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MATERIALISATION OF SPIRIT-FORMS.

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THIS latest and most wonderful phase of spirit-manifestation—so convincing to those who have experience of it, and which so effectually dissipates “unconscious cerebration,” “psychic force,” “nerve aura,” and other *pseudo*-scientific crotchets, invented to evade the plain issue of the facts—is now becoming as wide spread as those phases of spirit-manifestation which preceded it; and this class of facts, however startling on their first presentation, so completely carries with it its own evidence that its recognition by all who properly inform themselves concerning it cannot be doubted. From the spirit-hands, so often seen at the Davenport *séances*—and, indeed, soon after the advent of Modern Spiritualism and the spirit-faces at Moravia—the materialisation of spirit-forms has gone on in an orderly, progressive development until now, when the full form of the materialised spirit is seen, mixing freely with the company, shaking hands and talking with them sometimes for an hour together, or even longer. We shall not here quote the testimony of Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., who, in his own laboratory, has walked with the medium on one side and the materialised spirit on the other, as we think it best to wait his forthcoming volume, in which all the facts and evidence will appear in their proper order; but from other and fugitive sources we present some scattered illustrations, which it may be useful to bring together.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, and the *Banner of Light* record many similar and even more startling manifestations, as occurring in the United States, especially through the mediumship of the brothers William and Horatio Eddy. At their *séances* the materialized spirits deliver set discourses for a quarter of an hour together; play musical instruments, con-

verse freely, shake hands, and pray with their mortal friends, and some are recognized by them. We quote the following, not as the most striking example, but on account of the well-known names and high character of the witnesses.

In the *Banner of Light*, of May 16th, Mr. Anthony Higgins gives the following account of a *séance* with Mrs. Mary Hardy, of Boston, U.S.A.:—

SPIRIT-MATERIALISATIONS IN BOSTON, U.S.A., IN PRESENCE OF  
WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, ROBERT DALE OWEN, AND  
OTHERS.

“On the evening of April 23rd, in response to the invitation of Mrs. Hardy, a number of ladies and gentlemen attended a private *séance* at 4, Concord Square, Boston. The company consisted of William Lloyd Garrison, Robert Dale Owen, Moses A. Dow, Eben Jackson, W. F. Jamieson, Dr. J. H. Dewey, William Kendall, Anthony Higgins, jun., Mr. Howell (of the *Atlantic Monthly*), Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Brigham, Mrs. Amsden, Mrs. Gilbert, and Mrs. Plunkett. Wendell Phillips was expected, but did not attend. The *séance* was held in the dining-room, where I have often enjoyed the hospitality of my kind host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, and I can assure you that I have had both time and opportunity to find the ‘mare’s nest,’ if it existed. My explorations in this direction may be summed up by saying that I have seldom found two such thoroughly honest persons as Mr. and Mrs. Hardy.

“Take an ordinary dining-room table and remove a leaf from the middle of it; take a 24 by 15-inch pine box, open on one side and at the bottom, and place it on the opening in the table, covering the side of the table between top and floor, and the open space on each side of the box, with cloth, to form a dark cabinet under one half of the table, and you have the whole apparatus. Being seated in front of the box and semi-circled round the table, the company joined hands; the light was lowered for a few seconds, and, at the request of the spirit-operators, then rapped on again, so that the gas jet was about half full, and in about sixty seconds the fingers of a hand to the first joint appeared and disappeared at the opening in the box. By the query, ‘Is it for me?’ and the assenting or dissenting motion of the hand, the company communicated with it until the right person was found, then the hand appeared in full, moving backward and forward rapidly, as if delighted at the recognition.

“Hands appeared every minute or two, giving signals to nearly every person present. Some of the party asked the privilege of touching the hands, which feat some could accom-

plish while others could not. No matter how anxiously the hand beckoned a friend or relative to come to the opening in the box, in many cases it seemed to involuntarily recede from their approach. William Lloyd Garrison, Robert Dale Owen and Mrs. Brigham were more fortunate. Mr. Garrison shook the hand of what purported to be the representative of his brother James, and received a vigorous and hearty shake from a large negro hand, manipulated by the spirit of Big Dick.

“Moses A. Dow, publisher of the *Waverly Magazine*, felt and played with perfect freedom with the hand of apparently a very dear friend, and placed a well-known ring on one of the fingers. This hand (that of a female) wore a ruffled sleeve, laced at the wrist, as real in texture as material of the same kind worn by the ladies present. Mrs. Brigham, who sat nearest the box opposite Mrs. Hardy, spread the sleeve—or rather part of it—on the table, and fondled the delicate white fingers with perfect freedom. One hand pulled so hard on Mr. Owen’s that he cried out, ‘That’s about as much as I can stand!’ With a slight reduction of the light, Mr. Owen was patted and playfully slapped on the cheek, and his hair pulled with such unmistakable meaning that he exclaimed, ‘What energy they display!’ At my suggestion, the box was removed, and a plain stool placed over the opening in the table. This arrangement allowed the hands to be seen from all parts of the room, and, forming a circle instead of a semi-circle round the table, we had more light and a better view of the spirit-hands.

“I asked the spirits if they could materialise an infant hand; and in a few moments a baby-like, plump, taper-fingered hand appeared and moved about with that unconsciousness of movement observable in the play of an infant’s hand. It was no larger than one of from six to twelve months’ old, very white, wax-like, and apparently *boneless*. The little fingers would catch in the cut cloth nailed to the bottom of the stool, and in freeing themselves from entanglement would bend and spring with the elasticity of rubber. But the most remarkable change went on in the baby-hand; it slowly *enlarged* in every part, always keeping perfect proportion, until it represented a child’s hand of from eight to twelve years’ old. Close watch is needed to perceive the change, as it appears and disappears very often. This contraction and expansion of the spirit-hand, though more noticeable in the infant’s, is common to all the hands I have seen at Mrs. Hardy’s circles. It led me to infer that the difference in size, shape and colour, was more an evidence of the *skill* of one operating spirit, than it was of promiscuous hand-making by friends and relatives. Willie, one of the spirit control of Mrs. Hardy, sustains this theory, and further

says that not one spirit in every thousand can materialise a hand; that it needs a spirit-*artist* with genius for the work, similar in kind to that which we recognise among the gifted leaders of science and art."

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SPIRIT-FORMS SHAPE AND DISSIPATE THEMSELVES IN PRESENCE  
OF THIRTEEN PERSONS.

Mr. J. J. Morse, in a letter, dated 89, High Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne, June 20th, writes:—

"On Friday, the 19th inst., I was the guest of Mr. Mould, 12, St. Thomas Crescent, Newcastle, for the purpose of being present at a *séance* with the Newcastle mediums, the Misses Wood and Fairlamb. An ordinary dark *séance* was held, but it was quite barren of any result. After a recess a *séance* for spirit-forms was arranged, Miss Fairlamb in the cabinet, simply a curtained alcove, fronted by a large screen. Gas low, but sufficient to disclose every sitter and the furniture of the room. After the lapse of fifteen or twenty minutes, a faint hazy strip of light appeared at the side of the screen, the leaf having swung open, door-like. Floating and undulating, it grew before our eyes—thirteen pairs—and at last, after repeated efforts, came out a full form, at least 5 feet 4 inches in height! It walked with graceful carriage; and, on leaving us, it evaporated in our sight—falling like a fleecy cloud at the entrance to the cabinet! Two other forms—of children—also appeared—came bodily out into our midst; sometimes bright and light, again dull and opaque; and sometimes appearing sharp and real, and anon melting and in part transparent; the heads, busts, and feet of the forms being always brightest. No illusion of sense. The gaslight at the same height throughout. And yet these forms swelled and grew before us, then melted and were lost to view! Miss Fairlamb is a buxom lass, too real to melt into thin air; too short for the tall figures, yet not short enough to personify gracefully the child-forms that flitted so airily before us. Spirit-tests are ever the best. This was one. A ghost that forms before your eyes, and melts as it disappears, is convincing proof that flesh and blood (*i.e.*, the medium) is not 'acting spirit,' and at the same time it shows us our loved are not lost; for one gentleman in Gateshead, who is my host, recognised his mother in one of the forms that appeared to us! In the process of formation detached portions of the form appeared; they united; the form was then complete. Afterwards it melted before our eyes! If thirteen of us could be simultaneously the victims of an illusion, and all in the same direction,

I might say, with Dominie Samson, 'Prodigious!' And so it would be, considering it is not a question of feeling, but one of fact."

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TESTIMONY OF T. P. BARKAS, F.G.S.

Mr. T. P. Barkas, F.G.S., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, writes to the *Daily Chronicle* of that town a very circumstantial account of apparently the same *séance*. With nearly all who were present Mr. Barkas says he was personally acquainted. The *séance* was held in the drawing-room of a respectable merchant at Newcastle, June 19th. We omit his account of the first part of the *séance*, at which nothing very remarkable occurred. "But," says Mr. Barkas, "the second portion of the *séance* was as remarkable as the first was uneventful.

"In this second part of the proceedings an arc or curve, consisting of eight chairs, intended for eight sitters, was formed across the drawing-room; the chairs faced the fire-place, and the distance of the centre chairs from the fire-place was about 10 feet. The stove forming the fire-place was black, and was surrounded by a broad white marble mantel-piece. On the mantel-piece was a very large mirror. At each side of the mantel-piece is a recess, such as is commonly seen in modern drawing-rooms. Speaking from the position of a spectator facing the mantel-piece, there was a square table in the left-hand recess, and the right-hand recess was draped with long dark curtains. In front of the recess and curtains there was a four-folding screen, the third leaf of which was placed upon a book in order that the fourth leaf next the mantel-piece might move freely as a door on its hinges. An arm-chair was placed in the recess, and Miss F. was invited to enter the recess, and place herself upon the chair.

"Prior to the lady entering this extemporised cabinet, I went in and examined the place carefully, and found an entire absence of anything except the chair, curtains, and smooth surface of the screen. Miss F. is a lady apparently about seventeen years of age, of middle stature, probably 5 feet high, She was dressed in an ordinary close-fitting grey dress.

"When Miss F. had taken her position in the recess the eight front chairs were accepted by two ladies, six gentlemen, and the little girl sat on the knee of the gentleman on my left. I sat on the fourth chair from the right-hand wall of the room, and, of course, on the fifth from the left-hand wall, there being eight chairs in the curve. My chair was immediately under the chandelier, and the curve of eight chairs equally divided the room. The remaining seven visitors occupied a row of

chairs behind the first row. The entrance to the room was behind all the sitters, and was kept locked during the whole proceedings.

“Arrangements being complete, and each sitter being in position, a complete chain was formed by each person grasping and holding during the whole *séance* the hands of his neighbours. The gas was then turned down, so that it merely gave a glimmering light, but sufficient to enable any person present to distinguish the objects that were before and about him. These preliminary arrangements having been made, some of the popular Revival melodies were again sung, and the startling phenomena of the evening began to present themselves.

“My readers must please to bear in mind that Miss F., the lady in the recess and behind the screen, was the only person in the room who was not held, and certainly was the only person behind the screen. She is a young lady about 5 feet high, and had on her a tight-fitting grey dress.

“The light in the room being rendered dim by the gas being lowered, the company sang, for about five minutes, some of the popular melodies of the day, when the free leaf of the screen was seen to move, and a very faintly defined nebulous-looking small figure glided from behind the screen and presented itself in front of the fire-place; the motion of the figure was very timid, and it speedily retired. Shortly after the door of the screen was again opened, and on this occasion a tall semi-luminous figure, draped from head to foot as a female, in a luminous gauze-like garb, glided out. The apparition was very tall, and I had an excellent opportunity of forming an estimate of its height. I sat opposite the large mantel-piece mirror, and saw the reflection of the single gaslight that was burning in the room. The figure glided past the mirror, and I noticed that when the lower part of the face and upper part of the neck of the figure crossed the reflection of the gaslight, the reflection became invisible, proving the opacity of the figure to the passage of rays of light, and affording me the means of measuring its height, which I did at the close of the *séance*, by requesting a gentleman present, who was about 5 feet 6 inches high, to stand before the glass, when I found, by such comparison, that the spectral figure was taller than he, and, therefore, at least 6 inches taller than Miss F., the medium. Several remarkable peculiarities were manifest in the tall female figure. She or it glided, and did not appear to walk, but rather to slide noiselessly across the floor. The figure, when standing immediately before me, was asked if she were related to any one present, and by three knocks indication was given that she was. Eventually the figure intimated, by a slow

bowing of the head, in reply to questions that she was related to Mr. R., the gentleman who sat on my extreme left. She was asked by him to come across the room and speak to him. The figure immediately glided across to where he sat, and stooping or reclining where he sat, according to the testimony of Mr. R., mentioned to him the name of his wife. The lady next to Mr. R. heard the whisper, but did not catch the name. The figure again rose, and stood opposite to where I sat. She (the figure) was then asked to give some token to each one present. The figure stooped down and picked up a tray of biscuits, and, sliding cautiously forward, tray in hand, presented one to each of the persons in the front circle, each of whom removed one from the tray. I took one in each hand, and at the present time have in my possession the biscuit I took with my right hand. The figure then glided backwards, and before departing behind the screen displayed the skirts of her dress, which formed a train on the carpet extending 2 feet from her person. During the five or ten minutes that this apparition was before us, it frequently altered the brilliancy of its semi-luminous apparel, the upper and lower parts of which were at all times the most luminous. The bright nebulous-looking skirts extended from the form a distance of 2 feet, and gracefully swept the floor during the time the figure moved about.

