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SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY:— MADAME GUYON.

Of all the mystics, so-called, perhaps the one most widely known and appreciated is Madame Guyon. Her relations with Bossuet and Fenelon, the two most distinguished theologians of her time;* her devout spirit, her evangelical teachings, her influence on the reformation of religion and manners; the practical piety of her life and writings, and especially the deep, fervid spirituality of her hymns, some of which have been so beautifully translated by one of kindred spirit—the poet Cowper, have made her deservedly popular even with many who have no sympathy with what they understand as mysticism. It is not intended, however, in this article, to present a complete biography of this excellent and distinguished woman; its object is simply to cite some of those facts in her experience which illustrate the “cardinal fact of spirit-communion and influx.”

One of the most interesting of these facts was the silent converse by means of “interior communication,” which, she affirms, existed between herself and those with whom she was in intimate sympathy, or, as she calls them, her “true children;” and which she especially experienced with her pious confessor, Father La Combe, with whom this “interior communication was carried on, even when he was afar off, as well as when he was near.” “We passed hours,” she says, “in this profound silence, always communicative, without being able to utter one word, and this silent converse she also experienced with many others, though not in a like degree;” and the knowledge conveyed to her by these “inconceivable impressions” she had “without ever having been mistaken therein.” To those who “once have tasted of this manner of communication, every other becomes burdensome,” she says; and she believed that this mode of communion was imparted to her to show her “that men might, even in this

* Bossuet attacked, Fenelon defended Madame Guyon; and the controversy ran so high that it was finally carried before the Pontifical chair.

life, learn the language of angels." She adds that when "reduced to speak to him (La Combe) only in silence, it was then that we understood each other in God, after a manner unutterable and all Divine." Speaking of those who came to confer with her on religion, and there were many who did so, she says:—"God enabled me, in a wonderful manner to understand the spiritual condition and wants of those who came to me, and to say to them something which was pertinent and satisfactory." She was indeed herself astonished at the sudden illumination which she at times experienced. Thus, on one occasion she was visited by a distinguished preacher, a profoundly learned man, who, she says, "had carefully prepared himself on a number of difficult questions which were to be proposed to me for my answer. In some respects they were matters far beyond my reach; but I laid them before the Lord, and He enabled me to answer them promptly and satisfactorily. My help was in the Lord and in that wisdom which He gives to those who fully trust in Him."

Professor Upham, one of her biographers, tells us that in her writings she speaks of the "transmission of Divine grace from herself to others, as if it were a perceptible or sensible transmission; adding that the Divine power or influence which was transmitted through herself as an instrument returned back with all its blessedness into her own soul, when it was not received by others." In one of her letters to Fenelon, she says:—"God appears to be making me a medium of communicating good to yourself, and to be imparting to my soul graces which are ultimately destined to reach and to bless yours." And, in the same letter, she speaks of herself as an "instrument" and an "unworthy channel" of communicating Divine favours.

She speaks of water as an emblem of the soul, for, "as water yields with inconceivable readiness to the slightest human touch, so does the holy soul yield, without any resistance, to the slightest touch of God; that is to say, to the slightest intimation of the Divine will. Again, water is without colour; but it is susceptible of all colours. So the holy soul, colourless in itself, reflects the hues, whatever they may be, which emanate from the Divine countenance. Again, water has no form, but takes the form of the vessels, almost endless in variety, in which it is contained, so the holy soul takes no position or form of itself, but only that which God gives it."

Speaking of one of her treatises, *Religious Torrents*, Madam Guyon observes:—"When I first took up my pen for this purpose, I knew not the first word I should write. The subject was dark and mysterious before me. But, when I began, it gradually opened to my mind; suitable considerations presented themselves readily and abundantly." This passage alone would

not, perhaps, prove that this gradual opening up of the subject, where all was dark, was a result of spiritual suggestion and influx, though it might raise a strong presumption of it; but the following passage I think shows beyond doubt her belief that in writing she was aided by invisible communion with the departed. She says:—"In writing my commentaries on the Books of Kings, when I gave attention to those parts which had relation to King David, *I felt a very remarkable communion of spirit with him*, as much so almost as if he had been present with me. Even before I had commenced writing in my previous and preparatory contemplations, I had experienced this union. By a remarkable operation upon me, I seemed to comprehend very fully the greatness of his grace, the conduct of God over him, and all the circumstances of the states through which he had passed."

