

# More Glimpses of the World Unseen

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P. K. F.



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DEDICATED  
TO  
E. LOUISA LEE

WITH REGARD, AFFECTION AND RESPECT

‘As those that flit from their old home, and betake themselves to dwell in another country, where they are sure to settle, are wont to forget the faces and fashions whereto they were formerly inured, and to apply themselves to the knowledge and acquaintance of those with whom they shall afterwards converse ; so it is here with me, being to remove from my earthly tabernacle, wherein I have worn out the few and evil days of my earthly pilgrimage, to an abiding City above, I have desired to acquaint myself with that Invisible World, to which I am going to enter, to know my good God and His blessed angels and saints, with whom I hope to pass an happy eternity’

Preface to *The Invisible World*, by Bishop JOSEPH HALL



## P R E F A C E.

**S**INCE the issue, three years ago, of my two volumes, 'The Other World, or Glimpses of the Supernatural,' I have been favoured with a large number of valuable and valued communications regarding the Supernatural, from people and places near and far off, some of which seemed to me to contain records and revelations of such inherent interest as to warrant my weaving them, with some system and order, into another volume. Hence the present publication.

As the various incidents and facts thus gathered range over a very wide field—some having rela-

tion, as their narrators believe, to the angelic world,—the battalions of the living God—and others to the armies of the demons—I have been compelled, by the resolution to compress my book into a single volume, to curtail my own comments, allowing the different examples of supernatural intervention to tell their own tale, which the great majority do with considerable pertinence.

I venture to reprint here some kind words from the pen of a stranger, the Rev. C. J. Serpart, S.J., Missionary Apostolic of Chaibassa, Bengal, with regard to my two previously-published volumes on this subject, for which I feel deeply grateful; because the unsought-for testimony of an independent Catholic clergyman, and a member of so illustrious an Order as that of the Society of Jesus, who by observation and investigation knows much of the dark practices of Oriental Necromancy, is eminently satisfactory, and is an acceptable reward for my labours:—

‘The design of your book, the able manner in which it is expressed, the fair way of proposing your argument, and quoting authorities, made me

feel a strong inclination to write to you, and hope you would be equally fair in accepting the few observations which occurred to me in reading several times your work. It is not that I differ from you in the exposition of materialism and false science, nor in the facts you relate, nor in your appreciation of them. No. In all this we perfectly agree. I could even add to your stock, having by circumstance been driven to a close study of this matter, and heard and read much about it. I wish, on the contrary, to congratulate you for having taken such a reasonable view of it, and so well succeeded in putting it in its proper light. You will be pleased also to know that your views are no less in agreement with those of Count de Mirville, the ablest writer in France on this subject, and of the great American philosopher and reviewer, Dr. Brownson, whose volume, entitled "The Spirit Rapper," is very interesting, as well as original.'

As a contrast to the above judgment, a reviewer in the 'Times' of April 19, 1876—after an allusion to what Dr. Carpenter calls 'unconscious

cerebration' as perfectly explaining, and accounting for, spiritualistic phenomena—wrote thus:—'The tendency of Dr. Lee's work is in the last degree mischievous. The worst enemies of the Church of England or of Religion could hardly seek a better ally than a clergyman who drags into the light of day those relics or survivals of heathenism, and who claims our belief in the name of Religion for every lying legend which held its own, in spite of Christianity, through some of the darkest periods of the World's history.'

Other criticisms were more violent in language, though equally sceptical in spirit ; and enunciated propositions which, if accepted, would imply that God's ancient revelation was a myth, and historical Christianity a fable. I recur to such criticisms, therefore, with regret, not for my own sake, or the sake of the volume under criticism, but for the sake of the writers.

The sneers of anonymous sceptics, however, and the scorn of flippant unbelievers, I have learnt to value at their true worth—no very high figure. I can pass them by unheeded and unanswered ; and even go so far as to return with interest the



compliments which some of the said writers, who affect the patronage of the scorners, have been so kind as to pay me, because of what they are pleased to term my 'grovelling superstition,' 'repulsive fanaticism,' and 'debasing gullibility.'

These critics and their patrons, who in their sore extremity appear to have discarded the ordinary rules of evidence, become excited in their manner and a little wild in their literary compositions, if any of their favourite assumptions or random guesses are by chance or design criticised and exposed. Now, as many of these assumptions are being day by day duly exploded; and as the lofty and insolent dogmatism of certain of these self-elevated philosophers, who personally made the assumptions in question, is now only laughed at; assertions on the old basis are found to have decreased alarmingly in value, while new and random excogitations from the same quarter, of so-called 'scientific' marvels, advertising themselves solely by their absurdity, often remain altogether and deservedly unnoticed.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> To anyone who has witnessed, for instance, the more remarkable spiritualistic phenomena—such as are described

As regards this said 'Spiritualism,' dealt with towards the end of the volume, it is much to be deplored that the Bishops of the Established Church do not warn their flocks against the heretical tenets and dangerous practices of its votaries; and that the 'inferior clergy,' as they are termed, do not deal with the subject in some other spirit than that exhibited by the shallow and sceptical writers in the public press.<sup>1</sup> As long as

week by week in the publications of the so-called 'Spiritualists'—the laboured and dreary arguments of Dr. W. B. Carpenter, in his recent treatise, 'Mesmerism, Spiritualism, &c., Historically and Scientifically Treated,' to prove that such phenomena result from 'the possession of men's minds by dominant ideas,' are really beneath notice. And no wonder; for this learned scientific gentleman, on p. 114, declares that upon this subject 'no amount of testimony is good for anything.' *Sic cadit questio.* Such a childish method of reasoning and treating the movement may fortify prejudiced unbelievers in it, and those who avowedly know nothing about it save by hearsay; because, as enquiry is useless, and any personal testimony good for nothing, on Dr. Carpenter's scientific mode, both enquiry and testimony are beside the question. It is clear, therefore, that the ordinary laws of evidence should be at once revised in the interests of Science under a royal commission of gentlemen who regard themselves and each other as exclusively 'scientific.'

<sup>1</sup> Much credit is due to the *Rock* newspaper for having so forcibly spoken out when others have been silent.

bishops, clergy, and people are fondly led to imagine that the whole system is founded on trickery, delusion and imagination, so long will Spiritualism steadily increase, as regards the number and power of its supporters, and extend its dark and baneful influence by the working of false and lying wonders.

It only remains for me to add an expression of respectful acknowledgment to those correspondents who have favoured me with communications, which are duly used in the pages which follow. Such have been received, amongst others, from the Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma, M.A., Vicar of Newlyn, Cornwall; the Rev. H. O. Middleton, M.A., of Brighton; E. W. Trafford, Esq., of Norwich; the Rev. Arthur Bellamy, B.A., Vicar of Publow, Bristol; Dr. James A. Sewell, of Quebec; Mr. J. Potter Briscoe, F.R.A.S., of Nottingham; the Rev. Dr. Sadleir, of Castleknock, near Dublin; J. M. Davenport, Esq.; the Rev. J. H. Blunt, M.A.; Newton Crosland, Esq., of Blackheath; Captain Caldwell, of New Grange Lodge, Bray, County Wicklow; the Rev. E. W. Garrow,

M.A., of Bilsthorpe Rectory ; J. T. H. Saint, Esq., of Dr. Johnson's Buildings, Temple ; Lieut.-Colonel H. B. Barnett ; the Rev. Dr. A. T. Lee ; Henry Spicer, Esq. ; the Lady Gertrude Douglas ; the Hon. Mrs. Cowper-Temple ; Mrs. George Ravenshaw, of Malvern Link ; Mrs. Redbourne ; Mrs. Pryce Williams, and Miss M. J. Arnold. To each and all my thanks are most sincerely tendered.

F. G. L.

ALL SAINTS' VICARAGE, LAMBETH :

*Martyrdom of St. Thomas of Canterbury, 1877.*





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CHAPTER I.  
INTRODUCTION



How impotent they are ! and yet on earth  
They have repute for wondrous power and skill ;  
And books describe how that the very face  
Of the Evil One, if seen, would have a force  
Even to freeze the blood, and choke the life  
Of him who saw it.

*The Dream of Gerontius*,--J. H. NEWMAN.





## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTION.



INTENDED as a supplementary addition to my two volumes 'The Other World ; or, Glimpes of the Supernatural,' this book has been compiled mainly from communications to myself of the deepest interest which, from time to time, I have received from several parts of the world, and for which I am deeply grateful, or from published tractates and books of authority and reputation. Now that the final struggle between Christianity and blank Atheism is upon us, not only in Protestant or semi-Protestant countries, but in Italy<sup>1</sup> where churches and

<sup>1</sup> At Naples a new journal was (recently, i.e. September, 1877) announced with the title of *Anarchia*. It would have proved a fit companion to the *Ateo* of Leghorn. Atheism and anarchy are doubtless popular with the revolutionists in Italy, that is, with the revolutionists who are out of office.

ecclesiastics are so numerous and where Christian principles have held a general sway since the decay and collapse of the Roman Empire ; it is important, when every person in Christendom is called upon to range himself either on the side of Truth or Error, Light or Darkness, to have old and true principles, evidenced and supported efficiently by new and valuable facts. We have lived to see that Materialism, dogmatic and destructive, has forcibly entered the sanctuary, and would rudely put out the lamp. The Universe has been carefully probed by her devotees, but only to find the mere material husks of existence—nothing more. Space has been painfully explored by the intellectually scientific, only for such to learn the delightful and consoling lesson, and to proclaim it to suffering humanity, that 'there is no God, and Science is

The Government has suppressed one of these journals, the *Anarchia*, but on what grounds it is not stated. The *Ateo* does not expect suppression from the Ministers, who banish religion from the army and navy and from schools and other institutes of education. On Sunday, September 2, the walls of Leghorn were placarded with an announcement of the third number of the *Ateo*, containing an article headed 'The Three Impostors, Moses, Christ, and Mahomet.' This number was sequestered by the police, probably in compliment to the Jews, who are very numerous in Leghorn, and who possess great influence in Italy.

his prophet,' and to teach the dark and dreary doctrine that man passes through the grave and gate of Death into cold oblivion and blank nothingness.<sup>1</sup>

In opposition to this stands the Christian Revelation, as enshrined in the three ancient creeds—three in external form, but one only in substance—accepted in common both by East and West. Over and above this, wherever baptism is duly administered, there are representatives of Christianity, who, by every fibre of the spiritual bond which binds them to their Master, are bound to stand in direct antagonism to the materialistic theories, now so popular and accepted in Christendom.

<sup>1</sup> One author writes, 'Amongst the enlightened of all nations and times, the dogma of the immortality of the soul has ever had but few partisans.' Mirabeau on his death-bed remarked, 'I am now entering into nothingness.' Danton, of the French Revolution, exclaimed, 'I shall soon make my residence in nothingness.' The Prussian Frederick—called by some persons, 'the Great'—candidly confessed his disbelief in the immortality of the soul. 'No one,' wrote Feuerbach, 'who has eyes to see can fail to remark that the belief in the immortality of the soul has long been effaced from ordinary life, and that it now only exists in the subjective imagination of individuals, still very numerous.' An English writer, in a similar spirit, maintains that 'the immortality of man is impossible,' and 'the existence of a Supreme Being demonstrably false.' I have purposely avoided giving page and book for the above statements.

The present intellectual struggle, however, is not new. From the beginning it has been going on. And when the redundant verbiage and strange jargon of opponents and respondents are rightly apprehended and examined, it is found to be nothing more nor less than a struggle between Religion and Atheism, between Belief and Unbelief. Here in England the most notorious professors of modern Atheism—worshipped by the World in general, courted and flattered by those of high positions both in Church and State, whose friendship is sought by ecclesiastics, and who are cringed to by popularity-hunting preachers—discuss subjects which even some of the most demoniacal and outrageous promoters of the French Revolution of 1788 would never have touched or handled; and this with a calm flippancy which, to any Christian, adds to the astonishment and sorrow with which such demoralizing discussions are glanced at. The liberty of the press has almost resulted in the supremacy of Satan. It is effectively preparing the way for Antichrist.

On the other hand, the certain existence and alarming influence of what has been termed ‘spiritualism’—i.e., in other words, divination, soothsay-

ing, witchcraft, and necromancy, as set forth and condemned in the Old Testament—has proved a startling, if not an effective, stumbling-block to the unbeneficent yet over-confident apostles of Atheism.<sup>1</sup> Rather than admit its facts, they would apparently overthrow all the ordinary rules of evidence: while their unconcealed vexation and angry disappointment that a certain handful of so-called 'scientific' authorities should have been forced to admit the truth and reality of spiritual manifestations, and should have thrown themselves into the ranks of the spiritualists, has caused divers contradictions and no small perplexity amongst the Agnostics. The manner in which these latter have endeavoured to account for, and explain away, some of the most undisputed phenomena of modern necromancy, to any person who has witnessed the phenomena in question, is not only childish, but contemptible.

Dr. Garth Wilkinson, a disciple of Swedenborg, and a writer of singular vigour and power, points

<sup>1</sup> 'Modern spiritualism,' as Dr. G. Sexton has maintained, 'is destined to crush the materialism of the age, and hurl the scepticism, now so prevalent, from the throne which it has usurped.' *Spiritualism and its Critics*, p. 18. London, J. Burns.

this out in the following trenchant and remarkable passage of one of his recent works :—

‘There is one special combatant which it, Atheism, has to meet, and must meet, to wit, spiritism, which is indeed the *bête noire* of modern Materialism. Here Science quits her avowed tactics: and her preparation for the fight with this arch-enemy, consists in no buckling-on of armour; that she leaves to professional jugglers; but in putting her head into a bush of thorny dislikes, and exposing behind the proportions of her materialism. In a word she voluntarily puts out all her senses, and puts on all her pretexts before the encounter. Whether so much agonized fear of the question, and so much heat of hatred against a verdict on the other side, is a usual condition of successful enquiry, let Science herself decide; but, of the magnitude of her horror, and of its incapacity to reason and experiment, the history of the pending controversy is full.’<sup>1</sup>

This particular part of the subject will be dealt with more in detail in a later chapter, in which the new system of spiritualism will be considered

<sup>1</sup> *On Human Science and Divine Revelation*, by Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson, pp. 257–8. London: J. Speirs, 1876.

in the light of extracts from the published writings of its leading supporters, and its practices compared with those of the magicians and diviners of previous ages. Disbelief, of course, meets this new system with scoff and sneer, until enquiry takes place. Then the natural revulsion consequent upon a perfect conviction of its supernatural character, enables the advocates of spiritualism to win over converts by hundreds.

An easy path, both in the past and present, has been cut out for the unbelievers by the short-sighted policy of timorous or incompetent defenders of historical Christianity. For example : for some generations the truth of miracles has been only admitted with wavering will, ambiguous words, and weak and incomplete arguments, full of apologies and terms of doubtful signification. The supernatural characteristics of Paganism, for instance ; the truth of the miracles recorded (for example) by St. Augustine to have been wrought in his day ; the unbroken line of miraculous manifestations chronicled in the histories of the saints, and formally proved on their beatification and canonization, are each and all denied, or satisfactory proof of them is maintained to be not forthcoming. Some persons

have feebly endeavoured to draw an arbitrary line between the miracles of our Lord and those of His apostles ; notwithstanding His pledge that they should do 'greater works ;' or again, between the miracles of Holy Scripture and those of ecclesiastical history ; while others have held that no miracles were wrought after the first century of the Christian era ; and others again, that they may possibly have been witnessed here and there up to the end of the third century, but not later ; and that now they have long ago certainly ceased to take place.

Of the intercourse between men and angels, not exactly miraculous, but affording true glimpses of the Unseen World, by which the former have been aided by the latter, as when an angel troubled the pool of Bethesda, and virtue went out of the water for the healing of bodily diseases, Bishop Hall has put on record some shrewd words of wisdom which are well worthy of notice :—

'The trade that we have with good spirits,' he remarks, 'is not now driven by the eye, but is like to themselves, spiritual ; yet not so but that even in bodily occasions we have many times insensible helps from them in such manner as that, by the



effects, we can boldly say, Here hath been an angel, though we saw him not.'

'Of this kind was that (no less than miraculous) cure which at St. Madernes, in Cornwall, was wrought upon a poor cripple (one John Trelille) whereof (besides the attestations of many hundreds of the neighbours) I took a strict and personal examination in that last visitation (at Whitsuntide) which I either did or ever shall hold. This man that for sixteen years together was fain to walk upon his hands, by reason of the close contraction of the sinews of his legs, was (upon three monitions in his dream to wash in that well) suddenly so restored to his limbs, that I saw him able both to walk, and to get his own maintenance; I found here was neither art nor collusion, the thing done, the author invisible.'<sup>1</sup>

Then again, to turn from light to darkness, there appears to some, and these not the least thoughtful, but one way of accounting for the extraordinary and astonishing tricks performed by Indian jugglers, and that is by referring them to

<sup>1</sup> *Divers Treatises*, by Joseph Hall, late Bishop of Norwich, vol. iii. p. 971. London, 1662.

necromancy, which certainly *was* a reality, and no doubt is a reality still.

‘I am satisfied,’ writes an English officer of rank and family, ‘that the performances of the native “wise-men” are done by the aid of familiar spirits. The visible growth of a mango tree out of an empty vessel, into which a little earth is placed, a growth which spectators witness, and the secret of which has never been discovered, may not be unreasonably referred to the same occult powers which enabled the Egyptian magicians of old to imitate the miraculous acts which Moses, by God’s command, openly wrought in the face of Pharaoh and his people.’

Elsewhere a renowned traveller wrote this:—  
‘Sheik Bechir has for some years devoted his time, singular as it may appear, to the cultivation of magic; and the stories he relates of his interviews with immaterial beings are novel and startling. At times he will place a jug between the hands of two persons sitting opposite to each other, when after the recital of certain passages taken indiscriminately from the “Koran” and the “Psalms of David,” it will move spontaneously round, to the astonishment of the holders. A stick, at his bid-

ding, will proceed unaided, from one end of the room to the other. On two earthenware jars being placed in opposite corners of the room, one being empty, the other filled with water, the empty jar will, on the recital of certain passages, move across the room. The jar full of water will rise of itself on the approach of its companion, and empty its contents into it, the latter returning to its place in the same manner that it came ; an egg boiling in a saucepan will be seen to spring suddenly out of the water, and be carried to a considerable distance. A double-locked door will unlock itself. There cannot be a doubt that an unseen influence of some kind is called into operation, but of what kind those may conjecture who like to speculate on such matters. But it is in the more serious cases of disease and lunacy that his powers are called into play. Previous to undertaking a cure, he shuts himself up in a darkened room, and devotes his time to prayer and fasting. At last one of the genii, described by him to be much of the same appearance as human beings, will suddenly come before him and demand his bidding. He then states his position, and requires assistance in the case he is about to undertake. The genius replies

at once that his request is granted, and encourages him to proceed. . . . That the Sheik stoutly maintains his intercourse with spiritual agents to be real and effective is unquestionable ; and indeed this belief in magic, and in the interposition of an order of unseen creatures in worldly affairs, at the bidding of those who choose to devote themselves earnestly to such intercourse, is universal throughout the entire population of every religion and sect. There are Christian priests who affirm that the Psalms of David contain an extensive series of necromantic passages, which, if thoroughly understood and properly treated, would place the whole world of spirits entirely at man's disposal, and invest him, through their medium, with miraculous powers.'

'Instances could be multiplied in which the most extraordinary and unaccountable results have been brought about by the intervention of individuals who make this communion the subject of their study and contemplation. But, as the ears of Europeans could only be shocked by assertions and statements which they would not fail of holding to be utterly fabulous and ridiculous, the subject is merely alluded to in these pages to

indicate the existence of a very prominent and prevalent belief in Lebanon.' <sup>1</sup>

A correspondent of the *Times* newspaper, discussing this subject, relates what he himself witnessed on the part of these Magi or jugglers when quartered at Attock, in 1861: 'After placing some cardboard figures on a cloth spread on the bare floor of the mess-room, the juggler engaged began to play upon a rude reed instrument. In a moment up jumped the figures and commenced dancing in time to the music. This dance was quaint, orderly and intricate, but performed with the greatest regularity and art. A particular motion of the juggler's right hand made all the figures cease moving and suddenly fall down.'

Another performance was of the following character. The juggler placed a rupee at one corner of the mess-table, and the signet ring of one of the officers witnessing the acts done, at the opposite corner. Upon the music being recommenced the ring, as it is said, 'wobbled across the table, clawed the rupee, and carried the prize back to its own corner, as a spider would a fly.'

<sup>1</sup> *Mount Lebanon*, by Colonel Churchill, in 3 vols. Vol. i. pp. 164-167. London, 1853.

A French conjuror who witnessed this and other similar performances, acknowledged himself utterly unable to account for the marvels done by these Oriental jugglers. He had, as he declared, offered them large sums of money for a knowledge of their secrets, but the tempting offers were invariably and sternly refused.<sup>1</sup> Why such persons—often the poorest of the poor—should prove themselves superior to the power of money, is a subject astonishing to the commonplace European and worthy of investigation.

Furthermore, the well-known basket trick, done without a special stage or platform, without machinery or preparation, and performed in any place or spot—a greensward, a paved yard, a messroom—is one which, witnessed by thousands, has never been discovered. A girl or boy placed under a large wicker basket of a tall conical shape, a basket which can be previously and fully examined by all, and is evidently an ordinary basket and nothing more, is stabbed through and through by the juggler, who uses a long sword for his purpose. Screams indicating pain follow each violent thrust

<sup>1</sup> This assertion seems at variance with another statement on a later page.

of the weapon, which, drawn out, seems to be covered with blood. Thrust after thrust of the sword into the sides of the basket follows. The screams become fainter and at last cease altogether. Then the juggler, with incantations and wild cries, dances round and round for a few seconds, when, all of a sudden, removing the basket (which is again examined by the spectators), no sign of the girl or boy is seen. In the space of a minute, or sometimes even less, the child who had been placed under the basket, comes running forward from some distant spot. Such performances have been witnessed again and again by keen and competent critics, who have been altogether unable to account for the extraordinary things witnessed, or to give any satisfactory explanation of the acts done. The late Lord Mayo, as is stated, witnessed the trick many times, and after much deliberation, referred it, as so many others have done (though they keep their opinion to themselves), to the influence and power of spirits or demons.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On this point Lieut-Colonel H. C. B. Barnett, of the 25th Regiment Madras Native Infantry, informs me that Father Gannon, a Roman Catholic Secular Priest, sometime chaplain of St. Thomas's Mount near Madras, once found himself standing in a crowd to see an oriental juggler per-

A similar conclusion was arrived at by a shrewd and observant lady, Mrs. J. B. Speid, who gave her impressions of Indian life and manners in a readable and interesting work, 'Our Last Years in India,' which was published about fifteen years ago; from which the following is taken:—

'Some of these hill- and especially Bheel-wizards, are very uncanny gentlemen indeed. I have been told by Englishmen wondrous stories of the curious arts practised, and even taught by them. One gentleman declared that, under their instructions, he had himself become an adept; and, apparently somewhat indignant at my incredulity, offered to demonstrate the truth of his assertion on the spot. But, as he had owned that the fruit of this forbidden tree of knowledge had tasted bitterly to his conscience, and had, in the first instance, caused him much remorse, though, as he explained, 'one becomes accustomed to everything,' I declined par-

form the Basket Trick. Father Gannon, believing that it was accomplished by the aid of demons, protected himself by the sacred sign of the Cross, and by an extemporized mental act of exorcism effectively resisted the action. At once the juggler ended his invocations and mumbling incantations, and, turning sharply upon the priest, requested him to go away. He did so, and then it is reported that the deed was done.



taking of it. . . . The power possessed was a certain authority over living but inanimate things, as plants and trees, which it was declared could be made, by invoking the spirits of earth, air, and water, according to a set formula, and especially by an adjuration in the most Sacred Name, to bend and advance themselves towards the person using the incantation. . . . On another occasion Captain —— told me that he had secreted a ring with a view of ascertaining the truth of the imputed powers of the conjuror. The usual preliminaries having been completed, Captain —— was directed to lay his hand lightly on a brass saucer, which he was assured would indicate the spot where the ring had been deposited. This accordingly took place ; for Captain —— had no sooner pressed his palm on the rim, than he felt the saucer start beneath it, and it soon brought him to the person to whom the ring had been consigned. There was no possibility, it was asserted, of collusion, as none save the person who held it, knew where the ring had been placed. The Moonshee (professor of languages, etc.) says the Mahometans admit the fact of supernatural power, and believe it to be of Satanic origin. They say the secret has been

handed down from a remote antiquity, and preserved in certain families alone—an heirloom of unlawful knowledge gathered in some old time from the forbidden tree.’<sup>1</sup>

As to possession by, and intercourse with, an evil spirit, one of the most remarkable cases on record is given by Bishop Hall of Norwich in one of his published tractates, a case (here reprinted verbatim) which at once illustrates the reality of witchcraft, and indirectly throws some light on that form of modern necromancy known as ‘spiritualism.’

‘I cannot forbear to single out that one famous story of Magdalene de la Croix,’ writes the bishop, ‘in the year of our Lord Christ, 1545, who being born at Cordova in Spain, whether for the indigence or devotion of her parents, was at five years age, put into a convent of nuns; at that age an evil spirit presented himselfe to her in the form of a blackmore, foul and hideous; she startled at the sight, not without much horror; but with faire speeches and promises of all those gay toys wherewith children are wont to be delighted, she was wont to hold society with him, not without

<sup>1</sup> *Our Last Years in India*, by Mrs. J. B. Speid, pp. 107–111. London, 1862.

strong charges of silence and secrecy ; in the mean time giving proof of a notable quick wit, and more than the ordinary ability incident unto her age ; so as she was highly esteemed, both of the young novices, and of the aged nuns. No sooner was she come to the age of twelve or thirteen years, then the devill solicits her to marry with him, and for her dowry promises her that for the space of thirty years, she shall live in such fame and honour for the opinion of her sanctity, as that she shall be for that time the wonder of all Spain.

‘ Whiles this wicked spirit held his unclean conversation with her in her chamber, he delegates another of his hellish complices, to supply the place and forme of his Magdalene in the church, in the cloister, in all their meetings ; not without marvellous appearance of gravity, and devotion ; disclosing unto her also, the affairs of the world abroad, and furnishing her with such advertisements, as made her wondered at ; and won her the reputation, not of a holy virgin only, but of a prophetesse. Out of which height of estimation, although she was not for years capable of that dignity, she was by the general votes of the sisterhood chosen unanimously, to be the Abbess of that Convent.

‘Wonderful were the feats which she then did : the priest cries out in his celebration that he missed one of the holy Hosts, which he had consecrated : and lo, that was by her wonted Angel invisibly conveyed to holy Magdalene. The wall that was betwixt her lodging and the Quire, at the elevation of the Host clave assunder, that holy Magdalene might see that sacred act : and (which was yet more notorius) on solemn festivals, when the nuns made their procession, Magdalene was in the sight of the beholders, lift up from the earth the height of three cubits, as if she should have been rapt up to heaven : and sometimes, while she bore in her arms a little image of the Child Jesus, new born and naked, weeping (like a true Magdalene) abundantly over the babe, her haire seemed by a miracle, suddenly lengthened so low as to reach unto her ankles, for the covering of the naked child ; which so soon as she had laid aside that dear burden, returned suddenly to its wonted length.

‘These and many other the like miracles, made her so famous, that Popes, Emperours, the Grantees of Spain wrote to her beseeching her in their letters to recommend their affairs to God in her

powerful devotions, and in requiring her advice and advertisements in matters of high importance ; as appeared afterwards by the letters found in her cabinet. And the great ladies of Spain and other parts would not wrap their new-born infants in any clouts or swadling-bands, but such as the sacred hands of Abbess Magdalene had first touched and blessed. All the nuns of Spain were so proud of so great an honour to their order, and such miraculous proof of their sanctity.

‘ At last it pleased God to lay open this notable fraud of the Devill ; for Magdalene after thirty years’ acquaintance with this paramour, having been Abbess now twelve years, began to receive some remorse of her former practises ; and growing to a detestation of her horrible society with that evill spirit, found means freely to discover to the Visitors of her Order, all the whole carriage of this abominable and prodigious wickednesse. Although some credible, wise, and learned persons have reported that she, perceiving the nuns to have taken notice of her foul pranks, lest she should run into a deserved condemnation, did (under the favour of those laws which give pardon to self-accusing offenders) voluntarily confesse her monstrous vil-

lany and impiety. This confession blankt many of her favourers and admirers ; and seemed so strange that it was held fit not to beleieve it, without strict and legall examinations, and proceedings. Magdalene was close imprisoned in her convent ; and being called to question, confessed all this mysterie of iniquity.