“After an interval of about two minutes another form appeared from behind the screen. On this occasion it was the form of a female child, about 4 feet high, the head being visible just above the level of the mantel-piece. This form glided about in the open space between the sitters and the mantel-piece, and speedily re-entered the space behind the screen. In a very brief period another form appeared, and on this occasion the figure was not the height of the mantel-piece, being little more than 3 feet high. The form was not so distinctly visible as was that of the tall figure, but, nevertheless, was easily recognizable. This figure seemed to draw open the breast of its dress or covering, and revealed, apparently, a brownish-black body. The child-like form was asked to dance, and a pair of small hazy black feet, visible beneath the white skirts of its garments, moved rapidly in the act of dancing on the floor, and I heard a kind of rhythmical beat on the floor, but whether the noise was produced by the figure or by some in the room beating time, I cannot positively say.

“This figure having retired, another female figure of ordinary stature, apparently about 5 feet in height, made its appearance, and cautiously moved about the space in front of us. This figure, on being interrogated, intimated, by knocks and by bowing the head, that it was related to some one present. The

question, 'Are you related to me?' was asked by each sitter, commencing with Mr. R. on my extreme left and passed along the circle with negative answers until it reached Mr. H., who sat two to my right, when the answer was 'Yes.' He said, 'Are you my mother?' and the figure bowed in affirmation. He said, 'Will you please to shake hands with me, mother?' The figure glided across to him, extended its arm, took his hand and grasped it; finally it raised his hand to its lips and impressed on it a very audible kiss. The figure then glided backward and passed behind the screen. After this a masculine Scottish voice was heard behind the screen, the gas was turned fully on, the screen was thrown open, and Miss F. was found, in her ordinary costume, sitting in the arm-chair in a condition of trance, out of which in the course of a few minutes she came, and this remarkable *séance* terminated.

"Permit me, in conclusion, to say that I have not the slightest doubt of the objective reality of the phenomena described, and that they were not and could not be produced by any person visibly present in the room."

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TESTIMONY OF MR. DUNPHY IN "LONDON SOCIETY."—THE SPIRIT AND THE MEDIUM SEEN TOGETHER.—SPIRIT DRAPERY.

The July number of *London Society* has a second article by Mr. H. M. Dunphy on "Modern Miracles," giving experiences of much interest, though little that will be new to the majority of our readers; but we quote his testimony on a subject on which there has lately been much controversy.

"As Mrs. and Miss Showers were to leave town the following day, and knowing the importance of getting the crucial test on that occasion, I said to Florence, 'I want you particularly to give me a test that must satisfy everybody.' She replied, 'I will, if I can.' I then said, 'I want to see you and the medium together, as you know it is said you are so like the medium that you must be one and the same person.' Her answer was, 'I will try.' No condition of any kind was imposed. Florence then went behind the curtain, and a minute or two afterwards re-appeared, and, beckoning me forward, said, 'Come and see her.' I responded immediately, and crossing the room, stood beside the figure. She was then, I should add, taller than the medium, and to my view had a certain angularity of form which I had never observed in Miss Showers. She then drew aside the curtain with her left hand, and, pointing with her right, said, 'Look.' There, seated in the chair as we had left her, but with her head thrown over her left shoulder, and the right

side of her face visible, was unquestionably the immobile and unconscious form of Miss Showers! There could be no mistake about it. It was no delusion. She was there, beyond all possibility of doubt. Having satisfied myself on this point, I returned to my seat; but on the re-appearance of Florence immediately afterwards, I said, 'Will you give me one more test to satisfy me?' The answer was as before, 'I will if I can; but what is it?' I replied, 'I want this crowning test: I want to follow you instantly behind the curtain, and I wish to place the light so that I can see well into the room.' Florence at once acceded. She made no stipulation beyond this: 'Come when I call you, and come quickly.' The latter part of the injunction was quite unnecessary. I then placed a small benzine lamp on the sofa, about 3 feet from the curtain, and sat down. I was then so near the sliding doors that I could have reached them with my left hand without rising to my feet. I had not been seated more than a few seconds when Florence, partly opening the curtain, extended her hand and said, 'Come now.' I sprang up, and throwing aside the curtain which I held wide back with my left hand, stood inside, and could see—nothing, except Miss Showers still in a trance in the arm-chair. 'Where are you, Florence?' I exclaimed; but there was no answer. I strained my eyes to see any moving object, but failed. The figure in white that I had seen a second before had absolutely vanished into air. Still holding back the curtain, that I might get as much light as possible, I repeated the question, 'Florence, where are you?' Then there came from the corner of the room immediately behind the medium the well remembered voice of Florence, 'Oh, I am here; do you not see me?' I could see nothing. 'I cannot see you,' I said, 'but if you are there, touch me, and let me touch the medium at the same time.' I then extended my right arm until it rested on the head of the medium. Immediately on doing so my fingers were grasped by an invisible hand. The touch was rather cold, and in all respects similar to that of the apparition whose hands I had felt several times while she was in the front drawing room talking with us."

Of only less interest than the materialisation of spirit-forms is the question of spirit drapery. On this point Mr. Dunphy gives the following curious relation:--

"I must not forget to relate what appeared to me one of the most convincing proofs of Katie's more than natural power, namely, that when she had cut, before our eyes, twelve or fifteen different pieces of cloth from the front of her white tunic as *souvenirs* for her friends, there was not a hole to be seen in it, examine it which way you would. It was the same with her veil, and I have seen her do the same thing several times.

“ I may add that I have seen the pieces of cloth cut from the tunic. Another eye-witness tells me that fifteen or sixteen pieces were cut in his presence and that the front of the skirt ‘ looked like a cullender,’ but that all Katie did to restore it to its original shape was to bring the folds together with her hands, and then shake them out again, when the skirt was found to be whole and entire as before !”

In his concluding observations, Mr. Dunphy remarks :—

“ I advance no theories of my own to explain or account for what I have seen. All I lay claim to is critical accuracy for my description of experiences, acquired in many cases under circumstances which would have given me especial facilities for the detection and exposure of fraud. I found none.”

This phase of manifestation is of such engrossing interest, and our materials are so abundant that we shall probably return to it in our next.

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### A PSALM OF PENITENCE.

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THROUGH waters deep my soul has gone,  
 Through waters of affliction ;  
 With tears my wrongful deeds I own  
 And duty's dereliction.

Yet not in fear my hands I spread  
 To fabled Deity,  
 Whose vengeance heaped upon my head,  
 Outlasts eternity.

Oh, no ! Some pitying pow'r looks down  
 On mortals' vain career ;  
 Heaven wears no everlasting frown ;  
 Its wrath is but a tear.

And sins avenge themselves ; my heart  
 Has learnt that truth full well :  
 For mine has been the pang, the smart  
 Of self-inflicted hell.

But o'er the darkness dawn will break,  
 Deep peace succeed to sorrow ;  
 And though to-day man's heart may ache,  
 'Twill throb with joy to-morrow.

ST. GEORGE STOCK.

## LOUISA LATEAU.

“ MR. MAJUNKE, a Catholic priest, and editor of the leading Ultramontane organ in Prussia, the *Germania*, has just published a narrative of some curious experiences he has recently undergone in Belgium, in the way of miraculous physical phenomena, which narrative I have translated, and transmit for publication in your columns, convinced that it cannot but be fraught with interest to many of your readers :—

“ ‘ The manifestation at Bois d’Haine is nothing new in the history of the Church, which affords from 50 to 60 instances in the course of past centuries of persons in whom the same miracle and especial condescension of God have been recognised. By stigmatisation, we understand that peculiar appearance presented by persons who on Fridays exhibit upon their bodies the five chief wounds inflicted upon our Saviour, and bleed from them. In Louisa Lateau’s case, the bleeding begins at midnight of the Thursday, and ends at midnight of the Friday. First the forehead bleeds, as though the pointed thorns of the crown were sticking into the skin; the blood runs out from under the hair, bubbles up in little rills, and streams down the cheeks towards the point of the nose; then the hands, the side, and the feet begin to bleed above and below. I have seen Louisa three times; on Friday morning, Friday afternoon, and Saturday morning. Many of these Blessed of the Lord have been gifted with the grace of ecstasy, or spiritual spasms, as well as with stigmatisation. The spirit is then removed far away from the body, and the soul is transferred to a supernatural, superterrestrial realm, which we cannot perceive with our bodily eyes. Louisa Lateau possesses the gift of ecstasy. It begins on Friday afternoons at precisely two o’clock, and lasts till about half-past four. Her body is for that time entirely insensible to the outer world and to exterior impressions, however painful in nature; the eyes are glazed and fixed upon the sky, and the hands spread out as if in prayer. The physical organisation is not disturbed in its functions, for one can hear her breathing; but one can recognise the supernatural as well as the natural life—namely, the spasms in God. Louisa is a very simple maiden; she has been very little amongst human beings, and has spent the greatest part of her life in a solitary country hovel. This hovel reminds one of the stable at Bethlehem; in the same manner as kings from far-distant lands were drawn thither, so do princes, counts, ministers, exalted and learned men—with the exception of Professor Virchow, who

appears to be afraid of miracles—make pilgrimage to Bois d'Haine, to contemplate the wonders of God. There I met Bishop Mermillod, exiled from liberal Switzerland; also Lefebre, Professor of Medical Science at the University of Louvain. These persons desired to test the extraordinary manifestations, and to make experiments in order to verify its authenticity, and convince themselves that they verily had to do with supernatural matters. I will now plainly and simply relate the whole business as I saw it with my own eyes.

“Louisa receives the Holy Communion daily, it is her only nourishment, for she has not for the last two years eaten or drunk anything else. If she does not communicate she becomes wearied to death; in consequence of which it is permitted to her to enjoy the Body of the Lord even on Good Friday. Every morning, at six o'clock, she visits the church, which is a good long way off; only on Fridays she does not do so, the Holy “*Wegzehrung*” being brought to her on those days. This was done last Friday by the highly worthy Bishop in person, and I officiated. We found everything prepared as though for an ordinary patient suffering from a grave malady; in the little brick-floored room Louisa was kneeling before the table, all streaming with blood. She took the Holy Communion with passionate desire, almost greedily. At two o'clock p.m. she fell into an ecstasy. The Lord Bishop went to her a little time before to see if, perhaps, she would pass the appointed time in conversation. But no; exactly at two o'clock she became silent, her eyes glazed. The priest of the place declared that Louisa beheld several sorts of apparitions during her ecstasy. First, she sees God in His glory; then the sufferings of Christ, especially the last stages of the same. At a little before three Louisa falls down; at three she spreads out her hands. What is very remarkable in these spasms is, that, although the spirit is transferred to other regions, it lives also for the immediate surroundings of the body. For instance, when a consecrated object or article is brought near Louisa it produces a soft smile upon her countenance. She also smiles when prayer is going on. At particular moments—we were fourteen in all, and the priests were praying the Breviary—as, for instance, at the “*Gloria Patri*,” at the words “*Misericordia*” and “*Misericors*,” she smiled in a quite peculiar and remarkable manner, whether the prayer was read in French, German, or Hebrew. In her ecstasy she understood all languages. She could perfectly distinguish between consecrated and unconsecrated articles. Professor Lefebre convinced us that she was exempted from all the laws of the natural world-order, by throwing his sharp-pointed penknife at her outstretched hand. The hand did not

shrink, nor did any blood appear on the place where it had been pierced through. The speaker reminded those present that the well-known Bernadette, of Lourdes, had held a taper in her hand, that its flames had played about her fingers, and not in the least damaged them—a fact insisted upon by thousands. When, during prayers, the names of Jesus and Mary were mentioned, Louisa raised the upper part of her body from the ground; but this raising was all of a piece, not by degrees, as usually happens; she floated upwards all at once. As the Lord Bishop spoke the words, "O! my Jesus, I fall on my knee," she twisted herself round so hastily, and fell on her knee, before the Bishop, that both I and the Lord Bishop were quite startled, for I was afraid she was going to throw herself out of window. By chance the episcopal cross got into the way of her hands, and she took hold of it. As soon as prayers were over she fell down again—that is to say, she did not *fall* down, for if she had she must have hurt herself on the bricks, but she floated down. There is no fitting descriptive word in our language for the appearance of her downfall.

