. wished for."

exception of Mr. and Mrs Vólkman, who left) we again sat for a few minutes with hands joined, for further manifestations. Some rhubarb from the garden had been asked for, and some sticks of it were now brought; and we were fanned and playfully struck with the leaves. Mr. Guppy asked the spirits if they would play on a tambourine? They assented by raps, and on one being placed on the table, it was immediately carried up, and several tunes were well played on it as it floated over the table and about the room, and as it finally descended to the table it played like the fluttering of a bird in its descent. The whispering voice of the spirit called Katie was heard, but not so as to be understood; another voice also apparently tried to speak, but the articulation was imperfect. Finally, the table was gently overturned till the top rested on the floor, as a signal that our *séance* was at an end.

T. S.

MANIFESTATIONS IN THE PRESENCE OF
MRS. MARY M. HARDY.

[From the *Banner of Light* of 5th April we take the following report of some remarkable manifestations in presence of a company of distinction, intellectual and moral.—ED. S. M.]

“ This test medium has been made the recipient of novel exemplifications of invisible intelligence and power from time to time during the past month. On Friday evening, March 28th, at her residence, No. 4, Concord Square, Boston, the company consisted of the host and hostess, William Lloyd Garrison and son, Robert Dale Owen and Miss Owen, Dr. Bartol, Thomas R. Hazard, Lieuts. Dyer and Greene of the United States Navy, Captain Irwin, of the Boston Custom House, Mr. Roeth, correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*, and several others. According to custom, the first part of the *séance* transpired in the parlours of the house, the company being mostly seated in the front apartment, while the chandeliers in both, as also the jet in the hall, were clearly to be seen through the open doors.

“ At about the hour of eight, the party, being engaged in general conversation, was suddenly disturbed and interest aroused by the rapid waning of the light in the chandelier of the rear parlour. Without any apparent cause, the lights sank rapidly—till nothing but a circle of the purest blue tint remained at the bottom of each of the glass globes—then disappeared. Mr. Hardy at once made his appearance to re-light

the extinguished burners, and called the attention of the company to two facts: first, that the stop-cocks of the burners were in no way disturbed; and, second, that he was unable to light the gas until the stream was again allowed to flow. The hall light then commenced emulating the example of the chandelier, and went out while the parlour lights were in full blaze, as also were all the burners in two stories of the house, thus proving that nothing was wrong with the meter, but that each particular burner extinguished was manipulated by some power invisible to the party present. The phenomenon now changed ground, and, manifesting in the front parlour, extinguished the lights therein, those in the rear also going out. The company were informed that these feats with the gas were accomplished by "Aaron," a spirit clothed with a coloured skin while on earth, and who was now an efficient instrument for physical manifestations in the hands of a party of scientific spirits in some experiments in chemistry, of which the extinguishment and retention of the gas were the commencement.

"When the lights were restored the party were invited to the basement, where they were marshalled closely around a black walnut table. Three common slates were laid upon the table, and on one a diminutive piece of pencil was placed. The medium then announced that all things were in readiness for the commencement of the writing. One by one the various members of the circle were seated before the medium in the following manner, and in a majority of cases were successful in obtaining lines of writing:—The medium, holding one end of the slate beneath, and placing her disengaged hand upon the table, required the subject to do the same; and the hands of all the others in the circle around the table were clasped, and in sight of the company. The gas was brightly burning, and every object clearly visible. Messages, such as 'Happy greeting to you all,' 'Glad to see Garrison,' were received, together with names, among them being 'David Leavitt' (formerly reporter for the *Boston Journal*), and 'Cynthia Dunbar Thoreau,' after which the invisible scribe wrote out, 'Get Owen's slate!'

"And here came the most surprising feat of the evening as far as the intelligent action of mind was concerned. Mr. Owen acknowledged that he had prepared a slate—or, in fact, two slates, bound together with hinges on one side, and having a lock on the other, the key of which was in his pocket—for the purpose of thoroughly testing for his own satisfaction the phenomenon—said slate being at the time in his possession. It was at once produced, and found to be locked. On its being held beneath the table, with a bit of pencil placed upon its upper side, three admonitory ticks upon its hard surface apprised the

spectators that the slate was ready for their inspection. On being drawn out, the following was found on the under side:— ‘We have written *inside*.’ Looks of inquiry now being cast on Mr. Owen, that gentleman produced the key and unlocked the double tablet, when, to the surprise of all, these words were found transcribed clearly on the inside:—

“ ‘My dear ones of earth, hope;
There is immortality for you all.