‘Yet still her Moore continued his illusions ; for, while she was fast lockt up in her cell, with a strong guard upon her doores ; the nuns were no sooner come into the quire, towards morning, to say their mattins, than this deputy-apparition of Magdalene took up her wonted stall, and was seen devoutly tossing her beads among her sisters ; so as they thought the visitors had surely freed her of the crimes objected, upon her vehement penitence. But, hearing that Magdalene was still fast caged in her prison, they acquainted the visitors with what they had seen the morning before : who, upon full examination, found that she had never lookt out of the doores of her gaole. The processe was at last sent up to Rome ; whence, since the confession was voluntary, she had her absolution. A story of great note and use for many occasions, and too well known in the world, to admit of either deniall

or doubt, and ratified, as by the known consent of the time, so by the faithfull records of Zuingerus, Bodin, Reney, Gaulatius.' <sup>1</sup>

A record such as the above is startling, but is repudiated as too absurd for reasonable people to accept, by a considerable majority who, themselves scientifically superstitious, condemn and banish all other kinds of 'superstition.'

It is obviously impossible, however, that the Fathers and Rulers of the Christian Church could have been utterly mistaken (as modern theories would make them), as to the certain reality of magic, witchcraft, and necromancy : <sup>2</sup> for it is un-

<sup>1</sup> *Divers Treatises*, by Joseph Hall, vol. iii. pp. 993-994. London, 1662.

<sup>2</sup> A law passed by Constantine, the first Christian emperor (from which the following extract is made), contains a faithful record of what was then accepted and currently believed concerning the magical arts : ' Their skill is to be condemned, and very deservedly punished in the severest manner, who, being furnished with knowledge of the magic arts, shall be discovered to have acted anything, either for the impairing of man's health, or drawing chaste minds to unlawful love. But no vexatious actions are to be brought against remedies that are sought for the bodies of men ; or against charms that are innocently used in country places, for fear lest storms, or winds, or hail, should hurt the forward vineyards ; or against everything whereby no man's health or credit was lost, but the gifts of God and the works of men were preserved from damage.' The original passage

questionable that such practices have been deliberately and authoritatively condemned by local and other Councils of influence, and generally accepted. For example, the twenty-fourth canon of the Council of Ancyra, held in the year of our Lord 314, appointed no less than five years' penance to pretended prophets and enchanter, as well as to fortune-tellers, as also to those who took such people into their houses to cure diseases. A further Declaration of that Council, given both by Gratian and Lancelot, implies that many wicked women, deluded by the illusions of Satan, believe that they ride through the air, and see sometimes sad sights and at other times joyful sights. But all priests are therein enjoined to instruct the people of God that such illusions are both erroneous and reprehensible. Furthermore, at the Council of Laodicea, held exactly fifty years afterwards, the thirty-sixth of the Canons then enacted solemnly excommunicates all clerics who should be Magicians, Enchanters, Soothsayers or Astrologers: while the sixtieth and sixty-first Canons of the

begins and ends thus :—'Eorum est scientia punienda, etc . . . ne divina munera et labores hominum sternerentur.' In *Cod. Just.* Lib. ix. tit. 18.



Council of Trullo, held A.D. 692, condemn Fortune-tellers, Casters of Nativities, Enchanters and Charmers—the same kind of sinners condemned in Holy Scriptures. Local Councils, of course, did but apply old rules and regulations which the universal Church had always regarded as generally binding.

The celebrated Bull of Pope Alexander VIII., by consequence, only gathered up, and gave point and purpose to rules and laws which had ever been in existence in the Church of God; and which had materially aided in checking all dealings with evil spirits, or any invocations for securing the assistance of the principalities and powers of darkness. This important Bull, promulgated in 1484, declared that it had come to the knowledge of the Sovereign Pontiff that great numbers of people of both sexes, careless of their own salvation, and falling from the Catholic Faith, are not afraid to abuse their own bodies with demons who, after invocation, come forth to serve persons of both sexes, and who with their enchantments, charms and sorceries, vex and afflict man and beast, both with inward and outward pains and tortures, oftentimes making men impotent and women sterile; frequently destroying infants and the

increase of flocks and herds; blasting the fruit of the ground and the grapes of the vines: so that, according to his official duty as *Servus servorum Dei*, he applies suitable remedies and well-deserved punishments upon such sinners—enjoining that transgressors of the laws of God by these unlawful methods be corrected, imprisoned, punished, and fined; and that, if need be, after excommunication had, the secular arm be called in for their further punishment.<sup>1</sup>

Other Popes in more recent periods, e.g. Pope Adrian VI., Pope Benedict XIV., and Pope Pius IX.,<sup>2</sup> have spoken with equal force; and all magical

<sup>1</sup> The reader, after studying the false principles and dark practices of modern necromancers, set forth in another chapter, cannot fail to perceive how exactly the condemnatory words of Pope Alexander are applicable to the lying delusions, the spirit-invocations, the prying into secrets and other occult performances, of our nineteenth-century dealers with evil spirits. It should be observed that since the laws against witchcraft were short-sightedly repealed in England, such persons can now only be dealt with by enactments touching 'rogues and vagabonds.'

<sup>2</sup> 'These women, carried away by gesticulations not always of a modest kind, by the tricks of somnambulism, and what they call clairvoyance, babble of their seeing whatever is invisible, and presume to institute discourses concerning Religion itself, to evoke the souls of the dead, to receive answers, to reveal things unknown and distant, and rashly to practise

incantations and invocations have been formally condemned. This is not the case only in the Western Church ;<sup>1</sup> for in the East, similar condemnations of such practices have been promulgated ; while quite lately in Russia the practice of modern spiritualism has been authoritatively, officially, and solemnly prohibited.

other superstitious things of the same nature, sure of gaining by divination great profit for themselves and their masters. In all these things whatever art or illusion it be that they use, where physical means are ordered to non-natural effects, there is found a deception wholly unlawful and heretical, and a scandal against virtuous morals. Therefore, to restrain efficaciously so great a crime—one so hostile to religion and civil society, the pastoral solicitude, vigilance and zeal of all the bishops ought as much as possible to be excited. Wherefore let the ordinaries of places, as much as they can, with the assistance of divine grace, whether by the admonition of paternal charity, or by severe reproof, or, finally by the application of legal remedies, according as they shall judge it expedient in the Lord, regard being had to the circumstances of places, persons, and time, bestow all diligence to repress the abuses of magnetism of this kind, and to root them up, that the Lord's flock may be defended from the enemy, and the deposit of the Faith be kept entire, and the faithful entrusted to them be preserved from the corruption of morals.'—*The Abuses of Magnetism: Decree of the Sacred Congregation*, July 30, 1856.

<sup>1</sup> The R. C. Archbishop of Quebec, in the year 1854, issued a pastoral letter against spirit-rapping and table-turning, in which his grace forbade, as a superstitious practice, the causing tables to turn or rap, with the intention

I am indebted to a friend for the following account of a haunted house in Berkshire, which, I believe, may possibly never, as yet, have been published. It is taken from a manuscript in the handwriting of the seventeenth century, preserved by the representative of an old Berkshire family; and though slightly abridged, contains substantially all that is pointed and of interest in the case thus recorded. It has many features in common with the haunted house at Woodstock, in the time of the Commonwealth; with Mr. John Wesley's case, as also with an account of a spiritualistic séance, given in a later chapter.

‘In 1679, the house of a certain Mr. William Morse of Newbury, in Berkshire, was infested with demons. Bricks, stones, sticks, pieces of wood, were thrown about. A long staff danced up and down the chimney, and afterwards was hung upon a line and swung to and fro; an iron crook was violently hurried about by an invisible hand; and a chair flew about the room till at last it alighted on the table. A chest was carried about from one place to another, the doors barricaded, the keys of the  
of invoking the dead or spirits, of consulting them or of having any communications whatsoever with them.

family taken off the bunch and flung about with a loud noise.

‘A little boy was the chief sufferer. He was flung about with such violence, that his friends feared that his brains would be dashed out ; his bed-clothes were pulled off his bed, his bed shaken. A man who tried to hold him in a chair, found chair, boy and all, moving about. The child was thrown towards the fire, pricked on the back ; pins and knives were stuck into him, which the spectators pulled out. Sometimes he barked like a dog ; sometimes he clucked like a hen. Before the devil put an end to these tricks, the invisible hand put on an astonishing visibility. The apparition of a blackamoor child was seen ; then a violent drumming or regular thumping on the table took place ; musical sounds were heard in the air, and a voice saying, “Revenge, revenge, sweet revenge !” On the spectators praying, the sounds stayed for awhile, but began again when they left off. Eventually, however, a voice sounded “Alas ! alas ! we are overcome, we are cast out ! We knock no more.” And then the excitement ceased altogether.’

Those who have dealt with cases of this kind,

under the guidance of the warnings provided in God's Word, find little difficulty in acknowledging that evil spirits are sometimes permitted to linger in, and haunt, certain localities. Particular Catholic traditions support such a conviction. The old Christian forms of exorcism obviously imply the truths that exorcism was at once sorely needed and frequently practised. Who then will venture to declare that in these latter days the necessity no longer exists, because the cause has been surely removed? Not I.

Though the influence of evil spirits is great, and all the more dangerous, because so many persons in these latter days deny their existence; yet the work and malice of such evil spirits are evident to those more far-seeing souls who, in the light of the Christian revelation, read accurately the ominous signs of the times.

The rebuke which Bishop Hall gave to the unbelievers of his day—less than a century had elapsed when it was uttered, since Englishmen were of one heart and of one soul, both in faith and worship—is one which is more than ever needed now, when our nation seems to be casting off the Faith of our forefathers and revelling in indifference

and materialism. These are Bishop Hall's plain-spoken and forcible words:—

‘Of all other the Sadducees had been the most dull and sottish hereticks that ever were (if, as some have construed them), they had utterly denied the very being of any spirits. Sure (as learned Cameron pleads for them), they could not be so senseless; for believing the books of Moses, and being conscious of their own animation, their bosoms must need convince them of their spiritual inmate; and what but a spirit could enable them to argue against spirits? And how could they hold a God and no spirit? It was bad enough that they denied the immortality and constant subsistence of those angelical immaterial substances; an opinion long since hissed out, not of the school of Christianity only, but of the very stalls and styes of the most brutish Paganism.’<sup>1</sup>

But, notwithstanding the popularity of indifferentism, and the influence of materialistic speculations, God, in His mercy, still grants Glimpses of the Unseen World, and of the spiritual order, to some, who are on the watch for them, so that seeing

<sup>1</sup> *Divers Treatises*, by Joseph Hall, the late Bishop of Norwich, p. 959. London, 1662.

they may see, and hearing they may hear. The power of faith is still potent, the virtue of hope great, the influence of charity vast ; so that some amongst us trace the finger of God's power, and, seeing it, lowly and humbly adore.

For, unless people are prepared to reject all evidence whatsoever of the Supernatural—which, no doubt, many are, more especially those who hate the Catholic Religion, and profess to believe only in that which they can see and handle—it is impossible to deny the reality and certainty of various remarkable and notorious cures wrought in recent years, amongst other spots dear to Christians, at the celebrated shrine of Our Blessed Lady of Lourdes.<sup>1</sup> Information of the greatest interest regarding certain of these more recent cures, has

<sup>1</sup> Those who may desire to make themselves acquainted with the details of the miraculous apparition of *Our Lady at Lourdes* should read a small volume with that title, issued by R. Washbourne in 1870, from the pen of my friend (now resting in God), the late Provost Husenbeth. Hundreds of miracles have been wrought at the shrine, some of which are there set forth. Of these Father Brownlow, of Torquay (sometime of St. George's Mission, now of the Diocese of Plymouth), writes : ' I see that Count Artus has offered to wager ten thousand francs that no one can disprove the miracles related in M. La Serre's book—the French Institute being the jury.'



reached us from persons, some, Roman Catholics, and others, members of the Church of England, who either know personally the subjects of them, or were actually eyewitnesses of God's great mercy thus manifested to the sick and afflicted.

From these the following six examples are selected :—

I. That of Madame Stephanie Deferne, who was, at the time of the cure, thirty-three years of age. For the previous seven years she had suffered from chronic rheumatism. She suffered terribly in her legs, which were useless, and so had to be carried up to the grotto. She arrived there at 9 A.M., praying constantly for God's mercy, through the intercession of our Blessed Lady. Up to half-past twelve she felt no improvement. She then promised to have 300 masses said for the souls in purgatory. After this she was placed in the Well, and came out almost cured, though suffering a little from pains in her feet. Later on, having been plunged again, she so entirely lost all her pains, that she was enabled, by God's power, to go about tending the other sick pilgrims at the shrine. Her crutches were carried about the town

by a youth, who narrated the cure, and then deposited them as a token of the same near Our Lady's altar.

2. Madame Lefevre, a widow, aged sixty-three, residing at Paris, had suffered greatly, during the previous twelve months, from a diseased knee-joint, and could not walk without crutches. The doctors of the Hospital of *La Charité* had not cured her. Subscriptions were gathered by her neighbours in Paris to enable her to go with the pilgrims to Lourdes. She did so, enduring much fatigue and pain during the journey. On arriving at the Holy Well she was plunged into it. During this, she prayed earnestly to God for mercy and a cure. In a short time she was taken out and found that she could walk as well as when she was in her teens. On her return to France, her friends and neighbours went with her to their parish church to thank the Almighty, by the *Te Deum* and other Catholic canticles, for His great mercy.

3. Joseph Rivière, a poor deaf, dumb, blind and paralysed man, from the commune of Mexans, near Angers, was perfectly cured, after having washed in the miraculous spring, as has been fully and completely testified to by M. de la Perraudière,

Mayor of that commune, and other responsible and influential eye-witnesses.<sup>1</sup>

4. A most remarkable case was that of Madame Quillé, a native of Gien, who had been completely paralysed in her legs for eight years. Her physicians enjoined her to try the waters of Bourbon l'Archambault, but these made her worse. She became so very ill, that on her way to Lourdes, the services of a doctor had to be procured, who gave her morphia, the only remedy which afforded her even temporary ease. For some time she suffered from such painful suffocations that it was feared she would never reach her destination alive. On one occasion a priest gave her the last sacraments. On arriving at Lourdes she was no sooner put into the spring or bath, than she at once experienced a most remarkable change; so much so, indeed, that she was able to get out of the water alone. Hereupon she gave thanks to God

<sup>1</sup> On these miracles, 'an old-fashioned clergyman of the Church of England,' as he terms himself, writes :—'I can quite understand persons who do not believe in the Incarnation, and who do not regard the Blessed Virgin as "Blessed amongst Women," repudiating these examples of God's power and mercy : but I cannot understand the scoffs and scorn of the clergy, who judge at random, without knowing or enquiring ; and often in language which is coarse.'

and Our Lady, and then, without aid, proceeded up the steep hill which leads to the *Maison des Pères*. There, on being questioned by Father Piccard, so that her true state beforehand might be proved, she was advised to continue her prayers and to descend again into the bath. A few hours afterwards she did this, to find herself, on having come out, perfectly healed, and without the slightest trace of her former malady.

5. The most noteworthy cure, perhaps, was that of Mère Joseph, sister of the Sainte Enfance de Marie, at Nancy, who had been consumptive from her infancy, and had now reached the last stage of that dreadful malady. She was subject to fainting fits, and had lost the use of her voice. The doctors of the convent maintained that she could not possibly live through the autumn; while the other physicians at Nancy, one and all, pronounced her case hopeless. She had heretofore refused to go to Lourdes, fearing, as is said, to act in opposition to God's Will. At last, however, her superior ordered her to take the journey, and she at once obeyed. She passed five nights on the railway, in her way thither suffering most excruciating agony. She arrived at Lourdes on a Sunday, and was

taken at once to the grotto of Our Lady in a carriage. On reaching it, 'she felt,' as she herself declared, and to use her own expression, 'as if she were already in Paradise.' She would not demand her own cure, but, when in the bath, asked only that God's most Holy and adorable Will should be done. For four hours she remained in devotion at the Grotto, and was then placed in the water. Suddenly, 'she felt,' as she described it, 'as if a heavy weight had been taken off her chest, and as if she were quite a new creature.' She went up out of the bath, by her own strength, exclaiming 'I am cured! God be praised; I am cured!' and at once sang the canticle of Our Lady, *Magnificat*, with a strong and clear voice. Her prayers were thus answered. God's Will was done. Her cure was at once instantaneous and complete.

6. Another case, of a similar kind, is recorded in a London Roman Catholic newspaper.<sup>1</sup> It is the cure of an Irishwoman by the application of clay from the Grotto of Lourdes during a Nine Days' prayer, and is contained in the following letter:—

<sup>1</sup> *Weekly Register*, December 23, 1876.

‘ . . . 29th November, 1876.

‘ . . . You will feel interested in hearing of a miraculous cure lately effected by the clay you so kindly sent to me from Lourdes. A very holy and very useful Sister of Mercy was afflicted with a fearfully dangerous disease. She was under the doctors, who at last declared that her recovery was hopeless. Our Mother Catherine happened to be in the convent at the time, and knowing how great a loss she would be to the community, felt in her heart that our Lady of Lourdes would cure the poor afflicted invalid. She went, therefore, to the poor sick nun's cell, and, after hearing of her sufferings, said to her, “You must be cured: our Lady of Lourdes will do it for you if you but ask Her with faith and love.” Mother Catherine then gave her some of the clay from the Grotto with a little picture representing the Apparition. They then commenced a Novena together. The old nun had no confidence in her own faith, and turning to Mother Catherine, said, “The Blessed Virgin will cure me through yours.” And so, indeed, it turned out. The poor invalid began to grow better and better every day, and now she is able to attend to her usual employment. She is, of course, further-

ing the devotion to our Blessed Lady to the best of her power, and has erected a beautiful statue in the convent as an offering of her thanksgiving.'

Lady Gertrude Douglas most obligingly writes thus to me concerning that of which she was an actual eye-witness :

'I have just returned from Lourdes, where I had the good fortune, or rather the great favour conferred on me, of witnessing with my own eyes four miraculous cures of the most marvellous description : besides the smaller one of my own eyes getting well after washing them in the waters. I had been sent to Luchon to take the waters for rheumatic ophthalmia with which I was threatened. I went to Lourdes first, and from the first hour I touched my eyes with the water, *all* pain left, and they have gradually become quite well.'

I close this chapter with the following facts, concerning the celebrated case of Louise Lateau. The Royal Academy of Belgium, at the close of the year 1870, appointed a commission to investigate her case with a view if possible of detecting fraud ; and failing that, of explaining the strange phenomena. The Report of the Commission was received by the Academy on February 13, 1875,

and appeared in the *Gazette Hebdomadaire* of February 19, and a summary in English in *The London Medical Record* of March 3, and 17, 1875. The following are the facts formally recorded :<sup>1</sup>

‘ Louise Lateau was visited several times on Fridays before and during the ecstasies, and was submitted to long and minute examinations.

‘ Though she suffered pain all over her body, and especially in the regions of the stigmata, she lacked entirely the peculiar pains experienced by hysterical subjects.

‘ With regard to the ecstasies (taking one Friday for example)—

‘ After she received the Blessed Sacrament, at 6 A.M., she remained for half-an-hour in a state of ecstasy, apparently insensible to all outward distractions.

‘ In the afternoon, at a quarter-past two, she fell into a fresh ecstasy. The ecstasy comprised three stages or periods :—

‘ In the first stage Louise was seated upon her chair, her body bending forwards ; her eyes wide

<sup>1</sup> I am indebted for these to the courtesy and kindness of J. M. Davenport, Esq.



open, fixed, turned upwards, and to the right. The pupils were dilated, and light did not at first cause contraction. Sight appeared annihilated ; nevertheless, there was a slight winking of the eyes when the finger was sharply applied to them. She was insensible to all irritations, prickings, and pinchings ; the strongest electric current did not provoke any reflex movement.

‘The hearing was closed to ordinary excitements. The region of the stigmata, painful up to that time, could be pressed, pinched, and rubbed vigorously without causing any manifestation of pain. In the second stage the girl fell on her knees, remained about a quarter of an hour in that attitude, then returned to her seat. The third stage was that of prostration. . . . Her arms were extended in the shape of a cross, her feet joined together. During this stage, which lasted an hour and a half, her circulation and respiration underwent various changes. She rose from this position about half-past four, and immediately recovered consciousness. Her pains, until then unfelt, returned, and gradually diminished, until they disappeared at half-past eight, when the paroxysm finished, to be reproduced on the following week.

*‘The Commission reported that the genuineness of the ecstasies is incontestable.*

‘With regard to the stigmata, the Commission report that blood flowed from different parts of her body: from the forehead, which, when washed and examined with a magnifying glass, showed neither erosions nor scratches; from wounds three quarters of an inch to one inch long, on the backs and palms of the hands, and the front and soles of the feet, wider in the centre than at the ends (just such a shape, note, as nails would cause), and from a wound between the fifth and sixth ribs on the left side.

‘In order to determine whether these bleedings were spontaneous or produced artificially, an experiment, far more searching than the glove test of Dr. Lefebvre, mentioned in Dr. Day’s paper, was tried as follows:—

‘The right hand of the stigmatisée was placed at 2 P.M. on Thursday, January 21, 1875 (i.e., some time before the bleeding usually begins), in an apparatus invented for the purpose by M. Warlomont (the conductor of the experiments), which consisted of a glass globe, about four inches in diameter, having a neck like an ordinary bottle at

one of its poles, and at the other pole another neck about three inches in diameter. The first neck was closed by a cork, traversed by a bent glass tube not extending beyond the outside surface of the cork. The inside end of the cork, as well as that of the tube, was covered by a wire gauze, not interfering with the ingress of air, but preventing the introduction of any penetrating instrument. The corks and tubes were fixed by several seals. The second neck was covered with a kind of muff or sleeve of india-rubber cloth, fixed to its outer rim by India-rubber cement, and sealed with six seals. The right hand of Louise was introduced into the bottle through the large opening, then the india-rubber cloth sleeve was brought down over the arm, which it covered as far up as the sleeve of the chemise; it was cemented to the arm by the same adhesive application, then finally closed up by a bandage, nearly an inch wide, brought twice round the arm, and carefully sealed up. This done, all the apparatus was enveloped in a bag of gutta-percha cloth, fixed to the shoulder by two turns of another bandage, sealed with two seals. The india-rubber and gutta-percha cloths would inevitably betray the passage of the finest

needle. On Friday the 22nd, at half-past ten o'clock in the morning, M. Warlomont entered Louise Lateau's cell, accompanied by Professor Crocq, of Brussels, who had undertaken to remove the apparatus and declare the result. It was this : "The right hand was closed up in the apparatus which M. Warlomont had fixed on the previous evening. The apparatus was perfectly intact, as we assured ourselves by the most careful examination of the outer envelopes and the seals, not one of which bore the slightest trace of having been tampered with. The sloping portion of the receiver was filled with a small pool of liquid blood, and the back and palm of the hand were covered with clots of blood firmly adhering to the palms. *It therefore appeared that the effusions of blood did really occur spontaneously, and without the intervention of any violent means from without.*" With regard to the fasting (a phenomenon only just beginning when Dr. Day wrote his contribution to "Macmillan's Magazine"), Louise Lateau stated to the Commission that for three and a half years (i.e. from March 30, 1871) she had ceased to eat and drink, and that the consequent excreta had ceased also. The commission refused

to test the truth of this statement on the following grounds:—

“ Louise Lateau works and expends caloric ; every Friday she loses a certain quantity of blood by the stigmata ; the gases expired by her contain watery vapour and carbonic acid ; her weight has scarcely varied at all since she has been under observation ; therefore she burns carbon which she does not derive from her own organism. Whence, then, does she obtain it ? The answer made by physiology is that she takes food. The abstinence of Louise Lateau, as affirmed, is contrary to the laws of physiology, and consequently, there is no need to prove that it is a fabrication. As it is established that this fact is beyond those laws, it is for those who affirm it to demonstrate its truth. Until then, physiology must hold it to be an apocryphal statement.”

‘ This reasoning is based on the assumption that the *supernatural* and the *incredible* are convertible terms,—a principle which, if admitted, most obviously goes far beyond the case of Louise Lateau.’

A wide range of subjects having been considered in this introductory chapter—all bearing on the subject of my volume—it now remains to take

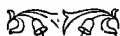
some of those already partly touched upon, together with others not yet considered, more in detail and with some selected method and system, so as to omit none of the events to be recorded, and to lose nothing which is worthy of careful preservation.





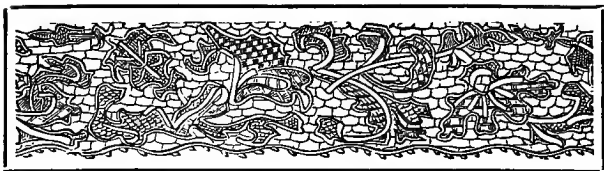
CHAPTER II.

WARNINGS OF COMING DANGER,  
OR OF DEATH, AND DREAMS




‘Seeing that dreams do grow from such divers roots, with so much the more difficulty ought we to believe them ; because it doth not easily appear unto us from what cause they do proceed. Holy men, indeed, by a certain inward spiritual taste, do discern betwixt illusions and true revelations by the very voice or representations of the visions themselves : so that they know what they receive from the good spirit, and what they suffer by illusion from the wicked ; and therefore, if our mind be not herein very attentive and vigilant, it falleth into many vanities through the deceit of the wicked spirit, who sometimes useth to foretell many true things, that, in the end, he may, by some falsehood, ensnare our souls.’—*The Dialogues of St. Gregory the Great*, Book iv. chap. xlix.





## CHAPTER II.

### WARNINGS OF COMING DANGER, OR OF DEATH, AND DREAMS.

ISTORY, literature, and the experience of thousands of all nations and periods, declare the reality of what are known as 'impressions,' warnings, (which, save by a belief in the Supernatural, can neither be explained nor explained away,) and dreams. People have frequently received some occult hint of danger, approaching change or death—a hint which, though often slight, could not be wholly disregarded and was sometimes attended to: and so brought a blessing, or an advantage, to those who had received the impression, or dreamt the dream.

Of the several examples of warnings by dreams,

or otherwise, which follow, some are of a remote, others of a recent period. They have been selected either because of their remarkable character, because they stand on a solid historical foundation, or because the evidence for them is at once sufficient and abundant.

The first is taken from Isaac Walton's well-known 'Life of Dr. John Donne : '—' At this time of Mr. Donne's and his wife's living in Sir Robert's house, the Lord Hay was, by King James, sent upon a glorious embassy to the then French King, Henry the Fourth ; and Sir Robert put on a sudden resolution to accompany him to the French court, and to be present at his audience there. And Sir Robert put on as sudden a resolution, to solicit Mr. Donne to be his companion in that journey. And this desire was suddenly made known to his wife, who was then with child, and otherwise under so dangerous a habit of body, as to her health, that she professed an unwillingness to allow him any absence from her ; saying her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence : and therefore desired him not to leave her. This made Mr. Donne lay aside all thoughts of the journey, and really to resolve against it. But Sir

Robert became restless in his persuasions for it, and Mr. Donne was so generous as to think he had sold his liberty, when he received so many charitable kindnesses from him, and told his wife so: who did therefore, with an unwilling willingness, give a faint consent to the journey, which was proposed to be but for two months. . . . Within a few days after this resolve, the ambassador, Sir Robert and Mr. Donne, left London, and were the twelfth day got all safe to Paris. Two days after their arrival there, Mr. Donne was left alone in that room, in which Sir Robert and he, and some other friends, had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour; and as he left, so he found, Mr. Donne alone: but in such an ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him; insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne . . . after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say, "I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you: I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: this I have seen since I saw you."

To which Sir Robert replied, "Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you ; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake." To which Mr. Donne's reply was, " I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you : and am as sure, that at her second appearing, she stooped, and looked me in the face, and vanished.

' Rest and sleep had not altered Mr. Donne's opinion the next day : for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate and so confirmed a confidence, that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true.

' It is truly said that desire and doubt have no rest ; and it proved so with Sir Robert ; for he immediately sent a servant to Drewry-house, with a charge to hasten back, and bring him word, whether Mrs. Donne were alive, and if alive, in what condition she was as to her health. The twelfth day the messenger returned with this account—that he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad, and sick in her bed ; and that, after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child. And, upon examination, the occurrence proved to be the same day, and about the very

hour that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber.

‘That there may be many pious and learned men, that believe our merciful God hath assigned to every man a particular guardian angel, to be his constant monitor ; and to attend him in all his dangers, both of body and soul. And the opinion that every man hath his particular angel may gain some authority by the relation of St. Peter’s miraculous deliverance out of prison, not by many, but by one angel. And this belief may yet gain more credit, by the reader’s considering, that when Peter after his enlargement knocked at the door of Mary, the mother of John, and Rhode, the maid-servant, being surprised with joy that Peter was there, did not let him in, but ran in haste, and told the disciples, who were then and there met together, that Peter was at the door ; and they, not believing it, said she was mad : yet, when she again affirmed it, though they then believed it not, yet they concluded, and said, “It is his angel.”

pp. 6, 7.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ‘Life of Dr. John Donne,’ written by Izaak Walton  
London : Ingram, Cook and Co., 1853.

