

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1874.

TO OUR READERS.

WITH this number we close our fifteenth yearly volume, and our relation to this Magazine as its editor.

Many reasons have combined to determine us to resign to other hands the responsible position we have so long occupied; but we need mention only one. Our sight has long been failing, and for about the last three years we have been unable to see to read either manuscript or print, and as this Magazine has all along been conducted at a pecuniary loss, we could not afford the services of an amanuensis; and when we add that besides editorial work, no inconsiderable portion of these pages has been written by our pen, the difficulties of our position may be in some degree conceived.

When, fifteen years ago, on the cessation of the first journal of Modern Spiritualism in England—to which we were a constant contributor—our Magazine began, it was, and for years remained, the only representative of Spiritualism in this country, and it met with little sympathy or encouragement, though fully as much as we had expected. The banner we bore aloft waved *against* the wind of popular sentiment. Rarely, indeed, was a voice then heard in favour of Spiritualism, either from the platform or in the press. The public mind had to be informed, public indifference aroused; misrepresentations from the pulpit and the press had to be corrected. However imperfectly this may have been done, the way was opened along which others might travel; and the success of other journals, floated on the now steadily-advancing tide, was rendered possible. Spiritualism is now well represented in our periodical literature; but merely news journals of the movement, however interesting and useful in their way,

cannot cover all the ground this Magazine was designed to occupy. There is still need for a magazine reporting the movement in its more thoughtful aspects; to contain well-considered, carefully-written articles on subjects of permanent interest and value, illustrating Spiritualism in all its phases,—literary, philosophical, scientific, and religious;—which, while Christian in spirit and in aim, shall know neither sect nor party, and be in sympathy with all that is truly rational and progressive; as well as give a complete record of the varied characteristic phenomenal developments which Spiritualism presents.

Believing then that there is still a place which this Magazine may continue to occupy and do good service, we determined that amid all difficulties and discouragements, we would persevere with it till we could with confidence place it in other hands that would carry it on in the same spirit, and with reasonable prospect of greater efficiency and success.

In announcing Dr. Sexton as our successor, our readers have the best guarantee not only of the ability, but of the liberal catholic principles on which this Magazine will be continued, and the broad unsectarian Christian spirit it will maintain. Dr. Sexton is so well known to our readers that no introduction can be needed, and our commendation would be equally superfluous. The bare enumeration of his honorary titles would occupy half a page. For twenty years he was a shining light in the Secularist camp; but after long and careful investigation of Spiritualism he became fully convinced of its truth, and is now one of its most earnest and devoted advocates. We trust that the support we have received will not only be extended to him, but be largely increased, and indeed, this is one of the gains that may be confidently anticipated for our Magazine under its new editor. One of the chief disadvantages under which it has hitherto laboured has been the want of adequate publicity. Even among Spiritualists, and in our large towns, there are still many who do not know of its existence; but with Dr. Sexton as its editor, constantly lecturing in all parts of the kingdom, this will not long continue, and we doubt not it will soon reach a far wider circulation than it has hitherto attained.

It is a pleasing duty to acknowledge the sympathy and encouragement which has done so much to lighten our labours, and especially from those who have favoured us with their literary contributions, and but for whose generous co-operation, with no pecuniary compensation given or expected, this Magazine would have been scarcely possible. We shall always regard it as our greatest privilege that we have been so long permitted to spend ourself freely in so great a cause, and at a time when

the workers in it were so few and so greatly needed. And although in our nearly 9,000 pages there is perhaps a larger body of fact, argument, and illustration in regard to man's spiritual relations than is to be found in any single work, we yet feel how little has been done, and that little how imperfectly; and how much remains to be accomplished in a field of enquiry so vast as to be practically inexhaustible. We have, as it were, but indicated by a few dots and lines the place where we know a universe must be. The primary, if not the most important, truth, however, in regard to that universe is the fact of its existence, which in our time has been so abundantly demonstrated. And if, further, some of the laws and principles by which that spiritual universe is governed, and some of its relations to our human world in the present life, have been indicated, a real and most important and practical advance in our knowledge has been made.

We confess it is not without a feeling of lingering, painful reluctance that we close this relation to a work which has occupied our best thoughts during the best years of our life. We trust, however, that the long intercourse we have maintained with our readers will not wholly cease; that we may, as we are able, still contribute to the pages of this Magazine; and we may add that should our sight be sufficiently restored, we hope to employ the greater leisure at our disposal in making some long contemplated additions to the literature of Spiritualism, which we trust may not be unwelcome, and perhaps not without some permanent value.

VALEDICTORY.

All human work—be it of hand or brain—
Must end. But is it therefore vain?
The buried seed shall spring to life again.

And here I close the work of fifteen years,
Pursued 'mid varied circumstance of hopes and fears,
Of all unwelcome strife, of blindness, grief and tears;

And many pleasant, kindly words from friends,
Known and unknown—more than amends
For work so poor—though for no private ends.

But I, at least, have sought to do my best—
Have tried to put some anxious doubts to rest;
For to have inward peace is to be truly blest.

To one and all, in simple words and few,
I now, at parting, bid heartfelt adieu!—
"To God!" What better wish, my friends, for you!

T. S.

MEMORABLE RELATIONS.

A GHOST PROTECTS A TRAVELLER.

A GENTLEMAN in Wales had occasion to visit his lawyer at a neighbouring town, to fetch from thence a considerable sum of money. On his way to the town he had to pass a very desolate piece of road. At one particular spot on his journey it occurred to him how bad a piece of road that would be upon which to encounter robbers. At the same moment the idea of an old friend, dead thirty years previously, suddenly and with a most unusual vividness presented itself to his mind. He drove on to the town, and, having obtained his money, returned homewards. Approaching in the gathering twilight the same piece of road, his surprise was great to see at this place—as clearly as ever he had beheld him during life—the old friend of whom he had thought when passing the same spot in the morning. But he soon disappeared. At this moment, however, two men jumped out of a ditch, and were rushing upon him, when they stopped suddenly, and the gentleman heard one of the men say to the other, “It’s no go, Bill! *There’s two on ’em,*” and the men went off, whilst the gentleman, astounded, drove on in safety—with possibly the spirit of his long-deceased friend sitting quietly beside him in the gig!

THE SPIRIT OF A HUSBAND PROTECTS HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

Some years ago an aged lady, since deceased, related to me the following remarkable experience, in which she herself had the most entire faith, not as having dreamed a remarkable dream, but as having experienced a supernatural protection, vouchsafed to her in a time of danger.

She was a widow, living on the outskirts of a town, in a small house, with her two little girls and an Irish servant. One night she awoke, and saw standing in the room not far from the bed, the form of her deceased husband. She for the first moment did not even feel surprise at seeing him there. All was calm; her little girls were sleeping sweetly near her, and it felt natural to see her husband standing there. She had, upon first waking, forgotten that he was dead. Her second thought, as it was a cold winter’s night, was that he would take cold standing out there, as it seemed to her, in his night dress—for he appeared to her clothed in a long white garment. She called to him by name, telling him to come into bed, as it was too cold to be standing there. No sooner had she said this, than—her eyes still fixed upon the figure—she saw it suddenly change, and

appear from head to foot to drop with blood. Horrified at sight of so awful an apparition, she fainted; nor did she recall anything more, until awakened early in the morning out of a deep sleep, by hearing the maid crying aloud with her Irish volubility and excitement. She had flung herself on her knees beside her mistress and the children, and with tears was thanking God that they were safe, and not murdered. "For had there not been thieves in the house," she cried; "and were there not drops of blood all the way up to her mistress's bedroom door! But, thanks be to God, indeed, they were safe! But sure, there was the blood outside, and the thieves had turned all things topsy-turvy!"

The lady, greatly astonished and remembering in bewilderment the vision in the night, speedily rose, and inspected the state of the house. All within the bed room was as usual. But drops of blood led along the passage to her bed room down into the house. It was these drops which had so greatly alarmed the Irishwoman. The door leading into the bed room out of this passage was half of glass. Any one in the passage could look into the bed room through the glazed portion of the door. It appeared as though some one in endeavouring to open the door had cut themselves with the glass. It was outside this door that the blood-drops commenced. Inside the chamber there were none. Below traces of them met the eye everywhere. Drawers and cupboards had been opened and ransacked. Everything portable of value was packed to be carried away. *Nothing however had been removed.* Evidently the thieves had been suddenly alarmed and decamped, leaving all behind them.

After careful investigation made by the police who were sent for, and who traced the tracks of the thieves outside of the house, the lady came to the following conclusion. The thieves, or perhaps one of them, had come up to her chamber and there on entering had seen, or perhaps before entering had seen through the glass door, the awful apparition which she herself had beheld. The phantom had made himself visible by the same supernatural light by which he had shown himself to her, for she then recollected that there was neither the light of a candle, nor yet of moonlight in the room by which she could have beheld her husband. Perhaps he might even have shown himself to the evil-doer under some yet more terrible aspect. Suffice it however that the apparition had alarmed the miscreant, who cutting his hand with the glass in the door, had fled to give the alarm to his accomplices, himself scattering blood along his track. Evidently with one accord all had fled and left their booty behind them. A sure sign that their alarm had been extreme. The loving husband and father she firmly

believed had shown himself, had acted as their guardian angel, and thus saved them, not alone from a terrible personal danger, but also had preserved their property.

The lady's daughters, grown-up young women at the time she related this singular experience to me, laughed at their mother's "fancy," as they called it, but the mother stuck stoutly to the truth of her story—"What she had seen she had seen," and the whole circumstances were far too wonderful and all tallied too well to have been mere imagination, she declared.

A SPIRIT OF A FATHER COMES TO COMFORT HIS CHILD.

A story of a protecting spirit of a less fearful but equally loving character, was related by the late Swedish authoress, Frederica Bremer, to her friends.

A Swedish gentleman, on his death-bed, requested his wife to be careful that their little daughter might never be left alone at night without a light burning in her chamber. The child had a nervous horror of darkness. The wife willingly promised that this simple request should be complied with. It became usual to have, therefore, regularly, a light burning when the child was laid in bed for the night. Upon one occasion, however, it so happened that the little girl was left in her bed in the dark, a candle unlighted standing on a table near. In a little while the mother recollecting the omission, hastened to the child's room, where she found the candle upon the table burning, and the little girl smiling and sitting up in bed. "Dear papa," said the child, "has been here and lighted the candle for me, I saw his hand do it."

AMONGST THE "FRIENDS."

[The following singular dream and spiritual apparition were related by members of the Society of Friends, and were given to me by a near relative who vouches for their accuracy.—A. M. H. W.]

"One night, Hannah W—— said she dreamed that she and her sister Alice were sitting together in her parlour when suddenly she perceived her mother, some time deceased, standing outside the window and looking at them. She then appeared to pass into the room through the window, and to walk to a table that stood in the middle of the floor. On this table their father's desk was always kept, seemingly locked. But now to H. W's. surprise, her mother opened it and took out from amongst the papers, a letter which she read with evident distress. Closing the letter and laying it back in its place, she shut up the desk and crossed the room to the door. There she looked round upon her daughters and beckoned with her

hand to them to follow her; they did so. She led the way to the end of a lobby where stood an oaken chest seldom or never opened, containing cast off-and unused articles. Lifting the lid she stooped, and thrusting her hand down to the back of the chest, brought up a bag which seemed to contain money. Looking at it for a few seconds, she replaced it exactly where she found it, then shutting down the lid and turning an affectionate look on her daughters, passed away.