“ ‘VIOLET.’ *

“ ‘THEODORE PARKER.’

“ Mr. Owen, in explanation, declared that to his knowledge there was not a line of writing inside the slate when he closed it, and that, so far as he knew, no one possessed a key to the lock. A brother of Mr. Garrison then wrote on one of the ordinary slates—‘William, I am glad to see you. Brother James’—his message receiving the acknowledgment of that gentleman: the daughters of Thomas R. Hazard—‘Anna’ and ‘Mary’—wrote a recognition of their father’s presence while he held the slate; and the reporters, of whom there were several in attendance, were treated to laconic messages like these: ‘Boys of the press;’ ‘Don’t colour these facts;’ ‘Report truly, boys.’ As an additional emphasis in this respect, both gas jets in the room were instantly extinguished, and considerably more difficulty than usual was found in relighting them, a match in full blaze seeming to have no power whatever to operate on the inflammable ether until it pleased the unseen ones to allow it. Dr. Bartol was the recipient of a word from Rev. Dr. Fuller, whom he said he knew very well. The desire was strongly expressed that more use should be made of Mr. Owen’s slate, but the spirit-caligraphers seemed to think they had accomplished enough in that direction, and declared that they should soon change the manifestations in favour of others that they were accustomed to render at these *séances*; also remarking jocularly, ‘We are like the ladies—when we won’t, we won’t.’

“ Then came the phenomenon of touch by spirit-hands, which was experienced by nearly all present in the same manner as in the slate writing—that is, the one to be touched clasped one hand with the medium beneath the table, while the other was upon the table. In this position, the circle being completed by the clasping of hands as before, spirit-fingers were distinctly felt pressing upon the wrists of the person so situated. This manifestation ended the *séance*.

“ At the close of the main *séance* a few of the friends witnessed some additional manifestations of the physical type, among which were the holding of a slate on the under side of

* “A dear friend of Mr. Owen, who had long since passed to spirit-life.

the table 'without visible means of support,' its dropping to the ground in answer to the call of the spectators, and its being taken from the floor and given into the hand of those asking for it; also the opening of a pen-knife under the table, &c., &c., all of which were accomplished with exceeding celerity and power."

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

WILL OF NAPOLEON III.

IN the brief will of the late Emperor (made in 1865) there occur the following significant sentences:—

"It is necessary to consider that from heaven on high those whom you have loved regard and protect you; it is the soul of my illustrious uncle that has always inspired and sustained me. The like will apply to my son, for he will always be worthy of his name. . . . With regard to my son, let him keep as a talisman the seal I used to wear attached to my watch, and which comes from my mother; let him carefully preserve everything that comes to me from the Emperor, my uncle, and let him be convinced that my heart and my soul remain with him."

SPIRIT-PORTRAITS.

The genuineness of spirit-portraits obtained by photography is now fully established by time and experience, by a vast array of independent testimony from various persons and countries, and by the verdict of a court of law. Spirit-photography has outlived the prosecution and persecution of professional jealousy, and the obloquy sought to be cast on it by the ignorant conceit of narrow and suspicious minds, unmindful of the lesson of the Catechism, to keep "from evil speaking, lying, and slandering." It would seem that a new point of departure has now been made. The last number of the *Spiritualist* has a full-length form, said to be that of a spirit which appeared draped in white, and copied from a photograph taken by magnesium light. The April number of *Human Nature* also gives the portrait of a spirit engraved from a sketch taken by an artist at a *séance* specially held for the purpose. Both portraits, we are told, were taken "under the strictest test conditions," which are minutely detailed in the descriptions which accompany them. All honest efforts in this direction should be welcomed, and while the results are

freely criticised they should meet with that fair and generous interpretation which experimental investigations of such grave importance deserve, but which they often fail to receive even at the hands of those from whom such treatment might most reasonably have been expected. We shall be glad to learn that these experiments with the magnesium light are continued, and it will add to their value for the company to assure themselves by actual inspection that the medium is in the cabinet at the time the spirit is seen outside it in the room.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

The literary correspondent of the *Exchange and Mart* says:—

“Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook are very cleverly imitating many of the phenomena of Spiritualism at St. James’s Hall. But they should perform them under the same conditions as the professed mediums, if they would effectually confound them. A friend of mine, anxious to learn how the tricks of the so-called mediums are performed, invited the imitators to come to his house, in the same manner as he had seen Messrs. Herne and Williams perform there, and who came to him with nothing but their clothes. The St. James’s Hall conjurors answered that their apparatus weighed a ton, and that a waggon must be sent for it, and without it they could not accomplish their feats. Manifestly it is not an exposition unless the same things are done in the same manner, and under precisely the same conditions. This they decline.”