"Next morning, at six, Louisa was again in church, although she had lost so much blood on Friday; her feet were again enabled to carry her. I visited her again. As I came in I found her busy sewing with her sisters; she offered me a chair, and was considerably reserved. Her face was somewhat pale, as though enlightened. I told her I was a priest from Germany, where the Church has to suffer so much just now; that she should pray for the Catholics in Germany and for me; I would also be mindful of her during the holy sacrifice of mass. She said, "*Je vous remercie, Monsieur.*" Father Majunke concludes: 'It pleases God to reveal his Being through such manifestations, and to show that He does not forget us; and exactly at such moments as those in which his bride, the Church, is most vehemently persecuted. Thus we find the stigmatised ones in the first, sixteenth, and in this century. God, who can work such miracles, can also smash up his enemies. The manifestation in Bois d'Haine has strengthened and fortified me for all the storms that I have still to fight out; and if my testimony has helped to prop up your belief in the marvellous ways of God and in His power, I esteem myself doubly happy.'

"I have endeavoured as far as it is possible in translation, to preserve the quaint *naïveté* of phraseology that characterises Father Majunke's narrative, which is, in style, more like a production of the fifteenth than of the nineteenth century. No one, on reading it in the original German, would believe it to emanate from the editor of a leading political newspaper, pub-

lished in the German capital. With respect to the subject of the narrative, I forbear from making any comments upon it and from reproducing any of the hotly-ferocious or coldly-contemptuous criticisms it has elicited from the organs of the intelligent classes here of all political *nuances*—confining myself to the simple statement that Conservatives, Liberals, Democrats, and Socialists are all unanimous concerning the mental condition of those human beings who can be brought to place the least faith in such ‘Märchen.’ Mr. Majunke must be indeed a sanguine man if he expects credence to be accorded to the stigmatisation of Louisa Lateau in a city where Protestantism is so tremendously developed as it is in Berlin.” —“*Daily Telegraph*,” June 27.

[The foregoing account confirms the narrative of this case given in a former volume of this Magazine. As was then pointed out the remarkable phenomena it exhibits were fully tested, and their genuine character established by experienced and sceptical physicians. The Rationalist critics who sneer at them, the Evangelicals who regard them as Satanic wonders, and the Romanists who esteem them as special marks of Divine favour in attestation of the Roman Church, are equally far from a correct appreciation of these psychological manifestations. In Spiritualism alone we have the key to unlock these mysteries. Trance, ecstasy, spiritual vision, levitation and marks on the body by invisible power, are now familiar to us. The stigmata, so long a stumbling-block to Protestants and Rationalists, is only another form of the manifestation of writing names of departed friends, or producing other marks on the skin, of which we have given so many examples. No doubt they may be the work of Roman Catholic fanatics in the other world acting through their sensitive mediums; but they no more evidence the truth of Romanist pretensions than do the spiritual manifestations among Mormons, Shakers and Swedenborgians evidence the truth of the claims put forth by these several sects. Knowledge is power; and when the facts of Spiritualism are more fully and better known, it will be seen how little support they yield to priestly or any form of exclusive sectarian pretensions. As an example of Spiritualism among ultra-Protestants we give the story of Isabel Vincent on another page.—ED. S. M.]

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## EVANGELICAL HONESTY IN ITALY.

THE Evangelical Protestants are everywhere alike; they all think they discover the cloven foot under the robe of Spiritualism, but none of them see that it peeps unquestionably from beneath their own robe. It is the case of the beam and the mote in the pious eye. One would not so much mind the religious sects accusing Spiritualists of trickery if they would only be honest themselves.

Some time ago I sent you an account of a disputation betwixt the Spiritists, Kardechians, and certain Protestant ministers in Rome, in which the Kardechians were said to have come off most deplorably. These worthy ministers pride themselves on doing battle for the truth in the very face of the Pope and the Vatican, against the errors of Rome, and fall themselves into the error of confounding all Spiritualists with Kardechians, *i.e.*, Reincarnationists. They have now come forth flamingly in the *Corriere Evangelico* on Spiritualism at large, telling their readers, who of course know nothing of these matters, that Maskelyne and Cook are re-producing in London all the phenomena of Spiritualism. They say, "Now the light breaks in. All know what a stir the so-called Spiritists, or spirit-mediums, have made both in Europe and America with their marvellous phenomena. Everybody has been astounded by these accounts, and some, believing these things really supernatural, have made a religion of them; whilst others, equally believing them supernatural, and only possible through the agency of spirits, have held them to be the work of evil ones, and have, therefore, condemned and denounced them. Both these classes of persons have proved themselves to be people of wretched judgment and petty and feeble intellect; in fact, Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook are now every day in London re-producing all these boasted phenomena without any pretensions of being aided by good or bad spirits. In a word, it is a mere matter of machinery and a skilful legerdemain. We will detail the proceedings of these clever artists, and then our readers will see that there is nothing supernatural in them at all."

They then describe at length the cabinet scenes, the tying and untying, the playing of the instruments, the entrance of a Signor Baldo into the cabinet in which Maskelyne and Cook are fast bound, and his assurance, on coming out again, that these gentlemen never moved the whole time of the various phenomena. In a word, it is the whole programme of the Davenports, with the succeeding dark *séance* in which the musical instruments, rubbed with phosphoric oil to make them

visible, fly about the room. Having given the details, they add, "As we have said, our readers can now form their own judgment of these phenomena."

Yes truly, my pious Protestant Evangelical ministers of Rome, but they could have formed a much more correct judgment of them, had you told them the whole truth. If you had told them that Dr. Sexton and others had publicly, over and over, exposed the whole of the operations of these gentlemen conjurors; and had challenged them, on terms most advantageous to them, to perform their feats as the spiritual mediums do, that is, without confederates and machinery. That the £1,000 offered them for doing them under the same conditions under which the spirit-mediums do them—a most tempting premium—to this day remains unsought after by them, though these clever fellows do all their tricks for money and money only.

Now these Evangelical expositors of Spiritualism in the *Corriere Evangelico* must have known, or their informant in England must have known one side of the story just as well as the other, yet they give the falsehood and omit the truth! If this Signor Baldo be an Italian, and not a mere *nom de guerre*, he is probably their informant; a choice correspondent! And these writers in the *Corriere Evangelico* are the promulgators of Gospel truth in priest-ridden Italy. These are the champions of Protestantism against the queen of all spiritual sorcerers sitting on the beast who utters lying blasphemies against God and His Christ, and who fills the whole earth with her lies and filthiness. Alas, poor Italy! if these be her regenerators, what is to become of her if her very Protestant redeemers learn the false tricks of the old synagogue of Satan, and seek to win the people so long dosed with poisonous fictions only to new deceits?

All the sects of Protestantism now in Italy will henceforth believe that Spiritualism is a mere juggle and a cheat, and who will contradict them? Waldensians, Evangelicals, Methodists and Baptists will sing the same chorus of delusion; they will preach Spiritualism as a grand hoax, while the real hoaxers will be these religious ministers and journals. Certainly—

Satan finds some mischief still  
For holy hands to do.

The spectacle is edifying, and shows that Truth is still at the bottom of her well. When does she mean to come up? Perhaps when she finds a really sound, trustworthy bucket let down to her. At present the buckets are all too clerical and rotten, and would not bear so solid and weighty a personage as TRUTH!

W. H.

## SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE TWO CENTURIES AGO.

THE STORY OF ISABEL VINCENT, FROM THE PASTORAL LETTERS OF THE REVEREND AND LEARNED MONSIEUR JURIEU.\*

“ You may perhaps think it very strange, my brethren, that being accustomed to entertain you with all such extraordinary matters as relate to religion, we have not yet acquainted you with what hath happened in Dauphiné; where God (for so many months past) hath made use of the ministry of a simple shepherdess that can neither write nor read (a child of about 15 or 16 years of age), to declare His marvels and to publish His truth. The occasion of our so long silence, hath been the time and care we have taken to be fully informed of the reality of the fact, that so we might not build our reflections upon false grounds. After all the assurances imaginable, we have found the matter-of-fact in short to be thus:—

“ She is but a young girl of about 15 or 16 years of age; her name is Isabel Vincent, a countryman’s daughter near Saou, within two leagues of Crêt, in Dauphiné, by profession a shepherdess, dwelling with her uncle, having been born of a father, who (several years before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes) had left his religion in consideration of money. She fell into an ecstasy upon the 12th day of this present February. Her ecstasy did not seem at first to be anything else but a sort of apoplexy, or natural lethargy, into which she fell without any appearance of a violent motion; she returned out of it again after having been in it some hours, her health not being in the least impaired by it. In this first fit she neither said nor did anything extraordinary. Upon the following night, which was that of the 13th or 14th of February, she fell again into those fits, that have held her ever since that time. They did not seem to be anything but a kind of a profound sleep, out of which it was not possible to fetch her; they pulled her, they thrust her, they called her, they pricked her till the blood came,

\* “The Reflections of the Reverend and Learned Monsieur Jurieu, upon the strange and Miraculous Exstasies of Isabel Vincent, the Shepherdess of Saou in Dauphiné; who ever since February last has Sung Psalms, Prayed, Preached, and Prophesied about the Present Times in her Trances, as also upon the Wonderful and Portentious Trumpetings and Singing of Psalms, that were heard by thousands in the air (in many parts of France) in the year 1686: taken out of the Pastoral Letters of the 1st and 15th October last. To which is added a Letter of a Gentleman in Dauphiné to a friend of his in Geneva, containing the Discourses and Prophesies of the Shepherdess. All faithfully Translated out of the French copies, for publick information. *Discite Justitiam moniti, & non temnere Divos.*” London: Printed for RICHARD BALDWIN in the Old Baily, 1689.

they pinched her, they burnt her, yet nothing would awake her, so that she was in an entire and absolute privation of all sense, which is the true character of an ecstasy. In this condition she spoke and uttered many excellent and Divine matters. She can neither write nor read; she had never learnt any other prayer in her life but her Pater Noster and Credo; she could speak no other language but the vulgar one of her own country, which hath nothing of French in it. The first five weeks she spoke (during the time of her ecstasies) no other language but that of her own country, because she had no other auditors but the country people of her own village—for by all the relations that we have seen it is apparent that she speaks according to her hearers. After these first five weeks, the noise of this miracle being spread abroad, there came people that could speak and understand French; then she fell a speaking of French, and that in as an exact and correct a dialect as if she had been brought up at Paris, and that in one of the families where they speak French best. The subject of her discourses is always about religion, and therein she uses to follow very near the order and manner of our Divine Service; and though she never in her life learnt one psalm, nor ever understood one tune, yet, notwithstanding this, she sings them without missing one syllable or one note; yea, she sings them very sweetly and agreeably too, and for the most part quite thorough. And here it is that she ordinarily begins. After this she makes prayers, which are very admirable and excellent ones. Oftentimes she names certain texts of Scripture, which she takes for the subject of her discourses. She explains them, and speaks upon them, and that not after the manner of preachers, or in a set method, but in a manner very singular, and always full of good sense; and it being out of the ordinary rules of method, it gives the greater character of divinity to what she saith, for we do not find that inspired persons use to follow human methods in their discourses. Her expressions are always very vigorous and touching. She is quick in her reprehensions, which she addresses above all others to such as through baseness have changed their religion for interest, and so have sold their souls for money. She very often addresses herself to the Converters (as they call them) calling them merchants and truckers for souls. She endeavours to make them see the foulness of their conduct, and of the means they use to make their conversions by. If there be any one among her auditors that is found to be distinguished by any baseness of this kind, she never fails to direct her discourse to him. Her own father confessed that coming one night into her chamber she cried out aloud as he was coming in, without ever seeing him, that they would take away that wretched Judas,

who had sold Jesus Christ for money. Sometimes she handles the controversies betwixt us and the Papists, and she handles them with a great deal of strength, though without any method, and with reasonings (as it were) broken and unjoined, but such as are always very just, and principally by applying several passages out of the Holy Scriptures. After having encountered against the sacrifice of the Mass, she concluded one day with these words—‘In one word, there can be no sacrifice where there is no remission of sin.’ Another time she would condemn the idolatry of the Church of Rome, by such texts of Scripture as appoint the worshipping of one God only. Sometimes she repeats a part of the Mass, or of the office in Latin; and then refutes it, by shewing the abominations contained in it. She pronounces the Latin she speaks very truly, and very intelligibly. Her motions in delivery are not at all violent, neither does she use any strong agitation of her body; she puts her arms out of bed, and with them forms certain graceful and well ordered gestures. Her voice is clear and intelligible, but without any affectation; she moves her lips, but it is but slowly, and without any appearance of a convulsion. There have been some physicians to view and examine her in this condition, but they could observe nothing in her that savoured of any sickness or bodily infirmity. Among the many menaces which she makes against the wicked, she mixes also promises to the faithful, and to such as shall repent. And her promises are not only general and indeterminate ones, but it is very certain that she hath made some very particular predictions also; but as the wise men of that country do not think it proper at present to say anything of her predictions, I shall say nothing either.