A second curious warning, by which a physician was ineffectually warned of coming death, is recorded by a writer of shrewdness and experience, to whom little justice has yet been done for the care with which he gathered up several various and interesting supernatural facts, and left them on record :—

‘ Mr. Cotton Mather, in his “ Ecclesiastical History of New England ” (pp. 239-240), writes thus :—  
‘ Within a fortnight of my writing this, a physician, who sojourned within a furlong of my house, for three nights together, was miserably disturbed with dreams of his being drowned, and, on the third of these nights, his dreams were so troublesome, that he was cast into extreme sweats, by struggling under the imaginary waters. With the sweats yet upon him, he came down from his chamber, telling the people of the family what it was had so discomposed him. Immediately there came two friends, that asked him to go a little way with them in a boat upon the water. He was at first afraid of gratifying them in it, but being very calm weather, he recollected himself ; why should I mind my dreams, or distrust divine Providence ? He went with them, and before night, by a thunder-

storm coming up, they were all three drowned. Mr. Mather says he enquired into the truth of this relation, just as he writ it, and could assert it.'

A somewhat trivial circumstance, and yet one not altogether devoid of interest, may here reasonably follow. It recounts a dream by Gassendi, in the '*Life of Peireskius*,' written by himself:—

'In his return, Anno 1610, in the beginning of May, from Montpellier to Nismes, he had in his company one James Rainer, a citizen of Aix, who was wont to lodge in the same chamber with him, and now did so in an inn on the road. As Peireskius slept, Rainer observed he muttered somewhat to himself, after an unusual manner; whereupon Rainer awakened him, and asked him what was the matter. Oh! said he, from what a grateful and pleasant dream have you roused me! Rainer asking him what it was,—I was dreaming said he, that I was at Nismes, and that a goldsmith offered me a golden medal of Julius Cæsar, for four crowns, and I was upon paying him this money for it, when upon your unseasonable awaking me, both goldsmith and medal vanished. They went to Nismes, and being there, Peireskius took a turn in the city till dinner was ready, and by a won-

derful chance, he happened on a goldsmith's shop, and asked the goldsmith whether he had any rarity to show him. He told him he had a Julius Cæsar of gold. He asked him the price, and was answered four crowns, which he presently paid him, and taking the medal, by an admirable hit of fortune he fulfilled his dream.' (P. 225.)

A remarkable warning of death is also recorded in Dunkin's '*Antiquities of Oxfordshire*,' from the pen of the Reverend Dr. Walker, sometime Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, to the Reverend T. Offley. Only the facts, not the exact words in which they are set forth in Dr. Walker's Letter, are here given :—It seems that a certain Mr. Shaw, sometime Vicar of Souldern in Oxfordshire, as he was reading at midnight in his study about the end of July, in a certain year, saw all at once the apparition of his departed friend Mr. Naylor, also a Fellow of St. John's College, stand before him in the ordinary dress which he had commonly worn. This Mr. Naylor had, it appears, died some two or three years previously. Mr. Shaw, from the narrative of Dr. Walker, does not seem to have been at all alarmed ; for, with singular presence of mind, he requested the apparition to be seated, and, in



due course, put several searching questions to him concerning the future state, as well as concerning those who were there. On most of these the spirit was silent. But amongst other utterances, the apparition declared that their mutual friend, Mr. Orchard, then living, should shortly die, and pass away from the earth, and that Mr. Shaw himself should not be long in following. Other names were likewise mentioned, and other revelations made; but of these a discreet and due silence was observed. In reply to a request from Mr. Shaw that the apparition should visit him once again, it was intimated that such would be impossible, for that he had but the space of three days allotted to him for his return to the earth, and further or longer he was not allowed to go. On this Mr. Shaw ejaculated, '*Fiat Domini Voluntas!*' and then the apparition vanished.

Within a week of this visitation, as the record in question declares, Mr. Orchard was surely enough summoned away by his Maker, and in due course the Vicar of Souldern likewise passed from sight and ken, as had been predicted by the *spectrum*. Mr. Shaw died of apoplexy in the reading-desk of the church of which he was Rector.

The person to whom Mr. Shaw had narrated the account of the apparition, viz., Mr. Grove, a gentleman by no means given to over-credulity, had in his turn mentioned the subject to Dr. Balderston; then the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge; and though this had taken place after Mr. Orchard's decease, it had been mentioned and made the subject of conversation some time before Mr. Shaw's sudden and unexpected death,—a fact worthy of note as enabling independent persons to judge of the reality of the apparition and the correctness of its predictions and warning.

The following account of the spectral appearance of a woman to Lady Fanshawe, in the seventeenth century, may be suitably given here. The tradition in the family is reported to bear out the truth of the narrative most completely:—

‘From thence (Limerick) we went to the Lady Honor O'Brien's, a lady that went for a maid, but few believed it; she was the youngest daughter of the Earl of Thomond. There we stayed three nights, the first of which I was surprised by being laid in a chamber, when, about one o'clock, I heard a voice that wakened me. I drew the cur-

tain, and in the casement of the window, I saw, by the light of the moon, a woman leaning into the window, through the casement, in white, with red hair and pale ghastly complexion : she spoke loud, and in a tone I had never heard, thrice, "A horse !" and then, with a sigh more like the wind than breath, she vanished, and to me her body looked more like a thick cloud than substance. I was so much frightened, that my hair stood on end, and my night clothes fell off. I pulled and pinched your father, who never woke during the disorder I was in ; but at last was much surprised to see me in this fright, and more so when I related the story and showed him the window open. Neither of us slept any more that night, but he entertained me with telling me how much more these apparitions were usual in this country than in England : and we concluded the cause to be the great superstition of the Irish, and the want of that knowing faith, which should defend them from the power of the Devil, which he exercises among them very much. About five o'clock the lady of the house came to see us, saying she had not been in bed all night, because a cousin O'Brien of her's, whose ancestors had owned that house, had desired

her to stay with him in his chamber, and that he died at two o'clock, and she said, "I wish you to have had no disturbance, for 'tis the custom of the place, that, when any of the family are dying, the shape of a woman appears in the window every night till he is dead. This woman was many ages ago got with child by the owner of this place, who murdered her in his garden, and flung her into the river under the window, but truly I thought not of it when I lodged you here, it being the best room in the house." We made little reply to her speech, but disposed ourselves to be gone suddenly.'<sup>1</sup>

The following case, which has already been published, though not with the exactness of detail which characterises the record of it given below, belongs to a type of examples by no means uncommon, but valuable as a well-authenticated instance of the Supernatural:—

'About the year 1731,' wrote Lady Clerk of Penecuick,<sup>2</sup> 'my father, Joseph D'Acre, Esq., of Kirk

<sup>1</sup> 'Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, wife of Sir Richard Fanshawe, Bart., Ambassador from Charles II. to the Courts of Portugal and Madrid. Written by Herself,' pp. 92, 93. London: 1830.

<sup>2</sup> The Editor is courteously informed by a connection of

Linton, in the county of Cumberland, then a youth, came to Edinburgh to attend the classes, having the advantage of an uncle in the regiment then in the Castle ; and remained under the protection of his uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. Griffiths, during the winter. When spring arrived, Mr. D'Acre and three or four young gentlemen from England (his intimates) made parties to visit all the neighbouring places about Edinburgh, Roslyn, Arthur's Seat, Craigmillar, &c.

‘Coming home one evening from some of these places, Mr. D'Acre<sup>1</sup> said, “We have made a party

the family, that this lady, Mary D'Acre, was born in 1745, just when the troops of Prince Charles Edward entered Carlisle. When it was known to the colonel of the Highland party that the birth in question had so recently taken place, not only did he carefully restrain his men from the slightest molestation to the family, but, with his own hands, pinned on the infant's breast a white cockade or rosette. Lady Clerk, who lived to a great age, was on intimate terms with Sir Walter Scott ; and, when King George IV. visited Edinburgh, she presented His Majesty with a valuable souvenir of the illustrious Stuart Prince.

<sup>1</sup> Mary D'Acre, afterwards Lady Clerk of Penecuick, daughter of Mr. D'Acre referred to above, was the writer of the above. She asserts, ‘I have often heard this story from my father, who always added, after having told it, “It has not made me superstitious : but with awful gratitude I can never forget that my life, under God, was saved by a dream !”’

to go a-fishing to Inchkeith to-morrow, if the morning is fine, and have bespoke our boat. We shall be off at six."

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

'Mrs. Griffiths had not been long asleep, till she screamed out in the most violent agitated manner, "The boat is sinking : save, O save them !"

'The Major awakened her, and said "Were you uneasy beforehand about the fishing party?"

"Oh no," she replied, "I had not once thought of it."

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

'The Major again awoke her, and she said, "It has no doubt been owing to the other dream I had : for I feel no uneasiness about it."

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

'When the Major awakened her she said, "Now I cannot rest, Mr. D'Acre must not go. For I feel sure that if he should go I should be miserable

till his return. The thoughts of it would almost kill me."

'She instantly rose, threw on her dressing gown, went to his bedside, (for his room was next to their own,) and with great difficulty secured from him a promise to remain at home.

"But what am I to say to my young friends whom I was to meet at Leith at six o'clock?" he asked.

"With great truth you may say that your aunt is ill," she replied. "For so I certainly am at present. Consider that you are an only son, under our protection; and should anything happen to you, it would be my death."

'Mr. D'Acre immediately wrote a note to his friends, saying that he was prevented joining them; and sent his servant with it to Leith.

'The morning dawned most beautifully, and continued fair for some hours, until all of a sudden a violent storm arose, and, in an instant, the boat and all who were in it, save one experienced swimmer, went to the bottom, nor was any part of it ever seen.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This event is found chronicled in a small serial entitled the *Caledonian Mercury* of August 12, 1734. It appears that

A remarkable story of a thrice-repeated warning of coming disaster was told by some of the French emigrant priests, who, driven from their home and country, during the French Revolution, settled at Thame, in Oxfordshire, about 1798, where some of them afterwards died. It came to me through a lady there, the daughter of an attorney,<sup>1</sup> now dead :—

A certain French nobleman, the Chevalier de Jancour of Burgundy, had a son who was brought up to the military profession. Before formally entering the school, appointed for those of the nobility who were preparing for such a position, this son was sent on a visit to his uncle at his château. In due course he was conducted to his sleep-

five persons of respectable positions in life, including Patrick Cuming, a merchant, John Campbell, a ship-master, together with two youths, sons of gentlemen, went out in a boat attended by some sailors into the Frith of Forth to fish. A severe storm arose, the boat was suddenly overturned owing to the negligence of one of the sailors, as is recorded, and all were drowned except the captain, Campbell, who, more dead than alive, was taken up by the people in a boat after he had been five hours in the water.

<sup>1</sup> The late Miss Harriet Prickett, of Thame, who received it from the Count Haslang, a resident in that town in the latter part of the last century—a French nobleman well known to the Editor's grandfather.



ing apartment, an ancient room superbly furnished and hung with tapestry representing the martial deeds and political services of certain of his most renowned ancestors. One member of the family who had occupied a high position in the French Church, robed as a pontiff, was represented amongst others on the tapestry which recorded their deeds.

The youth who had retired to bed left a dim lamp, suspended from the ceiling, alight. For a while he lay gazing at the forms and figures thus and there represented, and pondering over their exploits and reputation. Suddenly the figure of his ancestor, the pontiff, appeared to him to move and shift his place, and then coming out of the canvass, as it seemed, crossed the chamber, stood at the foot of the bed, and spoke, or seemed to speak.

The figure, in a deep and mournful voice, told him that the sins and wickedness of the French people had become so odious and hateful in the sight of God, that the arm of the Almighty would be lifted for a dire and sore punishment ere long. And it gave him a special secret token by which

he might know the period of such visitation, when it should happen, and by flight escape.

The figure then retired, walked back to the tapestry, as it were, and seemed to place itself in the exact position which it had previously occupied.

Overcome with awe and astonishment, the alarmed youth rang the bell ; to which a manservant in due course gave answer. Not wishing to confide the extraordinary revelation to this servant, the youth pleaded indisposition, when an attendant was appointed to sleep in an adjoining ante-room that night.

In the morning the boy's uncle, remarking his pallor, confusion, and depression, insisted on knowing the cause thereof : which, at length, was faithfully, carefully, and dutifully recounted.

The uncle was all the more astonished, and his extraordinary curiosity excited, because an exactly similar occurrence had happened to his own father, in that very room. He, too had seen an apparition of his collateral ancestor, the prelate, in the same apartment ; had heard, or appeared to hear, a very solemn warning from his lips ; had received a similar token of coming danger, and had

been deeply impressed by the revelation. This appearance thus made the third warning.

This supernatural intervention was so duly and properly regarded by those who had received it; the token of approaching disaster was said to have been so remarkable and unmistakable, that, when it appeared, its purport was undoubted, so that the whole family because of it were thus providentially protected from the demoniacal madness of the Revolution, and by self-expatriation escaped those miseries, horrors, and deaths, which poor France, and more especially her ancient nobility, then so universally experienced.

Another well-authenticated example is thus narrated :—

One night in the depth of winter, when the cold was great and the snow deep, a gentleman in California<sup>1</sup> dreamed that he saw a company of travellers far up in the flats and table-lands of the mountains. They had lost their way, apparently, and were struggling sorely with cold and storm and pelting snow, with no protection whatsoever

<sup>1</sup> I am informed that a version of this remarkable incident is given in an American work, *Nature and the Supernatural*, by Dr. Bushnell.

against the weather. Some of them, as it seemed to him, were gathering leaves in order to light a fire.

He awoke, and thinking it only an ordinary dream, soon went to sleep again. The dream returned with increased force and greater vividness : so much greater was the impression made that he rose and dressed himself. When dressed he did not know exactly what to do, for it was the hour of midnight ; so, with a resolve to act as soon as the day broke, he again lay down to sleep. The dream came back a third time, with equal force and power, so that in the morning he at once sought a person reputed to be well acquainted with the locality, who, when he heard it described, at once recognized it, remarking that he knew the place well.

The dreamer of the dream, who was a gentleman of substance, at once began to take measures for going to the spot in question. People jeered at him, and regarded him as a little demented ; but he was resolute and not to be turned aside from his purpose, either by jeers or safe counsel.

The people selected for the task, under the direction of the person so well acquainted with the

mountain passes, set off on their expedition, and in due course reached the spot, which to the dreamer had been so clearly present. There, to their no small astonishment, they found a suffering party of travellers, sadly overcome by weakness, cold, and exposure, some of whom would have certainly died had the relief provided not come at the very time at which, because of the dream, it had been so charitably despatched.

I will now give an unusually remarkable example of a double warning to a particular person, of which no less than two independent persons (one of whom was unable to see what two others beheld) were actual eye and ear witnesses. It stands thus :—

‘ In the year 1856 we were residing in a rented house in one of the midland counties, with our family and servants, near which temporary residence my husband, an officer in the army, had a command. For reasons upon which I need not enter, a change of position and locality had been much pressed upon the authorities in London, on my husband’s behalf, which, after the expiration of some time, was determined on by them ; and we found ourselves likely to go to Scotland, the exact change for which my husband’s friends had asked,

and which we each desired, for it was not far from the home of some of those who were very near and dear to us.

‘As there was considerable difficulty in obtaining a suitable and sufficiently convenient house at the place where we wished to reside, my husband went on to Scotland a month before it was intended to take me and our family. I therefore remained with our household in England. With the exception of my children and servants, I was quite alone. Our hired residence, surrounded by considerable grounds and plantations, and situated on the slope of a hill, was quite isolated. No other abode was nearer than a quarter of a mile ; and that was the lodge where our gardener resided. Our drawing-room was on the first floor, outside of the windows of which rose a balcony of iron and wood, connecting this room with my bedroom (which adjoined it), and my husband’s dressing-room, which was furthest off, all of which rooms, by glazed doors, opened on to the balcony in question.

‘One evening, between nine and ten o’clock, in the month of September, I was seated in the drawing-room. My maid had brought me some coffee, and was arranging my work-table and books prior

to my retiring to bed, when I arose mechanically and walked out on to the balcony through the open door, as was often my custom, to look at the beautiful landscape in the moonlight. The moon was up, and the whole of the valley below was bright, almost as bright as in the day. Greensward and brook, wood and copse, were seen in the distance ; with a large dark mass of stately elms, below which a cluster of Scotch pines stood to the right. The stillness was marked and almost unusual ; the landscape lovely.

‘Suddenly, turning my eyes to the left along the balcony, I beheld all at once the figures of two men, dressed as mutes at a funeral, with hatbands, scarves and cross-poles covered with black silk, standing at the glass door of my husband’s dressing-room. They did not seem in the least degree spectral, but too truly and too perfectly real. For a brief moment this was my certain impression ; but on looking steadily at their forms for a few seconds, they began to have a less substantial, and a more transparent and cloudy appearance. Awestricken and overcome, I fell back through the drawing-room window, with a shriek and a stagger, into a chair. My maid, who was still in the room,

rushed forward to my aid ; and for a few seconds, I believe that I entirely lost my consciousness. On recovering myself partially, but wholly unable to speak many consecutive words, I cried out to her, pointing in the direction of the figures, " Look there—there ! "

' She looked out on to the balcony, and there beheld the two gloomy forms as vividly and keenly as myself. It was a surprise and a shock to us both.

' She rang for the man-servant, who, coming up, was at once asked if he could see anyone or anything outside his master's dressing-room door on the balcony.

' Looking in the direction indicated, he replied that he could not. " There is no one and nothing there."

' " Don't you see those two funeral men ? " earnestly asked the maid.

' " There are no men there," he answered ; at the same time that he walked out, and approached the spot where the figures we still beheld stood.

' I and the maid watched him as he boldly walked up to the door, into the room, *and actually passed through the spectral forms which still stood*



*there.* They did not swerve, they did not stir. The dressing-room was as usual, the man asserted. No mortal was there. The man-servant maintained that both the maid and I were dreaming.

‘For a while, the figures seemed to both of us as solid and lifelike as possible. There they stood in the clear moonlight, erect, weird, motionless, and spectral. In a short time they began to grow less distinct, and as it were, cloudy and dim, in their lower parts, but yet, as manifest as ever in the upper; and then, in about a quarter of an hour, they had utterly faded away.

‘I was overcome and puzzled to a degree which I cannot describe and could not measure. The thought of my husband’s safety—for which I prayed—smote me at once, and was constantly before me, and yet at the same time I felt a weight of sorrow and a foreboding of loss which so completely took possession of me, that I could neither talk nor cry. Tears would have been a relief; but they did not and would not come.

‘Within an hour, my maid occupying a sofa in my bedroom, I had been induced to retire to rest; almost glad to be convinced at one minute by the arguments of the man-servant that what I had seen

was the result of my imagination, and yet utterly unable either to get rid of the pressing load of anxiety on my mind, or to secure sleep.

‘A night-light burned in my room ; and from time to time a few commonplace words had been spoken between myself and my maid. The time passed slowly. Midnight had come ; I think I was dozing.

‘All of a sudden we heard a loud and startling knock at the principal entrance of the house ; so sudden, so loud, and so startling, that the manservant, who slept on the ground floor, suddenly awakened, speedily rushed to the front door.

‘He opened it as quickly as possible. But as he solemnly and affrightedly affirmed, there was no one there, and no sign of anyone, as he told me at my bedroom door. The moon was still up ; my maid and I looked out once again on to the balcony : the landscape was clear. Not a sign. Not a sound. All was still. “These things,” said I to myself, “are some blessed angel’s warning of a coming calamity,” and this thought (for I had always believed in angelic intervention) was upon me throughout the rest of the night. I did not begin to sleep until the morning had broken, and the sparrows were twittering on the roof. But con-

stantly I commended myself to God the Blessed Trinity in prayer.

‘On the following evening, my husband’s brother came to announce the overwhelming tidings that my children were orphans and that I was a widow.

‘My husband had died almost suddenly of heart-disease, at his temporary residence in the north of Scotland on the very night in question ; and these strange warnings for eye and ear were no doubt mercifully sent to me to break the severity of the shock which news of a sudden death must have given. Here is the finger of God. How often afterwards, and how fervently, have I prayed to God in the beautiful words of the collect for St. Michael’s Day in the “Book of Common Prayer,” “As Thy Holy Angels always do the service in Heaven, so may they succour and defend us on earth, through Jesus Christ our Lord.”’<sup>1</sup>

In the example of the warning of a relative’s death to a youth, which will now be given, it must be admitted that there is lacking an exactness in

<sup>1</sup> The account given above was read over to the lady who furnished it ; who, in some particulars, in order to make it more exactly accurate, made certain alterations in it, adding, at the same time, a few words and phrases : and with these additions and revisions, it stands in the text.

the fulfilment of the express indications of the dream—a fact, however, which need not lessen interest in the record, when considered by the light of other examples already, or hereafter to be given.

‘My father<sup>1</sup> lived at Bottisham Hall, between Cambridge and Newmarket. I and my next brother were sent to school at the age of six and seven years to Upper Sunbury, Middlesex. One Friday I dreamt that a servant came from my father’s to fetch us home; and that when we reached the park-gate, and drove up the lime-tree avenue, a strange feeling seemed to creep over me. I dreamt that the Hall door was open, but that no one appeared to meet us. I turned into the drawing-room on the left-hand side of the hall; and found it was deserted and as still as death. I walked through it, and through the library which adjoined, into a third room, in which was a bier with a pall covering it, and lighted candles on either side. Still no one appeared to greet us; and thus my dream ended.

In a day or two, I well remember that our

<sup>1</sup> I am indebted for the above to the kind courtesy of Captain Caldwell, of New Grange Lodge, Bray, co. Wicklow, who here records his own experience.

schoolmaster sent for us and informed us that a servant was coming that day to take us home ; and said furthermore that we should be very sorry when we knew why this was. And so it came to pass. Only, instead of going to Cambridgeshire, we were taken to my grandfather's house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, and were then showed death for the first time, to our great terror and alarm. My grandfather had died on that very Friday upon which I had had the dream. Of course the *locale* of the house in London was different from what I saw. Otherwise the purport and point of the dream was realised.'

Quite a recent warning of death—similar examples of which are so numerous—is now given. It comes to me on the authority of a lady whose name I am not permitted to print :—

'In October last (i.e. 1876) we were quartered at Aldershot. One night my husband and I were awoke by three loud and distinct knocks upon the walls of our hut. My husband at once got up, lighted a candle, went down stairs to investigate the cause, looked all about with care ; but could discover nothing. These same knocks were heard by our servant ; but we none of us could account

either for the strange occurrence, or for the cause of it.

‘Early in December, however, my husband was taken ill, with a feverish cold, which clung to him for some time. One night during the same month, as I was sitting by his bedside, in the small hours of the night, I heard again, with the most marvellous distinctness and deliberation, the sound of three similar knocks. I went down stairs and told Mary, our servant. “The master is being called,” she at once remarked.

‘These knocks, heard alike by the servant and by the wife of another officer, who had come into our hut unknown to me, in the hope that she might be of some use, impressed me most keenly. They turned out to be a warning of death. The feverish cold which had stricken my husband so severely soon turned to inflammation, and, alas! within two days of that change, and of the second warning, he breathed his last.’

The following account, which speaks for itself, is an equally remarkable example of the voice of a dying person being heard by a friend at a long distance off, at, or about, the time of death :—

‘A young German Assyriologist of the highest

promise, Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch, is now for the second time in this country, having been sent, as on his former visit, by the King of Saxony to study the arrowheaded inscriptions in the British Museum. During his former stay here last year, which was noticed at the time in our columns, Dr. Delitzsch and Mr. George Smith naturally became fast friends, and the Leipsic *savant* and his brother Hermann were chosen by Mr. Smith to introduce to German readers his "Chaldean Account of Genesis," which has accordingly just been published at Leipsic under their joint editorship. On the 19th ult., the day of Mr. George Smith's death, Dr. Delitzsch was on his way to the house of Mr. William St. Chad Boscawen, who is also a rising Assyriologist, and has been Mr. Smith's substitute at the British Museum ever since that gentleman started on his third expedition to the East. Mr. Boscawen resides in Victoria-road, Kentish-town, and in passing the end of Crogsland-road, in which Mr. George Smith lived, and within about a stone's throw of the house, his German friend and translator says he suddenly heard a most piercing cry, which thrilled him to the marrow, "Herr Dr. Delitzsch!" The time—for as soon as he had got

over the shock he looked at his watch—was between 6.45 and 7 p.m. Mr. Parsons gives the hour of Mr. Smith's death at 6 p.m. Dr. Delitzsch, who strongly disavows any superstitious leanings, was ashamed to mention the circumstance to Mr. Boscawen on reaching that gentleman's house, although on his return home he owns that his nervous apprehensions of some mournful event in his own family found relief in tears, and that he recorded all the facts in his note-book that same night. Dr. Delitzsch told the story on the 5th inst. at our informant's breakfast table, with all the circumstances mentioned above, including the hour at which he heard the shrill cry. He distinctly denied having been thinking of Mr. George Smith at the time.'

Upon the above account, which went the round of the newspapers, and greatly puzzled several writers who commented on it, the 'Tablet' contained the following pertinent remarks:—

'The strange voice so strangely heard by Dr. Delitzsch, the Assyriologist of the British Museum, on the 19th ult., at Crogsland-road, when, though he then knew it not, his friend Mr. George Smith, the distinguished explorer of Nineveh and Persepolis, had just died at Aleppo—a voice which he tells us thrilled him to the marrow—*durch Mark*



*und Bein*, as the Germans say—has been deemed, by the “Daily News,” sufficiently remarkable and well-authenticated to form the subject of a leading article. The facts, however, are far from extraordinary, in the sense that they assimilate themselves to countless other occurrences that have been recounted in most of the ages and countries of which we have any knowledge, and still are told in most circles, both Catholic and Protestant, whenever what is called the Supernatural becomes the topic of conversation. The instances in which the voices or apparitions of deceased or dying persons have been heard or seen, especially at or about the hour of their death, have been, as the “Daily News” admits, too often authenticated by unimpeachable testimony to be sweepingly denied. We need not follow the example of fireside narrators, and enumerate them at length. Dr. Frederick Lee has collected enough in his book, “The Other World, or Glimpses of the Supernatural,” to satisfy any reasonable curiosity. The “Daily News” complains that those who believe such accounts, either “revel in them as ghost-stories, or use them to support some mystical theory of their own devising.” No doubt; but it is also true that those who deny

such mysterious phenomena do so because they have a preconceived theory of their own to support, and to it such facts, like a multitude of others, are hopelessly refractory. If the soul of a living, and much more that of a dead person, can make itself perceptible to another person at the distance of hundreds or thousands of miles, then undoubtedly that soul can exist separate from the body, and the conclusion is inevitable that, whatever else is true, Materialism is false. Apparitions and voices seem to us to prove thus much, but they prove little if anything more, and perhaps the most becoming attitude of mind towards them consists in the refusal to theorise about them, since they do not supply the materials out of which to construct any theory except the very flimsiest. Let us be satisfied that they demolish Materialism. There is a fitness in such a use being found for these phenomena—apparitions, voices, and the like—if a theory of human life, the proudest and most impious theory ever forged, which is also the most degrading and the most unreasonable, can be made to collapse, like a huge windbag, by the puncture of a woman's bodkin; by collision, that is, with a belief which a so-called "philosophy" had all but succeeded in exploding as anile.'—*Tablet*, September 16, 1876.



CHAPTER III.

APPARITIONS, AND SPECTRAL  
APPEARANCES AT THE  
TIME OF DEATH



‘Such as be carnal, because they cannot by experience know those invisible creatures, doubt whether there be any such, seeing with their eyes they cannot behold them ; from which doubt our first parent was altogether free, for although he was exiled from the joys of Paradise, yet did he still keep in memory what he had lost because he had before beheld the same. But then men cannot by any means call to mind such things as they hear others speak of, because they never had of them former experience as our first Father Adam had.’—*Dialogues of St. Gregory the Great*, Book iv. chapter 1.



### CHAPTER III.

#### APPARITIONS, AND SPECTRAL APPEARANCES AT THE TIME OF DEATH.



SEVERAL most remarkable examples of apparitions and spectral appearances at the time of death are recorded in the 'Dialogues' of the great and holy Bishop of Rome, St. Gregory the Great, the first of that name. This deeply-interesting book, though sneered at by the infidel Gibbon, who, as Father Coleridge remarks in his recent edition of it, owned an 'inane and unreasoning contempt for every narrative of supernatural occurrences,' serves to show how completely the current belief of the Church in St. Gregory's day was in accordance with God's revelation, to man both in the

Old and New Testament. The intervention of angels ; the actual communion of saints by prayer and intercession ; the malice and potency of the fallen angels ; the hatefulness and danger of heresy ; the existence of the power of prophecy ; the cures wrought in the Name of Our Blessed Lord ; the consoling visions granted to those who walked by faith and not by sight, are here set forth with great force and yet with eminent and marked simplicity. In fact, holy men of that day believed that they actually enjoyed an intercourse with ministering spirits sent to minister unto those who were the heirs of righteousness,—a conviction which contrasts sadly with the cold unbelief of the present age.