SPIRITUAL REVELATION OF A MURDER.

The *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* of March 25th last, contains a long official list of executions in the North of England, among which is the following, dated August, 1631:—

“John Walker, a yeoman of good estate, living at Lumley, and Mark Sharp, were executed at Durham for the murder of Anne Walker, a kinswoman of Walker’s, whose house she kept. She was supposed to be with child, but would not disclose by whom, and after removing to her aunt’s, Dame Caire of Lumley, the two men called her out one night, and she was not heard of afterwards. However, some fourteen days after her disappearance, she appeared to one Graham in the likeness of a woman with five wounds on her head, who said she was the spirit of Anne Walker, whom Walker and Sharp had murdered

and put into a coal pit. Graham related the matter to a justice of the peace, and the body of A. Walker, with five wounds on her head, was found at the place indicated. The prisoners were apprehended, convicted, and hanged."

Correspondence.

GHOSTS AND GOBLINS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—The *Cornhill Magazine* for April contains an article upon this subject, wherein the anonymous author endeavours to explain the phenomena by the aid of natural laws. An anecdote is recited of a supposed ghost seen by the narrator when a student at Cambridge. The 2nd vol. of *Howitt's History of the Supernatural* contains a description of the figure of a boy, seen in one of the Cambridge Colleges, by several undergraduates, in a particular room, at different times. The palms of the hands of this figure were external! The late poet, Mr. Wordsworth, who had this anecdote from his brother, then one of the Heads of Houses at Cambridge, was Mr. Howitt's authority for the anecdote, which is more difficult of explanation than the anecdote above mentioned is. Can any reader of your journal explain as to the hauntings at 50, Berkeley Square, London, recently mentioned in *Notes and Queries* for 1872?

Yours obediently,

CHR. COOKE.

London, April, 1873.

DEATH-TRANCE.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—After reading Mr. Atkinson's interesting account of apparently "raising one from the dead," I feel persuaded that Mr. Froude referred to his case and not to mine. I never could understand how Mr. Froude had acquired a knowledge of an incident which, as a whole, I had kept so carefully a secret—a secret which would have probably died with me, if it had not been extorted from me by your correspondent. It is, however, perhaps not to be regretted that the secret was at last disclosed, as its publication was the means of eliciting the knowledge of another event equally extraordinary.

In cases of this kind the multiplication of similar facts is equivalent to the presence of additional witnesses. Individual testimony thus gains support. Timid people become bolder when they see succour at hand.

I cannot, however, refrain from expressing my regret that Mr. Atkinson did not try the efficacy of prayer when he attempted the restoration of his patient. I believe that it would have abbreviated and lightened his labour, and that, by the aid of prayer, his task, instead of occupying him seven months, might probably have been finished in as many hours; but then prayer is so very unphilosophical—so unscientific!

I cannot think that the publication of Truth can ever do harm to Spiritualism. The cause of Truth and the cause of Spiritualism are one. Although Spiritualism may sometimes take a very evil and pernicious shape, I have endeavoured to show, in my little work on "Apparitions," that the ministry of evil is as precious as the ministry of good; and that God works through both instrumentalities to bring us to a knowledge of His Divine government. I feel persuaded that the principal difficulty Spiritualism has to

contend against, in influencing and impressing the public mind, is the timidity of believers and their reluctance to avow themselves. Where would Spiritualism now be, if such bright and brave people as Mr. and Mrs. Howitt, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Dr. and Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Robert Dale Owen, and many others, had not boldly come forward to give the cause the weight of their names and authority?

In fighting a great battle, a little want of ceremony is surely not an unpardonable crime.

Yours, &c.,

Blackheath, 2nd April, 1873.

NEWTON CROSLAND.

THE THEORY OF REFRACTION OF LIGHT THROUGH PSYCHIC AURA.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—In introducing the remarks by Mr. H. Clifford Smith on the above, you use the following words:—"In regard to this theory, which, it will be remembered, was put forth by a spirit in explanation of those appearances on spirit-photographs rashly attributed to double exposure."

Now as I was one who at once, but, at the same time, free from all *rashness*, pronounced the photographs alluded to to be not only deception, but deception of the stupidest kind, and more, that the evidence was so palpable that, unless we are to become as "little children" in common observation, and very weak children too, we could not but see them as such. And yet you allow the pages of the Magazine to be taken up with trying to prove that, after all, these things may be genuine.