“This much is most certain: that she hath promised the Church a very sudden deliverance. When she is come out of her ecstasies she remembers nothing at all of what hath passed, nor of what herself hath said. She affirms that she hath slept very well, and seems not at all tired, after having talked sometimes three, four and five hours together—for her fits are of no less continuance. True it is that she speaks but by fits all this time, and her discourses are not always connected; and although the motions and actions which the Holy Spirit of God causes in her make not any impression on her imagination and memory (since she remembers nothing of them), yet it is notwithstanding certain that her natural sense becomes thereby more clear and refined. For in the beginning she was observed after her waking to return to her natural simplicity, and to the ignorance of a poor shepherdess, and of a country girl without any education and whose instruction hath been wholly neglected, but it is now apparent, by several relations, that her sentiment is become solid

—nay, that she hath something in her that even sparkles ; which hath been more especially noted since her falling into the hands of our enemies. She was apprehended upon the beginning of the month of June, and carried to Crêt, and examined three several times, both at Crêt and at Grenoble. It is very easy to imagine that there hath been nothing omitted to lay her open and to find her a counterfeit, and to induce her to discover her pretended accomplices ; but she hath still answered all these interrogatives with so much justness and discretion, and with so many marks of sincerity, that the most able advocate in the kingdom could not form a better reply after 15 days' study upon the interrogatives. These are the very words of our relations, and of the officers of justice that have examined her. She answers to everything they ask her, with very good sense, and not without quickness of wit ; she renders a reason for her faith, and easily confounds all such as come to pose her with questions. She hath been removed from place to place ; first to Crêt, then to the hospital at Grenoble, and then to a convent of nuns near Grenoble. In all which places she continues to fall into her trances and to discourse in her fits. They have shaved her head and taken away all the clothes and linen she had—pretending she might have some charm hid somewhere about her ; nay, some priests came and exorcised her with holy water, as though she had been possessed with some evil spirit ; but to no purpose at all—she is still the same. Sometimes they have given way to some of the new converts to approach her in the daytime while she was in prison, or in the hospital of Grenoble ; but they would never give leave to any of them to pass the night in her company, nor to be witnesses of what she said when she fell into her ecstasy. The last letters say, that the rage of the false devotees was so great against her that she could not be thought secure of her life, but for certain persons of the first note in that country, who gave orders about her. All I have here said is the naked truth ; but it is not all the truth ; for we give you no particulars of what she hath either said or done. There are some discreet, able and unprejudiced persons of that country who labour to make an exact collection of all that is certain and well-proved about her ; and we have most assured hopes that the time is now coming in which it will be both safe and free to see it.

“ The long time for which we have deferred to speak of this miraculous event, hath given us opportunity to understand the different judgments of other men about her, and to make our own reflections upon these different judgments. It is no marvel at all, if from the side of the *esprit forts*. (or strong heads) there have proceeded an infinity of things in which sense

and reason can never give men any better satisfaction than religion can ; since even from the side of those that are truly good, and that have a great sense of religion on their minds, there have come to us many things that have very much startled us, so terrible they appeared to us. To speak in general: As incredulity was never seen to be pushed to that height, nor (with respect to the present matter) to fall into so great an excess—from which even discreet and wise persons have not been preserved—so the Papists have certainly nothing at all to apprehend on our part, nor have they any reason to be afraid, lest our reformed should get any advantage hereby against them, for they do all they can possibly do to disparage and ruin the story: This is such a sort of ingratitude against the providence and goodness of God, that it ought not to be any longer endured. We must, therefore, at length plead the cause of God, and let these incredulous spirits understand into what a danger they throw themselves; either while they deny a matter of fact so apparent, or while they turn this story into ridicule, when they even allow of the verity of the fact. Jesus Christ accused the Pharisees of sinning against the Holy Ghost, because they attributed to Beelzebub (Prince of the Devils) those miraculous actions which He had produced by the Spirit of God. In very deed, this makes me tremble for these mockers, who at this day laugh at this great and wonderful accident; I wonder they do not consider, that if peradventure this should come from God, they do despite to the Spirit of Grace, by attributing its works either to human contrivance or fraud, or else to a diabolical spirit, as some do. It is indeed a mark of great discretion not to believe anything lightly, and, therefore, anyone may very lawfully suspend his judgment, if he find not the proofs of fact sufficiently convincing; but a good man, much less a Christian, ought never to run the risk of doing despite to God's Blessed Spirit, by attributing to impure spirits the works that appertain to Him. Some there are that have gone so far as to say, that, allowing the fact to be true and that the work, moreover, did proceed from God, yet it should not be divulged, by reason of the hurt it may do. Certainly, one knows not how to christen such extravagances as these. This is no other than to raise oneself above the wisdom of God; that is to say, that He does certain extraordinary works, which not only do no good at all, but a great deal of hurt. In one word, it is as much as to say that God had done wiser to have let them alone; for it is very plain that wisdom requires that one should omit the doing of such actions, as when they are done ought to be suppressed and kept silent. And, since we have employed ourselves so long time in hearing the opinions of other people, we hope it will not be

imputed to us as a fault if we give our own, and offer our reflections upon these different sentiments.

“In the first place, there are some people who support themselves upon the falsity of the matter of fact; and this, perhaps, is the greater number. And it may be also, that this is the best retrenchment that our bold wits can shelter themselves in; and yet, notwithstanding, it is good for nothing at all; for I cannot imagine how they can call in question a fact of so great notoriety as this is—a fact, whereof there is an infinite number of witnesses; a fact, that hath continued for so many months together; a fact, whereof our very enemies are at this day witnesses, and the truth of which they have sufficiently convinced us of by their own conduct.

“It is now three whole months that this girl hath been in their hands; since which time she is altogether inaccessible to all such as are styled New Converts. If the matter of fact be fabulous, ought they not to call together all the people of Dauphiné, to let them see this girl sleeping quietly, like another person, without talking? Or, if she doth talk, that they may see she talks nothing but extravagances and matters of no connection or coherence; as has been given out by some people? Would the Papists have failed to have sent for the New Converts, that they might take notice of these extravagances; and that they might see how they have been imposed upon hitherto? Instead of this, what instance soever an infinite number of New Catholics have at any time made to be present at this girl’s sleep, they would never grant it to any one of them. Here we declare to the enemies of the truth, that, as long as they shall persist in this conduct, they will still the more persuade us that this girl continues to talk against their religion, and to confound them. Besides this proof, which alone is capable to convince people as to the reality of the fact, we have several others that are positive ones;—that is, so many declarations and relations of discreet persons, who are enlightened, knowing; and intelligent; and not at all superstitious, or pre-engaged by any prejudice, who were present upon the places, and who have seen and heard with their own eyes and ears.

“An account of all hath been written, in Dauphiné, by very considerable persons of that country, who have addressed themselves to men of letters, both wise and knowing; and that after having examined the girl very carefully in their own persons and with their own eyes. Several questions have been sent them, and they have returned back the letter, together with the questions that were sent them, with their answer subjoined to them; by which it appeared plainly that the things were very true as they were at first represented, except certain

little circumstances, which made no change or alteration in the miraculous part of this accident. After all this, they who are not willing to give credit to these relations, may furnish themselves with what other assurances they shall think fit. They will not fail to say that this pretended public notoriety, and that these testimonies of discreet and worthy people, is not without some danger of illusion; for that we have an hundred experiences of facts, that have passed for notorious and certain, which, notwithstanding, have been found false. To which we answer, that what they suppose, neither is nor can be true—that a matter of fact of equal notoriety with this should ever be found false. It is true that this sometimes happens in such transient facts as happen but once only, and which are of no long continuance. A great company of people may possibly suffer as great an illusion as two or three persons; and thus, an accident which appears surprising, may deceive an infinite number of spectators, and so make a false notoriety, when it is of no continuance, and when people have neither leisure nor liberty enough to examine it. But an accident that continues for the space of eight months, and that all the world hath had the liberty carefully to examine, and that without any suspicion of prejudice;—such an accident, I say, never yet produced a false notoriety; and I challenge any one to give me an example of it.

“Some, indeed, have produced several letters that have either called in question the matter of fact, or else extenuated it; some of them urge that this girl says nothing that hath any connection in it; others, that she hath spoken but very little, and that she hath not spoken above two or three times in all. All these suppositions are not only false, but notoriously so; for the contrary of all this is notoriously true. However, ought it to be any matter of astonishment that there are such various accounts about it in letters? Are there not, in all places, a sort of spirits that value themselves much upon calling in question, yea, and ridiculing all such events as seem to bear an extraordinary character? Who can doubt at all, but that there are in that very province a sufficient number of this sort of spirits, who do all that ever they can to call in question what they themselves have a mind to doubt of? If some do but see a letter from one of these gentlemen, that alone will be sufficient to ruin the attestations of any hundred grave and intelligent persons, that shall say, we have seen and heard it. Besides all this, we should examine well from what side the stories of miracles come, in order to judge of their truth. When they come to us from people whose trade and profession it is to forge fables, it must be confessed that all ought to be

suspected. Popery hath lost all shame upon this chapter: it is an inexhaustible fountain of lies. So that whatever comes from that side, ought to have a thousand and a thousand irreproachable testimonies before it be believed. But since we of the reformed religion, have never yet been reproached with having contrived any pious romances, we are therefore to be looked upon as people in a quite opposite extreme; for we would have nothing at all believed, that is not within the rules of Nature. Last of all, the doctrine taught ought to be to us an infallible touch-stone to judge of miracles. For we believe, and have good reason to believe, that miracles are not designed to prove the truth, but only to awaken men's spirits, and to render them attentive to the truth; and, therefore, when they tell us a miraculous story, to maintain the idolatries of Popery, how well proved soever it may appear; we ought to be sure that there is some illusion in it, from what side soever it may come. But the spirit of the devil never makes any illusions to encounter against superstition, idolatry, and error, which are the only props of his empire. One cannot be sufficiently astonished at the opposition that is made by men, to those receiving the truth of this story. And this hath given me occasion to study carefully the several tempers of men's spirits, and the several reasons that induce them to this strange incredulity. I have found that there is a great number, that are thus disposed by a certain peculiar character of an *esprit fort* (or bold spirit, as they call it). This I confess is the name they use to give to certain persons that do not believe overmuch in God. But it is none of my design, to accuse the persons whereof I now speak of the crime of Atheism or irreligion. But the vulgar sort of mankind, and even of the learned part, have a false idea of providence; and this same false idea is one branch of that they call *esprit fort*, and an effect of the little devotion which we find in most people. They who are replenished and enspirited with God, look for Him everywhere, and find Him everywhere. But the irreligious neither look for Him, nor find Him anywhere. They believe one God, and one providence, and that *bona fide* in some sense; but, according to the idea which they have formed themselves of this Providence, God is always confined to the machine. It is He that hath given laws unto it, it is true; but He always follows them, and is—as it were—a slave to them by confining Himself never to depart from them, or to act without them. Every thing hath its natural causes, according to these gentlemen; and whatever hath not such, is false, fabulous, and impossible. I shall omit, at present, to say how mischievous, how false, and of how dangerous a consequence such a disposition of spirit is; for it may bring one to

anything. The truth is, that God, in the most part of His actions, hides Himself, as it were, behind His creatures; and yet, notwithstanding this, He acts both in His creatures and by His creatures; and that almost as immediately as if He acted without His creatures; for He is in such a manner the soul of the whole machine, that it cannot advance one line without Him. It is He that determines their motions, and makes them all to tend to His ends. He makes the laws of Nature, but yet sometimes He quits them when He sees good. There are an hundred and an hundred accidents, where one thinks that one sees nothing at all above Nature, where, notwithstanding, it is very certain that God comes in freely, and by a special dispensation. Those souls that are touched by God perceive this, though others feel it not; but think they see nothing but human and natural efforts in all. It cannot be denied, but that this holy disposition of mind, that finds God in every thing, doth sometimes degenerate into fond superstition; and that there are certain tempers that receive everything for truth that they hear, and that fancy with themselves that they see a miracle everywhere. This is a vicious extremity; but the other is infinitely worse. The wise will take the middle way betwixt these two extremes, and so will neither be credulous nor superstitious. They will examine, with a great deal of care, such facts as are extraordinary; they will not give ear to all persons, nor believe the first reports that are made unto them; but, when a fact is attested by a great number of witnesses of all sorts, and that after a most careful and severe examination, then to value oneself upon being incredulous, is, in my opinion—to speak my mind freely—to value oneself upon a temper of mind that has—to say no worse of it—very little of reason in it. I have but one question to ask of these gentlemen, who with so much disdain look upon us of another sentiment, as poor little mean spirits. My question is this—Is God able to work this miracle, or no? It may be they believe He is not, and that He has been long ago too old to do such great and extraordinary things as these are. Yet I believe they will rather choose to say, that He is able, but not willing; and then I will entreat them to tell me, where God hath said that He will no more do any extraordinary thing?