In the morning, Hannah W—— told her dream to her sister, and believing it had an intention beyond an ordinary dream, they determined to test it. Their first visit was to the desk, which, to their surprise, they found unlocked, and opening it, discovered, apparently, the very letter Hannah had seen in her dream—a letter written to their father by their step-mother, previous to her marriage—indeed, during the lifetime of their mother, thus establishing a fact that had been too patent, though never made known to them by their mother; to her the cause of much misery, and by many believed to have hastened her end. That their own patrimony had been wasted by this woman they well knew, but they were patient and dutiful, and had no means of redress. Laying the letter in its place, they proceeded to examine the oak chest. Just where their mother's hand had indicated, a bag was found containing a considerable sum of money, inscribed, "for my dear daughters," a legacy which they felt sure had been secured to them by much personal sacrifice. Of course they considered it sacredly their own, and shortly after left their father's home for other homes.

A lady residing in Cumberland, related as follows:—

"Jane P——, a mistress amongst us (the Society of Friends) a native of Broughton, whose name is probably mentioned in the *Journal of James Dickenson* (also a minister, and native of these parts), with whom I believe she sometimes travelled in the ministry, lived here with her brother Peter P——, a friend of the yeoman class. Peter died, and was buried in the old burying ground between Maryport and Broughton (still belonging to Friends), known by the name of 'The Sepulchre,' Jane P—— and her sisters continued to live here, inheriting, in common with some other member or members of the family, the land left by Peter. Sometime after the death of the latter, a neighbour who, whether sailor or not I cannot say, had been to sea, and who did not know of Peter P——'s death, landed at Maryport, and set off to walk home to Broughton—some four miles or less. It was a moonlight night, and on passing a gate between 'the Sepulchre' and Broughton, the man saw Peter P——, exactly as he had often done, standing by the gate; he—not knowing of Peter's death—felt of course no surprise, but

made some remark to him ; on which Peter P—— said, ‘ Wilt thou tell my sister Jane I want to speak to her here, and I wish her to come immediately ?’ (I suppose it would be about fifteen minutes’ walk from the village.) The man went on and gave the message, which was received by the sister with great surprise, but with no fear. She merely replied ‘ Very well,’ dressed herself and went to the place indicated, and there remained some time, to the surprise of her family, who however do not seem to have questioned her much. They were possibly accustomed to accept Jane’s movements as right, without reason asked or given. A short time afterwards a field was sold by Jane, and a sum of money paid by her to the person from whom her brother had bought the field, without further explanation than that the money was owing to him, but she had not known it till the night in question. It was said by her family that Jane returned home in ‘ a very solemn and weighty spirit,’ but gave them no explanation or account of what she had seen or heard, only that she ‘ believed it was right for her to act as she had done about the field.’

“ This was told to me when a child by an aunt of my own on passing the said ‘ Sepulchre,’ not as a wonderful story, but as a simple and undoubted fact, and as such I heard it and believed it.”

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT THE “LOCK HOUSE” ON THE GRAND CANAL, NEAR DUBLIN.*

“ I think that the last time I wrote about the Lock House, I told you that the young woman who always saw the figures had been only in the habit of seeing a boy, whose back was always turned towards her, and who was in the act of leaving the room, so that for a long time she used to suppose that he was her little nephew. But one morning as this boy was leaving the room he turned and gazed stedfastly into her eyes. He looked so death-like that she felt quite overcome. She rushed from the house in terror and told her story to several persons, and every one who had seen Isaac Dunn, the hero of the tragical story—which occurred in 1857—at once recognized the identity of the phantom and the boy. But from that day forth she never saw the boy. After a time, however, she began to hear muttering voices, without, however, understanding what they said. Then came a shadowy figure of a woman whose face she never could see. This woman used to stand at the foot of the bed and gaze at her. The figure at last moved to the bed’s-head and there upon awaking she would still see her. But the figure never spoke. After this had continued

* *Vide* p. 453 of Vol. VII., New Series, 1872.

some time, the ghost in a kind of dream told her that she and her family would soon leave the house, and that she (the ghost) would not be able to follow her. And so it happened. They were removed to some other station on the canal and they went away. The woman-spirit also told her that the Lock would soon be the scene of two dreadful accidents, one of which would end fatally, the other not so. Accordingly last Christmas, during one very stormy evening, a woman walked into the Lock and was drowned and the girl's own brother-in-law fell in shortly afterwards but was taken out unhurt.

"Since this time a married man lives in the house, whose wife is, I think, *possessed*, if ever any one was so. Both husband and wife drink; but she is a wicked drunkard, and he—if such a thing can be so regarded—is a decent one. This pair say that they have been obliged to give up living in or using the room the ghosts were seen in. They have abandoned it to the use of the fowls. It is a very good room, and might, except for the hauntings, have been let to advantage; but every one declares that no one possibly could live in it, nor even enter it after dark. The very fowls, to whose occupation it is now given up, are frequently so terrified that they are obliged to let them out of the room—when they fly distractedly out of the house. The woman declares she frequently sees a black man there."

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

INWARD FIDELITY.

To every one a trust is given;
 Some thought to speak, some work to do;
 Than this no surer word from Heaven—
 "To thine own soul be ever true."

Our human systems rise and fall,
 Our forms of faith may vary too;
 One duty still remains for all—
 To thine own soul be ever true.

What matter though the bigot rave,
 God's mercies are not for the few!
 If thou dost care thy soul to save,
 Still ever to that soul be true.

Each inmost thought, each secret deed,
 God and his holy angels view;
 Thy life—an open book—they read:
 To thine own soul be ever true.

T. S.

SPIRITUALISM, BIOGRAPHY AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

MAGIC—GHOSTS—SCEPTICAL THEORIES.

THE ancient magic may be classed among the lost arts which we are now slowly and painfully recovering. Broken and distorted traditions of it and fragments of its vast literature are alone preserved. Our chief source of authentic information concerning it being the work of Iamblichus *On the Mysteries of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Assyrians*; a translation of which by Taylor the Platonist, appeared in 1821, and of which, as it has long been out of print, a new edition would be timely and valuable. In reading Brewster's *Letters on Natural Magic*, and similar works of those who are now called philosophers, it is amusing to see with what easy confidence and self-satisfaction a system interwoven not only with the popular belief, but with the philosophy, religion, and government of great nations for many centuries, is quietly disposed of as conjuring tricks based on a little knowledge of chemistry and optics, and employed by priests and rulers for their own profit and ambition, and to give supernatural confirmation to their authority.

“A STRANGE STORY,” BY BENVENUTO CELLINI.—SIR DAVID BREWSTER'S EXPLANATION CONSIDERED.

In the work we have named Sir David Brewster ekes out what he confesses to be his meagre knowledge of the subject, by citing in illustration a modern example from the Memoirs of the celebrated Florentine artist, Benvenuto Cellini; and in which he himself played a reputed part, which we here give *in extenso*:—

“It happened,” says he, “through a variety of odd accidents, that I made acquaintance with a Sicilian priest, who was a man of genius, and well versed in the Latin and Greek authors. Happening one day to have some conversation with him when the subject turned upon the art of necromancy, I, who had a great desire to know something of the matter, told him, that I had all my life felt a curiosity to be acquainted with the mysteries of this art.

“The priest made answer, ‘That the man must be of a resolute and steady temper who enters upon that study.’ I replied, ‘That I had fortitude and resolution enough, if I could but find an opportunity.’ The priest subjoined, ‘If you think you have the heart to venture, I will give you all the satisfaction you can desire.’ Thus we agreed to enter upon a plan of

necromancy. The priest one evening prepared to satisfy me, and desired me to look out for a companion or two. I invited one Vincenzo Romoli, who was my intimate acquaintance: he brought with him a native of Pistoia, who cultivated the black art himself. We repaired to the Colosseo, and the priest, according to the custom of necromancers, began to draw circles upon the ground, with the most impressive ceremonies imaginable: he likewise brought hither *assofœtida*, several precious perfumes, and fire, with some compositions also, which diffused noisome odours. As soon as he was in readiness, he made an opening to the circle, and having taken us by the hand, ordered the other necromancer, his partner, to throw the perfumes into the fire at a proper time, entrusting the care of the fire and perfumes to the rest; and thus he began his incantations. This ceremony lasted above an hour and a half, when there appeared several legions of devils, insomuch that the amphitheatre was quite filled with them. I was busy about the perfumes, when the priest, perceiving there was a considerable number of infernal spirits, turned to me and said, 'Benvenuto, ask them something.' I answered, 'Let them bring me into the company of my Sicilian mistress Angelica.' That night he obtained no answer of any sort; but I had received great satisfaction in having my curiosity so far indulged. The necromancer told me it was requisite we should go a second time, assuring me that I should be satisfied in whatever I asked; but that I must bring with me a pure, immaculate boy.

"I took with me a youth who was in my service, of about twelve years of age, together with the same Vincenzo Romoli who had been my companion the first time, and one Agnolino Gaddi, an intimate acquaintance, whom I likewise prevailed on to assist at the ceremony. When we came to the place appointed, the priest having made his preparations as before, with the same and even more striking ceremonies, placed us within the circle, which he had likewise drawn with a more wonderful art, and in a more solemn manner than at our former meeting. Thus, having committed the care of the perfumes and the fire to my friend Vincenzo, who was assisted by Agnolino Gaddi, he put into my hand a *pintaculo* or magical chart, and bid me turn it towards the places that he should direct me; and under the *pintaculo* I held the boy. The necromancer, having begun to make his tremendous invocations, called by their names a multitude of demons who were the leaders of the several legions, and questioned them, by the power of the eternal uncreated God, who lives for ever, in the Hebrew language, as likewise in Latin and Greek; insomuch that the amphitheatre was almost in an instant filled

with demons more numerous than at the former conjuration. Vincenzo Romoli was busied in making a fire, with the assistance of Agnolino, and burning a great quantity of precious perfumes. I, by the direction of the necromancer, again desired to be in the company of my Angelica. The former thereupon turning to me and said, 'Know, they have declared that in the space of a month you shall be in her company.'

"He then requested me to stand resolutely by him, because the legions were now above a thousand more in number than he had designed; and besides, these were the most dangerous; so that, after they had answered my question, it behoved him to be civil to them, and dismiss them quietly. At the same time the boy under the pintaculo was in a terrible fright, saying, that there were in that place a million of fierce men, who threatened to destroy us; and that, moreover, four armed giants of enormous stature were endeavouring to break into our circle. During this time, whilst the necromancer, trembling with fear, endeavoured by mild and gentle methods to dismiss them in the best way he could, Vincenzo Romoli, who quivered like an aspen leaf, took care of the perfumes. Though I was as much terrified as any of them, I did my utmost to conceal the terror I felt; so that I greatly contributed to inspire the rest with resolution; but the truth is, I gave myself over for a dead man, seeing the horrid fright the necromancer was in. The boy placed his head between his knees and said, 'In this posture will I die; for we shall all surely perish.' I told him that all these demons were under us, and what he saw was smoke and shadow; so bid him hold up his head and take courage. No sooner did he look up than he cried out, 'The whole amphitheatre is burning, and the fire is just falling upon us.' So covering his eyes with his hands, he again exclaimed, 'that destruction was inevitable, and desired to see no more.' The necromancer entreated me to have a good heart, and take care to burn proper perfumes, upon which I turned to Romoli, and bid him burn all the most precious perfumes he had. At the same time, I cast my eye upon Agnolino Gaddi, who was terrified to such a degree that he could scarce distinguish objects, and seemed to be half-dead. Seeing him in this condition, I said, 'Agnolino, upon these occasions a man should not yield to fear, but should stir about and give his assistance, so come directly and put on some of these.' The effects of poor Agnolino's fear were overpowering. The boy hearing a crepitation ventured once more to raise his head, when, seeing me laugh, he began to take courage and said, 'The devils were flying away with a vengeance.'