Now what is the nature of Mr. Clifford Smith's remarks? Look at his second paragraph. Can he conceive of a substance having *any* of the properties of an aura and at the same time having the character or qualities of a double-refracting crystal? In all elastic vapour or ether, the homogeneous nature of the particles is completely opposed to the law of different degrees of elasticity, in different directions, necessary to double refraction. Mr. Clifford Smith says he has "seen double images of trees, &c.," which he thinks were from "conditions of the atmosphere." That I do not understand; but I know the eye will at some times suffer from astigmatism, which will make a man see double images. Likewise there are other physiological reasons for double vision.

The substance of Mr. Clifford Smith's third paragraph is, that he has taken "photographs bearing those refractory signs." I ask, what refractory signs? Signs of optical derangement, or *signs of double exposure*? If Mr. Clifford Smith has taken a picture bearing signs of *double exposure* (and I include every known method of double exposure), and no such double exposure took place, will he be so kind as to send me a copy of such, or say where it may be seen?

The theory given in the last paragraph is equally in error: supposing the "aura" interposed to be homogeneous, it would not give a double image; and, if it was not homogeneous, it would either give a displaced or a distorted image; but that would be true of everything in the field, not only of spots or marks on the background, but of the sitters likewise.

The following is a remarkable passage from Mr. Clifford Smith's paper:—

"Given, that the psychical aura is only capable of single refraction" (now how is a substance to be capable of refraction which is to render itself visible by radiation?) "the same double result may be obtained. How I will endeavour to show. The sitter has taken his place; the camera cap is about to be removed; but up to that time the conditions have not been favourable for the spirit to collect and concentrate the aura requisite for its own manifestation; the cap has been removed and the sitter exposed half the time, and the defects in the background with sitter have been impressed. Now the spirit is ready, and he tells us the refracting aura is then introduced, the denser medium is

intercepted" (how intercepted, as the only condition passing which could be intercepted was light?), "producing slight refraction, and the double image is produced."

The above to me is a complete puzzle. If the aura was necessary for the spirit's manifestation, how does it act as a refracting medium, since, to manifest itself or to render the spirit manifest, it must act as a radiator, and not as a refractor.

But I must leave all that to Mr. Clifford Smith. His theory is like the definition given of a crab to a distinguished naturalist. The definition was, that it was a fish, that it was red, and walked backwards. The naturalist said the definition was excellent, with three exceptions, namely, "a crab was not a fish, it was not red, and it did not walk backwards."

In conclusion, I see no reason for inventing a new set of laws entirely opposed to scientific knowledge, nor of making obvious deception appear true. Spiritualism is quite suffering enough at present from its pretended friends. As a system of religious philosophy it has nothing to fear, as it is only a development of the wonderful principle taught by Jesus and all who have truly followed him. But those who will force it into the foreground as a vulgar exhibition for gold may do injury for a time, but all will be well in the end, if, when deception is palpable, the magazines and journals will do their duty.

I am, yours, &c.,

JOHN BEATTIE.

[From a note which accompanies the foregoing letter we are glad to learn that Mr. Beattie is about to resume his interesting experiments in Spiritual photography, as experience with its facts is best calculated to correct erroneous ideas derived exclusively from the practice of common photography. We cannot safely apply the laws and rules of physical science to spiritual facts. Those who have sought to do so have always in the end brought discredit on themselves by the attempt. The example of such distinguished *savans* as Faraday, Babinet, Littré, Agassiz, Brewster, and Tyndal should be a warning to men of lesser note, and to Spiritualists especially, against this fatal error. Every phase of spiritual manifestation in turn has been in apparent contradiction to some principle of physical science; and this, indeed, has been and is the ground of opposition by scientists to Spiritualism. We must expect it to be so in spiritual photography. Conclusions true enough in their own sphere fail when applied to a sphere of laws and forces discrepant from them and transcending them; and for the obvious reason that so applied their method is defective and their data imperfect, and the conclusions so confidently drawn from physical principles to spiritual possibilities may, we think, be fairly described as rashness. While it is the duty of Spiritual journalists to expose palpable deceptions, it is no less their duty to protect mediums whose honesty has been fully tested from accusations which rest solely on inference, especially in dealing with a subject like spirit-photography, with the laws and processes of which we are almost wholly ignorant, and are only just beginning to experiment. We offer no opinion as to the particular theory controverted by Mr. Beattie.—ED. S. M.]