She mentions, too, that her commentary on the Book of Judges happening to be lost, at the desire of her friends she wrote over again to complete the missing part. On the first manuscript being found the two explications "were found, on comparison, to be conformable to each other, with scarcely any variation, which greatly surprised persons of knowledge and credit who examined them." Professor Upham remarks on this passage: "From the connection in which this statement is introduced, we are led to infer that she regarded the sameness of the two explications as resulting from a sameness in that inward and divine operation which alone gives the true light. The Lord guided her." Speaking of her *Commentary on the Scriptures*, Madam Guyon says:—"The Lord was so present to me in this work, and kept me so under control, that I both began and left off writing just as He was pleased to order it; writing when He gave me inward light and strength, and stopping when He withheld them. I wrote with very great rapidity, light being diffused within me in such a manner that I found I had in myself latent treasures of perception and knowledge of which I had little previous conception."

Her susceptibility to spiritual impressions is further evidenced by her sometimes experiencing a presentiment of events that nearly concerned her. On this subject I quote the following from Professor Upham; he observes that:—"It is not always easy to explain the impressions which exist within us. It is very possible that some remarkable impressions or presentiments may be explained on natural principles, but there are others of which it might not be easy to give a satisfactory account in that manner. I have been led to this remark from an incident which I notice in her history. On a morning in July, 1672, she awoke very early with such an impression on her mind. 'At four o'clock in the morning,' she says, 'I awoke suddenly with a

strong impression or presentiment that my father was dead ; and though at that time my soul had been in very great contentment, yet such was my love for him, that the impression I had of his death affected my heart with sorrow, and my body with weakness.' She had been residing some days at a monastery, the Prioress of which was a personal friend, some leagues from her usual place of residence. She had gone there for religious purposes, and she left her father residing at her house. On the afternoon of the same day in which she experienced the strong presentiment or impression, a man arrived in the monastery in great haste. He brought a letter from her husband, in which he informed her of her father's dangerous illness. Prompted by affection, as well as by duty, she immediately set out to visit him, but on arriving at her residence she found him dead."

Professor Upham says:—"I do not mention this incident because I think it very important. It was not a mere transitory impression, but a presentiment so sudden, so deeply imprinted, so controlling, as to take entire possession of the mind. She was so deeply affected by the conviction of which she was made the subject in this remarkable manner, that she says she could hardly speak."

These presentiments were also conveyed into her dreams, which, as Upham tells us, "seemed mysteriously to confirm her foreboding of sorrows to come," a foreboding which was only too well verified by events. Some of her dreams were so remarkable that her timid biographer, in relating one of them, for fear of any mistake, is obliged to intimate that he does so "without ascribing to it any supernatural import." She, however, carefully guards her readers from supposing that her views of truth were derived from these sources. She says:—"My mind does not form its conclusions by the extraordinary methods of dreams, inward voices, and spiritual lights of such a nature that they are not reconcilable with the ordinary operations of the mind . . . it seems to reach its conclusions *intuitively*."

Even in that higher and rarer kind of mediumship, the philosophy of which—from the Swedenborgian stand-point—has been so eloquently elaborated in this Magazine, in the recent articles on Internal Respiration, Madam Guyon had striking experience, as I have shown in a former paper on that subject (vol. ii, pp. 217-218) ; and that in this she was not the victim of any fantasy or delusion, is shown by its effects on her physical organism, which, on more than one occasion, became suddenly so dilated and enlarged by the action of spiritual forces within the physical structure, as to cause the necessity for an immediate adjustment of her apparel. Bossuet, in his conference with her, interrogated her strictly on this point, but she only re-affirmed her former statements. There are then points where the mystical