“These gentlemen whereof we speak being overwhelmed by the many proofs of fact that have been given them, to acquit themselves of the business, are fain at last to retreat themselves into places where there is not so much as a shadow of sense or reason. Some there are that say, that it is very possible that this young shepherdess having heard certain sermons in times past, had retained something of them; and that so her imagi-

nation being heated, it brought them again to her remembrance in time of sleep. This is well thought, that a child of 15 years of age, that perhaps never heard any sermons in her life, and that could not possibly hear any, but about the age of 10 or 12, should three or four years after repeat them in her sleep; besides, what she says cannot possibly pass for a repetition, or an effect of memory; for her way of delivery hath nothing in it of the nature of sermons; she speaks things that are very singular, and in a manner as singular, it bearing no resemblance with the discourses or ways of preachers. Is it by the help of her memory that she so often speaks Latin, and that she mixes it with her French so appositely? Is it by the help of her memory that she treats of matters of controversy? By what lucky hit comes it that all her images, whereof not the least footstep appears in her brain when she is awake, yet appears so exact and distinct while she sleeps? Whence did she learn this correct French which she speaks in the night, and of which she cannot speak one word by day? Yet these gentlemen will not yield for all this; they say, there are so many effects in Nature for which we can give no reason at all, and of which for all that, the machine is the only cause. And hereupon they tell us the story which Monsieur la Motte le Vager gives us in part, of a certain countryman that at certain times spoke all sorts of languages, of which at other times he understood not one word. They also add the history of the countryman of Burgundy, who in his sleep heard a certain verse repeated out of *Homer*, which he remembered very well, though he could not understand it. This countryman applied himself to a learned man, whose name is still alive; and will for ever live in the commonwealth of learning; he told him his dream, or rather his vision, together with the words, which he still remembered. This learned man found that it was a verse out of *Homer*, which foretold him that his house should fall in a little time, which did not fail to happen accordingly. 'Behold,' say they, 'a thing no less miraculous than your shepherdess.' We are not bound to grant that these two facts were as miraculous as that whereof we treat, but the examining of this is not necessary. It is sufficient to maintain to these two gentlemen that these two facts did not happen by natural causes. Whether indeed it was the Holy Ghost or the wicked spirit that possessed them, that is the only question; but it can be no doubt to any reasonable mind whether the machine alone either did, or was able to do this thing. And it is still much more certain that our miracle could not be performed by the machine, for it is much more miraculous to talk whole nights, to speak what one never knew, and to speak things Divine and heavenly too, and that in very good order and sense, than to hear

something one time in a dream, or to pronounce certain words formed as by another's tongue. The wicked spirit might produce this, but it could never inspire into a single soul the wonderful things of God.

“In the meantime, it is certain that the fact related by Monsieur la Motte le Vager, and such others like it, are not done by natural causes. But, say they, how know you how far the powers of Nature may go? Wretched objection! We know it by experience; we know it by the use of reason. It is true that Nature doth an hundred things mechanically, whereof we can give no reason; but it does them always, and always alike; if it varies sometimes it is no surprising thing, if, while we know not the causes, we are ignorant of the principle of these variations. When extraordinary accidents consist but in corporeal motions, one may then, with less injustice, refer their causes to the machine; at least, it will be more difficult to persuade the incredulous in this case than in others; although many times they have no more truth and reason on their side here than elsewhere. But to reason and discourse divinely, without having learnt anything at all, and without having so much as the images of what one says impressed upon the machine of the brain—this, I say, is entirely beyond the powers and action of the machine. Moreover, this wicked solution of theirs may be justly looked upon as an open way to the most criminal of all incredulities; for we may then, with the same freedom, say of the miracles of Jesus Christ and of his Apostles, that we cannot determine whether they are true miracles or no; for that one does not know how far the operations of Nature may go.”

#### SINGING AND MUSIC IN THE AIR.

In a subsequent letter, after replying with much force to objections against what he calls “The Miracle of Dauphiné”—as that the age of miracles has ceased, &c.—he concludes by referring to a previous letter, in which he says:—

“I have given the certificates of Monsieur Maupoey, Monsieur Bergeret, Monsieur de la Bordette, Mademoiselle de Formalagues; Monsieur de Valleseure, a gentleman of the Cevennes, who said he heard sung in the air five or six of the verses of the Fifth Psalm; since which I have received and have in my custody the testimony of Monsieur de la Bastide of Tourtelon, son to the said Valleseure, who attests the same thing with his father. I have also reported the testimony of Mademoiselle de Vebron, who assures me that she has distinguished in these miraculous singings above thirty of our Psalms. I have—besides all this—the attestation of Monsieur de la

Gardicolle, a gentleman of honour, who is now in this country, who hath deposed betwixt my hands, and in the presence of five other gentlemen, all the circumstances of these singings, he having heard them himself, within two hundred paces of the town of Vigan, the truth whereof he assured me upon oath—nay, with tears in his eyes; not being able to think of this miracle without being sensibly touched. I have also the depositions of two inhabitants and burgesses of the town of Mauvezin, in Armagnac, who speak of it as eye-witnesses. And, last of all, here is the letter of one Monsieur de Besse, written from Switzerland—it is too remarkable upon this subject not to be made public.”

In this letter the writer attests having, on several occasions and in different places, heard music and the singing of harmonies in the air, both by day and by night; and (he says) “at the very time that I heard it at Viane and Berlieres, others heard it at Mazamet and in the Cevennes; as appeared by many letters written from these hills.” In proof of which he cites various testimonies. But this letter, and other documents appended, confirming the account of Isabel Vincent, given by M. Jurieu, we are compelled, from want of space, to omit. The literature of the Cevennois is rich in Spiritualism. That they were under spiritual guidance, that they had many remarkable mediums, and received many proofs of spiritual power and protection in their grand struggle for religious freedom, has been shown in this Magazine, by William Howitt, in “The Prophets of the Cevennes,” and by Thomas Brevior, in his *Two Worlds*.

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## SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS.

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M. BUGUET IN LONDON.

DURING his recent brief visit to London M. Buguet was very successful in obtaining spirit-portraits. We visited his studio, 33, Baker Street, June 29th, and were shown quite a large number, obtained with well-known English spiritualists, and which for the most part were clear and well-defined, and some of which have, we hear, been recognized. The camera was taken to pieces, and the plate cleaned and collodinized in our presence. The dark rooms and the studio—an ordinary well-lighted room—were inspected by us, and every facility was given us for examination. The lady who accompanied me was the first sitter. On the plate there appeared a second female figure, with smiling

face, the features well-defined, and with the hand over the forehead of the sitter. On the second plate, with myself as sitter, is a male figure, which reminds me of a friend of childhood, long dead, but whose features I cannot sufficiently recall to say with certainty that it is a portrait. That on the first one, however, is identified as indubitably the portrait of a departed relative; and without any clue being given it was also at once, without hesitation, recognized by a member of the family on presentation.

We have received a letter from Mr. Robert Cooper, of Eastbourne, in which, speaking of a sitting for a portrait with M. Buguet, he says:—

“When I at first saw the negative I did not recognize a likeness to anyone I knew. On seeing the printed photograph I saw at once a resemblance to my wife, who died sixteen years ago. I did not consider it, nor do I now, a striking likeness, but that it is a likeness is evident from the fact that it is generally admitted by those who knew my wife to bear a marked resemblance to her. In one instance it was submitted to a person who knew her, and no clue whatever given, my own portrait being covered up at the time, and the likeness was at once identified as that of my wife.”

The Countess of Caithness writes that she and her son visited M. Buguet, entire strangers. They had some failures, but succeeded in obtaining in all thirteen spirit-portraits, five of which they recognized, one being that of her late husband, who holds in his hand his family emblem and crest. These portraits, she says, have been recognized by each and every friend who has seen them.

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#### MRS. FITZGERALD'S TESTIMONY.

Mrs. Fitzgerald, the writer of the article “Twenty Years' Experiences in Spiritualism,” in a former volume, in the *Medium* of June 26th adds her testimony to the many already adduced in favour of the spirit-portraits taken by Mr. Hudson; she relates her experience as follows:—

“As far back as the early part of the year, 1871, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Hudson, and frequented his ‘studio’ from week to week. In the very first instance, when I met there by appointment, Major O—— (a scientific gentleman and experienced photographer) to watch the process. Mr. Hudson was most open in everything connected with the manipulation of the plates, in giving free permission to inspect the camera, the slides to superintend the process of collodionising and sensitising, and to focus the instrument. Since this time to which I allude, I have had some useful hints given to me by a very

celebrated and well-known photographer, so that my scrutiny has been even more active.

“On this very first occasion a lovely draped form appeared on the plate; which, when developed, was immediately recognised by myself at the time, and subsequently by relations and friends, without any sentimental colouring of the imagination or twisting a faint resemblance into a striking likeness! There was the ‘spirit-form’. It had evidently moved towards me (spirit is thought in motion), for there were two identical forms, the one somewhat removed, the other close at my knee, with the drapery covering part of my dress, the plaitings on which were distinctly seen through it, and a streak of light from one form to the other indicated this movement, although the form itself was not in the least blurred. It is acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful photographs which have come from the ‘studio’ of Mr. Hudson.

“On the many subsequent occasions on which I have visited Mr. Hudson with various friends, Mr. Hudson has not only allowed me, but requested me to choose my plate from a large packet, to clean it myself with spirits of wine, to mark it with a diamond ring, to collodionise and sensitise the plates in the operating room, to place them myself in the bath and in the frame, to focus the instrument, afterwards to take them out of the frame, and hold one side of the plate whilst he poured on the developing fluid, and to watch him closely whilst he held the plate under the water tap, and brought it fairly into the light room, so that he had not a single opportunity of playing a trick of any kind. In almost every photograph he has taken of myself or my friends, a spirit-form with face exposed has appeared, which has been recognised, or our spirit-friends have fulfilled ‘tests’ they have promised at our private circles, such as showing us flowers they have taken from us, and others more remarkable, of which I will presently give a striking instance.

“One evening a clerical and somewhat sceptical friend called on me *à propos* of these spirit-photographs, and we agreed to meet early at Hudson’s the next morning without giving any warning. He declared that if he could get a recognisable spirit-photograph he would believe. We met as arranged, and a spirit appeared at the first sitting, which my friend failed to recognise. He sat again, and on development two forms appeared on the plate so close together that, although the features were quite different, three eyes were only required to form two perfect faces! My friend, thoroughly satisfied that these two forms and faces were those of his dear ones on the other side, promised Hudson to give his testimony to their genuineness, but having failed to do so, I now do it for him. It would occupy too much

space to describe all the recognised spirit-forms we have had at Hudson's; such as a young lady accompanying me there for the first time, and her father appearing with the face perfectly distinct, which was recognised by the mother and other friends on the cartes being sent home, and a letter of most grateful thanks written to me in consequence.

"I will wind up by perhaps the most remarkable of all. A relation of mine who had been for some years investigating Spiritualism in consequence of what she had heard from me still required test after test. She came up from the country with a mental wish, as a test which would confirm her. She had confided it to no one, and she was perfectly unknown even by name to Hudson. I prepared everything as usual, focussed the camera, and stood behind the curtain as medium. After a longer exposure than usual the photograph was taken out and developed. To the intense astonishment of my friend, there stood before her on the plate her father, with not only the mental test given (which was a very remarkable one), but other tests unwished for and unthought of, and the likeness perfect, which (as he was also a relative of my own) I at once recognised. The very cap, of a peculiar form, he had worn in his last illness, his dark dressing gown, &c., &c., and his message to us that night as we sat in our family circle was 'You cannot doubt now, after the cap.'

"Yours truly,

"CHARLOTTE FITZGERALD.

"19, Cambridge Street, Hyde Park Square,

"June 21st, 1874."

#### AN UNWILLING SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHER.

"The following extracts from local papers in Michigan, were forwarded to us by our old friend, Elijah Woodworth, of Leslie, who fully endorses the statements, and adds, 'Much more remains to be told that is indeed wonderful; the manifestations continue to improve daily, and beyond doubt are of spiritual origin.' The extracts read as follows:—

"B. S. Gifford, our Leslie photographer, is becoming celebrated. Last winter he found himself suddenly taking spirit pictures. In spite of himself his photograph plate would become covered with every description of heads and shapes surrounding the one sitting for a picture. This was a very singular phenomenon, look at it how you will. Mr. G. was interviewed, and explained that these pictures appeared while he was in a certain state of mind which came of its own accord. Finding this was

injuring him in his physical organization, causing him many sleepless nights, he resisted the state of mind, and refrained from taking pictures when so influenced.