"In this condition we stayed till the bell rung for morning

prayers. The boy again told us that there remained but few devils, and these were at a great distance. When the magician had performed the rest of his ceremonies, he stripped off his gown, and took up a wallet full of books which he had brought with him.

“ We all went out of the circle together, keeping as close to each other as we possibly could, especially the boy, who had placed himself in the middle, holding the necromancer by the coat, and me by the cloak. As we were going to our houses in the quarter of Banchi, the boy told us that two of the demons whom we had seen at the amphitheatre went on before us, leaping and skipping, sometimes running upon the roofs of the houses, and sometimes upon the ground. The priest declared that though he had often entered magic circles, nothing so extraordinary had ever happened to him. As we went along he would fain persuade me to assist him in consecrating a brook, from which, he said, we should derive immense riches: we should then ask the demons to discover to us the various treasures with which the earth abounds, which would raise us to opulence and power; but that these love affairs were mere follies, from whence no good could be expected. I answered, that I would readily have accepted his proposal if I understood Latin. He redoubled his persuasions, assuring me that the knowledge of the Latin language was by no means material. He added that he could have Latin scholars enough if he had thought it worth while to look out for them, but that he could never have met with a partner in resolution and intrepidity equal to mine, and that I should by all means follow his advice. Whilst we were engaged in this conversation, we arrived at our respective houses, and all that night dreamt of nothing but devils.”

Sir David Brewster comments on this narrative as follows:—

“ It is impossible to peruse the preceding description without being satisfied that the legions of devils were not produced by any influence upon the imaginations of the spectators, but were actual optical phantasms, or the images of pictures or objects produced by one or more concave mirrors or lenses. A fire is lighted, and perfumes and incense are burnt, in order to create a ground for the images, and the beholders are rigidly confined within the pale of the magic circle. The concave mirror and the objects presented to it having been so placed that the persons within the circle could not see the aërial image of the objects by the rays directly reflected from the mirror, the work of deception was ready to begin. The attendance of the magician upon his mirror was by no means necessary. He took his place along with the spectators within the magic circle. The images

of the devils were all distinctly formed in the air immediately above the fire, but none of them could be seen by those within the circle. The moment, however, that perfumes were thrown into the fire to produce smoke, the first wreath of smoke that rose through the place of one or more of the images would reflect them to the eyes of the spectator, and they could again disappear if the wreath was not followed by another. More and more images would be rendered visible as new wreaths of smoke arose, and the whole group would appear at once when the smoke was uniformly diffused over the place occupied by the images.

“The ‘compositions which diffused noisome odours’ were intended to intoxicate or stupefy the spectators, so as to increase their liability to deception, or to add to the real phantasms which were before their eyes others which were the offspring only of their own imaginations. It is not easy to gather from the description what parts of the exhibition were actually presented to the eyes of the spectators, and what parts of it were imagined by themselves. It is quite evident that the boy, as well as Agnolino Gaddi, were so overpowered with terror that they fancied many things which they did not see; but when the boy declares that four armed giants, of an enormous stature, were threatening to break into the circle, he gives an accurate description of the effect that would be produced by pushing the figures nearer the mirror, and then magnifying their images, and causing them to advance towards the circle. Although Cellini declares that he was trembling with fear, yet it is quite evident that he was not entirely ignorant of the machinery which was at work; for in order to encourage the boy, who was almost dead with fear, he assured them that the devils were under their power, and that ‘what he saw was smoke and shadow.’

“Mr. Roscoe, from whose life of Cellini the preceding description is taken, draws a similar conclusion from the consolatory words addressed to the boy, and states that they ‘confirm him in the belief, that the whole of these appearances, like a phantasmagoria, were merely the effects of a magic lantern produced on volumes of smoke from various kinds of burning wood.’ In drawing this conclusion, Mr. Roscoe has not adverted to the fact, that this exhibition took place about the middle of the 16th century, while the magic lantern was not invented by Kircher till towards the middle of the 17th century, Cellini having died in 1570, and Kircher having been born in 1601. There is no doubt that the effects described could be produced by this instrument, but we are not entitled to have recourse to any other means of explanation but those which were known to

exist at the time of Cellini. If we suppose, however, that the necromancer either had a regular magic lantern, or that he had fitted up his concave mirror in a box containing the figures of his devils, and that this box with its lights was carried home with the party, we can easily account for the declaration of the boy, 'that, as they were going home to their houses in the quarter of Banchi, *two of the demons whom we had seen at the Amphitheatre, went on before us leaping and skipping, sometimes running upon the roofs of the houses, and sometimes upon the ground.*' "

Now it will be seen that this explanation is wholly conjectural. It *assumes* that the whole thing was a deception, and explains not how it actually was done, but how the author supposes it to have been done; and this without the slightest evidence to prove that this was the *modus operandi*, or that there was any deception in the case. The Sicilian Priest had no apparent motive for deception; but whether impostor or magician as an ecclesiastic everything to lose; for magic lay under the ban of the church, and the instance of Roger Bacon showed how perilous it was, for a churchman especially, to be even suspected of such practices. The imputation on the *bonâ fides* of Cellini is not justified either by his character, or by anything contained in the narrative, for the words used by him to reassure the affrighted boy do not warrant the inference Sir David would draw from them; they are such as any Christian might have used under the circumstances. The means used, and which he contends were necessary supposing mortals to have been the operators, may have been no less necessary to spirits. The demons, by-the-bye, after they left the building, going before them, and running on the roofs of the houses, Sir David can only explain by supposing either a magic lantern to have been employed, which he admits was inadmissible, as the magic lantern had not then been invented, nor if it had been, is it easy to see how it could have been so employed without detection; or that the mirror in a box with its lights was carried home with the party. Though how this could have been worked without detection, if indeed it could have been done at all, it is difficult to conceive; and our author does not attempt to explain. In short, when critically examined, this triumphant explanation only illustrates the truth of the confession subsequently made by its author—that spirits was the last thing he would give in to.

This is not by any means the only instance in which the magic lantern has been brought into requisition to throw light on appearances alleged to be spiritual. An example of this was quoted from *Notes and Queries* in the last number of this

Magazine. The "Ghost in the Tower," which caused the death of one of the sentinels, and which was seen in his own room by the Governor of the Tower, and who drew up the careful narrative referred to, was all explained as caused by the skilful manipulation of a magic lantern; and when this was shown to have been impossible, the theory was only replaced by the explanation that the supposed supernatural appearance was, after all, only "a dense column of fog descending a damp chimney." The fog, both in this case and in that previously quoted, must we think have taken another direction than that of the chimney, and descended into the minds of those, no doubt, otherwise enlightened gentlemen—and we fear that fog must have been *very* "dense."

AN EXPERIENCE OF MR. R. A. PROCTOR.

The men of science in our day for the most part appear to have settled to their own satisfaction that ghosts are an impossibility; and should an apparition—say of a departed mother—appear to one of them, he is not long in finding a satisfactory explanation of it. Thus, Mr. Proctor, the well-known astronomer, in his recent work, *The Border Land of Science*, relates a personal experience of what a less scientific person might have thought a veritable spiritual apparition, but which he explains as a very simple and natural affair indeed. Mr. Proctor's mother had died some months before the time of which he writes—he was then a Cambridge student, and the scene of the occurrence was his room in his college. He writes:—

"I had on one evening been particularly, I may say, unreasonably, low-spirited. I had sat brooding for hours over dismal thoughts. These thoughts had followed me to bed, and I went to sleep still under their influence. I cannot remember my dreams—I did dream, and my dreams were melancholy—but although I had a perfectly clear remembrance of their tenour on first waking, they had passed altogether from my recollection the next morning. It is to be noted, however, that I was under the influence of sorrowful dreams when I awoke. At this time the light of a waning moon was shining into the room. I opened my eyes, and saw, without surprise or any conscious feeling of fear, my mother standing at the foot of the bed. She was not 'in her habit as she lived,' but 'clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.' Her face was pale, though not with the pallor of life; her expression sorrowful, and tears which glistened in the moonlight stood in her eyes. And now a strange mental condition followed. My reason told me that I was deceived by appearances; and the figure I saw was neither my mother's spirit nor an unreal vision. I felt certain I was not looking at

'a phantom of the brain which would show itself without,' and I felt equally certain that no really existent spirit was there before me. Yet the longer I looked, the more perfect appeared the picture. I racked my memory to recall any objects in my bed-room which could be mistaken for a shrouded ghost, but my memory was busy recalling the features of the dead, and my brain (against the action of my will) was tracing these features in the figure which stood before me. The deception grew more and more complete, until I could have spoken aloud as to a living person. Meantime, my mind had suggested, and at once rejected, the idea of a trick played me by one of my college friends. I felt a perfect assurance that whatever it was which stood before me, it was not a breathing creature self-restrained into absolute stillness. How long I remained gazing at the figure I cannot remember, but I know that I continued steadfastly looking at it until I had assured myself that (to my mind, in its probably unhealthy condition), the picture was perfect in all respects. At last I raised my head from the pillow, intending to draw nearer to the mysterious figure. But it was quite unnecessary. I had not raised my head three inches before the ghost was gone, and in its place—or rather, not in its place, but five or six feet farther away—*hung my college surplice*. Over my surplice, I had hung a rowing belt, and the silvered buckles (partly concealed by the folds of the surplice) shone in the moonlight."

And so the apparition of his mother, to his mind "perfect in all respects," was after all only a white surplice; and this, although the surplice was hung, not in the place where the figure appeared, but "five or six feet farther away"; while the tears which stood in her eyes were only silver buckles on a rowing belt that shone in the moonlight. And this explanation is considered by the *Spectator* so satisfactory that it quotes it as "an instance of optical illusion which aptly illustrates the way in which a belief in the appearance of a ghost might originate in a superstitious age, or in any case where the person experiencing the illusion happened to have weak nerves or feeble wits;" and it even suggests to the writer the enquiry, "Is it possible that the famous apparition of Archbishop Laud, which was seen in the bedchamber of Charles I. on the morning of his execution, had anything to do with a surplice, hanging in the room over-night, and removed by some stealthy-footed messenger in the grey of the morning?"

Alas, poor ghost! Well might the expression on her face appear "mournful," when she found her son so dreadfully scientific that all attempt to communicate with him, or even to convince him of her presence, must be futile. No wonder he

found that, as he tells us, by no effort of his imagination could he recall what he had seen. When an impossible ghost presents itself to a scientific gentleman at the foot of his bed, even though it be that of his mother, it must be ejected; and when such apparition only convinces him that she is a "white surplice" hanging five or six feet distant, no wonder that any further effort of the kind is abandoned as hopeless.

