

SPIRITS BEFORE OUR EYES.

BY

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AUTHOR OF

"THE LAZY LAYS."

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOLUME ONE.



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I inscribe this Book

TO MY FRIEND

MRS. LISETTE MAKDOUGALL GREGORY,

WHO IN FEARLESSNESS OF PUBLIC OPINION,

AND AMID QUIET ATTENTION TO OTHER DUTIES AND INTERESTS,

HAS,

DURING A LONG COURSE OF YEARS,

BROUGHT HOME TO THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF MANY INQUIRERS,

BY MEANS OF THE GREAT TRUTHS OF SPIRITUALISM,

KNOWLEDGE OF

THE REALITY OF LIFE IMMORTAL.

"The simplest truths are mightiest in their force ;
The nearer to the practical men keep,
The less they deal in vague and abstract things,
The less they deal in huge, mysterious words,
The mightier is their power. God writes His thoughts
In facts, in solid orbs, in living souls ;
His revelation is the concrete world ;
He sows the earth with flowers, and abides on man
Through vital spiritual heat and light.
The theories that scale Empyrean heights
Should rest on granite ledges, solid truths,
Touched, seen, felt, comprehended by the race.
Who builds a pyramid on winter ice ?
Who spans an arch from buttresses of sand ?
The obelisk that cleaves the lofty clouds
Rises from bases massive as the world.
Bacon lives on, while Aristotle dies.
The simplest peasant who observes a truth,
And from a fact deduces principle,
Adds solid treasure to the public wealth.
Facts are the basis of philosophy ;
Philosophy the harmony of facts
Seen in their right relation. Every word
The teacher utters should find evidence
In fixed realities. So grand and large
Unfolds the dome of the new Future's faith,
Resting on all that is, and rising up
To the diviner splendours yet to be."

From "*A Lyric of the Golden Age*," uttered while
in a state of trance, by Thomas Lake Harris.

PREFACE.

ONE of the most remarkable features of the numerous philosophical articles constantly appearing in magazines and reviews, on the question of the Immortality of Man, is the unanimity with which writers on both sides confine themselves to speculation, and omit the usual scientific method of appealing to the proof afforded by phenomenal facts. My endeavour will be to solve this problem, of such deep interest to the human race, by evidence as strong as any on which men are condemned to death by Courts of Law.

Originally, it was intended to call this book "*Spirits Without a Medium*," and although it would have been a fair title for this first volume, in which scarcely any of the ordinary phenomena of spirit-circles are recorded, it would have limited freedom of utterance in the second volume, in which the modern scientifically-evolved phenomena are more largely brought forward,

to throw light upon the philosophy at the root of the spontaneous apparitions of all ages.

The field and method of research united in this book are new in their present combination. In fact, since the publication of Glanvil's *Saducissimus Triumphatus* about the middle of the seventeenth century, no writer has brought forth an English book entirely devoted to proving the reality of spontaneous apparitions of the spirits of the departed, on the one hand, and attempted to explain the carefully-accumulated facts on purely scientific principles, on the other. In the present book the positive system of procedure is adopted, that is to say, numerous well-authenticated facts are brought forward, and those conclusions only are drawn from them which the facts themselves force upon the mind of the student, who, moreover, begins with no preconceived theory to uphold. Glanvil had not a sufficiency of authenticated materials, in his day, to enable him to adopt this method. Those which he had, he thoroughly sifted and intelligently utilised; they proved to any candid mind the reality of apparitions, but there his powers ended, because of the slender materials at his command: he could but seek to explain his limited array of phenomena by speculations as to the causes at the root of them.

My attention was first drawn to the phenomenal evidence, proving a life beyond the grave, by Mr. C. F.

Varley, the Atlantic telegraph electrician, in 1868. Since then I have spent eleven years in the constant practical examination of the proofs of the immortality of man abounding in our midst. Great contention exists in the world about psychic phenomena, but from the first I have thought it more reasonable to expend time and energy in observing and ascertaining the very facts, rather than in controversy as to their reality.

The questions at issue in the universal contention between Spiritualism and Materialism cannot be settled by any war of words, but by observation and experiment. This work shows that experiments under human control, in the domain of the phenomena of psychology, throw light upon the nature and the philosophy of the spontaneous apparitions of all ages.

This first volume contains a compact mass of facts in relation to the apparitions of the living and of the dying; the second, which will be published next autumn, will deal chiefly with the apparitions of the so-called "dead," showing that there is no break of continuity in the phenomena of apparitions in consequence of the death of the body. So impossible is it to find any indication in the phenomena, of a natural dividing line coinciding with the death moment, that in this volume several cases of after-death apparitions are included, differing in no way from the apparitions

of living persons whose mortal bodies are in a sleeping or quiescent state.

So far as the authenticity of the facts contained in this volume is concerned, the attention of experienced lawyers is invited to the culture and education of the witnesses, to the absence of collusion among them, to the completeness of their separation by time, space, social position, motives for utterance, and want of knowledge of each other's existence; and, notwithstanding all this, the complete agreement in the general characteristics of the incidents they have recorded.

I hope that readers of this work will favour me with records from all parts of the globe, containing minute details in relation to recent phenomena of the kind considered in these pages; also that full names and addresses will be sent for publication, and that the records themselves will be written or signed by one or more of the actual witnesses of the occurrences. The chief facts are fully established; future certificates should go more into details.

WILLIAM H. HARRISON.

38 GREAT RUSSELL ST., LONDON,
May 1st, 1879.

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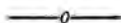
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SPIRITS BEFORE OUR EYES.



Chapter First.

THE OBJECTS AND METHOD OF THIS BOOK—ULTRA-MATERIALISM A NECESSARY REACTION FROM BLIND SUPERSTITION, BUT NOW PROBABLY AT ITS HIGHEST ALTITUDE—THE DESTRUCTIVE EFFECTS OF ULTRA-MATERIALISM ON THE FINER ELEMENTS OF MAN'S NATURE—A REACTION FROM ABNORMAL MATERIALISM TAKING PLACE IN SOCIETY—THE MENTAL DEMAND FOR THE PLAY OF IDEALITY A NATURAL ONE, WITH MEANS IN THE UNIVERSE FOR ITS LEGITIMATE GRATIFICATION.—KNOWLEDGE OF PHYSICS NOT THE HIGHEST ORDER OF INTELLECTUAL ACQUIREMENT—THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS SOCIAL INFLUENCE OF INDIVIDUAL CERTAINTY OF THE REALITY OF A LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE—ABUNDANT PHENOMENAL EVIDENCE OF THE REALITY OF A FUTURE LIFE OPEN FOR CRITICAL EXAMINATION.

AUTHENTICATED records of the occasional appearance of spirits in all ages are so numerous, and so many books have been written about apparitions, that, in spite of the rapid growth of modern Materialism, a vague uneasiness pervades the mind of the general public, that possibly a solid foundation of evidence exists in favour of the occasional visitation of mortals by the spirits of the departed. To those who have closely examined the evidence, the reality of apparitions is demonstrated; for those who have not made such investigation, strong testimony is scattered throughout this book, although the convincing of the uninformed on this point is not the object of the work.

A

My main object is not to add another to the already long list of books full of ghost stories, but to classify some of the authenticated apparitions of our own and past times, to examine the conditions under which the spirits of human beings are seen, to show that the spirit of man can sometimes temporarily leave the earthly body, and to seek to draw only those conclusions which well-proved facts warrant. Thus may laws and principles be deduced, to guide future explorers of the realm between the known and the unknown, in relation to spirit existence.

The present time, when Materialism is at its height, specially needs evidence of a life beyond the grave; specially needs a scientific answer to the question—"If a man die, shall he live again?" The pendulum of human thought has, I think, now reached the greatest limit of its swing in the direction of Materialism, in its useful recession from the opposite extreme of blind superstition; but no farther can it move in the present direction. Materialism has at last brought us to the sublime doctrine of the present orphanage of man and his future nonentity; it has given us a universe built up of a sea of interstellar ether, washing the boundaries of infinitely small atoms—a kind of small-shot—governed by natural law; and after conferring this legacy, leaves us without God and without hope, with nothing to gratify the aspirations of the human heart, nothing to satisfy either the emotional or the highest intellectual nature. Ideality has been trampled under foot in its march. At the present time we have few great poets, and the publishers in Pater-noster Row are inclined to think any of their number

mad who attempts to bring forward a new poet; the book trade will scarcely look at poetry, because the taste for it has been lost by the bulk of the public. Men, now-a-days, are too much engrossed in the hard, blind fight for material ascendancy, in which they ruthlessly destroy the finer elements of their own souls, and by habitual inversion of true affections are "successful" in life at the cost of personal spiritual degradation. Materialism has degraded popular art-culture. What wealthy city on the face of the earth makes such a spectacle of itself, from an artistic point of view, as London, when judged by the sights and sounds in its streets? In the daily rush for material wealth or social precedence, a process of soul-degradation goes on, which may be forcibly arrested by demonstration that life does not end with the grave, and that what to ordinary minds may be a rational existence on the assumption of there being no hereafter, becomes the quintessence of folly when the reality of that future life is brought home to the consciousness. Imagine the position of a blear-eyed, decrepit mortal, who in gaining his worldly ends has crushed out everything in his own soul which entitled him to the name of man: fancy him sinking into the grave to the delight of his children, who, in feeling joy at his departure, but act up to the principles he taught them: picture him on the other side of life entering the presence of six or seven of the noble and the great of past ages, with all those glories of the human spirit, which he had nipped in the bud in himself, developed to their highest degrees of expression—how beseechingly he would ask for some rat-hole to crawl into, some

channel whereby he could reach the desired "hell" inhabited by spirits of his own kind! By a voluntary act, he would enter infernal regions—infernal because peopled by individuals like himself, drawn together by a law of spiritual affinity, just as in chemistry certain different salts dissolved in one liquid without mutual decomposition, will form their own crystals, and not become entangled in the crystals of their neighbours. Everywhere close analogies exist between the laws and facts of physics and the laws and facts of spirit life. There is a tale that, at the ceremonial opening of the first International Exhibition in Hyde Park, the police directed every visitor to a particular seat, and made all the members of the swell-mob known to them sit alongside each other. Those men were not happy. So far as can be gathered from the utterances of spirits who return, they live among their own kind, and at first were made neither better nor worse by passing through the realm of the Angel, Death.

The present demand for some play for true affections, for some sphere for the healthy exercise of ideality, is not without expression. The Duke of Argyll, at the British Association meeting at Glasgow in 1876, lauded physicists to the skies, then asked in effect—"But where are our great literary idealists? Where are our great poets?" forgetting that the men before him had innocent blood on their hands, and that one of their functions had been to kill out ideality, poetry, and evidence of the existence and nature of the things of the spirit. The reaction of the time against coarse and vulgar realism is also seen in

the increasing appreciation of artistic dresses, furniture, and houses.

Anything, in short, would be better than the morass in which Materialists, when their knowledge of molecular physics is followed and admitted to its extreme limits, own themselves to be floundering. There would be some pleasure in the return even of the days, or rather nights, when, in Merrie England, imps and fairies danced by moonlight in the forest glade, or swung upon the aspen sprays; or in the return of the lively gods and goddesses of ancient Greece and Rome, who, whatever their faults, made striking irruptions into the monotony of commonplace life, whenever they interfered with mortals—

“Great God ! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.”

Or, to become more heretical still, in these days of absence of chivalry and romance, and presence of shrieking machinery and a demoralised pauper population, it would be a refreshing relief to fully believe for an hour or two the superstitions of the East, to stand with reverent awe in the subdued splendour of the Oriental temple, listening to the dreamy music, and watching the sacred elephants before Siva's shrine striking the midnight hour upon the copper saucers; or even to go back to the era of the thousand and one Arabian Nights. The pleasure given by other-world subjects in childhood, is too great for its utter aboli-

tion in more advanced years to be altogether beneficial; and in nature, as might have been anticipated from the strength of the mental requirement, there are, as I hope to show, fields of research and of truth adapted to meet this legitimate want of the human mind. Anything would be better than to accept ideality and religion as forged by a physicist, by an advanced blacksmith, however skilled the man may be at his particular trade, and with whatever contempt he may, in the plenitude of his mechanical experience, hold architects and the philosophers of religion, until he is silenced, for the moment, by having to execute some of their behests. The mental position of the men who are physicists and nothing more, is truthfully pictured in the following utterances of Schopenhauer:—

The gentlemen of the crucible and the retort must bring it home to themselves that mere chemistry may enable a man to be an apothecary, but that it does not make him a philosopher. Certain kindred spirits among the naturalists, too, should understand that a man may be a consummate zoologist, have the sixty sorts of apes strung together in perfect order, yet, knowing nothing besides, except a few scraps of his Catechism, be on the whole an ignorant man, merely one of the vulgar. This, however, is a common case at the present day. People set themselves up as teachers of mankind. They have studied chemistry, or physics, or mineralogy, or zoology, or physiology, but have studied nothing in the world besides. They put alongside this the only other knowledge they possess—the little of the Catechism that has stuck to them since their school days. If the two pieces will not fit well together, they immediately set themselves to scoff at religion, and by and by sink down into insipid, shallow materialism. That there was once such a man as Plato or Aristotle, or Locke or Kant, they have perhaps heard at school; but then

these men did not handle a crucible, nor did they ever stuff an ape; it is not, therefore, worth while becoming better acquainted with them. So the results of two thousand years' intellectual labour are flung out of the window, and from their own abundant mental resources, with their Catechism in one hand, and their crucible, retort, and list of monkeys in the other, they set themselves to preach philosophy to the public. They deserve to be told roundly that they are ignorant, that their discourse cannot be listened to till they are better instructed. In fact, all those silly, childish Realists who come forward to dogmatise about the soul, God, the origin of the world, atomism, and so forth, just as if the *Criticism of Pure Reason* had been written in the moon and no copy of it had ever reached the earth, belong to the uneducated vulgar. Let them to the servants' hall, and there make show of their wisdom.*

If, then, it can be shown that there is a spirit world around us,—a world in which ideality and the formative powers of nature have fuller play and are better understood than here,—I submit that never was a time in which such evidence was more needed.

To return to my programme. Most modern works on apparitions are either haphazard collections of authenticated and false ghost stories, intended to interest the family circle assembled around the Christmas hearth, or are presented to the world by ecclesiastics in the attempt to prove to the modern Sadducee that the devil is abroad, although narratives describing the appearance of departed mothers to their children scarcely seem to warrant such a conclusion. Besides, if we admit the devil to be at the root of psychic phenomena, why object thereto? The appearance of

* *Schopenhauer. Ueber den Willen in der Natur. Preface to Second Edition.*

the devil at the Royal Society, and among the God-forsaken people who not unfrequently haunt daily newspaper offices, would be the salvation of those of them who assert the non-reality of spirit existence.

The older books on apparitions, such as Joseph Glanvil's *Saducissimus Triumphatus*, are more philosophical, and of a more serious nature, than works of more recent date not connected with modern Spiritualism.

In the phenomena of Spiritualism now so common in English homes, two factors are in most cases at work, which the observer has more or less difficulty in separating, namely,—(1) the intelligence of the communicating spirit; and (2) the intelligence of the medium; a blending of the two individualities being usually the outcome as displayed in the results. On some occasions, the personal identity of the spirit communicating through a medium is as well proved as in the cases recorded in the recent book on *Spirit Identity*, by "M. A. (Oxon.);" in others, it is difficult to say whether the intelligence of the medium, while in some abnormal mesmeric state, is not at the root of the whole matter. But my attention will chiefly be given to those phenomena in which mediums take no part, consequently no theory of unconscious cerebration, or of performances by the spirit or body of the medium, or of mistaking mesmeric influences for spiritual revelations, will be available in the present case to explain away the bearings of the evidence. If no medium is present, no theory requiring the presence of a medium is tenable. Altogether, I feel in the happy position of one who is hauling up the sheet-

anchor of modern Spiritualism for public observation, and a most solid and trustworthy sheet-anchor it is. The class of manifestations now to be considered can, I think, be accounted for only by the presence of the spirit, the whole spirit, and nothing but the spirit; the phenomena cut the ground from beneath the feet of Captain Burton and a few other friends, who are inclined to adopt the motto of "Spiritualism without Spirits."

This book will chiefly deal with spiritual phenomena in which nobody recognised as a public or private spiritual medium takes any part, that is to say—

1. *All those cases in which private individuals once or twice in their lives see and identify a real spirit through the action of some cause external to themselves, and not primarily from physiological malady. This will include those numerous cases in which a spirit is seen sometimes by one or more witnesses in one place, at about the time that his body died at another place, or long after that time.*
2. *The phenomena of haunted houses.*
3. *It is intended to deal almost exclusively with cases in which the identity of the spirits is proved, that is to say, in which the spirits are recognised to be the persons they say they are.*

The cases connected with haunting are not only legion, and faultlessly verified, but they can be ex-

plained only on the spiritual hypothesis. When successive tenants live in a haunted house, and all are disturbed alike, the "unconscious-action-of-the-spirit-of-the-medium" theory is untenable, for no medium lives continuously on the premises; the residents change, but the spiritual disturbances remain for years; and in a fair proportion of cases, though not in all, the personal identity as a departed human being of the producer of the sights and sounds, is as well established as the conditions of communication between the two worlds permit. Certain other of these haunting phenomena are so impish in their nature as to give fair scope for the speculation that they may be produced by spirits lower than those of men; but I know of no direct evidence of the truth of this idea, and think that among savages, and some of the least cared for of this country, beings of similarly low intelligence may be found. Moreover, it is probable that we never come closely into contact with the actual intelligence, which is perhaps limited in its completeness of expression by the difficulties besetting its attempts to produce any effects at all on the material plane.

In carrying out this plan, I shall not be obliged to confine myself to records of apparitions seen in past times, but shall be able to present in illustration several incidents which have occurred in our own day and generation; the rapid growth of the influence of Spiritualism having encouraged the recording, in public journals and in the archives of organised societies, abnormal experiences which otherwise would have been concealed from the public, however seriously they might

have been treasured in the memories of the observers. Spiritualism walks the earth with flashing eyes and with living blood in its veins ; its witnesses abound in the present, and can be cross-examined ; they have not to be sought solely in the dead past.



Chapter Second.

APPARITIONS SEEN IN ONE PLACE AT ABOUT THE TIME OF THE DEATH OF THE BODY IN ANOTHER—THE SIMPLEST CLASS OF DEATH-BED APPARITIONS—DEATH-BED APPARITIONS SEEN BY SOLITARY WITNESSES—DEATH-BED APPARITIONS SEEN BY LORD BROUGHAM, LIEUT.-GENERAL FYTCH, THE QUEEN OF NAVARRE, MR. JAMES SUTHERLAND, MISS ELIZABETH HOBSON, AND LORD CHEDWORTH—DEATH-BED APPARITIONS PUBLISHED BY MR. W. T. DREWRY, THE LORD LINDSAY, MR. JOHN CARSON, HENRY IV. OF FRANCE, PREBENDARY DENNIS, AND THE REV. J. S. POLLOCK—DEATH-BED APPARITIONS VERIFIED AT "BOTH ENDS OF THE LINE"—ATTESTATIONS OF THE REV. THOMAS TILSON AND DR. WERNER.

THE first point I will try to establish, is that of the reality of the occasional appearance of the spirit of a person in one place, at about the time that his body is dying in another place, consequently, that the primary cause of the phenomenon is outside the organism of the seer; also to show that such cases are so common as to indicate some connection beyond that of accidental coincidence between the two occurrences. Incidents of this kind are so numerous, that it is scarcely possible to bring up the subject in any mixed company without one of the listeners being able to tell of an instance which occurred in his own family. On other occasions silence is kept from fear of the ridicule of the ignorant, showing that a false state of public opinion exercises a repressive influence on revelation.

In some of the examples I shall bring forward, loop-

holes will be found for the introduction of the theory that the seer is a medium, and that at the death-moment some occult influence is exerted upon his mind, by the thoughts of the distant dying person, causing him to see an apparition. This fair argument, while admitting psychic action from a distance, would weaken the evidence in favour of the existence of departed spirits; but it will be seen, as we proceed, that the objection is not applicable to all the cases of deathbed apparitions, though in others it may honestly be raised.

Attention will be given, in the first instance, to that simplest class of death-bed apparitions in which the spirit is seen by one witness only, without other corroboration of the other-world manifestation, than the death at a distance at the same time of the person seen. In relation to these primary cases, I do not, as yet, bring forward any evidence whether the apparition is objectively present, or is recognised impressionally* in consequence of psychical influence acting on the seer.

I will first quote Lord Brougham's narrative setting forth how he in Sweden saw the spirit of a friend, about the time that that friend's body died in India. (Lord Brougham's *Autobiography*, vol. i. Blackwood & Co.: 1871). He says:—

A most remarkable thing happened to me—so remark-

* There is some little difficulty in selecting a word to describe what is here meant. If I used the word "subjectively," it might convey the idea of the absence of any apparition, whereas plenty of conclusive evidence will be brought forward of the occasional real presence of spirits, who give news which can be verified, yet who are invisible to everybody in the room but the seer whose spiritual eyesight is opened. So hereafter when the words "seen impressionally" are used, I mean that a spirit is actually present as the context will indicate, but that it is not seen in a normal way.—W. H. H.

able that I must tell the story from the beginning. After I left the High School, I went with G——, my most intimate friend, to attend the classes in the University. There was no divinity class, but we frequently in our walks discussed and speculated upon many grave subjects—among others, on the immortality of the soul, and on a future state. This question, and the possibility, I will not say of ghosts walking, but of the dead appearing to the living, were subjects of much speculation; and we actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, written with our blood, to the effect that whichever of us died the first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of the “life after death.” After we had finished our classes at the college, G—— went to India, having got an appointment there in the Civil Service. He seldom wrote to me, and after the lapse of a few years I had almost forgotten him; moreover, his family having little connection with Edinburgh, I seldom saw or heard anything of them, or of him through them, so that all the old schoolboy intimacy had died out, and I had nearly forgotten his existence. I had taken, as I have said, a warm bath, and while lying in it and enjoying the comfort of the heat, after the late freezing I had undergone, I turned my head round, looking towards the chair on which I had deposited my clothes, as I was about to get out of the bath. On the chair sat G——, looking calmly at me. How I got out of the bath I know not, but on recovering my senses I found myself sprawling on the floor. The apparition, or whatever it was, that had taken the likeness of G——, had disappeared. This vision produced such a shock that I had no inclination to talk about it, or to speak about it even to Stuart; but the impression it made upon me was too vivid to be easily forgotten; and so strongly was I affected by it, that I have here written down the whole history, with the date, 19th December, and all the particulars, as they are now fresh before me. No doubt I had fallen asleep; and that the appearance presented so distinctly to my eyes was a dream, I cannot for a moment doubt; yet for years I had had no communica-

tion with G——, nor had there been anything to recall him to my recollection ; nothing had taken place during our Swedish travels either connected with G—— or with India, or with anything relating to him or to any member of his family. I recollected quickly enough our old discussion and the bargain we had made. I could not discharge from my mind the impression that G—— must have died, and that his appearance to me was to be received by me as a proof of a future state.

This was on December 19, 1799. In October 1862, Lord Brougham added as a postscript :—

I have just been copying out from my journal the account of this strange dream : *Certissima mortis imago !* And now to finish the story, begun about sixty years since. Soon after my return to Edinburgh, there arrived a letter from India, announcing G——'s death, and stating that he had died on the 19th of December !

Lieut.-General Albert Fytche, C.S.I., of Pyrga Park, Havering-atte-Bower, records in his new book, *Burma, Past and Present* (C. Kegan Paul and Co. : 1878), how he also is one of the large number of witnesses who have seen the spirit of a friend about the time that friend's earthly body was dying a long way off. He was at Maulmain at the time, and his statement is :—

I had an old schoolfellow, who was afterwards a college friend, with whom I had lived in the closest intimacy. Years, however, passed away without our seeing each other. One morning I had just got out of bed, and was dressing myself, when suddenly my old friend entered the room. I greeted him warmly : told him to call for a cup of tea in the verandah, and promised to be with him immediately. I dressed myself in haste, and went out into the verandah, but found no one there. I could not believe my eyes. I called to the sentry, who was posted at the front of the

house, but he had seen no strange gentleman. . . . A fortnight afterwards news arrived that he had died, six hundred miles off, about the very time I saw him at Maulmain.

In this case also, Lieut.-General Fytche may have been a medium who impressionally saw a spirit; but I shall hereinafter show that probably this apparition was temporarily materialised.

A death-bed apparition attested by Henry IV. of France, is recorded by M. D'Aubigné, the historian, in his *Hist. Universelle* (1574), and thus translated by Calmet, (*Dissertations upon Apparitions*, London, 1759):—

The second prodigy, says he, I can assert upon the King's own word, it being one of the three stories which he has frequently told us, with his hair standing on end. The Queen happened to go to bed one evening earlier than usual, and was attended, among other persons of distinction, by the King of Navarre (Henry IV.), the Archbishop of Lyons, Mesdames De Retz, De Lignerolles, and De Sauves, by two of whom I heard this fact confirmed. As the Queen was just going to dismiss them, she threw herself suddenly, with a start, upon her pillow, clapt her hands before her eyes, called out for help in the most violent manner, and pointing to the Cardinal who stood, as she said, at the foot of the bed and held out his hand to her, cried out, "My Lord Cardinal, I will have nothing to do with you!" The King of Navarre immediately sent one of his gentlemen to the Cardinal's house, who brought word that he expired at that very instant.

Mr. John Carson, of Brunswick House, Clapham Common, London, writes to me, January 23d, 1879:—

A few years ago, Mr. James Sutherland, when in my employ in Melbourne as clerk, came into the shop from the back yard; he was so much agitated that he was asked if anything was the matter with him. He replied, "Yes, I have just seen Loutit's wraith."

The following morning the report reached Melbourne from Geelong, forty miles distant, that a holiday party pleasuring on the Bay had upset their boat. Mr. Loutit, a bank clerk, was drowned.

The accident happened at the time Mr. Sutherland saw his intimate friend's appearance at 11 A.M.

Again. The same gentleman, while in charge of a sheep-station for me, went to an out-station with two men to count the sheep looked after by a man and his wife. The party arrived in the evening and found the woman very ill, so they camped out some little distance from the hut. At daylight, one of the men asked Mr. Sutherland if he would go and see how the woman was. He answered, "She is dead, I have just seen her wraith." The man went to the hut, and found that the woman had just expired.

Early in February 1879, Mr. W. T. Drewry published the following narrative in *The London Express*, setting forth how the spirit of a dying father appeared to his son:—

In the year 1857 I sailed as apprentice in the ship "Tinto," of Bridgewater, from Hull to Bombay. Our second mate (to whom what I narrate occurred) was a grave, and, for a sailor, unusually *consistently* serious and religious young fellow, of some twenty-four years—one who in several voyages with him, I never knew to even distort the truth or utter an oath. We were great chums, and I knew him well. His parents lived at Patrington, near Hull. One night—it was the 18th August 1857—we were off the Malabar coast, distant from Bombay about two hundred miles, slowly proceeding before a light breeze. The second mate and I were on watch together, having the first watch, viz., from 8 P.M. to midnight. At the relief of the watch, the second mate went down to our berth (we shared one cabin between us), while I remained on deck for a moment to answer some questions asked me by the chief mate, who had relieved us. When I went into the berth my friend was, to my great surprise, leaning against

the door, looking as white as a sheet, and apparently hardly saved from falling by holding on to the bunk. He appeared unable to reply to my queries at first, but on my fetching him a drop of spirits from the saloon he rallied, and then told me, that immediately on entering his cabin, he saw his father as plainly as he saw me, dressed as usual, standing in the middle of the floor. "I knew in a moment," said he, "that it *could* not be himself, but was his spirit—and I know he is dead." "How long did he remain?" asked I. "For about a minute," he replied—"in fact, until I heard you coming, and then he seemed to melt away suddenly. I was thinking of nothing less than him when I came in, for I thought of nothing but that ugly bank of clouds"—(a cloud bank on our port-beam that portended a squall all our watch). We took the exact time in writing when he saw the appearance; it was, by the ship's chronometer, 8 minutes past 12 midnight, the 18th August (or rather 19th properly) 1857. Soon after reaching Bombay, a letter from home informed him that (computing for the difference of longitude) at that very day, hour, and minute, his father had died in his house at Patrington, passionately longing with his last breath that he might be allowed to see his son.

The above appeared in Miss Faithful's newspaper, *The London Express*. To further authenticate the narrative, she placed me in communication with Mr. W. T. Drewry, who informs me, under the date of February 27th, 1879, that his address is 38 Crawshay Road, North Brixton, London, and that the name of the sea-officer who saw the apparition is Henry Morgan.

John Wesley records in his *Journal*: Works, vol. iii. p. 327:—

When I [Elizabeth Hobson] was about sixteen, my uncle fell ill, and grew worse and worse for three months. One day, having been sent out on an errand, I was coming home though a lane, when I saw him in the field, coming

swiftly towards me. I ran to meet him, but he was gone. When I came home I found him calling for me. As soon as I came to his bedside he clasped his arms round my neck, and bursting into tears, earnestly exhorted me to continue in the ways of God, and kept his hold till he sank down and died.

Mr. William Howitt, in vol. ii. of his *History of the Supernatural*, states—

Mrs. Crawford, in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, in 1836, tells us that the then Lord Chedworth was a man who suffered deeply from doubts of the existence of the soul in another world; and that he had a friend, very dear to him, as sceptical as himself. Whilst one morning relating to his niece, Miss Wright, at breakfast that his friend appeared to him the night before, exactly as he appeared in life, and told him he died that night at eight o'clock, and that there *was* another world, and a righteous God who judgeth all; and whilst Miss Wright was ridiculing the idea of the apparition, a groom rode up the avenue, bringing a letter announcing the fact of his friend's sudden death, at the time stated by the spirit. Mrs. Crawford adds: "The effect it had upon the mind of Lord Chedworth was as happy as it was permanent: all his doubts were removed, and for ever."

The Lord Lindsay, now President of the Royal Astronomical Society, and Vice-President of the Royal Society, testified to the Committee of the Dialectical Society appointed to inquire into psychic phenomena—

I will give you an illustration, for the authenticity of which I can vouch. A lady of my acquaintance married an officer in the army, who went out to India before the Mutiny. One night in the drawing-room she screamed and fainted. On recovering, she said she saw her husband shot. The time was noted, and intelligence arrived that he had been shot at the precise moment when she saw the vision.—*Report on Spiritualism*, p. 216.

The Revd. James S. Pollock, M.A., Incumbent of St. Alban's, Birmingham, says in his *Dead and Gone*, p. 198 (Elliot Stock: 1874):—

A person well known to me, told me that she was staying in the house of an aunt, with her two cousins. One of them one morning was low-spirited and moody. At last, going up to her aunt she burst into tears, and said, "I saw grandfather last night." "Nonsense, child, you know he is not here; don't be fanciful." "But I did see him." "Then you were dreaming." "Aunt, I was quite awake, and he came in at the window and stood at the foot of my bed: he looked just as he always looks, but I was frightened, and covered my head over with the blanket. When I looked up again he was still there, but the third time he was gone." The grandfather died, as they heard afterwards, just at that very hour when she saw him. The poor girl fasted and wept the whole of that day.

The Rev. J. Dennis, B.C.L., Prebendary of the Royal Collegiate Church of Exeter Castle, in his *Subversion of Materialism* (Longmans: London, 1826), gives the four following accounts of death-bed apparitions:—

A Danish captain, hearing the preceding occurrence in the author's presence at the house of Mr. J. H. Hutton, clerk, A.B., in the autumn of 1810, said that a similar occurrence happened to himself. In a dark evening at seven, walking along the street to an evening party, and meeting his sister, he went up to embrace her. Instantly she vanished. In eight days, a letter announced her decease eight hundred miles distant. The author recollects that Stuttgart was the scene either of the apparition or of the decease. He believes that there the spectre appeared. Of his sister's indisposition the brother was unapprised.

Sarah, wife of James Smith of Peckham, a Russian merchant, herself descendant of General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, and mother-in-law of the author's brother, John Dennis, clerk, A.B., saw a female friend's apparition at the

bed's foot. The following morning, a letter arrived announcing the dying anxiety of the party for an interview with Mrs. Smith, to entreat kind attention to her surviving orphans. The moment of dissolution coincided with that of the apparition.

Mrs. Burrow, aunt of the Deputy-Speaker of the House of Lords, Baron Gifford, informed the author that, going up the Fore Street of the city of Exeter at night, she saw walking at some distance an intimate acquaintance called Jones, a retired silversmith. Perceiving him to halt at the door of the house where he had formerly been established in business, she followed him, but, arriving at the spot, lost sight of the apparition, the door remaining unopened. The subsequent morning a messenger arrived to announce his death, having occurred at the very time of the spectre's appearance.

Mr. Pearce of Exmouth, a retired wine merchant, informed the author that his brother's apparition was seen by his father. Awaking in the morning, the child had been accustomed to come from his own room to lie a short time at his father's side. Having been some time exceedingly ill, he was seen by his father entering the room in his shirt as in health. The father, instantly summoning his servant, reproved her for permitting the child to get out of bed undressed. The servant, on inspection, found the child perfectly dead.

We come now to another, and stronger, class of evidence in favour of the reality of death-bed apparitions.

When the spirit of a man is partially loosened from his body at the approach of death, and when that spirit can make itself visible to a distant friend, the bodily powers are sometimes not so far destroyed but that the lips of the sufferer can tell those around the bed, that the far-off person has been seen by him. Thus direct evidence of the reality of the

phenomenon is presented at both ends of the line. Similarly valuable evidence is, of course, not obtainable in connection with post-mortem apparitions.

The following letter from Mr. Thomas Tilson, Minister of Aylesworth, in Kent, concerning a death-bed apparition seen in Rochester in 1691, was written to Mr. Baxter. It is of the more value because Mr. Tilson so carefully verified the details :—

REV. SIR,—Being informed that you are writing about spectres and apparitions, I take the freedom, though a stranger, to send you the following relation.

Mary, the wife of John Goffe, of Rochester, being afflicted with a long illness, removed to her father's house at West Mulling, which is about nine miles distant from her own ; there she died, June the 4th, 1691.

The day before her departure she grew impatiently desirous to see her two children, whom she had left at home to the care of a nurse. She prayed her husband to hire a horse, for she must go home and die with her children. When they persuaded her to the contrary, telling her she was not fit to be taken out of the bed, nor able to sit on horseback, she entreated them, however, to try : "If I cannot sit," said she, "I will lie all along upon the horse, for I must go to see my poor babies."

A minister who lives in the town was with her at ten o'clock that night, to whom she expressed good hopes in the mercies of God, and a willingness to die.

"But," said she, "it is my misery that I cannot see my children."

Between one and two o'clock in the morning she fell into a trance. One widow Turner, who watched with her that night, says that her eyes were open and fixed, and her jaw fallen ; she put her hand upon her mouth and nostrils, but could perceive no breath ; she thought her to be in a fit, and doubted whether she were alive or dead. The next day this dying woman told her mother, that she had been at home with her children. "That is impossible," said the

mother, "for you have been here in bed all the while." "Yes," replied the other, "but I was with them last night when I was asleep."

The nurse at Rochester, widow Alexander by name, affirms and says she will take her oath of it before a magistrate, and receive the sacrament upon it, that a little before two o'clock that morning she saw the likeness of the said Mary Goffe come out of the next chamber (where the elder child lay in a bed by itself, the door being left open), and stood by her bedside for about a quarter of an hour; the younger child was there lying by her; her eyes moved, and her mouth went, but she said nothing. The nurse, moreover, says that she was perfectly awake; it was then daylight, being one of the longest days in the year. She sat up in her bed, and looked steadfastly upon the apparition; at that time she heard the bridge clock strike two, and awhile after said, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what art thou?" Thereupon the appearance removed and went away; she slipped on her clothes and followed, but what became of it she cannot tell. Then, and not before, she began to be grievously affrighted, and went out of doors, and walked upon the wharf (the house is just by the river side) for some hours, only going in now and then to look at the children. At five o'clock she went to a neighbour's house, and knocked at the door, but they would not rise; at six she went again, then they rose and let her in. She related to them all that had passed; they would persuade her she was mistaken, or dreamt; but she confidently affirmed, "If ever I saw her in all my life, I saw her this night."

One of those to whom she made the relation (Mary, the wife of J. Sweet) had a messenger who came from Mulling that forenoon, to let her know her neighbour Goffe was dying, and desired to speak with her; she went over the same day, and found her just departing. The mother, amongst other discourses, related to her how much her daughter had longed to see her children, and said she had seen them.

This brought to Mrs. Sweet's mind what the nurse had told her that morning; for, till then, she had not thought

fit to mention it, but disguised it rather as the woman's disturbed imagination.

The substance of this I had related to me by John Carpenter, the father of the deceased, the next day after the burial.—July 2, I fully discoursed the matter with the nurse, and two neighbours, to whose house she went that morning.

Two days after, I had it from the mother, the minister that was with her in the evening, and the woman who sat up with her last that night. They all agree in the same story, and every one helps to strengthen the others' testimony.

They all appear to be sober, intelligent persons, far enough off from designing to impose a cheat upon the world, or to manage a lie; and what temptation they should lie under for so doing I cannot conceive.

THOMAS TILSON,
Minister of Aylesworth, near Maidstone, in Kent.

Mrs. Crowe, in her *Night Side of Nature* (Routledge), likewise gives a case of the same nature:—

A very frightful instance of this kind of phenomenon is related by Dr. H. Werner, of Baron Emilius von O. This young man had been sent to prosecute his studies in Paris; but forming some bad connections, he became dissipated and neglected them. His father's counsels were unheeded, and his letters remained unanswered. One day the young baron was sitting alone on a seat, in the Bois de Boulogne, and had fallen somewhat into a reverie, when, on raising his eyes, he saw his father's form above him. Believing it to be a mere spectral illusion, he struck at the shadow with his riding-whip, upon which it disappeared. The next day brought him a letter, urging his return home instantly, if he wished to see his parent alive. He went, but found the old man already in his grave. The persons who had been about him said that he had been quite conscious, and had a great longing to see his son; he had indeed exhibited one symptom of delirium, which was, that after expressing this desire, he had suddenly exclaimed, "My God! he is

striking at me with his riding-whip!" and immediately expired.

There is no necessity to multiply examples of this class here. Others will be found farther on, in connection with other branches of the subject, wherein spiritual communion between the living and the dying is verified by witnesses at "both ends of the line."