“Lately the phenomenon has taken a new phase; we have examined his pictures, and were just taking pen in hand to write an item on the subject, when we saw the following in the *Jackson Patriot*, Monday morning :—

“*Spirit Photographs and Drawings.—An Artist in spite of Himself.—The most Remarkable Phenomenon yet Brought to Light.*—A professional gentleman who is temporarily making his home in this city, and who has been visiting in the village of Leslie for a few days, sends us an interesting communication from that place. . . . He says :—“The most remarkable institution of the place is the picture saloon of Mr. B. S. Gifford. About three years ago as the operator and owner was taking a picture for a customer—a young man—there was another picture of an old man behind that of the young man, which puzzled and annoyed the operator. He laid it aside, however, to examine at his leisure, and told his customer to call again. But he insisted on seeing it, and when he did look at it, he said the old man was his grandfather, some time since dead. Mr. G. not having any belief in the spiritual existence of any one, was not tinctured with Ancient or Modern Spiritualism, and was therefore surprised beyond degree. The phenomenon, however, continued, so that he could hardly take a picture without its being supplemented with others, and sometimes with a great many. His wife being a religious woman, and a bitter opponent of Spiritualism, and this seeming to favor it, she set her face against the whole thing. As it was difficult for him to get a lone picture, those who did not want such dropped off, and as he had no sympathy with Spiritualists, he was ungracious to them, and I may say to everybody else. As a consequence, his business fell off so that he found himself going to the bad, so far as property is concerned, and had to sell half his interest in his gallery to Mr. Charles W. Humes, who can take pictures without spirits interfering. But, most wonderful of all, this power, whatever it may be, is bound to have its way with Mr. Gifford, for about five weeks ago, as he was figuring up some matters with his partner on some wrapping paper with a pencil, his hand began to be used by some power very strangely, and apparently to no purpose, but, in a short time, pictures of human faces and heads were formed in various positions, and with more or less distinctness, but all very crudely. Ever since then, with no skill or practice in drawing, he has been used whenever he would put himself in a position for drawing pictures, and, as his family harmonize with him in this new gift, the improvement is astonishing in the

excellence of the make-up of the work. When I saw him last Wednesday he had finished some eight or ten, evidently of a historic character. Some have Grecian faces, others French faces; one, I noticed, Indian, white and mixed, and one with date 1860, has whites and blacks, the whites being in different parts of the picture; and what are not represented dead are in great commotion. The blacks are in the middle of the picture with collars about their necks, dividing the two companies of whites. They seem quite interested in the agitation of the whites, but are calm. Some of the pieces have mottoes in letters that I could not read nor could the maker tell. I have given you a truthful account of this wonderful manifestation. What may come of it is more than I can guess. I will say, however; that Mr. Gifford has given up his dark idea of endless sleep in death."

"Our correspondent further says that he witnessed one of these operations of pencil drawing—that the artist seemed to be having a fit, and that the hand twitched and jerked nervously over the surface of the paper, and that no trickery whatever was resorted to.'"—"*Banner of Light*," June 6th.

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#### EXPLANATION OF DOUBTFUL APPEARANCES ON SPIRIT- PHOTOGRAPHS.

The following letter appeared in the *Spiritualist*, of July 17:

"Sir,—The overwhelming mass of well-attested facts in this phase of Spiritualism seems to put the comparatively small amount of doubtful instances quite in the background, and the discussions now and then arising are chiefly based on the sometimes strange, and even suspicious appearances of the impressions. On this point I may offer some observations, derived from a very interesting sitting with Messrs. Reeve and Parkes. On this occasion, I got one figure, which looked exactly like an inferior pencil drawing on cardboard, cut carelessly round the outlines, and produced on the same plate by a second exposure. In an evening *séance*, Mr. Parkes was entranced by a spirit, calling himself 'the Teacher,' and who appeared on many plates. I asked how it came that the said impression looked quite flat, and altogether like a common drawing. He replied that the quantity of the aura he used was sometimes not sufficient, and the outlines in such cases appeared instead of solid bodies, simply on a flat surface, more or less distinct. This explanation appears of much value when applied to some photographs of the best mediums, where faces appear *flat*, while the drapery looks solid. Such perplexing specimens are to be

found in Monsieur Buguet's productions, along with the most convincing test conditions as to their *bonâ fide* character.

"Further experiments will doubtless clear up these mysteries, and the careful collection of such facts as quoted are more important than single results, however striking in themselves.

"CHRISTIAN REIMERS."

The editor of the *Spiritualist* adds as a note to the above:—  
 "It is merely an assumption that spirits never present drawings to be photographed; the whole thing is a matter for observation, and not for pre-conceived opinions." We hope that in future our contemporary will bear in mind and practise this excellent canon, which he has so often, though it may be unconsciously, violated in his criticism of spirit-photographs, that "the whole thing is a matter for observation, and not for pre-conceived opinions." How many hard, hasty utterances, too, on this subject are packed off with his remark—"It is merely an assumption."

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## SONGS OF THE SOUL.

### THE HOLY LAND.

How our hearts burn within us as we read—  
 Though for the hundreth time—the wondrous story  
 So human, so divine,—which fills our world  
 With a sad, sacred Presence, draped in glory!

How many pious souls make pilgrimage  
 To see the humble village of His birth;  
 To whom each spot that those dear feet impressed,  
 Is ever holy, consecrated earth!

The verdant slope, the mountain, and the lake,  
 Are charged with solemn, tender memories;  
 And mingled with the sense of awful sin,  
 The all-conquering might of perfect sacrifice.

Yet in no outward scenes—though these may blend  
 With drama tragic, terrible, and grand;  
 But in the human heart to which they make appeal,  
 Is found in very truth the Holy Land.

T. S.

## JOHNSONIA.

IN that most pleasing and popular of biographies which records so much of the table-talk of one of the greatest Englishmen of the eighteenth century, *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, we have some conversations illustrating his belief in the supernatural:—

“ We talked of belief in ghosts. He said, ‘ Sir, I make a distinction between what a man may experience by the mere strength of his imagination, and what imagination cannot possibly produce. Thus, suppose I should think that I saw a form, and heard a voice say, “ Johnson, you are a very wicked fellow, and unless you repent you will be certainly punished.” My own unworthiness is such, that I might imagine I thus saw and heard, and, therefore, I should not believe that an external communication had been made to me; but if a form should appear, and a voice should tell me that a particular man had died at a particular place, and at a particular hour, a fact which I had no apprehension of, nor any means of knowing, and the fact with all its circumstances should afterwards be unquestionably proved, I should then be persuaded that I had imparted to me supernatural intelligence.’ ”

His biographer adds:—

“ Johnson had a very philosophical mind, and such a rational respect for testimony, as to make him submit his understanding to what was proved authentically, though he could not prove why it was so. Being thus disposed he was willing to inquire into the truth of any relation of supernatural agency, a general belief of which has prevailed in all nations and ages.”

“ Mrs. Williams told us a story of second-sight which happened in Wales. He listened to it attentively, and said he should like to have some instances of that faculty well authenticated. His elevated wish for more and more evidence for spirit, in opposition to the grovelling belief in materialism, led him to a love of such mysterious disquisitions.

“ *Boswell*.—‘ This objection is made against the truth of ghosts appearing, that if they are in a state of happiness it would be a punishment to them to return to this world, and if they are in a state of misery, it would be giving them a respite.’

“ *Johnson*.—‘ Why, sir, as the happiness or mercy of disembodied spirits does not depend upon place, but is intellectual, we cannot say that they are less happy or less miserable appearing upon earth.’ ”

In another conversation recorded by Boswell, Johnson said:—

“The idea of the deceased revisiting the scenes on earth, where in the flesh they had either suffered or rejoiced, seems to have been grafted in the human mind by the Creator.”

Dr. Johnson assured his audience that he knew a man, old Mr. Edward Cave, the printer of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, at St. John's Gate, who had seen an apparition. “Pray, sir,” asked the inquisitive Boswell, “what did he say was the appearance?” “Why, sir,” replied the doctor, “something of a shadowy being.”

In his *Rasselas* the following well-known passage is put in the mouth of the wise Imlac:—

“That the dead are seen no more I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages and all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of another world would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could render credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it by their fears.”

Dr. Johnson denounces the scepticism so fashionable to-day as consummate folly:—

“There are some men of narrow views and grovelling conceptions, who, without the instigation of personal malice, treat every new attempt as wild and chimerical, and look upon every endeavour to depart from the beaten track as the rash effort of a warm imagination, or the glittering speculation of an excited mind, that may please and dazzle for a time, but can produce no real lasting advantage. These men value themselves upon perpetual scepticism, upon believing nothing but their own senses, upon calling for demonstration where it cannot possibly be attained, and sometimes upon holding out against it when it is laid before them, upon inventing arguments against the success of any new undertaking, and, when arguments cannot be found, upon treating it with contempt and ridicule. Such have been the most formidable enemies of the greatest benefactors of the world, for their notions and discourses are so agreeable to the lazy, the envious, and the timorous, that they seldom fail of becoming popular, and directing the opinions of mankind.”

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## NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

## THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

THIS Magazine has been somewhat erratic in its treatment of Spiritualism. In its number for August, 1860, it published an article entitled "Stranger than Fiction;" its then editor, Mr. W. M. Thackeray, vouching for the *bona fides* of the writer, "a friend of twenty-five years' standing," and who is now known to have been the late Mr. Robert Bell. The article was a very circumstantial and careful narrative of manifestations witnessed by the writer, through the mediumship of Mr. D. D. Home. Magazine readers were not then prepared for those startling facts—"Stranger than Fiction"—and the sale of the *Cornhill* experienced an immediate and sensible decline. In June, 1863, a new editor—no doubt anxious to retrieve its credit and circulation—inserted an article on Spiritualism, which, going to the farthest possible extent in the opposite direction, maintained that the alleged facts of Spiritualism were incredible, and that no amount of testimony could make them otherwise. They were simply impossible; and the writer would not believe—so he affirmed—the testimony of his own senses to their occurrence. During the last decade, however, a change has come over the public mind, Spiritualism is now everywhere; so that—as we are told in an article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, for July, 1874—"it is now not easy to speak against it in society, without offending somebody present, who has seen manifestations." It is clear, therefore, that the view taken in June, 1863, must be modified, to meet the altered state of opinion in July, 1874; and so the article referred to is headed "Modern Sorcery," and the writer affects to regard Spiritualism as of the nature of sorcery and witchcraft; but, with singular logic, maintains that it is of no importance, and that the public is not bound to investigate it. When the *Cornhill Magazine* is satisfied that the public take a different view of the situation, we may expect another turn of the Kaleidoscope Magazine.

## DR. SEXTON AGAIN AMONG THE SECULARISTS.

The announcement of a lecture by Mr. Charles Watts, on Spiritualism, in refutation of the twelve propositions advanced by Dr. Sexton in his recent debate with Mr. Foote, coupled with the notice that an invitation to attend had been sent to Dr. Sexton, and that equal time to that occupied by the lecturer

would be allowed him to reply, drew a large audience to the Hall of Science, Old Street, on June 21st. The reply of Dr. Sexton was, as usual, able and effective; and it may be reasonably hoped that some of the Secularists may be led by this and previous discussions to independent and, as far as possible, unprejudiced investigation.

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MANIFESTATIONS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE AND HANOVER  
SQUARE ROOMS.

Mrs. Annie Fay has been giving public *séances* for physical manifestations at these places of popular resort, to large audiences. Much newspaper comment has been called forth by their extraordinary character, combined with the failure of every committee the audiences have appointed to explain the phenomena or to detect any fraud; and the public testimony of Mr. Wilkinson, the general manager of the Crystal Palace, that "neither Mrs. Fay nor any of her friends had been in the room until a few minutes previous to the commencement of the *séance*, and that he could vouch for there having been no preparation of the room, nor was there any apparatus concealed from the sight of the audience."

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MRS. TAPPAN IN LIVERPOOL.

Independently of *standing places*, more than 2,700 ladies and gentlemen obtained *seat accommodation*, July 20th, in Concert Hall, Liverpool, to listen to a discourse by Mrs. Tappan. The subject selected by themselves was "What is the use of Spiritualism?" This fact is pretty good evidence of the progress Spiritualism has made in Liverpool since the visit of the Davenport Brothers to that town a few years since, when there was a public riot, and their cabinet was smashed by an excited mob, with very much applause from the local and general newspaper press.

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"PUNCH" ON THE INAGURATION OF BUNYAN'S STATUE AT  
BEDFORD.