From the volume from which the two examples quoted below are taken, edited by Father Henry Coleridge, S.J., the following pregnant passage from the Preface is taken: ' If the Dialogues of St. Gregory were to appear for the first time in our day as the work of a living author, they would be hailed by shouts either of execration or derision by the infidel press in France and Germany, and the anti-Catholic press in England. If, further, the author were known to be the successor of St. Peter and of St. Gregory himself, the same writers

would unanimously declare that the august prisoner of Victor Emmanuel had taken leave of his senses. Infidelity is always the same: in its hatred of the supernatural it is ever ready to trample on Reason and Common Sense, to violate all the laws of criticism, and to shrink from no amount of misrepresentation that is necessary to discredit what it still maintains to be too absurd to need any refutation. Let a rumour spread over society that there has been an apparition of our Blessed Lady on a mountain or in a grotto in France, that a poor holy Curé has had the gift of miracles, that a simple young girl has received the stigmata, or is visited on Friday with a wonderful trance, during which her hands and feet and forehead bleed as if she were undergoing pains like those of Our Blessed Lord's Passion, and the result is at once, not that these men go to the mountain or the grotto or the cottage of the poor girl, to examine for themselves; not that they vouchsafe a moment's consideration to the accumulated evidence which may be adduced for the truth of the asserted phenomena; but that they begin to moralise upon the infatuated credulity of those who believe them, and the audacious and mercenary

imposture of those who are supposed to benefit by them. If we want to see something nearly bordering on "possession," we have only to confront a modern "gentleman of the press," one of the hierophants of the "Times" or the "Pall Mall Gazette," with a contemporary miracle. It is a process, indeed, against which we have a special warning in the words of Our Lord about casting pearls before swine. If such is the case when the miraculous fact or occurrence is something comparatively simple and ordinary, that is, falling easily within the range of those beneficent interpositions of heavenly power which are so common in the annals of the Church, we may imagine how the priests of the new heathendom of our time foam at the mouth and go into convulsions at four whole books, full, almost from beginning to end, of miracles or preternatural occurrences, many of which are certainly of the same grotesque character as the speaking of an ass, or the swallowing of a prophet by a whale.'

Here is a remarkable account of the apparition of two martyrs to a bishop on his death-bed, witnessed likewise by a child:—

'I must also tell you that which the servant of God, Probus (who now in this city liveth in an



abbey), gave me to understand of an uncle of his, called also Probus, who was bishop of the city of Rieti. For he said that being grievously sick and in great extremity of death, his father, whose name was Maximus, caused many physicians to be sent for, to see whether by their skill he could any way be holpen ; all who, upon the feeling of his pulse, gave sentence of speedy death. When dinner-time was come and the day somewhat far spent, the venerable bishop, more careful of their help than of his own, desired them that they would go up with his old father into the higher part of his palace, and after their great pains to refresh themselves with a poor dinner. Whereupon all went up, and none remained with him but a little boy, who, as Probus saith, is still living. The little boy standing by his bedside, suddenly saw certain men coming in to the man of God, apparelled in white robes, whose faces were far more beautiful and bright than the whiteness of their garments ; whereat, being amazed and afraid, he began to cry out and ask who they were ; at which noise the bishop also looking up, beheld them coming in, and knew them, and therefore comforted the little boy, bidding him not to cry or be afraid, saying

that they were the holy martyrs St. Juvenal and St. Eleutherius that came to visit him ; but he, not acquainted with any such strange visions, ran out at the doors as fast as he could, carrying news hereof both to his father and to the physicians, who, going down in all haste, found the bishop departed ; for those saints, whose light the child could not endure, had carried his soul away in their company.'

The following account of the departure of a holy virgin named Tarsilla, a relation in the flesh to St. Gregory, is likewise a remarkable example of the supernatural :—

'I remember also to have spoken in my Homilies, concerning my aunt Tarsilla, who, in the company of two others of her sisters, had for continuance in prayer, gravity of life, singularity in abstinence, arrived at the top of perfection. To this woman, Felix, my great-grandfather, sometime bishop of this See of Rome, appeared in a vision, and shewed her the habitation of everlasting light ; speaking thus : " Come with me, and I will entertain you in this dwelling-place of light." Shortly after, taken with an ague, she was brought to the last cast ; and as when noble men and

women lie a dying, many do visit them for the comfort of their friends, so divers, both of men and women, at the time of her departure were come, which stood round about her bed : at which time, she, suddenly casting her eyes upward, beheld our Saviour coming, whereupon, looking earnestly upon Him, she cried out to them that were present, "Away ! away ! my Saviour Jesus is coming !" and so, fixing her eyes upon Him, Whom she beheld, her holy soul departed this life, and such a wonderful fragrant smell ensued, that the sweetness thereof gave evident testimony that the Author of all sweetness was there present. Afterward, when her dead body, according to the manner, was made ready to be washed, they found that with long custom of prayer the skin of her arms and knees was, like a camel's, become hard ; and so her dead body gave sufficient testimony of what her living spirit had continually practised.'

Accounts such as these have been current throughout all the past ages. Some have been more definite and better authenticated than others ; some have been treasured up by those who were more immediately concerned ; others, again, have been published to the World with all needful details

and circumstances, and become well known by means of the various books and treatises in which they have appeared. Incidents commonly known have, therefore, not been used in this book ; only those less generally known and more remarkable. One such, more than a century old, taken from a rare and curious publication, issued in 1764, without either printer's or publisher's name, but which created immense interest at the time of publication, as a reference to the local newspapers serves to prove, is here reproduced at some length. There are several features in the narrative of this apparition, and in the discovery of the ring, which followed, rendering it worthy of special note :—

‘On August 12, 1764, I returned as usual into my study, the door of which is secured by a lock with a spring-bolt, and sat down to my accustomed lucubrations. . . . I was on a sudden surprised with the perfect form and appearance of a man, who stood erect at a small distance from my right side. Conscious that the door was locked, the reader must imagine me much alarmed and embarrassed on the occasion, as I was unable to account for what I saw but on the principles of a ghost or apparition. I accordingly addressed my-

self to it in the power and spirit of the Gospel: enquiring on what errand it was sent, what was intended by such an application, and what services could be expected from a person of so little note and mean abilities as myself.

‘Observing the confusion and embarrassment of my countenance he warmly desired me to compose myself, saying that as he was now strictly limited by a superior power, and could do no one act but by the immediate permission of God, I had no reason to be afraid, abrupt as his appearance was; and that, if I would endeavour to overcome the visible perturbation I was in, he would proceed in the business of his errand, which I readily promised.

‘He began accordingly, saying that he was one of the unhappy prisoners executed at Northampton, August 4, 1764, the particulars of which, as I lived in the neighbourhood, he imagined me sufficiently acquainted with. That, as he was principal and ringleader of the gang, most of whom he had corrupted, debauched, and seduced to that unhappy method of life, he was particularly appointed by Providence to undeceive the world, and remove those doubts which the solemn protestations of

their innocence, to the very hour of death, had raised in the minds of all who heard them. As I knew not distinctly the persons of the prisoners, I asked his name ; he said it was John Croxford, and why he came to me in particular on this occasion, he told me he had express directions to do so, and could not disobey. I then asked him the reason of their strenuous denial of the fact for which they suffered ; upon which he observed that immediately after the murder was perpetrated, while the blood was still reeking, they entered into a sacramental obligation, which they sealed by dipping their fingers in the blood of the deceased, and licking the same : by which they bound themselves in the penalty of eternal damnation never to betray the fact themselves, or confess, if condemned to die for it, on the evidence of others ; and that they were further encouraged to such measures from hence, that as Seamark himself was a confederate in the murder, they concluded the evidence of his wife would not be admitted ; that as the child was so young they presumed no judge or jury would pay any the least regard to his depositions ; that as Butlin had but lately entered into a confederacy with them, and no robberies could be readily

proved against him, they thought it would be impossible for one of his age to begin wickedness with murder, it being observed to a proverb that no man is abandoned all at once : an instance of which is scarcely to be found upon record ; that if they could invalidate the evidence in behalf of Butlin, it must be of equal advantage to them all ; that though disappointed of this view in court, and condemned to die upon the above evidence, they were still infatuated with the same notion even at the gallows, and expected a reprieve for Butlin when the halter was about his neck ; and, consequently, if such reprieve had been granted, as the evidence was as full and decisive against Butlin as them, the sentence for the murder must have been withdrawn from all : their execution deferred, and perhaps transportation only their punishment at last.

I then next asked, if the evidence of the woman and child was clear, punctual and particular ; to which he replied, it was as circumstantial, distinct and methodical as possible ; varying not in the least from truth in any one particular of consequence, unless in the omission of their horrid

sacrament, which she might possibly neither observe nor know.

I then asked why they behaved with such impropriety of impudence and clamour upon their trial. He said that they were somewhat elevated with liquor privately conveyed to them, and that by effrontery and a seemingly undaunted behaviour they hoped to intimidate the woman, throw her into confusion, perplex her depositions and thereby render the evidence precarious and inconclusive ; or at least give the court some favourable presumptions of their innocence.

I next enquired whether they knew the name of the person murdered ; who he was or whence he came ; and instigated by what motives they could resolve on so horrid a barbarity. To which he replied that the man was a perfect stranger to them all ; that the murder was committed more out of wantonness and the force of long contracted habits of wickedness than necessity, as they were at that time in no want of money ; that they first, through a strange propensity to mischief which he knew not how to account for, but from God's withdrawing His grace, and leaving them to all the extravagancies and irregularities of a corrupted



heart, long hardened in the ways of sin, that they first (he said) found occasion to quarrel with him ; that the man being stout and undaunted resented their ill-usage, and in his own defence proceeded to blows, notwithstanding number was against him, for only two, himself and Deacon, were at first concerned, but finding him resolute they called up Seamark and Butlin, who were together at a small distance behind the hedge ; that they all seized him, notwithstanding which he struggled with great violence to the last against their united efforts, nor did they think it safe to trifle longer with a man who gave such proof of uncommon strength ; that with much difficulty they dragged him down to Seamark's yard, and there committed the murder as represented in Court. . . .

All this he delivered with such distinction and perspicuity, with such an emphasis and tone of voice as plainly evinced the truth of what he spoke, and claimed my closest attention and regard ; and as he seemed to hint that I was singled out to acquaint the World with these particulars, I told him it was an age not at all disposed to believe visions or give credit to fables of this kind ; that

the World would conclude me either a madman or impostor ; or brand me with the odious imputation of superstition and enthusiasm ; that, therefore, some credentials would be necessary, not only to preserve my own character, but also to procure respect and credit to my relation.

Upon which he replied that what I observed was perfectly right and requisite to authenticate the truth of this affair ; and that, unless some proper attestations were given to accounts of this nature, they would be considered by the rational part of mankind as mere tales, invented only to amuse the credulous or frighten children on a winter's evening into temper and obedience ; in short, that they would have no weight and disappoint the ends of Providence, who intends them for the good and benefit of the world ; that, therefore, in order to encourage my perseverance in supporting the truth of this appearance, and embolden me to publish a minute detail of it, he would direct me to such a criterion as would put the reality of it beyond all dispute ; and accordingly, told me that in such a spot—describing it as minutely as possible—in the Parish of Guilsborough was deposited a Gold Ring, which belonged to the pedlar whom they

murdered, and moreover in the inside was engraved this singular motto :

HANG'D HE'LL BE  
WHO STEALS ME. 1745.

That, on the perusal thereof his heart smote him, and thinking the words ominous, he superstitiously buried it, as above mentioned ; hoping thus to elude the sentence denounced at random against the unlawful possessor of it, and even escape the vindictive justice of heaven itself by such a precaution ; that, if I found not every particular in regard to this Ring exactly as he told me, then I might conclude that there was not a single syllable of truth in the whole, and consequently no obligation lay upon me to take any further concern in the affair.

Engaged in this interesting and important conversation, evening stole upon me insensibly, and, as it were, unawares, it being now near eight o'clock, and almost dark. Upon which I rose from my chair, leaving my visitor in the position he first appeared in, and, unlocking my study door, called for a candle ; but as no servant answered, I presumed none was within, and therefore stepped myself into the kitchen and lighted

one, with which I returned to my study ; when, to my great surprise, I found my visitor gone. Disappointed greatly, my fears being now entirely removed at so abrupt a departure, as I intended to ask more questions, I sat down very calmly, and in the coolest manner canvassed over the whole matter to myself, reflected seriously on every particular, and was induced to conclude from the coherence and punctuality of the account, that it was impossible it should be fiction or imposture : laying great stress upon the circumstance of the ring, the singularity of the motto, and the minute description of the spot where it was deposited. I considered, moreover, that I was perfectly awake : had the full use both of my senses and my reason, and was as capable of knowing the figure and voice of a man, as the size and print of the book I was reading when the ghost appeared.

In short, firmly persuaded of the truth of what I had heard and seen, I resolved on the morrow to search for the Ring, and thereby clear it up beyond all possibility of doubt.

Accordingly, on Monday morning early, between four and five o'clock, I set out alone, making directly to the spot he had described ; found the

ring without the least difficulty or delay ; examined the motto and date of it ; all which corresponded exactly to his account, and fully convinced me of my objection to communicate to the world the particulars of the whole.

And, agreeable to such convictions, I sat down immediately on my return, drew up the whole conversation as near as I could recollect, neither omitting nor adding any circumstance of consequence.

The following example, though in other forms well known enough to many, is of interest, because it is an original account, supplied to a mutual friend or by a connection of the family :

The late Lord Londonderry (Robert Stewart, born in 1769), in the early part of the present century, went on a visit to a friend who resided on his ancient estate, in the north of Ireland. The house was grand and stately, as well as curious and antique, and its contents had not been materially altered, nor its general architectural features changed, for at least two hundred years. The sleeping apartment which was appropriated to his lordship was the state bed-room, and a very sombre apartment it was. Floor, walls, and ceiling were

all panelled with dark oak carvings ; rich, quaint and curious ; the oak bed, which was raised on an oaken platform, was hung with rich tapestries ; and there was a series of family pictures in frames of gilded ebony hung round the room.

On the night of his arrival, after surveying the contents of his room with interested curiosity for some time, he undressed, dismissed his valet, extinguished the candles, and then went to bed.

In less than half an hour, though the room was perfectly dark, for there was neither fire nor lighted candle in it, and the small windows were heavily draped, he became all at once conscious of the presence of a glimmer of light which, he at once remarked, suffused a part of the room, and which was more especially visible on the right-hand side of the bed. For a few moments he imagined that his servant had entered the room again, or that some one had come into it by mistake.

Raising himself in bed, however, a few moments later and hastily withdrawing the curtains, he beheld to his utter astonishment, and it must be confessed, alarm, the figure of a fair youth who seemed to be surrounded with a strange and unearthly light, which beamed faintly from his form

and rendered those objects which were near to him perfectly visible. His lordship looked again and again, thinking he might be mistaken. But no, there stood the form gazing at him calmly and deliberately, and there shone the weird, unearthly light around the spectral youth. Lord Londonderry rubbed his eyes to see if he was awake or asleep. He was awake without any doubt, and there stood the figure still.

At this he sprang out of bed, and went towards the spectre. But it at once glidingly retreated. He retired again, and it advanced. Then on his lordship's advance once more it retreated towards the broad and capacious chimney and seemed to sink into the hearthstone below. The room suddenly became dark once more.

His lordship went to bed again, but not to rest, for he could not rid himself of contemplating the apparition. Was it from the Unseen World and real? was it the work of imagination? or was it the result of trick and imposture? After a while, musing, but arriving at no conclusion, he slept.

In the morning he resolved not to allude to what had happened until he had carefully scanned the countenance and manners of his host's family

and their other guests. This he did without discovering a look or motion by which he could have reasonably concluded that he was the subject of any trick ; and, therefore, towards the close of the meal recounted exactly and minutely what had occurred to him.

Those who were not members of his host's family maintained that Lord Londonderry must have been the victim of some contrivance, regarding which various opinions were given, and were especially excited on the subject. Its pros and cons were discussed at some length, but no distinct conclusion arrived at.

Eventually Lord Londonderry's host, who had remained perfectly calm throughout the discussion, remarked as follows : 'The circumstance just recounted must of course appear most extraordinary to those who have not long been inmates of my house, and are neither conversant with the legend of my family, nor with this particular appearance : to those, however, who are, the event of last night is only a fresh corroboration of an old tradition which has been for a long time told of the state room in which you slept. You have seen the 'Radiant Boy,' and if we may judge from the past,



it is an omen of prosperous fortunes.<sup>1</sup> I can say no more: my lips are closed, and to tell the plain truth, I would rather that the subject were not further mentioned.'

For the following account of an apparition I am indebted to the kind courtesy of the writer of it:—

'I (the Rev. Ralph Sadleir, D.D., Incumbent of Castle Knock) have frequently heard my uncle and father-in-law, the late Rev. Franc Sadleir, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, tell the following story, which, he used to say, he never could find any solution of, except that he had seen and spoken with a man who had died fifty years before.

'At his country place in the King's County, he used to employ several hundred men every summer in the reclamation of a red bog sixty feet deep, on which he succeeded in raising capital crops. As he was walking one day about noon on a hill which overlooked the bog, he was met by a man of about eighty years of age, who touched his hat and entered into conversation with

<sup>1</sup> This idea was certainly not realized in his lordship's case; for he died by his own hand, in the county of Kent.

him about his improvements and his goodness in giving employment to such numbers of the poor. Surprised at not knowing the man, the Provost asked him his name and age, and where he resided ; and was more surprised at hearing a name very uncommon in that locality, and that he resided in a house which he knew belonged to one of his own tenants.

‘ After about half an hour’s conversation, the old man again saluted him and departed, walking slowly in the direction of the house he had indicated, while the Provost continued his walk to where the men were working. On asking did any of them know a man of *that* name, living in *that* house, they all replied, “ No, no such man lives there.” After a few minutes, however, one old man exclaimed, “ Yes, I perfectly remember being at the funeral of a man of that name who lived in that house. He was about thirty years of age, and it is certainly now fifty years ago.” ’

The following example of an apparition, seen at the same time by several persons,<sup>1</sup> comes to me from

<sup>1</sup> I append the following attestation :—‘ The account which was given to Dr. Lee of the “ Gyb Ghosts,” when it was written out fairly, was read over to me. I made several

the eldest surviving member of one branch of an old yeoman family of Buckinghamshire, who himself witnessed what he here relates :—

‘Some forty years ago my father resided at a small farm-house, the back part of which faced a large uninclosed common (since inclosed), and stood close to four cross-roads, two of which lead to what thereabouts is called “Uphills,” the Chiltern Ridge from Tring to Wycombe and Stokenchurch. The spot is very lonely even now, but was much more so then ; for, at that time, there was not a single human habitation within a quarter of a mile of my father’s abode. Our house had always been called “The Gyb Farm,”—why, we did not exactly know—but because, as we afterwards found out, there had been often erected, near the site of it, a gibbet for the punishment of malefactors, and many a person who had taken his own life (let

additions to it (to make it all the clearer to people who know nothing about it), and these additions were inserted in Dr. Lee’s copy. The story is true, and may be put into a book.

‘DAVID EUSTACE.

‘Wednesday, January 3, 1877.

‘The ghost account is true, as now read to me. I had it from my uncle.

‘JOSEPH EUSTACE.

‘February 10, 1877.’

alone the murderers, highwaymen, and sheep-stealers), had been buried at the side of the road there; but the name of the farm, as a law-parchment states, seems to have been altered about the year 1788, when a much less disagreeable name was then adopted for it.

‘In the year, and about the time, that King William the IV. died (*i.e.* in 1837), my father and mother, two of my sisters, a younger brother and myself were all at home. One night, when we had all been in bed for some time, quite in the smaller hours, we were each suddenly startled and awakened by the most frightful shrill and horrid shrieks and noises just outside on the roadway that ever man heard. Partly human and partly as if made by infuriated hogs, violently quarrelling, the roar and the screeching simply appalled us. I never heard the like of it in my life. It went through and through me.

‘For a little while we all endured it: but in about five minutes we gathered half-dressed at the top of the staircase—father, mother, my brother and I—and went to a long front window overlooking the road, in order to learn the cause. The night was rather dark, and as our tinder-box would not

light, we were looking out, without any candle or lamp, towards the spot from which this horrible and hellish row came, when all of a sudden a white face—a face most awful in its pallid aspect and miserable imploring look—was pressed from outside against the glass of the window and stared at us wildly. We all saw it, and I could mark that even my father was deeply affrighted. The indescribable and unearthly noises still continued, and even increased in their discordance and frightful yelling for at least four or five minutes. Then by that time a candle had been procured.

‘My father at once opened the lattice: and there by the light of the sky, such as it was, we saw a collection of most hideous black animals, some of them like large swine, others horrid and indescribable in their appearance, grubbing up the ground and half buried in it, scattering the earth upwards where the graves were, fighting, screaming and roaring in a way that no mere words can properly tell or set forth. Some of them, judging by their motion, seemed to have no bones in them.

‘We were all very much terrified. My mother implored the Almighty to protect us, and I confess that, overwhelmed with fear, I prayed most

heartily to God for His assistance. In a minute or two after this, with shrieks increased in intensity, the frightful creatures (whatever they were) rushed screaming down one of the roads.

‘In the morning there was not a sign nor sound to be seen. The ground had not been in the least degree touched, scratched up nor disturbed. But the “Ghosts of the Gibbet,” as we afterwards discovered, had been seen by others than us.’

I am indebted for the following examples of apparitions to a lady now residing in Worcestershire. They are all the more interesting, because they have come to me first-hand :—

‘In the year 1843 my father and mother, my eldest sister, aged fourteen, and I myself, went to spend Christmas at an old country house, the seat of a baronet, near Salisbury. There was a considerable party of visitors, and my sister and I slept in a large panelled room, at the top of the great staircase.

‘After we had been down to dessert, my mother’s maid used to wait on us, and see us into bed about nine o’clock, when she left us. We had two beds side by side.

‘One night my sister was lying awake, though I was asleep. It was, as far as she could tell, about an hour after the maid had left us, when my sister, as she avers, was astonished to see what is now set forth.

‘The door of our room leading on to the oak-staircase was closed, and a bright fire lighted the room, when the figure of a lady in white, with a hood, glided noiselessly in, passed close to my sister’s bed, came round to my bedside; and then with her long thin ghostly hands, stroked me down from head to foot. The spectre then passed by the end of my sister’s bed, and stood by the fire spreading out its long thin hands. My sister could distinguish no face; for the figure was shrouded, and it entered and left the room without opening the door and without any noise.

‘My sister was terrified, and lay trembling until our mother came in to see us before she went to bed.

‘On enquiry, we afterwards heard that the house was notoriously haunted, and that a fearful murder many years previously had been committed on the landing at the top of the grand staircase, outside the door of the room we occupied.

‘Many years afterwards we lived in another house, in a village in Surrey, and the same sister and I shared the same room. We were often alarmed by strange noises, for which we could not account : but one night, when we were in the dark, I being in bed and nearly asleep, was very much disturbed by the sound of a voice in the room, now raised, now low, always monotonous, and as that of a person in earnest prayer. This was in 1853, just before my marriage.

‘I was much terrified when my sister called out to me impatiently, “Really, Eliza, you ought to go to bed ! what a long time you are saying your prayers.”

‘Fully thinking, on reflection, that the voice muttering which I had heard so long, must have been my sister saying her prayers, I cried out, “Why, I thought it was you saying your prayers.”

‘At this we got up, struck a light, and aroused our mother from a room near, who sat with us for awhile.

‘Afterwards, however, we were constantly annoyed in that room by the same kind of low whisperings ; and sometimes by violent knocks at the



door. We frequently opened it at once, only to find no one there.

‘In the same room, A.D. 1874, my sister was disturbed by seeing the apparition of a black woman with flowing hair, dressed as an Ayah, sitting by her bedside.

‘The noises already referred to continue in the room ; and twice when sleeping there three years ago, I was aroused by the same kind of violent knockings at the door. On one occasion I got up hastily at three o’clock in the morning, and opened it, thinking I might have been summoned to some one ill. But no one was there, and no one was to be seen.’<sup>1</sup>

The next example comes to me from a Roman Catholic lady, who gives the record exactly as she heard it from a friend of the Canon referred to in the account which follows. Here, at all events, as this seems to show, the spirit of a departed person was permitted to return to earth, so as to secure the performance of a duty :—

‘One night, some years ago, the form of a woman, clothed in white, appeared standing at the

<sup>1</sup> Communicated by Mrs. G. Ravenshaw of Malvern Link.

foot of the bed, to a penitent of a Roman Catholic clergyman, one of the Canons of the Old Chapter, Canon H——. The features and form of the apparition were indelibly impressed on the mind of the young woman who saw the appearance, although bearing no resemblance to any person she had ever seen or known. She mentioned the fact to the canon, her confessor. As the Roman Catholic Church discountenances very strongly superstitious tendencies in relation to dreams, omens, etc., indeed to anything calculated to disturb the peace of the soul, he endeavoured to disabuse her mind of the incident, placing her under obedience to dismiss the matter from consideration.

‘The week following, however, she seemed more discomposed than before, especially as her confessor ignored the subject, treating it as a disturbance in health, which might occasion restless sleep or a dream upon which she had allowed her imagination needlessly to dwell.

‘Having resorted to the use of holy water, the sign of the cross, and being constant in her devotions, she again presented herself to her confessor, apparently in a state of mind as troubled as before.

Finding that she had been obedient to his directions, he then invited her confidence on the subject of her mental distress. She stated that the same woman had several times appeared to her again at night, and looked as though she wished to speak. [You are of course acquainted with the theory that ghosts are not permitted to speak unless commanded to do so in the Name of God.] The young woman accordingly, as advised by her confessor, said the next time the spirit appeared to her, "In the Name of God, what brings you here? What is it you wish me to do?" Obedience had given her courage to speak, as well as to listen to the answer, which was as follows:—

"I am in purgatory, and I wish you to pay a debt owing by me for a looking-glass. For this I promised to pay by instalments: the last instalment was not paid." (The exact sum was named, which has since been forgotten.) "That you may know to whom I should have paid this sum, I will appear to you in the street, and you must follow me to the house, asking for ——" (the name was here mentioned) "paying him the sum due." The date was also specified.

'A day or two after this ghostly conference,

the young woman saw in the street the selfsame apparition, clad in an ordinary walking dress. She followed it to the house revealed to her as stated, at which spot the ghost vanished. On inquiry the young woman ascertained the facts to correspond exactly with those of which she had been so mysteriously informed. I need not say the debt was faithfully discharged.

‘The night after this strange event the spirit again came to her bedside, when she asked, “In the Name of God, why did you come to me, as I never saw you in life?”

‘The ghost then explained to the young woman as follows: she was related to her family, but had died before her birth. Having been the only member of the family who had faithfully attended to her Easter duties, to her the troubled spirit had been permitted to appear. She subsequently saw the apparition as a happy spirit; after which it appeared to her no more.’

A lady not unknown in the literary world supplies the following, who, however, writes, ‘I must ask you to refrain from the mention of any names, as people in these days only scoff; while some who really believe in the Supernatural fear to acknow-

ledge their conviction. I do not wish to be peculiar : I believe that the spectral form was a reality. But I would rather not give my name, so please to regard my wishes scrupulously :—

‘I and my sister, with our maid, were invited to stay for a fortnight at an old-fashioned and well-known country house in Derbyshire, which had been taken for five years by some connections of ours ; and we accepted the invitation with pleasure, anticipating a most agreeable visit, as well from the society of friends who were invited to meet us, as because of the beauty of the country in which the house stood.

‘Situated about three miles from a country town, it lay in a park of some dimensions, backed by a wood immediately behind, and a large extent of coppice and underwood on the western side. Part of the house was built in the reign of Henry VIII., other portions had been added later, and the whole had been from time to time renovated, refaced, and considerably altered. There was one part however,—a square embattled tower, containing three rooms one above the other, all panelled in oak, with elaborately-carved ceilings—which, it is said, remained still much as they had been when first

erected three centuries and a half ago. This most picturesque part formed the south-east corner of the mansion, and was partly covered with ivy and creepers. The lower room, sparsely furnished, and seldom used, opened out on to the lawn ; the room at the top contained only empty packing-boxes, disused portmanteaus, and a few ill-painted and not very valuable family portraits in a state of decay. The middle apartment was a bedroom, only used when all the others were occupied ; and this was appointed to me. It was very old-fashioned in its appearance : the bed, which was raised on a broad platform, was large, with highly-carved bulbous posts, and a most elaborately-panelled back ; the hangings were of faded blue velvet, with flowers in gold thread intertwined throughout, and it was surmounted by several stiff clusters of blue feathers, then much faded. The mantel-piece, which stood out from the side wall, was carved to correspond, and occupied the whole space up to the roof. On one side, in a recess, was a large cupboard, not very deep, but entirely filling up the recess. This too was panelled, and into the door of it was let a long rectangular piece of engraved Venetian looking-glass. A large

cypress tree on the lawn somewhat darkened the room.