The evidence contained in this elementary chapter does not amount to proving life after death, or the presence of a spirit of any kind, because some psychical influence from the dying man may be assumed to induce a vision in the mind of a distant friend. All it proves is, the temporary or permanent existence of some means of almost instantaneous spiritual communication between individuals at a distance from each other. But the array of my facts is not yet at an end.

It will be noticed that, in nearly all the cases quoted, the primary cause of the effect was the love of the dying person for the observer who saw the apparition.



Chapter Third.

DEATH-BED APPARITIONS SEEN BY ONE WITNESS (CONTINUED)—SOME APPARITIONS MATERIALISED, OTHERS PSYCHICAL—SOME PSYCHICAL APPARITIONS REAL—PHYSICAL EFFECTS PRODUCED BY DEATH-BED APPARITIONS—A ROSE-SCATTERING SPIRIT—PERMANENT RESULTS OF A SPIRIT GRASP—CURTAINS AND DOORS MOVED BY DEATH-BED APPARITIONS—APPARITIONS OF CATHOLIC PRIESTS TO THEIR FRIENDS, AND OF PARENTS TO THEIR CHILDREN—UNIVERSALITY OF THE GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PHENOMENA—CERTAIN RESEMBLANCES TO THOSE PRODUCED THROUGH MEDIUMS—SPIRIT CLOTHING—THE SOURCE OF THE MATTER COMPOSING THE BODIES OF MATERIALISED DEATH-BED APPARITIONS—DEATH-BED APPARITIONS SEEN BY LADY BERESFORD, LORD WESTMORELAND, THE MARQUIS DE RAMBOUILLET, LORD BALCARRES, COLONEL NATHAN WILSON, MRS. TANTUM, AND CAPTAIN RIDD—DEATH-BED APPARITIONS ATTESTED OR PUBLISHED BY MRS. HARDINGE-BRITTEN, THE MARQUIS DE PRECY, JOHN WESLEY, MR. WILLIAM HOWITT, MR. PLUMER WARD, M.P., LORD BYRON, AND THE REV. J. S. POLLOCK, M.A.

THE multitudinous phenomena of Spiritualism, as presented in the presence of mediums, have long been divided by the students thereof into two great classes; the psychical and the physical. In the former class we have such phenomena as trance, clairvoyance, and inspirational speaking; in the latter, are physical effects produced outside of, and at a distance from the body of the medium: such as the movements of solid objects at another part of the room without being touched, and the materialisation of spirit hands and forms.

In most of the instances in the previous chapter, of apparitions seen by one witness, there is little recognisable evidence, as yet, whether the spirit in each particular case was impressionally or normally visible.

Had two persons seen it at the same time, or had it moved a physical object, the presumption, though not the certainty, would have been that it was there palpably materialised. Sometimes two persons are similarly clairvoyantly influenced at once, to see things invisible to a third person present; and sometimes solid objects are moved by spirits, without anybody present but a clairvoyant seeing the mover, though all see the actual motion of the article. But such cases as these are exceptional, and when a clairvoyant sees a solid object belonging to the room moving, it has, in every case I have seen or heard of, actually moved.

All spontaneous spiritual phenomena, including apparitions, consist, I think, of these two great classes, physical and mental; but when only one inexperienced witness can be put into the box, it is difficult sometimes to class the particular phenomenon he has seen. The same difficulty obtains every day in connection with ordinary spiritual manifestations. When a single witness has seen unusually wonderful things, it is a common thing to ask him whether he is a seeing-medium, or whether he saw the occurrences by normal eyesight. Sometimes he does not know himself, for some apparitions are so palpable to media that they can scarcely be made to believe that others who may be present do not see them also.

Still confining myself to those death-bed apparitions which have been seen by one person only, I will now introduce a class of them in which the spirits moved some solid object or objects before the eyes of the spectator.

In the year 1869 Mrs. Emma Hardinge, now Mrs. Britten, of 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass., stated at a public meeting in the Gower Street Rooms, London—

I was staying at the house of a lady friend in Salem, Illinois, whose last hour was approaching. She grieved at the absence of all her children; especially of one, a little cripple, and bemoaned herself bitterly. I left her at four o'clock and called again late at night, when she was better, and said—"I have seen my children, and dear little Jessie, sitting on the grass in the midst of her sisters, playing with roses." She passed away for the better world. Some days afterwards we learned by letter that at the time when she saw her children, little Jessie, the cripple, who had been put out of doors to play, was heard to scream. Her sisters ran out, and found her covered with roses. She said she had seen her mother, and although there were rose bushes not far off, they were much too far away for little Jessie to reach them and pluck them for herself. These sisters are all now living, and can corroborate the facts.

The "stock" ghost story of the appearance of Lord Tyrone to Lady Beresford shortly after his death, is so well known that I do not now quote the details in full, except the portion relating to actual appearance of the spirit, and the physical feat the apparition performed. The truth of the narrative has never been questioned, and a well-known member of the family wrote an authentic version of it, two or three years ago, for *The Spiritualist* newspaper.

On her dying bed Lady Beresford, who for some years had worn a black ribbon round her wrist, made the following statement to her son and to the late Lady Betty Cobb:—

"I have something," she said, "of the greatest import-

ance to communicate to you both before I die, a period which is not far distant. You, Lady Betty, are no stranger to the friendship which subsisted between Lord Tyrone and myself; we were educated under the same roof, and in the same principles of Deism. When the friends into whose hands we afterwards fell endeavoured to persuade us to embrace the revealed religion, their arguments, though insufficient to convince, were powerful enough to stagger our former feelings, and to leave us wavering between the two opinions: in this perplexing state of doubt and uncertainty, we made a solemn promise to each other that whichever died first should (if permitted) appear to the other, and declare what religion is most acceptable to God. Accordingly, one night, while Sir Martin and myself were in bed, I suddenly awoke, and discovered Lord Tyrone sitting by my bedside. I screamed out, and endeavoured to awake Sir Martin. 'For Heaven's sake,' I exclaimed, 'Lord Tyrone, by what means, or for what reason, came you hither at this time of night?' 'Have you then forgotten our promise?' said he: 'I died last Tuesday at four o'clock, and have been permitted by the Supreme Being to appear to you, to assure you that the revealed religion is true, and the only religion by which we can be saved. I am further suffered to inform you, that you will soon produce a son, who it is decreed will marry my daughter; not many years after his birth, Sir Martin will die, and you will marry again, and to a man by whose ill-treatment you will be rendered miserable: you will have two daughters, and afterwards a son, in childbirth of whom you will die in the forty-seventh year of your age.' 'Just Heavens!' I exclaimed, 'and cannot I prevent this?' 'Undoubtedly you may,' returned the spectre; 'you are a free agent, and may prevent it all by resisting every temptation to a second marriage; but your passions are strong, you know not their power; hitherto you have had no trials. More I am not permitted to reveal, but if after this warning you persist in your infidelity, your lot in another world will be miserable indeed!' 'May I not ask,' said I, 'if you are happy?' 'Had I been otherwise,' he replied, 'I should

not have been permitted to appear to you.' 'I may then infer that you are happy?' He smiled. 'But how,' said I, 'when morning comes, shall I know that your appearance to me has been real, and not the mere representation of my own imagination?' 'Will not the news of my death be sufficient to convince you?' 'No,' I returned, 'I might have had such a dream, and that dream accidentally come to pass. I will have some stronger proofs of its reality.' 'You shall,' said he; and waving his hand, the bed curtains, which were crimson velvet, were instantly drawn through an iron hoop by which the tester of the bed was suspended. 'In that,' said he, 'you cannot be mistaken; no mortal arm could have performed this.' 'True,' said I, 'but sleeping we are often possessed of far more strength than when awake; though waking I could not have done it, asleep I might; and I shall still doubt.' 'Here is a pocket-book; in this,' said he, 'I will write my name: you know my handwriting.' I replied, 'Yes.' He wrote with a pencil on one side of the leaf. 'Still,' said I, 'in the morning I may doubt; though waking I could not imitate your hand, asleep I might.' 'You are hard of belief,' said he; 'it would injure you irreparably; it is not for spirits to touch mortal flesh.' 'I do not,' said I, 'regard a slight blemish.' 'You are a woman of courage,' replied he: 'hold out your hand.' I did: he struck my wrist: his hand was cold as marble: in a moment the sinews shrunk up, every nerve withered. 'Now,' said he, 'while you live, let no mortal eye behold that wrist: to see it is sacrilege.' He stopped; I turned to him again; he was gone. During the time I had conversed with him my thoughts were perfectly calm and collected, but the moment he was gone, I felt chilled with horror, the very bed moved under me. I endeavoured, but in vain, to awake Sir Martin; all my attempts were ineffectual, and in this state of agitation and terror I lay for some time, when a shower of tears came to my relief, and I dropped asleep. In the morning, Sir Martin arose and dressed himself as usual, without perceiving the state the curtains remained in. When I awoke I found Sir Martin gone down; I arose, and having put on my clothes, went

to the gallery adjoining the apartment and took from thence a long broom (such as cornices are swept with). By the help of this I took down with some difficulty the curtains, as I imagined their extraordinary position might excite suspicion in the family. I then went to the bureau, took up my pocket-book, and bound a piece of black ribbon round my wrist. When I came down, the agitation of my mind had left an impression on my countenance too visible to pass unobserved by my husband. He instantly remarked it, and asked the cause. I informed him Lord Tyrone was no more, that he died at the hour of four on the preceding Tuesday, and desired him never to question me more respecting the black ribbon; which he kindly desisted from after."

An hour passed, and all was quiet in the room. They listened at the door, and everything remained still, but in half an hour more a bell rang violently; they flew to her apartment, but before they reached the door they heard the servant exclaim, "Oh, she is dead!" Lady Betty then bade the servants for a few minutes to quit the room, and herself, with Lady Beresford's son, approached the bed of his mother; they knelt down by the side of it: Lady Betty then lifted up her hand, and untied the ribbon: the wrist was found exactly as Lady Beresford had described it, every sinew shrunk, every nerve withered.

Lady Beresford's son, as had been predicted, is since married to Lord Tyrone's daughter: the black ribbon and pocket-book were formerly in the possession of Lady Betty Cobb, Marlborough Buildings, Bath, who, during her long life, was ever ready to attest the truth of this narration, as are to the present hour the whole of the Tyrone and Beresford families.

This narrative well deserves the reputation it has gained, for probably nobody devoid of antecedent knowledge about apparitions, took more sensible steps to verify the reality of one when it presented itself than Lady Beresford. She utilised the opportunity,

and tested the assertions of the spirit as efficiently as if she had been an experienced Spiritualist.

Although the movement of the curtain was a physical manifestation, the process resulting in the shrivelling of the wrist was not necessarily so, any more than in the phenomenon of the stigmata, for the spiritual power may have acted from within, from the spiritual mainsprings of the human organism, instead of from without.

A series of examples of death-bed apparitions is appended, in which each spirit opens or closes a curtain or door when it appears or departs; this movement of curtains is not only a physical manifestation, but probably has an unexpected reason in it which will be dealt with at the end of the quotations.

Mr. John Wesley records in his *Journal: Works*, vol. ii. pp. 368, 369:—

Thurs., June 3d (1756), I received a remarkable letter from a clergyman with whom I had been a day or two before. Part of it ran thus:—"I had the following account from the gentlewoman herself, a person of piety and veracity. She is now the wife of Mr. J. B., silversmith, in Cork. —'About thirty years ago I was addressed by way of marriage by Mr. Richard Mercier, then a volunteer in the army. The young gentleman was quartered at that time in Charleville, where my father lived, who approved of his addresses, and directed me to look upon him as my future husband. When the regiment left the town, he promised to return in two months and marry me. From Charleville he went to Dublin, thence to his father's, and from thence to England; where his father having bought him a cornetcy of horse, he purchased many ornaments for the wedding, and returning to Ireland, let us know that he would be at our house in Charleville in a few days. On this the family was busied to prepare for his reception and the ensuing

marriage; when one night, my sister Molly and I being asleep in our bed, I was awakened by the sudden opening of the side curtain, and starting up, saw Mr. Mercier standing by the bedside. He was wrapped up in a loose sheet, and had a napkin, folded like a nightcap, on his head. He looked at me very earnestly, and lifting up the napkin, which much shaded his face, showed me the left side of his head, all bloody and covered with his brains. The room meantime was quite light. My terror was excessive, which was still increased by his stooping over the bed and embracing me in his arms. My cries alarmed the whole family, who came crowding into the room. Upon their entrance, he gently withdrew his arms, and ascended as it were through the ceiling. I continued for some time in strong fits. When I could speak, I told them what I had seen. One of them, a day or two after, going to the post-master for letters, found him reading the newspaper, in which was an account that Cornet Mercier, going into Christ Church belfry in Dublin, just after the bells had been ringing, and standing under the bells, one of them, which was turned bottom upwards, suddenly turning again, struck one side of his head and killed him on the spot. On further inquiry, we found he was struck on the left side of his head."

Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe wrote to Mrs. Crowe (*Night Side of Nature*, p. 382):—

Lady Stapleton, grandmother of the late Lord Le Despencer, told me that the night Lady Susan Fane, Lord Westmoreland's daughter, died in London, she appeared to her father, then at Merriworth, in Kent. He was in bed, but had not fallen asleep. There was a light in the room; she came in and sat down in a chair at the foot of the bed. He said to her, "Good God, Susan! how came you here? What has brought you from town?" She made no answer, but rose directly, and went to the door, and looked back towards him very earnestly; then she retired, shutting the door behind her. The next morning he had notice of her death. This Lord Westmoreland

himself told to Lady Stapleton, who was by birth a Fane, and his near relation.

Mrs. Crowe also (p. 150) gives the following particulars about the apparition of Viscount Dundee:—

The case of Lord Balcarres is perhaps worth alluding to, from its being so perfectly well established. Nobody has ever disputed the truth of it, only they get out of the difficulty by saying that it was a spectral illusion! Lord Balcarres was in confinement in the Castle of Edinburgh, under suspicion of Jacobitism, when one morning, whilst lying in bed, the curtains were drawn aside by his friend, Viscount Dundee, who looked upon him steadfastly, leaned for some time on the mantelpiece, and then walked out of the room. Lord Balcarres, supposing that what he saw was a spectre, called to Dundee to come back and speak to him, but he was gone; and shortly afterwards the news came that he had fallen about that same hour at Killiecrankie.

I once heard it insinuated at a public meeting that the spirits of bad men and women were alone liable to be seen thus as apparitions. Many of the spirits are those of parents who wish to see their children. Are such necessarily bad? And are Catholic priests usually bad men? for they sometimes appear, as in the next instance. In Mr. Dale Owen's *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World* (Trübner & Co.: 1860), is the following narrative written to Mr. Robert Dale Owen by Dr. Ashburner, 7 Hyde Park Place, London, March 12th, 1859:—

In the year 1814 I became acquainted with Colonel Nathan Wilson, a man of strong intellectual powers, who had served many years in India under Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington. I was introduced to him by Sir Charles Forbes, at a shooting lodge at Strathdon, and there we had an opportunity of becoming intimate.

I had from his own lips the narrative I am about to relate to you, and which I may preface by a few words touching the opinions of the narrator.

Colonel Wilson made no secret of his Atheism. In India especially, as I have myself observed, the tendency of many minds, influenced by considering the great diversities of religious belief around them, is toward scepticism. Colonel Wilson, fortified by the perusal of Volney, D'Holbach, Helvetius, Voltaire, and others of similar stamp, rejected as untenable the doctrine of a future state of existence, and even received with some impatience any arguments on a subject as to which he seemed to think no one could any further enlighten him.

In the year 1811, being then in command of the 19th regiment of dragoons, stationed at Tellicherry, and delighting in French literature, he formed an intimacy with Monsieur Dubois, a Roman Catholic missionary priest, an ardent and religious propagandist, and an accomplished man. Notwithstanding the great difference of their creeds, so earnest and yet liberal-minded was the Frenchman, so varied his store of information, and so agreeable and winning his manner, that the missionary and the soldier associated much together, and finally formed a strong attachment to each other. The former did not fail to avail himself of this intimacy, by endeavouring to bring about the conversion of his friend. They conversed often and freely on religious subjects, but Colonel Wilson's scepticism remained unshaken.

In July 1811 the priest fell ill, much to the regret of the little circle at Tellicherry, where he was greatly beloved. At the same time, a mutiny having broken out at Vellore, Colonel Wilson was summoned thither, and, proceeding by forced marches, encamped on an extensive plain before the town.

The night was sultry; and Colonel Wilson, arrayed as is common in that climate, in shirt and long calico drawers with feet, sought repose on a couch within his tent; but in vain. Unable to sleep, his attention was suddenly attracted to the entrance of his tent: he saw the purdah raised and the priest Dubois present himself. The pale face and

earnest demeanour of his friend, who stood silent and motionless, rivetted his attention. He called him by name, but without reply. The purdah fell, and the figure disappeared.

The Colonel sprang up, and, hastily donning his slippers, rushed from the tent. The appearance was still in sight, gliding through the camp, and making for the plain beyond. Colonel Wilson hastened after it, and at so rapid a pace, that when his brother officers, roused by the sentries, went in pursuit of him, it was with difficulty he was overtaken. The apparition having been seen by Colonel Wilson only, his comrades concluded that it was the effect of slight delirium produced by fatigue. But when the surgeon of the regiment felt the Colonel's pulse, he declared that it beat steadily without acceleration.

Colonel Wilson felt assured he had received an intimation of the death of his friend the missionary, who had repeatedly promised, in case he died first, to appear to him as a spirit. He requested his brother officers to note the time. They did so; and when subsequent letters from Tellicherry announced the decease of Dubois, it was found that he had died at the very hour when his likeness appeared to his friend.

Desirous to ascertain what effect this apparition had produced on Colonel Wilson's opinion touching a future state, I put the question directly to him. "I think it a very curious phenomenon?" he replied. "Not to be accounted for in the present state of our knowledge, and requiring investigation. But it is not sufficient to alter my conviction. Some energetic projection from Dubois's brain might perhaps suffice to account for the appearance which I undoubtedly witnessed."

The above case is a particularly good one, because the witness had no prepossession in favour of the facts he narrated. The hypothesis mentioned in the last paragraph of the quotation is fallacious, as will be set

forth farther on, apparitions long after bodily death being common.

In Mr. Dale Owen's *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*, Mr. William Howitt writes:—

The circumstance you desire to obtain from me is one which I have many times heard related by my mother. It was an event familiar to our family and the neighbourhood, and is connected with my earliest memories; having occurred about the time of my birth, at my father's house at Heanor in Derbyshire, where I myself was born.

My mother's family name, Tantum, is an uncommon one, which I do not recollect to have met with except in a story of Miss Leslie's. My mother had two brothers, Francis and Richard. The younger, Richard, I knew well, for he lived to an old age. The elder, Francis, was, at the time of the occurrence I am about to report, a gay young man, about twenty, unmarried; handsome, frank, affectionate, and extremely beloved by all classes throughout that part of the country. He is described, in that age of powder and pigtails, as wearing his auburn hair flowing in ringlets on his shoulders, like another Absalom, and was much admired, as well for his personal grace as for the life and gaiety of his manners.

One fine calm afternoon, my mother, shortly after a confinement, but perfectly convalescent, was lying in bed, enjoying from her window the sense of summer beauty and repose; a bright sky above, and the quiet village before her. In this state she was gladdened by hearing footsteps which she took to be those of her brother Frank, as he was familiarly called, approaching the chamber-door. The visitor knocked and entered. The foot of the bed was towards the door; and the curtains at the foot, notwithstanding the season, were drawn, to prevent any draught. Her brother parted them, and looked in upon her. His gaze was earnest, and destitute of its usual cheerfulness, and he spoke not a word. "My dear Frank," said my mother, "how glad I am to see you! come round to the bedside: I wish to have some talk with you!" He closed

the curtain as complying; but instead of doing so, my mother to her astonishment heard him leave the room, close the door behind him, and begin to descend the stairs. Greatly amazed she hastily rang, and when her maid appeared she bade her call her brother back. The girl replied that she had not seen him enter the house. But my mother insisted, saying, "He was here but this instant. Run! quick! Call him back! I must see him!"

The girl hurried away, but after a time returned, saying that she could learn nothing of him anywhere; nor had any one in or about the house seen him either enter or depart.

Now my father's house stood at the bottom of the village, and close to the high-road, which was quite straight; so that any one passing along it must have been seen for a much longer period than had elapsed. The girl said she had looked up and down the road, then searched the garden—a large old-fashioned one with shady walks—but neither in the garden nor on the road was he to be seen. She had inquired at the nearest cottages in the village; but no one had noticed him pass.

My mother, though a very pious woman, was far from superstitious; yet the strangeness of this circumstance struck her forcibly. While she lay pondering upon it, there was heard a sudden running and excited talking in the village street. My mother listened; it increased, though up to that time the village had been profoundly still; and she became convinced that something very unusual had occurred. Again she rang the bell, to inquire the cause of the disturbance. This time it was the monthly nurse who answered it. She sought to tranquillise my mother, as a nurse usually does a patient. "Oh, it is nothing particular, ma'am," she said; "some trifling affair"—which she pretended to relate, passing lightly over the particulars. But her ill-suppressed agitation did not escape my mother's eye. "Tell me the truth," she said, "at once; I am certain something very sad has happened." The woman still equivocated, greatly fearing the effect upon my mother in her then situation. And at first the family joined in the attempt at concealment. Finally, however, my mother's

alarm and earnest entreaties drew from them the terrible truth that her brother had just been stabbed at the top of the village, and killed on the spot.

Among the best verified of historical death-bed apparitions, is that of Lord Lyttleton, who died Nov. 27th, 1799. Mr. Plumer Ward, M.P., in his *Illustrations of Human Life* (vol. i. p. 165), says:—

“I had often heard much and read much of Lord Lyttleton’s seeing a ghost before his death, and of himself as a ghost appearing to Mr. Andrews; and one evening, sitting near that gentleman, during a pause in the debates in the House of Commons, I ventured to ask him whether there was any and what truth in the detailed story so confidently related. Mr. Andrews, as perhaps I ought to have expected, did not much like the conversation. He looked grave and uneasy, and I asked pardon for my impertinent curiosity. Upon this he good-naturedly said, ‘It is not a subject I am fond of, and least of all in such a place as this; but if you will come and dine with me, I will tell you what is true and what is false.’ I gladly accepted the proposal, and I think my recollection is perfect as to the following narrative:—‘Mr. Andrews in his youth was the boon-companion, not to say fellow-rake, of Lord Lyttleton, who, as is well known, was a man distinguished for abilities, but also for a profligacy of morals which few could equal. With all this he was remarkable for what may be called unnatural cowardice in one so determinedly wicked. He never repented, yet could never stifle his conscience. He never could allow, yet never could deny, a world to come, and he contemplated with unceasing terror what would probably be his own state in such a world if there was one. He was always melancholy with fear, or mad in defiance; and probably his principal misery here was, that with all his endeavours he never could extinguish the dread of an hereafter. . . . Andrews was at his house at Dartford when Lord Lyttleton died at Pitt Place, Epsom, thirty miles off. Andrews’ house was full of company, and he

expected Lord Lyttleton, whom he had left in his usual state of health, to join them the next day, which was Sunday. Andrews himself feeling much indisposed on the Saturday evening, retired early to bed, and requested Mrs. Pigou, one of his guests, to do the honours of the supper-table. He admitted that, when in bed, he fell into a feverish sleep, but was waked between eleven and twelve by somebody opening his curtains. It was Lord Lyttleton in a nightgown and cap, which Andrews recognised. He also plainly spoke to him, saying he was come to tell him all was over. The world said he informed him there was another state, and bade him repent, &c. That was not so. And I confine myself to the exact words of this relation.

“Now it seems that Lord Lyttleton was fond of horse-play, or what we should call *mauvaise plaisanterie*; and, having often made Andrews the subject of it, the latter had threatened him with manual chastisement next time it occurred. On the present occasion, thinking this annoyance renewed, he threw the first thing he could find, which were his slippers, at Lord Lyttleton's head. The figure retreated towards a dressing-room which had no ingress or egress except through the bed-chamber, and Andrews, very angry, leapt out of bed, to follow it into the dressing-room. It was not there. Surprised, he returned to the bedroom, which he strictly searched. The door was locked on the inside, yet no Lord Lyttleton was to be found. He was astonished, but not alarmed, so convinced was he that it was some trick of Lord Lyttleton, who, he supposed, had arrived, according to his engagement, but after he, Andrews, had retired. He therefore rang for his servant, and asked if Lord Lyttleton was not come. The man said, “No.” “You may depend upon it,” replied he, out of humour, “he is somewhere in the house, for he was here just now, and is playing some trick.” But how he could have got into the bedroom with the door locked puzzled both master and man. Convinced, however, that he was somewhere in the house, Andrews, in his anger, ordered that no bed should be given him, saying he might go to an inn, or sleep in the stables. Be that as it may, he never appeared again, and Andrews went to sleep.

“It happened that Mrs. Pigou was to go to town early the next morning. What was her astonishment, having heard the disturbance of the night before, to hear on her arrival about nine o'clock that Lord Lyttleton had died the very night he was supposed to have been seen. She immediately sent an express to Dartford with the news; upon the receipt of which Andrews (quite well, and remembering accurately all that had passed) swooned away. He could not understand it, but it had a most serious effect upon him, so that—to use his own expression—he was not his own man again for three years.’”

What more natural than that a spirit possessing the power to do so should open or draw aside curtains to look at the visitant? But is it imaginable that all or any one of the sleepers had their curtains so closely drawn as almost to stifle them during the night—so closely drawn that the spirit could not form in the air before their eyes where there was no intervening curtain? There is another point. How is it that the figures in departing did not melt before the eyes of the observers? All but two of the series just brought forward went, out by the door. One spirit who raised a curtain seems to have disappeared by dropping it behind himself, and in the case quoted by John Wesley it is not clear whether the figure melted away before the eyes of the observer, or disappeared behind some upper bed curtains.

To Spiritualists the significance is plain. Materialised hands come from under tables or behind curtains; they very rarely indeed form before the eyes of spectators; they go in the same way, and rarely melt under inspection. Spirit forms at *séances* usually come out of cabinets or out of pitch darkness, and scarcely ever

fade away before the eyes of observers. For every single case of forming or melting I have witnessed, I have seen certainly more than a hundred materialisations where nothing of the kind took place. In fact, I have only in my memory at the present time a single case of a form developing before my eyes, and cannot remember seeing a case of melting, although I have often asked the spirits to show me one. When Mr. Crookes, Dr. Huggins, and others tried experiments in relation to the spirit hands which played musical instruments, nearly all the manipulations were done *under* a table. "Why did you not put your apparatus on the top of the table?" said uninformed objectors who sought to impose their own conditions on the phenomena of nature. Materialised spirits often say, "Do not look at us too fixedly," or, "Turn your eyes away a moment," and they commonly remark, "Your gaze *burns* us." Moreover, when large solid objects run about in the presence of mediums in the light, their motion is usually first seen by indirect vision; the power accumulates where the eyesight of the observers is not brought to bear, but once accumulated the manifestations go on in full view.

I am aware that physicists at present know nothing of any force proceeding from the eyes, and that they account for vision by the vibration of the ether-waves entering them. But a new order of facts will have to be accepted. All who are experienced in the physical phenomena of Spiritualism know that the manifestations are affected in some way by the human gaze, perhaps by its exerting a mesmeric, or perhaps a

physical, effect upon the partly materialised operating spirit.

At the moment spirits form and dissolve the mediums are usually but not always out of sight, a circumstance which has loaded them with suspicion and severe scientific testing, from which they emerged with honour. But this peculiarity of these phenomena is evidently deeply rooted in the laws of nature.

Moreover, if some of the spontaneous death-bed apparitions find it easier to come and go by the aid of curtains and doors, unlike the spirits seen clairvoyantly by mediums, it is another circumstance tending to show that in the cases mentioned in this chapter we have true physical manifestations, and that the spirits, unlike some to be brought upon this stage shortly, were objectively and palpably temporarily materialised.

Although it may be safely accepted as a fact that in nearly, if not quite, every case, a spirit is objectively present in a temporarily materialised form whenever it opens or shuts curtains or doors at the moment it is seen to arrive or depart, an apparent contradiction to this rule is to be seen in the already-quoted experience of Colonel Nathan Wilson. When he pursued the spirit in the open air, his brother officers saw nothing, so at that time he saw it by abnormal vision. But apparitions are sometimes seen by clairvoyants a few minutes before and after they materialise themselves so as to become visible to persons with normal eyesight. Seeing-mediums who have this rare power are sometimes specially engaged at private *séances* in London, to tell the sitters what the spirits

are doing before they appear to all present. The demurrer may be raised, that there is no evidence that Colonel Wilson was a clairvoyant sensitive, and that the probabilities point in the other direction. But the state between sleeping and waking is almost the only one in which strong healthy persons are liable, perhaps but once or twice in a lifetime, to unusual psychical experiences, or as materialistic physiologists assert, to have their dreams projected for a short time into their waking sight. In addition, the violent shock to the nerves upon seeing an unexpected apparition while the mind is in this negative and unprepared state, might so upset the normal action of the system as to cause even a strong man to become temporarily clairvoyant. I think that outside the tent Colonel Wilson saw the apparition by mental impression, but that inside the tent it was materialised.

We see in the following description of an apparition, which has found its place in nearly all books on spirits during the present and past generation, how careful the ghost was not to form or melt away before the eyes of the observer:—

The story of the Marquis de Rambouillet's appearing after his death to his cousin the Marquis de Precy is well known. These two noblemen, talking one day concerning the affairs of the next world in a manner which showed they did not believe much about it, entered into an agreement that the first that died should come and give intelligence to the other.

Soon after the Marquis de Rambouillet set out for Flanders, which was then the seat of war, and the Marquis de Precy remained in Paris, being ill of a violent fever. About six weeks after, early one morning, he heard

some one draw the curtains of his bed, and, turning to see who it was, discovered the Marquis de Rambouillet in a buff coat and boots. He instantly got out of bed, and attempted to shake hands with his friend; but Rambouillet drew back, and told him he was only come to perform the promise he had formerly made; that nothing was more certain than what they had been told concerning another life; that he advised him earnestly to alter his way of life, for that the first action he should be engaged in he would certainly fall.

Precy made a fresh attempt to touch his friend, but he immediately withdrew. He lay wondering on his bed upon the strangeness of the circumstance for some time, when he saw the same appearance re-enter his apartments: upon which Rambouillet, finding that he still disbelieved what was told, showed him the wound in his veins, of which he died, and from which the blood still seemed to flow.

Soon after this, Precy received a confirmation of the Marquis de Rambouillet's death; and was killed himself, according to the prediction, in the civil wars, at the battle of the Fauxburg St. Antoine.

Let us turn the light now gained upon the incident described by Lord Brougham, printed on page 26. The apparition was probably objectively there, and would have felt as solid, if touched, as one of the temporarily materialised spirit hands common at *séances*. Lord Brougham was a powerful-minded, positive man, not likely to have been a mesmeric sensitive; indeed, his fright on the occasion under notice denotes that he was unaccustomed to seeing spirits. Mediums in the habit of seeing them, sometimes feel no more interest in their appearance than they do in that of passing cabs. But that he did not see it form or dissolve into thin air, also tends, as we now see, to indicate its materiality. There being pro-

bably no curtains in the bath-room, it formed in a spot away from Lord Brougham's gaze, so the latter looked round before he saw the spirit. The door being perhaps locked, and there being objections to opening it if that course had been practicable, a flood of the nervous energy of terror let loose either by himself, or more probably a power outside himself, threw Lord Brougham flat upon the floor, and the fading away of the strongly materialised form was, as usual, not within the range of human vision. Whether this explanation be the true one, or whether the terror was of a purely natural and accidental character, this new hypothesis may cause the reader to pause before unfavourably contrasting the courage of Lord Brougham with that of Lady Beresford.

In Horace Welby's *Signs Before Death* (Simpkin & Marshall: 1825) is a narrative by the Revd. Thomas Wilkins, Curate of Warburton, Hampshire, dated December 14th, 1695, setting forth how he, in the presence of two men, in a regularly haunted house, saw the spirit which caused the disturbances, and on putting out his hand to touch it, his hand and arm went quite through the form. But sometimes the death-bed apparitions seen by a single witness feel solid when touched, and the act of touching gives information not previously possessed by the observer. Possibly then, when an apparition is felt, it is partial proof of its solidity; the only escape from such conclusion is, that perhaps the observer has his senses of touch and of sight both influenced at the same time by the spiritual power brought to bear upon him.

Here is a case in which an apparition was touched and felt, quoted from Moore's *Life of Byron*. Lord Byron, who sailed with Captain Ridd to Lisbon in 1809, says that the Captain narrated to him the following occurrence :—

This officer stated that, being asleep one night in his berth, he was awakened by the pressure of something heavy on his limbs ; and there being a faint light in the cabin, could see, as he thought, distinctly the figure of his brother, who was at that time in the naval service, in the East Indies, dressed in his uniform, and stretched across the bed. Concluding it to be an illusion of the senses, he shut his eyes, and made an effort to sleep ; but still the same pressure continued, and still, as often as he ventured to take another look, he saw the figure lying across him in the same position. To add to the wonder, on putting his hand forth to touch this form, he found the uniform in which it appeared to be clothed dripping wet !

On the entrance of one of his brother officers, to whom he called out in alarm, the apparition vanished ; but in a few months after, he received the startling intelligence that on that night his brother had been drowned in the Indian seas. Of the supernatural character of this appearance, Captain Ridd himself did not appear to have the slightest doubt.

Lastly, I come to a remarkable instance, in which it is highly improbable that the apparition could have been impressionally visible. The Revd. J. S. Pollock, M.A., of Birmingham, in his book *Dead and Gone* (Stock : London, 1874), says that the following narrative had been previously published, but that he derived it from private information :—

Mr. J. F. B. Tinling writes :—" One of my uncles was a sea-captain, and at the time of my story was in mid-ocean, on his way from Calcutta to Liverpool. At this time his

mother, then living in Aberdeen, was seized with a fatal illness, and died in a week, being only about forty years of age, and until that week in the enjoyment of excellent health. My mother was with her at her death, and heard her express a strong desire to see her son James, the one who was at sea. One morning, my uncle's chief officer told him he had seen a very strange thing during the night. When asked what it was, he said he had come into the cabin for something while the captain was asleep, and then he had seen the figure of a lady bending over him, with her hands outspread as if blessing him. My uncle asked what sort of figure she was, and on being told, he said, 'That was my mother; she is dead!' The ship in due course arrived at Liverpool, and the agent (Mr. Tulins) stepped on board, and began to tell the captain he was sorry he had bad news for him. My uncle interrupted him by saying, 'You need not tell me anything: my mother is dead!' It was as he expected: the date of her death in Aberdeen was the date of her apparition to the man *who did not know her*, but who sufficiently indicated her by his description on the high seas."

In this case, then, the man visited by the spirit was asleep, whilst another man, accidentally present and not intended to be visited, saw the death-bed apparition.

If the spirits described in this chapter were normally visible, did a substantial ghost of their clothes also appear? Spiritualists who have seen much of materialisation *séances* know that spirits have a remarkable power of duplicating, not only the forms of their mediums, but their clothes; and the Count De Bullet, of the Hotel de l'Athénée, Rue Scribe, Paris, has had special experience of this phenomenon. Still there is no creation of new matter. The law of the conservation of energy is not broken. Recent experi-

ments, initiated by Mr. Charles Blackburn of Didsbury, and carried out by the Research Committee of the National Association of Spiritualists, have shown by means of self-recording weighing apparatus that, while the duplicate form of the medium and his clothes is being materialised in one place, the weight of his normal body and clothes is diminishing in another, and *vice versa*. There is a play of forces between the two, underlying the vulgarly-known phenomena of molecular physics. The apparatus used consisted of a suspended cabinet, in which the medium was placed, and any alterations in his weight, while the manifestations occurred near to or some yards from the cabinet, were recorded by means of the rise and fall of a pencil, which drew a line upon a vertical rotating drum driven by clockwork. Thus the weight of the medium at any given time was automatically recorded, and the variations in his weight were considerable.

My opinion is, that at the time Captain Ridd saw the spirit and clothes of his brother, a diminution took place in the weight of the normal clothes and the body of the recently-drowned man at the bottom of the sea near the East Indies. I also think it probable that when the apparition disappeared, the distant clothes and body resumed their normal weight, as in the crucial experiments connected with materialisation just described. But spirits have one or two other methods of making themselves and their dresses visible, and I think that the various methods can be identified and classified.

In the examples of death-bed apparitions quoted in this and the preceding chapter, it will be noticed that

several of the spirits had a difficulty in speaking, whilst a few of them could talk freely. Just so is it with the ordinary materialisation manifestations of Spiritualism, and the stronger the light in the room, all other conditions being equal, the lower is the voice of the materialised form. In the Katie King manifestations, which were so well tested by Mr. William Crookes, Mr. C. F. Varley, and others, the spirit never raised her voice much above a strong whisper during the two or three years she manifested. Some spirits have naturally more voice - power than others. Lady Beresford saw the spirit of Lord Tyrone in the "night;" if we assume that it was not daylight, and that there was strong natural sympathy between the spirit and the seer, those two circumstances account for the lengthy conversation and the general strength of the manifestation. At all *séances* strong sympathy between the sitters, medium, and spirits, is well known to strengthen the phenomena more than anything else.

The reason, in all probability, why apparitions of dying persons are so much more common than apparitions long after death is, that although a spirit of the former class is free from the body at the time of its appearance, it nevertheless possesses a sleeping or dying body from which, by some natural process, it unconsciously draws enough materiality to make itself visible. In all these phenomena, distance between the death-bed scene and the person visited seems to be no impediment.

Chapter Fourth.

DEATH-BED APPARITIONS SEEN BY ONE PERSON (CONTINUED)—IMPRESSIONAL, BUT REAL, APPARITIONS—MESMERIC INFLUENCE OF THE SPIRIT OVER THE SENSITIVE—WHAT THE SPIRIT THINKS, THE SENSITIVE SEES—THE SENSATIONS AND TEMPORARILY ABNORMAL CONDITION OF THE SEERS—TRUSTWORTHY INFORMATION ABOUT EVENTS AT A DISTANCE GIVEN BY THIS PSYCHICAL METHOD—THE RULING PASSION OF A RUSSIAN DOCTOR STRONG IN DEATH—PARTICULARS RELATING TO DEATH-BED APPARITIONS SEEN BY ST. BENEDICT, CATHERINE DE MEDICIS, MADAME SOPHIE ABRAMOFF, AND M. REZULE—DEATH-BED APPARITIONS TESTIFIED TO OR PUBLISHED BY MR. SERJEANT COX, FATHER NEWMAN, QUEEN MARGUERITE, AND THE ABBÉ DE ST. PIERRE—THE CONDITION OF MIND IN WHICH IRRUPTIONS FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD ARE IMMINENT.