When a scientific gentleman, or an able editor, has determined that there are no ghosts, that there never were, can, or shall be any, it is of course rather convenient to have some theory to offer in explanation of their appearance; but he need be at no loss in this respect, there are plenty to hand ready-made, if he does not care to be at the trouble of inventing one. He can take his choice—"deception," "delusion," "hallucination," "optical illusion," "imagination," "past ideas renovated," "concave mirrors," "magic lantern," "a column of fog," "a white surplice in the moonlight," or some other theory of moonshine—almost anything will do, provided only it be not supernatural or spiritual.

We have sometimes thought that the Nemesis of Faith must overtake scientific gentlemen when they become ghosts themselves, if for any reason they wish to communicate with or appear to their friends on earth. They will then be confronted with their own theories. They will be told that they are only subjective phenomena, or lying impossible nonentities. It will be in vain for them to affirm, or even offer proof to the contrary. Their own books will be quoted against them. Happily for mankind, human nature and facts are stronger than theories; and—

Whatever bar the reason rears
'Gainst such belief, there's something stronger still
In its behalf, let those deny who will.

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY'S VISION OF THE RADIANT BOY.

It is not only ignorant rustics and silly women who see ghosts. They have been seen even by scientists and statesmen. As an instance of the latter we may cite the account of the apparition of the Radiant Boy as given by Dr. Forbes Winslow in his *Anatomy of Suicide*, published in 1840.

"It is now more than thirty-five years ago that the following singular circumstance occurred to the Marquis of Londonderry: He was on a visit to a gentleman in the north of Ireland. The mansion was such a one as spectres are fabled to inhabit. The apartment, also, which was appropriated to his lordship, was calculated to foster such a tone of feeling from its antique character; from the dark and richly-carved panels of its wainscot; from its yawning chimney, looking like the entrance to a tomb;

from the portraits of grim men and women arrayed in orderly procession along the walls, and scowling a contemptuous enmity against the degenerate invader of their gloomy bowers and venerable halls; and from the vast, dusky, ponderous, and complicated draperies that concealed the windows, and hung with the gloomy grandeur of funeral trappings about the hearse-like piece of furniture that was destined for his bed. Lord Londonderry examined his chamber; he made himself acquainted with the forms and faces of the ancient possessors of the mansion as they sat upright in the ebony frames to receive his salutation; and then, after dismissing his valet, he retired to bed. His candle had not long been extinguished, when he perceived a light gleaming on the draperies of the lofty canopy over his head. Conscious that there was no fire in his grate; that the curtains were closed; that the chamber had been in perfect darkness but a few minutes previously, he supposed that some intruder must have entered into his apartment; and, turning round hastily to the side from whence the light proceeded, he, to his infinite astonishment, saw not the form of any human visitor, but the figure of a fair boy surrounded by a halo of glory. The spirit stood at some distance from his bed. Certain that his own faculties were not deceiving him, but suspecting he might be imposed on by the ingenuity of some of the numerous guests who were then inmates of the castle, Lord Londonderry advanced towards the figure; it retreated before him; as he advanced the apparition retired, until it entered the gloomy arch of the capacious chimney, and then sunk into the earth. Lord Londonderry returned to his bed, but not to rest; his mind was harassed by the consideration of the extraordinary event which had occurred to him. Was it real, or the effect of an excited imagination? The mystery was not so easily solved.

“ He resolved in the morning to make no allusion to what had occurred the previous night, until he had watched carefully the faces of all the family, to discover whether any deception had been practised. When the guests assembled at breakfast, his lordship searched in vain for those latent smiles, those conscious looks, that silent communication between parties, by which the authors and abettors of such domestic conspiracies are generally betrayed. Everything apparently proceeded in its ordinary course; the conversation was animated and uninterrupted, and no indication was given that any one present had been engaged in the trick. At last, the hero of the tale found himself compelled to narrate the singular event of the preceding night. He related every particular connected with the appearance of the spectre. It excited much interest among the auditors, and various were the explanations offered. At last,

the gentleman who owned the castle interrupted the various surmises by observing that 'the circumstance which had just been recounted must naturally appear very extraordinary to those who had not been inmates long at the castle, and were not conversant with the legends of his family;' then, turning to Lord Londonderry, he said, 'You have seen the Radiant Boy. Be content; it is an omen of prosperous fortunes. I would rather that this subject should not again be mentioned.'

"This was no doubt an hallucination of the senses. On another occasion, when in the House of Commons, Lord Castlereagh fancied he saw the same 'Radiant Boy.' Does not this fact establish that his lordship's senses were not always in a healthy condition. It is possible that when impelled to suicide he laboured under some mental delusion."

The hypothesis here assigned is hallucination of the senses; and from the minute description of the place and furniture it is evident that the writer intends to suggest that the apparition was also in some degree due to the association of ideas; while mental delusion is also hinted at. But how any of these causes should have suggested the particular appearance seen,—why the 'portraits of grim men and women arrayed in orderly procession along the walls,' should have suggested 'the figure of a fair boy surrounded with a halo of glory,'—we are not told; and there was nothing in the chamber or the castle, or in any antecedent associations connected with his lordship's visit to have occasioned it. Certainly there was nothing in the associations of the House of Commons which could have suggested its subsequent appearance to Lord Castlereagh in that place. There is nothing in the narrative to indicate aberration at the time the apparition was first seen by Lord Castlereagh; he seems, on the contrary, to have been a particularly careful observer, and a shrewd, sensible man of the world. But the circumstance which excludes any and all of these hypotheses as an explanation is this: that he was told by his host that the apparition in question was a "family legend." It had evidently been seen by others before; and it was regarded as "a good omen."

I have not cited these instances as possessing any particular strength of evidence for supernatural or ghostly appearances; but as illustrating the weakness of sceptical theories from the borderland of science.

My next example of Spiritualism in Biography is given first hand, in the words of the courageous woman who was the subject of this remarkable experience. It is difficult to conceive any tests she could have applied more conclusive of the real objective presence of the spirit than those employed.

LADY BERESFORD'S EXPERIENCE.

“One night when Sir Tristram and I were in bed, I awoke suddenly from a sound sleep, and found to my horror Lord Tyrone sitting by my bedside, I screamed out ‘For heaven’s sake, Lord Tyrone, what brings you here at this time of night?’

“‘Have you then forgotten our promise?’ said he in a manner of awful solemnity. ‘Did we not mutually engage to appear to each other after death? I have just quitted the world, and am now permitted to appear to you for the purpose of assuring you of the truth of revealed religion and that it is the only one by which we can be saved. I am further suffered to inform you that you will in due time give birth to a son, that you will become a widow, and marry again, and that you will die on your forty-seventh birthday.’

“‘Good heavens,’ cried I, ‘cannot I prevent this?’ ‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘you are a free agent, and can prevent it by abstaining from a second marriage. Hitherto you have had no trials. More I am not permitted to tell you, but if, after this warning, you persist in your infidelity as regards religion, your lot in another world will be most miserable.’

“‘May I not ask,’ said I, ‘if you are happy?’ ‘Had I been otherwise,’ said he, ‘I should not have been allowed to appear to you.’

“‘I may then infer that you are happy?’ He smiled. ‘But how,’ said I, ‘when the morning comes, shall I know that your appearance before me has been real, and not the mere phantom of a dream?’

“‘Will not the news of my death convince you?’ ‘No,’ I replied; ‘I might have had such a dream, and that dream might accidentally become true. I wish for some stronger proof of its reality.’ ‘You shall have such,’ he said; then, waving his hand, the crimson velvet bed-curtains were instantly drawn through a large iron hoop, by which the tester of the bed was suspended. ‘In that you cannot be mistaken; no mortal arm could have performed this.’

“‘True,’ I replied, ‘but asleep we sometimes possess much greater strength than awake. Although I could not have done this when awake, I might have done it in my sleep, and I still have doubt.’ He then proceeded to write his name in my pocket-book, which was lying on my table, remarking, ‘You know my handwriting.’

“‘Nevertheless,’ I said, ‘though I could not imitate your writing when awake, I might do so in my sleep.’ ‘You are hard of belief indeed. I must not touch you; it would injure

you irreparably. It is not for spiritual bodies to touch mortal flesh.'

"'I do not regard a small blemish,' said I. 'You are a courageous woman, said he; 'then hold out your hand.'

"He touched my wrist. His hand was cold as ice! In an instant every sinew and nerve shrunk.

"'Now,' said he, 'let no mortal eye while you live behold that wrist; to see it would be sacrilege.' He rose from his seat, walked a few steps from the bed, and laid his hand on a bureau which always stood in the room. 'In the morning,' he added, 'when you behold this, you will find another proof that what you have seen and heard this night is not an idle dream, or the mere fancy of your brain.'

"He stopped—I turned to look at him again—he was gone.

"During the time I had conversed with him, my thoughts were perfectly calm and collected; but the moment he had departed, I felt chilled with terror, a cold perspiration came over me, and I endeavoured in vain to awake Sir Tristram, in order to tell what had occurred. In this state of terror and agitation I lay for some time, until a flood of tears came to my relief, when I dropped asleep. In the morning, when I awoke, I found that Sir Tristram had got up without noticing anything that had happened during the night. On rising, I found my pocket-book lying in its usual place, with some pencil-marks inside, which I knew at once to be in the handwriting of Lord Tyrone. I took a piece of black ribbon and bound it tightly round my wrist, which presented the appearance of having been scarred and burnt during the night; and then, turning to the bureau, I observed the impression of a man's hand deeply burnt into the lid. I was overcome with agitation, and on descending to breakfast the horrors of the night had left such tokens on my countenance, that my husband naturally inquired after my health, and what had happened to distress me so much.

"Quieting him as well as I could, I informed him of these two events. First, that Lord Tyrone had died on the preceding night; and, second, that I should in due time give birth to a son. Sir Tristram kindly desisted from any further importunities. A few hours later proved the truth of the information respecting Lord Tyrone's death, by a despatch from his steward confirming the painful news."

By a strange concurrence of circumstances the predictions of the spirit were literally fulfilled in every particular. But we need not here pursue the narrative in detail, as it has been so often published. Its authenticity is not disputed. The only sceptical explanation of it we remember to have seen, is that of somnambulism. But there is no evidence that Lady Beresford

was a somnambulist; and even had she been the explanation is so manifestly inadequate that any formal refutation of it would be superfluous.

THE MYSTERIOUS HAND.—DEATH-WARNING OF
HAROUN-AL-RASCHID.

The appearance of spirit-hands is now one of the well established phenomena of Modern Spiritualism carefully observed and tested again and again. It is however no novelty, as may be seen by reference to a very circumstantial account of a visible spirit-hand employed in direct spirit-writing, to be found in a very ancient book, so familiar to most of our readers that it need not here be quoted; but they may be interested in the following account of a mysterious hand seen in a vision of the night, more than a thousand years ago, by one of the most famous heroes of the Eastern world, and whose name is even familiar to Western readers.

“A great warrior, a patron of learning, a moderate and wise lawgiver, it is not wonderful that amongst his people his name should be even yet revered, and the title bestowed on him should be that of ‘The Just.’ Haroun-al-Raschid died in 809 A.D.” Our narrative is taken from that respectable publication, the *Leisure Hour*, which in relating it tells us “He may be said to have fallen a victim to one of the ignorant superstitions of the age.