‘A queer feeling—which I cannot better describe than by these three brief words—came over me when first I was shown to my room. But the old place was so artistically interesting and curious that I took some time to examine all its points of interest with unusual curiosity and attention, so that the feeling in question soon passed away. Our maid unpacked my things, and later on, came in to help me to dress for dinner. This being done about half-an-hour before the dinner hour, the maid left the room, and I lay down to rest on the sofa at the end of the bed. It was the height of summer, the end of July, I think; and the evenings were of course perfectly light. Just as the gong sounded for dinner, I rose and mechanically glanced into the looking-glass; when, smitten with surprise, I suddenly saw the distinct reflection of a tall female figure gliding across the room behind me. Its face was thin and pale and careworn, and the style of dress as antique as that of King James I.’s age. The eyes, which looked tearful, were fixed firmly on mine, and for a moment, notwithstanding the unusual dress, I thought and made sure that

someone who wanted me had come into the room. Turning suddenly, I distinctly heard the rustling of a lady's dress, saw her form as distinctly as I see the paper on which I am now writing, and beheld the apparition turning sharply round, walk, as it were, straight into the wall opposite. The motion of the spectre was not as that of a person walking, but as of a form gliding without energy or effort. For a moment I imagined that a door, as yet unnoticed, must have been opened, but on going to examine that side of the room where the figure vanished away, no door, nor anything like a door, was to be found. Hurrying out of the room, and being seen by the assembled people downstairs to be pale and agitated—and no wonder!—I was pressed for the cause. This I gave substantially in the above words.

‘During my visit, I saw nothing more, but night after night, I heard the most extraordinary and unaccountable knocks, sharp, definite, and distinct, in all parts of the room ; while overhead, I seemed to hear the ceaseless patter of feet, as on a wooden floor, from one side of the room to the other, sounds made with the regularity of a stately and steady march.



‘More than two years afterwards, I heard from a relative that a very old woman who had once been the wife of a lodge-keeper on the estate, asserted that she had often seen the ‘ghost-lady’ in the old part of the house ; and gave an elaborate description of her features and form, which exactly tallied with my own.

‘This is my apparition, the only one I ever saw, and the only one I ever want to see. Please to abstain from all allusions both to persons and places, or the sceptics, whose scorn is so superior and superfine, will tease us to distraction.’<sup>1</sup>

The following story was told to Mrs. G. Ravenshaw, of Malvern Link, by the lady who saw the apparition :—

‘Mrs. B—— was in Ceylon. She was standing in her verandah one very bright moonlight night, when she saw a figure on the path close to her, outside the verandah, stooping down with its hands on the earth.

‘Thinking it was the European man-servant, she desired him to go to bed as it was so late, on which

<sup>1</sup> ‘Having read the account as compiled from my letters by Dr. Lee, I testify that his account is a true record of what I saw. And he can publish it as it now stands. M. C. B., June 26, 1877.’

the figure rose to a height she describes as the height of a lamp-post, and walked with long strides towards a spot of ground which had formerly been a burying-ground, which was said to be haunted.

‘Mrs. B—— followed it for some yards, but it disappeared. She ran to inform her husband, trembling all over, and told him. He was incredulous, but the next night they set a man to watch. At twelve o’clock they heard a loud cry from the man, and found him in a fainting fit. He described, on his recovery, the exact appearance Mrs. B—— had seen. And he also had followed the figure (which both he and the lady believed to be an appearance of the evil one). It again disappeared in the old burying-ground.

‘Mrs. B——’s house was built over a graveyard and the members of the family were continually alarmed by frightful noises, groans, and knockings, which could never be accounted for. The house is now in ruins, as no one could be found to live there, in consequence.’

The following comes to me direct from the clergyman who saw the apparition described, whose letter is dated November 15, 1875, the Rev. Arthur Bellamy, B.A., vicar of Publow, Bristol :—

‘Some months ago I was suddenly awoke in the night-time, and saw, as I thought, a lady sitting by our bedside. She appeared to be about thirty years of age, and had a calm, thoughtful expression on her countenance. I was particularly struck with the great care with which she appeared to have arranged her hair. After watching the apparition, with feelings more of wonder than fear, it seemed to vanish slowly away. I was perfectly awake, and a light was burning in the room, so that a mere optical delusion was out of the question.

‘In the morning I related the vision to my wife ; and, from my description, she had no doubt but that it was the spirit of an old schoolfellow who had recently died ; for my wife, some years previously, had agreed at school with the person in question, that the first who should die, should, if Almighty God permitted it, appear to the survivor.

‘I asked my wife if her friend, whom she had not met for the last sixteen years, had any peculiarity when a girl ; and she replied, “We used to tease her at school for devoting so much time to the arrangement of her hair.”’

I am indebted for the following to an obliging correspondent in America, who, having read my previous volumes, courteously forwarded the narrative now set forth :—

‘ My ghost story runs thus : An English woman who was a widow, Mrs. Bateman, had an only nephew, to whom her husband had left some little property in reversion upon her decease. Aunt and nephew settled in the United States of America ; and when there, an elderly merchant, Mr. Copeland, with an only daughter, took a fancy to the youth, Mr. De la Rue ; employed him in his counting-house ; and gave him many valued privileges and substantial advantages. The opulent merchant died somewhat suddenly ; but had previously sanctioned a marriage between De la Rue and his sole heiress, Mary Copeland, which in due course took place. The young couple went to live at the country mansion of the bride—inherited from her father—situated about a mile and a half from a certain railway station between New York and Boston.

‘ To this place the aunt of the young man was invited, about twelve months after the marriage, to be present at the christening of his wife’s child

and heir. The mansion, though situated about a mile and a half along the chief road from the railway station, could nevertheless be reached by a road much less long, which ran through several low plantations, pasture lands and woods, straight up to the house. Owing to a misunderstanding as to the train (as it seemed), Mrs. Bateman, on arriving at the station, found no one to receive her. The carriage, which her nephew had promised to send, had not arrived. Nor was he there, as she had expected him to be. So, leaving her luggage at the station, she resolved to walk up to the house, by the shorter road, through the plantations. It was an evening in September, clear and fine, not very late in the day; but the shadows were deepening, and when the oldest plantation, which skirted a very primeval wood, was reached, the dusk began to grow darker.

‘All of a sudden, on looking round, she found that, quite unperceived, her nephew had overtaken her, and was walking silently by her side. She saw at a glance that he looked haggard and as if in pain; and put up both his hands to his head, from which, to her horror, she saw blood trickling down. For a moment, speaking, but getting no

answer, "she felt," as she declared, "like one ready to drop. I cried to God for strength in His mercy."

'Just then, noticing that a diamond ring, presented to him by his father-in-law, was not on the smaller finger of his left hand, she saw behind him the form and face of an ill-conditioned tramp, whose features were as marked as they were repulsive, who appeared to strike him several sharp and heavy blows on the back and side of his head. She spoke to her nephew again twice, "Why, Charles, what *is* the matter?" but he gave no answer. And then he vanished.

'The fright which Mrs. Bateman endured was excessive. For a while she seemed stunned. But in a few moments, recovering herself and marking that the evening was quickly growing darker, she hurried onward, as fast as she could get on, up to the house.

'Her niece came out to meet her. "Why, auntie, have you hurried so fast?" she exclaimed, "You're quite out of breath."

"Where's Charles?" she answered hurriedly and anxiously; "Where's dear Charles?"

"Out there, isn't he?" replied her niece, looking

over her shoulder. "He went down to the train an hour ago to meet you."

"Then God have mercy on his soul!" replied Mrs. Bateman, bursting into tears. "Now I know," she continued, "that it was his ghost that I saw on the road here. He came by me pale and blood-stained, but didn't speak one syllable. He was as white as death. God help you, my poor dear child!"

'The widowed girl swooning fell down on the steps of the hall door.

'The servants and others went out at once to that part of the private road to which they were directed; and there, sure enough, within a few yards of it, amongst the brushwood and long grass, lay the dead, but still warm body of the murdered man; his head battered and bruised, and the blood disfiguring his now calm countenance. His watch, chain, purse, and diamond ring were gone. Robbery had evidently preceded, or immediately followed, the murder.

'Mrs. Bateman and others went down to the village beyond the station to communicate with the authorities. At the chief inn there, the officer of justice for the district was, as it so happened, then

sojourning. The case was being irregularly stated by those interested, when, passing the door of the public room in which they were gathered, Mrs. Bateman saw the very counterpart of the man, whose form and face she had scanned, when her nephew and another appeared to her on the road.

“That’s the murderer, gentlemen; that’s the murderer,” she exclaimed with vehemence. “Arrest him at once.”

‘He was arrested there and then. It was afterwards discovered that he had made arrangements to leave the next morning. The watch and ring of the murdered man were found secreted on his person. It seems that he had been unable to proceed on his journey for want of money; and meeting young De la Rue on the lonely road, and seeing his watch and chain and ring, had succumbed to the temptation to rob and kill his victim.

‘There was a trial, which ended in a conviction. But the accused, before being hanged, made a full and frank confession of his sins—specially of that for which he was condemned—and acknowledged the justice of his sentence.

‘Here,’ writes the narrator of this remarkable example of the Supernatural, ‘is a startling instance



of the triumph of Justice through the intervention of a murdered man's apparition. Those who would deny the possibility of such appearances may: I cannot, and do not.'

The ablest and most sympathizing notice of my book, 'The Other World, or Glimpses of the Supernatural,' appeared in the pages of an influential Church-of-England magazine, published in the spring of 1877, and I feel deeply gratified by the judgment there pronounced. The reviewer adds to the practical value of his judgment, by giving an example of the Supernatural which occurred to himself, and which I have taken the liberty of transferring to these pages. It is a well-authenticated case of an apparition at the time of death:—

'In the house in which these pages are written, a tall and wide staircase, with a northern aspect, throws a strong side-light on the entrance into the chief living-room, which stands at the end of a passage running nearly the length of the house. It was after mid-day, in mid-winter, many years since, that the writer left his study, which opens into the passage just mentioned. The day was rather foggy, but there was no density of vapour, yet the door at the end of the passage seemed

obscured by mist. As he advanced, the mist, so to call it, gathered into one spot, deepened, and formed itself into the outline of a human figure, the head and shoulders becoming more and more distinct, while the rest of the body seemed enveloped in a gauzy cloaklike vestment of many folds, reaching down so as to hide the feet, and, from its width, as it rested on the flagged passage, giving a pyramidal outline. The full light of the window fell on this object, which was so thin and tenuous in its consistency that the light on the panels of a highly varnished door was visible through the lower part of the dress. It was altogether colourless, a statue carved in mist. The writer was so startled, that he is uncertain whether he moved forward, or stood still. He was rather astonished than terrified, for his first notion was that he was witnessing some hitherto unnoticed effect of light and shade. He had no thought of anything supernatural, till, as he gazed, the head was turned towards him, and he at once recognised the features of a very dear friend. The expression of his countenance was that of holy, peaceful repose, and the gentle kindly aspect which it wore in daily life was intensified (so the writer, in recalling the sight,

has ever since felt), into a parting glance of deep affection ; and then, in an instant, all passed away.

‘The writer can only compare the manner of the evanescence to the way in which a jet of steam is dissipated on exposure to cold air. Hardly, till then, did he realize that he had been brought into close communion with the Supernatural. The result was great awe, but no terror ; so that instead of retreating to his study, he went forward and opened the door, close to which the apparition had stood.

‘Of course he could not doubt the import of what he had seen, and the morrow’s or the next day’s post brought the tidings that his friend had tranquilly passed out of this world, at the time when he was seen by the writer. It must be stated that it was a sudden summons : that the writer had heard nothing of him for some weeks previously, and that nothing had brought him to his thoughts on the day of his decease. The reader will believe or disbelieve the tale, as he chooses. The writer never crosses the spot, where the figure stood but imagination reproduces the scene ; but it has no element of pain or fear. We can have no doubt that many such cases remain

untold, and for the very obvious reason that they who have been thus brought into communication with the world beyond the grave, can never feel themselves quite in the same condition with those who have not ; and the consequence is, of necessity, a certain instinctive shrinking from needless speech upon the subject—a reserve in laying it open to those who have not had a similar experience ; especially in a case like that just narrated, where the affections were deeply concerned, and where, as the writer believes, the forewarning was mercifully granted, by way of preparation against the shock which, otherwise, would have been very overwhelming.’<sup>1</sup>

The following narrative, not unlike in kind to that just recorded, comes to me from Australia :—

‘ In the year 1850, my brother went to sea, in the “ Oliver Cromwell,” which sailed from Shields and was bound for Aden. It was his first voyage. He left home somewhat against the wishes of his relatives : but when his resolution to become a sailor was thoroughly realized by them, they did all in their power, as far as their means would

<sup>1</sup> *The Church Quarterly Review*, for April 1877, pp. 210-212. London, 1877.

allow them, to make his voyage comfortable and profitable.

‘About a fortnight after he had sailed, one night his mother, who was neither awake nor asleep, as she asserted, was roused by the appearance of her son dressed in a peculiar dress—one which she had never seen him wear in the whole course of his life,—and standing at the end of her bed, looking very woe-begone and sorrowful.

“Tom!” she exclaimed, “what’s the matter? what brings you here? surely there is something wrong.”

‘The figure made no reply, but looked at her, with a look of deep affection and sorrow; shook his head; and then, gradually becoming indistinct, seemed to fade away.

‘Being a woman of extraordinary nerve and vigour, she sprang out of bed, lighted a candle, and looked at the clock. It was half-past ten, on March 16, 1850.

‘Next morning she did not mention the occurrence: but made a written note of it on paper, and locked it up. This appearance, however, greatly affected her spirits, for she was unable to rid herself of the notion that her boy’s life had been brought

to an untimely end : and she was equally unable to retain her knowledge of the apparition to herself. She therefore communicated it to a female friend, rather than to her family, who were sceptical, and showed her the written memorandum.

‘ In less than three weeks afterwards, a letter arrived from an official, residing at Shields, whence her son had sailed, informing his family that, in sailing down the channel, the young sailor, dressed in the suit of clothes in which he had appeared to his mother, had fallen overboard from the top-gallant mast of his ship, and had never been seen again. This occurred, as further inquiry made evident, on the very day, and at the very time, at which he had appeared to his mother.’<sup>1</sup>

A clergyman’s son narrated the following remarkable coincidence :—

‘ My father had a very dear friend, a surgeon, with whom we were so intimate that we always kept a bedroom ready for him at the rectory : so that, if he were very late on his visiting rounds, his own home being a long way off, he might come

<sup>1</sup> From the narrative given in a letter, dated October 9, 1875, to the Rev. Dr. Lee from Mr. C. Jobson, of Clunes, Victoria, Australia.

and sleep at our house. This he often did, and his horse was put up in our stables.

‘One night my father went into the kitchen, at a late hour, and hearing a distinct tap at the window outside, as also the voice of his friend the surgeon, said to the groom, who was near, “Go and put up Mr. S——’s horse ; he has tapped at the window, and I heard him calling.”

‘The groom went out, followed immediately by my father, who was ready to welcome his friend. But no one was there—neither surgeon, nor horse. And no signs of anyone.

‘Nevertheless, my father was so certain that his friend was somewhere about, that he went out, and searched amongst the out-buildings and shrubberies, believing, at the time, that he had hidden himself for fun. Still, no signs of his friend were seen or heard.

‘The next morning a man on horseback rode up to the rectory to say that Mr. S—— had died suddenly, at his own home, at the very hour at which my father had heard his voice at the rectory.’

The following story was told to a lady by the sailor who witnessed the appearance :—

‘David —— went to sea under a very drunken,

cruel, and profane captain. This captain fell ill, after hard drinking, and lay sick in his cabin. It was a moonlight night when David — and two other sailors were talking on deck, when they saw a form or figure suddenly fly out of the cabin, as it were, and felt an unmistakable gust of wind as it passed. He said to the others, "Did you see that?" They replied, "It is the soul of our old master." The figure was like a man's head and face, quite recognisable, with black flapping wings. It seemed to fly away into the dark distance.

'David then went down to the captain's cabin and found him dead. No one else would go near to the corpse. So David wrapped and sewed it up in a hammock, said a prayer over it, and threw it into the sea.'

The example which is now to follow, though not unlike others here given, has never yet been printed. On that account, therefore, it stands word for word as recorded and unabridged:—

'My son was a soldier, and was killed in the Abyssinian war. He had been away from me, before he left his native country, more than fifteen years: but he always wrote to me here and again, and was a very good son. I lived near Uxbridge,



but I don't live there now, as I had to go back to my parish down nigh Buckingham, and then I moved here. I was near Uxbridge when he came down to bid me goodbye, and I was very sorry to part with my only one.<sup>1</sup>

"Promise me," says I to him, on the very afternoon he was a-leaving me, "promise me that if you falls in battle, you'll come and see your poor old mother if God Almighty allows it."

'He did not answer, for he was overcome and burst out crying; but I knew by his manner like that he was a-promising.

"Promise me on this Blessed Book," says I, reaching down the bible, "and the heavenly truths of God Almighty's own Son, that, if you can, you will. And kiss the book. So help you God!"

<sup>1</sup> 'The above-written account was taken down from the lips of the person who narrated it to me—the mother of the young soldier who appeared in the manner recounted. The phraseology and expressions are retained, just as they were made use of. It was read over in her hearing twice before it was sent on to Dr. Lee; and I hereby assert that the narrator testified to its accuracy.

'J. W. SHAW.

'Kingsbury, Aylesbury, November 5, 1874.

'Witnesses { MARY MAUNDERS.  
                  { GILES MAUNDERS.'

‘He opened the bible, and his eyes fell on the words, “He is a Father to the fatherless, and a God of consolation to the widow,” and with tears on his poor cheeks he kissed the page.

‘I have prayed the Lord to be a shield and a protector to my poor boy,’ over that very page, many’s the time.

‘Some months passed. But I never forgot him, morning, noon, nor night either. I always read my chapter and said my prayers, and I always called the poor fellow to mind.

‘But there was a something as had long took possession of me, which kept on saying at times, “Back no more; back no more; back no more,” and it seemed a kind o’ singing in my ears like, as I could not rid myself of. When the bells chimed, they seemed to chime those very words.

‘Time wore away, natural like: and sometimes there was those as would come and read a bit from the newspapers, all about the war and the rest of it. And I think I was getting more reconciled like. Everybody said the Britishers would win, of course, and I hoped they would, and that my boy would come back safe home.

‘One afternoon Master Maunders’s daughter,

"a very good schollard," and I were a-sitting at my house down nigh Buckingham, when looking up at the window, close by the open door, we both saw my poor son pass by the window and then by the door, and look in at us as he went by. I thought it was my son, and we both started up and ran out, looking in every direction, and Mary Maunders ran round the corner: but he was not there and could not be found, and had not been seen. So then I knew what had happened. *He was dead*, and had come to look at me, in the spirit, as he had sworn on God's book, that, if he could, he would do.

'I knew it; and nobody could alter my belief. I put down the day and hour in the very bible he had kissed with his oath. *He was dead*.

'Tidings of his death came in due course. He was shot through the heart by a bullet, in storming some entrenchment which had to be taken, on the very afternoon that his spirit was seen by both of us. This is my story, and it is true, as God's in Heaven.'

A friend sends me the following, not hitherto published:—

'I was walking round my garden one evening,

just when the shadows began to darken ; but I could see everything quite distinctly, though, as I noticed at the time, the sky was very cloudy and overcast. I had been thinking of how to make the best use of a part of the garden where some old and tall elm trees stood, under the shadow of which the land had not produced much, as my outdoor gardener and man always said, would not produce much until the trees were cut down. I was walking on a path which leads up to a summer-house, in which, at that time, garden tools, some disused flower boxes, and other similar things were stowed away for the winter ; when, just as I turned towards the summer-house, I saw my wife's brother standing within the door of it.<sup>1</sup> He looked hard at me, but did not speak. I looked hard at him, wondering why he had not gone straight to the house, and then went up and shook him by the hand. I grasped at what seemed to be his hand, but found myself holding nothing ; and in a few seconds, not more than twenty, he appeared to have altogether vanished.

<sup>1</sup> A second letter from the writer of that which is embodied in the text above, contains the following :—‘ During the whole of the day on which my poor dear brother-in-law

‘No words can describe my astonishment. When I first saw him I was strangely amazed, and could not account for my astonishment, for I turned quite cold. But when, on greeting him, I found only a shadowy man, without substance and form, I thought I should have fainted ; I was quite upset.

‘Two days afterwards, I found that he had died suddenly of heart-disease while on a tour in France, about the time that I had seen his spirit ; and I learnt this by a letter from his widow, which reached me by the second post of the Monday following the Saturday upon which he had died.

‘I am no way concerned as to whether this narrative is believed or not believed ; but as a person who has seen a spirit is now looked upon as a poor and inferior kind of animal, though I cheerfully send this, I certainly do not want my name mentioned in your book.’

Mrs. J. B. Speid, in a volume already referred to, gives the following instance of a haunted locality, fully recognized as such, not by one person, but by many :—

appeared to me, he had not once occurred to my mind until I actually saw his apparition.’

Captain —— of the H. C. was told, on taking up his abode in a bungalow, in the neighbourhood of Nagpore, that it was haunted by a figure of a woman clothed always in white. She was accustomed always also to visit a bridge in the immediate vicinity, where she had often been seen seated by the neighbours. Captain ——'s servants soon began to make complaints. Strange sights and sounds, they said, were observed in the house ; they could not live in such a place. One night, as Captain —— and a party of friends were amusing themselves with a game of whist, some of the household ran in—they had seen *it*. All rushed out armed with spears (!) ; a thing of flesh would have had cause to tremble, but nothing of flesh nor spirit could they find. Next day, one of the out-houses fell in. Shortly afterwards, Captain —— was lying awake one night in his cot, when a terrible scream, proceeding apparently from the middle of the floor, was heard, a shrill heartrending shriek, as of a woman in agony. He started up and ran out to ascertain if anyone had endeavoured to escape. The bright moon shone full on the white verandah, cold and clear and shimmering, and all around lay hushed and still in its quiet light, utterly

still, all save two ferocious hunting dogs, chained to the door-posts. These had started up, and now, with drooping tails, crouched, trembling and cowering and shrinking at some invisible terror. In a moment, a servant, in an agony of fear—the perspiration streaming from his face—threw himself at his master's feet, "He could not bear it, the ghost had been among them again!" The premises were scrupulously searched, but no life was there, nor aught to clear up the mystery. The next day, the stables fell in, as the outhouse had done before. Subsequently, the whole of the ill-omened house was burnt to the ground, rebuilt, and rented to another officer. But it appeared that the restless spirit was not to be allayed by fire. The new tenant had scarcely more peace than the old; and was terrified by strange sounds and awful invisible contacts. He could not bear it, he said; there was something unearthly about the place.'<sup>1</sup>

It is not proposed to comment upon the foregoing. Many of the incidents greatly resemble each other, and seem to belong to a special and particular class of apparitions. Each narrative

<sup>1</sup> *Our Last Years in India*, by Mrs. J. B. Speid, pp. 85-86. London, 1862.

here recorded, and its value, must be judged and guaged by those who read the book. The ordinary laws of evidence—possibly old-fashioned and unsatisfactory now-a-days—would certainly substantiate several of the more remarkable narratives.







CHAPTER IV.

ANGELIC AID AND INTERVENTION



And is there care in Heaven, and is there love

In heavenly spirits to us creatures base,  
That may compassion of our evils move ?

There is : else much more wretched were the case  
Of men than beasts : but, oh the exceeding grace  
Of Highest God, that loves His creatures so,

And all His works with mercy doth embrace ;  
That blessed angels He sends to and fro  
To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe.  
How oft do they their silver bowers leave,

To come to succour us that succour want !  
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,  
Against foul fiends to aid us militant !

They for us fight : they watch and duly ward,

And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;  
And all for love, and nothing for reward :

Oh, why should Heavenly God to men have such regard !

EDMUND SPENSER.



## CHAPTER IV.

### ANGELIC AID AND INTERVENTION.



HERE is obviously nothing new in a belief that, by the will and direction of Almighty God, good angels become the protectors of His servants ; acting as their guardians<sup>1</sup> and their guides. It is a beautiful belief, which, though at once deepened and defined more clearly by the Christian Revelation, is much older than the day of Pentecost, and the important age of the Apostles ; it is one

<sup>1</sup> ' God gives to all men, even the very worst, from their birth, and to the end of the world will give, even to Antichrist himself, an Angel guardian, whose office it is to withdraw from sin, by various means, him who is committed to his charge ; to defend him from evils of mind and body, and to lead him to good.'—*Meditations*, by Fr. Nicholas Lancicius, p. 559. London, 1874.

which has run through all the attractive and inspiring records of Christian faith and heroism of the last eighteen centuries, in every age ; and by consequence has never been lost sight of by those who have consistently believed in the Supernatural, and watched for its elevating and beneficent presence, at once telling of, and pointing towards, a life beyond the grave.

There are nine orders or ranks of angels, as the Christian revelation tells us ; ministering spirits, bright and glorious, each working ever with marvellous method and divine harmony, by God's injunction, within the Cone of Space. The Angels, Arch-angels, and Virtues, are appointed to overlook and preserve His beautiful creation in order.<sup>1</sup> The Principalities, Powers, and Dominions are constant in their strife with the fallen angels, enemies both to God and man ; while, around the eternal seat of the Blessed Trinity, Thrones, Cherubim and Seraphim adore Him everlastingly. The old and sacred records, traced by God's decree, tell us this. Moreover, when our first parents fell, a Cherub, with a

<sup>1</sup> This truth is said to have been one of the reverent and humble surmises of the great philosopher Sir Isaac Newton—a surmise expressed by him in clear and luminous language.

flaming sword, guarded the gates of Paradise. To Isaiah, the Almighty sent a Seraph ; to Daniel He despatched Michael ; to Tobias, Raphael ; while to the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Lily of Israel, St. Gabriel, one of the Archangels who stand ever before the eternal throne, came to announce the fulfilment of His merciful purpose and His enduring love towards mankind. The Son of God was to pass by the nature of angels, and take upon Him the nature of man.

Illuminated doctors of the Church and holy religious, who, by profound contemplation and special favour, have looked into the mysteries of the Incarnation, have given to the Christian world fresh glimpses of the Eternal's mercy, and new instances of His care for mankind under the present dispensation. Christians, by consequence, know that Angels, Archangels, and Virtues, in unceasing activity, guard them, instruct them in the law of God, and preserve their bodily health ; that Principalities, Powers, and Dominions drive off the demons, govern men's lives aright, strengthen them to curb and control their passions, and protect them in their earthly conflict.<sup>1</sup> Thrones, Cherubim

<sup>1</sup> 1. ' They help you by their prayers, poured forth for you

and Seraphim respectively continue to increase their good, to enlighten them with celestial wisdom, and to inflame them with divine love.

Again, if we revert in detail to Scripture,<sup>1</sup> we find that angels are ministers of God's wrath; fight on our behalf against Satan; guard us from dangers both by night and day; provide for many wants; exercise power alike over earth, air, fire, and water; own the guardianship of nations; protect

partly in Heaven and partly on earth. 2. They direct you by interior inspirations, which they cannot do when in Heaven, because they cannot act from afar; and, existing thus within you, they represent to you various objects, whereby you may know what evil to avoid and what good to do; they externally defend you, removing many evils and perils, or snatching you out of them, or withdrawing the evils themselves which threaten you.'—*Meditations*, by Fr. Nicholas Lancicius, p. 560. London, 1874.

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xix. 1; Exodus xii. 23; Rev. xvi. 1; Rev. xii. 7; Psalm xci. 11; Daniel iii. 28; Tobit xii.; Gen. xxi. 17; 1 Kings xix. 5, 6; Daniel xiv. 34 *et seq.*; Rev. vii. 1; Rev. xvi. 1 *et seq.*; Daniel x. 13 *et seq.*; Rev. ii. 8; Rev. iii. 14; S. Luke xvi. 22. And see also the Canon of the Salisbury Mass—identical in this portion with the Western Rite—(once used in every old parish church in England), thus:—  
'We most humbly beseech Thee, Almighty God, command these Things to be carried by the hands of Thy Holy Angels to Thine altar on high, in the sight of Thy divine Majesty, so that as many as shall partake at this altar of the Most Sacred Body and Blood of Thy Son may be filled with every heavenly grace and benediction.'

the Church ; offer up our sacrifices, prayers, and alms-deeds ; and after death, bear the souls of the righteous to God.

In the first instance, a few examples of what are believed by many to be cases of direct angelic intervention, will now be set forth.

I am indebted to a clergyman of repute and position for the following :—

‘ It is a common tradition in our family that three mysterious knocks, heard on the wall of an apartment, are a token of coming death to some member of the family. My father, Sir John —, who in the year 1830 was residing in one of the southern counties, had gone to W—— to attend the Quarter Sessions, where he put up at an hotel in the city. In the night he heard most distinctly, as he thought, some person come to his bedroom door, and knock. Going to it and opening the same, he found no one there. Then, getting into bed, he prepared himself to go to sleep. Soon, however, another knock, consisting of three sharp and sudden raps, was heard. Rising suddenly, he went again to the door ; but finding no one there, walked down a passage and complained to the night-porter that he had been needlessly disturbed.

However, the porter asserted that no one had been up the passage for at least some two hours, and that no one had knocked at the door.

‘On this Sir John, remembering the family tradition, became anxious ; but went to bed again and tried to sleep. For the third time a thrice-made knock, distinct and clear, was heard.

‘On this occurrence, quite unable to rest, he rose, dressed, ordered his carriage, and drove home some distance off, arriving there on December 30, 1830, only just in time to see his eldest daughter (who had been suddenly taken ill), alive.’