IN the preceding chapter, the various apparitions described had to all appearance the ordinary characteristics of normal human beings, and exhibited the power of moving solid objects; but they were taciturn, with the exception of Lord Tyrone. Some death-bed apparitions are seen to try to speak; they usually fail, but not always. Had they made themselves visible by psychically influencing a witness who chanced to be a mesmeric sensitive, so that he could see what others in the room could not see, the natural inference is, that the apparitions would not have been of such a commonplace nature, but that richer and more complex imagery from the mind of the spirit would have been seen. And so it is in fact; for when the observer admits himself to have been in a partly abnormal state, when solid objects are not moved by the spirit, and when there are other

indications that a vision was mesmerically impressed on him, the death-bed apparitions present themselves with surroundings of their own, which are often of a marvellous nature. The psychic sensitive, being plastic to the spiritual influence, sometimes has symbolical or direct visions, difficult to describe in words, of a higher and different state of human existence to that of earth.

Here is a simple illustration of an impressional death-bed apparition, not much removed in complexity from those of a physical nature already brought forward. In a memoir read before the Psychological Society early in February 1879, Mr. Serjeant Cox said that the following case was reported to him by a surgeon of the Royal Artillery: it occurred some years ago:—

A party of children, sons and daughters of the officers of artillery stationed at Woolwich, were playing in the garden. Suddenly a little girl screamed, and stood staring with an aspect of terror at a willow-tree there. Her companions gathered round, asking what ailed her. "Oh!" she said, "there—there. Don't you see? There's papa lying on the ground, and the blood running from a big wound." All assured her that they could see nothing of the kind. But she persisted, describing the wound and the position of the body, still expressing her surprise that they did not see what she saw so plainly. Two of her companions were daughters of my informant (one of the surgeons of the regiment), whose house adjoined the garden. They called their father, who at once came to the spot. He found the child in a state of extreme terror and agony, took her into his house, assuring her that it was only "a fancy," and having given her restoratives, sent her home. The incident was treated by all as being what the doctor had called it, and no more was thought of it. News from India, where the child's father was stationed, was in those

days slow in coming. But the arrival of the mail in due course brought the information that the father of the child had been killed by a shot, and died under a tree. Making allowance for difference in the counting of time, it was found to have been about the moment when the daughter had the vision at Woolwich.

Mr. Serjeant Cox informs me that three of the witnesses of the above occurrence were Surgeon Harris, of the Royal Artillery, and his two daughters; one of these daughters afterwards became Mr. Serjeant Cox's wife.

The spirit was seen impressionally, for the other persons present saw nothing. The little girl saw, not merely the spirit, but some of the details of the death: she saw her father "lying on the ground." Herein—after I shall bring forward experimental evidence that in such cases—*what the spirit thinks, the sensitive sees.*

Here is an event from Church history, in which the surroundings of the departing spirit show that the whole scene was impressionally visible. In Newman's "*Lives: St. Bega*," p. 175, it is stated:—

One night after they had separated, St. Benedict remained in the upper part of the tower in which he generally dwelt, and Servandus went to rest at the bottom. It was a calm night, and suddenly a great light was poured down from heaven. While the saint stood gazing on this vision, he saw a fiery sphere traversing the brightness, and ascending up to heaven. It was borne by angels, and in it St. Benedict discerned what he recognised to be the soul of Germanus, Bishop of Capua. Forthwith St. Benedict despatched some one from the neighbouring town to the city of Capua, where he learned that the holy Germanus had departed to a better life at the very hour at which the saint had been favoured with the vision.

A spirit from the battle of Jarnac, probably the Prince of Condé, once influenced Catherine of Medicis to see some of the details of the fight. I give Calmet's translation of Queen Margaret's words:—

My mother [Queen Catherine of Medicis], the night before that unhappy tournament, dreamed that she saw the king [Henry II.], my father, wounded in the eye, as it afterwards happened; and when she awaked, begged him several times not to run in the lists that day. Another time, when she was dangerously ill at Metz, and there stood by the bedside the king [Charles IX.], my sister, my brother of Lorraine, and many ladies and princesses, she cried out, as if she had seen the battle of Jarnac, "*See how they fly! my son has the victory. See the Prince of Condé dead in that hedge.*" All who were by thought her delirious; but the night after, when M. de Lesses brought news of the battle, "I knew it," said she, "very well; did I not see it the day before yesterday?" *

We come now to a more complex case, fairly illustrative of this type of death-bed apparitions, recorded in *Psychic Studies* (Leipzig: March 1874), by Madame Sophie Aksakof, wife of Chancellor Alexander Aksakof, Nevsky Prospect 6, St. Petersburg. I quote Miss Kislingbury's translation, published in *Rifts in the Veil* (London, 1878):—

"At the time of this event, 1855, I was nineteen years old, without any knowledge of Spiritualism, the name of which I had never heard. I was brought up very strictly in the Greek Catholic religion; superstitious fears, as well as any tendency to enthusiasm or mysticism, were foreign to my nature, and I was of a calm and happy disposition. In May 1855 we were living at Romanoff-Borrisogliebsk, capital of the province of Jaroslav. My sister-in-law, then the wife of Dr. A. F. Sengireef, now a widow after

* *Memoires de la Reine Marguerite*, l. i.

a second marriage with Colonel Tichonof, and living in Moscow, was at that time residing at Ranneuburg, capital of the province of Rjāsan, where her husband held a post under Government; we were, therefore, about one hundred miles distant from one another. In consequence of the overflow of the rivers in the spring, all communication was attended with delay, so that, though we had been for a long time without news from my sister-in-law, we felt no sort of anxiety, as we ascribed it to the above cause.

"On the evening of May 12th, I had said my prayers as usual, and had taken a last look at my baby-girl, then six months old, whose cradle stood in my room, so that I could see her from my bed. After lying down, I began to read a book, but presently hearing the great clock in the dining-room strike twelve, I laid my book on the table beside the bed, and raised myself on my left elbow, to put out the light. At that moment I distinctly heard the door of the ante-chamber open, and a man's footstep come across the dining-room. I regretted that I had just extinguished the light, as I believed it could be none other than my husband's man-servant Nicholas, who had probably come to announce that my husband had been sent for by a patient, as very often happened. Only one thing surprised me, which was that the man-servant, and not my own maid, as was usual, should be the bearer of the message. Raising myself upon my left arm, I listened to the approach of the footsteps, and when they appeared to be in the drawing-room, which adjoined my bedroom, and the door of which stood open at night, I called out, 'Nicholas, what do you want?' There was no answer; the footsteps came nearer and nearer, and I could hear them at last close behind the screen at the head of my bed; then, with a sudden, indescribable feeling, I fell back on my pillow.

"Before my eyes, in a corner of the room, stood a crucifix, before which a night-lamp always burned, whose light was sufficient for the nurse in the care of the child. (The nurse slept also in my room, behind the screen, which stood against my head.) By the light of this lamp I could now distinctly see that the person who had entered, and who was now standing on the left side of my bed, was my

brother-in-law Sengireef, in a costume quite strange to me—a long, black, monastic-looking garment, with long black hair hanging down on his shoulders, and a large, round beard, such as I had never seen him wear. I tried to shut my eyes, but could not, and I felt my body become completely rigid, and incapable of the slightest movement; even my voice failed me, that I could not call for help; at the same time my hearing, sight, and the power to understand all that was happening, remained so fully under my control, that I was able on the following day to recall precisely at what hour the nurse had got up to quiet the baby, and other details.

"I remained in this state from twelve o'clock till three on the morning of the 13th of May, at which hour the following took place: The apparition came close to my bedside, placed himself at my left hand, and turning his face on mine, laid his left, deathly-cold hand on my mouth and said aloud, 'Kiss my hand.' Being physically unable to liberate myself, I resisted this command in thought with my whole will power. As if guessing my meaning, he pressed his hand more firmly against my lips, and repeated in a louder and more peremptory tone, 'Kiss this hand.' I again resisted with still greater energy of thought. He then repeated for the third time with still greater emphasis the same movement and the same words, and I thought I must have been stifled under the weight and coldness of the hand pressing upon my mouth, but I neither could nor would give way. At this moment the nurse got up for the first time, and I hoped that she would, for some reason or other, come near to me, and would see what was taking place; my expectation, however, was disappointed; she only rocked the child a little, without taking it out of the cradle, returned to her couch, and went to sleep again. Seeing that there was no help for me, and firmly believing, without knowing why, that my death was inevitably at hand, I suddenly thought of repeating the Lord's Prayer. Scarcely had this idea entered my mind than the figure withdrew his hand from my lips, and said quite loudly, 'So you will not kiss my hand? Well, then, this is what awaits you.' Saying these words, he laid with his right hand on

the table at my side a roll of parchment of the length of an ordinary sheet of writing-paper, and as he withdrew his hand, I heard distinctly the sound of the parchment rolling together, and could see sideways with my left eye a part of the sheet, which then remained in this half-rolled up state. Then the standing figure turned himself away from me, went forward a few steps, placed himself in front of the crucifix, hiding the light from me by his body, and began to repeat loudly and clearly the words of the prayer I had thought of, from beginning to end, slowly bowing from time to time; each time he bowed the light became visible to me, and was again obscured when he stood upright. After he had finished the said prayer with another bow, he stood motionless, as if waiting for something; my condition had not altered in the least, and when I again wished in thought to address a prayer to the Holy Mother of God, he began again to repeat this, just as loudly and clearly, and so on with a third prayer desired by me. Between the two last prayers there was a pause, during which the nurse again got up, attended to the child, and went to sleep again. During the repetition of the prayers I heard distinctly the striking of the clock, and as already remarked, every movement of the nurse, and of the child whom I ardently longed to have near me, that I might take leave of it and bless it before my expected death; no other wish was uppermost in my mind, but it was not to be fulfilled.

"The clock struck three. Then I remembered suddenly that the six weeks after the holy festival of Easter were not yet over, and that *Christ is risen* would still be sung in all the churches, and I felt a strong desire to hear it. As if in answer to this there resounded all at once from a distance the divine tones of the sacred hymn, sung by a numerous choir at an immeasurable height. The sound came nearer and nearer, became fuller and clearer, and I heard such heavenly harmonies that I felt breathless with pure delight; the fear of death fled away, and I was consoled with the hope that these sounds would quite encompass and absorb me, and carry me with them into endless space. In the song of the choir I could distinguish the words of the hymn, which were also repeated by the standing figure.

Suddenly the whole room was flooded with a strange light, which was so powerful and dazzling that I could no longer distinguish the flame of the night-lamp, nor the walls of the room, nor the apparition. This light remained a few seconds, during which the sounds swelled higher till they became overpowering. Then the brightness diminished, and I could again see the figure standing before me, not in its full extent, but only from the head to the waist; and, curiously enough, the form became less and less distinct, till it dissolved in the light, in proportion as this grew darker, and at last quite vanished; the parchment lying at my side disappeared in like manner. As the light diminished, the tones faded away, just as gradually as they had formerly increased. I felt that I was losing consciousness, and was soon in a deep swoon, accompanied by convulsions of the whole body. This attack roused those in the house, and lasted, in spite of all remedies, until nine o'clock in the morning, when they succeeded in subduing the symptoms, and restoring me to consciousness. The three following days I lay motionless with exhaustion, in consequence of an attack of blood-spitting.

"The day after this terrible event we received the news of the illness of my brother-in-law, Sengireef, and about a fortnight later, tidings of his death, which took place in that night of the 12th-13th of May, about five o'clock in the morning. The following is noteworthy. When my sister-in-law, a few weeks after the death of her husband, came to live with us at Romanoff-Borissoglielsk, she mentioned incidentally to a lady in my presence, that her late husband had been buried with long hair hanging down to his shoulders, and with a large curious-looking beard which had grown during his illness. She also mentioned, as something unusual, that the body had been laid out for burial in a long garment of black cloth, nothing fitter being at hand."

Dr. Maximilian Perty, Professor of Natural Philosophy at Berne, in commenting on Madame Aksakof's narrative, says :—

"Sengireef's character was a very curious one; he was reserved, was seldom communicative, generally melancholy and irritable, and only very rarely cheerful or at all genial. He would sometimes, in his melancholy fits, sit for two or three, even as many as eight or ten, hours in one place without moving or speaking a single word; he would at such times refuse his ordinary meals and take no nourishment, until some accidental circumstance roused him from his fit of absence. His mind was not particularly active, and his views were entirely material, caused perhaps by his profession as a doctor, but he had led a well-regulated life. He believed in nothing supernatural, neither in spirits nor apparitions of any kind. Madame Aksakof did not always keep on very good terms with him, because she took the part of one of his children to whom he had shown disfavour from its birth without any just reason. As Madame Aksakof had become very fond of the poor child, and defended it on every occasion, he was vexed and quarrelled with her. About half a year before his death, the last time that he paid a visit to Madame Aksakof with his family, they came to high words on the subject, and parted with great coldness from one another. It seems to me that these details are of considerable importance to the right understanding of this remarkable case."

Here are M. Aksakof's comments on this remarkable event:—

"That which appears to me most difficult of explanation in the whole narrative, is the meaning of the roll of parchment, the threat, and the prophecy in conjunction with the demand of the kiss on the hand. Herr Professor Perty takes for granted that Sengireef had become clairvoyant, and was about to reveal the future to his sister-in-law; but it is difficult to suppose that at such a solemn moment his prophetic powers should have been exercised in favour of a person with whom he was not in sympathy. Besides, the prophecy must either have been favourable or unfavourable; if favourable, it could not have been used as a threat; if unfavourable, it would have been strange to ask for a kiss

on the hand for his communication. If, moreover, one can believe the spirits themselves, they all agree in the assertion that the future is no more known to them than to mortals; and for this reason we find throughout the whole annals of Spiritualism scarcely any records of prophecy in the strict sense of the word; even well-developed clairvoyance shows a tendency to avoid speaking of future events. That in this case Sengireef's clairvoyant power was inconsiderable, and that he was incapable of predicting even the immediate future, is proved by the fact that he did not know beforehand that his hand would not be kissed, or that the prophetic contents of the parchment would remain unknown.

"When again reading over casually Professor Perty's article with my wife, and again considering the difficulties of the parchment episode, a simple and rational solution presented itself suddenly to my mind. One fact is indisputable: that Sengireef appeared in the garment which had been put upon him when he was laid in the coffin. Now it is the custom with us in Russia to lay in the hand of the dead, before nailing up the coffin, a certificate of absolution, that is, a sheet of paper rolled together. It is now quite clear, that the seemingly mysterious scroll is none other than the rolled-up absolution paper which was placed in Sengireef's right hand as an indispensable part of the burial equipments. My wife was astonished at the simplicity of this explanation. It had never occurred to her. The appearance of Sengireef at the moment of his death would be accounted for by his desire for reconciliation—a motive often alleged as the cause of this kind of apparition and other communications from beyond the grave. But his obstinate character and his self-love did not allow him to act in a less haughty manner than to offer his own hand to be kissed—to demand the kiss of peace which he ought to have tendered. When he found that he could not obtain it, he betrayed his anger by throwing down the scroll on the table, and adding as a threat, 'Well then, here is what awaits you,' by which he simply meant, 'Here is what awaits you—this same scroll—death!' A perfectly human action, and quite consistent with his character. When he saw after that, that instead

of attaining to a reconciliation with the person in question, he only terrified her, and that she availed herself of prayer in her fear, it is very natural to suppose that he gradually yielded to her influence (for we must not forget that the whole event occupied three hours), and, by an easily imagined psychological reaction, was brought to a consciousness of the injustice of his mode of proceeding. In order to show, then, that his intentions were good, he turned to the holy image and began to repeat the prayer which my wife had in her thoughts, and wished to hear spoken aloud."

Thus, that which was in the mind of the spirit, Madame Aksakof saw, in consequence of the accident of being an excellent mesmeric sensitive. The spirit had in his mind how his body was dressed, and what he held in his hand. Madame Aksakof therefore saw both. The nurse in the room saw and heard nothing.

In this case there was no moving of physical objects belonging to the room. Madame Aksakof was in a half-trance and could not move or speak, and the vision was of a highly complex nature, not the mere walking in and out of a spirit like an ordinary mortal. All these points indicate that the spiritual vision of Madame Aksakof was opened, not that the phenomena were lowered to the material plane.

The next example derives much of its interest from the minuteness with which the seer describes his sensations while under the spiritual influence. M. Bezule described the circumstances himself in the *Journal de Trevoux*, in 1716, but the Abbé de St. Pierre, in his works, gives more complete details, as follows:—

Having been told lately (says St. Pierre) at Valogne,

that a good priest of the town, who taught children to read; and was called M. Bezule, had seen an apparition in broad day, ten or twelve years before; and as the story had excited great sensation, on account of his well-known character for probity and sincerity, I had the curiosity to hear him tell his adventure himself. A relation of mine, a lady who knew him, invited him to dinner yesterday, the 7th of January 1708; and as, on one side, I testified my desire of hearing the circumstances from his own mouth, and as, on the other, he seemed to view the event as an honourable distinction, he repeated the whole to us before dinner, in the most simple and ingenuous manner.

"In 1695," said M. Bezule, "being a young scholar of about fifteen years of age, I formed an acquaintance with the two sons of Abaquene, a lawyer, scholars like myself. The eldest was of my age; and the other eighteen months younger. This last was called Desfontaines: we took our walks, and formed our parties of pleasure together; and whether it were that Desfontaines had more friendship for me, or was more gay, complaisant, and intelligent than his brother, I liked him better.

"In 1696, as we were both walking in the cloister of the Capuchins, he told me that he had read, a little while ago, a story of two friends, who had promised to each other, that the first who died should return, and inform his comrade of his situation: that the dead man did appear, and told him surprising things. Desfontaines then said that he had a favour to ask which he most earnestly desired; this was to make him a like promise in consequence of his; but I said I never would consent. He repeated this proposal during several months, and most seriously; but I always resisted. At last, about the month of August 1696, as he was about to depart in order to pursue his studies at Caen, he pressed me so much, with tears in his eyes, that I consented. He instantly produced two or three little papers, ready written, and one signed with his blood, in which he promised, in case of death, to return, and tell me his situation; while in the other I made the same promise. I pricked my finger, and with a drop of blood signed my

name. He was delighted with this so-much-desired contract, and embraced me with a thousand thanks.

"Not long after he departed with his brother. Our separation caused much mutual regret, and we wrote to each other from time to time; but six weeks had elapsed since I had received any letter, when the event happened which I am going to relate.

"On the 31st of July 1697, it was a Thursday,—I shall remember it all my days,—the late M. de Sortoville, with whom I lodged, and who showed me great kindness, desired me to go to a meadow near the monastery of the Cordeliers, to hasten his servants who were making hay. I was not there a quarter of an hour, when, about half an hour after two o'clock, I felt myself as it were stunned, and seized with great weakness. I tried to support myself on my hay-fork, but was obliged to sit down on a heap of hay, where it was half an hour before I recovered my senses. This passed away; but as nothing similar had ever happened to me before, I was surprised, and feared the attack of some disease; yet the rest of the day little impression remained, but I slept less than usual on the following night.

"On the morrow, at the same hour, as I went to the meadow with M. de S. Simon, grandson to M. de Sortoville, a boy of ten years of age, I felt myself seized on the road with the same weakness, and sat down on a stone under the shade. This also soon passed away, and we continued our walk. Nothing further happened that day; but I did not sleep the whole of the night.

"At last, on the next day, the 2d of August, being in the loft where they were putting the hay, now brought from the meadow, and precisely at the same hour, I was seized with the same giddiness and weakness; but this attack being more severe than the two others, I fainted away, and lost all sense. One of the servants perceived it; and, as I was afterwards told, he asked me what was the matter, to which I answered, 'I have seen what I never would have believed.' But I remember nothing, neither of the question nor the answer, though they correspond with what I re-

member to have seen, like a person naked to the middle, whose face I did not however recollect.

"I was assisted in descending the ladder, and held firmly by the steps, but when I saw my comrade Desfontaines at the bottom of the ladder, the weakness again attacked me; my head fell between two of the steps, and I again lost all knowledge. I was taken down, and placed on a large beam, serving as a seat in the adjoining square of the Capuchins. Sitting there, I did not perceive M. de Sortoville, nor his domestics, although present; but seeing Desfontaines near the bottom of the ladder, he made a sign to come to him. I drew aside on my seat, as if to make room for him; and they who saw me, but whom I did not see, though my eyes remained open, observed that motion.

"As he did not come to me, I rose to go to him; when he advanced towards me, took my left arm in his right, and led me about thirty paces into a by-street still retaining his hold. The domestics believing that my faintness had passed, and that I was going on some occasion, went about their business, except a little lacquey, who came and told M. de Sortoville that I spoke to myself. M. de Sortoville believed that I was drunk; he approached and heard me make some questions and some answers, which he repeated afterwards.

"I was nearly three-quarters of an hour in conversation with Desfontaines. 'I have pledged my promise to you,' said he, 'that if I died before you, I should give you information. I was drowned the day before yesterday, in the river Caen, much about this hour. I was walking with such and such persons; it was very hot, we proposed to bathe, but a faintness seized me in the river, and I sunk to the bottom. The Abbé de Menil-Jean, one of my comrades, plunged to bring me up, and I seized his foot; but whether that he thought it was a salmon, as I pressed it hard, or found it necessary, for his own safety, to remount directly, he shook his leg with so much violence, that he gave me a hard blow on the breast, and threw me to the bottom of the river, which is very deep in that part.'

"Desfontaines told me afterwards all that had happened on their walk, and the subjects of their conversation. I

then asked him questions, if he was saved, if he was damned, if he was in purgatory, if I was in a state of grace, and if I would follow him soon. He continued his discourse as if he had not heard me, and as if he did not choose to hear me.

"I often approached in order to embrace him, but it appeared to me that I embraced nothing, though I felt well that he held me strongly by the arm; and that when I endeavoured to turn away my head, because I could not support the light without affliction, he shook my arm, as if to oblige me to look at him and to hear him.

"He appeared to me always taller than what I had seen him, taller even than he must have been at the time of his death, though he must have grown during the eighteen months that we had not seen each other. He always appeared to me only as half a naked body, his head uncovered, save his beautiful fair locks, and, as it were, a white billet twisted into the hair upon the forehead, which contained some writing, but I could only read the words, *In, &c.*

"The sound of his voice was the same as when alive, and he did not appear to me either gay or sad, but in a calm and tranquil temper. He begged me, when his brother should return, to tell him certain things to be repeated to his father and mother. He desired me to say the seven psalms, enjoined to him as a penitence on the preceding Sunday, and which he had not yet recited. In fine, he repeated his entreaties that I would speak to his brother, and then bid me adieu, and left me, saying, *jusques, jusques*, his usual phrase when we quitted each other, after our walks, to return home.

"He told me also that when he was drowned, his brother, who was occupied with his theme, had repented that he had permitted him to go, as he feared some accident. He so perfectly described to me the spot where he was drowned, and the tree of the avenue of Louvigni, where he had cut some words, that, two years afterwards, being in company with the late Chevelier de Gotot, one of those who were with him when he was drowned, I pointed out the precise

spot; and then counting the trees on the side that Desfontaines had specified, I went straight to the tree, and found the writing. Gotot likewise told me that the article of the seven psalms was true, and that, on leaving the confessional, they had told each other their enjoined penitences. His brother has also told me that it is true that he was composing his theme, and reproached himself for not being of the company.

"It is a remarkable circumstance, that I always felt a pain in that part of the arm where he had held me the first time, till I had spoken to his brother; nor did I sleep during three nights from the effects of my astonishment. Immediately after the first conversation, I told M. de Varauville, my neighbour and school-fellow, that Desfontaines was drowned, and that he had just appeared to me and told me so. He ran to the relations to know if the fact was true: news had been received, but, by a mistake, he supposed that it was the elder brother. He assured me that he had read the letter, and insisted that it was so; but I told him that it could not be, as Desfontaines had appeared to me himself. He returned, came back, and told me with tears, that it was too true.

"Nothing has happened since: and I have now told you all my adventure. It has been sometimes changed in the repetition, but I have never told it otherwise than as I have now repeated. The late Chevelier de Gotot told me that Desfontaines also appeared to M. de Menil-Jean. But I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance; he lives twenty leagues hence, towards Argentan; I can add nothing further on the subject."

From the foregoing narrative it is evident that M. Bezule, the Catholic priest, was a medium. Nor is his the only example, for nearly all the saints of that Church belonged to the same category; and quite recently I heard Canon Gilbert, at Moorfields, tell his flock that one of the other priests then before the

altar, and listening to him, had obtained planchette writing in his presence.

The circumstance that an actual spirit is present when none but the sensitive can see anything, as proved by the news of a death at a distance being sometimes psychically communicated, tends to set the seal of authenticity upon occasional real spirit presence at the *séances* of trance and clairvoyant mediums, a fact which some uninformed authorities deny altogether.

The difference in the sensations of a seer and a normal observer, is thus admirably described by Ingholdsby in his *Legend of Salisbury Plain*, in which one only of two sailors sees the ghost of the Dead Drummer:—

Harry kept "backing"
And "filling," and "tacking,"—
Two nautical terms which, I'll wager a guinea, are
Meant to imply
What you, Reader, and I
Would call going zig-zag, and not rectilinear.

This mode of progression
At length upon Spanking Bill made some impression.
—"Hullo, messmate, what cheer?"
How queer you *do* steer!"
Cried Bill, whose short legs kept him still in the rear.
"Why, what's in the wind, Bo?—what is it you fear?"
For he saw in a moment that something was frightening
His shipmate much more than the thunder and lightning.

"Fear!" stammered out Waters, "why HIM—don't you see
What faces that Drummer-boy's making at me?"
—How he dodges me so
Wherever I go!

What is it he wants with me, Bill,—do you know?"
"What Drummer-boy, Harry?" cries Bill in surprise,
(With a brief explanation that ended in "eyes,")
"What Drummer-boy, Waters?—the coast is all clear,
We haven't got never no Drummer-boy here!"

—“Why, there!—don’t you see
 How he’s following me?
 Now this way, now that way, and won’t let me be!
 Keep him off, Bill!—Look here!—
 Don’t let him come near!
 Only see how the blood-drops his features besmear!
 What, the dead come to life again!—Bless me!—oh dear!”

Bill remarked in reply, “This is all very queer—
 What, a Drummer-boy—bloody, too—eh!—well, I never—
 I can’t see no Drummer-boy here whatsumdever!”
 “Not see him!—why there;—look!—he’s close by the post—
 Hark!—hark!—how he drums at me now!—he’s a Ghost!”

“A what?” returned Bill,—at that moment a flash
 More than commonly awful preceded a crash,
 Like what’s called in Kentucky an “Almighty Smash.”—
 And down Harry Waters went plump on his knees,
 While the sound, though prolonged, died away by degrees;
 In its last sinking echoes, however, were some
 Which, Bill could not help thinking, resembled a drum!

“Hallo! Waters!—I says,”
 Quoth he in amaze,
 Why, I never see’d *nuffin* in all my born days
 Half so queer
 As this here,
 And I’m not very clear
 But that one of us two has good reason for fear
 You to jaw about drummers with nobody near us!—
 I must say as how that I thinks it’s mysterus.”

“Oh, mercy!” roared Waters, “do keep him off, Bill,
 And, Andrew, forgive!—I’ll confess all!—I will!
 I’ll make a clean breast,
 And as for the rest,
 You may do with me just what the lawyers think best;
 But haunt me not thus!—let these visitings cease,
 And your vengeance accomplished, Boy, leave me in peace!”

Inferences drawn from the phenomena of mesmerism
 tend to show that, except in the case of strong hauntings,
 the ability of a spirit to make its presence known

is much a question of relative will-power. When all is quiet, when the observer is in a negative state of mind, with his nerves unstrung; when the distant church-bell tolling the midnight hour increases the feeling of eeriness, then is the time that a spirit with strong will-power is sometimes able to appear. This negative state of mind is thus set forth with all the power of genius in Congreve's *Mourning Bride* :—

Almeria.

It was a fancy'd noise ; for all is hushed.

Leonora.

It bore the accents of a human voice.

Almeria.

It was thy fear, or else some transient wind,
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle :
We'll listen——

Leonora.

Hark !

Almeria.

No, all is hushed and still as death.—'Tis dreadful !
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable—
Looking tranquillity ! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight : the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chilliness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice :
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

Let this state of mind be carried one step farther, and irruptions from the world of spirits begin. We read in the *Book of Job* :—

In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying, "Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?"

This, then, is the state of mind in which irruptions from the world of spirits are imminent.



Chapter Fifth.

DEATH-BED APPARITIONS SEEN BY ONE PERSON (CONTINUED)—SOMETIMES WHEN APPARITIONS ARE SEEN SPIRITUALLY, WHAT THE SPIRIT THINKS THE SENSITIVE SEES—THE SAME PHENOMENON PRODUCIBLE BY EXPERIMENT BETWEEN SPIRITS STILL IN THE EARTHLY BODY—DETAILS OF EXPERIMENTS—VISIONS PRODUCED BY THE WILL-POWER OF MESMERISTS AND BY THE THOUGHTS OF INQUIRERS—SYNCHRONOUS DREAMS—SPIRITUAL REVELATION OF A MURDER—SPIRITUAL APPEARANCES ON BOARD THE CABLE-REPAIRING SHIP "ROBERT LOWE"—SPIRITUAL REVELATIONS IN AGREEMENT WITH DEMONSTRATIONS BY EXPERIMENT—THE SEERSHIP OF SWEDENBORG AND THOMAS LAKE HARRIS—"EN RAPPORT."

THAT there is a clearly drawn line dividing apparitions into two classes, into those seen by spiritual and those by normal vision, is becoming more and more evident as more and more cases are examined; but before proceeding farther, I wish to strengthen the evidence in favour of my hypothesis, that, when apparitions are psychically recognised, what the spirit thinks the medium sees, and that the unearthly visitor becomes visible in consequence of his mesmeric influence over the spectator.

To begin with direct experiments between two spirits not yet separated from the earthly body. A paper by Mr. Thaddeus Hyatt, a gentleman who has held responsible positions under the American Government, was read before the Psychological Society, by Mr. C. C. Massey, May 3d, 1877, in which Mr. Hyatt, after stating that he was exceedingly susceptible to mesmeric influence, says:—

When, about 1842, Dr. Buchanan of Cincinnati, came to New York with some new facts in physiology and psychology, I was present at a *séance* held at the house of Mr. Henry Inman, the artist (at that time the first American artist). There were present Tuckerman, the poet, I, Feno Hoffman, the poet and editor, Irving (nephew of Washington Irving), and I forget who else. In the course of the evening I was asked to take a seat and submit to Dr. Buchanan's experiments. He pressed his fingers upon certain organs of the brain, and I was asked what I then saw. I described, or rather said, "Beautiful lights, like a rainbow; prismatic colours." A paper was now put into the doctor's hands by one of the company, by Tuckerman, I think I was afterwards told, and the doctor continued his experiments—"What do you now see?" I hesitated to say, for to me it was nothing extraordinary; I always had had imaginings, and I could not think so silly a thing was what they were looking for, but, on being pressed to tell, I replied—"I see a beautiful park in miniature, and paths in every direction, and an immense number of little people about three inches high, all dressed out in knee breeches and cocked hats, just like the old knickerbockers!" At this there was a general exclamation of pleasure, the thing demanded of Dr. Buchanan being that he should, by the force of his will and imagination, impress this picture on me.

The psychical influence of the unuttered thoughts of one individual on the vision of another, who chances to be a mesmeric sensitive, is not necessarily intentional, or the result of the exercise of the will. This principle is illustrated in the following paragraph from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* (Chicago) of August 17th, 1878:—

The following psychological incident, which was told to me by a gentleman of undoubted veracity, may prove of interest to those of your readers who are studying the occult phases of nervous phenomena. The narrator, a

man of fine nervous organisation, was taking his afternoon siesta; his daughter, a young lady of seventeen, sitting by his side, with her hand in his, and reading. As he passed from the wakeful state into the one of semi-slumber, he saw, or seemed to see, appear at the foot of his bed a tall man, with a sorrowful expression upon his face, who, bending down tenderly, lifted up a coffin and disappeared. He was so disturbed by the vision that, after tossing restlessly for a few moments, he opened his eyes and said—"Daughter, I believe I cannot sleep to-day, and will get up." Looking up from her book, in which she was evidently deeply absorbed, she said—"Papa, this is a strange book I am reading." "What is it?" said he. "*The Life of Marie Antoinette*," she replied, and then read from the pages before her a recital of the exact incident that had just constituted his dream.—*Louisville Medical News*.

At a general meeting of the Psychological Society, held January 20th, 1876, Mr. Serjeant Cox, the President, told the listeners how his sister sometimes saw objects which were present to the minds of those *en rapport* with her. The official report of the Society runs thus:—

The President said that he wished to make known the particulars of a case which had occurred in his own family. Matilda C——, aged fifteen, had fits of a cataleptic character, which attacked her at irregular intervals, and seized her at unexpected times. At such times she became insensible, and had to be carried to a couch: at first she was rigid, but the flexure of the limbs was afterwards partially restored; her power of speech was lost, and she could express her feelings only by actions. While in this state she had a supersensuous power of perception. She was conscious of her father's approach before any of her senses had been affected in the ordinary way; she could feel his influence when he was at least a quarter of a mile from the house. The insensible form upon the sofa gave notice of his approach with unfailing certainty a quarter

of an hour or more before he arrived. If he (Mr. Cox) opened a book containing pictures, she could see those pictures, although she was in another part of the room, and would throw herself into the attitudes of the persons represented in any engraving at which he might be looking at the time. Even had her eyes been open she could not have seen those pictures in the ordinary way. This state lasted for more than a year, and experiments were tried many times during that period, so that the facts were proved conclusively, beyond all manner of doubt. It had been objected, that she perhaps knew the book and guessed at the pictures; consequently he tried her with books and pictures borrowed from strangers; moreover, in a volume containing thirty pictures, she never once made a mistake as to the particular picture at which he was looking. He found by experiment that she saw his mental impressions, and not the pictures themselves, for she could only see as much of any engraving as he saw himself. Sometimes she wished for something not in the room, and if her attendant, who went to fetch it, touched the wrong thing, she showed signs of displeasure and annoyance. This experiment was repeatedly tried. She did not see the object itself, but the impression on the mind of the attendant, for when the latter was blindfolded there was no perception on the part of the patient. While in this abnormal state the patient was graceful in all her actions, and more than commonly intelligent; she could play games of cards with skill with her eyes closed, whilst in her normal state she could not play a game at cards at all. In her waking state she could not tell what had taken place in her cataleptic state, but in one cataleptic state she remembered all that had taken place during her previous attack. She was his own sister. He took it to be a case of mind-sympathy, not of mind-reading.

Mesmerists are well aware that when they have a sensitive under control, it is usually just as easy to influence one of his senses as another, especially after making suggestions by the utterance of thoughts. But

I am now quoting the rarer cases in which there is no prior utterance. Dr. J. M. Peebles, now of Hammon-ton, New Jersey, U.S.A., and late American Consul at Trebizonde, told me that on two occasions he had, by the exercise of his will caused a mesmeric sensitive to speak his unuttered thoughts. These were cases of inspiration by a spirit in the body, instead of by a spirit out of the body; they are also strictly related to the three other cases just quoted, except that the organs of speech were governed instead of the organs of vision.

Here is another example resembling that just quoted from *The Religio-Philosophical Journal*, in which the intensity of the action of the will of the person whose thoughts influenced the mesmeric sensitive, does not seem to have much to do with the matter. Mr. Joseph Hands, M.R.C.S., in his book on *Mental Volition* (Burns: London, 1875), says:—

A lady of our acquaintance being one day asleep on the sofa, in the presence of one of our induced clairvoyant somnambules, we solicited the latter to employ herself in observing the condition of the sleeping lady's brain. . . . She stated that the sleeping lady was dreaming of her brother-in-law, who was abroad, also of some particular circumstance pertaining to him. . . . We were next informed that the sleeper's sensorium was occupied with the idea that her dog had been stolen. She next dreamt of being in a crowded room, in the presence of certain grave gentlemen—in fact before the magistrate and his attendants. . . . When the lady awoke, she was greatly surprised to find that we could give her all the particulars concerning the subject of her sleeping fancy.

The phenomenon of synchronous dreaming proves that what one person sees or thinks, another person some-

times sees or thinks at the same time. At a meeting of the Psychological Society, held February 15th, 1877, a description of a case of this kind was read by Mr. F. K. Munton, solicitor, the honorary secretary. According to the official report—

The honorary secretary read a communication from Mr. E. P. Toy, stating that the writer and his wife were in the habit of dreaming upon the same subject at the same time; this did not arise from mere coincidence, or in consequence of certain matters being naturally uppermost in their minds, for trifling things were dreamt of which had not been in their thoughts previously. One night he dreamt that he had been charged by a bull, and so did she; on another occasion he dreamt that he was at the funeral of a favourite child, and he did not grieve, although he liked the child very much; his wife dreamt the same thing, and they often had similar experiences.

From the light given by preceding examples, there is reason to suppose that the following historical apparition may have been no apparition at all, but that a mesmeric sensitive saw that which was in minds or dreams of two murderers. Horace Welby, in his *Signs Before Death* (London, 1825), says:—

In the year 1780 one Mr. Bower, an aged man, living at Guildford in Surrey, was, upon the highway not far from the town, found barbarously murdered, having one great cut across the throat, and another down his breast. Two men were taken up on suspicion, and imprisoned in Guildford gaol with another who had before been committed for robbery. During the night this third man was awakened about twelve o'clock, and greatly terrified by an old man, who had a wide gash across his throat, almost from ear to ear, and a wound down his breast. He also came in stooping, and holding his hand on his back. The thief called to

his new companions, who grumbled at him, but made no answer.

In the morning he retained so lively an impression of what he had seen, that he spoke to them to the same effect again, when they told him it was nothing but his phantasy. But he was so fully persuaded of the reality of this apparition, that he told others of it, and it reached the ears of a magistrate of Surrey, who was cousin to the murdered gentleman.