“One night, when on the eve of a military excursion to Khorassan, a Persian province then in a state of revolt, Haroun dreamed that he saw a naked hand and arm raised in the air above his head, the hand holding a lump of red earth, and that he heard, at the same time, an unearthly voice exclaim, ‘Behold the earth that shall serve as the last resting-place of Haroun-al-Raschid!’ It seemed to him that he gathered courage enough to ask from what territory that earth had been taken, and the same awful voice replied, ‘From the Land of Thous.’ Haroun awoke, filled with superstitious horror; and from that moment an overpowering melancholy stole over him, under which his health and spirits sank. His physician, a Christian by religion, strove to cheer him. He spoke to him of the folly of yielding to a mere vision of sleep, and exhorted him to continue his expedition. Haroun made an effort to rally, and continued the journey until they arrived at a small town near Khorassan, where a slight illness seized him, and he determined to rest for the night. While preparations were being made for his reception in the town, he carelessly inquired its name. With blanched cheek and quickening pulse he heard that it was the town of Thous! After a

few moments, however, he recovered his wonted composure, and turning to his physician, calmly remarked that it was the place he had heard of in his dream. Then, betraying no outward emotion, he ordered his attendant to go and bring him a handful of earth from outside the town. The man obeyed, and presently returned with the earth. His arm was bare, and fearing to soil the monarch's robes, he raised his hand and arm high over Haroun's head. The Caliph gave a cry of surprise. 'Behold!' he exclaimed, 'the very hand and arm I saw in my dream. This, then, is the spot destined for my grave!' Three days after this singular incident he expired, and was entombed on the spot, which a supernatural visitation, as he probably erroneously believed, had marked out to receive his mortal remains. Thus died Haroun-al-Raschid—with all his faults, the greatest of Eastern sovereigns—a man the most remarkable of any whom the history of his time has commemorated. His name is familiar to all; yet his real character and history are but little known, save from the doubtful records of the 'Arabian Nights.' "

T. S.

AN EMINENT MEDIUM DRAMATIST.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Times* of the 16th inst. makes the following remarks:—

"Much interest has been excited in the literary world by the announcement of a new drama by M. Victorien Sardou, *La Haine*, which will be performed next Saturday at the Gaité Théâtre. M. Sardou is one of the ablest playwrights in France. Every piece he writes attracts much notice. It is stated that *La Haine* will be among his most characteristic plays, and it will certainly give rise to warm discussions. The author, it is understood, has just concluded an arrangement with a London manager, so that the piece will be played simultaneously in French and English."

"When did you ever get a thought from the spirit-world worthy of record?" is a question often asked with a sceptical sneer!

The *Times* correspondent has unwittingly answered it. He speaks of M. Sardou as one of the ablest playwrights in France, but he does not qualify the statement by announcing, because perchance he does not believe it, that M. Sardou himself disclaims the merit of being the author of any of his plays. Like

that very remarkably gifted lady, Mrs. Tappan, whose discourses are far above her natural mental powers, Sardou takes the same position before the dramatic world. After the celebrated play of his, *La Famille Benoiton*, played before the French Court at Compiégne in 1865, he, in answer to the lavish compliments bestowed upon him, modestly declined to accept them as being due to himself, and he declared *that not a line of his comedy was the genuine production of his own brain*, but that it was altogether inspired by the spirits of departed dramatic celebrities with whom he is in constant communication, and that the production of it, and others written through his own hand, had cost him no mental effort.

I recommend all Spiritualists to make a note of this fact, and produce it in answer to the stereotyped question of *cui bono* with which a discomfited adversary always closes the argument.

Upper Norwood,
November 16th, 1874.

THOUGHTS DURING A NIGHT OF SORROW.

WHO has not felt in the hour of trial and bereavement a longing desire for association with the spirit-land—an impatient, eager glance, that would pierce, if but for a moment, the thin but impenetrable veil that separates us from the loved ones gone before?—to witness their occupations, to behold their triumph, to see if their eyes or thoughts are ever turned towards those who are still straining and struggling on, with weary step and often fainting hearts, through the wilderness they have left behind. In these reflections all will sympathize whose diviner feelings are not altogether absorbed in the grossness of material associations, and who have a proper estimate of their own nature and destiny. I know there are many, very many unknown and unnoticed by the world, unsoothed by its sympathies, untroubled by its jealousies and hatreds, whose deeper and holier affections have been blighted and denied, for some unaccountable reason, a suitable response, but who can nevertheless find a solace, an excitement, a commingling of sympathy, in channels through which the heart may pour out in unrestrained freedom its pent-up affections, far more pure and elevating in their tendency than those which the world has denied or is fitted to bestow. For those bereaved and neglected ones, the following thoughts may possess some interest.

'Tis midnight. Agitating thoughts, occasioned by the trials and disappointments of the preceding day, cause a restless night; perhaps a link that bound us tenderly to earth has been lately severed; or some valued friend has lately deceived us; or doubts are entertained of our own fidelity and sincerity; our motives may have been misrepresented, or our weakness exaggerated, by those on whom the heart would delight to expend all its capacities of loving; or a thousand other causes of frequent occurrence, may render us feverish and sleepless. When suffering from one or more of these causes, I rose and looked out on the solemn stillness of the midnight hour. 'Twas a beautiful night. All were asleep; even the sea—the majestic, the restless sea—so placid, so faint in its murmur, that it seemed asleep also. 'Twas the reign of silence; not the silence of death, but the silence of a quiet peace and fulness of satisfaction. Universal nature seemed reposing, save the sorrow-stricken spirit that contemplated the scene, and the sky glittered with ten thousand dazzling orbs, as if they were eyes celestial, gazing with a sympathizing yet hopeful interest on the sleeping world, now that the great whirlpool of human passion is a moment lulled, and were reflected with nearly equal splendour by the mirror-surface of the mighty ocean. It was silence, beauty, divine love, enthroned on the brow of night. I gazed a moment, in mute astonishment and admiration, at such a combination of attractions. It was but a moment; for what human heart could smother up the emotions that involuntarily gush forth in unrestrainable expression at such an hour? It is not sea, nor sky, nor earth, nor ocean, nor silent humanity, nor aught terrestrial, that can limit the soul's aspirations at such a season. Swifter than the light, it bounds upward as if on seraph wing, beyond the morn, and the blue sky, and the sparkling stars, and all material attractions, until, lost in the shadows of an unapproachable infinity, it returns in astonishment to look within itself, and finds subjects full of equal interest: emotions hidden in unknown depths of the soul unsuspected and which no language can utter, and finds its fittest expression in an undefinable longing and sighing after an acquaintance with the unknown and invisible, while a voice, soft and soothing as an angel's whisper, breathes in loving accents on the spirit, and we imagine the atmosphere around us peopled with pure intelligences that wait and watch for holy converse, when the mind is calm and serene, when sorrow has chastened the affections, and lifted us above the usual grossness attendant on contact with the earth.

And the hushed stillness of the night produces a solemnity, fitted for association with the pure and loving ones of another and a better land. But why should this be imagination?

When the soul, with all its mortal encumbrances, can mount upward in such limitless flights, why may not those who are divested of all material hindrances and restraints revisit the land of their infancy and pilgrimage with equal rapidity? Why may not those friends around whom the fresh green tendrils of young affection were entwined, and which death tore from our sight and heart ere the sorest struggles of life were begun, delight to watch over us amid all our conflicts, and, as guardian angels, hover with an especial interest over those that loved them in their earthly tabernacle? Is it not possible, or rather probable, that this covering of weak mortality is all that separates us from the spiritual world? that to lay it aside would be to introduce us to their visible presence? To be absent from the body (time and place being altogether overlooked), is to be present with the Lord! And where is the extravagance of such a supposition? Oh! who would desire it were extravagance? How sweet at this hour to associate in such holy converse, to leave behind earth's cares, anxieties, and passions, and soar away with those messengers of love, and with a heart filled with the emotions such communings are fitted to inspire! how soothing, how natural, to pour out the warm gushings of affection to the lost and loved ones of other years; to cling to them with more than mortal warmth; to breathe out our sorrows, our aspirations, our regrets, our hopes, our desires; to unfold the heart in its secret workings, without fear or restraint, with all its weaknesses and follies, conscious of their fidelity, of their devotion to our interest, with greater confidence in their affection, and of their impartiality in judging of us, than ever we enjoyed while they were with us! And having enlarged ideas of their purity and power, we insensibly turn toward the seat they occupied; we recall the scenes we have witnessed along with them; the words of consolation and advice they uttered, the look of unexpressed and inexpressible agony when we had injured them. And when, silent and almost breathless, the past is revealed to us, with all the little kindnesses that have often dropped the healing balm of sympathy on our wounded spirit, we listen for some sound; but all remains still: yet we feel their presence, with all its ennobling influence, and we drink in the warm stream of unabated love, pure from its native heaven—no less real because it is silent and indescribable, nor less valuable because it is immortal!

MADAME SAINT AMOUR.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

MADAME EHRENBORG, a Swedish lady, distinguished by much talent, by years of much experience, by thorough good sense, and genuine piety; who has spent a considerable time both in France, England, and different parts of the Continent, and described her travels there in three very interesting volumes, says, in the first volume of her letters from France, Germany and Switzerland, that at Nantes she saw in the house where she lodged the portrait of Madame Saint Amour, a lady who, if still living, is now residing with her son in Algiers. The most wonderful things were related to her of the cures done by this Madame Saint Amour through prayer and laying on of hands, by various persons of the highest character in Nantes, and a narrative of these extraordinary cures was put into her hands, written by M. Edward Richer, the well-known commentator on the writings of Swedenborg. From this narrative we select the following brief particulars, a considerable number of the cures being asserted by M. Richer to have been wrought in his presence. This, indeed, is one of those cases of extraordinary phenomena, the evidence in proof of which are so abundant and so unexceptionable as to decide the truth of the allegation according to the most stringent rules of evidence, and which must be admitted in any court of law.

Anna Francisca Johanna Elizabeth de Fremery, the daughter of a distinguished Dutch advocate, was born at the Hague on the 1st of October, 1786. Her father died when she was only six months old, and her mother married Baron de Rankett, a colonel in the Ottoman Guard, and died in Paris in 1815. Her stepfather followed the fortunes of the expelled Bourbons and took her with him. She lived at the exiled court at Coblenz, her father being in Condé's army, and they went with the French princes to England. In 1809 she married Major Renaud de Saint Amour, since Major of 18th Regiment of Cavalry in the garrison of Schelestat, in the Lower Department of the Rhine. He had also command under General Despirres on the island of Aix, and of the castle of Angers under General Matis. The family of Madame Saint Amour is highly distinguished in Holland; her uncle, General Dury was commander at the Hague, both under the Stadtholdership and under Louis Buonaparte. Her cousin, M. Van Mann, was lately Minister of Justice in the Netherlands.