From the same clergyman, a son of Sir John, I received the following :—

‘One night, in the month of October, 1863, lying awake in my house in Ireland, where I then resided, I heard most distinctly three raps on the wall. Remembering our old family tradition, I felt confident that some death of a relation was about to take place. And it so turned out. In a post or two, I heard of the decease of my own mother at Torquay.’

A lady, the relative of the children referred to in the following narrative, sends the following, to a mutual friend, as ‘an example,’ as she believes,



‘of active angelic aid, rendered in quite recent times.’

‘I well remember the occurrence to which you call my attention, and about which you inquire. It occurred not far from the town of Maidenhead, about the year 1847, and the events were as follows :—

‘Three little children had been taken out for a walk, beside the Thames, by a nurse-girl, who lived at the village of Shottesbroke. They were strolling along the river, when at a particular curve of it, two horses, drawing a canal-boat, came round a corner somewhat suddenly. The children were in a moment separated, two on one side of the rope, and the maid and the younger child on the other. The two nearest the river’s brink, caught by the rope against their bodies, were pushed out far into the water, which was deep, and stood in great danger of being drowned. Both, however, were saved : for each of them floated “in quite an unnatural way like,” as the boatman said, to the brink. Both the children asserted that “a beautiful person, all white and glistening,” stood over them in the water, held them up, and bore them safely until they were each put on the shore. A little girl, the

daughter of one of the bargemen, who had come up from the cabin when the shrieks were heard, to see what was the matter, stoutly affirmed that she "saw a beautiful lady on the water, dragging the little children on to the road by the river,"—a corroborative testimony of the fact of some supernatural, possibly some angelic, intervention, at the accident.<sup>1</sup>

These three examples, so remarkably interesting in themselves, and so obviously explainable on the supposition that the angels of God do mankind efficient service,—only serve to corroborate the following truly Christian theory of Bishop Joseph Hall:—

'How many (persons) have we known,' writes that eminent prelate, 'that have fallen, from very high towers, into deep pits, past the natural possibility of hope, who yet have been preserved not from death only, but from hurt. Whence could these things be, but by the secret aid of those

<sup>1</sup> 'The account of the wonderful preservation of two children, who had been pushed into the Thames by a passing barge (as given to Dr. Lee), is quite what was told—as I learnt from the servant-girl, and also from the mother of the two little girls who saw the angel, as they maintain.

'JANE REDBOURNE.'

invisible helpers? It were easy to fill volumes with particulars of these kinds; but the main care, and most efficacious endeavours, of these blessed spirits are employed about the better part, the soul, in the instilling of good notions; enlightening the understanding, repelling of temptations, furthering our opportunities of good, preventing occasions of sin, comforting our sorrows, quickening our dullness, encouraging our weakness, and lastly, after all careful attendance here below, conveying the souls of their charge to their glory, and presenting them to the hands of their faithful Creator.<sup>1</sup>

Beaumont in his curious and interesting 'Treatise on Spirits,' in which his line of argument is remarkably well sustained, and his learning and reverence shown to be considerable, while maintaining the same ground as the old Catholic writers of præ-Reformation times, and practically agreeing with Bishop Hall on the subject of angelic aid, gives a remarkable example of a warning voice,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Divers Treatises*, by Joseph Hall, late Bishop of Norwich. Vol. iii. p. 971. London, 1662.

<sup>2</sup> The old mode of spelling, as printed in the volume quoted from, is retained.

thrice heard, by which a family was preserved from the plague :—

‘As for those dreams which may proceed merely from the impression and operation of Angels, both good and bad, he says, he will not deny but there may be some examples of that kind to be seen ; and though the dispensation of the law, under which good angels were more especially employed, in things relating to religion, be now passed, yet they continue still to be ministers, and instruments of Divine Providence, in what relates to civil life and humane society, and especially the protection of the faithful, and the defence of the church of Christ. And as it is not impossible but they may sometimes appear to men waking, so it is not incredible but God may make use of them, from time to time, to convey to men the notices of some things in dreams ; he says, there are many examples of both kinds in the books of those who have made collections of them, to which books he refers the reader ; but gives us one instance of Monsieur Calignan, Chancellor of Navara, a man of singular virtue, who, being at Bearne, one night, as he lay asleep, heard a voice which called him by his name, “Calignan !” Hereupon awakening, and hearing

no more of it, he imagined he dreamt, and fell asleep again ; a little after he heard the same voice, calling him in the same manner, which made a greater impression on him than before, so that being awakened, he called his wife, who was with him, and told her what had happened, so that they both lay waking for some time, expecting whether they might hear the voice again. At last the voice awakened him a third time, calling him by his name, and advised him to retire presently out of the town, and to remove his family, for that the plague would rage horribly in that place within a few days. He followed the direction, and within a few days after, the plague began in the town, and destroyed a great number of people. Now, the author says, whether the plague came by the infection of the air, or by some infectious persons, or whether some sorcerers and witches (as they say sometimes do) diffused their infectious poysons in that place, neither exceeded the knowledge of the angels that spake to him.' <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'An Historical, Physiological, and Theological Treatise of Spirits, Apparitions, Witchcrafts, and other magical practices, &c.' By John Beaumont, Gent., pp. 231-232. London: printed for D. Browne at the Black Swan without Temple Bar, 1705. Dedicated to the Right Hon. John, Earl of Carbury.

As regards dreams and warnings in general, Sennertus, in 'Epit. Phys.' l. 7, c. 9, writes thus :— 'To supernatural dreams we refer all those which are sent us from superior causes, and external to us, be they sent from God, angels, or devils. Those that are sent from God and good angels are especially called divine, whereof there are some instances in the Scriptures : for God is wont either to present new species to men, in dreams, or so to order and conjoin those that are in men before, that they are signs of future things ; and angels are wont to stir up and aptly dispose those species, spirits and humours that are in the body, that they admonish men of good and necessary things. And diabolical dreams are caused the same way, as by angels, but for a different end, viz. the destruction of men.' (p. 234.)

'A most singular and deeply-interesting example, which occurred in London only a few years ago, of supernatural protection to a young child under extreme bodily peril—protection which it is believed was afforded by special angelic intervention, is now put on record. Together with this is an independent account from the mother of the child in question, who, though at the time referred

to was at some distance from her home, was marvellously induced to rise from her bed and implore the divine assistance, though unaware of what was happening :—

‘ A fire occurred some years ago, in a street which joins Holborn at right angles, not far from the old Middle Row, which entirely gutted and destroyed two houses, and seriously damaged several more. It broke out in the small hours of the morning, and was not discovered until the flames had taken such a hold of the place that, from the time at which the firemen first arrived, it seemed evident to their leader and director that the two houses, at least, could not be saved.

‘ Every effort was made therefore to succour and save the inmates, all of whom were safely brought out except an old woman, who slept alone in a back room on the second floor, and who was suffocated before she could be reached, and a little child. In the room above, this little child, about five years of age, had for that night been left alone by her mother, a widow, who had been called away to Colchester upon business on the previous day, and who had left the child in charge of the landlady of the house. The child was put to bed, in

due course ; and when the fire had almost run its course, and the people who had been rescued were gathered at a house opposite, where the owner had charitably taken them in, the little child was all at once remembered. This absent one was said to be still in the burning house.

‘ Some of the firemen, who came from Chandos Street, Strand, did not say much, but, by their silence, gave little hope of being able to bring out the poor sufferer alive.

‘ One man, however, after learning exactly the position of the room behind, ran like a cat up one of the ladders, was over the burning roof and along the partition walls, almost as quick as thought, and soon obscured by flames, sparks, and smoke.

‘ The anxiety of the crowd was deep. They waited, minute after minute, with earnest upturned faces, in the hope of seeing the brave fireman return with the child. But no ; he did not come. The flames crept on steadily. Roof and upper rooms were soon in a perfect blaze. If not now at once rescued, any rescue was henceforth impossible. The man’s comrades held that perhaps he had sacrificed his own life in endeavouring to suc-



cour and preserve that of the child, and some of them went round to the back of the now gutted buildings to render help.

‘In a few minutes the brave fireman appeared at a back window, with the child clinging to his neck, to the astonishment and delight of the on-lookers, who were dumb in their fright.

‘He had found the little crib in which the child slept supported by the half-burnt rafters of the floor; the flames had curved round the room towards the window, leaving the corner where the child lay marvellously and altogether untouched: and, *as the man said, he saw amid the smoke the form of an angel “all gloriously white and silvery,”—his exact words,—“bending over the terrified child and smoothing down the counterpane.”*

‘Anyhow, the rescued child was wholly unharmed, which astonished the spectators and firemen greatly; and was brought to a neighbour’s house for protection.’

But the most remarkable part of this example of the Supernatural lies in the sequel, now to be told :—

‘The child’s mother arrived in Colchester

about midday on the previous morning, as arranged. Having fulfilled her particular purpose in going there, she was obliged to obtain a lodging for the night, as she had arranged to see a friend, in connection with the work which had taken her there, on the following morning. She took her usual food, and went to bed. But having put the light out, she could not sleep, as she herself thought, because she was in a strange room. Her restlessness was unusual, and a remarkable kind of nervousness took possession of her, which she could not shake off. She counted the hours, and seemed to feel that some sort of unusual danger was impending, though of what kind she could not tell. About midnight, however, as she asserted, she heard a voice in the room, which sounded like a clear and distinct whisper, saying, "Rise and pray, for the Lord's help is wanted ; rise and pray !" It was repeated again and again, and she could not get rid of the words. She was awed and astonished : but, striking a light, she at once rose, and fell on her knees by the bedside, and most earnestly supplicated the Almighty for His aid and protection. Under a strange sense of impending danger, she prayed for nearly an hour, saying the

Lord's Prayer over and over again, and other petitions for help. At length her mind grew less disturbed and then she went to bed again calmly, rested, slept, and rose refreshed.

‘Returning to London by an early train, she found what had happened through the fire, and when she learnt all the particulars, as heretofore recorded, she firmly believed that the interposition was from God by the hand of an angel who had mercifully shielded her only child from the fury of the flames, and had possibly incited her to ask the Almighty's assistance.’<sup>1</sup>

The late Dr. Neale published the two following accounts of what seemed to him to be examples of angelic interventions :—

I. A widower with his two children was on a visit to the house of a friend. The children were playing about (for it was an old-fashioned place),

<sup>1</sup> The fireman who is referred to in the above narrative, and who gave the account to a friend of mine, was an Irishman, who, since the period referred to, was shipwrecked on a voyage to America, and lost his life. His widow was for some time residing near Covent Garden ; but, on enquiry at the office of the Fire Brigade, in December 1877, I am unable to discover her. The mother of the child in question is still living in the vicinity of Stratford parish church, in the East of London.

in its rambling passages, their father being ignorant that one of them opened on a deep and uncovered well ; when, according to their own account, they were met by the figure of their deceased mother, who made them return. 'If the apparition,' remarks Dr. Neale, 'were indeed she whom it personated, it is a beautiful instance of the endurance of earthly love beyond the grave ; if, however, it was their guardian angel permitted to assume that shape, it is hardly less a striking lesson of the heed we should take not to despise one of these little ones.'

2. The second example is thus recorded : The little daughter of an eminent dignitary of the English Church was walking with her mother in the city where they resided. The child, in crossing a street, ran over by herself ; when, at the same moment, a travelling carriage whirled round a sharp corner, and in an instant she was under the feet of the horses. Her mother, in an agony of terror, sprang forward to the place where she lay, expecting, at the very least, to find her most seriously injured. The child sprang up gaily, and said, 'O mamma, I am not at all hurt ; for something all in white kept the horses

from treading upon me, and told me not to be afraid.' <sup>1</sup>

A lady gives me the following curious and interesting record,<sup>2</sup> which she asserts was generally believed to have been of a supernatural character :

Two little children, the daughters of a small farmer in Buckinghamshire, were sent out to play in the fields near Burnam Beeches one day, some years ago ; and they were told to go to a neighbour's cottage and get their dinner at twelve o'clock before they went. This direction was obeyed. After they had eaten their food, they strolled into the woods, wandering and playing about for many hours. Not observing the beaten tracks, and not knowing their way, at length they lost themselves, which it is no difficult work even for grown-up persons to accomplish in the woods in that part of the country. Their parents had been out directing the work of harvesting some little distance from their home, and did not return until quite late in the evening ; the mother feeling confident that

<sup>1</sup> *The Unseen World*, pp. 171, 172. London, 1853.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Pryce Williams, the widow of a clergyman of the diocese of St. David's, who at the period referred to lived at Farnham Royal, near Slough.

when she and her husband came back, the children would have surely found their way to the neighbour's cottage as arranged. But no, they had not returned and could not be found. The evening was drawing on, the night was getting cold, and the darkness was coming up. Still there was no sign of them. Men, women, and boys started out in all directions to find the children ; but without avail. Their names were called again and again in different parts of the wood, but there was no response ; and the hours wore away without any tidings of their whereabouts being had. At last, when it was perfectly dark, a person chanced to look out towards the road to Maidenhead, when across the fields, to the right of the farm-house in question, she beheld a strange kind of light, very brilliant and not like an ordinary lamp-light, because it was so brilliant ; and, by the aid of this light, saw the two little children walking steadily and fearlessly along arm in arm homewards. Several persons rushed down the road, and saw the glare of light before and yet over the little wanderers. Nothing could be more distinct, and it shone with a very deep golden glow, as bright as sunshine, lighting up the trees, hedges, and road-

way. Immediately the children had reached the roadway, and the person who first saw them had come up to them, the light suddenly and totally disappeared, and except the lost children, no person was there. In their fright at having lost themselves, they could only say, and affirm again and again, which they each did with steady pertinacity, that, when they had lain down to sleep, tired and weary in the wood—as they were obliged to do—a beautiful lady with a lamp had come and stood over them, roused them and had led them home. She smiled at them, but never spoke a word ; and then preceded them on their way : and they said it was an angel.

It is a beautiful thought that children who have been christened, still simple and pure, often see further than those who have been soiled and stained by their journey and toils on earth.

As St. Gregory the Great, in his 'Dialogues' <sup>1</sup> so beautifully wrote :—

' No visible things be seen but by means of the invisible ; for although your bodily eye beholdeth all sensible creatures, yet could it not behold any

<sup>1</sup> *Dialogues of St. Gregory the Great*, book iv. chap. v.

such thing, did it not receive force from that which is invisible ; for, take away the soul, which none doth see, and in vain be the eyes open to look upon anything. Take away the soul from the body, and the eyes out of all question may remain still open as before. If then our eyes did see of themselves, how cometh it to pass that now the soul is gone they see nothing at all?’

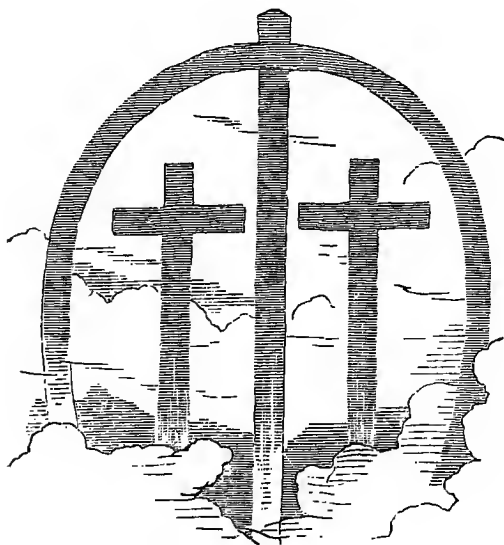
A remarkable occurrence (purposely given in this chapter) took place a few years ago, when Lord Francis Douglas, Mr. Hadon, Mr. Hudson and a guide named Croz were suddenly killed at the Matterhorn, by a terrible accident. Two distinct and definite Latin crosses appeared side by side within an ellipse up in the sky. It was said to have been a fog-bow. Mr. E. Whymper records its aspect in the following simple, but forcible words ; and Lady Gertrude Douglas, sister to Lord Francis, informs me that she heard a similar statement of its form and character from the Taugwalders, the local guides at Zermatt, when she paid that place a visit in 1873.

Mr. Whymper’s account stands thus :—

‘Convinced at last that they (the lost friends) were neither within sight nor hearing, we ceased



from our useless efforts ; and too cast down for speech, silently gathered up our things, and the little effects of those who were lost, preparatory to continuing the descent. When lo ! a mighty arch appeared rising above the Lyskamm, high into the



Spectral Appearance after the accident at the Matterhorn.

sky. Pale, colourless, and noiseless, but perfectly sharp and defined, except where it was lost in the clouds, this unearthly apparition seemed like a vision from another world ; and, almost appalled,

we watched with amazement the gradual development of two vast crosses, one on either side. If the Taugwalders had not been the first to perceive it, I should have doubted my senses. They thought it had some connection with the accident, and I, after a while, that it might bear some relation to ourselves. But our movements had no effect upon it. The spectral forms remained motionless. It was a fearful and wonderful sight, unique in my experience, and impressive beyond description, coming at such a moment.' <sup>1</sup>

Mr. Whympers dismisses the occurrence very briefly, though he admits it to have been impressive. Two remarkable facts, however, need to be borne in mind. First, that such phenomena have occasionally been witnessed, as for example the luminous cross by Constantine, and a spectral cross in the sky in France before the French Revolution of 1789. Secondly, the appearance at the Matterhorn had a profound effect on some of the relations of those who met their sudden death in such an appalling manner: and the remembrance of it

<sup>1</sup> *Scrambles amongst the Alps in the Years 1860-1869*, by Edward Whympers. Second edition, pp. 399-400. London, 1871.

remains with the guides of the locality unto this day. It is remarkable too, that in one of the last letters Lady Queensbury wrote to her absent son, received only a few days before his death, as I am informed, she reminded him that in case of any sudden danger he was to think of those lines of Father Faber's—

I lay me down beneath the Cross,  
And may the blood from His dear side  
Flow gently on me from His wounds,  
For He for me was crucified.

Those who walk by faith and not by sight, have sometimes glimpses of an Unseen World, where the angels throng—glimpses which are fraught with the peace of present consolation and a sure promise of reunion and eternal rest hereafter.

As has been beautifully said by a living writer, Miss H. Stuart :—

They come around us at the time when shadows softly fall,  
When the last sunset-gleam departs, and peace is over all ;  
With pleasant thoughts, with holy dreams, with visions glad  
and bright

They cheer the slow revolving hours of the long winter  
night :

Our mortal eyes may not behold the calm repose of mien,  
The radiance they have freshly won from some eternal scene ;  
Yet we believe the gloomy shores of this our changeful land  
Are visited by angel guests—a bright and glorious band !

They circle round our daily paths, and o'er our slumbers  
bend,  
The messengers of God to us, in glitt'ring hosts descend ;  
They leave the cloudless realms above, where is no shade  
nor tear,  
That they may sorrow o'er our grief, be our companions  
here ;  
Nor quit us till, through thorny ways, the Crown of Glory  
won,  
We pass, with our immortal guard, to lands beyond the sun.

They're with us in our lonely days, and with us in our mirth,  
We are the link which binds them still unto this dreary  
earth ;  
Were it not so, they would, ere now, have winged their rapid  
flight  
Back to a home of endless bliss, and everlasting light ;  
Their tender care and love for us bid them in mercy stay,  
Nor take the sunshine of their smile from our cold world  
away ;

And when a silent form is laid in rest which is not sleep,  
The angels throng the darkened room—the angels do not  
weep ;  
Their tears are for the erring thoughts which in the living  
rise,  
Not for the true and holy souls, secure in Paradise ;  
A moment, o'er the quiet dust, with folded wings they stay,  
Then bear the ransomed spirit hence, exultingly, away.

May they be with us at the last, receive our parting breath,  
And wait to lead our trembling souls to realms untrod by  
death,  
Where flowers which have no earthly hue, unfadingly will  
bloom,  
And where eternal sunlight gilds a land beyond the tomb.

These unfallen intelligences, beautiful and glorious in their forms and properties,—ministers of mankind by God's decree in this vale of tears, are thus written of, and solemnly invoked, by one of the most renowned of the early Caroline divines. His words are full of force and sweetness, and may be well and wisely recalled in an age when the clouds around seem dark and gathering, and when men rejoice that they cannot, and resolve that they will not, see:—

‘Sure I am that those, that attend the throne of their Maker, make up no less (as Nazianzen justly accounts them) than a world of spirits: a world so much more excellent than this visible by how much it is more abstracted from our weak senses. O ye blessed spirits, ye are ever by me, ever with me, ever about me! I do as good as see you, for I know you to be here. I reverence your glorious persons. I bless God for you. I walk awfully, because I am ever in your eyes. I walk confidently because I am ever in your hands.’<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Invisible World*, by Bishop Hall (p. 962).





CHAPTER V.

MODERN NECROMANCY

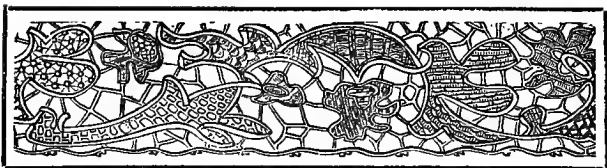


‘Witchcraft occurs almost entirely in countries which are not Catholic. Scotland, Germany, and the colonies in North America and Sweden, have furnished its most singular displays ; and it chiefly prevailed in England during the Great Rebellion and the years which succeeded it.’—*The Unseen World* (by Dr. J. M. NEALE), p. 180. London, 1853.

‘Qui jocari voluerit cum Diabolo, non poterit gaudere in Christo.’  
—S. PETER CHRYSOLOGUS.

‘As faith in the True God wanes, faith in false gods waxes. Hatred of God makes men sceptics—need of a God makes them followers of spirits. Our Lord has said : “When the Son of Man cometh shall He find [the] faith in the Earth?” And men’s unbelief is seen not only in their failure to wait for the Son of God from Heaven, but also in their madness to seek help and guidance elsewhere than in Him.’—*Warning to the Unwary against Spiritual Evil*. By THOMAS CARLYLE, Esq.





## CHAPTER V.

### MODERN NECROMANCY.

**T**HE laws of the Jews of old regarded sorcery, in all its varied forms, as a fact ; and, as an offence against the Most High, placed divination and idolatry in the same category. From the day when on Mount Sinai that Law was given by God through the hands of Moses, to the time of Our Saviour's advent, these laws were in full force. By them it was expressly forbidden to obtain either help or information from the powers of the air,<sup>1</sup> or,

<sup>1</sup> Of such 'powers of the air,' Bishop Hall thus wrote, describing their properties : 'They can beguile the senses, mock the phantasy, work strongly by philtres upon the affections ; assume the shapes of man or beast ; inflict grievous torment on the body ; convey strange things insensibly into it ; transport it from place to place in quick motions, cause no less sudden disparitions of it ; heal diseases by charms

any of the servants of Satan. In the Book of Deuteronomy nine various and distinct forms of divination are enumerated and explicitly condemned as abominable in themselves and hateful in the sight of God.<sup>1</sup> Moreover, it is expressly declared that the previous inhabitants of the land of Canaan were by God's decree turned out, and punished, because of their open and flagrant dealings with evil spirits, by every dark and unlawful method known to them, to the obvious dishonour of their Creator and their own degradation.

In the Book of Leviticus (xx. 27), it was solemnly decreed that 'a man or a woman *that*

and spells; frame hideous apparitions, and in short by applying active powers to passive subjects, they can produce wonderful results: each of all which were easy to be instanced in whole volumes, if it were needful, out of history and experience.'—*Divers Treatises*, by Joseph Hall, late Bishop of Norwich, vol. iii. p. 989. London, 1662.

<sup>1</sup> 'When thou art come into the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not learn to do after the abominations of those nations. There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all they that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord; and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out before thee.'—Deut. xviii. 9-12.

*hath a familiar spirit*, or one that is a wizard, shall surely be put to death; they shall stone them with stones: their blood shall be upon them,'<sup>1</sup>—a decree sufficiently indicative of the Almighty's abhorrence of such sins.

Its forms, as we have seen, were manifold. What, then, has been, may be, and possibly is. The charmer, as may be learnt, is one who chants or mutters invocations to evil spirits or demons to whom he gives up his will, so as, by following their directions, to obtain their help, and bring them into a spiritual intercommunion and alliance with himself. Thus the demons may either by inhabitation take possession of the charmers themselves, or provide a special spiritual attendant, technically known as a 'familiar spirit,' and so become externally related, or *en rapport*, with the world of spirits for supernatural purposes.

The possessed woman at Philippi, 'A certain woman possessed with a spirit of Python' (*πνεῦμα*

<sup>1</sup> In this text I am informed that the words in italics, literally translated, mean, 'if there be in them an Ohv,' or Python, that is, an evil spirit or soothsaying demon. *Vide* also, Leviticus xix. 31; xx. 6; xx. 27; Deut. xviii. 11; 1 Sam. xxviii. 3; xxviii. 7, 9; 1 Chron. x. 13; 2 Kings xxi. 6; 2 Kings xxiii. 24; Isaiah viii. 19; xix. 3; xxix. 4.

πύθωνος), who brought to her masters much gain by soothsaying,<sup>1</sup> let it be specially noted, was evidently what the spiritualists now term a 'Medium,' that is, a person acting between themselves and the unseen powers of evil, a certain link connecting the present world with the place of the lost or the fallen angels. Thus we may gather from one of the plainest narratives of Scripture, that, if men desire to give up their wills to evil spirits, or to consult demons, they can do so if they wish, with the greatest alacrity and ease. If they reject the doctrine of the 'communion of saints,' and deny the truth of angelic aid and intervention, they may no doubt all the more readily obtain the alliance and help of demons, and secure for themselves

<sup>1</sup> Acts xvi. 16. Throughout all this period, it was the common and universal conviction of the Jews of old—allowed as well by our Blessed Saviour and His Apostles, as by Pagan writers, that unquestionable manifestations of a supernatural power were from time to time made. There is of course no doubt that the coming of the Eternal Word in man's nature circumscribed the influence of the evil spirits, some of whom openly acknowledged His Power and shrank from His Presence. But it is equally certain that if such manifestations of demonism were to be no longer possible, the Church of God would have known of the change and would have duly proclaimed it. Yet in Holy Scripture we find sorcery and sorcerers (φαρμακεία, φαρμακοί) classed with the worse kind of sins and sinners.

a communion of sinners.' Mediums abound, through and by whom such malignant spirits can make themselves understood, juggle, exhibit their vast supernatural powers, reveal secrets, answer questions, and cleverly personate departed souls, for the more complete delusion and bewilderment of their pitiable victims.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On the various kinds of evil spirits, mental and bodily possession, &c., Bishop Hall writes forcibly but quaintly as follows :—' Whence it is plain, that as there are several kinds of devils, one worse and more powerful than another, so the worst of them are to be vanquished by prayer, sharpened by abstinence. What a difference then, is there, of times and means? At the first it was a greater work to dispossess devils by prayer and fasting than by command ; now it were far greater to do it by a mere command than by prayer and fasting. That which was then ordinarily done were now strangely miraculous ; and that which is in the ordinary course now, was then rare and unusual. The power of an adjuring command we see ceased : the power of fervent prayer can never be out of date. This and this only is the remedy of both bodily and mental possession : thus, if we will resist the Devil, he shall flee away from us. Upon the ground of this scripture it was (as myself was witness), that in our age Mr. Dayrel, a godly and zealous preacher, undertook and (accordingly through the blessings of God upon his faithful devotions) performed those famous ejections of evil spirits both at Nottingham and Lancashire, which exercised the press, and raised no small envy amongst the gain-sayers. Shortly, all that we have to do concerning malignant spirits, is to repay them with hatred, to persuade our heart of their continual dogging of us for mischief, to arm ourselves with constant resolutions of resistance, diligently to watch

Then, as regards divination amongst pagan nations. In the nineteenth section of his 'Treatise on Divination,' Cicero has plainly put on record his conviction that 'the Oracle at Delphi would never have been so celebrated and so illustrious, nor would it have been stored with so many donations from all kinds of peoples and kings, unless every age had experienced the truth of those oracles.' That Oracle, as we well know, maintained its supernatural reputation for centuries. Surely clever deception and mere human art and contrivance could never have secured for it that active veneration which for a considerable period it certainly possessed. Habitual trickery, played off on all ranks and characters—upon the knowing as well as on the ignorant—does not often remain successful and undiscovered for generations. Moreover, as St. Augustine so confidently asserts, 'God, to punish the blindness of the pagans, sometimes permitted the demons to give answers according

the ways of their temptations ; to keep the strongest guard upon our weakest parts ; to fortify ourselves by our faithful prayers ; and, by the virtue of our faith, to make Him ours who is able to strengthen us and to make us more than conquerors.'—*The Invisible World*, by Bishop Hall, vol. iii. p. 997.

to the truth.' Such replies served so to augment the fame of the Oracle, that its dark influence and dangerous ascendancy energized for centuries. When, however, its influence came to an end, this was so, not because men had learnt to mistrust its responses, but because, for some reason or another, such responses had altogether ceased.

As an ancient author, Ludovicus Capellus,<sup>1</sup> has well written :—

'It's a certain thing, which the experience of our days, and that of all ages does averr, which the momuments of histories, both ancient and modern, confirm, and which the writings, as well of heathens as of Christians, certifie ; that there are and have been at all times in the world, witches, magicians, diviners, inchanters, and such like notorious wicked people, that have a familiar communication, and a frequent commerce with devils ; by whose help and power they do many strange and prodigious things, above and beyond all human wisdom ; all which consequently infers, that these things proceed from a supernatural and immaterial cause, such as demons.'