He immediately sent for the prisoner, and asked him, in the first place, whether he was born or lived at Guildford? To which he answered, No. Secondly, he inquired if he knew any of the inhabitants of that town or of the neighbourhood? He replied that he was an entire stranger to all that part of the country. He then inquired if he had ever heard of one Mr. Bower? He said, No. After this he asked for what cause the other two men were imprisoned; to which he answered he knew not, but supposed for some robbery.

After these preliminary interrogatories, he desired him to tell him what he had seen in the night, which he immediately did. He described the old gentleman by his "picked" beard, and that he was rough on his cheeks, and that the hairs on his face were black and white; when the magistrate said that he himself could not have given a more exact description of Mr. Bower.

The magistrate concealed this story from the jury at the assizes, knowing that this would not be evidence according to law. However, the friends of the murdered gentleman had been very inquisitive, and discovered several suspicious circumstances, one of which was that these two men had washed their clothes, but some stains of blood still remained; and another that one of them had denied ever having heard that Mr. Bower was dead, when he had in another place confessed it two hours before. Upon this and similar evidence, the men were condemned and executed, but they both denied all knowledge of the murder to the last moment.

Some time after a tinker was hanged, who at his death said that the murder of Mr. Bower of Guildford was his

greatest trouble, for he had a hand in it. He confessed he struck him a blow on the back which brought him from his horse, and when he was down, the other two men who had been arraigned and executed, cut his throat and rifled him.—*Dr. H. More.*

Another equally probable explanation is that the spirit was really present, and set up a dream in the minds of one or both of the murderers, which the sensitive saw as if it were an objective reality. Or, again, the spirit may have acted directly upon the seer, and the murderers have been in a sound and dreamless sleep.

That spirits have the power to initiate dreams in the minds of sleepers, will be proved in a subsequent chapter. Dreams, too, are often fantastic pictures connected with previous thoughts or a guilty conscience. To which of these two classes the following case belongs, there is no evidence to show, but it indicates that murderers sometimes dream to some purpose. As we have already seen, had a disinterested sensitive been present, the dream might have taken objective form to his consciousness:—

Above all, the execution of God's vengeance is most notably manifested in the punishment and detection of one Parthenius, a homicide, treasurer to Theodobert, king of France, who having treacherously slain an especial friend of his called Ausanius, with his wife, Papianilla, when no man suspected or accused him thereof, he detected and accused himself after this strange manner. As he slept in his bed, suddenly he roared out most pitifully, crying for help, or else he perished; and being demanded what he ailed, he, half asleep, answered, that his friend Ausanius and his wife, whom he had slain long ago, summoned him to judgment before God, upon which confession he was

apprehended, and after due examination stoned to death. Thus, though all witnesses fail, yet a murderer's own conscience will betray him.—BEARD'S *Theatre*, p. 203.

Quitting the phenomena of mesmerism and dreams, let us rise a step, and apply the same explanation to the subject of death-bed apparitions. In the next example there is direct evidence of spirits present to the mind of a dying person being psychically or normally visible to a second individual in the room. In the case in point the attendant upon a comrade dying at sea, saw what he supposed to be the spirits of the living wife and children of the departing man, who, it is reasonable to suppose, had those absent relatives uppermost in his thoughts. One day, in October 1870, I met Mr. Cromwell Varley, the Atlantic Telegraph electrician, who told me, with some satisfaction, that ghosts had been seen on board the cable-repairing ship, *Robert Lowe*, that the captain and crew were deeply impressed by the occurrence, and that I had better get it authenticated while they were in a serious mood, for in a few days the public would, as usual, laugh them down, and they would not care to say anything. The commander of the ship was the late Captain James Blacklock, well known and trusted by all the oldest telegraphic authorities in this country. I went down to the docks, heard the statements of Captain Blacklock, of some of the other officers, and of the stoker who saw the spirits, after which the following document was drawn up and signed on board:—

The steamship *Robert Lowe* returned to the Thames on Tuesday, October 11th, from St. Pierre, Newfoundland, where she had been repairing one of the French Atlantic

Telegraph Company's cables. An engineer on board, Mr. W. H. Pearce, of 37 Augusta Street, East India Road, Poplar, was taken ill with the typhus fever, and, on the 4th of October last, he died. One of his mates, Mr. D. Brown, of 1 Edward Street, Hudson's Road, Canning Town, Plaistow, a strong, healthy man, a stoker, not likely to be led astray by imagination, attended him till the day before he died. On the afternoon before his death, at three o'clock, in broad daylight, Brown was attending the sick man, who wanted to get out of bed, but his companion prevented him. And this is what the witness says he saw:—

"I was standing on one side of the bunk, and while trying to prevent Pearce from rising, I saw on the other side of the bunk, the wife, two children, and the mother of the dying man, all of whom I knew very well, and they are all still living. They appeared to be very sorrowful, but in all other respects were the same as ordinary human beings. I could not see through them; they were not at all transparent. They had on their ordinary clothes, and, perhaps, looked rather paler than usual. The mother said to me, in a clearly audible voice, 'He will be buried on Thursday, at twelve o'clock, in about fourteen hundred fathoms of water.' They all then vanished instantaneously, and I saw them no more. Pearce did not see them, as he was delirious, and had been so for two days previously. I ran out of the berth in a state of great excitement, and did not enter it again while he was alive. He died on Tuesday, not Thursday, and was buried at four o'clock, and not twelve. It was a sudden surprise to me to see the apparitions. I expected nothing of the kind, and when I first saw them I was perfectly cool and collected. I had never before seen anything of the kind in my life, and my health is, and always has been, good. About five minutes afterwards I told Captain Blacklock I would stop with the sick man no longer, but would not tell him why, thinking that, if I did, nobody else would take my place. About an hour later, I told Captain Blacklock and Mr. Dunbar, the chief engineer, whose address is, 'Old Mill, near Port William, Wigtownshire, Scotland.'"

The other sailors on board say that they saw that Mr. Brown was greatly agitated from some cause, and they gradually drew this narrative out of him. Captain Blacklock says :—

“Brown came down into the cabin, looking very pale and frightened, and declared in a strong and decided way that he would not attend the sick man any more on any conditions—not for a thousand pounds. I told him that he ought to attend a sick and dying comrade, especially as a storm was raging, and he needed kind and considerate help, such as any of us might need one day. I pressed him all the more, as I wanted a strong steady man to attend the delirious invalid; besides, it being bad weather, the other men were fagged and overworked. Brown would not go back, and he left the cabin, as I think, crying, so I sent him a glass of brandy. Shortly after that I heard he was very ill, and that his mates had some trouble in soothing and calming him.”

We, the undersigned officials on board the *Robert Lowe*, declare the above statements to be true, so far as each of the circumstances came under our personal notice, but we none of us commit ourselves to any opinion as to the cause of the phenomenon. We give this statement simply because we have been requested to do so, rumours of the occurrence having gone abroad and caused inquiries to be made.

(Signed) J. BLACKLOCK, Commander.

DAVID BROWN, Stoker.

ANDREW DUNBAR, First Engineer.

REUBEN RICHARDSON, Stoker.

ROBERT KNOX, Trimmer.

HENRY HAMMOND, Stoker.

JOHN WOODCOCK, Stoker.

Witness,

W. H. HARRISON.

HENRY PUGH, Cook (27, Queen Street, Horsleydown, Bermondsey).

October 20th, 1870.

One of those accidental circumstances, which are often so useful in clearing up philosophical difficulties,

occurs in this narrative. The "wraith" of the wife said to the witness, "He will be buried on Thursday, at twelve o'clock, in about fourteen hundred fathoms of water." The wife of the dying man would be likely to know and care nothing about the depth of the water, in mid-ocean, especially at such a time, but it was natural that speculations should be passing through the brain of the dying man, as to the time he should probably live, and where he was likely to be buried. This case, then, tends to show that what a dying man thought, a mesmeric sensitive present both heard and saw.

Of course I inquired what the wife and family in London knew of the matter. The witness Brown bore the best of characters, was thoroughly trusted by the captain and crew, and he had a strong friendship for the deceased. He told me that something strange had happened in London, causing Mrs. Pearce to anticipate the news of her husband's death, so that it was not a great surprise to her to hear of the misfortune when the *Robert Lowe* reached England. On inquiring into this matter, Mrs. Pearce wrote to me that on the 28th September, rather less than a week before her husband's death, or about the time that the wraiths were seen at sea, she remained for a night at the house of her mother-in-law in Camden Town. In the middle of the night she was awakened by three loud knocks, which she thought were given upon the street door, but on looking out there was nobody there. A deep dread then came over her—she had an impression she should hear some bad news—and afterwards she had fearful dreams, to the effect that she was a widow, and that her children

were dressed in black. I infer that the spirit of the dying husband was there, and did all he could to make his presence known.

Seers and prophets, in not so very mystical a fashion as might have been expected, have revealed the existence of the spiritual power of two or more intelligent beings, being able to view the external world through each other's eyes. Swedenborg thus revealed that community of sensation of individuals spiritually *en rapport* with each other, which is now demonstrated by direct experiment:—

Being well aware that many will doubt the possibility of man's being able to see, with the eyes of his spirit, anything on so distant an earth, it may be expedient to declare how the matter is. Distances in another life are not like distances here on earth. In another life, they are altogether according to the state of the interiors of every particular person. They who are in a similar state are together in one society and in one place; everything is present by virtue of a similitude of state; and everything is distant by virtue of a dissimilitude of state; hence it was that I was near to the above earth when I was brought by the Lord into a state similar to the state of the spirits and inhabitants thereof, and that in this case being present I discoursed with them.

Hence it is evident, that earths in the spiritual world are not distant as in the natural world, but only apparently according to the states of life of the inhabitants and spirits of each. The state of life is the state of the affections as to love and faith. In regard to a spirit, or what is the same thing, a man as to his spirit, seeing things on earth, we shall also explain how this is. Neither spirits nor angels by their own sight can see anything that is in the natural world; for the light of the natural world, or the solar light, is to them as gross darkness. In like manner man, by his bodily sight, cannot see anything that is in

the other life ; for the light of heaven is to him as gross darkness.

Nevertheless, both spirits and angels, when it pleases the Lord, may see things in the natural world through the eyes of man ; but this is not granted by the Lord except with those whom He permits to discourse with spirits and angels, and to be in consort with them. It has been allowed them to see through my eyes the things of this world, and as plainly as I myself did ; and also to hear men discoursing with me. Sometimes it has happened that through me they saw their friends, with whom they had been intimate when in the body, altogether present as before, at which they were amazed. Wives have in this manner seen their husbands and children, and have wished me to tell them that they were present and looking on them, and that I would mention the particulars of their state in the other life ; but this I said was not allowed, by reason that they would have called me mad, or would have pronounced my information to be all a delirium of the imagination, inasmuch as I was well aware that, although they gave assent with their lips to the doctrine of the existence of spirits, and of the resurrection of the dead, and of their being amongst spirits, and that spirits can see and hear by means of man, yet they did not believe these things in their hearts.

When my interior sight was first opened, and they who are in another life saw through my eyes the world and the things contained therein, they were so amazed that they called it the miracle of miracles, and were affected with a new joy, to think that a communication was thus opened of earth with heaven, and of heaven with earth. This joy continued for some months, but afterwards the circumstance which occasioned it became so familiar that now the whole has ceased. I am informed that spirits and angels attendant on other men see not the least of the things of this world, but only perceive the thoughts and affections of those on whom they attend.

There is a vast amount of true philosophy in these

remarks. Space is one of the conditions appertaining to matter.

Mr. Thomas Lake Harris, whose community in America has been joined by Mr. Laurence Oliphant, has in trances given forth volumes of both good and inferior inspirational poetry; his trance utterances were taken down in shorthand, and afterwards published. In his magnificent inspirational poem, *A Lyric of the Golden Age* (Thomson: Glasgow, 1870), the spirits influencing him thus describe the spiritual power of communicating information by vision and impression:—

Men cannot tell the secrets of the life
Beyond the portals of the natural sphere;
At best they dimly shadow out the truth,—
Too glorious 'tis for mortal minds to bear.
When mortal puts on immortality,
Corruption incorruption, when the grave
Hath lost its sting and death its victory,
When, free from all the passions of the earth,
The soul becomes a conscious element
In the One Harmony that moves through all,
Man is translated to a realm of thought
Incomprehensible to minds in time.
A language infinite in thought, whose tones
Are as the accents of Almighty God,
Assumes the place of the external tongue.
He speaks as he is wrought upon by powers
Innumerable and beyond himself,
And can at will in perfect freedom change
His state each hour, as crystals change their hue,
Turned at a varied angle to the sun.
Humanity in heaven has various forms;
Each Race of Angels differs in the sphere
Of its delight. Celestial faculties,
Varied as hues and harmonies of morn
And noon and sunset, alternating, give
Each various race some glory which is new
And special, and its own appropriate name.

This speciality may be received
 By radiant spirits of each kindred sphere.
 On earth men send their writings to their friends ;
 In heaven they give divinely glorious states,
 Transmuting by the mighty alchemy
 Of thought the spherul air around their friends ;
 And filling up the void with images
 Of loveliest truths in loveliest forms combined,
 Whose beauty winds like groves of Paradise
 Round the tranced Angel whom they visit.
 Angelic lovers give their blended love ;
 Sages their intellectual realms of truth ;
 Poets inspire the spirit till it grows
 Itself a melody, and floats afar
 Through unimagined realms and seas of bliss,
 And universal heavens of happy life.
 Men give cold thoughts and words on earth below,
 But living worlds and spheres of bliss above.

Pass into rapport with an Angel's mind,
 And it becomes to you a living world,
 Because each thought has its appropriate form.
 The idea in the image grows revealed ;
 Therefore the wonders of the life to be
 Transcend imagination. Every mind
 Creates a universe within itself,
 As various as the worlds that people space,
 The constellations of the singing stars,
 The multitudinous angel-peopled isles,
 Transferring all it sees or hears or thinks,
 All its enjoyments, all its ecstasies,
 Into its own pure being, there to be
 Forms on the picture gallery of the brain,
 And statues in the Pantheon of the soul,
 And landscapes in the spheres of memory,
 Beatified in its perpetual life.
 Man hath such universe within himself,
 Even while he dwells below ; strange are the beams
 That gild the mountains of the soul in sleep,
 The happy valleys, whose fair landscapes lie
 Bathed in purpureal haloes, that disclose
 Temple and palace, grotto, glen and lake,
 And silver stream and lotus-covered pool,
 And waterfall with rainbows glittering o'er ;—
 That world is man's own consciousness revealed.

The argument, that nothing ever came
 From Spirits or the Spiritual World
 Is very ancient. The Philosopher
 Said to the Seer, "All that you see I know."
 The Seer, in his deep wisdom, made reply,
 "All that you know I see." The outward mind
 Shines in reflected beams and borrowed rays
 From inspirations through all ancient time
 Diffused, and made a part of the world's thought ;
 The Seer, upon the other hand, discerns,
 With an original insight, what the world
 Takes from its ancestral authority.
 All that Isaiah saw was seen before,
 And yet his state was real ; all ablaze
 Before him shone the New Jerusalem.
 The Spirit-movements of the Present Age
 Approve themselves as real as the old,
 Because the same objection smites at each ;
 That is, that they are mystical and dim.
 Till they become each man's experience
 All spiritual states are mystical.
 Till man unfolds new faculties of mind,
 And floats into the harmony of things,
 Inhales the fragrance of the blessed spheres,
 And rests within the perfect peace of God
 That passeth understanding, Inner Life
 Seems to the mind upon its sensuous plane
 The poet's fancy and enthusiast's dream.

The convenient French phrase, *en rapport*, is frequently used in connection with spiritual communion. The meaning is, that there is some relation between the minds or bodies, or both, of two human beings, or of two spirits, or of a spirit and a human being, whereby community of thought or of sensation is established. By this affinity the two beings may be brought into communication, more or less perfectly, with each other. Where it exists not, there is spiritual separation. Where the *rapport* exists, it is not necessarily altogether harmonious or pleasing in the result.

In some cases there is enough affinity to establish palpable communion, yet the one individual may be so much lower mentally and morally than the other, as to prove a source of incessant pain and annoyance to the obsessed one, who may sometimes be relieved by the combined powers of prayer and mesmerism, in other words, by the power of exorcism once wielded inside the Protestant, Catholic, and other churches. These principles lie at the root of the philosophy of many of the phenomena of witchcraft, and possession by undeveloped spirits.

In physics, if a hundred or two pendula of various kinds are suspended on nails fixed in the wall of a room, and one pendulum be set swinging, after a time any other pendulum on the wall which chances to be of the same length and weight as the one moving, will begin swinging, apparently of its own accord. Its period of vibration being that of the one started by hand, it responds to the minute regular impulses set up by the latter in the brick wall and in the air, and it gradually gets into a swing. The other pendula on the wall are unaffected. The two which move together are physically *en rapport* with each other. This experiment has its analogies among the phenomena of mental and spiritual life. The satirist has asked why ghosts of murdered men, instead of going to the police station or to the nearest magistrate, find their way in the dead of night to some agricultural labourer who has nothing to do with the case, and frighten him and his wife into fits. The reason they are frightened is that their spiritual pastors and masters have given them such untrustworthy teachings about spirits and spirit

life. The reason why the spirits select them for a visit is, that they find them to be mesmerically sensitive, and in some way so *en rapport* with themselves that they can make their presence known. The reason why they most commonly show themselves at night or in a dim light is, that it is easier to materialise or to lower themselves to near the physical plane in subdued light, and because the nerves and brain of the seer are then in that more negative and passive state which favours spiritual irruptions. All these principles have been practically verified in the experience of a great number of the observers of the manifestations at spirit circles.

Dr. Richard Burthogge, in his *Essay upon the Nature of Spirits* (John Dunton: London, 1694), states that the twin sons of Mr. Henry Tracy, of Exeter, so resembled each other that it was difficult to identify them, and had such community of sensation that "if Nicholas were sick or grieved, Andrew felt the like pain, though far distant and remote in their persons, and that too without any intelligence given to either party."

In other words, they were spiritually *en rapport*; they were "near" to each other in the sense of the word laid down by Swedenborg.

"The spirits never tell us anything new," say objectors; nor have they revealed anything new in physics. But Swedenborg, who died in 1772, the year in which Mesmer began his researches, had clearly revealed to him in the spirit world the phenomenon of community of sensation between individuals psychically *en rapport*, which years afterwards was experimentally demonstrated by mesmerists.

Chapter Sixth.

DEATH-BED APPARITIONS SEEN BY SEVERAL WITNESSES AT ONCE—DEATH-BED APPARITION SEEN BY FIVE WITNESSES, AND THEIR TRUSTWORTHINESS ATTESTED BY MRS. MARGARET BALFOUR; BY THREE WITNESSES, AND ATTESTED BY MRS. BACKHOUSE; BY THREE WITNESSES, AND ATTESTED BY MR. RICHARD GRATTAN, M.D.; BY TWO OR THREE WITNESSES, INCLUDING PREBENDARY SALTER; BY TWO WITNESSES, SIR JOHN SHEEBROKE AND GENERAL WYNTARD; BY FOUR WITNESSES, THE REV. THOMAS SAVAGE AND RELATIVES; BY TWO WITNESSES, AND ATTESTED BY MR. FREDERICK SINCLAIR; BY TWO WITNESSES, AND ATTESTED BY THE REV. F. G. LEE; BY THIRTY WITNESSES, AND SWORN TO IN THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH; BY FIVE WITNESSES, AND ATTESTED BY MRS. CROWE—OLD BOOTY'S GHOST AND THE APPEARANCE OF "A GENTLEMAN IN BLACK"—APPARITIONS SOMETIMES SEEN BY PSYCHICAL IMPRESSION BY MORE THAN ONE PERSON AT THE SAME TIME.

FROM the facts already brought forward, it is clear that the reality of the phenomena of death-bed apparitions is sufficiently established by the testimony of many witnesses, who, when alone, have seen them, and in some cases have had their experience verified through the lips of the dying individual. Notwithstanding this, the full strength of the evidence has not yet been brought into notice; for if ever death-bed apparitions are of a materialised nature, it might be assumed that probably no law would interfere with their making themselves visible to several observers at once. And, as a matter of fact, they do sometimes appear before two or more witnesses.

Now for a first example. The Revd. F. G. Lee, D.C.L., vicar of All Saints, Lambeth, in his *Glimpses of*

the Supernatural (vol. ii., King & Co.: 1875), prints the following document:—

May 26, 1876.

A lady and her husband (who held a position of some distinction in India) were returning home (A.D. 1854), after an absence of four years, to join a family of young children, when the former was seized in Egypt with an illness of a most alarming character, and though carefully tended by an English physician, and nursed with the greatest care, grew so weak that little or no hope of her recovery existed. With that true kindness which is sometimes withheld by those about a dying bed, she was properly and plainly informed of her dangerous state, and bidden to prepare for the worst. Of a devout, pious, and reverential mind, she is reported to have made a careful preparation for the latter end. The only point which seemed to disturb her mind after the delirium of fever had passed away was a deep-seated desire to see her absent children once again, which she frequently expressed to those who attended upon her. Day after day, for more than a week, she gave utterance to her longings and prayers, remarking that she would die happily if only this one wish could be gratified.

On the morning of the day of her departure hence she fell into a long and heavy sleep, from which her attendants found it difficult to arouse her. During the whole period of it she lay perfectly tranquil. Soon after noon, however, she suddenly awoke, saying, "I have seen them all; I have seen them all. God be praised, for Jesus Christ's sake," and then slept again. Towards evening in perfect peace, and with many devout exclamations, she calmly yielded up her spirit to God who gave it. Her body was brought to England and interred in the family burying-place.

The most remarkable part of this incident remains to be told. The children of the dying lady were being educated at Torquay under the supervision of a friend of the family. At the very time when their mother thus slept they were confined to the house where they lived by a severe storm of thunder and lightning. Two apartments on one floor, perfectly distinct, were then occupied by them as play and

recreation rooms. All were then gathered together. No one of the children was absent. They were amusing themselves with games in company of a nursemaid who had never seen their parents. All of a sudden their mother, as she usually appeared, entered the larger room of the two, pausing, looked for some moments at each and smiled, passed into the next room, and then vanished away. Three of the elder children recognised her at once, but were greatly disturbed and impressed at her appearance, silence, and manner. The younger and nursemaid, each and all, saw a lady in white come into the smaller room, and then slowly glide by and fade away.

The date of this occurrence, Sept. 10, 1854, was carefully noted, and it was afterwards found that the two events above recorded happened almost contemporaneously. A record of the event was committed to paper, and transcribed on a fly-leaf of the Family Bible, from which the above account was taken and given to the editor of this book in the autumn of 1871 by a relation of the lady in question, who is well acquainted with the fact of her spectral appearance at Torquay, and has vouched for the truth of it in the most distinct and formal manner.

The narrative of the spectral appearance of a lady at Torquay, forwarded to Dr. F. G. Lee at his special request, is copied from and compared with that in the Family Bible of H. A. T. Baillie-Hamilton, by the undersigned.

C. MARGARET BALFOUR.

MARY BAILLIE-HAMILTON.

(Witness) J. R. GRANT.

Princes Street, Edinburgh, Oct. 7, 1871.

Every point in the foregoing narrative indicates this to have been a materialised apparition, with the exception of the words "vanished away." But the public believe that spirits of all kinds *ought* to fade away, consequently, as I have noticed at *séances*, are loose in their phraseology, and have often spoken of materialisations "fading away" where I saw nothing of the

kind. If in the example now before us, the spirit walked behind a curtain or door, and was no more seen, such disappearance must have been loosely described by the words used by the nursemaid. In this very good case, the spirit was unexpectedly seen by five persons, and recognised by three of them.

In the next instance, the spirit of a dying woman was seen by three of her children at the same time. The following document was forwarded to Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, of 14 Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, London, by Mrs. Backhouse, wife of Mr. E. Backhouse, member of Parliament for Darlington; it was communicated to the Psychological Society by Mr. Wedgwood, in April 1876, and read to the Society early in the following month:—

In the early part of the last century, a member of the Society of Friends, living at Settle, in Craven, had to take a journey to the borders of Scotland. She left her family under the care of a relation, who, instead of sending frequent letters in those days of slow and expensive communication between distant places, engaged to keep a minute journal, to be transmitted to the mother at any convenient opportunity, of all that concerned her three little children, aged seven, six, and four. After an absence of three weeks, when on her homeward way, she was seized with illness at Cockermouth, and died in a few days, even before her husband at Settle could hear by post of the commencement of her illness. The season was winter, when in the mountainous border-land between the counties the conveyance of letters by postmen on foot was an especially lengthened and difficult process. The friends at whose house the event occurred, seeing the hopeless nature of the attack, made notes of every circumstance attending the last hours of the dying wife and mother, for the satisfaction of her family, so that the accuracy of the several

statements as to time as well as facts was beyond the doubtfulness of mere memory, or of even any unconscious attempt to bring them into agreement with each other. One morning between seven and eight o'clock, on the relation at Settle going into the sleeping-room of the three children, she found them all sitting up in their beds in great excitement and delight, crying out, "Mamma has been here! Mamma has been here!" And the little one said, "She called, 'Come, Esther!'" Nothing could make them doubt the fact, intensely visible as it was to each of them; and it was carefully noted down to entertain the mother on her speedily expected return to her home. That same morning, as she lay on her dying bed at Cockermouth, to those who were watching her tenderly and listening for her latest breath, she said, "I should be ready to go if I could but see my children." She then closed her eyes, they thought to reopen them no more, but after ten minutes of perfect stillness she looked up brightly and said, "I am ready now, I have been with my children," and then at once peacefully passed away. When the notes taken at the two places were compared, the day, hour, and minute were the same. One of the three children was my grandmother, Sarah Birkbeck, (daughter of William Birkbeck, banker, of Settle), afterwards wife of Dr. Fell, of Ulverston, from whom I had the above, almost literally as I have repeated it. The elder was Morris Birkbeck, afterwards of Guildford. Both these lived to old age, and retained to the last so solemn and reverential a remembrance of the circumstance that they rarely would speak of it, or permit any allusion to it, lest it should be treated with doubt or levity. Esther, the youngest of the three, died soon after. Her brother and sister only heard the child say that her mother called her, but could not speak with any certainty of having themselves heard the words, nor did they seem sensible of any communication from her, but simply of her standing there and looking on them. My grandmother and her brother were both persons remarkable for strong matter-of-fact, rather than imaginative, minds, and to whom it was especially difficult to accept anything on faith, or merely

hearsay evidence, and who by nature would be disposed to reject whatever seemed beyond the region of reason or of common experience; but their early impression of the supernatural made them not superstitious, but devout believers in the truths of Divine revelation, and in the mysteries of the soul's relation to the unseen and spiritual world.

S. H. Fox.

Tréban, near Falmouth, 1872.

Here is another case of the same class. Mr. Richard Grattan, M.D., in his *Considerations on the Human Mind*, narrates:—

When conversing with my wife's family on the subject of her death, one of them, her brother, exclaimed, "Oh, but did you hear what happened at your house in the country?" "No; what was it?" "The strangest thing in the world—sure, Rosetta appeared to your children the night she was buried." "Nonsense," I said, "that is too ridiculous; they must have been dreaming, as I was when I was in the coach, and thought she wakened me." "It is perfectly true," he replied, and then he told me what I tell you. Three children, one five, another three, and the third not quite two years old, were put to bed in their nursery at the usual hour. They were all asleep, when, about ten o'clock, on the night of the day when their mother died, and before any person in the house had been informed of her death, the children *all* suddenly awoke, screaming under the influence of fright, the two elder exclaiming, "There's mamma! there's mamma!"

Prebendary Dennis of Exeter, in his *Subversion of Materialism* (London: 1826), says:—

Prebendary Salter, A.M., curator of the son of the late Bishop Fisher, asserted to various acquaintances that he saw his father's apparition. His wife, awakened by her crying child, previously beheld the apparition at her bed's foot. Roused from sleep by Mrs. Salter, he perceived his father's form and dress. Both particularly noticed the

peculiar usual plaiting of the shirt. In a short time a special messenger arrived to announce his decease. The strange occurrence being communicated to the local oracle, the surgeon, was ascribed, first, to the effect of a candle and lantern, *en passant*. An obstacle to the ingenious solution, arising from the stationary character of the apparition, an amendment was suggested by ascription to lunar reflection, the moon being remarkably vertical and full phased at the time. . . . Rather than admit the immortality of the soul, the public were left to infer that the man in the moon presented a *fac-simile* of old Mr. Salter; the shading of the surrounding halo producing a striking resemblance of the peculiar plaiting of the Holland shirt!

Here, then, we have a materialised apparition, with no ideal surroundings indicative of mesmeric impression producing a vision. There were either two or three witnesses, the wording of the narrative not giving clear information whether the child saw anything. This narrative also shows that the clergy of the Church of England are as liable to visitations by these apparitions as the laity. If the father of Prebendary Salter were an evil spirit, let us hope that his characteristics were not hereditary.

Of historical examples of a spirit seen by several persons at once, what is known as "The Wynyard Apparition," is exceedingly well authenticated. Mr. Robert Dale Owen took exceptional pains to verify the details by correspondence with those most conversant with them, and the satisfactory results will be found in his *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*. The event occurred in 1785, in the island of Cape Breton, off Nova Scotia, and is given in T. Charley's *News from the Invisible World* :—

Sir John Sherbroke and General Wynyard were, as young men, officers in the same regiment, which was employed on foreign service. They were connected by similarity of tastes and studies, and spent together, in literary occupations, much of the vacant time which was squandered by their brother officers in those excesses of the table, which, some forty years ago, were considered among the necessary accomplishments of the military character. They were one afternoon sitting in Wynyard's apartment. It was perfectly light, the hour was about four o'clock; they had dined, but neither of them had drank wine, and they had retired from the mess to continue together the occupations of the morning. I ought to have said, that the apartment in which they were had two doors in it, the one opening into a passage, and the other leading into Wynyard's bedroom. There were no other means of entering the sitting-room but from the passage, and no other egress from the bedroom but through the sitting-room; so that any person passing into the bedroom must have remained there, unless he returned by the way he entered. This point is of consequence to the story. As these two young officers were pursuing their studies, Sherbroke, whose eye happened accidentally to glance from the volume before him towards the door that opened to the passage, observed a tall youth, of about twenty years of age, whose appearance was that of extreme emaciation, standing beside it. Struck with the presence of a perfect stranger, he immediately turned to his friend, who was sitting near him, and directed his attention to the guest, who had thus strangely broken in upon their studies. As soon as Wynyard's eyes were turned towards the mysterious visitor, his countenance became suddenly agitated. "I have heard," says Sir John Sherbroke, "of a man's being as pale as death, but I never saw a living face assume the appearance of a corpse, except Wynyard's at that moment." As they looked silently at the form before them—for Wynyard, who seemed to apprehend the import of the appearance, was deprived of the faculty of speech; and Sherbroke, perceiving the agitation of his friend, felt

no inclination to address it—as they looked silently upon the figure, it proceeded slowly into the adjoining apartment, and in the act of passing them cast its eyes, with an expression of somewhat melancholy affection, on young Wynyard. The oppression of this extraordinary presence was no sooner removed, than Wynyard, seizing his friend by the arm and drawing a deep breath, as if recovering from the suffocation of intense astonishment and emotion, muttered in a low and almost inaudible tone of voice, “Great God! my brother!” “Your brother!” repeated Sherbroke, “what can you mean, Wynyard? there must be some deception—follow me;” and immediately taking his friend by the arm, he preceded him into the bedroom, which, as I before stated, was connected with the sitting-room, and into which the strange visitor had evidently entered. I have already said, that from this chamber there was no possibility of withdrawing, but by the way of the apartment through which the figure had certainly passed, and as certainly never had returned. Imagine then the astonishment of the young officers, when, on finding themselves in the centre of the chamber, they perceived that the room was perfectly untenanted. Wynyard’s mind had received an impression at the first moment of his observing him, that the figure whom he had seen was the spirit of his brother. Sherbroke still persevered in strenuously believing that some delusion had been practised. They took note of the day and hour in which the event had happened; but they resolved not to mention the occurrence in the regiment, and gradually they persuaded each other that they had been imposed upon by some artifice of their fellow-officers, though they could neither account for the reason, nor conceive the means of its execution. They were content to imagine anything possible, rather than admit the possibility of a supernatural appearance. But though they had attempted these stratagems of self-delusion, Wynyard could not help expressing his solicitude with respect to the safety of the brother whose apparition he had either seen, or imagined himself to have seen; and the anxiety which he exhibited for letters from England, and his frequent mention of his fears for his

brother's health, at length awakened the curiosity of his comrades, and eventually betrayed him into a declaration of the circumstances which he had, in vain, tried to conceal. The story of the silent and unbidden visitor was no sooner bruited abroad, than the destiny of Wynyard's brother became an object of universal and painful interest to the officers of the regiment; there were few who did not inquire for Wynyard's letters before they made any demand after their own, and the packets that arrived from England were welcomed with a more than usual eagerness, for they brought not only remembrances from the friends at home, but promised to afford the clue to the mystery which had happened among themselves. By the first ships no intelligence relating to the story could have been received, for they had all departed from England previously to the appearance of the spirit. At length the long-wished-for vessel arrived; all the officers had letters except Wynyard. Still the secret was unexplained. They examined the several newspapers; they contained no mention of any death, or of any other circumstance connected with his family, that could account for the preternatural event. There was a solitary letter for Sherbrooke still unopened. The officers had received their letters in the mess-room at the hour of supper. After Sherbrooke had broken the seal of his last packet, and cast a glance on its contents, he beckoned his friend away from the company, and departed from the room. All were silent. The suspense of the interest was now at its climax; the impatience for the return of Sherbrooke was inexpressible. They doubted not but the letter had contained the long-expected intelligence. At the interval of an hour Sherbrooke joined them. No one dared be guilty of so great a rudeness as to inquire the nature of his correspondence; but they waited in mute attention, expecting that he would himself touch upon the subject. His mind was manifestly full of thoughts that pained, bewildered, and oppressed him. He drew near to the fireplace, and leaning his head on the mantelpiece, after a pause of some moments, said in a low voice to the person who was nearest to him, "Wynyard's brother is no more!" The first line of

Sherbroke's letter was, "Dear John, break to your friend Wynyard the death of his favourite brother." He had died on the day, and at the very hour, on which the friends had seen his spirit pass so mysteriously through the apartment.

It might have been imagined that these events would have been sufficient to have impressed the mind of Sherbroke with the conviction of their truth; but so strong was his prepossession against the existence, or even the possibility, of any preternatural intercourse with the souls of the dead, that he still entertained a doubt of the report of his senses, supported as their testimony was by the coincidence of vision and event. Some years after, on his return to England, he was walking with two gentlemen in Piccadilly, when on the opposite side of the way he saw a person bearing the most striking resemblance to the figure which had been disclosed to Wynyard and himself. His companions were acquainted with the story; and he instantly directed their attention to the gentleman opposite, as the individual who had contrived to enter and depart from Wynyard's apartment, without their being conscious of the means. Full of this impression, he immediately went over, and at once addressed the gentleman; he now fully expected to elucidate the mystery. He apologised for the interruption, but excused it by relating the occurrence which had induced him to the commission of this solecism in manners. The gentleman received him as a friend. He had never been out of the country; but he was the twin brother of the youth whose spirit had been seen.

Here we have strongly-marked characteristics of an objective apparition, built up temporarily of material substance. It was seen by two persons, observed first by a stranger, and did not form or dissolve before the eyes of the observers.

In 1817 Mr. Thomas Savage, a travelling preacher in the Methodist Society, told the following facts to

some hundreds of preachers and a large congregation, when he was admitted into "full connection," at a conference held in Sheffield. The narrative sets forth how he and three other persons saw and identified an apparition which appeared at about the time of the death of the body :—

A sister being married to a gentleman in the army, we received intelligence that the regiment to which he belonged had received orders for one of the Spanish isles (Minorca). One night about ten o'clock, as his wife, his child, an elder sister, and myself were sitting in a back room, the shutters close bolted and barred, and the yard door locked, when suddenly a light shone through the window-shutters, and part illuminated the room we sat in. We looked, and beheld the spirit of a murdered brother. His eye was fixed on his wife and child alternately. He waved his hand, smiled, and continued about half a minute, and vanished from our sight. The moment before the spirit disappeared, my sister cried, "He is dead, he is dead!" and fainted away. The boy ran to his father, and wept, because he would not stay a short time. After this, we received a letter, sealed with black (the dark emblem of mortality), bearing the doleful but expected news, that on such a night my brother-in-law was found weltering in his blood, in returning from the mess-room. Life was not quite gone; the last wish he breathed in the ears of those who surrounded him was to see his wife and child. It was granted him in a certain sense; for that very hour in which he died in the island of Minorca, that same hour he appeared to his wife, his child, and eldest sister, in Doncaster. Before this event I was an Atheist, though a boy. By this circumstance I was convinced of the certainty of another world, and by the solemn impression it made upon my mind, I prayed for mercy—found it at the foot of the cross, and now feel myself happy in God.—THOMAS SAVAGE.