and metaphysical impinge on the physical, however falsely-fastidious people in speaking of modern manifestations may make wry faces at the fact. Mystical! why of course there are senses in which the supernatural to mortals must ever be mystical, as to disembodied spirits it is probable the material is equally so. Our mortal life begins and ends in mystery; and it is not the least of these mysteries, that in us, body and spirit, the physical and the metaphysical so strangely meet and blend in harmonic unity. Human life is one continuous physical manifestation of spiritual forces. If we accept this, why strain at the infinitely lesser marvels and mysteries of mediumship, as if they were something totally and in their nature, incredible! Every action and movement of the body physically manifests the operation of an indwelling spirit, potential over matter, yea, animating it, controlling it by its volitions, and moulding it to the expression of its inner loves.

And after all, in what consists the "mysticism," which drew down on Madam Guyon the bitter persecution of the orthodox? Why, she taught with George Fox, Tauler, and Christian mystics generally, that true religion does not consist in doctrines and outward observances; but that it is "Christ within us;" affirming as a matter of personal experience, that there was a voice in her spirit, inaudible, but always heard.

She says, evidently, with reference to her own case, "There are those who suffer for proclaiming the great truth that the reign of the Holy Ghost in the souls of man has come, and especially for proclaiming their personal and entire dependance on His Divine presence and influence." In a letter "To one who had the care of souls;" she wrote:—"The great thing to be kept in view by religious pastors at the present time, is, the distinction between outward or ceremonial religion, and inward religion, or that of the heart. Religion in its full development, is the same thing with the inward kingdom, or the reign of God in the soul. And certain it is, that this inward or spiritual reign can never be established by outward ceremonies and observances alone." And again, she remarks:—"The soul that is fully given up in faith and love, is astonished to find God gradually taking possession of its whole being. One of the evidences of growth in grace is, a tendency to cease from ourselves, in order that God Himself, in the operation of the Holy Ghost, may exist and act in us. In growing in grace, the soul becomes more and more co-operative with God, as the principle and strength of its movement."

I have cited these views and experiences of Madame Guyon because I am anxious that the public mind should be disabused of the impression so industriously circulated by those who should

be more careful to attain and diffuse a better knowledge of that whereof they write—that Spiritualism consists of certain external phenomena only, for the most part, of a very trivial kind; the truth being, that while these phenomena are indeed facts, and should therefore be universally recognized, no importance attaches to them other than from the consequences they properly involve. They are useful for the conviction of those who would regard the deep interior experiences of spiritual-minded religious persons as mere fantasy or delusion. But Spiritualism no more ends with these than English literature ends with the alphabet. On the contrary, in the language of the motto to this Magazine, it aims “to discover *all* truth relating to man’s spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare, and destiny; and its application to a regenerate life. It recognises a *continuous* Divine inspiration in Man; it aims through a careful reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.”

It would be well for our critics to judge us from *our own* statements of principles, rather than from those they persistently seek to father upon us, despite our disavowal of the paternity.—T. S.

HYPOTHESIS OF DECEPTION UNTENABLE.

MEDIUMS are our fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers, neighbours and friends; most of them have become mediums contrary to their wish and will, and, in spite of the opposition of themselves, and friends, the phenomena have appeared wherever they chose, and have, in each case, commanded attention and enforced conviction of their spiritual origin, until now, in the comparatively short space of ten years, Spiritualism has its millions of mediums and believers scattered over the wide world, in every nation and with every race of people. There has been no collusion between mediums, and yet there is a remarkable likeness in all the manifestations, wherever they occur, with whatsoever race of people, and in whatsoever language, and through the several phases of the manifestations. Beside, wheresoever they occur, and in the presence of persons who do not believe they are spiritually produced, the phenomena *claim* for themselves a spiritual origin. We submit that the history of the phenomena fully vindicates the integrity of their mediums, and the hypothesis of deception offered in solution of them has ever been weak, malevolent, and insufferably unjust; we submit that it should for ever be abandoned.—CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

SINGULAR CASE OF DOUBLE APPEARANCE.