In 1826, Madame Saint Amour left Arros, where her husband

was in command of the garrison, and went to Paris to superintend the education of their son. There she found Captain Bernard, an old friend of her husband's, and a distinguished leader of the Swedenborg church in France. She became convinced of the truth of Swedenborgianism, and embraced it zealously and openly. She had always had a fervent desire to tend and restore the sick, and under her present views she became persuaded that the gift of healing promised by our Saviour to his Church, and so strikingly practised by his apostles and his early disciples, was still the inalienable heritage of Christian faith. She prayed earnestly and perseveringly for this gift, calling on the Lord Jesus Christ, as he had promised this gift, amongst others, to those who sincerely desired it, to fulfil his promise; and she determined to deliver herself up entirely to God's will, to do and to suffer everything, in the prosecution of this beneficent mission, that he might lay upon her. On the 14th of May, 1828, she heard the continued complainings of a sick child and a lamenting mother, in a room adjoining her own lodgings in Paris. She proceeded to the room to learn the occasion of the distress, and found a woman with a sick child in her arms, who said, "See here!—My child is dying, and I cannot get any one to hold it whilst I go for a doctor." Madame Saint Amour took the child whilst she went, but scarcely was it in her arms, when it ceased to moan; opened its eyes, and smiled at her. By the time that the mother returned, the child was playing on the chamber floor without a sign of suffering, and Madame Saint Amour now perceived that she possessed the promised gift of healing, as had been the case with Greatrakes, in Ireland, and Gassner, in Würtemberg. She put her conviction to the test in other cases, and uniformly with success.

Being satisfied that this gospel power of healing was conferred on her, she determined to go and exercise it in Nantes, where Captain Bernard, who had been the means of her conversion, had lived so many years, and where the New Church appeared likely to flourish prominently. Accordingly in September, 1828, it became rumoured in Nantes that a lady had lately arrived from Paris, who cured sickness and chronic ailments by prayer. The whole place was thrown into a state of excitement. Some declared the apostolic times were come again: others that these miracles originated in some occult art rather than in religion. The sick who were cured kindled the enthusiasm of those who yet awaited their time. A cripple who had left his crutches with Madame Saint Amour hastened to prostrate himself at the shrine of St. Semilian, exclaiming in an outburst of gratitude—"She cures everything!" A child carried to her in its sister's arms, returned home on foot followed by a crowd uttering their astonishment at

the miracle. Passengers are stopped by the wondering crowd before Madame Saint Amour's house; there is much questioning, and replies that strike the hearer with amaze. Throngs increase; the street is completely blocked, so that carriages cannot pass. The very steps up to her door are crowded with sick and maimed, seeking help. From six in the morning till night, the invalids remain waiting their turn. Numbers wait all night, to be among the earliest admitted the next morning. Wherever she goes they stand in her way as if nailed to the ground: they are confident that if they can but touch her dress, they shall be cured. Many go even so far as to declare that she is the Virgin Mary herself in disguise.

For three days the excitement continued to increase. From all sides arrived the sick, full of astonishment at the relations which they heard. They came from Tours, Saumur, Rochefort, from Angers, Rennes; from the Maine and Loire, from Vendée, Morbihan, and other distant places. It may safely be asserted that not a place in the lower department of the Loire but sent some patient to the capital of the district. To escape for a while from the incessant crush of eager people around her dwelling, she accepted invitations which would take her to distant quarters, but the ever-augmenting crowds poured after her, and everywhere in her way you saw sick and curious people, who prayed the favour of addressing her. It was in vain that at night she endeavoured to persuade the throngs to disperse; they would remain, in order to secure her services in the morning, and you might see her hands stretched from the window to call down blessings on the immovable crowd. On her very way from place to place, as she could not assist all who sought her, she administered cures from her carriage doors as she drove along. The streets and gateways leading to the houses she visited were speedily besieged, and four sentinels at every door were not sufficient to keep back the people. Every vehicle in the city on hire was taken to carry applicants to her: there was no subject of conversation but Madame Saint Amour. Crowds of working men abandoned their employments to get a sight of her. There was not a circle anywhere of which she was not the subject of discussion. At the exchange, in the college, in the saloons, as well as in the inns and private houses, her cures were the theme, for no one living ever heard of such things except in books.

But on a great triumph follows rapidly a reaction, which as soon grows even to a persecution. The mass is as unjust in its prejudice, as it is unreflecting in its admiration. It was quickly declared that all the sick who had been so wonderfully cured, had relapsed into their former condition, if, indeed, they were

not worse. The spirit of the people was up, and it was declared that the cures had not answered the expectations which the feverish multitude had conceived of them. It was like the mood of those wonder-mongers who cried down an eclipse of the sun, because it had not turned out just as their excited imaginations had predicted it. It was declared that the cures had been only of a certain class of complaints; nay, one of the newspapers of Nantes asserted that the whole public had been befooled by an actual piece of trickery; as if a weak woman would have attempted to befool such a population, and that in the name of Jesus Christ, on which she had called with tears, and in the name of all the virtues which she never ceased to practise. The absurdity of such an accusation was manifest, and another circumstance rendered it impossible, for Madame Saint Amour never would receive a farthing for the labours she endured to cure the sufferers around her. She neither sold her prayers nor her advice, and the benefit, attempted from a totally distinguished love of goodness, can never be a cheat.

The same paper declared also that Madame Saint Amour, who was here publicly dubbed a witch, was the daughter of an inconsiderable watch-maker in Nantes; and the miracles fell rapidly in public opinion when it was thought that they had been done by one born amongst themselves! The article in the paper was full of contradictions, but no one paused to notice them, and it was successful.

These assertions and a thousand other absurdities still more glaring gave occasion to songs, witticisms, groundless attacks without point or reason, and that miserable fear of shame which is found everywhere on such occasions, wonderfully augmented the mob of the incredulous. People felt that they should be held to be not very profound, if they believed in marvels which so many clever persons could not comprehend. Amongst the learned, some rejected part, others all, that they might not seem to believe in sorcery. Some ascribed what was done to imagination, others what they heard to imagination. "I say heard," observes M. Richer, "for, extraordinary enough, not a single person of the educated classes who took part against Madame Saint Amour had seen anything of her doings. They said that mistrust of themselves had so seized on the strongest minds, that they did not venture to witness her proceedings, lest they might not have courage to declare what they had seen, or should feel themselves compelled to follow the judgment of others. I have heard persons in other respects worthy of all credit, making the fullest representation of things that they had neither seen nor had dared to see. People from sheer delusion may fight against opinion without incurring serious reproach, but

when they band together to deny actual and palpable facts, that is a proceeding inconceivable to honourable minds.

“It was not enough to deny real occurrences and to pretend scientific explanations; an incomprehensible zeal seized on the superstitious and the weak. A report was spread that Madame Saint Amour sought to draw away her patients from the established worship, whilst the fact is, and I call on all who have known her to witness it, that she never asked any of the sick what was their religion. No one ever heard her say more than ‘Do you believe in God? Do you believe that God, who created heaven and earth, has power to heal you?’ Never did she say ‘Believe on me! Abandon your opinions.’ I have many times heard her say how delighted she would be to see a Jew or a Turk appear and demand her mediation, adding ‘I should not fear on their behalf to call on God, who sends his sun to shine, and his rain to fall, alike on the just and the unjust.’ There is no doubt but the religion which Madame Saint Amour professed, was turned against her, and letters concerning her were written to Noirmoutier, saying that the general cry against her, in Nantes, was that she believed neither in Christ, nor in the gospel; and there were not wanting plenty of people to put faith in these calumnies.”

It was stated that a meeting of the clergy had been called by the Archbishop of Nantes, to take into consideration this important occurrence, and the pastor of St. Semilian's was asked whether he had given power to this woman to do these miracles, and on his denying it, a protest was drawn up declaring that these cures, performed under the eyes of so many spectators, had not been done in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. It would have been well to have asked the clergy what power, then, Madame Saint Amour had employed. They would undoubtedly have answered, that such powers existed only amongst the academicians and the doctors. Yet, notwithstanding such assurances, however respectable their utterers may be, human affairs do not the less steadily march on their way. The monks of St. Stephen's declared to Columbus on the evidence of the Psalmist that there could be, and was, no New World, yet Columbus sailed, and America was discovered. The Inquisition compelled Galileo to recant his assertion, yet the last whispered word of the venerable Florentine was, “*E pur si muove!*” and the Church itself—some time afterwards—was compelled to admit what in its infallibility it had denied! One of the priests on this occasion told one of the sick that if God was disposed to award such a power, it would be to one of his order, and not to a woman! History will probably have an answer to that.

We cannot follow all the curious phases of this remarkable case: they form a volume: but there are a few features of it of so universal a kind, that they deserve a brief notice. Those who contended that Madame Saint Amour was an impostor said, "If she had the power she pretended, why did she not visit the hospitals of the sick?" "This," says M. Richer, "was the very thing that from her first arrival in Nantes, she was earnestly imploring of the authorities: but in vain." A patient in one of the hospitals determined to get away to Madame Saint Amour, and procured a carriage for the purpose, but was peremptorily ordered back. "The Town Hall," says M. Richer, "was freely allowed to musicians, lecturers, meetings of learned societies, and the like, but was refused to Madame Saint Amour to perform her cures in. Those who had been most enthusiastic in witnessing the wondrous cures, now as strenuously denied them, as though it had been a crime. A Sister of Charity, of Saint Clement's, who had avowed the most ardent friendship for Madame Saint Amour, now denounced her as a witch, forgetting that the Saviour himself was accused of performing his deeds of mercy by the aid of Beelzebub. The wealthy of the city, who had struggled with each other for Madame Saint Amour, to lionize her in their saloons, now sent hastily to recall their pressing invitations, on the usual facile pleas that they were going into the country, or the like. The very workmen who had carried to her their mothers, sisters, wives, or children, now declared that it was only anxiety to get some possible chance of good for their relatives that made them do what they should have been ashamed to do for themselves. Even the people who had left their crutches behind them, sent for them again, on one pretence or another. Some maintained that Madame Saint Amour did her cures through an electric ring; others that she was a ventriloquist, as if ventriloquism could instantly set broken legs, which they saw done. One of her most officious admirers, who was proud to serve as her cavalier in the days of her popularity, hurriedly now drew back, saying to his neighbour that he could not bring himself to sacrifice his reason. The friend replied, 'The sacrifice would have been but small.' There was another circumstance that stamped Madame Saint Amour's cures as of the genuine Christian character. Whilst the majority of those she had benefited were silent amid the rage against her, or, still worse, were joining in abusing her, one solitary woman went to the commissary of police, and implored him not to hurt Madame Saint Amour, because she had cured her. Of the ten lepers who had been cured by Christ *one* only went to give thanks: and Christ said, 'There were ten cured, but where are the other nine?'"

M. Richer, who went himself and witnessed with extremest wonder the miracles which she performed; who saw her melted into tears of joy and gratitude to God, in the midst of the miracles that He wrought by her hand; who saw her witness, with rapture, the change from pain and suffering in her patients to ease and strength; who saw her cast herself upon her knees, in speechless gratitude to the Giver of all good, amid the restored invalids around her; and who saw her afterward calm and unresenting, whilst the fierce mob whistled and hooted under her windows, or were pursuing her carriage with curses, adds:—
 “Madame Saint Amour has only experienced what all others have experienced in the same path. Apostles, martyrs, have they not paid for their love of their fellowmen with persecutions? In our cool-blooded times, we no longer hang men on crosses for their benefactions, stretch them on the rack, or burn them alive, but we join in the laugh which obliterates a whole life of munificence; we whistle away what we don't want to hear; we annihilate, with songs of ridicule, what we cannot overcome by force. Madame Saint Amour one day repeated to us the words of our Lord, in Matthew, x., 17-22:—‘Beware of men; for they will deliver you up to the councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues; and ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake, for a testimony against them and the Gentiles. But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the spirit of your Father which speaketh in you. And the brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child; and the children shall rise up against their parents, and cause them to be put to death. And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake; but he that endureth to the end shall be saved!’”