I now include an incident which, standing by itself,

is a weak one, because the details passed through so many minds before they were recorded. But I put it on record here, because it contains some curious particulars as to the position of the eye-witnesses, which will be supported (as they have been already in Dr. Lee's case, p. 104) by incidents recorded in other narratives. The following account reached me in March 1878, from Mr. Frederick Sinclair of Surrey Hills, Sydney, New South Wales :—

A lady of great intelligence and worth related to me the following story, the particulars of which she had obtained from her mother, who, along with my informant's grandmother, Mrs. Glode, resided on Clapham Common in the vicinity of London. Mrs. Glode had in her employ a domestic servant named Lizzie, who, being a tried and faithful help, and a woman of great piety and worth, was much respected by the family. On one occasion Lizzie was the subject of what a sceptic would call a post-prandial nightmare, for she sat down in a chair after dinner and fell asleep, and whilst asleep dreamt that the pantry door opened, and that an emblematic figure resembling that of Time emerged from the pantry and spoke to her, assuring her that on that day fortnight she would be numbered with the dead. She awoke and soon afterwards took occasion to report the dream to her mistress, and to express her belief that it would be fulfilled. The family tried to reason with her respecting the folly of placing any reliance on a dream, and to laugh her out of her fears, but without effect. In about a week after the date of her dream Lizzie fell sick in the night, and the doctor who was called in, after the lapse of a day or two, pronounced her complaint the worst form of typhus fever, and recommended her immediate removal to an hospital. Previous to her removal, however, my informant's mother, then a young girl, had, from motives of kindness and friendship, attended Lizzie in her illness, handing her such things as she needed, and performing many little offices for her. On "the day fortnight" men-

tioned by the figure of Time to Lizzie, a lady was visiting the inmates of the house on Clapham Common, and had an infant child with her. My informant's mother, whose name was Nancy, was holding the child in her arms in one of the lower rooms, when she heard Lizzie's voice crying sharply "Nancy—Nancy—Nancy," and forgetting that Lizzie had been sent to the hospital, she quickly handed the baby she was holding to its mother and ran upstairs to Lizzie's room, under the impression that something was wanted. When she got inside the room she saw Lizzie standing in the middle of it, and the bed empty. The whole truth then flashed upon her mind, and she became greatly frightened. At the same time Mrs. Glode, who was in another room downstairs, saw the door of the room slowly open, and perceived a hand holding it, and almost immediately afterwards Lizzie's face was seen peeping round the door and smiling, while the word "Mrs." was audibly pronounced. Mrs. Glode by a rapid process of reasoning at once concluded that she had seen a vision, and that Lizzie was dead. My informant's mother rushed downstairs in a state of fright, and stated that she had seen Lizzie, to which Mrs. Glode responded by narrating her own experience. A messenger was despatched to the hospital to make inquiries respecting Lizzie, and on his return he announced that she was dead. It was ascertained afterwards that she had died at or about the time when her apparition was seen. My informant heard all the particulars of this very curious case related repeatedly by her mother who saw the vision; but as all the persons directly connected with the affair are dead, no corroborative evidence of the story can be obtained. It has often been asserted by those who are sceptical with respect to the reality of ghostly appearances that they always are seen at night, when the imagination is liable to be deceived; but this vision was seen in broad daylight by two persons in separate rooms, and who at the moment of beholding the vision had no communication with each other, and did not expect to witness an apparition.

Impressional apparitions, in which what the spirit

thinks the sensitive sees, are sometimes spiritually visible under the same law to two sensitives at once. An example, explicable on this principle, I will now quote from the thoughtful work of the Revd. F. G. Lee—*Glimpses of the Supernatural*. The narrative relates to Philip Weld, the youngest son of Mr. James Weld (of Archer's Lodge, near Southampton), and a nephew of the late Cardinal Weld. On the 16th April 1846, Philip was drowned in the river at Ware:—

His dead body was brought back to the college, and the Very Revd. Dr. Cox, the President, was immensely shocked and grieved. He was very fond of Philip; but what was most dreadful to him was to have to break this sad news to the boy's parents. He scarcely knew what to do, whether to write by post or to send a messenger. At last he determined to go himself to Mr. Weld at Southampton. So he set off the same evening, and, passing through London, reached Southampton the next day, and drove from thence to Archer's Lodge, Mr. Weld's residence.

On arriving there and being shown into his private study, Dr. Cox found Mr. Weld in tears. The latter, rising from his seat and taking the doctor by the hand, said, "My dear sir, you need not tell me what you are come for. I know it already. Philip is dead. Yesterday I was walking with my daughter Katharine on the turnpike road, in broad daylight, and Philip appeared to us both. He was standing on the causeway with another young man in a black robe by his side. My daughter was the first to perceive him. She said to me, 'Look there, papa; there is Philip.' I looked and saw him. I said to my daughter, 'It is Philip, indeed; but he has the look of an angel.' Not suspecting that he was dead, though greatly wondering that he was there, I went towards him with my daughter to embrace him; but a few yards being between us, while I was going up to him a labouring man, who was walking on the same causeway, passed between the apparition and the hedge, and as he went on I saw him pass through their apparent

bodies, as if they were transparent. On perceiving this I at once felt sure that they were spirits, and going forward with my daughter to touch them, Philip sweetly smiled on us, and then both he and his companion vanished away."

The reader may imagine how deeply affected Dr. Cox was on hearing this remarkable statement. He of course corroborated it by relating to the afflicted father the circumstances attendant on his son's death, which had taken place at the very hour in which he appeared to his father and sister. They all concluded that he had died in the grace of God, and that he was in happiness, because of the placid smile on his face.

Dr. Cox asked Mr. Weld who the young man was in the black robe who had accompanied his son, and who appeared to have a most angelic countenance, but he said that he had not the slightest idea.

A few weeks afterwards, however, Mr. Weld was on a visit to the neighbourhood of Stonyhurst in Lancashire. After hearing Mass one morning in the chapel, he, while waiting for his carriage, was shown into the guest-room, where, walking up to the fireplace, he saw a picture above the chimneypiece, which, as it pleased God, represented a young man in a black robe with the very face, form, and attitude of the companion of Philip as he saw him in the vision, and beneath the picture was inscribed "St. Stanislaus Kostka," one of the greatest saints of the Jesuit order, and the one whom Philip had chosen for his patron saint at his Confirmation. His father, overpowered with emotion, fell on his knees, shedding many tears, and thanking God for this fresh proof of his son's blessedness.

In this case the dying Catholic would naturally have his favourite patron saint uppermost in his mind, so it would seem that what the spirit thought, *two* sensitives saw. The labouring man present does not appear to have seen anything; he walked through the apparitions, or rather walked over the spot where the seers believed the spirits to be. There is no evidence

that the patron saint was there at all, for possibly he was present only to the thoughts of the dying man, hence the saint's "attitude" was the same as in the picture.

The following uncanny narrative is hard to believe, although attested by thirty witnesses, and established to the satisfaction of the Lord Chief Justice in the Court of King's Bench. But the facts already quoted lead up to it, and I will still more strengthen it by following it up with a third somewhat similar narrative, so as to present the story under easier conditions for credence. It is the historical description of "Old Booty's Ghost," so often quoted in books. The version here given is extracted from Kirby's *Wonderful and Scientific Museum*, 2 vols., printed by Barnard and Sultzter, Water Lane, Fleet Street, for R. S. Kirby, London House-Yard, St. Paul's; and J. Scott, 447 Strand, 1803-1804; vol. ii, pp. 247-249.

Remarkable trial in the Court of King's Bench, brought by a Mrs. Booty against Captain Barnaby, to recover the sum of one thousand pounds, as damages for the scandal of his assertion, that he had seen her deceased husband, Mr. Booty, a receiver, drove into hell.

On this remarkable trial witnesses were brought forward, who proved the words to have been spoken by Captain Barnaby, and afterwards by his wife; the defence set up was, that the defendant had spoken no more than had been seen by a number of persons, as well as himself, to prove which the journal-books of three different ships were produced in court, and the following passages recorded in each submitted to the court and the jury by the defendant's counsel.

Tuesday, 12th May 1687.—This day the weather came S.W. a little, about three o'clock in the afternoon; and about four we anchored in Manson Road, and there in the

Road Captain Barnaby, Captain Bristow, and Captain Brown, all of them bound for the island of Lissara to load.

Wednesday, 13th May.—This day, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, I went on board of Captain Barnaby, and about two o'clock in the afternoon we weighed, and sailed all of us for the island of Lissara. The wind was W.N.W., and better weather.

Thursday, 14th May.—About two o'clock we saw the island of Lissara; and about seven we came to an anchor off the said island, in twelve fathoms water, and then we were at W.S.W.

Friday, 15th May.—We had the observation of Mr. Booty this day. Captain Barnaby, Captain Bristow, Captain Brown, I, and Mr. Ball, merchant, went on shore in Captain Barnaby's boat, to shoot rabbits upon Stromboli; and when we had done, we called all our men together by us, and about half an hour and fourteen minutes after three in the afternoon, to our great surprise, we all of us saw two men come running towards us with such swiftness, that no living man could run half so fast as they did run; when all of us heard Captain Barnaby say, "Lord, bless me, the foremost is Old Booty, my next-door neighbour," but he said, he did not know the other that run behind; he was in black clothes, and the foremost in grey; then Captain Barnaby desired all of us to take an account of the time and pen it down in our pocket-books, and when we got on board we wrote it in our journals, for we saw them into the flames of fire, and there was a great noise, which greatly affrighted us all, for we none of us ever saw or heard the like before. Captain Barnaby said he was certain it was Old Booty which he saw running over Stromboli, and into the flames of hell.

Then, coming home to England, and lying at Gravesend, Captain Barnaby's wife came on board the sixth day of October 1687, at which time Captain Barnaby and Captain Brown sent for Captain Bristow and Mr. Ball, merchant, to congratulate with them, and, after some discourse, Captain Barnaby's wife started up and said, "My dear, I will tell you some news: Old Booty is dead." He

directly made answer, "We all of us saw him run into hell!"

Afterwards Captain Barnaby's wife told a gentleman of his acquaintance in London what her husband had said, and he went and acquainted Mrs. Booty of the whole affair; upon that Mrs. Booty arrested Captain Barnaby in a thousand pounds' action, for what he had said of her husband. Captain Barnaby gave bail to it, and it came to a trial in the Court of King's Bench, and they had Mr. Booty's wearing apparel brought into court, and the sexton of the parish, and the people that were with him when he died, and they swore to the time he died, and when he died, and we swore to our journals, and it came to the same time within two minutes; ten of our men swore to the buttons on his coat, and that they were covered with the same sort of cloth his coat was made, and so it proved.

The jury asked Mr. Spinks (whose handwriting in the journal that happened to be read appeared) if he knew Mr. Booty? he answered, "I never saw him till he ran by me on the Burning Mountains." Then the judge said, "Lord, have mercy upon me, and grant I may never see what you have seen; one, two, or three may be mistaken, but thirty never can be mistaken." So the widow lost her cause.

The advent before thirty honest witnesses of "the gentleman in black" makes this narrative an uncomfortable one to those who meddle with Spiritualism, not a few of whom may be inclined, on reading it, to hope that it rests upon no better foundation than the description of the orgies of the ghouls in *Vathek*. The case was actually heard in the Court of King's Bench, towards the end of the year 1687, in the reign of James II. Lord Chief Justice Herbert made the remark quoted in the foregoing narrative; and on

the Bench at the time were also Justices Wythens, Holloway, and Wright.

Were it not for the advent of "the gentleman in black," the whole case would easily fall into the category of materialised death-bed apparitions. The ghost did not form before the eyes of the spectators, for it came running into view; nor did it fade before their eyes, for, as I read in another account, it plunged into the crater of the burning mountain at Stromboli. An explosive noise is then said to have been heard, which may either form the subject of a future lecture at the Royal Institution, "On the Sounds produced during the Disintegration of a Death-Bed Apparition by Heat," or may be ascribed to the unscientific use of the imagination, by the crew of a merchant vessel who had just seen something to terribly try their nerves.

The greatest difficulty in the way of supposing this to have been an impressional apparition is, that it was seen by thirty men in broad daylight, in the open air, at three o'clock in the afternoon. There might have been a few mesmeric sensitives among them, but it is contrary to the experience of mesmerists that there is any probability of meeting a miscellaneous assemblage of thirty persons, and to find every one of them to be susceptible to the mesmeric influence. Five or six such, out of the thirty, would be a large proportion.

One explanation of the appearance of "the gentleman in black"—which is the sole essential point on which the narrative differs from others—may be that one of the low spirits associated invisibly with Old Booty during his life, was able to temporarily mate-

rialise with him after death.* Another explanation may be, that even materialised apparitions may primarily have their origin in the mind of the spirit who is seen, but who cannot reproduce in this way all those accessories which abound in his unfettered thought. Perhaps "the gentleman in black" was most vividly in the mind of the deceased. Mr. Booty no doubt knew his own deserts, so what the witnesses saw, the dying old gentleman expected. Perhaps, therefore, the figures were physically present, but had their origin in Mr. Booty's thoughts. Moreover, another argument for the materiality of the apparition is, that it is a law in the ordinary manifestations of Spiritualism that *the lower the spirit, the greater is its direct control over common matter*, consequently high intellect and morality are rarely allied to strong physical phenomena, although they commonly appertain to those which are mental. So in this way, perhaps, the details fall within the domain of law; it was natural that Mr. Booty should have produced a physical manifestation. In the Weld case the conditions were different.

Lastly, did "the gentleman in black" consist of a strong shadow cast in the sunshine by Old Booty? Were the sailors so startled by the recognised apparition, that the natural tendency of the uneducated to exaggeration had full play in filling in the details, as was palpably the case in the transforming of Stromboli into Hell-gate?

Slight resemblances to the Weld case point feebly

* Those readers who may be unacquainted with the evidence for the relationship of spirits to mortals by the law of natural affinity, should read the general literature of Spiritualism, and the works of Swedenborg.

in the direction of Old Booty's having been an impressional apparition, but the next apparition, very similar to Old Booty's, appears to have been undoubtedly mesmerically seen. Because of its resemblance to Old Booty's I quote it, although names are not given, and it is objectionable that that important psychical phenomena, of value to the world, should not always be fully verified by the publication of names. Nevertheless, Mrs. Crowe, who gives the narrative in her *Night Side of Nature* (Newby, London; 1849), says that she received it first-hand from one of the actual witnesses:—

In the year 1785, some cadets were ordered to proceed from Madras to join their regiments up the country. A considerable part of the journey was to be made in a barge, and they were under the conduct of a senior officer, Major R—. In order to relieve the monotony of the voyage, this gentleman proposed one day that they should make a shooting excursion inland, and walk round to meet the boat at a point agreed on, which, owing to the windings of the river, it would not reach till evening. They accordingly took their guns, and as they had to cross a swamp, Major R—, who was well acquainted with the country, put on a heavy pair of top-boots, which, together with an odd limp he had in his gait, rendered him distinguishable from the rest of the party at a considerable distance. When they reached the jungle, they found there was a wide ditch to leap, which all succeeded in doing except the Major, who being less young and active, jumped short of the requisite distance; and although he scrambled up unhurt he found his gun so crammed full of wet sand that it would be useless till thoroughly cleansed. He therefore bade them walk on, saying he would follow; and, taking off his hat, he sat down in the shade, where they left him. When they had been beating about for game for some time, they began to wonder the Major did not come on, and they

shouted to let him know whereabouts they were ; but there was no answer, and hour after hour passed without his appearance, till at length they began to feel somewhat uneasy. Thus the day wore away, and they found themselves approaching the rendezvous ; the boat was in sight, and they were walking down to it, wondering how their friend could have missed them, when suddenly, to their great joy, they saw him before them, making towards the barge. He was without his hat or gun, limping hastily along, in his top-boots, and did not appear to observe them. They shouted after him, but as he did not look round, they began to run, in order to overtake him ; and, indeed, fast as he went, they did gain considerably upon him. Still he reached the boat first, crossing the plank which the boatmen had placed ready for the gentlemen they saw approaching. He ran down the companion stairs, and they after him ; but inexpressible was their surprise when they could not find him below. They ascended again, and inquired of the boatmen what had become of him ; but they declared he had not come on board, and that nobody had crossed the plank till the young men themselves had done so.

Confounded and amazed at what appeared so inexplicable, and doubly anxious about their friend, they immediately resolved to retrace their steps in search of him ; and, accompanied by some Indians who knew the jungle, they made their way back to the spot where they had left him. From thence some footmarks enabled them to trace him, till, at a very short distance from the ditch, they found his hat and his gun. Just then the Indians called out to them to beware, for that there was a sunk well thereabouts, into which they might fall. An apprehension naturally seized them that this might have been the fate of their friend ; and on examining its edge, they saw a mark as of a heel slipping up ; upon this, one of the Indians consented to go down, having a rope, with which they had provided themselves, tied round his waist, for, aware of the existence of the wells, the natives suspected what had actually occurred, namely, that the unfortunate gentleman had slipped into one of these traps, which, being overgrown with brambles,

where not discernible by the eye. With the assistance of the Indian, the body was brought up and carried back to the boat, amidst the deep regrets of the party, with whom he had been a great favourite. They proceeded with it to the next station, where an inquiry was instituted as to the manner of his death, but of course there was nothing more to be elicited.

I give this story as related by one of the persons present, and there is no doubt of its perfect authenticity. He says he can in no way account for the mystery—he can only relate the fact; and not one, but the whole *five* cadets, saw him as distinctly as they saw each other. It was evident, from the spot where the body was found, which was not many hundred yards from the ditch, that the accident must have occurred very shortly after they left him. When the young men reached the boat, Major R—— must have been, for some seven or eight hours, a denizen of the other world, yet he kept the rendezvous !

Here, what an actual spirit thought, five persons in normally good health believed they saw as a reality in the material world, whilst the boatmen, free from the psychic influence, saw it not. At least they did not see the apparition cross the plank. There is no record whether they did or did not see it previously. But for the testimony of the boatmen this would have been classified with temporarily materialised apparitions, and the facts show that it is not always easy to decide what is seen by normal and what by spiritual vision.



Chapter Seventh.

DEATH INDICATIONS GIVEN OTHERWISE THAN BY APPARITION TO PERSONS AT A DISTANCE—NEWS OF DEATHS REVEALED IN DREAMS—FURTHER EXPERIMENTAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF MEANS WHEREBY DREAMS CAN BE SET UP IN THE BRAINS OF SLEEPING MORTALS—MAJOR OWEN'S EXPERIMENTS—DR. ABERCROMBIE'S STATEMENTS—A DISTANT DEATH REVEALED TO BISHOP HALL AND HIS BROTHER BY A SYNCHRONOUS DREAM—DISTANT DEATHS REVEALED BY DREAM TO MRS. GILMOUR, MRS. MURRAY, BISHOP LEE'S SON, THE DUCHESS OF GUELDERLAND, THE COUNTESS OF CORK, BEN JONSON, AND ST. BASIL—NEWS OF DEATH GIVEN IN A SYNCHRONOUS DREAM TO TWO LADIES—SYMBOLICAL INDICATION OF DISTANT DEATHS GIVEN BY DREAM TO JAMES V. OF SCOTLAND, BISHOP JEWEL, AND SIR FRANCIS BACON—INDICATIONS OF A DISTANT DEATH GIVEN TO DR. GRATTAN IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE—A DEATH-SCENE AT OXFORD SEEN IN DETAIL IN A DREAM—DEATH-BED INDICATION TO A DISTANT BLIND RELATIVE—PHYSICAL EFFECTS PRODUCED BY DEATH-BED APPARITIONS—SIR WALTER SCOTT'S NARRATIVE—THE TEMPERATURE OF TEMPORARILY MATERIALISED DEATH-BED APPARITIONS.

ILLUSTRATIONS have already been given proving that what one person wills or thinks a mesmeric sensitive, *en rapport* with him, sometimes sees, and I have brought forward evidence that when a man *out* of his earthly body wills in like manner, the effect on the sensitive *in* the body is the same also. Evidence will now be produced that experimentalists may implant dreams in the minds of their sleeping friends. Indeed, it would naturally be inferred that it would be easier to set up a dream in the brain of a negative and unresisting sleeper, than to give a man in the waking state a vision, as in some of the examples already brought forward.

On Thursday, May 12th, 1875, Major S. R. I. Owen—to the value of whose pioneer experimental researches on life in the deep sea, Professor Huxley called the attention of the Royal Institution—said to the Psychological Society that :—

Years ago he was living in India, and one night, while many of his friends were asleep, he and some others resolved to try the experiment whether the slumberers could not be made to talk. They accordingly talked to one of them, and after a time he began to answer, and told how he was having some horses brought down the country. Not even his own brother, who was present, knew about the horses, and when the person who made the revelation was told about the horses when he awoke, he was like a madman, and would not believe that the information had been drawn from himself while asleep, until upon the following evening he saw the same experiment tried upon others. . . . After he once drew them into conversation they spoke to him as clearly as if they were awake; they also seemed to be sensitive to other things than his questions, for he remembered that the mosquitoes were troubling them at the time. So far as he knew, none of the sensitives experimented upon had ever been in a mesmeric sleep; they were intelligent men, sleeping in the ordinary way. He began to act upon them by speaking in a soft whisper, and after a time they began to reply. It did not matter whether he spoke to the ear or to the pit of the stomach; he merely leant over them and spoke till they grew restless; then they began to talk. He made a sleeping Italian believe that he was his wife; all the witnesses were then screaming with laughter, so that the man soon woke up. The conversation with each sleeping person lasted from ten to twenty minutes, and the experiment succeeded in every one of the eight cases in which it was tried.—*The Spiritualist*, May 21st, 1875.

At the next meeting of the Psychological Society, Mr. F. W. Percival, M.A. (Oxon), stated :—

Abercrombie narrated how a person who had served in the American War was known to answer questions which were put to him in whispers when he was asleep. His brother officers experimented upon him; they made him suppose that he was fighting a duel; they put a pistol near his hand, and he stretched out his hand to take it; afterwards he fired it off at the right moment, and awoke himself. Once they made him suppose that he had fallen into the sea: he then began to swim; they next told him that a shark was after him, and this so frightened him that he fell from the locker—on which he was sleeping—on to the deck. In this case he had no recollection of the dream when he awoke.—*The Spiritualist*, June 4th, 1875.

Sometimes, when a death-bed apparition desires to show itself, the friend or relative visited is asleep, and it may not always be possible to awaken him; but it is possible sometimes for the materialised spirit present to set up a dream in his brain, by whispering in his ears, and sometimes to set up a dream by mesmeric community of sensation and thought. These powers of the spirit explain some facts I will now quote.

Bishop Hall writes, (T. Charley's *News from the Invisible World*: Wakefield):—

In my youth, when I was at Cambridge, my brother Henry lying with me, early one morning I dreamed that my mother passed by me with a sad countenance, and told me that she would not come to my Commencement (having promised at that time to come to Cambridge). When I related this dream to my brother (both of us waking together in a sweat), he protested he had dreamed the very same. The next carrier brought us word of our mother's death.

Another synchronous dream of the same kind is described by Mrs. Crowe in her *Night Side of Nature*, and without names, unfortunately:—

I will relate a double dream that occurred to two ladies, a mother and daughter, the latter of whom related it to me. They were sleeping in the same bed at Cheltenham, when the mother, Mrs. C——, dreamt that her brother-in-law, then in Ireland, had sent for her; that she entered his room, and saw him in bed, apparently dying. He requested her to kiss him, but owing to his livid appearance, she shrank from doing so, and awoke with the horror of the scene upon her. The daughter awoke at the same moment, saying, "Oh, I have had such a frightful dream!" "Oh, so have I!" returned the mother; "I have been dreaming of my brother-in-law!" "My dream was about him, too," replied Miss C——. "I thought I was sitting in the drawing-room, and that he came in wearing a shroud, trimmed with black ribbons, and approaching me he said, 'My dear niece, your mother has refused to kiss me, but I am sure you will not be so unkind.'"

As these ladies were not in the habit of regular correspondence with their relative, they knew that the earliest intelligence likely to reach them, if he were actually dead, would be by means of the Irish papers; and they waited anxiously for the following Wednesday, which was the day these journals were received in Cheltenham. When that morning arrived, Miss C—— hastened at an early hour to the reading room, and there she learnt what the dreams had led them to expect: their friend was dead; and they afterwards ascertained that his decease had taken place on that night. They moreover observed, that neither one nor the other of them had been speaking or thinking of this gentleman for some time previously to the occurrence of the dreams; nor had they any reason whatever for uneasiness with regard to him. It is a remarkable peculiarity in this case, that the dream of the daughter appears to be a continuation of that of the mother. In the one he is seen alive, in the other the shroud and black ribbons seem to indicate that he is dead, and he complains of the refusal to give him a farewell kiss.

One is almost inevitably led here to the conclusion that the thoughts and wishes of the dying man were influencing

the sleepers, or that the released spirit was hovering near them.

The North British Daily Mail of Dec. 26, 1871, records:—

A very remarkable "dream story" is thus narrated by the *Ovens Advertiser*:—"It will be remembered by many of our readers that Mr. Arthur Gilmour, so well known for many years as a prospector and miner at Stanley, went to Scotland in the ship *Superb* a few months since. On board he made the acquaintance of a young man, who turned out to be the nephew of a former Stanley mate of Gilmour's, and the two became friendly. During the voyage the young man, whose name has not reached us, was afflicted with a sort of religious mania, which at last made it necessary to put him in a straight waistcoat, and eventually in irons. Two days afterwards he died. On Mr. Gilmour's arrival at home, the mother of deceased went to see him. He was about to describe to her the circumstances of her son's death, when she stopped him, asking that he would first hear her description of what had occurred. She then described the closing scene in detail, as exactly—Mr. Gilmour says in a letter to a Beechworth friend—as he could have done himself, and told him that she had witnessed it all in a dream. We have not the slightest reason to doubt the *bona fides* of this story, and there are many similar instances on record, accompanied by evidence which it is difficult, if not impossible, to doubt."

In John Wesley's account of Mrs. Murray's life, it is said:—

I felt a daily increase of peace and love till the latter end of May 1742. About that time I was one night just laid down, when I felt a weight come upon my feet. I thought the cat had come upon me, and strove to push her off. Presently I felt it rising higher and higher by my side, till it seemed to lie by me the full length of a man. I felt an awe but no fear, praying continually, and knowing I was

in the hands of God. After a few minutes it rolled off and fell upon the ground. I fell asleep, and dreamed I saw my husband lying in his coffin. I cried, and asked, "Will you not speak to me?" He just lifted up his eyes and shut them again. I awoke in great trouble, and slept again and dreamed the same dream. When I awoke I was convinced my husband was dead, but I was so filled with God, that at this time nothing could disturb or interrupt my happiness in Him. The ship did not return (from Virginia) till October following. I had been visiting one that was sick, being full of love and trampling upon all below, when a messenger told me the *Prince Frederic* was in the river. I hastened there, having my soul stayed on God. Presently after, the cook's wife came in and said, "Mrs. Murray, I have been on board the ship, and I saw your husband well." I said, "No, my husband is not in the ship, but let us take a boat and go aboard." My sister and I did so. When we came alongside, the wife of one of the sailors cried out, "Mrs. Murray, do not come here; go ashore, pray go ashore." As we were walking up the stairs she said to my sister, "Mr. Murray is drowned."

Here the spirit had not sufficient power to show himself, yet could make himself felt, and it is well known that at spirit circles far more power is necessary to enable a spirit to materialise and appear visibly, than to give touches in darkness. In the instance just quoted, the most easy way of communicating, discovered probably by the spirit after trying various methods, was by impressing a dream.

The following is an extract from a private letter dated Davenport, Iowa, Sept. 28th, 1874, and communicated to the *Boston Evening Transcript* of Oct. 2d. The writer of the letter is Mrs. Henry B. Hoffman of Davenport, a sister of Mr. Epes Sargent the American author (who sent me the newspaper cutting),

and the incident is thoroughly authenticated. Bishop Lee, of the American Episcopal Church, died on the 26th Sept. 1874 :—

We have been very anxious the last two weeks over the illness of Bishop Lee, which terminated in his death on Saturday morning. The whole community is saddened by the event. Some two months ago he got up in the night and took a bath, and on returning to his room he made a mistake and stepped off a long flight of stairs and landed at the foot with a tremendous crash, as he was very heavy, weighing over two hundred pounds. It aroused the whole family; Mrs. Lee and Carrie sprang from their beds, and lighting each a candle, went to see what had happened, and found the bishop lying on the floor of the entry. He got up, however, without aid, and seemed to have received no injury except a few slight bruises, though his right hand was a little lamed.

Mr. Hoffman and myself called on him two days after, and while telling us the circumstance of the fall, he mentioned this coincidence: He had a letter in his hand, which he had just received from his son Henry, living at Kansas City. His son wrote, "Are you well; for last night I had a dream that troubles me. I heard a crash, and standing up said to my wife, 'Did you hear that crash? I dreamed that father had a fall and was dead.' I got up and looked at my watch, and it was two o'clock. I could not sleep again, so vivid was the dream." And it made him anxious to hear from home.

The bishop said he was not superstitious, but he thought it remarkable that Henry should have had the dream at the very hour of the same night that the accident occurred. The difference in the time there and here is just fifteen minutes, and it was a quarter-past two by his watch, making it *at the same moment*. It was as if he had actually heard the fall. And the fall finally caused the bishop's death. His hand became intensely painful, and gangrene set in, which, after two weeks of suffering, terminated his life. We are none of us Spiritualists, as you

know, but surely facts like this must go far to make us realise that there is a basis of truth for their hypothesis of spiritual faculties resident in man. How did Henry Lee become cognisant of the accident to his father?

Father Calmet, Abbot of Senones in Lorraine, in his book on *Apparitions* (Sorbonne, 1745; London, 1759), records:—

Philippa, Duchess of Guelderland, wife of Renatus the second, Duke of Lorraine, had a vision of the unhappy battle of Pavia, when she was a nun at St. Clara's at Pont-à-Mousson, and immediately cried out "*Ah, my sisters! My dear sisters! To prayers for the love of God . . . My son de Lambescis is killed, and the king my cousin [Francis I.] taken prisoner.* Soon after arrived at Nancy the couriers which brought the news of the memorable event, which happened the very day that the princess had the vision.

Mr. Gordon, an anti-Spiritualist, and one who severely criticises with legal precision any weak points in records of phenomena submitted to the Psychological Society, is reported in *The Spiritualist* to have made the following statement to the Society, on 17th May 1877:—

He wished to narrate an occurrence which had taken place among persons known to him, and he had no doubt as to the authenticity of the facts. Some years ago two sisters living in Scotland were married, and lived within a few miles of each other; one had been married to a gentleman of considerable property who farmed his own land, and the other to a minister of the Church of Scotland. One morning, in harvest-time, Mrs. A— appeared at breakfast in a state of mental disturbance, and told her husband that she wished he would lend her one of his horses, as she desired to go to see her sister. This being inconvenient in the middle of harvest-time, he replied that he could not spare one, and asked why she wished to go. She then

said that she had dreamt she was in church listening to her brother-in-law preaching; she heard him divide his sermon into "firstly" and "secondly," and at last he came to "thirdly;" at that moment her father—who was dead—entered the church, and beckoned to the preacher to follow him; he then followed the figure out of the church. Upon this her husband lent her a horse, and when she arrived at the house of her sister she found the blinds all down, and the servant said—"How could you possibly have heard the awful news so soon?" "What news?" The servant replied—"Don't you know that master is lying dead upstairs?" He had been found in his study stone dead; he had been writing his sermon, and after getting through two-thirds of it he stopped when he reached "Thirdly." These facts were well known to all the relatives of the deceased clergyman.

Most death-bed visions seem to be of a symbolical nature, following the law that what the spirit thinks the dreamer sees. Here is one from Clark's *Mirror*, vol. i. p. 35:—

Whilst he [King James the Fifth of Scotland] lay sleeping, he thought he saw Sir James Hamilton, whom he had caused to be executed, come with a sword drawn in his hand, wherewith he cut off both arms, threatening also to return within a short time and deprive him of his life. With this he awakened, and as he lay musing what this might import, news was brought him of the death of his two sons, James and Arthur, who died at St. Andrews and Stirling, at one and the very same hour. The next year, namely, 1542, being overcome with grief and passion, he died at Falkland, in the thirty-second year of his age.

The following case is of the same nature. In Spiritualism, as in physics, like causes produce like effects, all other conditions being the same. Turner, in his *Remarkable Providences*, part i., chap. viii., says:—

Bishop Jewel, being in Germany, dreamed one night that two of his teeth dropped out of his mouth. He told this dream next morning to Peter Martyr, who interpreted it to signify the loss of some dear friends. Jewel put the time of it in his note-book, and not long after had news by letter of the burning of Bishop Ridley and Bishop Hooper. This was related to me by a friend out of his life writ at large.

These two visions, as well as others of a symbolical nature, tend to show that our forefathers were not so far wrong in assuming that the "interpreters of dreams" might exercise useful functions.

In Aubrey's *Miscellanies*, p. 60, it is stated :—

The Countess of Cork (now Burlington) being at Dublin, dreamed that her father, the Earl of Cumberland, who was then at York, was dead. He died at that time.

In Turner's *Remarkable Providences*, part i., chap. viii., it is recorded :—

"I myself remember," saith Sir Francis Bacon, "that being in Paris, and my father dying in London, two or three days before my father's death I had a dream, which I told to divers English gentlemen, that my father's house in the country was plastered all over with black mortar."

But of all the unpleasant cases of symbolical dreams and synchronous visions, the following, from the Revd. James Pollock's *Dead and Gone*, is one of the most disagreeable. My inference is that the thoughts of the deceased were taking symbolical form, and were not of an elevated character :—

A sailor in Her Majesty's ship *V*— writes :—"A strange thing happened once in our ship that I cannot account for. W. S. was the cleanest man on board the

V—. One night he woke, feeling uncomfortable; he turned out of his hammock, took off his flannel, and found it full of vermin. He rolled it up, laid it aside, put on a clean one, and turned in again. Soon after, feeling again uncomfortable, he got up, took off his flannel, and found that one in the same state as the other. I was sleeping in the next hammock to him; we were fast friends, so he roused me, and showed me the flannel full of live vermin. I started back; I would never have believed it if I had not seen it, knowing how clean the fellow was. After that he put on a cotton shirt, and turned into his hammock again; he would not try another flannel one. Next morning, at mess, he was telling his mates what had happened. All laughed at him. 'Well,' he said, 'if you won't believe me I'll prove it to you,' and went to fetch the flannels, rolled together and put by themselves. He opened them in the presence of all, and, to his great astonishment, found them perfectly clean; upon which all his mates laughed more than ever at him. He said nothing more, but just made a note of the date. Two months after, letters came to the ship. I and W—, being stokers, were in the boiler together. A mate came and sang out, 'A letter for you, K—.' 'All right,' said I, and took it. 'And one for me?' said W—. 'Yes, edged with black.' 'My father is dead,' he said; and opening the letter, found it contained the news that his father had died suddenly on the very night he had noted down two months before."

Mrs. Crowe, in her *Night Side of Nature*, says:—

Ben Jonson told Drummond, of Hawthornden, that being at Sir Robert Cotton's house, in the country, with Old Cambden, he saw, in a vision, his eldest son, then a child at London, appear to him with a mark of a bloody cross on his forehead; at which, amazed, he prayed to God; and, in the morning, mentioned the circumstance to Mr. Cambden, who persuaded him it was fancy. In the meantime, came letters announcing that the boy had died of the plague. The custom of indicating an infected house

by a red cross, is here suggested; the cross apparently symbolising the manner of the death.

This incident is also recorded in Drummond's *Works*, p. 224, published by the executors of Drummond of Hawthornden. Ben Jonson told Hawthornden that his son appeared to him "of a manly shape, and of that growth he thinks he shall be at the resurrection."

Dr. Richard Grattan says, in his *Considerations on the Human Mind*:—

My wife died [of cholera] after a few hours' illness, on Wednesday, the 13th of August [1834], a little before sunrise—having throughout her entire illness expressed the most anxious wishes to see me, and continually desired me to be sent for. At the time of her death I was travelling in the mail, and asleep, when I was suddenly awakened by a rush of something which startled me, and caused me, at the instant, to think it was my wife. Again, in travelling, also in the mail, on the night of the same day, about ten o'clock, having fallen asleep, I was startled, as before, with the same feeling, but stronger, as if a handkerchief had been thrown in my face by my wife to waken me. [She was "buried by torchlight" that night.]

The following, from Dr. Abercrombie's *Intellectual Powers*, has for its most probable explanation that, what the departed father thought, the son saw in a dream:—

The gentleman to whom I am indebted for the following case was born in Madras, and was brought from thence, at the age of three years, to be educated in England, where he grew up without the least recollection of anything relating to Madras, or to his parents, who remained in India. At the age of fourteen he dreamt that he saw his mother sitting in the dress of a widow, and apparently under deep distress; and he gave a distinct account of

the apartment in which he saw her, with the position of various prominent articles of furniture, which he described minutely. It afterwards turned out that his father died about the time of the dream, and that he had correctly described a drawing-room in the house at Madras, in which his mother was in the habit of sitting.

In this chapter I have largely availed myself of examples collected by the Revd. James Pollock of Birmingham, and quoted by him in his book *Dead and Gone* (Stock, London: 1874). The following incident, published by Mr. Pollock, tends to show that independent spirits may impress a dream about a death at a distance, or that the spirit of the sleeper may be actually present at the death scene. It will be noticed that the sleeper, in her dream, saw the sufferer *not* necessarily as he would see or think of himself, his spirit being not yet free from the body:—

John Henderson had a relation whose name was Mary Macy, who lived on Redcliff Hill, Bristol. She was a very extraordinary woman, and had a sort of gift of second sight. One night she dreamed that John Henderson was gone to Oxford, and that he died there. In the course of the next day John Henderson called to take leave of her, saying that he was going to Oxford, to study something concerning which he could not obtain the information he wanted in Bristol. Mary Macy said to him, "John, you'll die there;" to which he answered, "I know it." Some time afterwards Mary Macy waked her husband, saying to him, "Remember that John Henderson died at two o'clock this morning, and it is now three." Philip Macy made light of it, but she told him that she had dreamed (and was conscious that she was dreaming) that she was transported to Oxford, to which city she had never been in reality; and that she entered a room there, in which she saw John Henderson in bed, the landlady

supporting his head, and the landlord and others surrounding him. While looking at him she saw some one give him medicine, after which John Henderson saw her, and said, "O Mrs. Macy! I am going to die; I am so glad you are come, for I want to tell you that my father is going to be very ill, and that you must go to see him." He then proceeded to describe a room in his father's house, and a bureau in it: "In which is a box containing some pills: give him so many of them, and he will recover." Her impression of all in the room was most vivid, and she even described the appearance of the houses on the opposite side of the street. The only object she appeared not to have seen was a clergyman who was in attendance on John Henderson. Henderson's father going to the funeral, took Philip Macy with him; and on the way to Oxford Philip Macy told him the particulars of his son's death, which they found to be strictly correct as related by Mary Macy. Mary Macy was too much interested about John Henderson's death to think anything of his directions about the pills, yet some time afterwards she was sent for by the father, who was ill. She then remembered her dream; found the room, the bureau, and the pills, exactly as had been foretold; and they had the promised effect, for Henderson was cured.*

* Note by my friend in whose words the story is given:—"I had supposed that the story which I send you was only in manuscript, but I find that it was sent by my father (a member of the Society of Friends) to *Notes and Queries*, and appeared in the number for July 8th, 1854. His words in introducing it are: 'I send some particulars relating to his (John Henderson's) last illness, which I took down nineteen years ago from the lips of a highly respectable inhabitant of Bristol, since deceased, who knew one at least of the parties concerned; and I believe all of them who were resident in that city.' As you are no doubt aware, John Henderson was a young man of extraordinary ability, who was born near Limerick about the middle of last century. When about ten years of age he taught Latin in a school. He was afterwards sent to college, and was a student at Pembroke College, Oxford. He died at about thirty, and it is to be feared that an over-indulgence in stimulants in some measure led to this. So celebrated was he as an extraordinary genius, that a long correspondence took place about him in the *Gentleman's Magazine* during his lifetime. He is also mentioned at some length by Cottle, I think in his *Malvern Hills*; also by Hannah More, who had a high opinion of him. His funeral sermon (a most remarkable eulogy) was preached by Revd. William Agutter, and is in print. Henderson was a great believer in spirits, and at one time carried on a correspondence with Dr. Priestley on the subject."