I WILL relate a circumstance communicated to me a short time since by a lady friend residing in this place, whose integrity and truthfulness are undoubted. This friend had last winter, and still has in her employ, a German girl whose parents, with their other children, continue to reside in Germany. Since their first arrival in this country she has occasionally corresponded with her friends in their "Faderland," the young lady in the family she lives with acting as amanuensis. During the past winter Barbara was seized with intermittent fever, and was obliged to keep her bed. As she seemed to be slightly delirious, the young lady was in the habit of visiting her frequently during the night, a "nurse girl" in the family also sleeping in the same room. For *fifteen* nights this state of things continued, the girl exclaiming frequently to her young mistress, "Oh! Miss M——, every night I am in Germany with my people." On two nights in particular, she was quite wild—once getting up and carrying all the covering off her bed into another apartment, and on another occasion trying to pull the little nurse girl out of bed.

She recovered, however, and nothing more was thought of her illness till a letter from her friends in Germany was received, stating that her mother was almost distracted about her, as she had knocked at the door of her distant home for *fifteen nights*, been admitted, seen, and recognized by every member of the family, and by her mother, who had exclaimed, "Oh, my poor Barbara is dead!" that she had once been seen to carry the coverings of a bed into another room, and on another night had put her arms around the neck of a sister who was lying sick, and tried to pull her out of bed. This letter filled the girl with consternation. She said that in Germany they would call her a witch, and to the present day refrains as much as possible from alluding to it. When my friend related the circumstance, I thought it sufficiently strange and interesting to find a place in the history of similar unexplained phenomena, and to be more widely known. Perchance you, friend Davis, or some of your readers, may be able to throw more light upon this and other singular phenomena of mind. I will only add that I have related the simple *facts* as they fell from the lips of the lady in whose family they occurred, and who is still with the girl in question, a resident of Dayton, O.

Yours truly,

Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 21st, 1862.

LAURA CUPPY.

Herald of Progress.

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

It is so long since I have contributed to the pages of the *Spiritual Magazine*, that I find it is suspected that I have gone back—that my confidence is shaken, or my interest lessened in Spiritualism. I desire, therefore, to assure my friends and such readers as may care to know, that my faith and interest in the subject are as strong as ever. All-engrossing worldly occupations and a long absence from home are the causes of my silence. In my travels, Spiritualism has met me at every turn, assuring me that in one phase or another it lies broadcast throughout society.

A friend who has steadily refused “to give in” has told me a veritable ghost story of recent occurrence, and whilst refusing to accept, as he has hitherto done, *my* facts, he begs me to believe the following:—“A lady friend of mine,” he says, “sent her maid to bring an article from an upper room in the house; after waiting some time, she went herself to see what had detained her servant, and found her lying insensible on the floor. Restoratives being applied, the girl assured her mistress, that on entering the room, she was startled at seeing the figure of her uncle standing there, who, as she advanced towards him, vanished from her sight. On the following day she received intelligence that her uncle was killed by falling into a coal pit where he was at work, at the exact time she saw his apparition in her mistress’s room.”

I accept this story without hesitation—I entirely believe in the occurrence. There are too many well-attested instances of spiritual apparitions, sometimes witnessed by two or more persons, to leave a doubt on my mind of its probability.

Am I then a very credulous and weak-minded person for taking such statements, without mistrust, from competent and honest witnesses? Or are my friend, and others like him, “wiser in their generation,” by refusing to accept anything upon faith that runs counter to their educated prejudices?

Listen, all ye of sceptical tendencies, to what a learned divine* says upon this point:—“I have said that the mode in which controversy concerning such matters is carried on by some of the parties engaged in it, has a tendency to generate in their minds a stupid, unreasoning and universal scepticism. It seems to me that such must be generally, and with relation to all

* *Superstition and Science*, by the Rev. S. R. Maitland, D.D., F.R.S., &c.

subjects, the consequence of perpetual efforts to discover untruth, to resist conviction, to escape from belief, to discredit testimony, to disprove, to disbelieve. Such use of our faculties is not only injurious; it is vicious and unnatural. The philosopher may call it an infirmity of human nature, for although he may have risen above, or otherwise got rid of them himself, he is forced to admit that human nature has some very unphilosophical infirmities; but it is a mere matter of fact that the belief in human testimony is as truly a part of man's nature, as his appetite for food, and his sustenance by it."