Mr. *Punch*, like the rest of the world, is getting on in his spiritual education. There are many little indications that the old truculent spirit has gone, never we hope again to manifest itself in its columns. This is of little consequence to anyone but Mr. *Punch* himself, except as one of the many pointings to an altered state for the better of public opinion. In our

controversy with him some years ago, we ventured to predict that his progress would keep pace with that of his patrons. It has proved so with him, as with many others of our contemporaries. One illustration of this altered tone may be seen in his verses on the unveiling of the statue of that great spiritual medium and teacher—John Bunyan. The immortal pilgrim in the opening of his story tells us how in his wanderings he “alighted on a certain place where there was a den.” This place was Bedford, and the den was his prison, Bedford jail; and it was at Bedford, amid general rejoicings and with speeches from the Duke of Bedford and the Dean of Westminster, that the statue of the great spiritual seer is placed. *Punch* celebrated the occasion in some verses, of which we quote the concluding stanza:—

The Churches now debate and wrangle,  
 Strange doubts theology entangle;  
 Each sect to the other doth freedom grudge,  
 Archbishop asks ruling of a Judge.  
 Why comes no pilgrim, with eye of fire,  
 To tell us where pointeth minster spire,  
 To show, though critics may sneer and scoff,  
 The path to “the land that is very far off?”  
 The people are weary of vestment vanities,  
 Of litigation about inanities,  
 And fain would listen, O preacher and peer,  
 To a voice like that of this Tinker-seer;  
 Who guided the Pilgrim up, beyond  
 The Valley of Death, and the Slough of Despond,  
 And Doubting Castle, and Giant Despair,  
 To those Delectable Mountains fair,  
 And over the River and in at the Gate  
 Where for weary Pilgrims the Angels wait!

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MR. EPES SARGENT ON THE INFLUENCE OF SPIRITUALISM IN  
 ENGLAND UPON PUBLIC OPINION IN AMERICA.

Mr. Epes Sargent, of Boston, author of *Planchette*, writes to us:—

“The manifestations through Miss Cook, the reports of Professor Crookes, and the article of Mr. Wallace in the *Fortnightly*, have had a good effect in this country in emboldening many timid Spiritualists to avow their belief. It is no longer considered vulgar to be a Spiritualist. By-and-by it will be quite fashionable, if we may judge from present appearances. I advised the editor of the *Banner* to reprint Mr. Wallace’s article, and he has done so, and I have written a Preface for the pamphlet edition. How astounding are those manifestations through Miss Cook! and yet hardly more so than what is going on, on every side, in this country. The

peculiarity, however, of the "Katie" manifestation is in the familiarity of the materialised spirit; her sitting down and telling stories to the children, as Mr. Crookes describes it; her protracted stay, and the tests to which she submits. Then the cutting up of her garment—to which both Mr. Harrison and Mrs. F. M. Ross-Church testify—and the instantaneous restoration of the cloth to its former state, sounds like a page from the *Arabian Nights*. And yet, *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*. If the spirit-hand is a genuine phenomena—as we know it is—why not all the rest? Spiritualism is undoubtedly making great progress here; and yet is as a sort of *under-tone*, the effects of which will burst forth at some future time when the way has been fully prepared. There are many who are ripe for it, but who wait for some great leader to make it respectable.

"You—who were one of the earliest to receive the truth—and I—who, as editor of the *Boston Transcript*, was among the first to publish the facts, and to keep on publishing them, in spite of the angry protestations of many subscribers—can afford to smile at the appearance of the eleventh-hour men, who seem disposed to claim all the merit of proclaiming the great truth to the world. What a revolution in human opinion it is destined to accomplish! The invention of printing was a trifle to Kate Fox's little experiment at Hydesville! Messieurs, the Materialists—the Büchners, Vogts, Morleys, Lewesses, Huxleys, Moleschotts—what will become of them and their philosophy? It will be a real grief to them to find out that, after all, the babes and sucklings have been in the right; and they, the scornful *savans*, have been in the wrong!"

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#### A ROMAN CATHOLIC MIRACLE OF HEALING.

Mrs. Baker, an American lady, on the 25th of May arrived at Lourdes, with her husband and sister, both of whom are Protestants. About a year before Mrs. Baker met with a serious accident, by which her spine was dislocated. She had suffered acutely, had been paralyzed during the winter, and at the time of her visit to Lourdes was quite unable to go up or down stairs. For two days after her arrival she was unable to bear the short drive from the town to the Grotto, but on the morning of the 28th she made up her mind to brave the cold and the suffering entailed by any movement. She went in a carriage to the Grotto, and was assisted down into the bath. On entering the bath her sufferings became more acute, and seemed almost beyond her powers of endurance. Her sister, in the

true spirit of a Protestant, exclaimed, "There is no need for you to come to Lourdes to take a cold bath." But the faith of the poor lady never failed for a moment. She begged her sister to rub her limbs. Immediately an indescribable feeling of comfort took the place of her pain, and she was cured. In a few moments she hastened to the Grotto to return thanks to Our Lady the Health of the Sick. Her husband knelt beside her, joining his thanksgivings with those that arose from her heart. He has since published a letter giving an account of her former state, and declaring that she is perfectly well, and able to walk as she used to in her youth.—*Weekly Register and Catholic Standard*.

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#### UNIVERSALITY OF THE BELIEF IN APPARITIONS.

The Rev. Bouchier Wrey Savile, M.A., in a work on Apparitions, just published by Longman & Co., thus writes:—

"Universal and unconcerted testimony on behalf of a supernatural manifestation of the dead cannot always be untrue. Such a prodigy is too singular in its nature to become the subject of general invention. It will scarcely be possible for those who are uninfluenced by popular prejudice to believe that apparitions would have been vouched for in all countries had they never been seen in any.

"Between two and three thousand years ago we find Homer recording the *apparition* of Patroclus as it appeared to his friend Achilles:—

"Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,  
At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep,  
When, lo! the shade before his closing eyes  
Of sad Patroclus rose, or seem'd to rise;  
In the same robe he living wore he came,  
In stature, voice, and pleasing look the same."—

*Iliad*, b. xxiii. 76.

"No differences in race, religion, language, or civilization—no argument or reason has uprooted from the heart of mankind in general this deep-seated belief of the occasional appearance of departed spirits to persons living in the natural world. The patriarch Job and the Roman Brutus professed to have seen spiritual beings; and similar manifestations have been made to men in every age. The belief in them is equally an element in sacred, classical, and modern literature. That the spirits of departed persons might, and occasionally did appear was a doctrine held by some of the wisest and most devout men that ever existed.

"Baxter, in his *Saints' Everlasting Rest*, part II., ch. vii.,

observes on this subject:—‘For my own part, though I am as suspicious as most in such reports, and do believe that most of them are conceits or delusions, yet, having been very inquisitive in all such cases, I have received undoubted testimony of the truth of such apparitions.’ . . . . The writings of Gregory, Augustine, Chrysostom, &c., make frequent mention of apparitions, and relate the several stories at large. . . . . Lavater, a learned godly Protestant divine, who hath written a book (*De Spectris*) wholly on apparitions, tells us that it was then an undeniable thing, confirmed by the testimonies of many credible persons, both men and women, sometimes by night and sometimes by day, have both seen and heard such things; confessing they were the souls of such and such persons lately departed.”

The testimonies of Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Watts, Doddridge, Wesley, Judge Blackstone, and Lord Byron are then quoted in favour of this belief, which is shown, by citation and argument, to be in perfect harmony with the teachings of Scripture.

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#### A BLOCKADER'S STORY.

For the benefit of those of your readers who may be interested in psychological investigations, I send you an account of the following remarkable incident which occurred on board of this vessel a few weeks ago. Having captured a schooner, which was taken while attempting to violate the blockade, she was dispatched in charge of a prize officer and crew to New Orleans, with orders to proceed without delay. At the time of the capture we had a sick man on board, who was delirious, and had been given up by the doctor as past all hopes of recovery. When in health he had been remarkably quiet, but, in his present excited state, he talked incessantly. Soon after the schooner had left for New Orleans the sick man called out aloud, in authoritative voice, “Schooner, ahoy! What schooner is that? Schooner, ahoy! What schooner is that, I say?” He appeared to have some difficulty in understanding the name; but, at length, said, “Oh, that is your name, is it?” (The prize schooner's name was the *Juanito*, pronounced *Wanito*.) “What water have you got? Five fathoms—four fathoms—three fathoms—two fathoms? Look out there—you will be ashore! Heave the lead! One fathom. There, you are right ashore!” After this his mind turned upon other subjects, and nothing was thought of his wanderings till next morning, when we saw the *Juanito* hard and fast among breakers on the beach of Galveston Island about two miles distant. How she went there we had not yet learned satisfactorily; but, anchoring near as possible to her, we

saw that she had been abandoned, and the officer and crew were prisoners in the hands of the rebels.

That the connection between the ravings of the sick man and the fate of the schooner was wholly accidental many will undoubtedly conclude; but so many developments have been lately made, showing that thoughts can be unconsciously communicated from one mind to another, that I cannot dismiss the subject so abruptly, but will give a few more particulars concerning it.

It may be said that the man was probably a seaman, who had often thrown the lead, and that at this time the subject was, by some slight incident, presented to his mind. But this was not so. The man was a landsman, had never thrown the lead himself, or even seemed to notice whether it was thrown or not. Then, again, he took the soundings correctly from a little inshore of where we were then lying, which was in  $5\frac{3}{4}$  fathoms, and carried them gradually in, just as the water actually shoals on this coast, to 1 fathom, which would be where the schooner was when among the breakers. If it be said, that although he might not have appeared to take notice of the soundings, yet he must have often heard them given, and his mind being in an unusually excited state when they were presented to it, then I would answer that the soundings 2 fathoms and 1 fathom he never could have heard, for we never go into less than a quarter less 3 fathoms, i.e.,  $2\frac{3}{4}$ . Why, then, did he not stop at that point?

The time at which the schooner struck agrees, as nearly as we can ascertain, with that of the wanderings of the sick man, after which his mind turned to other subjects. He died two days after. We have since learned from deserters that no lives were lost, but we have been unable to find out the particulars as to why the schooner was run ashore. I do not pretend to explain the relation which existed between the minds of the persons on board the schooner and that of the sick man, or even to say that there was any, but simply state the facts for those who may be interested in such subjects.—*Harper's Weekly*.

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#### ANTIQUITY OF SPIRITUALISM IN CHINA.

In addition to the evidence on this point cited in our last number we may note that the Emperor of China, Yao, who reigned about 2,337 years B.C.; in order to suppress false prophecies, miracles, magic and revelation, commanded his two ministers of Astronomy and Religion to cut asunder all communications between sky and earth, so that, as the chronicle expresses it, there should be no more of what is called "this lifting up and coming down."—*Gliddon*.

## Correspondence.

### A SEANCE WITH MRS. GUPPY.—FLOWERS, &c., BROUGHT.— A SPIRIT SEIZED BY A SCEPTIC MELTS IN HIS GRASP.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—I was present on Tuesday, June 28rd, at a *séance* in her own house that Mrs. Guppy kindly gave, at my request, for the gratification of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, of Belfast, and just before the conclusion, the spirit Katie, in audible voice, asked me to write an account of it which I have much pleasure in now doing.

The circle consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Guppy, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Petman, Mr. Dodd, Mr. Volckman, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Gale (of Hull), Mr. Hudson (of Leeds), and myself, and the door was locked when we were all assembled.

Mrs. Guppy has, by spirit direction, had a round hole about seven inches in diameter cut in her table, and the piece again fixed in with a hinge so that it can be raised up like a kind of lid, and that, in our first sitting, was just between Mrs. Brown and me. When we had sat for some little time, faintly glimmering lights, about the size of the glow-worm's lamp, were seen flitting about, and occasionally it seemed as if there were four or five together, but I think they must have been as it were attached to an opaque substance, for every one could not see them at once, only as if they turned about, and were thus shown. We were then, by raps, through the alphabet, told to "wish," and, in answer to our questions, that we were to confine ourselves to flowers, but we only received doubtful responses to any that were specified, and suddenly a mass of something fell on the table, when we were permitted to have a light, and found a heap of fragrant roses, white and coloured, which were a great delight to my four special friends, who had never witnessed such a manifestation. When again in darkness, "Sit close to the door," was spelled out, and then we ascertained that Mr. Gale and Mr. Hudson were to leave the circle, and place themselves in front of the door which was then to be partly opened, thus admitting some light from the gas lamp in the hall; the ladies' dresses were then to be held up to the edge of the table so as to darken beneath it, and almost immediately the little lid was thrust up from below so as to leave the open space in the table. Mr. Volckman had before asked the spirits to bring him the branch of cherry-tree that had been taken to his own chambers at a *séance* a couple of evenings previously, and now up this aperture was thrust a long branch of cherry-tree (not his, but freshly gathered), and there was light enough for us all to see it rise; several other branches were passed up in the same manner, which we took from the invisible hands that gave them to us. Mrs. Guppy asked if they would take a rose from her, and on an affirmative being rapped out, she held a white rose over the hole, which after a time was taken from her, and it seemed to move backwards and forwards by its own volition and then disappeared. We were told to place a handkerchief over the hole, which we did, but just then there was a knock at the door and another gentleman arrived, but as Katie desired me not to mention his name, I will designate him as Mr. A., and his entrance seemed to alter the conditions, for we were then told to go to tea, after which we strolled for some little time in the garden.