This is the eternal story of the martyrdom of Truth, yet the children of this world see it not. Blind, as at the first when they slew the prophets, crucified Christ, and killed his apostles: no suspicion that they are once more acting out the same perpetual drama comes to the very wise, the learned and the worldly, when a new act is introduced, and Truth comes, in a new costume, to add one more tearful incident to her history. But the lesson is not for the world at large, but for the servants of Truth. The world, however wise, however witty, however happy in the conceit of its own sagacity, has no eyes for the only real, but the children of Truth are thus taught to endure with happy patience, the sneer, the scoff, the merry or the savage sarcasm of *soi-disant* friends but real enemies, perceiving in their treatment by their assailants the infallible testimonies to their own legitimacy.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE COLONIES.

It is a little significant of the wide-spread character of Modern Spiritualism that the same post which a few days since brought us spiritual journals from America also brought us, from the Cape of Good Hope, "A Defence of Spiritualism, by a Cape Colonist;" and "A Guide to Spiritualism," together with sundry pamphlets and tracts, by the Rev. J. Tyerman, published at Melbourne, Australia. This Guide to Spiritualism is a neat volume of 150 pages, re-published from the *Progressive Spiritualist*, of Melbourne, of which Mr. Tyerman is the editor. It contains "Reasons for Investigating the Subject;" "Personal Experiences as an Investigator;" "The Literature of the Movement, and the Testimony of several Witnesses;" "Theories advanced by Anti-Spiritualists to account for the Movement;" "Reasons for Accepting the Spiritual Hypothesis of the Phenomena;" "Leaving the Church of England, and Future Course;" "The Leading Principles and Teachings of Spiritualism;" "Popular Objections Answered;" "Advice to Investigators, Formation of Circles, &c." Mr. Tyerman was some time since expelled from his office as a clergyman of the Church of England in consequence of his open acknowledgment of Spiritualism; and hence it is no wonder that his advocacy of Spiritualism is strongly marked by anti-theological feeling, and that he is always carrying on a polemic with the "Creeds of Christendom;" and so his readers will be led, we fear, to confound the iconoclastic tendencies in the advocate with the teachings of Spiritualism, which are affirmative and constructive; and leave each believer to determine for himself whether these are or are not compatible with any of the popular doctrines, concerning which differences of opinion will probably long continue to prevail. A Cape Colonist's "Defence of Spiritualism" is an illustration of this. The writer says, "Spiritualism is in no wise antagonistic to Scripture, as the author hopes to demonstrate by the following pages." Its purpose, however, is not mainly theological. It gives his reasons in its favour, with a relation of startling facts that have occurred in Cape Town; also the Philosophy of the Spirit-Circle, Rules for Development, &c., forming a pamphlet of 64 pages, liberal, judicious, and tempered with religious feeling. Both of these works will, no doubt, be useful in their several ways; but we notice them chiefly as indicating the rapid progress which Spiritualism is making in the Colonies as elsewhere. In Australia the Spiritualists have two

journals, a Children's Lyceum, several circles and societies, and regular meetings. At the Cape there has lately been considerable controversy on Spiritualism in the local journals. A Spiritual Institute and Library has been established at Cape Town; and a weekly newspaper, the *Cape Spiritualist and Family Medium*, is being established.

THE FIRST SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN MANCHESTER.

Mr. F. Silkstone, 76, George Street, Hulme, Manchester, in a letter, dated October 23rd, to the *Christian Spiritualist* for November, gives the following particulars respecting the first spirit-photograph taken in Manchester:—

Elizabeth Ann Williamson, a little girl of 12 years, small for her age, but apparently full of life and health, residing with her parents at 2, Willington Street, Lower Ardwick, Manchester, went at the commencement of the present month to have her portrait taken to Mr. Thomas M. Waters, photographer, 105, Hyde Road, Manchester. Her likeness was taken as requested, but at a *séance* where she was present during the following week, it was communicated by knocks through the table that in the process the photographer had rubbed out a spirit-face, which he in his ignorance of the whole affair considered a defect. She was instructed through the table to go again to the same photographer, and the spirit would appear a second time on the plate. She accordingly went, accompanied by her father, on the 10th October, 1874. A few questions were asked the photographer, and he acknowledged having erased, on her previous visit, some figure he could not understand. He was requested, should anything appear except the little girl, to let it remain untouched. The result was that a shadowy face, with features, however, quite clear, distinct, and well-defined, appears by the side of the girl. The forehead is broad and high, the beard and whiskers short, but plentiful. It is decidedly one of the best spirit-photographs I have seen; and this opinion is shared by many Spiritualists who are competent judges. The spirit is one of the guides of the young medium, to whose name great interest will now be attached; and many warm hopes will be excited that this innocent, guileless child will be the means of our obtaining in the future striking phenomena, which shall establish in our midst the certainty of our continued existence. The guide who was thus photographed gave his name at a *séance* as a Dr. Pearson, of London, who practised when in earth-life on the Surrey side of the water. He is entirely unknown to any Spiritualists in Manchester.

FACTS FOR CONJURORS AND EXPOSERS.

The *Boston Banner of Light* of October 24th has the following:—

“On Monday evening last we, the undersigned, assembled at the residence of Mr. Lincoln, and just before the hour for the *séance* to commence, a couple of gentlemen (the “Hardicourt Brothers”), notorious for their opposition to anything of a spiritual origin, both of them professors of “magic” and “legerdemain,” made their appearance and desired to be admitted, provided the medium would consent to be tied by them. Mr. Church received them in the kindest and most cordial manner and consented to be secured in the following manner:—After

placing the spectators in a semi-circle, the medium took his position, seated in a chair half-way between the two ends, allowing the "Professors" to tie a small "tape line" tightly round his neck, the knot being securely sealed with fresh melted "sealing-wax," and permitting each one to hold one end of the same whilst seated at the extreme ends of the circle, which were near enough to the medium to enable them to touch him with their feet at any time; a long cord was then tied around the waist of every gentleman and lady present; the instruments upon which the spirits play were placed far out of reach of the medium, and the lights extinguished. In less than a moment, the patter of little footsteps was heard around the room, and little Jimmy, an Indian child, talked audibly to us for some moments, delighting every one with his most pungent wit and sparkling repartee, and placing his little hands upon the laps of nearly all present, the magicians, however, claiming most of his attention.

After placing a small bell in the hands of one far remote from the medium, a light was instantly called for, and Mr. Church was found in the same position in which he was placed by the committee, everything intact, and the professors still holding the cord attached to his neck, and looking the perfect picture of blank astonishment as their eyes wandered from one member of the circle to another, and to different parts of the room in search of wires and traps that are so necessary in their own profession. After the most careful and rigid examination of the medium's fastenings, and making the doors of the room doubly secure, the light was again extinguished, and almost instantly the giant form of the Indian Ninwaukee leaped upon the floor, jarring the whole building, and in almost thunder tones he stated that he would demonstrate to us how physical mediums were sometimes unconsciously compromised and apparently exposed by lights being sprung upon them and they found standing in the floor freed from their fastenings, and apparently producing the manifestations. He said that by a certain chemical process known only to themselves they could release a medium from any fastening, however intricate, and that it was sometimes necessary, in order to retain materiality sufficient to enable them to approach and touch those in the circle, that the medium should be drawn nearer to the circle, and to do this they would release him unconsciously to himself and by the power of their will draw him nearer to themselves; and in doing so lights are often sprung upon them, and the poor medium being found upon the floor, though in an unconscious condition, is at once branded, even by those who should be his friends, as a "charlatan" or "impostor."

To put this matter for ever at rest, and to show to this circle that mediums are thus used, he stated that he would release Mr. Church from his fastenings without disturbing tape, knot or seal, and that the committee of magicians holding the medium should not know when or how it was done, and in almost an instant a light was called for, and the medium found several feet from his chair, *minus* boots and coat, and the astonished "Magi" still holding the tape, and with protruding eyes gazing at the loop that had encircled the medium's neck. Had a *bombshell* exploded near them they could not have looked more astonished and utterly dumbfounded. The medium being entranced, waved his hand for them to again put out the light, which was instantly done, and in less than one minute a light was again called for, and the tape again found tightly around the neck of the medium, precisely as it was first placed by the professors, and both of them declared that there was not the least perceptible motion of the cord during the whole time.

Quiet again being restored and light extinguished, Lillie, a bright little spirit, and the most wonderful musical prodigy we have ever known, made her appearance, and with a small harmonica, gyrating in every part of the room, discoursed some of the most delicious music, which continued until the entire building seemed filled with waves of liquid melody, fresh fallen from the beautiful and starry dome of heaven.

(Signed) JOHN G. REILLY.	MRS. SARAH LINCOLN.
MRS. H. J. KING.	JAS. ROWLEY.
IRA DAVENPORT.	MR. — PLUMBLY.
MRS. CARRIE HAZEN.	MR. — BUTTERS.
MRS. DR. SWAIN.	GEO. MONTIGUE.
CAPT. W. D. DOUGLASS.	JOHN SEALBACH.
JOHN SMITH.	ALEX. SELL.
HENRY CANDEY.	

BROS. JOHN & PETER HARDICOURT, *Magicians*.

Buffalo, N.Y.,

Sept. 29th, 1874.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE KOORDS.

The following extract from Major Millingen's *Wild Life among the Koords* may interest our readers.

"Superstition has a far stronger hold on the ignorant minds of the Koords than religion. They believe in the *Peris* (Holy Protectors), in whose power and intercession they trust. Their fear of the *Djins* is childish and ludicrous. The *Djins* and the *Peris* are the malicious and the benign spirits whose action

over mankind is, according to the Koran, all-powerful. To these supernatural agents the *Sheyts* must be added. Under this denomination the Mussulmans comprise all the martyrs of Islam, those that have fallen in the defence of the faith of Mohammed. The tombs of the Sheyts are considered holy, and the miracles performed by them, as well as their apparitions before the living, are believed to be phenomena of common occurrence. In the belief of the Koords these troops of wandering spirits form a kind of fluctuating population, as nomadic in their tastes as the living inhabitants of the country. Their mission seems to be to wander about the valleys and the mountains, either coaxing or bullying poor mortals. . . . The superstition of the Koords is not limited to their belief in the existence of spirits. . . . In every tribe there are lots of Khodjas and Shekhs of both sexes, who are considered first rate mediums, endowed with great spiritual and magnetic powers."

Notices of New Books.