Physical effects are sometimes produced by unseen death-bed apparitions by way of indication of their presence. The following is from Lockhart's *Life of Scott* :—

“Walter Scott to Daniel Terry : April 30, 1818. (The new house at Abbotsford being then in progress, Scott living in an older part, close adjoining.)

“ . . . The exposed state of my house has led to a mysterious disturbance. The night before last we were awakened by a violent noise, like drawing heavy boards along the new part of the house. I fancied something had fallen, and thought no more about it. This was about two in the morning. Last night, at the same witching hour, the very same noise occurred. Mrs. S., as you know, is rather timbersome ; so up I got, with Beardie's broad sword under my arm—

‘ Bolt upright,
And ready to fight.’

But nothing was out of order, neither can I discover what occasioned the disturbance.”

Mr. Lockhart adds, “On the morning that Mr. Terry received the foregoing letter, in London, Mr. William Erskine was breakfasting with him, and the chief subject of their conversation was the sudden death of George Bullock, which had occurred on the same night, and, as nearly as they could ascertain, at the very hour when Scott was roused from his sleep by the ‘mysterious disturbance’ here described. This coincidence, when Scott received Erskine's minute detail of what had happened in Tenterden Street (that is, the death of Bullock, who had the charge of furnishing the new rooms at Abbotsford,) made a much stronger impression on his mind than might be gathered from the tone of an ensuing communication.”

It appears that Bullock had been at Abbotsford, and made himself a great favourite with old and young. Scott, a week or two afterwards, wrote thus to Terry, “Were you

not struck with the fantastical coincidence of our nocturnal disturbances at Abbotsford, with the melancholy event that followed? I protest to you, the noise resembled half-a-dozen men hard at work, putting up boards and furniture; and nothing can be more certain than that there was nobody on the premises at the time. With a few additional touches, the story would figure in Glanville or Aubrey's collection. In the meantime, you may set it down with poor Dubisson's warnings, as a remarkable coincidence coming under your own observation."

Here is another example of the production of a physical effect, published in *The Subversion of Materialism*, 1826, by the Revd. J. Dennis, B.C.L., Prebendary of the Royal Collegiate Church of Exeter Castle:—

Mrs. Woodall, of Dartmouth, a widow, deprived of sight, informed by a letter from the author, in November 1797, of the death of her cousin, her sister-in-law, Miss Sarah Woodall, replied, though an amanuensis, that she had been previously apprised of the mournful event by the deceased herself, having felt her death-like cold hand clasping her's as she lay in bed.

When materialisations take place through mediums, the materialised hands are almost invariably cold at first, and grow warm in from ten to fifteen minutes. If materialised death-bed apparitions follow the same general law (and I am not aware of any exceptions), the fact of the hand feeling cold as described in the preceding narrative, indicates that the spirit had not long left the body. If, however, the temperature of the materialised form bears some relation to the temperature of the earthly body, the conditions are changed in the case of after-death apparitions.

Of course, in the lives of the Saints of the early Christian Church, psychological phenomena like these are paralleled in abundance. In the *Alexandrian Chronicles* (Amphiloc. *Vit. S. Basil*, p. 692) it is recorded "that the night after the death of Julian the apostate, St. Basil saw a vision of the holy martyr Mercurius receiving an order from God to go and slay Julian; and that soon after Mercurius returned, and said, 'Lord! Julian is mortally wounded, as Thou hast commanded me.' The next morning St. Basil made this news public, and the truth of it was soon after confirmed."

Another symbolical death-indication given in a dream, is described in the following paragraph from Seafield's *Literature of Dreams* (London: Chapman & Hall, 1865):—

By the impiety and injustice of William Rufus, Anselm, the Archbishop of Canterbury, was driven into exile, and remained there till he saw in a vision of the night that all the saints of England were complaining to the Most High of the tyranny of King William, who was destroying His churches. And God said, "Let Alban, the proto-martyr of the English, come hither;" and He gave him an arrow, which was on fire, saying, "Behold the death of the man of whom you complain before Me." And the blessed Alban, receiving the arrow, said, "And I will give it to a wicked spirit, an avenger of sins;" and saying this he threw it down to earth, and it flew through the air like a comet. And immediately Archbishop Anselm perceived in the spirit that the King, having been shot by an arrow, died that night. And accordingly, at the first dawn of the morning, having celebrated mass, he ordered his vestments and his books, and other movables, to be got in readiness, and immediately set out on his journey to his church.

And when he came near it, he heard that King William had been shot by an arrow that very night.

The public justly complain of the twaddle often, but not always, given through mediums, in the name of some illustrious man who has long since departed to the spirit world. The internal evidence contained in the communication is against the identity of the alleged spirit, and a little in favour of the hypothesis of the ambitious thoughts of the medium being, in some way unconsciously to himself, the cause of the externalisation of the great name on the material plane. Just so is it in the foregoing two cases. The saints believed themselves to be in immediate communication with the Deity, and did not feel repulsed even when the Almighty was pictured to them in visions merely as a revengeful man.



Chapter Eighth.

APPARITIONS OF LIVING MORTALS—THE SPIRIT LEAVING THE BODY DURING SLEEP AND TRANCE—THE SPIRITS OF LIVING MORTALS SEEN AT DISTANT PLACES—VERIFICATION OF SPIRITUAL TRAVELS AT "BOTH ENDS OF THE LINE"—DETAILS OF FUNERALS SEEN IN DREAM OR TRANCE—THE MATERIALIZED SPIRIT OF A LIVING METHODIST MINISTER SEEN, RECOGNISED, TOUCHED, AND HEARD, BY TWO WITNESSES—A HUMAN "DOUBLE" SEEN BY THE REV. MR. MOORE AND ANOTHER WITNESS—THE SPIRIT OF SHELLEY SEEN BY SEVERAL PERSONS DURING HIS LIFE—THE APPARITION OF A LIVING MURDERER SEEN IN DAYLIGHT BY SOME OF THE GLASGOW POLICE—A SPIRITUAL INTERVIEW BETWEEN TWO UNEMBODIED AMERICANS—COMMUNION WITH THE SPIRITS OF THE LIVING, THE DYING, AND THE DEAD THROUGH THE CLAIRVOYANCE OF THE WIFE OF A NEW YORK PHYSICIAN—WAR NEWS CONVEYED TO THE BARONESS VON VAY BY THE SPIRIT OF A LIVING MAN—MESSAGES CARRIED BETWEEN LONDON AND NEW ZEALAND BY LIVING HUMAN SPIRITS—STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF PRINCE WITTOGENSTEIN IN RELATION TO THE EVOCATION OF THE SPIRITS OF THE LIVING—A STRANGER STORY STILL.

REMEMBERING that a death-bed apparition is sometimes seen by one or more witnesses at a distance before the earthly body of the individual is dead, and that the sufferer sometimes tells those around his bed that he has seen distant friends, it might be inferred that at other than dying moments, when the bodily vitality is at a low ebb, the human spirit may temporarily leave its earthly tenement. And such is the case in fact, as cumulative evidence will prove.

The *Daily News* of January 20th, 1875, says:—

"Airwalker" relates the following:—I dreamed I was in

Venice; it was a fine moonlight night, but too warm to sleep. I opened my window and left it, floating away through the air, hovering leisurely and with the utmost ease from roof to roof, and from terrace to terrace, over streets and canals, and witnessing many curious sights in passing before open lighted windows. Next morning, finding myself in extra good humour and excellent health, I remembered my interesting nightly tour, but I never was in and knew I had never seen Venice but on paper, and there certainly not the roofs and higher terraces. I had quite forgotten this amusing nightly promenade, when, two years later, I, for the first time, saw Venice. I ascended the clock tower, and as soon as I emerged from the narrow trap to the platform of the two gigantic bronze figures, I gave one sweeping look round and knew at once I had seen these very roofs before, and soon I remembered when and how. My guide seeing me shaking, holding on to the railing, and staring at the uninteresting roofs, asked whether I was giddy, and called my attention to the adjoining wonders of St. Mark's Cathedral, &c. I assured him I was so far from being giddy that I only wished for a pair of wings to leave him and the platform for a reconnoitering promenade through the air.

Compare this with the experience recorded by Shelley in his fragmentary *Speculations on Metaphysics* in his *Essays and Letters from Abroad*, vol. i. p. 250:—

"I was walking with a friend in the neighbourhood of Oxford, engaged in earnest and interesting conversation. We suddenly turned the corner of a lane, and the view, which its high banks and hedges had concealed, suddenly presented itself. The view consisted of a windmill standing in one among many splashy meadows, enclosed with stone walls, the irregular and broken ground between the wall and the road on which we stood, a long low hill behind the windmill, and a grey covering of uniform cloud spread over the evening sky. The scene surely was a

common scene, and the hour little calculated to kindle lawless thought; it was a tame uninteresting assemblage of objects. The effect which it produced on me was not such as could have been expected. I suddenly remembered to have seen that exact scene in some dream of long——

"*Here I was obliged to leave off, overcome by thrilling horror.*"

This remark closes the fragment, which was written in 1815.

Although these two cases point in the direction of the travelling of the spirit during the sleep of the body, they do not prove it. They might be instances of natural clairvoyance, or of a dreamer seeing that which a spirit or mortal *en rapport* with him thought.

The next example is more to the point. Mr. Henry Spicer, an author of considerable ability, now residing in London, says in his *Sights and Sounds* (London: 1853):—

Mrs. Lauriston (the name is slightly altered), a lady residing in London, has a sister living in Southampton. One afternoon, as the latter sat at work in her room, three slight knocks were heard at the door. "Come in," said the lady. No one entered; but the knock being repeated, she rose and opened the door. No one was visible. At a moment precisely corresponding with that of the alarm, Mrs. Lauriston's disorder had attained a crisis. A sort of trance then supervened, on recovering from which the invalid stated that, impressed with an eager desire to see her sister before she died, the lady dreamed that she went to Southampton, and knocked at her room door; that on the second summons her sister appeared; but that inability to accost her had occasioned an uneasiness which recalled her to herself.

The next instance is of the same nature, but un-

fortunately without full names and addresses. On Thursday, March 2d, 1876, at a meeting of the Psychological Society:—

Mr. F. K. Munton read a letter, the author of which did not wish his name to be published, but gave his name and address in confidence to the council of the society. The writer said that he first met the lady who is now his wife at a public institution at which he was head-master, in the year 1872. Their intended marriage was concealed from those of her friends who were connected with the school when she left it, and for some time after her departure she did not write to any of them. Six months after their marriage he was reading in bed. His wife suddenly woke and said, "I have been to ——" She then narrated a vivid dream she had had, so vivid that from time to time she frequently dwelt upon every point of it. His wife had dreamt that she was in the room with four women, two of them friends, and the other two strangers to her. She saw one of them turn off the gas, she followed two of them into her bedroom, and she said, "Bessie, put some things in a box. Bessie, let us be friends." Three months later she went to visit her mother, and found there a letter from one of her friends asking whether Miss — (his wife) was alive or dead. The letter had been waiting a long time, and the date agreed with the time of the dream. He inquired into the matter, without giving any information about the dream, and was told by a lady that she and her friend Bessie had gone to bed one Sunday night, when suddenly Bessie screamed and said, "I have just seen —". She touched me and said—"Let us be friends." They accordingly came to the conclusion that she was dead, and they wrote to the only address of hers they had. It was remarkable that his wife had always been on good terms with Bessie, so there appeared to be no special reason for saying, "Let us be friends." He further ascertained that there *were* two new comers on the premises, as well as two of the former friends of his wife. The two women she saw *had* occupied the same room.

The next example is better authenticated. The Revd. W. Stainton-Moses, M.A., is officially reported to have said at a meeting of the Psychological Society, held May 18th, 1876, that—

A friend of his who lived in Lincolnshire died, and he was invited to the funeral. He could not go, and was sitting quietly at home at London at the time, without being conscious in any way of anything abnormal. He became unconscious, and afterwards found by his watch that he had been in that condition for two hours. Afterwards, bit by bit, the details of the funeral of his friend came into his mind; or, rather, bit by bit he brought to recollection a scene he had witnessed. He remembered seeing the officiating minister and the mourners, just as if he had been present at the funeral, so he put all the details down on paper; moreover, he the same day posted a full account of the funeral to a friend of his who had been at it, who wrote back in complete astonishment as to how he could have obtained the details. The minister was not the one whom he had previously expected would officiate at the funeral, the clergyman having been changed at the last moment. This was a fact for Dr. Carpenter. The funeral started from Lincolnshire, but took place in Northamptonshire; he saw and described the churchyard, a particular corner of the churchyard, and a particular tree there. He did not think that he dreamt all this, but if he did dream it, it was every word of it true.

He might have seen the funeral by being present at it in the spirit; he might have seen it by clairvoyance; or he might have seen that which was in the mind of a departed spirit who was present at the funeral of his own body. Psychical phenomena are rich and varied, and a few generations must pass away before they can be properly understood and classified.

The next case is of the same nature, and is vouched

for by Mr. Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, Ohio (*Human Nature*, Burns: London, 1877):—

In the winter of 1835-36, a schooner was frozen up in the upper part of the Bay of Fundy, close to Dorchester, which is nine miles from the River Pudendiac. During detention she was entrusted to one Captain Clarke.

Captain Clarke's paternal grandmother, Mrs. Anne Dawe Clarke, to whom he was much attached, was then living at Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, in perfectly good health, as far as he knew.

On the night of February 17th, 1835, the captain dreamed that he was at Lyme Regis, and saw the funeral of his grandmother. He noted the principal persons in the procession—the pall-bearers, mourners, and the officiating minister. He joined the procession at the churchyard gate, and accompanied it to the grave. The weather was stormy, and the ground wet, as after heavy rain, and he noticed that the pall was partly blown off the coffin. The graveyard was their family burying-place, and he remembered it perfectly, but, to his surprise, the procession passed to another distant part of the graveyard. There, still in his dream, he saw the open grave, partially filled with water, and looking into it he particularly noticed, floating in the water, two drowned fieldmice. He conversed with his mother, as it seemed, and she told him that the funeral had been put off from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., on account of the storm.

The dream made a great impression on him, and he made careful notes of it. In due time news came of Mrs. Clarke's death, and burial on the day of his dream.

When, four years after, Captain Clarke visited Lyme Regis, he found every detail of his dream exactly true. The minister, the pall-bearers, the mourners, were the persons he had seen. The funeral had been postponed from 10 to 4 on account of the storm, and the wind had blown the pall off the coffin, as his mother remembered. At her own wish, the old lady had been buried in a spot distant from the family burying-ground, and Captain

Clarke went to the grave at once without any difficulty. Finally, the old sexton remembered that the heavy rain had partly filled the grave, and two fieldmice were actually found drowned in it.

There are faint indications in the above narrative that what his mother noticed about the funeral, the sleeping son saw in his dream. Their spirits were apparently *en rapport*.

Mr. Joseph Taylor's book on *Apparitions* (Lackington, Allen, & Co., London: 1815) states that the Revd. Joseph Wilkins, a dissenting minister at Weymouth in Dorsetshire, had the following remarkable dream, which is copied *verbatim* from a short account of his life. It is a stronger example than the preceding one of the spiritual *rapport* between relatives:—

One night, soon after I was in bed, I fell asleep and dreamed I was going to London. I thought it would not be much out of my way to go through Gloucestershire, and call upon my friends there. Accordingly I set out; but remember nothing that happened by the way, till I came to my father's house, when I went to the fore door and tried to open it, but found it fast; then I went to our back door, which I opened and went in; but finding all the family were in bed, I went across the rooms only, and walked upstairs, entered the room where my father and mother were in bed, and as I passed by the side of the bed in which my father lay, I found him asleep, or thought he was so; then I went to the other side, and as I just turned the foot of the bed, I found my mother awake, to whom I said these words, "Mother, I am going a long journey, and am come to bid you good-bye;" upon which she answered me in a fright—"Oh! dear son, thou art dead!" with which I awoke, and took no notice of it more than a common dream, only it appeared to me very perfect, as

sometimes dreams will. But a few days after, as soon as a letter could reach me, I received one by post from my father; upon the receipt of which I was a little surprised, and concluded something extraordinary must have happened, as it was but a little before I had had a letter from my friends, and all were well; but, on opening it, I was still more surprised, for my father addressed me as though I was dead, desiring me, if alive, or whose ever hands the letter might fall into, to write immediately. But, if the letter found me living, they concluded I should not live long, and gave this as a reason for their fears:—That on such a night (naming it), after they were in bed, my father asleep, and my mother awake, she heard somebody try to open the fore door, but finding it fast he went to the back door, which he opened, and came in, and went directly through the room upstairs, and she perfectly knew it to be my step, came to the bedside, and spoke to her these words: “Mother, I am going a long journey, and have come to bid you good-bye,” upon which she exclaimed in a fright, “Oh! dear son, thou art dead!” (which were the very circumstances and words of my dream;) but she heard nothing more, she saw nothing (neither did I in my dream, as it was all dark). Upon this she awoke my father, and told him what had passed; he endeavoured to appease her, persuading her it was only a dream; but she insisted on it, it was no dream, for that she was as perfectly awake as ever, and had not had the least inclination to sleep since she had been in bed (from which I am apt to think it was at the very same instant with my dream, though the distance between us was about one hundred miles, but of this I cannot speak positively). This affair happened whilst I was at the academy at Ottery in the county of Devon, and I believe in the year 1754; and at this distance every circumstance is very fresh in my mind. I have since had frequent opportunities of talking over the affair with my mother, and the whole circumstance was as fresh upon her mind as it was upon mine. I have often thought that her sensation as to this matter was stronger than mine; and, what some may think strange, I cannot remember anything

remarkable that happened thereon ; and that this is only a plain, simple narrative of matter of fact.

Either the spirit of the sleeping man was present, temporarily materialised, or the senses of sight and hearing in the waking mother were both mesmerically affected at once by the thoughts of the son. The former is probably the true explanation.

In the next case the spirit of the sleeping person was impressionally, or normally, seen by two witnesses at once. One of them, at all events, seems to have seen it by spiritual vision, since at one time the lower half of the spirit form was invisible. In a paper read before the British National Association of Spiritualists, on the 3d of February 1879, Miss Kislingbury, the secretary stated—

Since concluding the above, I have received from a lady, well known to this society, a letter containing an excellent example of the class of spiritual manifestations I have been speaking of to-night. With your permission I will give it as it stands :—

“I have myself had an exceedingly interesting experience of the apparition of the living, viz., my own appearance at the supposed death-bed of my sister, when we were three thousand miles apart. She was attended on this particular night by another sister, who distinctly saw me go into the room, and lean over my darling young sister. The latter was too ill to speak, but she whispered, ‘Mary is here, now I’m happy.’ I ought to mention that my elder sister is not given to visions, and is indeed a very practical, matter-of-fact person ; but she has always since declared that she saw me from my knees up, and the very dress was plain to her too. At this time I was just recovering after my confinement with my son, who is nearly seventeen. He was between four and five weeks old, when one night I fell asleep, thinking how much I wished to see this

sister. I knew of her illness, and that she was not expected to recover, and of her intense desire to see me. Between us the most tender attachment had always existed, and it was thought that her illness had been much increased through her grief at our separation. The previous summer, when we came from the United States to this country, I had purposely kept from her and my mother the knowledge of my expected confinement, and they were only informed *after* the birth of the child in a letter from my husband. I mention all this to show how impossible it was for me to go to her, as she intensely desired. On the night referred to I had a most vivid dream of seeing her, in a bed *not in her own room*, and of seeing my other sister in attendance. I leaned over her and said, as I thought, 'Emma, you will recover.' I told my husband I had been home when I woke, and my impression that she would recover. This dream comforted me very much, and from this night there was a change for the better with my sister, and she gradually recovered from what was supposed to be an incurable illness. When we came to compare dates, we found that my dream and my appearance to my two sisters occurred at as nearly as possible the same time. I was so lifelike to my younger sister that she thought I had really arrived on a visit; but, as I said before, to my elder sister I was shadowy below my knees, but perfectly natural in appearance. She afterwards remembered that I did not notice her as I passed into the inner room, although in my dream I saw her, nor did I seem to see anything but the one object of my love."

The next case is a strong one. In 1869, at a meeting held at the Gower Street Rooms, London, at which I was present, Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, of 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, U.S.A., made the following statement, which was subsequently published in *Human Nature*, March, 1876:—

At the time when the famous miracle-circle was holding its sessions in New York, the late highly esteemed and truly reverend Thomas Benning frequently took part in these re-

markable *séances*. On a certain Saturday, Mr. Benning, being engaged to preach for the Spiritual Society of Troy, N.Y., found himself afflicted with such a severe attack of sore throat as to render it impossible for him to fulfil his engagement on the morrow. He accordingly despatched a letter to the president of the society excusing himself on the ground of indisposition. Finding the severity of the attack lessened toward the evening, he thought he would drop in at the circle, which was then to be in session. Whilst there, he began to speculate on the chances of his letter being received in sufficient time to enable the society to supply his place. Considering all the circumstances, he determined in his own mind that his letter could not reach in time, and his kind and conscientious nature was much disturbed thereat. He knew there was no help for this, but still his anxiety continued, causing him to be absent in manner, and too much pre-occupied to attend to the proceedings of the *séance*. At this same miracle-circle the manifestation of the "Double" was a very common phenomenon, and Mr. Benning suddenly bethought him of this, and wondered whether, if he were earnestly to set his mind upon his distant friends in Troy he might not succeed in impressing them with the nature of his dilemma. He did not actually realise any result of this wish beyond the vague and disturbed feeling of pre-occupation which had possessed him the whole evening. Suddenly this cloudy condition passed away, and from that time he entered into the proceedings of the circle with his accustomed interest and clearness.

But now for the scene that was passing in Troy. Here, as in New York, a circle has been established, of which the Revd. Thomas Benning was a member. The circle numbered eighteen persons, and as Mr. Benning often visited Troy for the purpose of giving Sabbath lectures, it was decided to hold *séances* on the Saturday, at which time it would be entirely convenient for Mr. Benning to attend. On the evening in question seventeen of the members assembled in session, but Mr. Benning, who was confidently expected from the fact that he was engaged to lecture at Troy on the morrow, failed to put in an appearance.

The hour appointed for the commencement of the *séance* had passed some thirty minutes, when the usual signal knock announcing a member's approach was heard. The circle sat in a hired room on the second floor. It was the custom of the members to give a signal knock at the street door, so that none but themselves should be admitted or ushered upstairs. When the well-known signal sounded, therefore, the one whose office it was that night to be door-keeper ran downstairs, unlocked and opened the street door, and there beheld standing in the clear moonlight Mr. Thomas Benning. Mr. A——, the doorkeeper, immediately began to reproach the delinquent for his tardiness, and urged him to come in quickly, as he was impatiently waited for. To his surprise, however, Mr. Benning made no show of entering, but halted on the threshold, as if unwilling either to go or stay, and muttered in an undertone some words about his inability to lecture the next day. Somewhat provoked by this strange reticence, Mr. A——, grasped the other's shoulder, pulled him forcibly in, at the same time complaining of the extreme cold occasioned by the open door, which he then closed, and somewhat brusquely pushed or impelled Mr. Benning up the narrow stairway before him. Before ascending, Mr. A——, hastily locked the door, and as the custom was, when all the eighteen members were assembled, he put the key in his pocket; meantime, the circle above stairs becoming impatient of the long and unusual delay, sent two of its members to inquire what was the matter. These persons both encountered Mr. Benning on the landing, and began simultaneously to reproach him with being so late. To both Mr. Benning excused himself in the same low muttered tones, but instead of apologising for the present occasion, said indistinctly enough, but still sufficiently plain to be heard by all three of his associates, that he could not lecture on the morrow. "Well, come in, come in, man," cried the cheerful voice of Mr. W——; "you've kept us waiting long enough." In saying these words he put out his hand and laid it on the arm of the absentee, but to his great surprise Mr. Benning drew hastily away, and pushing by both his other associates, ran downstairs, and passed out at the front door, slamming it

violently after him. Astonishment at the unaccountable conduct of their much-esteemed friend formed the prevailing topic of conversation amongst the members of the circle during the remainder of that evening. The whole scene was written in the minutes of their proceedings, but none of them could offer the slightest shadow of an explanation. It was not until they broke up their *séance*, and descending the stairs found the door *still locked* as Mr. A—— had left it, that the slightest suspicion occurred to their minds that something of a more weird character than that of mortality had been amongst them.

The next day several of the party repaired to the lecture-hall, hoping to obtain from Mr. Benning himself some clue whereby to fathom the mystery. Of course the absence of the good preacher only served to make "confusion worse confounded." Here they learned that, in consequence of a detention on the line, the letter of Mr. Benning had been delayed till after ten at night; but as the words "haste and immediate" were written on the envelope, the postmaster had kindly sent it round to the hall on the Sunday morning. Still it was not delivered until some twelve hours after the mysterious visitor of the preceding night had anticipated the intelligence it contained. The author not only heard this narrative from the honest and truth-loving subject, Mr. Benning himself, but she has also received the testimony of two of the gentlemen who saw, recognised, and felt the ghost on the stairs; and by them she was assured that, however spiritual might have been the character of their visitant, his grasp was powerful enough to throw one out of his path, and nearly hurl the other downstairs.

Here is a well-authenticated case of the spirit of a man still in the body being seen by two witnesses at once. I take it from *News from the Invisible World* (T. Charley: Wakefield). The account was found among the papers of the Revd. Mr. Moore, late of Layton, in Essex, formerly of Queen's College, Oxford,

a gentleman highly respected for his learning and abilities, who died in the year 1778:—

Mr. John Bonnell was a Commoner of Queen's College, Oxford; he was remarkable in his person and gait, and had a particular manner of holding up his gown behind, so that to any one who had but once seen him, he might be known by his back as easily as by his face.

On Sunday, November 18, 1750, at noon, Mr. Ballard, who was then of Magdalene College, and myself were talking together at Parker's door. I was then waiting for the sound of the trumpet for dinner, and suddenly Mr. Ballard cried out, "Dear me, oh! who is that coming out of your college?" I looked, and saw, as I supposed, Mr. Bonnell, and replied, "He is a gentleman of our house, and his name is Bonnell; he comes from Stanton Harcourt." "Why, bless me!" said Mr. Ballard, "I never saw such a face in all my life!" I answered slightly, "His face is much the same as it always is; I think it is a little more inflamed and swelled than it is sometimes, perhaps he has buckled his band too tight; but I should not have observed it if you had not spoken." "Well," said Mr. Ballard again, "I never shall forget him as long as I live;" and seemed to be much disconcerted and frightened.

This figure I saw without any emotion or suspicion; it came down the quadrangle, came out at the gate, and walked up the High Street; we followed it with our eyes till we came to Catherine Street, where it was lost.

The trumpet then sounded, and Mr. Ballard and I parted, and I went into the hall, and thought no more of Mr. Bonnell.

In the evening the prayers of the chapel were desired for one who was in a very sick and dangerous condition. When I came out of the chapel I inquired of one of the scholars, James Harrison, in the hearing of several others who were standing before the kitchen fire, who it was that was prayed for, and was answered, "Mr. Bonnell, senior." "Bonnell, senior!" said I, with astonishment; "what is the matter with him? he was very well to-day, for I saw him

go out to dinner." "You are very much mistaken," answered the scholar, "for he has not been out of his bed for some days." I then asserted more positively that I had seen him, and that a gentleman was with me who saw him too.

This came presently to the ears of Dr. Fothergill, who had been my tutor. After supper he took me aside, and questioned me about it, and said he was very sorry I had mentioned the matter so publicly, for Mr. Bonnell was dangerously ill. I replied, I was very sorry too, but I had done it innocently; and the next day Mr. Bonnell died.

Inquiry was made of Mr. Ballard afterwards, who related the part I was witness too, in the same manner as I have now related it; adding that I told him the gentleman was one Mr. Bonnell, and that he came from Stanton Harcourt.

In Neale's *Closing Scene* (vol. i. p. 132), it is said:—

Some friends of (Percy Bysshe) Shelley sitting together one evening, had seen him walk into a little wood at Lerici, when he was actually far away. "This," Lord Byron used to say with awe, "was but ten days before Shelley died."

Most of the examples already quoted point in the direction of the body having been in a state of sleep or trance, while the spirit was active elsewhere. And these apparitions of living persons are, like others, divisible into two classes,—namely, into those which are temporarily materialised, and can produce physical effects, and those which make themselves visible only to psychic sensitives by will-power or by mesmeric influence. Mr. Benning appeared as a materialised spirit, and, like most such apparitions, did not form or melt into thin air before the eyes of the observers.

The light thrown by the preceding cases tends to reveal the secret of a mystery which the police of

Glasgow failed to unveil. I quote the particulars from Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature*:—

Some seventy or eighty years since, the apprentice, or assistant, of a respectable surgeon in Glasgow, was known to have had an illicit connection with a servant girl, who somewhat suddenly disappeared. No suspicion, however, seems to have been entertained of foul play. It appears rather to have been supposed that she had retired for the purpose of being confined, and, consequently, no inquiries were made about her.

Glasgow was, at that period, a very different place to what it is at present, in more respects than one; and amongst its peculiarities was the extraordinary strictness with which the observance of the Sabbath was enforced, insomuch that nobody was permitted to show himself in the streets or public walks during the hours dedicated to the church services; and there were actually inspectors appointed to see that this regulation was observed, and to take down the names of defaulters.

At one extremity of the city there is some open ground, of rather considerable extent, on the north side of the river, called "The Green," where people sometimes resort for air and exercise; and where lovers not unfrequently retire to enjoy as much solitude as the proximity to so large a town can afford.

One Sunday morning, the inspectors of public piety above alluded to having traversed the city, and extended their perquisitions as far as the lower extremity of the Green, where it was bounded by a wall, observed a young man lying on the grass, whom they immediately recognised to be the surgeon's assistant. They, of course, inquired why he was not at church, and proceeded to register his name in their books; but, instead of attempting to make any excuse for his offence, he only rose from the ground, saying, "I am a miserable man: look in the water!" He then immediately crossed a stile, which divided the wall, and led to a path extending along the side of the river towards the Rutherglen Road. They saw him cross the stile, but,

not comprehending the significance of his words, instead of observing him further, they naturally directed their attention to the water, where they presently perceived the body of a woman. Having with some difficulty dragged it ashore, they immediately proceeded to carry it into the town, assisted by several other persons, who by this time had joined them. It was now about one o'clock, and as they passed through the streets, they were obstructed by the congregation that was issuing from one of the principal places of worship; and as they stood up for a moment, to let them pass, they saw the surgeon's assistant issue from the church door. As it was quite possible for him to have gone round some other way, and got there before them, they were not much surprised. He did not approach them, but mingled with the crowd, whilst they proceeded on their way.

On examination the woman proved to be the missing servant-girl. . . . Upon this, in consequence of his known connection with her, and his implied self-accusation to the inspectors, the young man was apprehended, on suspicion of being the guilty party, and tried upon the circuit. He was the last person seen in her company immediately previous to her disappearance; and there was altogether such strong presumptive evidence against him, as, corroborated by what occurred on the Green, would have justified a verdict of *guilty*. But, strange to say, this last most important item in the evidence failed, and he established an incontrovertible *alibi*; it being proved, beyond all possibility of doubt, that he had been in church from the beginning of the service to the end of it. He was therefore acquitted; whilst the public were left in the greatest perplexity, to account as they could for this extraordinary discrepancy. The young man was well known to the inspectors, and it was in broad daylight that they had met him and placed his name in their books. Neither, it must be remembered, were they seeking for him, nor thinking of him, nor of the woman, about whom there existed neither curiosity nor suspicion. Least of all would they have sought her where she was, but for the hint given to them.

The interest excited at the time was very great ; but no natural explanation of the mystery has ever been suggested.

While the guilty man was in a state of sleep, or trance, or reverie, at church, his spirit was where it was seen and talked to by the police.

Some individuals are so physiologically constituted, that their spirits are not unfrequently seen in the place to which their thoughts are directed. Here is another example from Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature* :—

Edward Stern, author of some German works, had a friend who was frequently seen *out of the body*, as the Germans term it ; and the father of that person was so much the subject of this phenomenon, that he was often observed to enter his house, whilst he was yet working in the fields. His wife used to say to him, "Why, papa, you came home before ;" and he would answer, "I dare say ; I was so anxious to get away earlier, but it was impossible."

The details in the above example are meagre. Probably he was seen only by sensitives, and at times when his thoughts were strongly directed to them.

The following spiritual "interview" between two Americans who were in the habit of temporarily quitting their bodies is thus described by Mrs. Emma Hardinge, now Mrs. Britten, in *The Banner of Light* (Boston, U.S.A.), towards the end of 1875 :—

Mr. George Walcutt, the inimitable spirit artist, of Columbus, Ohio, was, like Dr. Fowler, endowed with the faculty of quitting his body and wandering forth in the spiritual state and in the full possession of all his faculties. The writer was one evening present at a social gathering at the house of her esteemed friend and host, Mr. Savage,

of Columbus, when Dr. Fowler, who was an expected guest, made his appearance at about 8 P.M. "Has George Walcutt arrived?" was his first question. On being informed that he had not yet come, he said very gleefully, "Well, I intend to have some fun with him presently. Last night I went out of my body, as my custom is, to see a patient that I felt certain would disobey orders, and I resolved to make a private inspection of what was going on, and report my discoveries in the morning. Now, just as I was passing the corner of Main Street in my own peculiar way, whom should I meet but George Walcutt; but sure enough he was out like myself, on his spiritual perambulations. Heaven alone knows where, but the best of the thing was that he marched above the ground more than two feet high, showing to me how lofty the fellow is, and what an aspiring spirit he has. 'Well,' says I, 'I'll mark you, my lad!' so what did I do but looked at my watch, which was just twenty minutes to eleven; then I pulled off my hat to him, and made him a bow. He saw me, or seemed to see me, for he raised his hat to me like a lord, and on he strode, beating the air, as if the earth were not good enough for him to tread." The doctor laughed heartily at his own conceit, charged us not to say a word to George when he arrived, but wait his own return, he being obliged to go away again (this time bodily) to see a very sick person. He had not been gone more than ten minutes when George Walcutt, accompanied by his wife, entered the apartment. Looking round the company, and not perceiving the familiar form of his friend, Dr. Fowler, he remarked, "I have a good joke against Fowler; I went out last night on a roving commission, and just as I was making my way round the corner of Main Street, whom should I see but the doctor. At first I thought it was himself bodily, but I soon found it was his double, for he actually seemed to be walking in air about two feet from the ground. I suppose that arises from his high opinion of himself, and his belief that he was too good to walk the earth like common people; however that may be," he added, "he bowed, or seemed to bow, and I raised my hat to him. Now, what I want to see is this, whether he had any dream about me that he

can remember last night, or what under the sun it was that I saw perambulating the streets."

"You saw!" exclaimed Mrs. Walcutt, laughing; "much you could have seen last night, for you were sick in bed by eight o'clock, and I vouch for it never got up again till eight o'clock this morning."

"I saw Dr. Fowler at twenty minutes to eleven last night," responded Mr. Walcutt impressively. "I saw it was that hour by the Capitol clock. I met Dr. Fowler in Main Street, raised my hat to him, and he bowed to me, then drew out his watch, looked at the time, and passed on."

The reader may make his own comments on the story; our part is simply to narrate it as it occurred, and to add that both these gentlemen have given similar tests on many previous occasions, been seen and recognised frequently at distant places when their wives testified to their being quietly ensconced in their own beds, and, as on the night alluded to, had often met and recognised each other in their spiritual perambulations.

The next narrative is from *The History of American Spiritualism* (New York, 1870), by Mrs. Emma Hardinge, now Mrs. Britten, of 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass., U.S.A. It contains descriptions of death-bed apparitions, as well as of apparitions of the living, and, as will be seen by the opening and closing paragraphs, the facts all occurred within the observation of respectable and responsible witnesses:—

When Spiritualism first became generally known in New York, the family of a wealthy physician by the name of Laird commenced the investigation, and soon became convinced of its reality. The family consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Laird, and their only son, John, a fine lad of about fourteen. In the course of their sittings it was found that Mrs. Laird and her son were both possessed of remarkable mediumistic powers, the former being an excellent clair-

voyant, or seeing medium, and the young lad one of the most powerful physical mediums of the day. The doctor was highly elated at this discovery, and soon became in consequence an enthusiastic adherent to the faith; but Mrs. Laird, being nervously sensitive on the subject of the world's opinion touching this unpopular faith, strongly opposed the continuance of their circles, and refused to contribute by her mediumistic powers to its propagandism. The family subsequently took up their residence in Wisconsin; and it was about the year 1859 that the author became acquainted with them, and on the strength of her remonstrances, that Mrs. Laird—a most amiable and interesting, though a highly nervous and impressible person—consented to renew the family circles, and suffer her own and her son's remarkable gifts to become instrumental in extending the knowledge of Spiritualism. From this time, until 1862, their enjoyment of spirit communion was continued without interruption. It was then that the young man, John Laird, became importunate with his parents to obtain their consent to go as a volunteer to the war. At first his pleadings were in vain. The doating father and mother could not be induced to part with their only child, "their ewe lamb;" but when John Laird urged that their neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Marsden, had permitted James, his most intimate friend and associate, and their only child, to volunteer, the patriotic doctor felt ashamed of withholding his consent, and at last succeeded in wringing a reluctant acquiescence from the poor mother.

The two young men attached themselves to the same company. Immediately after their enlistment, their regiment was ordered off to active service in the South, and their time of preparation and farewell was limited to a few hours only.