Instead of coming to the second sitting, which was altogether dark, Mr. Guppy and Mr. Brown went up stairs to the billiard room, so that Mr. A. sat at Mrs. Guppy's right hand, while I retained my own place at her left. The table, in our movements had been shifted round, so that the little lid, now closed, was in front of Mrs. Guppy. We had not been long seated when the lid was flapped up and down, and I soon found that it was being done in a sort of rhythm, and I exclaimed, "Oh, it is Jim!" for I recognized the beat of Jim Ramsay's signal, and then three raps were joyously given with it, as if exulting in the recog-

dition. I then said, "But I have not had Môtee's signal to-night," when immediately I felt her gentle fingers tapping the pearl ring which Mrs. Ramsay gave me as her emblem. I asked her to go and touch Mrs. Petman, that she too might know the tender feel of a spirit-hand, and she instantly complied. They told me also that the General (their father) was with them.

Each person was then touched, more or less gently, with the cherry-tree branches, and Mrs. Guppy wanted some one to wish for sea-weed. We all smelled perfumed water, and I felt the soft fingers bathing my upper lip and nostrils with it. "Light" was spelled out, and on the table was a scollop shell filled with *sea water*, to which perfume had been added, but the flavour of the sea water was unmistakeable.

Mr. Volckman then had to leave in order to catch his train, and shortly after his departure Mr. A. began to make convulsive starts, with exclamations of, "Don't, don't! No, that's too much!" and we all wanted to know what was the matter. "Oh! it's a pin!" he jerked out; and then the back of my hand was gently pressed with the point of a pin, so as to give me sensational information, and I asked the invisibles to do the same to Mrs. Petman and Mr. Dodd, which they did, but again the attack was renewed upon the sceptical Mr. A., who declared that the pin was being continually driven into him for about an inch. At last he sprang up, exclaiming, "Oh! I have got him! A light, quickly!" "Hold fast!" said Mrs. Guppy, "and do make haste with the light!" But the first match missed, and Mr. A. was still struggling violently with the being he had caught, but when the candle was at length lighted there was no one in the corner where Mr. A., in his impetuous rush had fallen on to the ottoman; but he declared that he had had his arms round some one who seemed as large as himself (and he is both tall and stout), and that he had *seen* something by the faint light of the match that missed. I think he had felt sure that he had caught hold of a mortal who was playing a practical joke upon him, and therefore held as firmly as he could, for he was quite panting with the exertion. Mrs. Guppy was vexed that he had not retained his grasp of the spirit, but that, alas, had melted from his hold, without leaving anything for us to see, notwithstanding which it was a very exciting incident, and after we had calmed down, Katie's voice made me the request I have mentioned, and "Good night!" was rapped out. I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Guppy two evenings later at a friend's house, and was glad to find she had not suffered by the spirit's having been so roughly handled, and we again had a very good *séance*.

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, W.,  
July 13th, 1874.

### JUDAS'S CONFESSION GIVEN TO ME.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—I had been reading in the Scriptures how the Jews cried against the Saviour, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" and how the people spat on Him; when this was whispered into my ear.—"Yes, 'crucify Him! crucify Him!' And I was there, and I cried 'Crucify Him!' and I spat on Him. Did you fools think it was for the thirty pieces of silver I betrayed Him? No, it was because I hated Him. What right had He to deceive me? I thought He would be a great leader like the Maccabees, and that we would be enriched by plunder, and would fill the highest places; and when He said, 'Ye shall sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel,' I thought to myself that I would so manage that I would have the highest. I loved a woman, too, as avaricious and ambitious as myself; and when she found out, as I had done, that His kingdom was to be one of peace, she spat on me; but I hated him then the more, and I put Him out of the way, that Herod might be our ruler and Messiah. I roared out—I shouted with the populace, and felt He had cheated me out of all I had hoped for, and this frame of mind never left me till the earthquake and eclipse fell upon us; then a revolution of feeling came. In letters of fire I saw that He whom I had betrayed was the Messiah—the Son of God—the Appointed One. As I stood

among the shouting, jeering multitude, He looked at me, and I felt His eyes pierce my soul: His look said I was forgiven; then fell on me a mantle of despair and wretchedness which has never forsaken me. Then flashed on me vividly the terrible doom that lay before me; jeering voices said 'my name would be used as the name of everything base and treacherous during the world's holding.'"

I asked, "Are you really Judas?" "Yes, I am; and I did accost you in order to break in on your sphere. My confession is true. I really felt, and thought and acted all I have told you; and woe is me! that am so fearfully punished for what I did. And yet the worst is to come. The worst part of my punishment is the look, full of pity and forgiveness, that He gave me when I spat in His blood-stained face. That look He gave me has driven me howling over wildernesses and oceans ever since, when it comes before my thoughts, as if I had a red-hot lance driven into my vitals. I have never seen Him since, but once; that was when, after my suicide, after falling down—down—down through oceans of flames lined with staring eyes and uplifted hands, each and all showing abhorrence,—when the whole vast void rung with the horrible words, 'Here comes Judas the Betrayer! Here comes he who betrayed his master—his benefactor—with a kiss! Let a kiss henceforth be the sign and proof of hellish ingratitude and baseness. Let his name be the one other name for treachery and vileness. Let him fly from all men, and the sons of men fly from him.' Then came a pure, but sorrowful-looking Being. He looked on me as if he pitied me for the vastness of the punishment I was about to undergo. He made me a sign, and immediately involuntarily I followed Him, or rather, without the power of guiding or stopping my motions, I glided after Him. I found myself in a vast, lofty hall—so vast, that the eye could not discern where it ended, or where its lofty arches had their final spring. This apartment was filled, to overflowing, with spirits of different grades; some radiant with beauty and light, others dark: and so varying in shade, until blackness and thick darkness, through whose murky gloom you could discern the gleam of fiery eyes, whose blaze shivered the heart with horror. On a great, white throne, made, as it appeared of the purest, whitest light, sat a Being, whose magnificence far exceeds my powers of description. His face had an indescribable expression of mildness and power, and ineffable love and compassion, while every feature breathed majesty and power. Oh, how I wished the ground to open and swallow me up, when He turned and looked at me! He seemed overpowered with pity, and, strange to say—awful anomaly—*love*; and through it all I saw clearly that it was *Jesus*—the footsore, the trampled on: the bleeding, mocked, and half-dead Master and Friend, whose dear and blood-stained face I spat on, whose ears I had pierced with my ungrateful hiss, when I joined the multitude in invoking His blood on myself.

"Yes, there He was—no doubt about it! That Being, who came to a world that would not have such a man to reign over it, was that radiant and majestic Presence that now sate on that throne of light, with the hosts of Heaven adoring Him; the hosts of Hell rendering an unwilling, but perfectly humble reverence and obedience!

"'Judas,' said He, in a tone whose kindness killed me; yet split my very heart in twain! 'Judas, I forgive you: but there is another whose pardon you must also receive, before you can ever know one moment's peace—that is *yourself*. You love the world, and to the world you are now obliged to return; there remain, and see what is its after-fate; until the mind of that world is so changed that it will view your crime with pity; until you have received your own pardon. There you will have to stay. The insignia of your crime will appear on your countenance, and over those lips that betrayed the Son of Man with a kiss, shall it always be seen.

"'You will live to see an age that will resemble a time long past. You will live to see all things that mankind ever loved and honoured, despised and lightly esteemed. Yea! the Son of Man blasphemed, and His divinity denied; His very existence doubted, and that by those who bear His name, and wear His symbol as their banner and ensign; and then shall the end come—then shall your weary pilgrimage cease. Your own life and existence will be such, that its mixture of spiritual and earthly existence will cause your being to be denied

and disbelieved, even as I have been denied and disbelieved. When the sign of your crime begins to grow dim, know the end is not far off! And your nation, who joined your cry, and brought My blood on them, and on their children, will last as a people without a home—a nation without a kingdom; their holy places defiled by the worst of the heathen; all men joining in only this abhorrence and hatred of the Jew,—and, first of all, of yourself.'

"When the Voice ceased, darkness fell on me; and I felt myself falling—falling, and knew no more till I awakened from my fearful trance, and commenced my direful pilgrimage and wanderings."

EMILY PALMER.

[This letter should be read in connection with one by the same writer, at p. 143 of this volume.—ED.]

### THE SPIRITUALISM OF LORD LYTTON AND SCOTT.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

"The student of Spiritualism will have light thrown on many difficulties by collecting and comparing its various phenomena; they mutually help to the understanding of each other."—THOMAS BREVIOR.

SIR,—Youth is a perpetual spring time to the human race, and the dust upon many a bookshelf shows how eager the rising generation is for all that is new and of their own time and age. I should like, therefore, to recall the attention of Spiritualists to the late Lord Lytton's *Zanoni*, written before the advent of Modern Spiritualism, and to Scott's still more strange story of the *Monastery*. Lord Lytton once told me that he thought he was more proud of *Zanoni* than of any of his other works; and in which we find mesmerism, clairvoyance, and Spiritualism in a natural and true alliance, and we may not divorce that which nature has linked together; nay, in *Zanoni* we may say that we have the philosopher's stone and elixir of life realised, both for good and for evil: and then, lastly, we have *Zanoni*, the younger man of the two sages, losing his spiritual power in abandoning himself to the "human passions," and love conquers all things. But there is one phenomenon given in *Zanoni* that Spiritualism has not come to yet, though I am sure that it will; I mean the power of becoming invisible. The vanishing of the materialised form or spirit is another matter; but we have not yet had the natural man made spiritual in this life.

Now, in respect to Scott's novel. All that seemingly wild and strange story of the *White Lady of Avenel*, which always had a great charm for me, though generally condemned as over-straining probabilities and fiction beyond even the poet's licence, may now be read not only as within the range of the possible, but as altogether probable. Yet who could have supposed this 20 years ago! The Spiritualist may return to that charming fiction, and see that there is nothing monstrous about it, but that all is perfectly natural, and just what Scott might have written to illustrate Modern Spiritualism. And how it raises the genius of Scott in such a marvellous anticipation of realities; and there is nothing finer in Shakespeare than that story of the *White Lady of Avenel*.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

[In our last volume, p. 338, we showed from his own confessions how that Scott was really a medium in the composition of his works. We may add that while in his *Letters on Demonology*, and generally in his writings, he discountenanced mere superstitious stories, yet several curious events occurred within his own knowledge. One of these happened at Abbotsford in the month of April, 1818. "On the night of the 28th," he wrote to his friend Terry, "we were awaked by a violent

noise, like drawing heavy boards along the new part of the house. I fancied something had fallen, and thought no more about it. This was about two in the morning. Last night, at the same witching hour, the very same noise occurred. Mrs. S. is rather timbersome, so up got I, with Beardie's broadsword under my arm, but nothing was out of order, neither can I discover what occasioned the disturbance." On the morning that Mr. Terry received the foregoing letter in London, Mr. William Erskine breakfasted with him, and the chief subject of their conversation was the sudden death of Mr. George Bullock, the London upholsterer of Scott, who was employed in fitting up Abbotsford, and who died, as nearly as could be ascertained, *at the very hour* when Scott was roused from his sleep as above-mentioned.

The late Mr. George Coombe expressed his belief to the effect that Sir W. Scott had a rare quality of brain, which conferred upon him his remarkable memory; and it would appear that in early life he was a seer. Mrs. Churnside, a friend of his family, related that "he was accustomed to tell the visions which he had when lying alone on the floor or sofa, when kept from going to church on a Sunday by ill-health." She adds, "I could not help being highly delighted with his description of the glories he had seen, his misty and sublime sketches of the regions above, which he had visited in his trance. The expression of his face changed greatly while he was thinking of these things, and showed a deep intenseness of feeling, as if he were awed even by his own recital.—ED.]

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## HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

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### TRUST.

ETERNAL Fount of life and light!

We come to Thee for strength to bear  
Our daily cross, our weight of care:  
O guide our wandering steps aright!

In vain we seek in outward ease  
The inward calm our spirits need;  
In loving trust alone we read  
The law divine of perfect peace.

Sadden'd and weary we would cast  
Our sins, our sorrows, at Thy feet;  
Thy strength can still our weakness meet,  
Thy love shall guide us home at last.

T. S.