EVIDENCE FROM UNDESIGNED COINCIDENCES.*

Dead and Gone is written mainly to exemplify the argument from undesigned coincidences in proof of what is generally termed the supernatural. Parallel stories of ancient and modern date are placed side by side; and are severally taken from Holy Scripture, General Literature, and Personal Experience. Of these narratives and of the extracts, 49 are taken from Holy Scripture; 253 from General Literature; and 197 from Personal Experience. An analysis of those taken from general literature shows that 29 are taken from Church of England sources; Church of Rome, 29; Methodists, 23; Society of Friends, 13; other Protestant Dissenters, 29; Spiritualists, 30; the remainder being selected from all sorts of publications—religious and secular. The 197 instances of personal experiences are derived from the personal experience of men, women, and children, who have communicated them, directly or indirectly, to the author; nearly all of them having come to him unasked, a large proportion in the course of pastoral visitation, in a very poor district of 11,000 souls; more than 80 are first-hand, having been told to him by the persons whose experience they record.

* *Deal and Gone*. By JAMES S. POLLOCK, M.A., Incumbent of St. Alban's, Birmingham. London: ELLIOT STOCK, 62, Paternoster Row.

The weight of argument in the undesigned coincidences in this large number of independent narratives is, as the writer contends, wholly irrespective of the character of the witnesses. For, as Whateley remarks, "It is evident that when many coincide in their testimony (where no previous concert can have taken place), the probability resulting from this concurrence does not rest on the supposed veracity of each considered separately, but on the improbability of such an agreement taking place by chance. For though in such a case each of the witnesses should be considered as unworthy of credit, and even much more likely to speak falsehood than truth, still the chances might be infinite against their all agreeing in the same falsehood."

The author also quotes as a motto the following pertinent passage from Taylor's *Treatise on the Law of Evidence*:—

"Coincidences, when sufficiently numerous, and presented in the shape of undesigned correspondency, or incidental allusion, necessarily produce a prodigious effect in enforcing belief, because, if the witnesses had concocted a plot, the coincidences would almost inevitably have been commuted by cross-examination into contradictions, and if collusion is excluded, and no deception has been practised on the witnesses, the harmony in their evidence cannot be explained upon any other hypothesis than that the statements severally made are true."

The volume has the following dedication:—

"To my Brother and four Sisters, who rested from their labours before I entered into mine, this effort to promote faith in Him whom having not seen, we love, and communion with them whose faces we see not, or have not seen, who live, and have not left us, is dedicated, with a brother's love."

THE IDENTITY OF PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.*

THIS is the title of a work, the first volume of which—a large 8vo. of 536 pages—has just reached us. It is dedicated "to all liberal minds in the Christian churches that are disposed to welcome new light upon the spirituality of the Bible, even though it may proceed from an unorthodox source, and that dare weigh and consider even though they may reject the

* *The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism.* By EUGENE CROWELL, M.D. London: TRUBNER & Co. (in two volumes). Vol. I.

claims herein made for the unity of the higher teachings of Modern Spiritualism with those of early Christianity." In a brief notice we, perhaps, cannot convey a better idea of the general aim and scope of the work than by quoting the headings of its several chapters, which are as follows:—"Spiritual gifts;" "inspiration and mediumship;" "faith," "the gift of healing," "the working of miracles—physical manifestations," "prophecy," "discerning of spirits—apparitions," "divers kinds of tongues," "trying the spirits," the "necessity for regarding conditions," "the use of humble means," "angels were once mortals," "spirits in prison," "possession and obsession," "witchcraft and sorcery," "Hebrew prophets and mediums," "a natural and a spiritual body," "materialization of spirit-forms," "table-rapping and tippings," and the "displeasure of the Priests, Pharisees and Sadducees."

In some articles written by Mrs. Stowe, for the Christian Union, she takes the same ground as that assumed by the author of the present volume in relation to the early Christians. She believed that their intercourse with angels was direct and unobstructed, and she could not therefore deny the fact that Modern Spiritualism only revived and restored that blessed era. So far as she went, she admitted all it was necessary to admit. The present volume goes more elaborately into the evidence which proves that the primitive followers of the doctrines and teachings of Christ occupied a position identical with that of modern Spiritualists. The heavens were opened in those days as they are again now. The judgment which the coming of Christ had brought upon the world of spirits prepared the people of the earth for the direct reception and influx of angelic influences. That was why it was such an event in the history of the human race. But Christians afterwards, from the time of Constantine and the Council of Nice, mistook the meaning of the mission of Christ, and steadily sought to build up temporal authority on a spiritual basis. With that attempt the heavens were in a measure closed again, and the angelic messengers were shut out more and more from direct contact and communication with the human race. In the present century, however, the former freedom is restored. The old conditions are being replaced. Modern Spiritualism reveals, to greater multitudes, the reality of spirit-intercourse and the close relationship of the external to the spiritual world. And it is this simple but profoundly significant fact that is sought to be demonstrated in the volume under consideration, in which will be found many Bible miracles paralleled by well supported analogous occurrences in our day—facts and arguments being so thoroughly interwoven as to carry conviction in

a greater or less degree to every unprejudiced mind, and the cultured reader will find that the miracles and supernatural manifestations of the Bible, and its claims for credibility, are wonderfully supported by the narrations and arguments of this work. Aside from its intensely interesting character, its moral and Christian tone and sentiments are such as to recommend it to all independent and thoughtful minds in and out of the Church.

Correspondence.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I yield to no one in my admiration for Mr. William Howitt's earnestness, and for the impetuosity of the torrent of his eloquence. But these gifts are simply mischievous when dissociated from logic and consistency (as I will undertake to prove is the case in Mr. Howitt's attacks on the Association), because by their use he then only misleads those who are not of a logical or analytical turn of mind.

In his first letter, published in the *Spiritual Magazine* for December last, he inveighs against association, chiefly because, *as he says*, it always has led, and therefore always must lead, to the establishment of creeds, sects, and tyranny; and claims "that it is the peculiar glory of Spiritualism that it has always been as free as the air we breathe; that it is the common property of all faiths without distinction; that it has never narrowed itself to a sect," and protests that "to narrow it to a sect, is at once to strip it of this glory, and to reduce it to the level of other sects." In his second article, published in the *Magazine* of October last, he denounces the Association in no measured terms for opening its ranks to Spiritualists "of all faiths without distinction," and for withdrawing from its prospectus a clause which seemed to some to give an exclusive preference to the creed which Mr. Howitt happens to favour; or, in other words, for proclaiming Spiritualism to be "as free as the air we breathe, and the common property of all faiths." Which is the more sectarian—the Association or Mr. Howitt? Which is seeking "to enclose Spiritualism in partial boundaries?"

In his article for last month, Mr. Howitt gives us some very interesting "Lessons of History" but his application of them is purely imaginative. I can conceive no surer safeguard against the prevalence of the absurdities he enumerates than a universal association of Spiritualists "of every shade of opinion;" as the common-sense of the majority would always outweigh any eccentricities that might crop up prominently. It is highly improbable that many strongly Sectarian Spiritualists, whether Southcotians, Kardechians, or others will ever join us, but we should probably admit any who might wish to do so; very much to their advantage, and without any danger to ourselves. Free-lovers and Woodhullists would, I am afraid, run some danger of being blackballed—one black ball in four excludes.

Mr. Howitt seems to assume that in admitting these people we should commit ourselves to believing all that they believe, and at once become Southcotians or Kardechians, &c., as the case might be. I cannot understand on what ground he makes this assumption. On the contrary, each individual member may believe as much or as little of what his spirits tell him as he pleases; and friendly intercourse among persons holding different views cannot

but be favourable to the cause of truth. There must, however, no doubt be some common point of departure for people to understand one another. Our common point is a belief in a future existence, and in the fact of spirit-communion.

Mr. Howitt makes much of the fact that many of the fanatics whom he quotes believed implicitly in certain prophecies which turned out to be false—such as the immediate coming of Shiloh. He forgets that for many years after the death of Christ, a firm belief in the immediate end of the world, and Christ's second coming, was a universal article of faith among His apostles and disciples.

Mr. Howitt goes a little off the track to brand the Kardechians as being "flesh-enamoured." If I may be permitted to follow him, I would point out that if Mr. Howitt argues that they only believe in reincarnation because they *like* it, we are equally justified in assuming that Mr. Howitt believes in Christianity, not because he is convinced of its truth, but because he likes it.

I would also express my surprise at his apparent ignorance of the fact that the Kardechians look upon reincarnation as a punishment. And evidently, if, after the termination of his present earth-life, Mr. Howitt should require any further punishment, none fitter could be found than that he should be reincarnated and made President of the British National Association of Spiritualists of the future.

ALGERNON JOY.

A CENTRAL HALL FOR THE BRITISH NATIONAL
ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I shall feel obliged by your giving insertion to the following letter, addressed by me to one of the "Offices Committee" of the B. N. A. S.

Yours, &c.,

NEWTON CROSLAND.

Blackheath, 12th October, 1874.

"I have attentively considered your plan of founding a central establishment for the purpose of having *séances*, meetings and lectures to promote the cause of Spiritualism. I am sorry to say that I view your proposal with the gravest doubt and apprehension; and I will give you my reasons for thinking unfavourably of your scheme, which I believe teems with possibilities of mischief. We all know what evil consequences may attend *séances* through imperfect mediumship and the presence of ill-conditioned persons. Now, if anything unpleasant or scandalous were to happen at any of the meetings which you propose to hold in the Central Hall, recognised by Spiritualists at their head-quarters, our whole body of members would be held liable for the responsibility and disgrace which would certainly accompany any occurrences of an objectionable nature. That which was begun with a good motive might be finished in a police-court.

"Again: the management of these *séances* and meetings might soon fall into the hands of a few active persons with special "views," "theories," and "doctrines" on the subject of Spiritualism; and a kind of "authorised teaching" might become the mode, to which many of us would find it impossible to give our assent, and the result would probably be discord and angry controversy, to the ironical amusement of the public.

"My idea of the Spiritual propaganda is something entirely different from the scheme you have submitted to me. I would, of course, have an office where the business matters of the Society should be conducted; but in other respects our plan of operations should resemble as much as possible that adopted by the "British Association for the Advancement of Science." Public meetings should be held, at which papers might be read and discussions encouraged.

Each member thus putting himself forward would be individually responsible for his facts and his inferences; and the general body would escape from any imputation that might be cast upon acts or opinions especially eccentric.

"Spiritualism may be a blessing or a curse, according to the disposition and qualification of those who investigate or accept it, and the use or mis-use made of it. In this search after truth we have as much to dread from our friends as from our foes.

"Blackheath, 12th October, 1874."

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—A remarkable instance of the supernatural on the occasion of the death of Lord Rossmore is mentioned in *The Life (or Memoirs) of Sir Jonah Barrington*, (published more than 30 years ago). I have not seen it noticed in any number of your Magazine, of which I am

YOUR CONSTANT READER.

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

WINTER.

STERN Winter comes with surly brow,
And stony eye, and chilling breath;
The summer-flowers are perished now,
In grasp of winter-death.

Yet Winter, too, is kindly sent,
And many a joy doth bring:
While Nature's glory all unspent,
Shall bloom again in Spring!

And so 'tis with our human life,
When closèd here on earth:
Beyond the scene of mortal strife
The soul springs into birth

In fairer climes, with brighter skies,
And burgeons into bloom:
But in that happier world there lies
No death—no winter tomb;

No pain, nor care, nor bitter tears,—
Our winter-life is o'er;
While in those pure immortal spheres
Is joy for evermore!

We sing, O Lord, the song of praise
For gracious seasons given;
For all the wealth of vanished days,
For Life, for Death, for Heaven!

T. S.