Just before they departed, the two families had assembled to hold one final communion with the spirits, who were earnestly invoked by both the fond and anxious mothers, to have special charge over their beloved ones. To these passionate appeals, Dr. Laird remarked with pain and surprise, that no promises were made on the part of the spirits to ward off danger from the two young men;

and when the direct query was propounded by himself, whether the boys would return in safety to their homes, no response could be obtained, but in its place, a forcible and emphatic communication to the effect that "Anna" [Mrs. Laird] would be kept informed of all that happened to them. A few months after their departure, Mrs. Laird was passing through her chamber just before retiring for the night, when she suddenly encountered the apparition of James Marsden, who appeared in his soldier's uniform, and looked well, strong, and happy. The phantom smiled upon her, and seemed to say "All is well," then instantly vanished.

Mrs. Laird was greatly agitated at this visitation; and deeming that it must be the disembodied appearance of young Marsden that she had witnessed, proceeded the next morning, with considerable pain and hesitation, to acquaint his mother, and her near neighbour, with what she had beheld. Mr. and Mrs. Marsden, though greatly agitated by her narrative, clung to the hope that the words of the apparition "All is well," were significant of good tidings rather than death; and in a few days their flattering anticipations were confirmed by a letter received from their son, in which he stated that, on the Friday evening last, they had held a little circle in the tent of their captain, and that he, James Marsden, had, for the first time in his life, realised the influence of entrancement; that for a few minutes he was entirely unconscious, and on his awakening, he recalled that he had been to Wisconsin, entered his mother's house, and finding himself unable to impress her with the fact of his presence, that he had visited Mrs. Laird, and conversed with her; but the nature of what transpired he could not remember. He stated the hour to have been precisely that at which Mrs. Laird had seen him, adding that she was in her night-dress, a description which tallied with the facts of the case.

From this time, and during a period of two years, through which time the brave young men were performing faithful service to their country, Mrs. Laird was constantly visited by the *living* spirit of James Marsden, who always seemed to come a few days or hours in advance of the letters which

the fond parents received from their boys. Mrs. Laird often invoked the apparition of her own beloved son, and Mrs. Marsden lamented that she, rather than her friend, could not be the recipient of these blessed visitations ; but the special desires of neither of the ladies seemed susceptible of gratification, though they could obtain no other solution of the phenomenon, than that Mrs. Laird was a "seeing medium," and "Mrs. Marsden was not," and that during the circles which the young soldiers held as often as opportunity permitted, James Marsden was the only one who was found to be endowed with the clairvoyant faculty which enabled him to make these strange spiritual visitations. On a certain occasion, after one of the most fearful conflicts of that sanguinary period, and when the anxious parents of the absent soldiers were in hourly expectation of tidings from the dreadful battle-field, Mrs. Laird was suddenly thrown into a deep trance, in which she beheld the figure of young Marsden smiling upon her as usual ; but, alas ! the gallant form was no more, as of old, the semblance of rugged strength and youthful vigour ; it passed silently before her spiritual eyes, with the slow gliding motion of a moving picture, whilst the torn uniform, the dishevelled hair and beard, and, in fact, every portion of his dress, was drenched with blood. From this time too, the precious and consolatory letters of the young men ceased.

Repeated inquiries, and even the personal applications which the distracted parents made to the officers, only afforded them the sad consolation of hoping that their beloved ones still lived, though they learned with unspeakable agony that they were both prisoners, and supposed to be separated from each other. Soon after these afflicting tidings had reached the bereaved ones, Mrs. Laird was again cheered by a renewal of young Marsden's spiritual visits, and that no longer in the form of mutilation and horror which he had recently worn, but apparently well in life, health, vigour, and wonderful brightness ; in fact, the moment the eye of the seeress looked on the glorious apparition, she felt confident that she beheld an *enfranchised* spirit.

Of her own beloved boy no tidings were yet received through any source; and the bright apparition, although for several weeks it flashed across her path, never spoke, until one evening when the mourning and heart-broken parents being assembled around their little circle table as usual, Mrs. Laird became entranced, in which condition she received from the spirit of James Marsden the following communication: "Let my father make a journey to Donellsonville and apply to Captain Somers, whom he will there find in charge of my old company, and from him he shall receive the poor broken shell from which the butterfly has escaped into the sunlit air of eternity." As if to make this communication more significant, Dr. Laird informed the author, in his narrative of those events, that the remarkably merry, though somewhat erratic, disposition of young Marsden, had procured him amongst his school-mates the cognomen of the "butterfly." To all the piteous appeals of the unhappy mother that James would inform her of the fate of her own boy, Mrs. Laird could obtain no other reply than a sorrowful shake of the head, when the apparition would immediately disappear. Five weeks after this communication, Mr. Marsden returned to his home in Wisconsin from Donellsonville, with the casket that contained the poor remains of his dead hero, who had died, as he learned from a Captain Somers, then in charge of James's old company, bravely on the battle-field, covered with wounds. Captain Somers, on discovering the body of the poor sufferer still living amidst a heap of slain, had caused him to be removed to a temporary tent erected on the plains, where he lingered for some hours before he expired; and it was obviously, upon a comparison of dates, on the evening after his removal to the tent, but some hours before his death, that his ghostly apparition in the red panoply of the dreadful battle, had appeared to Mrs. Laird. At his own request his remains had been deposited in such a place as would enable his father to identify and remove them without difficulty, though Captain Somers acknowledged that, debilitated by a severe attack of sickness, he had been unable to communicate, as he had promised, with James Marsden's family, and in consequence he was greatly

astonished at the information which enabled his father to inquire for him, and thus obtain the poor lad's remains.

But still no tidings came of John Laird. At last the unhappy father himself resolved to depart on the quest, find out, and, if possible, rescue his unfortunate captive child, if indeed he yet lived ; otherwise, "to perish with him." The night before his departure, a series of the most terrible pictures that the mind could conceive of flitted before the entranced eyes of the unhappy Mrs. Laird, as they sat at their usual circle. James Marsden was there, and in answer to the solicitations of the whole circle, promised to disclose the fate of John. At first he conducted the clairvoyant spiritually through all the sickening and heart-rending scenes of a deserted battle-field the day after the carnage. From thence they passed to a prison, the name of which, for the honour of humanity we will not write, desiring rather that its ghastly record should sink into eternal oblivion than to renew the tale that became only too popular when its horrors were made public. There the seeress beheld wretched men in every stage of sickness, corruption, and starvation ; dying of filth, neglect, inanition, and cruelty. Mad, stupid, raving, some scarce living, more still just perishing in the last agonies of their hideous and revolting doom,—perhaps it had not been possible for the wretched mother to have recognised her once bright and blooming boy amidst the awful wrecks of humanity, thus maimed, tortured, and mutilated out of life by the remorseless spirit of fratricidal war ; but not being able to do so, the horror-struck mother kept cherishing the belief in her heart of hearts, that *he was dead, he must be dead* ; nay, she hoped, prayed, and shrieked aloud her petition to heaven, that he might be dead, rather than live to form one of this awful and ghastly crew, dragging out an existence to which ten thousand deaths would be infinitely preferable. Whilst uttering these frantic petitions, from out as it seemed the very midst of the steam which arose in foul exhalations from the wards of the prison hospital [so called], a bright tongue of flame shot up in the air, and from it leaped into the very chamber in which she sat, as it seemed, the living and glorified semblance of her son,

John Laird. His face was beautiful, fresh, young, and full of joy, as if for some mighty liberation. He wore no earthly garments, but a robe as if of sheeny light floated around his form; his dark locks were encircled by a glittering wreath of stars, which the seeress at once comprehended to be *the crown of martyrdom*. Far below him, as it seemed, in space, yet gazing affectionately upon him, was the radiant form of young Marsden.

It appeared as if these spirits had not met before, for a joyful look of recognition illuminated the face of John Laird, and his spirit seemed as if by irresistible attraction to float down towards the form of his friend, who on his part slightly ascended to meet him. They then wound their arms tenderly around each other, and, gazing for a moment with countenances of the most impressive love and beatitude upon the still-entranced mother, they gradually ascended from her view, in the most transcendent and glorious clouds of light, illumined with radiant faces which seemed to gleam in countless multitudes through the brilliant and many-coloured wreaths of shining atmosphere, in which they disappeared.

At the close of this vision, the dim lights that were burning in the apartment slowly went out, leaving the room only illuminated by the moonbeams, which shimmered through the half-closed curtains; and in this solemn gloom a strain of the most wondrous and delicious music vibrated through the apartment, lasting for a period of over seven minutes, during which its wonderful and ecstatic sweetness produced a calm so holy, tranquil, and soothing over all present, that no word was spoken, no surprise manifested, and not even a sigh was breathed by any present until nearly ten minutes after the heavenly strains had died away. Mr. Laird's house, where the circle was held, was detached; not a single instrument of music was to be found within it, nor was there any possible source whence it could have come.

There was present at this scene, Miss Sarah James, teacher, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Schooley, of Cambridge, Massachusetts; and Miss Mary Merton, also of Boston, besides the two families; all of whom testify to the repeti-

tion of this fearful vision through the entranced lips of Mrs. Laird, and the wonderful and ecstatic strains of music that succeeded it. The above circumstances were detailed to the author by Dr. Laird himself,—now busied in mining operations in the territories,—and testified to by his friend, Mr. Marsden, and Mr. T. D. Connor, his clerk,—the person who subsequently traced the death of John Laird in one of the Southern prisons, and whose testimony on their revolting and inhuman treatment of prisoners was afterwards made public. Both the poor fathers became lonely as well as childless men; Mrs. Laird having soon followed her soldier boy to the land of light, from whence he continually came to summon her home; and her friend, Mrs. Marsden, having sought to assuage the agony of her bereavement by entering a rigid Catholic establishment, where the consolations of Spiritualism are meted out in minimum proportions by her ghostly confessor. Both Dr. Laird and Mr. Marsden retained their unwavering faith in spiritual existence and communion, and cheerfully pursued their labours in duty to humanity, and the confident hope of shortly joining their beloved ones in the land of never-setting suns.

The spirits of sleeping or entranced persons can sometimes communicate through mediums. The Baroness von Vay (Countess Würmbrand), of Gonobitz, bei Potschach, Styria, Austria, is a writing-medium, and in her book, *Studies from the Spirit World* (Mutze: Leipzig, 1874), she says, as translated and summarised by Miss Kislingbury:—

During the Austro-German war in 1866, a cousin of the Baroness, called W——, who was in the campaign, professed continually to give accounts of himself through the hands of the medium while his body was asleep, which account always agreed with subsequent letters received from him by the Baroness. On the 4th July W——'s spirit wrote, "We have had a great battle. I am well, but so tired."

On the 6th a letter came by post from W——, dated July 2d, "We expect a decisive battle to-morrow. I have a feeling that I shall not escape, but do not fret about me; my trouble will soon be over." A day or two afterwards W——'s name appeared on the official list of those slain in the battle of Königgrätz, which took place on the 3d July. On the 9th, however, W——'s spirit again wrote: "I assure you I am not dead. I came safely through the fearful battle of Königgrätz! do not doubt my words; I will write you a letter in the flesh shortly." Three days later the Baroness received a letter from her cousin, dated July 11th: "God and the good spirits protected me in that frightful carnage: thousands fell; 450 privates in our battalion, and two officers."

Mr. Thomas Everitt, of Lilian Villa, Holder's Hill, Hendon, near London, in the course of a paper read before the British National Association of Spiritualists early in November 1875, said—

About a month after Mr. Meers, the medium, left the English shores for New Zealand, a few friends met to spend a social evening together. In the course of the evening Emma Hardinge said: "A spirit of a coloured person is standing there who desires me to tell you that he has a message from your friend Mr. Meers." She described the messenger as having a black skin, but she perceived that he was good at heart. Mrs. Everitt became entranced, and it was written through her hand that Mr. Meers and family had all been very ill, that they had had some very rough weather; then followed a request that we would write down the date and the hour. The messenger told Emma Hardinge that his name was Zambia, and that he wished us to send a message by him to Mr. Meers, which we did. He soon returned and said: "He thanks you, but will give you a direct message himself." Almost directly afterwards Mrs. Hardinge said, "There is Mr. Meers." Mrs. Everitt also saw him while in the trance, and talked to him; he gave her some infor-

mation upon a subject of which she had previously some doubts. He also wrote the following,—so characteristic of himself,—“My dear, dear friends, thanks, many, many thanks for your love and good wishes; a spirit messenger has just brought it; he says that although he is black in skin he is white in heart.” Several other interesting statements were given, but I must not enlarge. I sent the account to Mr. Meers, and on turning to his diary he found that all particulars exactly corresponded, even to the very language of the messenger, who told him that his name was “Zambia,” and that “although he was black in skin he was white in heart.”

Not only has Mr. Meers visited us in his abnormal state, but Mrs. Everitt, when entranced on one occasion, visited him, and, when she returned to her normal condition, gave us the particulars of what she saw. She said that she entered his garden by a gate and went up a path which led to the house, which stood in the garden, and it was either painted white or whitewashed. She gave a description of the style of the house and its surroundings. She followed Mr. Meers out of the garden, which was full of flowers, into the house, saw Mrs. Meers and the children, told us how healthy they looked, and how the children had grown, especially Rosina. Mrs. Everitt knew at the time that she was present with them, and thought, “Well, if this is a dream, it is a very real one,” but she could not tell how she got there or how she came back. In Mr. Meer’s letter in reply to mine, he said the account was true in every particular, and added that had it been at any other time of the year his children would not have been at home; had it been at any other time of the day he would have been at business; but his children were home for their Christmas holidays, and he was at home for his dinner. He also said he was quite certain that no one could have given such an accurate description who had not actually visited the place.

At the same meeting—

Mr. G. R. Tapp said: “Mr. Everitt has set a good

example by keeping to facts. About eight months ago an old friend of mine and myself were discussing this very subject of the possibility of the spirit being free during the sleep of the body, also of its being able to influence the thoughts of a distant friend at all times, so we resolved to try to reduce these matters to experiment. We resolved to try by will-power to influence each other's thoughts at different times during the whole week, and agreed to enter in our notebooks the exact time at which we attempted to do so, or thought that we felt the influence of each other, so that we could compare notes afterwards. We found, however, that our entries did not agree at all. But one night a very curious thing took place. I woke up in the middle of the night—which I am not in the habit of doing—and had a deep conviction that he was in the room, so full of trouble that he did not know what to do. He afterwards told me that he was in a great deal of trouble that evening, although it was not usual for anything to annoy him more than once in two or three years; but that evening he was so much annoyed about something, that he wrote and tore up several letters relating thereto.

This is a subject which broadens, and has a tendency to include speculations and subjects foreign to the main purposes of this book. The following narrative was written to me from Vevy, Switzerland, March 3d, 1875, by the late Prince Emile de Sayn-Wittgenstein, who was in attendance upon the Emperor of Russia during the Russo-Turkish war of 1878:—

I had, about a year and a half ago, tried in vain to convert a young lady to the belief that, under special conditions, her spirit might quit her body and act independently of it. After repeated requests she at last consented to give me a glove she had worn, and by which I hoped to establish between us the mesmeric *rapport* necessary for the experiment.*

* I had never mesmerised her.—EMILE.

We parted that same day, and as soon as circumstances allowed it, I set to work, late in the evening, at an hour when I supposed her to be asleep; taking the glove in my left hand and a pencil in my right hand, I evoked her, concentrating all my will upon her. Presently I felt myself controlled, and began to write different answers to the questions I was mentally uttering. We were at that time separated from each other by about half a day's travel.

I continued the same practice for several weeks, during which the glove gradually lost its power and the manifestations grew weaker and weaker, and finally they ceased altogether.

I afterwards ascertained that she had often dreamt of me very clearly, and that she even remembered having once seen me writing at my table. Her description of my dress and of the room I occupied answered exactly to the reality. She also confirmed several facts and episodes of her private life, the particulars of which I had obtained in the way described.

Every time her spirit answered my call, I felt a pleasant sort of shiver running down my back, while a sort of dim circular light, about as big as a plate, and of a pale, yellowish hue, appeared moving to and fro near the ceiling. This light came with the first stroke of my pencil, and disappeared as soon as the writing stopped. Sometimes the pencil gave a violent jerk, and the writing ceased abruptly, placidly to be resumed some moments later, as if nothing had occurred. This was explained to me as the result of outward disturbances having momentarily interrupted the sleep.

But the strangest of all these facts is the following. I am unable to explain it, and would be thankful to any person who might undertake to do so.

I was tracing, under the usual control, an account of a ball, where she pretended to have been the evening before, she describing, in her merry, girlish way, her pretty dress, the persons who had talked to her, making malicious remarks about them, and finally accusing herself of having been out of temper, and of having sat in a corner, giving saucy answers, and refusing to dance. Several months

afterwards I met her sister, who informed me that on that very evening my spiritual correspondent had been absent on a week's excursion, but that she, *the sister*, had actually been at the ball, her dress, her behaviour, in one word every particular of her narrative, answering exactly the details I had received under control.

Some additional curious facts and speculations were given by Prince Wittgenstein in one of his articles in *The Spiritualist*, published September 18th, 1874:—

A very distinguished French writing-medium, Madame C——, had come (in the summer of 1869) to spend some weeks at my house, at Nieder Walluf, and we had asked our leading spirits whether it was possible or not to evoke during the sleep of the body, the spirit of a person now alive? Soon after there fell from the ceiling, on the table where Madame C—— was writing under spiritual control, a small oval bronze medal, quite tarnished, with some dry yellow earth sticking to it, bearing on one side the likeness of Christ, on the other one that of the Virgin Mary, and seeming, by its style, to belong to the sixteenth century. We were then told that this medal had been buried a long time ago, with a person who had constantly worn it, and who had died a violent death—that this person was now reincarnated in Germany—that an object which had belonged to her formerly was necessary to establish between her and us a fluidical connection, which might enable her to come and appeal to us for assistance against a sort of painful obsession under which she was labouring—that her name began with an A—and that we were to call her "*In memory of the town of Dreux.*"

Accordingly, on the following and some other evenings we set to work, Madame C—— (whom I had mesmerised to sleep for better control) holding the pencil: and presently the spirit wrote, in small hasty writing:—"I am here."

Quest.—How is it that you are already asleep? (It was only ten o'clock.)

Ans.—I am in bed, ill of fever.

Quest.—Can you tell us your present name?

Ans.—Not yet. When I wore the medal I was in France; in the reign of Louis XIV. I was killed by a man who was carrying off a lady from the monastery where I was a nun.

Quest.—Why did he kill you?

Ans.—He did so unintentionally. I had just returned from Dreux, where I had been sent on an errand by our Abbess. I overtook them unawares and threatened to scream; he then struck me on the head with the pommel of his sword, in order to stun me into silence, and killed me.

Quest.—How did he manage to enter the convent?

Ans.—By bribing the man who kept our doors, and who feigned to be asleep while they were stealing his key. When he saw that I was dead he was frightened. He and his servant bore me off and buried me in the first place they found fit. There are now houses built all over it, but my grave exists, still unknown, in a garden.

Quest.—What place was it?

Ans.—The Prê-aux-Clercs, Paris.

Quest.—Was the man who killed you a nobleman?

Ans.—Yes. He belonged to the Lesdiguières.

Quest.—Who was the nun he carried off?

Ans.—A novice of a noble family. He had led her already to a coach, which was to carry her off in another direction than the one he intended to take; they were to meet again later. So she knew nothing about my death. They fled to foreign countries. She died soon after.

Quest.—What did your spirit do when it left your body?

Ans.—I hastened straight to our Abbess, but she was terribly frightened when she saw me, thinking it was a nightmare. I then roamed about the chapel, always thinking myself alive still. I only understood that I was dead when those who were burying me said a prayer before covering my body with earth. A great trouble overcame me then, and I felt it a hard task to pardon them. I had great difficulty in obeying your call, because as soon as I am asleep, I am usually forced to return to Dreux and to haunt the church under my former aspect, as I used to do before my present incarnation. It is a terrible subjection, a constant hindrance to my progress, as it paralyses all my efforts to come into contact with the good spirits who guide and comfort those who are in the flesh and asleep. Emile! You must help me to free myself.

After some words of advice and encouragement, and my promise to help her, we continued:—

Quest.—In which street at Paris was your monastery situated?

Ans.—Rue de l'Abbaye.

Quest.—*Under the patronage of which Saint?*

Ans.—Of St. Bruno; the congregation of the Ladies of the Passion.

Quest.—*Does the monastery still exist?*

Ans.—Destroyed; plundered during the Revolution.

Quest.—*Is there anything now remaining of it?*

Ans.—A wall.

[Having, after this, written to Paris for information, the friend to whom we wrote informed us that, after many long searches, he had indeed found out, encrusted between houses, an old wall, which once, as was said, belonged to a ladies' monastery.]

Quest.—*Have you, in your present incarnation, any recollection of the one gone by?*

Ans.—I have a sort of apprehension, as if I were to die of a violent death—an injury to the head. It makes me very nervous at times! I see now that it is only a reflex of the past. I also dream of phantoms in monastic gowns, and of murderers rushing at them; also of a spectre in an ancient dress, who grins at me.

Quest.—*Do you live far off?*

Ans.—In Germany.

Quest.—*Is your name a German one?*

Ans.—Yes. Those questions hurt me!

Quest.—*Do I know you?*

Ans.—To be sure you do!

Quest.—*Where do you live?*

The medium then begins to trace with great difficulty :—
F . . . Fu . . . I exclaim, under sudden inspiration, *Fulda!* and at the same moment Madame C—— gives a shriek and a violent start, nearly upsetting her chair. She says she felt a commotion, as of a strong electric discharge. I understand at once that the controlling spirit is that of my cousin, the Countess *Amelie of Y.* . . . who lives in Fulda (a small town about five hours' journey away by the railway), where she occupies a high charge in a Protestant Chapter of noble ladies.

Quest. (after a long pause).—*Why did you give the medium such a shock?*

Ans.—I did not want you to know yet.

Quest.—*Did your body awake?*

Ans.—No; but I was startled.

While we were still (Madame C—— and I) debating whether it were really my cousin or not, the medium's hand unconsciously wrote down a name which cut short all

my doubts, as it referred to a secret known only to the Countess of Y—— and myself.

Quest.—How am I to ascertain your identity, and make sure that you are not a frivolous spirit, mocking us?

*Ans.—*When you meet me, before long, ask whether I have any dreams, in which it seems to me as if I were killed? I shall say, No, and add, that I dream sometimes of a priest murdered by ruffians. You may also show me the medal: I shall feel then as if I had known it before.

With this communication we closed our evocations of Amelie, which had taken us several evenings.

A few months later I met my cousin at my sister's country seat. Amelie, as was her wont, began joking with me about my faith in Spiritualism, declaring that it was all delusion and deception. I bore her merry attacks merrily, defending, however, my theories about dreams, reminiscences, spirit messages, and so on, till I came to ask, as in a joke, whether she, for example, never dreamt that she was being murdered. She answered "No," adding, after a slight pause, that, in fact, she had sometimes a disagreeable dream, always the same—a sort of nightmare—which made her nervous and uncomfortable for the whole day after. On my insisting upon receiving the particulars, she said at last, that she dreamt of a Catholic priest in sacerdotal dress, flying from a burning church, with armed men at his heels, who wanted to kill him. After changing the conversation, I took the medal out of my pocket and showed it to her, feigning to have bought it at an antiquary's. She handled it about for some moments, and then began to examine it so long and so closely that I, at last, asked her, "What is the matter?" whereupon she answered that she could not understand how that object seemed as familiar as if she had possessed or seen it formerly, although she could not, for the world, recollect under what circumstances.

I now told her all about our evocations; and she, being very much struck by my narrative, requested to be shown the medal writing. This writing, I had thought, was not like her own. I had known hers only by her letters, in German, written with pen and ink, while the former, traced

by a French medium, was written in French. When she saw it she exclaimed that it was positively *her* writing, when she used a pencil instead of a pen; and forthwith she wrote some words which I dictated, and which proved to be exactly like the original.

She got into a great fright at the thought of her soul haunting an old church, and I advised her, in order to paralyse the attraction, to pray every evening for help to her guardian angel, and to say three times aloud, before going to bed, "*I will not go!*"

Since she has done this, I was informed by my leading spirits that she has entirely succeeded in ridding herself of the aforesaid subjection.

This, my dear sir, is my personal experience of a fact, interesting enough I think, to find a space in your columns; and I would be thankful for every explanation of it, given in the non-reincarnationist sense, in favour of the French proverb which says, *Du choc des opinions jaillit la vérité.*

I append a more remarkable case still, in exemplification of the alleged power to "evoke" the spirits of mortals. The authority for the trustworthiness of the facts is Miss Anna Blackwell, now residing at Wimille, near Boulogne. She is a writer of considerable literary ability, and the translator into English of those works of Allan Kardec which are now published by Mr. Trübner. The following is a condensation of her narrative, which is published in full in *Human Nature* for 1877, pp. 348-350 (Burns: London):—

Colonel A., an English officer living in Paris on half-pay, entrusted valuable documents to a Frenchman living in the rooms below those of Colonel F. in the Rue de F. The Frenchman subsequently denied having received the documents. Unable to obtain redress, Colonel A. resolved, by the aid of the medium and mesmerist Mr. C., to evoke the spirit of the sleeping Frenchman, and to order it to obey his behests.

After due prayer and fasting, they waited one night till they heard the Frenchman go to bed in the room below, and shortly afterwards they asked the aid of their spirit guardians, and ordered the spirit of the Frenchman to attend their summons. Tremendous blows from an unseen agency were made upon the table, and through the writing-mediumship of Mr. C., the Frenchman demanded what they wanted. They forced him to tell how he had concealed the papers in a secret drawer in a cabinet which he described, and told them what message to give to a man who had care of the room in question, to gain entrance.

At daybreak the two evokers went to the address, gave the message to the man, obtained entrance, found the papers, and sent them to England for safe keeping.

The Frenchman awoke in the morning "with a full and distinct remembrance" of the nocturnal scene in which he had been so unwilling an actor.

Blinded by rage, he actually cited Colonel A. before a *Juge de Paix* to obtain authorisation to sue for the fraudulent abstraction of documents. But when he began to describe the scene of the evocation the Judge stopped the case, saying he had "no time to waste on madmen," and expressed his regret to Colonel A. that he should have been annoyed by an insane man.

When legal authorities have to deal with the facts of psychology, their utterances are always delicious, and will live in history.

If these powers of evocation exist—for the well-authenticated cases pointing in the direction of their verity are few—an influence is in our midst which is sure to be used, and the more the public learn about the laws under which it is controlled, the better will it be for themselves.

Chapter Ninth.

HALLUCINATIONS—UNTRUSTWORTHY DREAMS AND SUBJECTIVE IMPRESSIONS—
MATERIALISTIC MEDICAL MEN DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE NATURE OF SOME
OF THE MALADIES WITH WHICH THEY DEAL—FALSE MENTAL IMPRESSIONS
MAY BE GIVEN BY MESMERISM—HOW A SUSCEPTIBLE YOUNG MAN SAW AN
ANGEL NAMED SARAH SEABOLD—HOW SARAH SEABOLD INSPIRED HIM TO
DELIVER TRANCE SPEECHES—AN INTERVIEW WITH ELIJAH THE PROPHET—
HOW A POLICEMAN TRIED TO CONVERSE ON SPIRITUAL SUBJECTS AND
FAILED.

BECAUSE I have proved in this work that some spirits which are seen by one witness only, among many who see it not, are real, does it therefore follow that all things seen psychically are there, and are real? By no means. Once I met a clergyman—let me call him Archdeacon Vivian (I hope there is no Archdeacon of that name)—at a dinner party. Previously in the day, I had received a parcel by van. That night I dreamed a dream, and saw Archdeacon Vivian driving one of the vans of the London Parcels Delivery Company. I take it for granted that neither in this world nor in any other did he ever drive that van, consequently that I saw no spiritual reality, but that my past waking thoughts were reproducing themselves in fantastic form.

When a lunatic imagines himself to be an eight-day clock, and is not easy in his own mind unless somebody winds him up at the proper time, it is fair

not be right." "And your name is Thomas William Moon?" "Yes." Mr. Redman then made him believe that he was a bricklayer, and set him to work with some bricks, mortar, and an imaginary trowel, with which phantom materials he laboured industriously for the next half-hour, while the mesmerist gave attention to the other sensitive.

Mr. Redman performed other experiments of the same kind, and assured the company that they were all of an entirely genuine nature. He further said that the sensitives liked to be placed in that state; many, he knew, came very willingly to his lectures, and he always gave them free tickets.

Dr. Gully remarked that he was once at a lecture where two boys were in a similar state, and he thought of the two first lines of the Iliad in Greek; one of the boys repeated it in good Greek; he was a working boy, who had no knowledge of the language. This experiment was a startling one, because he (Dr. Gully) was merely a spectator, and had not said anything.

Mr. Redman said that at first, after Mr. Martin had been operated upon, he remembered all that he had been doing while under the influence, but on subsequent occasions he had no such power of remembrance.

Mr. King asked whether Mr. Redman had known sensitives to see spirits while under the influence.

Mr. Redman said "No."

Mr. Tapp asked Mr. Redman if he had ever found another power to take possession of the sensitive, and to defy him.

Mr. Redman: "No."

Mr. Rogers asked whether either of the boys could read Mr. Redman's thoughts.

Mr. Redman said that he believed that such cases sometimes occurred, although he had few opportunities to try experiments, because, in showing these things upon a public platform, the audience usually asked for amusement.

I then asked Mr. Redman to cause his sensitive to

see spirits, and the following conversation took place between the mesmerist and his subject:—

Mr. Redman.—“Did you ever see an angel?”

Mr. Martin (decidedly)—“No. It is impossible.”

Mr. Redman (solemnly)—“All things are possible. Do you see that beautiful light there?”

Mr. Martin.—“Yes. I see three.”

This was more than Mr. Redman had bargained for, so with some curiosity he asked—“What lights are they?”

Mr. Martin, who, with a glassy stare and swaying body, had been observing the flames of a gaselier in the room, replied, “Gaslights, of course,” amid the tittering of the listeners.

“But,” said the discomfited Mr. Redman, resuming the heroics, “do you see that cloud, that dark cloud? Do you see it brightening?”

This was too much for the subjugated sensitive, who after a long and vacant stare, replied, “Yes.”

Mr. Redman.—“What do you see where it parts?”

Mr. Martin.—“The sun.”

Mr. Redman.—“Do you see that spirit between the clouds?”

Mr. Martin.—“I see something white.”

Mr. Redman.—“Watch it well, and tell me what you see?”

Mr. Martin.—“I see a white robe and a fair head of hair, and regular features. Oh, she is so bright! She has her hands down under her white robe. Oh, she has such a pretty face; she is below the clouds now.”

Mr. Redman.—“She is coming to you.”

I said to Mr. Redman—"Please tell him that the angel is coming to inspire him to give an address to the public on the future life, and to make him utter words of wisdom which will reform humanity."

Mr. Redman to the sensitive—"Now stand still and speak; she is coming to inspire you—to put words into your mouth."

Mr. Martin—" '*Mankind, prepare!*' Something is coming, but I cannot talk; she has a much better voice than I have."

Mr. Redman—"That does not matter, she will speak through you. Say what she inspires you to utter."

Mr. Martin—" '*Mankind, be up and doing, happier days will come.*' " (Here he made a long pause.)

Mr. Redman—"Speak the words she puts into your mouth. She is telling you about the future life."

Mr. Martin—" '*The future life will be a glorious one; there will be more angels like me, and One greater than all.*' I hear her speaking."

Mr. Redman, whose curiosity was roused by the dream he had started, said—"How is she robed?"

Mr. Martin—"She has a long white robe and a fair head of hair, a bright face, and her hands seem to be under the robe; she does not seem to have any feet; she has blue eyes."

Mr. Redman—"Ask her her name."

Mr. Martin—"Will you tell me your name, Miss? She says her name is Sarah Seabold."

Mr. Redman—"Do you remember her?"

Mr. Martin—"Yes, but she is much prettier now."

I said—"I have asked for the performance of this

experiment, because some of the older mesmerists, including Mr. Serjeant Cox, think that mediums are mesmeric sensitives in the same state as Mr. Martin, and that the will, or expectation, of the audience that they shall see spirits, acts upon them in the same way that Mr. Redman's orders act upon the sensitive now before us. There may be a certain amount of truth in this, but it will not cover everything."

Mr. Gray wrote a name upon a piece of paper, and asked Mr. Redman to will the sensitive to utter it.

Mr. Redman tried this, but without success.

Mr. C. C. Massey asked whether the minds of the sensitives would go on working without Mr. Redman's control.

Mr. Redman.—"Yes, I have only to suggest a thing, and they take that as a starting point, their minds working away in unexpected directions; sometimes they will be very witty. The mind seems to wander in eccentric tracks."

I asked whether, if these sensitives lived with Mr. Redman, and he biologised them every day at meal times, making them believe that they had plenty to eat, he could keep them alive for two months; because a Yankee gentleman thought of starting a boarding house upon that principle.

Mr. Redman said that it could not be done; but that if it were practicable, it would pay very well.

When the sensitive awoke, Dr. Gully said to him, "I do not wish to be impertinently curious, but would you mind telling the audience whether you know anybody of the name of Sarah Seabold?"

The young man blushed, and feebly replied, "Yes."

Dr. Gully.—“Is she very pretty?”

The sensitive, with a sheepish smile, murmured, “Yes. Rather.”

And so ended the experiment in which a mesmeric sensitive in the trance state uttered words which he believed to have been inspirationally given to him by an angel, named Sarah Seabold. I have slightly altered the real name of the said angel in this narrative, to spare her feelings.

Here is another example of hallucination probably produced by spirits, and perhaps unintentionally. On the morning of the 28th December 1878, I was informed, in Folkestone, that a man who believed himself to be the Prophet Elijah had been perambulating the town for some days dressed in sheepskins; at times he blew a horn, drew an assemblage around him, exhorted the people to repent, and “held forth” to the multitude. He was said to be a sensible man, except in believing himself to be Elijah in consequence of revelations from the upper world, made by vision. He was well received by certain respectable people in the town, and had, by invitation, delivered an address to a Sunday school; furthermore, his merits had been appreciated by “the enterprising proprietors of the skating rink,” who had engaged him to preach one part of the evening, and had arranged to roast a sheep whole the other, thus delicately blending food for the soul with food for the body. At two o’clock on the day mentioned, the *Folkestone News* came out, and in it I saw that the man of modern psychological experiences had been brought up for judgment before the local King Agrippa. Here is the report:—

On Saturday, a man styling himself "Elijah the Prophet," and who was dressed in a suit of sheepskins, was brought before the Folkestone Bench, charged with having caused an obstruction in George Lane.

Mr. Bradley—What is your Christian and surname?

Defendant—I have only one name, and that is Elijah.

Mr. Bradley—That is an assumed name.

Defendant—Well, that is the one given me.

Mr. Bradley—What is your Christian and surname?

Defendant—I have only the one name, and that is Elijah, the name I travel under.

Dr. Bateman—What name were you baptized in?

Defendant—Oh, that's it. Well, I was known by the name of Henry William Whittaker—spell it with two "t's."

Mr. Bradley—You are charged with having, on the 20th inst., wilfully, by a certain board, obstructed a certain thoroughfare, George Lane. Are you guilty or not guilty?

Defendant—I believe there is plenty of room for carriages to pass through.

Mr. Bradley—You say not guilty?

Defendant—I believe there is plenty of room for carriages to pass.

Mr. Bradley—Then you say you are not guilty?

Defendant—I offered to move on. I have been imposed on in Folkestone in a way that is not very pleasant.

Sergeant Woodland said—About half-past eight last night I was sent for to go to George Lane. I saw a lot of people there—two hundred, or more. I saw the prisoner there on the pavement, close to the pillar-box. He was holding up this board. [The board, which was produced, was about eighteen inches square, attached to a long stick. On the board was the inscription, "I am Elijah the Prophet, and will preach at Rye, Sussex (Malachi iv. 5)."] I went across to him and asked him to move away. "What for?" he asked. "If you don't go away I shall be obliged to shift you or move you," I replied. The people began to holloa and shout, and I took hold of his wool—(laughter)—and brought him to the station. I had had several complaints about him. He came with me very quietly.

Mr. Bradley—Do you know how long he has been in the town?

Witness—No, sir, I saw him in the afternoon in Dover Street.

In reply to the Mayor, witness said George Lane was blocked up, and the people reached right over to Mr. Major's shop.

Mr. Bradley (to the defendant)—Do you wish to ask the constable any questions?

Defendant—Yes, I should like to. (To the constable)—Did I say to you what my grievance was, or was it to another constable? If it was to you I should like you to mention it.

Sergeant Woodland—You said you were Elijah the Prophet. (Laughter.)

Defendant—Did I not mention my grievance to you?

Witness—No.

Defendant—Then it was to another constable; perhaps he is present. I mentioned it to three altogether.

Mr. Bradley (to the Superintendent)—Is that the case?

Superintendent Wilshere—Yes, sir.

Mr. Bradley (to the defendant)—Now you may tell the magistrates your grievance.

The Defendant—When I came into Folkestone about half an hour after sunset yesterday, having walked from Mersham, my first business was to get a lodging, as I came here for four or five nights. That was what I endeavoured to get first of all. I fortunately succeeded in doing so at the "Crown and Anchor." I endeavoured to get it at other places, but did not succeed. I went to the "Crown and Anchor" for the simple reason that the landlady came out and said she had taken a fancy to my sheepskins, and could she do anything in a Christian way for me? I said if she could let me have a good bed I should be thankful. I thought her a good Christian woman, and I said I would like to inspect the bed, but, after agreeing to pay one shilling per night for five nights, I sat down, being very tired, and it being the Sabbath—it came in at 3.30 that afternoon—I sat down by the fire, until about 5.30 I suppose it was, when, her husband having come in and having had a little

conversation, I said I should like to wash my hands. I went to the room, and not only washed my hands but decided to go to bed, for I was very tired. I went to bed, and was disturbed by the landlord coming up and saying he wanted me down below, and that I had made a mistake and forgot myself by going to bed at that early hour. Well, I said I would be down soon, and he came a second time with a constable, and I went down. The grievance was, I had not paid for the bed. I paid the shilling, and then he wanted me to go. I said, "I want my shilling back, because I am entitled to stop here until eight o'clock to-morrow morning." He said, "You won't have that," and his wife chimed in and said, "That is a proper charge for the rest you have already had." (Laughter.) I did not quite agree with that—(laughter)—and so I said it was a dirty trick for Folkestone. I said, "If you want the whole town to hear of this you had better keep the shilling, but if you don't you had better give it to me back." He declined to give it back, nor yet sixpence. Of course I was told to leave the house as soon as possible. I went to three other places, but could not succeed in getting a lodging. Of course I had to stop and look in various directions for a lodging, but whilst I was doing so the people congregated around in a most astonishing way. I suppose they thought I was going to preach, so they congregated in rather large numbers, and I had to move on. But whilst I was staring round in some other direction I was taken in charge by this gentleman (pointing to the constable) in a very fatherly sort of way—(laughter)—who landed me here, a place where I have enjoyed myself very much. And one thing I can say in favour of this establishment, they have not charged me one farthing for it. (Laughter.) They have provided me with a fire, where I have been up to the present. I was visited by a gentleman (the doctor), and I suppose you know what took place at the examination that was proceeded with. One gentleman came in and said I was decidedly insane, for the simple reason that I was not clad as he was, but even in a superior way, even in sheepskins. I am quite used to being called insane.