<sup>1</sup> *The Hinge of Faith and Religion*, by Ludovicus Capellus. Published anonymously in 1662.

In England, the old laws against witchcraft have long ago been deliberately abolished.<sup>1</sup> Those who took part in their abolition no doubt honestly believed that if witchcraft and necromancy had ever been realities, they were realities no longer.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In 1745, an old woman named Osborne, living near Tring, was suspected of practising witchcraft. A man believing himself to have been bewitched sent for a cunning man from Northampton, who, confirming him in his belief, left directions for overcoming the evil. The cottage of the woman was, as a consequence, surrounded and watched by rustics armed with scythes, staves, and pitchforks. Eventually the excitement on the subject became so intense that several thousands of persons, attracted to the adjoining village of Long Marston on April 22, 1751, stripped both the supposed witch and her husband, tied them up with their hands crossed, and 'swam them.' The old woman died from the effects of this treatment, and a chimney-sweeper named Colley, specially distinguished for his excitability, was tried, executed and hung in chains for the offence. This case led to the repeal of King James's celebrated Act. It is remarkable that the spot where this man was hung, no great distance from the pond where the woman was drowned, is still reputed to be haunted. I recently learnt from John Reeves, parish clerk of Long Marston, that he and others, notably Edward Oakley and Mary Nunes of Gubblecote, have seen a spectral animal near a field called Gibraltar, and that the conviction of the reality of the apparition is firmly held by many more.

<sup>2</sup> The former oath, taken with reference to a repudiation of witchcraft in Queen Elizabeth's reign, stood thus :—' Ye shall swear that henceforth ye shall not use, practise, devise, or put in use, or exercise, or cause, procure, counsel, agree, assist or consent to be used, devised, practised, put in use, or exercised any invocations or conjurations of spirits,



Hence their action. The various classes of unbelievers in Christianity, from Toland, Hobbes, and Hume, of previous times, down to the modern teachers of a superior and superfine knowledge,—those who confidently affirm that men are only developed apes, and who declare that in the place of Almighty God the Great Creator, there may be ‘a force which maketh for righteousness,’ but that the existence of a Great Governor of the world cannot be either known or intellectually proved, and that the immortality of man’s soul is most probably a delusion and a fable,—laugh to scorn by consequence any belief in spirit, angel, or demon ; attributing the existence of such conceptions to what has been sagely termed ‘dominant ideas.’ ‘I know well,’ remarks a person who calls himself ‘Clericus’ in ‘The Times’ of December 29, 1876, ‘that when men have once committed themselves

witchcrafts, enchantments or sorceries, or anything whatsoever touching, or in any wise concerning the same or any of them, to the intent to get or find any money or treasure, or to waste, consume or destroy any person in his members, body or goods, or to provoke any to unlawful love, or to know, tell or declare, where goods lost or stolen become, or for any other purpose, end or interests whatsoever. So help you God, and the holy contents of this book.’—*Entries of the Lord Chief Justice Coke*, p. 1.

to a false principle or theory, it becomes a monomania with them for a time ; and those who on all other points are reasonable and capable of forming just conclusions, become utterly blind and illogical, so that argument with them is hopeless.' The laws against witchcraft having, therefore, been abolished, the modern forms of that evil, because disbelieved in by the 'blind scientific leaders of the blind,' cannot now be dealt with on their merits, or as realities (which they certainly are), but as deliberate tricks and crafty impositions, and their authors as mere artful impostors. The true issue can only be faced by those who still believe in the 'Word of God,' and in the righteousness and holiness of His laws.

By God's favour, man is not left without sufficient mental power to distinguish between agencies which are obviously natural and ordinary, and those which are unquestionably supernatural and extraordinary. Experience, Common Sense, and Conscience combined will easily enable people to discriminate between a power which emanates from physical agencies physically controlled, and a different power set in motion by a movement of our own will, acting obviously, though not forcibly,

on other beings, so as to determine their will and guide their responsive actions in relation to ourselves. Tables and chairs do not ordinarily hear and speak, or display intelligence. If, then, as when the London Dialectical Society examined the subject,<sup>1</sup> a person speaks to a table, and that table, by knocks on the floor, or by raising one of its legs, communicates intelligibly in reply to such questioning, the conclusion is not unreasonable that some supernatural agency must be present to make it accomplish this. If secrets are disclosed by such queries and replies—and to deny this is to deny

<sup>1</sup> The London Dialectical Society have, a few years ago, appointed a committee 'to investigate spiritual phenomena.' In the course of its enquiries, it engaged no professional medium, but the members pursued their investigations amongst themselves for the term of two years, and then reported as follows :—

1. That sounds of a very varied character, apparently proceeding from articles of furniture, the floor and walls of the room—the vibrations accompanying which sounds are often distinctly perceptible to the touch, occur without being produced by muscular action or mechanical contrivance.

2. That movements of heavy bodies take place without mechanical contrivance of any kind, or adequate exertion of muscular force by those present, and frequently without contact or connection with any person.

3. That these sounds and movements often occur at the time and in the manner asked for by persons present, and by means of a simple code of signals, answer questions and spell out coherent communications.

admitted facts on credible testimony,—surely some power superior to man must be the discloser of them. To maintain that Science can account for them, or satisfactorily explain them away, is absurd; and just as irrational as to maintain that Science can change matter into spirit.

In pointing out the dark and dangerous characteristics of the system of Spiritualism,<sup>1</sup> which is

<sup>1</sup> The system is now so complete that hundreds of thousands of leaflets are distributed broadcast in England as well as in America, giving practical directions for invoking and securing the aid of spirits. One of these is here reprinted, so that no mis-statement of what actually occurs may unintentionally be made. Unity of will and purpose, and cordial co-operation seem essential for success:—Inquirers into Spiritualism should begin by forming spirit circles in their own homes, with no Spiritualist or professional medium present. Should no results be obtained on the first occasion, try again with other sitters. One or more persons possessing medial powers without knowing it are to be found in nearly every household.

1. Let the room be of a comfortable temperature, but cool rather than warm—let arrangements be made that nobody shall enter it, and that there shall be no interruption for one hour during the sitting of the circle.

2. Let the circle consist of four, five, or six individuals, about the same number of each sex. Sit round an uncovered wooden table, with all the palms of the hands in contact with its top surface. Whether the hands touch each other or not is usually of no importance. Any table will do, just large enough to conveniently accommodate the sitters. The removal of a hand from the table for a few seconds does no

obviously paving the way for the coming and reign of Antichrist,—for it is deluding and blinding the

harm, but when one of the sitters breaks the circle by leaving the table it sometimes, but not always, very considerably delays the manifestations.

3. Before the sitting begins, place some pointed lead-pencils and some sheets of clean writing paper on the table, to write down any communications that may be obtained.

4. People who do not like each other should not sit in the same circle, for such a want of harmony tends to prevent manifestations, except with well-developed physical mediums; it is not yet known why. Belief or unbelief has no influence on the manifestations, but an acrid feeling against them is a weakening influence.

5. Before the manifestations begin, it is well to engage in general conversation or in singing, and it is best that neither should be of a frivolous nature. A prayerful, earnest feeling among the members of the circle gives the higher spirits more power to come to the circle, and makes it more difficult for the lower spirits to get near.

6. The first symptom of the invisible power at work is often a feeling like a cool wind sweeping over the hands. The first manifestations will probably be table tiltings or raps.

7. When motions of the table or sounds are produced freely, to avoid confusion, let one person only speak, and talk to the table as to an intelligent being. Let him tell the table that three tilts or raps mean 'Yes,' one means 'No,' and two mean 'Doubtful,' and ask whether the arrangement is understood. If three signals be given in answer, then say, 'If I speak the letters of the alphabet slowly, will you signal every time I come to the letter you want, and spell us out a message?' Should three signals be given, set to work on the plan proposed, and from this time an intelligent system of communication is established.

eyes of weak and sentimental people who have been hitherto satisfied with the empty husks and miserable negations of Protestantism in one or other of its manifold forms,—the principles and practices of the Spiritualistic system in question will be here given in the very phrases of its most active literary supporters,—the fairest way of stating the case, with a view to opposing its errors, putting down its practices and rites, and of duly measuring its increasing proportions.

8. Afterwards the question should be put, ‘Are we sitting in the right order to get the best manifestations?’ Probably some members of the circle will then be told to change seats with each other, and the signals will be afterwards strengthened. Next ask, ‘Who is the medium?’ When spirits come asserting themselves to be related or known to anybody present, well-chosen questions should be put to test the accuracy of the statements, as spirits out of the body have all the virtues and all the failings of spirits in the body.

9. A powerful physical medium is usually a person of an impulsive, affectionate, and genial nature, and very sensitive to mesmeric influences. The majority of media are ladies.

The best manifestations are obtained when the medium and all the members of the circle are strongly bound together by the affections, and are thoroughly comfortable and happy; the manifestations are born of the spirit, and shrink somewhat from the lower mental influences of earth. Family circles, with no strangers present, are usually the best.

Possibly at the first sitting of a circle symptoms of other forms of mediumship than tilts or raps may make their appearance.

The method of invoking the presence of the spirits, and asking their active assistance, is here given in a tract 'published by Spiritualistic authority : '—

'The spirit circle is formed by six or eight persons sitting round a table and placing the palms of the hands on the top of it. If a person having the natural qualifications of a medium is present, and if the temperaments of the other sitters are congenial, the magnetic power of the whole company will gather in a cloud over the table and the sitters, enabling the attendant spirits to move the table up and down, or from side to side, and even to float it in the air, while no human hand is touching it. This is almost incredible, but quite easy of explanation by the laws of magnetism above alluded to. Where tables thus move, communication can at once be established by asking the intelligence that moves the table to make it tip a certain number of times, or cause raps as signals in answer to questions, or to indicate letters of the alphabet. A more direct way of communion is by writing. When certain persons thus sit at a table they find their hands move about by an influence over which they have

no control. This is to indicate that the spirits wish to write through them. If such a person take a pencil in the hand thus moved, he will be caused to write without any control or thought on his part.' <sup>1</sup>

A careful examination of the various Spiritualistic serials, proves that there cannot be less than from two hundred and fifty to two hundred and sixty professional 'mediums' <sup>2</sup> practising in London alone, on the lines laid down in the above exposition of the ordinary *modus operandi*.

As an example of what is actually taking place amongst Spiritualists, the following record of a *séance* from the pen of Mr. Serjeant E. W. Cox, which appeared in the 'Spiritualist' of August 11, 1876, is reproduced here at length. His known ability, and the high legal position which this gentleman holds, are a guarantee for exactness and

<sup>1</sup> Seed-Corn, No. 4. *What is Spiritualism?* p. 2. London : J. Burns.

<sup>2</sup> A friend, who has examined the phenomena of spiritualism with great patience and care, informs me that out of twenty-seven 'mediums,' with whom he has come into contact, he has found that only one has received Christian Baptism, and that in a sect where it is often ministered with singular want of care.



absence of rhetorical exaggeration. Here are his words :—

‘ Having undertaken to examine without prejudice or prepossession, and to report faithfully, without favour, in a purely judicial spirit, any alleged psychological phenomena that might be submitted to me as President of the Psychological Society of Great Britain, I narrate without comment what I witnessed at a sitting with Dr. Slade this afternoon.

‘ I sat alone with him, at three o’clock, in a room at 8, Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, into which the sun shone brightly, at a table about five feet by four, having four legs, no ledge below, and no cloth upon it. Dr. Slade sat at one side of this table, sideways, so that his legs and feet were not under the table, but his whole body fully in my view, as he faced me. I sat at the side, the corner of the table being between us. As I sat I could see half-way below the table, and by moving my head slightly, I could see the whole space below, which was wholly exposed in full daylight. An ordinary drawing-room chair was about six inches from the table on the opposite side, six feet from Dr. Slade. A heavy arm-chair was in the corner

of the room, about the same distance from him and from the table. A slate of the ordinary school size and a piece of slate pencil were upon the table.

‘Instantly upon taking our seats very loud rapping came upon the floor. This was followed by a succession of furious blows upon the table, jarring my hands, as they were laying upon it. These blows were repeated at any part of the table desired, by merely touching that spot with the finger, while the blows, as forcible as if given with a sledge-hammer, were being made. Dr. Slade’s hands were on the table upon my hands, and his whole body to his feet was fully before my eyes. I am certain that not a muscle moved. Then he took the slate after I had carefully inspected it, to be assured that no writing was upon it, and placing there a piece of slate pencil the size of a small grain of wheat, he pressed the slate tightly below but against the slab of the table. Presently I heard the sound as of writing on a slate. The slate was removed, and on it a zigzag line was drawn from end to end.

‘At this moment the chair that I had described as standing by the table was lifted up to a level with the table, held in that position for

several seconds, and then dropped to the floor. While the chair was so suspended in the air, I carefully noted Dr. Slade. It was far beyond his reach. But his hands were under my hands, and his feet were fully in view, near my own on the side of the table opposite to that on which the chair had risen.

‘While I was taking note of his position at this moment, a hand rudely grasped my knee on the opposite side to where Dr. Slade was seated, and his hands were still in mine on the table.

‘Blows of a more gentle kind upon the table, attended with a remarkable quivering of it, announced, as he said, that his wife was present, and desired the slate. After the slate had been carefully cleaned, it was laid upon the top of the table, with a little piece of pencil under it. Upon the slate he placed his right hand, and I placed my left hand, and with my other hand I held his left hand as it lay upon the table. As my hand lay upon the slate, I could feel, and I did also distinctly hear, something writing upon it. The communication was evidently a long one; but before I report the result, I desire to note here a

remarkable phenomenon, to my mind the most suggestive that attended this experiment.

‘It is necessary clearly to understand the position of the parties, therefore I repeat it.

‘Dr. Slade and myself sat face to face. One hand of each of us was laid upon the slate. The side of the slate that was being written upon was pressed by us against the table. Our second hands were linked together, and lay upon the table. While this position was preserved, the writing proceeded without pause. When Dr. Slade removed his hand from mine it ceased instantly, and as instantly was renewed when his hand and mine met. This experiment was repeated several times, and never failed.

‘Here, then, was a chain or circle formed by my arms and body, and Dr. Slade’s arms and body, the slate being between us, my hand at one end of it, his hand at the other end, and between our hands, and upon the slate that connected them, the writing was. When the chain was broken, forthwith the writing ceased. When the chain was re-formed, the writing was at once resumed. The effect was instantaneous. In this curious fact we must seek the clue to this psychological mystery.

‘Some rapid rappings indicating that the writing was finished, the slate was lifted, and in a clear and perfectly distinct writing the following was read. It filled the whole side of the slate:—

“DEAR SERJ.,—You are now investigating a subject that is worthy of all the time you or any other man of mind can devote to its investigation. When man can believe in this truth, it will in most cases make him a better man. This is our object in coming to earth, to make man and woman better, wiser, and purer.—I am truly,

“A. W. SLADE.”

‘While I was reading this a hand again grasped my knee furthest from Dr. Slade, whose hands were at that moment holding the slate that I might copy the writing. As I wrote, a hand, which I saw distinctly, came from under the table, seized my waistcoat and pulled it violently.

‘Seeing this, I took the pencil with which I was copying the words, and laid it at the edge of the table furthest from Dr. Slade, and far beyond his reach, the end of the pencil projecting about two inches over the ledge. I asked if the hand would take the pencil. Forthwith a hand came from under the table, seized the pencil, and threw

it upon the floor. I again asked that it would pick up the pencil and bring it me. In a minute it was brought and put upon the table by my side. I saw the hand that brought it as distinctly as I could see my own. It was a small hand, seemingly that of a woman.

‘Again the slate was cleaned and laid upon the table as before, my hand upon it. In a few seconds the following sentence was written. Considerable power was used in this writing, and I could distinctly feel the pressure of the pencil upon the slate, and its motion as every word was written:—

“I am Dr. John Forbes. I was the Queen’s physician. God bless you! J. FORBES.”

‘While I was reading this, the hand again came from under the table and seized the sleeve of my coat and tried to pull my arm down, but I resisted, and it disappeared. Then it came up again, as if from my legs, and caught the eye-glass that was hanging from my neck, and opened it. During all these phenomena Dr. Slade’s hands were before me on the table and his feet full in my view upon the floor. The hand on each occasion came from the side of the table opposite to where Dr. Slade was sitting. He was seated on my left, and the

hand came and seized me on my right leg, in a position impossible to him. The hand I saw was not half the size of Dr. Slade's hand. It touched my hand three times, and I could feel that it was warm, soft, and moist, and as solid and fleshy as my own.

' Again the slate was cleaned and held under the table tight against the wood, one half of it projecting beyond the edge, so that I might be assured that it was tightly pressed against the wood ; but the slate was seized, and with great force drawn away and rapidly raised above me and placed upon my head. In this position the sound of writing upon it was distinctly heard by me. On removing it I found written upon it the following words :—" Man must not doubt any more when we can come in this way.—J. F., M.D." Then the large arm-chair rushed forward from the corner of the room in which it had been placed, to the table. Thus ended this experiment. All that I have reported was done, that is certain. How it was done, and by what agency, is a problem for psychology to solve. For my own part I can only say that I was wide awake ; that it was in broad daylight ; that Dr. Slade was under my observation

the whole time, and could not have moved hand or foot without being detected by me. Any person who chooses to go may see almost the same phenomena. I offer no opinion upon their causes, for I have formed none. If they be genuine, it is impossible to exaggerate their interest and importance. If they be an imposture, it is equally important that the trick should be exposed in the only way in which trickery can be explained, by doing the same thing and showing how it is done.'

Comment on the above categorical statement of facts is quite needless. They tell their own story ; and it certainly behoves all those who dispute them, or would explain them away by theories inherently ridiculous and practically valueless, to undertake to accomplish similar operations themselves under like conditions. The ordinary rules of evidence cannot be put aside, because such facts as those recorded by Serjeant Cox scatter to the winds, as they certainly do, the worthless assertions, laboured arguments, and foolish guesses of materialists and their duped disciples and superstitious followers.

Another quotation setting forth what took place at another *séance* by a Mrs. Louisa Andrews, and



recorded in one of the Spiritualists' most popular serials,<sup>1</sup> demands particular notice, because several well-known accounts, old as well as new, of supernatural occurrences in houses and localities haunted by restless evil spirits, tally very remarkably in their details with the extraordinary narrative of what took place at the *séance* in question which follows :—

‘Very often the noise produced was really terrific—enough to agitate any nervous person. Frequently the whole room was shaken, not momentarily, but for ten or fifteen minutes at a time. At first, only a slight trembling of the floor was felt, and then, becoming more and more violent, the room was shaken as if by an earthquake, the doors and windows rattled as though a hurricane were blowing through the house, and (as we were told afterwards) the chandelier in the apartment below shook, and the ceiling was jarred, as by the firing of cannon. There seemed to be a crowd dancing and pounding with bare feet all over the room—hands were loudly clapped, and tremendous blows, as if from a heavy mallet, threatened

<sup>1</sup> *The Medium and Daybreak*, vol. vii. No. 340, p. 629, October 6, 1876. London : J. Burns.

destruction to the table, on which our hands rested.<sup>1</sup> The piano, which stood five or six feet from the medium, was thrummed upon, the stroke of fingers all over the key-board being distinctly heard ; and to add to the din and confusion, the corner of the heavy instrument was lifted and allowed to fall again with heavy thuds. While all this was going on, spirits crowded upon us—their hands grasped our shoulders and were laid upon ours heads ; heavy drapery swept over my face, garments rustled against us, and dark forms passing between me and the windows shut out the light which shone between the closed shutters. Not only did blows, almost deafening in the noise they made, fall close to our hands upon the table, while at the same moment hands were pounding upon the keys of the piano, but we heard something heavy dragged over the floor, and after the sitting, found that the instrument had been moved from its place and brought close to us, while the stool was upon the table, almost touching our hands. In the midst of the shaking of the room and while numberless feet stamped about on the floor, a shrill

<sup>1</sup> Compare this account with that of the Haunted House at Newbury in Chapter I., p. 30.

war-whoop was heard, as if proceeding from some one flying through the air—now close to us and now high above our heads, now at one end of the room and then at the other. These whoops were repeated in the shrillest tones, and in literally breathless succession during many minutes, while voluminous drapery swept over our heads and shoulders, and what felt like masses of long, dry hair fell upon our faces, and all to the accompaniment of the seeming earthquake which shook us unceasingly. Altogether the power manifested was such that I can give no adequate idea of it. I feel in striving to describe such an experience, how utterly vain is my effort to put another in my place and picture to his imagination what I witnessed in reality. While my sister sat with her feet on those of the medium, he being laid back in trance so that his hands could not be kept on the table, a spirit spoke to me in a loud voice, grasped my shoulders firmly, laid his hands on my head, upon which he also breathed a full warm breath, as from lips close to it, and taking my hands from the table placed them on my lap. Then, speaking in deep, loud tones, he said, "Do not fear me—I will not hurt you," and bending my head gently back

till it rested against his breast, he lifted me from the floor by grasping the back of my chair with one hand, and the front rung with the other, and swung me backwards and forwards with a long sweep through the air. On a subsequent evening, when I held the feet of the medium under mine, my sister was swung in the same way. Sometimes in these evening sittings, spirit-voices sang close around and above us. Once this musical effort not being very successful, and the medium being awake, he laughed aloud while the singing continued. The voice then rose in the air and the seemingly detached head from which it proceeded 'passed slowly back and forth, still singing over my sister, while a long soft beard brushed against her face—not once, but many times.'

Astonishing as these details cannot fail to be, there are others in the background of a darker character still. A most practical and materialistic test of their reality was recently tried in America, which is recorded in the 'St. Louis Republican' in the following account, reprinted just as it appeared:—

'Spiritualism has been put to rather a severe test at an exhibition which took place at a Concert

Hall of that place, when Mr. W. C. Clark, a St. Louis Medium, permitted one of his materialisations to stand the test of a rifle shot. It has for some time been contended by the sceptical that the true way to prove the spiritual nature of these phenomena was with a shot-gun. If a face smiling through an unglazed window could receive a charge of shot and still smile, it was thought the test might be accepted as proof at least that the face was not human.

'The exhibition grew out of a challenge to Mr. Clark from Henry Timkens, a carriage-maker. Mr. Timkens offered fifty dollars for the privilege of loading and firing a rifle at a face which Mr. Clark should produce at the aperture of a cabinet, the Medium to disrobe before entering the cabinet and put on clothes which the challenger should produce. After this the challenger was to fasten the Medium to the bottom of the cabinet. This was done to the satisfaction of everyone present. After the usual noisy demonstrations within the cabinet, the story runs:—Suddenly the curtain moved aside and the face appeared. There it was—a pale, ghostly countenance that looked as though it might have belonged to a girl of seventeen at

some previous time of the world's history. All who saw it were fairly transfixed with astonishment. The features were perfectly clear and distinct, being illuminated by a soft light. There was not the slightest movement of a muscle or an eyelid that could be distinguished. While all were eagerly gazing at the vision, there was an explosion that caused a rude interruption to the imaginative reveries into which the more superstitious had fallen.

'As soon as the face appeared, Mr. A. B. Cunningham, at Mr. Timkens' request, had coolly sighted a small rifle at it. The wide open eyes looked almost into the muzzle of the gun without any sign of flinching. Without the tremor of a muscle, Cunningham fired, apparently thinking no more of shooting a couple of girls than a Comanche would. At the shot the face remained steadfast. It was not scared, and did not wink. A few seconds it remained as before, and then the curtain mysteriously slid across and obscured it from view.

'After about ten minutes' waiting the Medium asked for a glass of water. This was given him, and in a little time after he asked to be let out.

When the door was opened he was found tied just as he was left when the doors were first closed. The cords had evidently been strained a little, and that was all. Everybody said it was a good thing, and nobody could tell how it was done, if the spirits did not do it.

‘The Medium professed to be very much exhausted by the exhibition, and said he would not do it again for anything. The bullet certainly went through the aperture and through the face, whatever it was. This was ascertained beyond a doubt by the finding of the ball, it having passed through the back of the cabinet, and imbedded itself in a board.’

At a Spiritualistic *séance* at Birmingham, held on a Sunday evening in 1876, one of the Mediums, more blasphemously outspoken than is common, maintained that he had been in active communication with the Apostle St. Peter. What followed, as telegraphed to the ‘Standard’ newspaper, is set forth in the following report:—

‘This evening, at the Athenæum Assembly Rooms, Temple Row, a spiritualistic *séance* was being held, and in the course of it, a Medium, named Benjamin Hawkes, a toy-dealer, of New

Street, in this town, addressed the meeting. He spoke for fully half an hour, appearing to be in his usual health; and then he described with startling vividity a *séance* in which the Apostle Peter had manifested himself to the assembled spiritists. Peter had clasped hands with him, and he (Hawkes) felt the close pressure of the apostle's grasp. From this he argued that it was quite possible to understand how Thomas, or Didymus, thrust his hand into the side of the "Personification of Divine love." The instant these last words were out of the speaker's mouth, he fell back on a chair behind him. There was great excitement, for the meeting believed Hawkes was under strong "spirit control." A few seconds elapsed; a surgeon came up to the Medium and found him—dead. The meeting broke up in wild confusion. Perhaps a more exciting scene never occurred than the death of this man with the wild words of his fervent belief fresh on his lips.'

From this brief but startling record of what has been quite recently done; from the statement of facts concerning Spiritualism, here given on authority—facts which might be largely added to, as thousands of *séances* are held in London daily;



and, as a recent public writer remarked a short time ago—‘There is more necromancy practised in the British metropolis in one week than in the whole land of Canaan, in any twelvemonth, before the Children of Israel came into possession of it,’ let us pass on to consider in detail the flagrant and thoroughly-antichristian dogmas of Modern Spiritualism,<sup>1</sup> as set forth by its leaders and supporters.

As regards the fact of the Incarnation, one of the most popular Spiritualist Lecturers thus declares:—‘It does not matter, in our opinion, whether, as the infidel believes, this Birth of Jesus is a tradi-

<sup>1</sup> Those who are easily entrapped into becoming spiritualists are, (1), the unbaptized; (2), ill-instructed Christians; (3), those who, unsatisfied with the materialistic theories of the day, desire to believe in a world to come; (4), persons on the look-out for the latest sensation. Hence it becomes of deep importance that Christian truths, in all their completeness and perfection, should be openly proclaimed and plainly taught. It is remarkable how seldom the doctrine of the ever-Blessed Trinity is proclaimed in modern Anglican sermons. The sixteenth-century preachers treated this divine doctrine with power and theological learning, and their works do follow them. The modern pulpits of the Church of England, on the other hand, appear to know it not. We frequently hear both in sermons and treatises much about ‘the Fatherhood of God,’ and much of the beauty of the human nature and life of our Blessed Lord: but, of the doctrine of the Trinity, next to nothing!

tion ; or whether, as the Christian believes, it is a reality ; the influence of that supposed Birth upon the World is precisely the same ; and whether you take it from the standpoint of the Secularist, or the Religionist (*i.e.* the believer in Historical Christianity) it does not matter.'<sup>1</sup>

Here, likewise, the doctrine of the Incarnation (without which Christianity is a fable and a fiction), is categorically denied :—

'We certainly decline entering into any discussion upon the Creed of the Trinitarian or Unitarian, or any form of theological controversy. Christ's words when He says, "I and My Father are One," did not mean [that] He was God. If He and His Father were One, it simply signified [that] They were One in spirit ; and the promise given to Earth's children, the same as to Christ, is that Christ could not have been a greater embodiment of deity than the divine and perfect humanity He represented.'<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Spiritual Ethics*, by Mrs. Cora Tappan, p. 7. London : J. Burns. On one occasion this lecturer commenced one of her spiritualistic rhapsodies, delivered at a Music Hall in Holborn, on Sunday evening, November 2, 1872, thus :—

Our Father and our Mother, God ! Thou life, Thou source of being !'

<sup>2</sup> *Spiritual Ethics* p. 12.

As regards dogma and definite Christian teaching, the following is equally worthy of careful attention :<sup>1</sup>—‘We are not here as the advocates of any Creed. The devotees of all religions are invited and are welcome. Whatsoever may be the theory or form of worship of any soul, we have no theology to present to you to-night.’