Mr. Bradley—What was your object in coming to Folkestone?—To preach, sir.

Were you preaching?—No, sir, I never preach on the Sabbath. I preach on Saturday night after sunset.

The Mayor—Is that all you have to say?

Defendant—Nothing else to say, sir.

Mr. Bradley—If you are discharged do you intend to remain in the town or leave it?

Defendant—My engagements are to stay here until the 24th. I am sent to various places—Folkestone, Hythe, Dymchurch, Romney, and various other places.

Dr. Bateman—You must not preach in the street.

Defendant—Oh no, I preach in rooms and vacant places.

Dr. Bateman—Your appearance is enough to collect a crowd. You need not be astonished at the people believing you to be a lunatic.

Defendant—Not after hearing me preach; I have never found it so before.

The Mayor—In dismissing this case we hope you will leave the town if possible. If you obstruct the pathway again, the police will deal with you just as they have done, and we shall deal with you in a very different way. The case is dismissed.

Wishing, in the interests of psychology, to know more about The Prophet and his visions, I went to the "Edinburgh Castle," a new and popular restaurant in Folkestone, where the Prophet was said to sojourn. The landlord told me that he had that day departed for Hythe, after having had a series of visions which revealed to him that certain individuals who had been kind to him belonged to the tribe of Levi, which, in the opinion of the Prophet, was an exclusive tribe indeed. I took train to Hythe, arrived there between six and seven o'clock in the evening, and traversed its almost deserted streets in search of the Prophet.

"There he is!" said a boy; and crossing the end of the street in which we were standing was a man all in white, who disappeared like a sheeted ghost, as the houses shut him out from view.

A minute or two later, from the bar of the "Rose and Crown," I saw through the doorway of the bar parlour the object of my visit, the rays of a bright fire throwing his visage and the tea-table before him into high relief. I expressed a desire to speak to him, and the landlord kindly invited me into the inner chamber, where I seated myself on a couch, with The Prophet opposite me, and the tea-table between us, with nobody else in the room.

He was not communicative, nor did I feel altogether justified in putting personal questions to a stranger on the ground that his dress was not my dress, nor his thoughts my thoughts. He had a refined, handsome face, fingers which would have been a study to any chiromancer, so thin were they at the joints next the hand, expanding at the joints next the nails. His complexion was clear, and his cheeks delicately red. His bulky but highly artistic white dress of sheepskins, with the wool outside, gave a stalwart manly solidity to his frame which it did not naturally possess, and although in the dress he looked exceptionally handsome, I thought that in ordinary costume he would have been set down as a "pretty" and a "weak" man; he had a thin narrow head, and outside his compensating garb I think that he would have been a picture of enthusiastic irresolution. His white dress was of the Russian style; it was lined with bright red cloth, and in his vest were articles of jewellery.

While I was silently contemplating him a Stolid Man, who looked like a drover off duty, came in. He sat down on a chair near the head of my couch, bent one arm to the curve usually described by the handle of a jug, pressed the closed fist of the arm upon his knee, brought both his eyeballs to bear upon The Prophet, and continued in that position for the next half hour, until long after the arrival of others, without uttering a word. If he did not then thoroughly understand the Unknown, it was not for want of ocular contemplation; a figure from a wax-works never expressed less desire to apologise for its unwavering gaze than did the Stolid Man. Steadfast was his stare as that of Egypt's Sphinx.

This obtrusive ocular examination, and the recollection that The Prophet "laid himself out" as a public man, were encouragements to me. I asked whether he had any objection to tell when he first heard that he was the Prophet Elijah.

"Last September," was the laconic reply.

"How did you receive the information?"

The Prophet—"Chiefly by vision. Why do you ask?"

"Because I have known of similar cases. Some unknown power has been brought to bear upon truthful individuals, and they have believed themselves to be in communication with sacred personages, whose utterances were so inferior as not to bear out the claim in the eyes of clear-headed third persons."

The Prophet—"Then you have heard the stupid story of the boys, that I say I came to the earth by sliding down a rainbow?"

"Yes. I have heard it, but it was not in my mind."

The Prophet—"Do you know anything of the Spiritualists?"

This sudden home question took me by surprise. I replied, "Yes."

The Prophet—"Have you ever been to any of their *séances*?"

"Yes."

The Prophet—"What do you think of them?"

"I think that the phenomena of spirit circles are partly of spiritual and partly of mesmeric and physiological origin, and that the facts for the most part are not yet thoroughly understood."

The Prophet—"Is it true that spirit hands and spirit faces are sometimes seen at spirit circles, just as you see me now? I have often wished to be present at a *séance*, but never had an opportunity."

"Yes. In drawing-rooms I have seen such things among plenty of other witnesses. But did you think you were the Prophet Elijah before you were told so on authority, by vision?"

The Prophet—"A few days previously I had the idea. The vision came to me at three in the morning; I had then been sleeping for several hours in an arm chair."

"Do you recollect a previous existence to this as the Prophet Elijah, or anybody else; or do you accept the position because you have been told so?"

The Prophet—"I do not recollect a previous existence, but was told of it. Why do you ask?"

"Because I think that, without conscious deception

on either side, spirits sometimes try to communicate with sensitive mortals, and that false names are sometimes interchanged by both, owing to misunderstood mental and metaphysical difficulties incidental to the means of communication." After this oracular utterance, I asked—"What is your mission?"

The Prophet—"To resuscitate in these days the Jewish law."

"A nice law that! 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,' to wit."

The Prophet—"I mean the Jewish code modified by Christianity."

Here three men were ushered in by the landlord. One was a thin man, who leant with arms folded against the opposite side of the room, and said little the rest of the evening; the second was an intelligent-looking man, in a country garb, with some old uniform cloak or coat thrown over it; the third was a noisy, good-natured, foxy-haired man, who claimed at first to come from Birmingham, and who spoke as the superior of the other two. The fancy dawned upon me from their ways, and some passing utterances, that all three were detectives in plain clothes. The Prophet had only arrived in Hythe a few hours previously: it was natural that the police should wish to know something more about him, and the sayings of the Foxy Man, the choicest of which I quietly took down in shorthand, did not display that knowledge of Bible history or language which would have supported the ostensible pretext on which he sought the company of the Prophet Elijah. He ordered meat and drink for himself and the Intelligent Man. These were brought

in by a butcher's boy, who remained in the room grinning at The Prophet, while he (the boy) stood with his back to the fire, the breadth of a section of his frame receiving the full benefit of its agreeable warmth.

"I've got to go away from Hythe in a few hours," said the Foxy Man to The Prophet, "but I couldn't leave without seeing you."

"Why not?" said The Prophet.

"Why, to be able to *say* I've seen you. I come from Birmingham, I do. Oh, you and me together could make a nice little book."

"What do you mean?" responded The Prophet.

"You're so good-looking. That's how you does it. Oh! You're deep. But you fellows shy large towns."

The Prophet—"Why?"

"Because you'd get locked up."

The Prophet—"They wanted to lock me up in Folkestone for creating an obstruction."

"Yes. And in London they'd do it. In a little bye-street it wouldn't matter, but in a main thorough-fare you'd draw a crowd and stop the trams; then you'd be locked up. But here you makes your little coin because you're so deuced good-looking."

The Prophet—"I am afraid of rough talk and rough ways."

Here Foxy seemed somewhat disconcerted, and his subordinate gave a chuckle, with his mouth full of meat.

"Oh yes," said Foxy, "anybody can see that you are a gentleman—that you are of no common kind. Why don't you talk? You let me do all the talking."

The Prophet—"This is the Sabbath. I'm not at work now."

"It's Friday night."

The Prophet—"It's the Sabbath from sunset to sunrise."

All this time the Intelligent Man was engaged in the doubly congenial occupation of making headway with a plate of meat, and seeing his superior making a failure of every attempt to draw much information from the man in sheepskins.

"Look here, my friend," said the Foxy Man, "a farmer near Romney Marsh writes to me, and says, says he—'Here's Eliza the Prophet a scooping of a cave for hisself in my field'—but you're not Eliza; you're a devilish deal too good-looking for an Israelite. Those little games you couldn't carry on in big towns like Manchester."

The Prophet—"Do you know Manchester? Is it a big place?"

"Yes. I come from there. Why Grinnidge is only as big as—as—as—let me see—how many Grinnidges would it take to make a Manchester?"

Here the Foxy Man cast his eyes to the ceiling, lost in the intricacies of calculation.

The Stolid Man with the stone jug arm, who had had his eyes fixed upon The Prophet for the last half hour, here grasped an Idea. He turned to me and said, "You got on better with him; perhaps you'd better say some more."

I thought of recommending The Prophet to call on Mr. Munton, and to submit his experiences to the Psychological Society, but I held my tongue, and the

Foxy Man was on too good terms with himself to wish anybody else to "take the floor."

He continued in an aggrieved tone to the assembled company, "If he (The Prophet) now, would only tell me his little tip, I would try to open some holes for him."

Elijah the Prophet did not appear to comprehend. It might as well have been Hebrew.

Foxy continued—"Says my wife to me, 'Oh, he (The Prophet) is devilish good-looking, far better looking than you are, and,' says she, 'either he's pulling a string or he's off his puff!' Look here! Won't you give me your autograph?" He added, with a meaningful look to his assistants, "*We want that.*"

The Prophet—"What do you want it for?"

"Oh, I want to show it to my children in years gone by."

The Prophet was too lost in contemplation of high subjects to notice the slip in the last careless utterance.

Gradually it seemed to dawn upon Foxy that The Prophet was not "pulling a string," but was perhaps "off his puff," so he changed the conversation.

"Look here," said Foxy, "as you won't talk on business, tell me about them other things—about the Jewidical Messiah, who was the son of David."

The delicate blending of law and theology in the word "Jewidical" strengthened my surmise that the speaker was a sub-legal officer of the Crown.

If a photograph of a man cannot be obtained on a reasonable excuse, manifestly his autograph is the next best thing for easy circulation by post, to furnish

presumptive evidence of identity. This demand for an autograph strengthened my fancy that the three men were detectives.

The last train being about to start, I rose to leave.

"You're not going?" good-naturedly said Foxy and the rest of the company in chorus, taking a somewhat sudden interest in me, considering that I had said nothing in their presence. Nevertheless, a kind of feeling of freemasonry had sprung up. We seven, including the butcher boy, formed a mysterious party; we had secrets which the public of Hythe, who were flattening their noses against the window-panes of the "Rose and Crown," strove in vain to fathom, and the people in the bar craned their necks forward every time the bar-room door was opened to catch a glimpse of The Prophet and his highly-favoured visitors. Once let us separate, and we became but ordinary mortals, instead of a privileged class. "Shut the door," said Foxy every time it was opened; "I can't keep up conversation if anybody is listening."

But we parted.

As for The Prophet, he is one of those psychic sensitives who are misunderstood by the doctors, the police, the world, and themselves, and who are born to suffer. I heard that originally he was an artist, and that his native place was Hastings.

Chapter Tenth.

THE POWERS OF THE SPIRITS OF LIVING MORTALS CAPABLE OF BEING BROUGHT UNDER EXPERIMENTAL CONTROL—A REAL APPARITION PRODUCED BY AN EXPERIMENTAL METHOD—WORDS UTTERED BY THE LIPS OF THE BODIES OF SENSITIVES HEARD ALSO AT DISTANT PLACES WHERE THEIR APPARITIONS WERE PRESENT—THESE POWERS CAPABLE OF DEVELOPMENT TO THE STAGE OF TELEGRAPHIC UTILITY—POSSIBLE FUTURE COMPETITION WITH DEEP-SEA CABLES—THE PHENOMENA PRODUCIBLE WITH MODERATE PRECISION AND CERTAINTY—THE CARRIAGE OF LIGHT OBJECTS BETWEEN DISTANT PLACES BY THE SPIRITS OF LIVING MORTALS—IMPEDIMENTS TO THE LOWERING OF SPIRITUAL POWERS TO MATERIALISTIC AND SELFISH PURPOSES—THE MOST FRUITFUL DIRECTION FOR FUTURE EXPERIMENTAL RESEARCH IN PSYCHOLOGY—THE TRANCES OF ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS AND OF ALFRED TENNYSON—GENERAL CONCLUSIONS AND REMARKS ABOUT THE CONTENTS OF THIS VOLUME.

THE evidence already produced shows that it is by no means necessary that a man should lie upon his dying bed, or should pass through the gates of death into the eternal world, before his spirit can travel hither and thither at will. When his body is in a state of sleep or trance his spirit can sometimes travel without his being any the worse for the achievement, but he does not usually remember in his normal condition what he has seen with spiritual eyes, nor are such spiritual powers under experimental control when thus exercised spontaneously.

Nevertheless, under control they can be brought. Mesmerism furnishes the means. The spirits of mesmerised individuals can sometimes travel under the intelligent direction of the mesmerist, and through the

lips of the entranced body can tell him what they see and do. The limitless importance in the future of this branch of mesmerism has not yet been recognised, consequently few experiments of the kind are on record or have ever been tried. Here, however, is one made in the presence of Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, a Member of the Society of Telegraph Engineers, of 6 Ackerman Road, Brixton, London. He stated in *The Spiritualist* of February 26th, 1875:—

The most powerful mesmerist I have ever known was H. E. Lewis, a negro, through whom the late Lord Lytton obtained many of his semi-spiritual experiences. The phenomena obtained through the agency of Lewis had frequently an important bearing upon the now more fully-developed facts of Spiritualism. I was introduced to him some twenty years ago by Mr. Henry Thompson, of Fairfield, himself a very powerful mesmerist. I was then an ardent investigator of the phenomena of mesmerism, and was also laying the foundation of my present assured convictions in relation to Spiritualism. Determined to sift to the bottom the genuineness of certain phenomena above referred to, I took an apartment in Lewis's house in Baker Street, and myself made arrangements for several lecturing excursions in localities with which Lewis was unacquainted.

In February 1856 we went to Blackheath, where an incident occurred which I think will be of interest to you. We put up at a tavern, where, in the evening, Lewis mesmerised a number of persons in the coffee-room, gave some striking illustrations of electro-biology, and succeeded in greatly interesting some of the inhabitants of the locality. It was arranged that a hall should be taken for a lecture to be given on the following day, an audience being guaranteed by the *habitués* of the coffee-room in question. The lecture took place, and after the more ordinary experiments in mesmerism and electro-biology had been very successfully exhibited, Lewis proceeded to illustrate some of the phenomena of clairvoyance and somnambulism, in the person of

a young woman—a perfect stranger to him—who, with others, had come upon the platform from amongst the audience. Whilst she was in the “deep sleep,” he ordered her to “go home” and to describe what she saw there. She described a kitchen, in which were two persons, occupied with some domestic duties. “Do you think you could *touch* the person nearest to you?” inquired Lewis. The only answer, I think, was an indistinct murmur. Placing one hand on her head, and the other over the region of the *solar plexus*, he then said, “I *will* you to touch her on the shoulder, you *must* do so, you *shall* do so!” Presently the girl laughed, and said, “I *have* touched her, they are so frightened!” Turning to the audience, Lewis asked whether any one in the hall knew the young woman, and, on receiving an answer in the affirmative, requested that a “deputation” should proceed to her abode, and ascertain the truth or falsity of her statement. The persons who went on this errand afterwards returned to the hall, and stated that everything described by the girl had actually taken place, and that the household in question was in a state of great perturbation, one of its members declaring that, whilst occupied in the kitchen, she had been *touched on the shoulder by a ghost*.

The young woman who was the “sensitive” on this occasion was servant to Mr. Taylor, shoemaker, of Blackheath. In my note-book I find likewise the name of Mr. Bishop, dentist, also of Blackheath, who at the time offered to testify to the truth of the foregoing incident.

Psychical action at a distance is admitted by some who are not yet prepared to accept the fact of physical effects at a distance being producible by the spirit of a sleeping or mesmerised individual. The Seeress of Prevorst was a mesmeric sensitive, although no mesmerist controlled her powers, and the following incident shows the rapidity of the method of communication. Mrs. Catherine Crowe, in her *Night Side of Nature*, says of her:—

Dr. Kerner relates of his somnambule, Frederica Hanffe, that one day, at Weinsburg, she exclaimed in her sleep, "O God!" She immediately awoke, as if aroused by the exclamation, and said that she seemed to have heard two voices proceeding from herself. At this time her father was lying dead in his coffin, at Obertstenfeld, and Dr. Fohr, the physician who had attended him in his illness, was sitting with another person in an adjoining room, with the door open; when he heard the exclamation, "O God!" so distinctly, that, feeling certain there was nobody there, he hastened to the coffin, from whence the sound had appeared to proceed, thinking that the father's death had been only apparent, and that he was reviving. The other person, who was an uncle of Frederica's, had heard nothing. No person was discovered from whom the exclamation could have proceeded, and the circumstance remained a mystery till an explanation ensued.

Here the spirit produced a physical effect at a distance, putting the air of the room in motion by the action of the voice. This was also done in the next case, which is given on Mrs. Crowe's authority, but unfortunately without the name of the observer:—

"On the evening of the 12th of March 1792," says Mr. H—, an artist, and a man of science, "I had been reading in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and retired to my room somewhat fatigued, but not inclined to sleep. It was a bright moonlight night, and I had extinguished my candle, and was sitting on the side of the bed, deliberately taking off my clothes, when I was amazed to behold the visible appearance of my half-uncle, Mr. R. Robertson, standing before me; and at the same instant I heard the words, '*Twice will be sufficient!*' The face was so distinct that I actually saw the pockpits. His dress seemed to be made of a strong twilled sort of sackcloth, and of the same dingy colour. It was more like a woman's dress than a man's—resembling a petticoat, the neck-band close to the chin, and the garment covering the whole person, so that I saw

neither hands nor feet. Whilst the figure stood there, I twisted my fingers till they cracked, that I might be sure I was awake.

"On the following morning I inquired if anybody had heard lately of Mr. Robertson, and was well laughed at when I confessed the origin of my inquiry. I confess I thought he was dead; but when my grandfather heard the story, he said that the dress I described resembled the strait-jacket Mr. Robertson had been put in formerly, under an attack of insanity. Subsequently we learnt that on the night and at the very hour I had seen him he had attempted suicide, and been actually put into a strait-jacket.

"He afterwards recovered, and went to Egypt with Sir Ralph Abercrombie. Some people laugh at this story, and maintain that it was a delusion of the imagination; but surely this is blinking the question! Why should my imagination create such an image whilst my mind was entirely engrossed with a mathematical problem?"

The words, "*Twice will be sufficient*," probably embodied the thought, uttered or not, of the maniac, under the influence of his emotion—two blows or two stabs would be sufficient for his purpose.

There is no evidence that I know of, that there is any difference between death-bed apparitions and the spirits of sleeping or mesmerised mortals, and plenty of proof is scattered in this volume that the former are often temporarily materialised, and can produce physical effects. They can sometimes write, as in the instance in which the spirit of Lord Tyrone wrote in the pocket-book of Lady Beresford.

Those who do not pursue science for its own sake, and cannot appreciate the value of original research unless they can turn the discoveries to worldly advantage, have splendid prizes before them in working practically upon the method just laid down. Seeing

that a human spirit, under the guidance of a mesmeric operator, can go to any part of the earth with the speed of electricity, can produce physical effects, can write, and at the same time can tell through the lips of his distant entranced body what his spirit is doing, the owners of submarine cables may expect competition in the future from psycho-telegraphy.

In India, some of the natives by prayer and fasting sometimes subjugate the body to such an extent as to become powerful mediums, and to be able to present physical phenomena of the most wonderful kind, as described in *Rifts in the Veil* (London: 1878). Furthermore, it would seem that some of them have already established a method of psychic telegraphy which may be of great use to them in war, or in attempts to fling off a foreign yoke. An article in *Chambers's Journal*, March 29th, 1879, says that loquacious natives in Indian market-places and Turkish bazaars will sometimes tell news they have received through the "khabar," a mystic institution of theirs, and that days or weeks afterwards the news proves to be true; it gives other examples, and speculates whether some psychical power may not be at the root of the matter. An officer, high in the East Indian police service, told me that he had often been perplexed at the rapidity with which news was transmitted among the natives; indeed, he could not guess how they did it, if not by a psychic method. The Earl of Carnarvon, in his *Recollections of the Druses of Lebanon*, says that in the Sikh War (1845-6), news among the natives forestalled his letters, and that in the late Indian Mutiny somewhat exaggerated intelli-

gence of General Windham's repulse at Cawnpore, actually reached the Indians of Honduras and the Maoris of New Zealand, in a manner truly astonishing. If, then, these powers be not studied by ourselves for our use, they may be employed by others to our disadvantage.

The objection may be raised, that the uncertainty and want of precision in obtaining results, where conditions appertaining to organic life come into play, will render any such system of communication untrustworthy. I think not. After a mesmerist has thoroughly controlled a sensitive five or six times, he can, as a rule, get him under control three or four hundred times afterwards, without a single failure. Even the more remarkable and complex phenomena of spirit-circles are reproduced with considerable precision in the presence of exceptionally good mediums, so that they are secure against an average of more than one failure in, say, twenty trials, if the best conditions are given to them. When mesmeric processes are used, and proper conditions provided at both ends of the line, there is no reason to expect more than one failure in a few hundreds of experiments, and in intercontinental telegraphy the cheapness of the psychic method would far more than compensate for an occasional break-down.

Spiritual communication with friends at a distance has sometimes been intentionally established without the aid of a mesmerist. Mr. Benjamin Coleman, in his book on *Spiritualism in America*, says:—

I spent the evening at Judge Edmonds' house, and was introduced to his daughter. Her gifts are various: she is a writing-medium, and the spirits speak through her in

the trance state ; she sees spirits in her normal condition ; and she can sometimes at will project her spirit, appearing in form, and delivering messages to friends in sympathy with her even though living at a distance—in proof of which she cited two or three instances.

The father of Miss Edmonds mentioned by Mr. Coleman, was Judge of the Supreme Court, New York, and in a tract on *Intercourse with the Spirits of the Living*, he spoke as follows about his daughter's powers :—

One day, while I was at West Roxbury, there came to me, through Laura as the medium, the spirit of one with whom I had once been well acquainted, but from whom I had been separated some fifteen years. His was a very peculiar character—one unlike that of any other man whom I ever knew, and so strongly marked that it was not easy to mistake his identity.

I had not seen him for several years ; he was not at all in my mind at the time, and he was unknown to the medium. Yet he identified himself unmistakably, not only by his peculiar characteristics, but by referring to matters known only to him and me.

I took it for granted he was dead, and was surprised afterwards to learn he was not. He is yet living. I cannot, on this occasion, go into all the particulars of an interview which lasted more than an hour. I was certain there was no delusion about it, and as certain that it was just as much a spirit-manifestation as any I ever witnessed or heard of. Yet how could it be ? was the question that was long agitating my mind. I have known since then many similar manifestations, so that I can no longer doubt the fact that at times our communications are from the spirits of the living as well as the dead.

About two years ago I had quite a marked exemplification of this. A circle was formed at Boston and another here, and they met at the same moment of time in the two, and through their respective mediums conversed with each

other. The Boston circle would, through their medium, get a communication from the spirit of the New York medium, and the New York circle would receive one through their medium from the spirit of the Boston medium.

I do not expect that this method of the self-projection of the spirit of a medium by will-power, will hereafter be the simplest or most certain method of communicating with mortals at a distance. Those who have tried it say that the method is terribly exhausting to the nervous system. Then, again, in their normal state mediums often have little or no recollection of what they have said or done in their spiritual state, consequently this would sometimes be a bar to the transmission of intelligence. But in the mesmeric state they are perfectly at ease, receiving life-power from the mesmerist rather than losing any, are well under his control, and can state clearly at the time what their spirits see and do.

I think, moreover, that this probable future method of telegraphy may possibly not depend so much upon verbal messages, as upon the actual carriage of small letters between distant places. The spirits who manifest at *séances* often carry small objects to and from closed rooms, and I know of no evidence that the spirits of sleeping mortals have not similar powers. These latter spirits appear clothed; there is a duplication of dress as well as of bodily form, and when the weighing experiments described on page 61 have been pushed still farther, it will probably be found that a compensatory action goes on; that as the weight of the apparition and dress increases, that of the body

and its dress decreases, and *vice versa*. Might not then a small piece of the apparitional dress, or small articles from the pockets thereof, be left at the place spiritually visited?

I am now dealing with a branch of the subject in which experimental illustrations are few and far between, but Dr. A. E. Nehrer, of Eperjes, Hungary, published in *Human Nature* (Burns: London, 1874) the following narrative:—

No. 1. of Hallberger's *Illustrated World* for 1874, Stuttgart, contains the following narrative:—M. Van Aart, a resident of Amboyna, and known for his wealth and respectability, one time—his captain being unwell—took the command of his own schooner himself, and engaged on a commercial journey for the isle of Xulla Mangolo, five days distant from Amboyna. When he arrived it was found that all the keys opening the various trunks were left behind, and therefore orders were given to force the trunks. Before the servants began to execute them, the chieftain of the isle, Orang Kaja, somewhat concerned about the beautiful Chinese trunks, insisted on the men not forcing them before they had spoken to their master. In fact a counter-order was soon given by M. Van Aart, and the arrival of a native waited for, who, Orang Kaja said, would be able to procure the forgotten keys in due time. Towards evening an old man, inhabiting the interior of the isle, was announced and brought before M. Van Aart. When questioned about the subject he declared himself ready to do his best to procure the keys, but under the sole condition that he might be left alone in the house, so that nobody should disturb him before he came to himself again. This condition granted, the native—Alfur—entered, locked the door, and soon all was in complete darkness and silence. More than two hours the party outside watched the house carefully, without being able to witness anything but a faint monotonous song, coming from the inside from time to time. After that time out came Alfur,

stooping and looking around till he beheld the place where M. Van Aart and Orang Kaja were waiting. Approaching them with slow and faltering steps, like a man who for the first time after a long disease tries his legs again, and without uttering a single word, he presented to M. Van Aart a ring holding all his keys, which he found to be the same as had been left behind at Amboyna.

Assuming the accuracy of the above narrative, the probability is, that had Alfur's body been sent to sleep by a mesmerist, the keys would have been recovered more rapidly, and with a smaller loss of vital energy on the part of the sensitive.

"Never prophecy unless you know," said the wise man; but this is one of those cases in which all the evidence points so much in one direction, that I feel strongly tempted to predict that psychic telegraphy and rapid carriage of small articles will be among the achievements of the science of the future. It will be among the smallest of the triumphs of Spiritualism, for the world has progressed in material achievements farther than in morals and religion, as exemplified in the human suffering now abounding from one end of Great Britain to the other. Nevertheless, there might be some advantage if the phenomena of one or two of the subdivisions of psychology should so interfere with the materialistic affairs of daily life, as to arrest the attention of those who have little natural spirituality, and care only for the present, but who might thus be drawn into a course of study tending to their own elevation.

I look forward to the time when the mesmerist in one room shall order the spirit of his sleeping sensitive

to visit a number of investigators in another. If in the sensitive the animal nature is as powerful as the intellectual and moral, I anticipate that physical effects, such as the moving of solid objects, can be produced by his spirit, in the distant room in which the experimentalists have provided all the usual conditions appertaining to a spirit-circle, medium included. If the sensitive should have his intellectual and moral faculties more developed than his animal nature, I anticipate no physical phenomena in the distant room, but that a clairvoyant or trance medium placed there may be acted upon impressionally by the freed spirit. And in either case, when the spirit fails to manifest, it will, through the lips of its sleeping body, explain to the mesmerist the reason why, for means will exist to give information at the sending as well as at the receiving end of the line, which is not the case at present at spirit-circles. Such cases will be analagous to those of the death-bed apparitions recorded in this book, in which the lips of the dying individual told what his spirit had been doing at a distant place.

The spirit, when freed from the body, seems to have its moral perceptions quickened, and to possess a desire to soar above the littlenesses and meannesses of earth-life, consequently the higher spirits are not those who are likely to take much active part in the transmission of worldly intelligence as just suggested. But in such work some of the lower spirits would be doing more good than many of them are doing now. Of the ideas of a spirit freed from the body, Andrew Jackson Davis, the "Poughkeepsie Seer," thus gave his experience to the *New York Sun*, early in 1879:—

There is something very strange about this emancipation of the mental from the physical. You become impersonal. Your appetites and passions are all at rest, and that removes selfishness utterly from the mind as a motive of action. If the self-interest of the mind could be retained, a clairvoyant might devote himself to all sorts of detective work, such as the finding of lost persons and property. But when the high state of lucidity is attained, the person is really the resident of another life, and another world; it takes large and unselfish interest in humanity and truth, and in the furtherance of noble principles. Petty, sordid interests are not simply subordinated; they seem no longer to exist. I do not know how it could be possible for a person in that state to devote himself to a selfish object. I think the condition is designed for and really adapted to the study of the truth of ideas, the furtherance of science, the development of philosophy, the spiritual education of the world, and is not adapted to common uses, those which many persons would call "practical." That has been my experience with it. I know that when I was young I used to be visited by numbers of people who would ask me to look to see where money was supposed to be buried and other like service, and would promise me handsome rewards if I could serve them successfully. Well, I was a boy then, and could see no reason why I could not do so, since I achieved daily things quite as difficult, and the rewards offered tempted me, for selfishness was still in my heart to some degree, in my ordinary self. But I found that when I got into that inner life I could not convey there any such motives. All knowledge of such purposes would fade away from me. Although I tried to carry them with me, when I entered that inner life there was entire annihilation of them. I was another being; my powers were emancipated. The boy, with his selfish purposes, was gone, and in his stead was a man's mind with the philosopher's maturity of thought and purity of purpose. I gave tests to prove to persons the existence of the power I possessed, almost every day during two years at least, and was thoroughly successful when my object was simply the demonstration

of the truth ; but when the element of selfishness entered in, it prevented the accomplishment of anything.

The general agreement in the sensations of psychic sensitives is marked. Mr. Alfred Tennyson has described how he also sometimes passes into a state of trance in which his mental characteristics, as an individual, are both raised and changed. In a letter to Mr. Benjamin Blood, of Amsterdam, New York State, author of *The Anæsthetic Revelations and the Gist of Prophecy*, which letter was dated Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, May 7th, 1874, and published in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* (Chicago), Nov. 3d, 1877, Mr. Tennyson says:—

I have never had any revelations through anæsthetics, but a kind of waking trance (this for lack of a better word) I have frequently had quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has often come upon me through repeating my own name to myself, silently, till all at once, as it were, out of the intensity or consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being—and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words—whose death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction, but only true life.

I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said the state is beyond words? But in a moment when I come back into my normal condition of sanity, I am ready to fight for "*Meine Liebe Ich*," and hold that it will last for æons of æons.

The Hindoo devotee, gazing upon a lotus leaf, works himself into the same state while dreaming of the time when he shall attain Nirvana, and contemplating the perfections of Buddha.

While this chapter was passing through the press, it occurred to me, that readers might naturally ask whether I had personally tried any of the experiments suggested near its beginning. My attention has been but recently drawn to the philosophical and probable utilitarian value of the particular class of mesmeric experiments suggested; my time has been otherwise occupied, and mesmerists and mesmeric sensitives are remarkably scarce in London.

However, a few evenings ago, I called upon Mr. and Mrs. Loomis, 2 Vernon Place, Bloomsbury, and after we had chatted for a short time in the drawing-room, with the door closed and nobody else present, I asked if they would try a mesmeric experiment for me. They willingly agreed, and Mr. Loomis, by passes, threw his wife into a mesmeric state, as he often does, and an Intelligence, which claimed to be the spirit of her mother, spoke through her lips. Until this moment I had said nothing to any living soul about the nature of my contemplated experiment, but I then asked the unseen Intelligence if it could then and there go to the house of Mrs. Makdougall Gregory, 21 Green Street, Grosvenor Square, London, and move a heavy physical object in her presence. The reply was, "I do not know, I will try." About three minutes afterwards, at 8.40 P.M., the Intelligence said that Mrs. Gregory was in her drawing-room with a friend, and added, "I have made Mrs. Gregory feel a prickling sensation in the arm, from the elbow down to the hand, as if some person had squeezed the arm, and she has spoken about it to her friend." I took a note in writing of this statement at the time it was made.

A few minutes later I left Mr. and Mrs. Loomis, and, without telling them my intention to do so, went straight to the house of Mrs. Gregory, about a mile and a half off. I had selected Mrs. Gregory for this experiment because she is not afraid to publish her name in connection with psychic truths, and her word carries weight, especially in Scotland, where she and her family are well known; she is the widow of Professor Gregory, of Edinburgh University, and is a lineal descendant of the Lord of the Isles.

I then, for the first time, told Mrs. Gregory of the experiment. She replied that between half-past eight and nine o'clock that evening she was playing the piano, and suddenly turned round to her friend, Miss Yanewicz, of Upper Norwood, saying, "I don't know what is the matter with me; I feel quite stupid, and have such a pain in my right arm that I cannot go on playing!"

Miss Yanewicz, who was no believer in Spiritualism or any of the marvels of psychology, felt a lively interest when she was informed of the experiment. She told me that she clearly remembered Mrs. Gregory's statement, that she could not go on playing because of a pain in her right arm.

To show how facts agree with each other in detail, on reference to M. Bezule's narrative, printed in chapter iv., it will be seen that when a spirit first tried to influence him, a feeling of stupefaction was the first effect, and he did not know the cause. So was it with Mrs. Gregory.

Experiments of this kind want following up. They should be repeated again and again, until all the con-

ditions influencing them are ascertained, and the operations so brought under control as to be applicable to useful purposes.

The following few general conclusions may be drawn from the contents of this volume :—

1. That at or near the moment of death, the spirit of the dying person is sometimes seen and recognised in places many miles from his body.

2. That some of these apparitions have temporarily materialised bodies, which possess muscular power; they can move solid objects, and have been seen to do so by several witnesses at once.

3. That the above somewhat common facts are either totally denied by the medical and scientific worlds, or, when admitted, are ascribed to the action through space of one mind upon another, and not to spirit presence.

4. That, consequently, the public suffer from the want of knowledge of medical men of the existence of these phenomena, from their rejection of the truths of mesmerism, and from the erroneous materialistic theory on which the practice of the majority of them is based.

5. That death-bed apparitions are of two classes, namely, those which are temporarily materialised so that they can be seen by normal eyesight, and those which make themselves visible by mesmeric impression to mesmeric sensitives.

6. That a few mesmeric sensitives may simultaneously see an apparition, which other persons present do not see, but that the apparition is usually a real one, and gives the sensitives the news of the death of his body in a distant place.

7. That the materialised apparitions find it difficult to form or dissolve before the eyes of the observer, so usually appear and disappear by opening and closing doors and curtains.

8. That the materialised spirits or spirit hands seen at ordinary *séances*, likewise usually form and fade away in a place shielded from the gaze of the observer.

9. That the voice-power of materialised apparitions is usually feeble.

10. That the clothes, as well as the forms, of dying persons are sometimes duplicated and seen at distant places, and that apparitions which can be seen by normal eyesight are solid to the touch.

11. That there is some foundation for supposing, that as materialised apparitions increase in weight, their dying bodies decrease in weight, and *vice-versâ*. I imagine that if beds in hospitals were so mounted as to record all changes in weight on self-registering apparatus in another room, that variations in the weight of some patients of low vitality would be discovered, unaccountable except when examined with the acceptance of the facts recorded in this book.

12. That spirits can sometimes set up dreams or visions in the minds of sleeping or waking mesmeric sensitives, and convey news to them by that method. What the spirit thinks, the sensitive sees.

14. That a spirit *in* the body, that is to say, a mesmerist, can sometimes artificially produce visions in the same way.

14. That when the bodily vitality is at a low ebb, or when the body is asleep or entranced, the spirit is

sometimes seen in distant places, and gives information which can subsequently be verified.

15. That in the mesmeric sleep, produced artificially, the spirit has sometimes manifested at a distance, and the sensitive has been none the worse for the experiment.

16. That there are strong indications that, by following up this class of experiments, psychic telegraphy may become a valuable method of communication in the future; also, that it is a rapid method, a few thousand miles causing scarcely a minute's delay in establishing communication. There are also indications that letters, or small objects of light weight, may possibly be carried by this method.

17. That this class of mesmeric experiments is likely to solve some of the most difficult problems presented by the phenomena of Spiritualism.

18. That it appears to be just as easy for real apparitions to show themselves shortly after death as shortly before it, and that the phenomena usually present no distinct natural line indicating the death moment.

Lord Tyrone's apparition said to Lady Beresford, "I died last Tuesday, at four o'clock" (page 41). Lord Lyttleton's apparition told Mr. Andrews, two hours after the death of his body, that "all was over," whereupon Mr. Andrews, thinking that a jocular friend and not a spirit was in his room, threw his slippers at the head of the intruder (page 52). Desfontaines told Bezule, "I was drowned the day before yesterday, in the Caen, much about this hour." He gave full details of the death of his body (page 76).

In the above, and some other, examples brought forward in this book—which deals chiefly with the spirits of the living and of the dying—the spirit of man seems to have safely tided over the critical moment of the death of the body. In the next volume I intend to take up the thread of argument where it is dropped here, and to show that the phenomena of apparitions continue in all their distinctive lines of classification months and years after the death and burial of the earthly covering. By this practical and prosaic method of keeping to hard facts, I hope to bring home to many minds more conviction of the reality of human immortality than is generally prevalent in intellectual society in this materialistic age.

THE END.

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