This last statement is not exactly accurate, if by ‘theology’ is meant ‘dogmatism,’ as appears to be the case ; for the assertions contained in other portions of the lecture from which these words are taken, are at once numerous and forcible ; and could not be expressed in more definite and dogmatic language. Later on, in reply to the reasonable question, ‘What new truth has Spiritualism revealed ?’ the lecturer affirms that ‘The new truth revealed by Spiritualism is that the spiritual world is a natural world ; a continuation of earthly life ; a stage of advancement and progress ; a place preparatory to still higher stages of being.’ In answer to another query, ‘Will Spiritualism elevate and regenerate mankind ?’ she declares that it ‘reveals a consciousness of that

<sup>1</sup> *Spiritualism : its advantages, &c.*, by Mrs. Tappan, p. 5. London : J. Burns.

spiritual life, and points out the qualifications that shall best adapt you for it. You teach your children that they may become men and women ; you teach your men and women that they may become angels, [*sic*] if they will strive for that angel-life. If you teach them that they are to die as the brute and be forgotten, their lives and actions will be shaped accordingly.' <sup>1</sup>

The doctrine of Original Sin is indirectly, and the doctrine of the Atonement is directly, repudiated in the following terms :—

‘ The very fact of the spirit’s continued existence, its state and condition, is a denial of every sectarian dogma. There is not one but provides a vicarious atonement for its believers. There is not a spirit . . . that has ever yet communicated to man and been able to prove that it was happy or miserable on account of its belief ; not one who has dared to deny that its happiness or misery is determined by its acts and deeds alone.’ <sup>2</sup>

In the following passage the need of a personal mediator or intercessor is categorically and plainly

<sup>1</sup> *Spiritualism : its advantages, &c.*, by Mrs. Tappan p. 13.

<sup>2</sup> *The Creed of the Spirits*, p. 4. London : J. Burns.

denied ; the very teaching of our Blessed Saviour being first caricatured as uncalled-for, and irrational, and then scornfully rejected :—

‘ Christ taught that between the human soul and the Father, there is no intercessor but love. . . . More than this, instead of offerings of bloodshed and burnt offerings and sacrifices, He taught that the only offerings were those of the human spirit, that the only sacrifice was *the sacrifice of the senses* (!! ) and that to the spiritually-minded there is no need of an Intercessor, for God is there and will listen.’<sup>1</sup>

Concerning Morals, we have the following :—

‘ Spiritualism also teaches the necessity of forbearance, forgiveness, charity—“ love thy neighbour as thyself ”—charity, forbearance, forgiveness, and that grand truth, that grand and noble lesson, hope, that leads the soul onwards and upwards, to brighter and to better things in view.’<sup>2</sup>

That Christians, whose ‘ souls are in the hands of God,’ come back again at their will to those left behind, is here asserted :—

<sup>1</sup> *Spiritual Ethics*, p. 8. London : J. Burns.

<sup>2</sup> *Oration Delivered in a Trance at Manchester*, June 15, 1873, by J. J. Morse, p. 14. London : J. Burns.

‘To us an assurance doubly sure has been given. The bright denizens of that region have come back overflowing with love for those they left behind, to furnish us with proofs that no sophistry can set aside, and no doubts destroy, that the life after death is a reality, as certain as our existence here, and that to live for ever in the bosom of God is our delightful heritage.’<sup>1</sup>

Mrs. Cora Tappan, a lecturer on Spiritualism from America, from whose works quotations have already been made, while discoursing on *The New Science*, as she terms it, asserts thus of Spiritualism:— ‘It is not a theology. If religion has to do with the human soul; if religion has to do with the spiritual of man’s nature; if, indeed, it lifts, elevates and strengthens, then it has to do with religion. But it has no creed. It has no institution where theology is taught. It has no altars, no shrines, no priests, save the altar of the fireside, the shrine of the human heart, the priest that prattles through the lips of the young babe on its mother’s knee, or the grey-haired man moved to utterance, or the young man and maiden made to prophesy. It has

<sup>1</sup> *If a Man Die, Shall he Live Again?* by G. Sexton, LL.D., p. 23. London: J. Burns.

no institutions, but it enters all institutions. It walks up to the priest in his stole, and in the voice of a child, makes him tell his astonished hearers that the dead are not lost.' <sup>1</sup>

'We can behold,' asserts the same authoress, with a hashing-up of old Pagan conceptions, new profanity and modern heresies, 'that, broadcast, and as with a flame of fire, angels are lighting the torches on many an ancient altar, and the Promethean fire kindles and burns again as of old in the hearts of men : it is no longer a myth and a fable. Sinai is repeated, and the "Sermon on the Mount" is brought home to many hearts by angel-messengers. It is no longer merely a hope, for we leave the grave behind, and the Mount of Transfiguration is before ; the glorious light of immortality is spread out above us as with a flame, the Truth is revealed to men by ministering spirits, the angels ascend and descend as of old, and once more the teacher is in your midst, and blesses you through the mouths of little children.' <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The New Science*, by Mrs. Cora Tappan, p. 10. London : J. Burns.

<sup>2</sup> *Spiritualism as a Religion*, by Mrs. Cora Tappan, p. 13. London : J. Burns.

The opinion which the leaders of the Spiritualist cause entertain concerning punishment in the world to come is thus expressed:—

‘Persons who have lived grossly, and derived their chief enjoyment in the earth-life from the gratification of their bodily senses, seem to endure a large amount of suffering in the next state, and they are generally driven by their cravings to seek out *media* upon earth, through whose bodies they can continue to gratify the horrid passions which have grown up in their nature. I truly believe that many of our drunkards, gamblers, and even murderers are urged upon their reckless course by spirits in this way, merely to gratify in the persons of their victims the vicious propensities or spiteful feelings they have acquired.’<sup>1</sup>

Elsewhere, and by others, ‘the weakness and feebleness of Christianity,’ as the phrase stands, are commented on. Indefinite teaching as regards the future life, the denial of a place of cleansing, so common with the ordinary and shallower Protestant sects, and the heartless forgetfulness of the departed by their surviving relatives, is criticized with remarkable severity.

<sup>1</sup> *A Scientific View of Modern Spiritualism*, p. 23.  
London : J. Burns.



Mr. J. J. Morse, a leading Spiritualist, writes as follows:—

‘The Church then apparently is incapable of answering the questions satisfactorily—What of the Dead? We will not deny, far from it, that she has been useful to the world. Great has been her use, . . . but she has allowed her property to slip from her. The ground has gone, covered as with a rising water, till inch by inch the flood has surrounded her. She sees now that the rising waters of the Ocean of Truth have entirely submerged the dreary waste of churchal (*sic*) superstitions—a waste that once was fertile in spiritual manifestations, though since choked with the weeds of Ignorance and Dogma.’<sup>1</sup>

Appeals like the following, touching the hearts of the bereaved and promising actual communion with the departed to those who weep for them, are of course not without their power, though eminently dangerous:—‘Perchance some member of your family (for every fireside has its sorrow, and every house has its skeleton), some member fallen from the fold and wandered from the flock; and

<sup>1</sup> *What of the Dead?* by J. J. Morse, p. 8. London: J. Burns, 1873.

you as the earthly father or mother, brother or sister, have wept and prayed for that one, and there has come to you from Theology the thought that that loved one may have gone down, down into endless perdition, and it has sent a thrill of horror through your hearts and firesides. Be sure, however, that it is not so : the God of infinite Love is infinite in love, and your prayers and tears and aspirations can reach that spirit in prison, and draw it up to light.'<sup>1</sup>

Here the unalterable Christian religion and its scientific theology is grossly misrepresented, and caricatured. Here, moreover, the patristic and true doctrine of a Purgatory or place of cleansing is cleverly laid hold of for a purpose and deliberately perverted, in the interests of a degrading superstition and dangerous demon-worship : while prayer for the departed, which has altogether dropped out of Protestant theology, is recommended.

In regard to this subject, some people apparently cannot see with their own eyes, or hear with their own ears. To treat the Spiritualists, a com-

<sup>1</sup> *Spiritual Ethics*, by Mrs. Cora Tappan, p. 13. London : J. Burns.

pact and increasing body, as fools, impostors or madmen, and the startling phenomena of Spiritualism, as false and being only of the nature of tricks, mental or ocular delusions or crafty impositions, is not simply unphilosophical, but weak and ridiculous, and defeats the ends of those who adopt such tactics. The fact that Dr. A *did not* see what Drs. B, C, and D plainly avow that they *did* see, is no argument against the truthfulness, power of observation, common sense, and good faith of Drs. B, C, and D.

In America, about thirty years ago, a remarkable 'man of science,' Professor Robert Hare, of Philadelphia, for a time assumed that he could readily explain Spiritualism by natural causes, and, with painstaking care and perfect good faith, left no stone unturned to effect his object. Science, however, could not and did not aid him. With all his knowledge, experience and reflection, as he himself has put on record, he was forced at last to allow that the phenomena were undoubtedly and plainly super-scientific. He did allow it, and became a Spiritualist. In England, about the same time, Mr. William Howitt, a Quaker, followed his example. So too did Mr. S. C. Hall, the author and art-critic. The

well-known American, Mr. Robert Owen, and his son, a diplomatist, Mr. R. Dale Owen, each became Spiritualists. Of the father it was confidently asserted by unbelievers in Spiritualism that he was in his dotage ; of the son, that he was insane.

The concession made in popular English theology to the deep prejudices and practical unbelief of the general public ; the method by which some of the more superficial and sparkling of sermon-writers attract attention, affords Mr. J. J. Morse, one of the most active spiritualist lecturers, the opportunity of writing thus in his Lecture 'Heaven and Hell viewed in relation to Modern Spiritualism : '—

'In deference to the civilisation of the age, in deference to the advanced intelligence of to-day, in deference to the unfoldment (*sic*) of intellect, the belief in a literal Hell is not respectable now-a-days. It has gone out of fashion ; and it is said that there are only a few people who believe therein at the present time : the ignorant only entertain such a notion. We philosophical and advanced people have come to the conclusion that . . . all its

<sup>1</sup> Published by James Burns. London, 1874.

powers and terrors are subjective. Well, if you go on improving Hell in this way, you will soon improve it away altogether.' (p. 5.)

'Now the old theory of Heaven was that it is a very beautiful place, the exact nature of which you are not prepared to describe. . . . This was the old conception of Heaven, not many years ago ; but that also in deference to the present age has been modified very considerably. . . . So far as Spiritualism is concerned it distinctly, emphatically and completely repudiates any connection therewith,—thoroughly and utterly places out of conception the theological idea of Heaven and Hell.' (p. 7.)

And again :—

'Every individual soul in the spiritual world occupies that position which it is fitted for ; or rather that which, by its works, it is entitled to hold—receiving precisely that amount of happiness it is worthy of receiving, and exactly that amount of sorrow which its past life has merited. No more ; no less ; for the eternal justice of God is full and exact ; furnishing in proportion, rewarding in proportion, exacting the requirements of the case that has to be adjusted Here we see the justice of God vindicating itself most marvellously,

and when you take into consideration the adjustment of the spiritual world, in this respect—the different classes and societies, the gradual elevation and caring for all—you can see something more than impartial justice, you can see the eternal and everlasting love of God ; for, in the spiritual world, the same laws hold good as here. All souls are going forward towards the light, ever upwards and onwards to Truth, all are travelling onwards nearer to our Father God. The further they go, the nearer they seem to reach that mighty and mysterious source, the more deeply mysterious does it become. Ever onwards and upwards to God, though never reaching Him.' (p. 13.)

This Lecturer thus sums up his convictions in the paragraph which is now to be quoted. With that we have done. Here it will suffice to remark that Spiritualism and Christianity are not more totally different than Darkness and Light. If the former be true, the latter is certainly false ; but if, as Christians hold, their Faith is from God, then is Spiritualism from the enemy both of God and man :—

*“Heaven and hell, viewed in their relation to modern Spiritualism,”* are, then, as facts, inseparable

from men's progress. . . . We must urge this statement that they are in no way connected with the Heaven and Hell of Theology. It is not a matter of belief in any special Creed or Religion ; for it may be that those who utterly repudiate all creeds and dogmas of any and every kind, find themselves in a heavenly condition hereafter ; for the simple reason that they have taken to their hearts the practical lesson of all religion—love. . . . Bear in mind, then, that by living a true and honest life, endeavouring to work out truth, justice, and love, in your daily life, you shall receive compensation for so doing, and that compensation shall be that when you enter the spiritual world, you will find yourselves in a happy position, in the Highways of Progress, borne on by the tides of eternity to everlasting wisdom and truth, and there, amid the far-off hosts who have gone before, in the midst of the wise and the true, learn of the mysteries of God. By good deeds man worships God ; by living a noble life he merits a Heaven and escapes a Hell.' <sup>1</sup>

A well-known beneficed clergyman, of high

<sup>1</sup> *Heaven and Hell*, by J. J. Morse, p. 13. London : J. Burns, 1877.

literary reputation, writes to me on this subject, in May and June, 1875, showing how easily people may be induced to participate in the dark deeds of Spiritualism, and how readily the spirits are to co-operate and reply. His words are as follows :—

‘Some months ago a young friend persuaded me to buy a planchette,<sup>1</sup> as a plaything, but such very remarkable results followed, that I put it in the fire. My last question was, “I shall burn this instrument. Farewell!” to which the written reply was, “Burn me. Farewell!”

‘Thinking much over the subject, I came to the conclusion that some unseen person had a weak physical means of communicating by means of the pencil: so, when I was travelling, while being shunted at Basingstoke one morning, I tried a pencil lightly held in both hands over a pocket-book, and found the results precisely the same as when two persons were using planchette. Since then I have tried it two or three times, and never

<sup>1</sup> A planchette is a spiritualistic toy or machine of wood, by which the spirits invoked write replies to questions. It is made like a heart in shape, or sometimes of an oval form and flat; with two small wheels underneath, and a hole for a lead-pencil to be inserted, so as to place the point of the pencil on a level with the table. This instrument is touched; questions are asked and replies written.



without singular results as to the nature of the answers even to *mental* questions. These answers are seldom such as that I can distinctly say they are not coincident with my own knowledge or feelings; but once or twice (I have felt much hesitation about asking questions respecting the future) they have seemed not to be so, as, *e.g.* "Show me that you are a good person." *Ans.* "God." *Q.* "Dare you make the sign of the cross?" *Ans.* "No."

'A more odd one I had when I had been rubbing my own arm, which was in great pain from what my doctor calls "neuralgia," and directly afterwards the pencil wrote "rheumatism."

'I do not like experimenting, and yet I think the truth should be known. Once I asked, "Have I done right or wrong in putting these questions?" "Rightly, but not wisely," was the immediate reply.

'Some High Church physiologists—the Rev. J. T. Fowler, of Durham, for instance — scout my conviction that the moving power is supernatural; but you fully confirm my own observations.'

Again, in a second letter, the same clergyman writes :—

'After writing to you, and while sitting with

my wife at our Friday tea, I tried several experiments of the same nature as those with planchette, with my teacup, spoon, fork, etc., and felt just enough resistance to suggest trying my eyeglass held by its cord, as with the old "shilling-trick." The results were as singular and distinct as with planchette or a pencil. But your warning against that kind of thing had been anticipated by my own feeling. At the same time I have asked several questions as to who the supernatural person is, and the replies generally, while disclaiming holy nature, have emphatically repudiated evil intention and I think evil nature. They seem to me to be given rather as those of one who claims some respect and pity. If at any time I balance a pencil or pen, so as to have the point close to paper (without my asking any question mentally or vocally), it is sure, after a time, to form the word "Ask." I wish the experiment could be tried with some sceptic like — (*experimentum in corpore vili*), but I suppose modern sceptics are like the Jews of old, "neither will they believe though one rose from the dead."

There is not the least doubt that, side by side with the strangest supernatural manifestations

which have been witnessed,<sup>1</sup> there are many professional mediums, who sometimes dupe and trick their disciples, should necessity arise. And several examples of such trickery have been publicly recorded and exposed. When, however, fresh spiritual sensations and darker revelations are greedily sought after; if the demons will not readily come up at the call of their agents and clients, it involves little art to have recourse to deliberate imposture. But the very presence of worthless coin ever implies the currency of that which is valuable and will pass.

Here it should be noted in reply to those who proclaim the value and importance of Spiritualism in an age which is materialistic, and only believes in what it can see, handle and grasp, that Conversion from Infidelity, Materialism or Agnosticism, to so-called 'Spiritualism'—and such takes place occasionally—is not a turning from darkness to light, from Error to Truth, but simply a change

<sup>1</sup> According to Pope Benedict XIV., the Devil 'can create apparitions by an aerial body, so condensing the atmosphere that it shall assume a human form, and resemble him whom he wishes to represent. It is of faith that he has created such apparitions when, in the form of a man, he tempted Christ fasting in the wilderness.'

from worshipping and serving one's own intellect to worshipping and serving the Devil. Infidelity, as everyone knows, has never been for any length of time the conviction of mankind and never will be—for, though at once popular and fashionable sometimes, it satisfies no mental need nor deep-felt craving; and, by consequence, gives the deluded infidel no mental rest. By the Almighty's favour the line of demarcation, too clear for many, separates positive truth, as revealed by Him, from obvious delusion which mankind fondle and hug. Historical Christianity sets forth the first in creeds universally received by the baptized, and in a system which, humbly accepted, amply satisfies the keenest cravings of man's heart. Spiritualism, on the other hand, exhorts men to trust to their own alterable impressions as an accurate measure of Truth,—guided only by the ambiguous voices and lying revelations of restless evil spirits for ever cast out from the presence of God, whose work it is, in preparation for the wonderful coming of Antichrist, to corrupt, delude and betray the nations.

Thus, then, we have seen that Spiritualism, with a false and dangerous dogmatism, which to

the shallow and ignorant in religion, without guides, is often very attractive, plainly denies the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity, as revealed by Our Lord and his Apostles, and as accepted and proclaimed by the Church Universal. It also boldly repudiates the fact and doctrine of the Incarnation ; blasphemously placing Our Blessed Saviour on a level with renowned men who have been, or are supposed to have been, 'benefactors of the human race.' As a consequence,—for all true Christian doctrines are wonderfully interwoven one with the other, and depend, for their due place and proportion, on their proper relation to other dogmas,—Spiritualism rejects with scorn the doctrine of Original Sin ; denies the need of any Atonement whatsoever, or of any true Sacrifice ; maintains and preaches the Pelagian heresy that man, by his own natural powers, can readily secure for himself everlasting happiness ; and that the doctrine of eternal punishment,<sup>1</sup> which its votaries lose no opportunity

<sup>1</sup> Should any of my readers desire to see this important subject treated with marked theological and literary ability, and yet in terms which the ordinary reader can reasonably follow, I would strongly recommend to their attention a small but most remarkable treatise, *Catholic Eschatology*, by the Rev. H. N. Oxenham, M.A. London : B. M. Pickering, 1876.

of denouncing, is a fable and a falsehood. The 'Heaven and Hell of Theology'—by which they mean those truths regarding Heaven and Hell which the Church definitely teaches—they utterly reject. Unending progress is said to be the certain lot of all, even of 'the dark and malignant spirits who sometimes interfere' with *séances*. Christianity is looked upon as an exploded superstition, and Spiritualism, embracing people of all and every shade of error, the Mahometan, Buddhist, and Deist, is now said to stand in its place. The Spiritualists are ready to allow that the Bible may be inspired, but only in the same sense and degree, as their own preachers and orators are inspired, 'when under spirit influence.' The miracles of Holy Scripture and of the Church they profanely maintain to have been probably wrought by mesmerism or 'mediumistic agencies,' while their blasphemous and repulsive comments on the glorious mysteries of Our Lord's life, His parables, and His miracles, are frequently too awful to read, and certainly too revolting to quote.

Creeds, sacraments and public worship they laugh to scorn: at the same time that, singing sentimental hymns, or rhythmical incantations,

they actively and of purpose invoke evil spirits, by 'willing' for their presence and energetic aid ; and then question them with regard to past, present and future, on things momentous and on subjects of the most obvious frivolity. This is done in the manner already described. By the aid of the Devil and his angels, through some tried 'medium,' or woman with a familiar spirit, they conjoin with their earthly allies in the flesh, sitting round tables in darkened rooms, or in circles, in order to produce unlawful supernatural effects,—apparitions of heads, arms, hands, globes of light, figures, flowers, and writing ; while, on some occasions, actual forms and faces appear ; voices are asserted to speak intelligibly in answer to idle and curious questions, and acts of divination are purposely consummated.

All this is not confined to any class or rank ; but my own observation leads me to the conclusion that the indolent of the upper and upper-middle classes have been more widely and successfully drawn into the toils of the Spiritualists, and been made their dupes, than any other. Some persons, of my own knowledge, have become confirmed lunatics after a course of Spiritualistic

*séances*; others, who began experiments merely to while away time and only as an amusement or sensation, led on cautiously step by step in 'progress,' found in the stranger and more awful manifestations of their later experiments the vast power of the demons, and the very powerful finger of Satan. Some, to use their own forcible expressions, were so pestered by the spirits that life almost became unbearable.'

As Father Gury,<sup>1</sup> the Roman Catholic theologian, has so well said :—

‘ These spirits cannot be good spirits. It would assuredly be blasphemous to assert that the angels or saints, enjoying certain felicity, interfere in the puerile amusements of men, comply with their vain wish, or gratify their silly curiosity. It would also be utterly impious to say that God who hates divination, and has therefore strictly forbidden it, allows the inhabitants of heaven to be subservient to it. Spirits of this sort must, therefore, be called evil spirits, accursed of God for ever, who are continually laying snares for men. But is it not horrible to have such a commerce with evil spirits ?

<sup>1</sup> The above passage is translated from the Appendix of Fr. Gury's *Compendium of Moral Theology*.



to invoke them with earnest entreaty, and in this way to render them real worship? Is not this the crime of divination, which has been forbidden by God as a great abomination?’

The darker portions of the system of Spiritualism, as is well enough known to the initiated, are artfully hidden from the thoughtless and superficial. The enemy of mankind obviously desires that his own agency should be shrouded and concealed. He stands in the dim background; but his ready spiritual agents are so numerous, watchful, knowing and powerful, ever seeking for victims amongst mankind, and drugging them with suitable intellectual delusions, all the time that they are actually acknowledging the vastness of Satan's power and knowledge, that Christians need to be ever on their guard;<sup>1</sup> while now that Spiritualism counts

<sup>1</sup> As regards omens, witchcraft, &c., the following occurs in an old-fashioned *Book of Private Devotions* (London, A.D. 1708) in my possession:—‘It is heathenish, wicked and shameful for any of Christ's children and servants to practise witchcraft, seek fortune-tellers, cast nativities, or to be guided by signs and omens.’ And the same kind of direction for Roman Catholics may be found in the latest and most beautiful edition of the *Hortus Animæ* (London: J. Philp): ‘We must fly all idolatry, all false religion and superstition; under which name are comprehended all manner of divinations, all pretensions to fortune-telling, all witchcraft, charms,

its willing and earnest votaries by hundreds of thousands, the system requires to be met by some better weapons than the rotten and useless instruments of scientific contempt and imbecile popular scoffings, which shall surely pierce the hands of those shallow sceptics who use them. The apparent frivolity and absurdity of some of the spiritualistic performances, which do not shock the moral feelings of the experimenters, lead many persons to regard them as really harmless. The most elementary form of the manifestations, consisting of mere rapping and table-turning, soon gives place to exhibitions of a more remarkable and startling character. By the first, people are often readily deluded into invoking and consulting spirits as a mere exciting sensation. They advance in knowledge, experience and daring. Fresh manifestations are eagerly witnessed : new attempts at divination made ; darker and yet darker indications of the presence of demons are afforded, which are at once mischievous and often impure, until in

spells, observations of omens, dreams, &c. All these things are heathenish, and contrary to the worship of the True and Living God, and to that dependence which a Christian soul ought to have on Him.'

some cases lunacy or signs of actual possession surely supervene.

Let all those, therefore, in their mental daring or harassing hopelessness, who for amusement, sensation, or for purposes of actual divination, meddle with Spiritualism—which falsely pretends to put them in communication with their departed friends—realize, what indeed is the truth, that ‘they know not what they do.’ One day, having long given up their wills to others, either to men or demons, possibly to both (to the latter, it may be, through the former), they may awake from their state of awful calamity, from their weird and visionary dreams, disordered both in body and mind ; and this by dark and potent agencies who have artfully entangled them to such an extent with the powers of darkness, and desire to hold them henceforth with an iron grip, that it is certain to be with great difficulty, if at all, that they can be altogether disentangled from the bad influence of their secret allies, and be recalled once again to a pure, simple, and harmless Christian life.





## APPENDIX







## APPENDIX.

**H**ERE are added two remarkable examples of the Supernatural, each from the pen of a clergyman, which have reached me during the progress of this book through the press, —examples which should have been ranged with those recorded in the third Chapter, but which, being of sufficient inherent interest in themselves, and unlike some of those already recorded, are set forth in this Appendix :—

‘ In the winter of the year 1848, I had occasion to travel in the South of France, where I had been for some weeks : but circumstances compelled me to return home to my duty before Christmas Day in that year. I was on my way home from Lyons, making the journey northwards by easy stages ; when I found myself at an hotel about forty-eight miles south of Paris. I was alone, and, being very tired, went to sleep (soon after I had risen from the *table d’hôte*), in an arm-chair in my bedroom. I had not been thinking of any of the relations of whom I dreamt

in a dream which then occurred to me, nor, as far as I can now recollect, had any of them even come into my mind. I dreamt, however, that I was in a churchyard, which I had never seen before, the salient points and features of which were most remarkable. There was a large yew-tree, the trunk of which, quite hollow, was separated into two parts, and close to it was a white marble altar-tomb of a very peculiar shape. Up the path from the little gate I saw a funeral procession, in which several members of my family were taking part. Four friends, whose faces and figures I readily recognized, were acting as pall-bearers, and the procession was moving slowly towards the church porch. I dreamt that the bearers, standing still, placed the bier and coffin on the gravel walk; and that, on their doing so, I walked forward, and asked them whose funeral it was. They were quite silent, did not move, did not answer, but looked before them and stared into vacancy. I then, as I imagined, moved the pall, and read on the coffin-plate my own surname, but no Christian name. On this I was greatly overcome and at once awoke.

‘This dream so impressed me that I noted down particulars of it in my Diary, and from these this account is written.

‘On arriving in Paris on my way home, I went to an hotel with which I was quite familiar. I reached it about half-past six in the evening. On being shown to my room by a servant, I found myself preceded on the stairs by a lady, who was only a step or two in advance of the servant and myself, and who, just as we were about to enter the bed room assigned to me, hurried forward,



and, turning round suddenly, looked straight at me. It was none other than an aunt of mine—my mother's own sister. She at once opened the bedroom door in great haste, promptly entered, and then shut it again sharply and suddenly. The servant and I both saw and heard her do this. When we entered the room, which we did a moment or two afterwards, there was no one there—not a sign, not a sound. And there was no outlet : neither door nor closet, save the door by which we entered.

‘Much impressed by this apparition, for apparition I believed it to be, I did not choose to reveal my agitation, and so remained in the room that night. But I had little or no sleep. A large wood-fire burnt all night on the hearth. I was restless and disquieted.

‘The next day I came on to England, and reached my home three days before Christmas Day. On my arrival I found letters announcing the sudden death of the aunt whom I had seen at Paris ; and she had died, as it appeared, on the night upon which I had dreamt of a funeral.

‘The most singular part of my experience was this, that when I went to her funeral (for she was buried some distance from her home, having died at a friend's house), the very church, churchyard with the broken yew-tree and marble altar-tomb, were seen by me in reality just as I had had them presented to me in my dream : and this place I had never visited either before or afterwards. The very persons whom I had seen in my dream, as pall-bearers and mourners, were present ; and before the corpse was carried into the church, the pall-bearers

actually placed the bier and coffin on the gravel-path, and the pall was removed as I had seen in my sleep.'

The Reverend Doctor Ralph Sadleir, dating from Merrion Square, North Dublin, December 22, 1877, sends me the following :—

'Some sixty years ago, my father, mother, and sisters were in the habit of spending much of their time with Lord and Lady Llandaff at Thomastown, in the county of Tipperary.<sup>1</sup> As my sisters were very handsome, he admired them all, especially the eldest, who has been on a visit to us here, at our house in Merrion Square, for the last three weeks. Before leaving us she told me the following story, which she said Lord Llandaff had with his own lips told her. His lordship had, it appears, wronged and injured a young lady, the sister of a solicitor who lived near him in the country. His conscience, as he frankly asserted, was so uneasy on the subject, more especially on learning that she had left her home, and gone alone to Dublin, that he determined to follow her at once, with a view, if possible, to find her out and offer her every compensation in his power.

'After several days spent in a fruitless search, he saw her on Carlisle Bridge, walking towards him ; but she did not appear to see him, as something seemed to attract her attention to the other side of the bridge. However, she passed so closely to his lordship, and he saw her so

<sup>1</sup> Francis James Mathew, 2nd Earl of Llandaff, who married, July 10, 1797, Gertrude, daughter of John La Touche, of Harristown, co. Kildare, and died March 12, 1833, when the title became extinct.

distinctly, that it was quite impossible for him to have been mistaken.

‘Determined not to lose sight of her, he turned after her the moment she had passed him, and never took his eyes off her until she entered a certain house in Great Britain Street, near the Rotunda Hospital.

‘Lord Llandaff waited for a few seconds before he knocked ; on having done which the door was opened by a servant-maid who, in reply to his inquiry, “Does Miss S—— live here?” sighed and said, “She did, Sir, but alas ! she died at five o’clock this morning.”

‘“Who, then,” said he, “was it who entered the house this moment?”

‘“No one, certainly,” she replied, “or I must have seen anyone who did.”

‘This is the story my sister heard, which you are at liberty to make use of.’





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