At a small country-town where I have been staying I found a number of believers. One—a lady of mature years—assured me that she had been accustomed to see spirits from her childhood, that they came to her in palpable form, and had, in audible voice, told her of events about to happen; on one occasion of the civil strife in America—on another of the Italian complications—on a third of some domestic event—all of which, she said, had come to pass.

Two families in the town, whose acquaintance I made, held circles at their houses, and obtained, as they told me, very interesting communications from their spirit-friends.

A gentleman occupying a leading position in the neighbourhood, and actively engaged in commercial pursuits, is a thorough believer, and has a library well stocked with spiritual literature. I found him solidly intelligent, and better informed than myself upon the subject.

The leading physician of a neighbouring city, with whom I am acquainted, is a Spiritualist, though few about him know the fact. He, too, has a large library of modern and ancient books, containing some remarkable records, and has himself a store of anecdotes collected from his professional experience, all tending to support his matured convictions of the reality of the modern phenomena.

The following is an extract from a letter lately addressed to me by a lady who has unexpectedly become a writing medium:—

"I, though formerly a strong disbeliever, am obliged to believe almost against my will—but I have little chance of a real test with such a set of sceptics as I have about me. I only *know* certainly that there is some power existing which impels my hand to write, and the table to move. I do not impel the pencil—the pencil impels my hand. The other evening the replies *were all in French*, although the questions were put in English. I am sure my brother-in-law, too, would be a very good medium, but he has no patience—none of those who try with us have. If no manifestation is given immediately, they begin to laugh at our folly—and it does

aggravate me so, for I have a sincere wish to know the truth. It is all nonsense for them to tell me it is imagination on my part; if it is, as they say, my imagination is much stronger than I ever gave it credit to be."

On my return to London a few days past, I called to see Mrs. Marshall and her niece (now residing at 10, Upper King-street, Bloomsbury-square) and satisfied myself that their mediumship is as strong as ever. The younger female is among the best rapping mediums I have ever seen. Had any honest sceptic been with me on this occasion, he would have been satisfied beyond all doubt of a great reality—of a something not to be accounted for by any ordinarily recognized natural law. It was at three o'clock, and broad daylight; there were two tables in the room, one of small size, at which we sat, the other a large one, with a number of things lying upon it, four or five feet distant from us. The spirit-raps were loud and distinct, alternating, at my request, between the table and the floor, which is carpeted. The table rose up repeatedly, and whilst suspended, playfully touched and pressed against my breast. I suggested that the younger medium should alone place her hands *flat* upon the *surface* of the table whilst I put one finger of each hand *under* the table top. I then requested the spirits to lift the table with me. This was instantly done, just as if hands were supporting it on both sides. I then asked the spirits to resist my lifting it, which they did with considerable power. I tried this experiment successfully several times in as many minutes. Mrs. Marshall, in the course of conversation, told me that the large table frequently moved about the room without being touched. I said, "perhaps the spirits will permit me to see it move," and on the instant the large table, with its weight of books, &c., glided close up to us. I pushed it back to its previous position and again requested it to come to us, which it did, and whilst at our side, all our hands being on the smaller table, and no one touching the larger table, it tilted at my request, see-saw like, in unison with the small one. Nothing could be more complete than the physical fact, and the intelligence displayed in response to my wishes.

I have recently had a visit from Mr. J——, whose acquaintance I made in New York. He is the gentleman who told me the story of the "broken rings," which those who have read my "American Notes" will no doubt recollect.* Mr. J—— visits Europe partly on a political mission in the interests of the North, and in the course of conversation, he mentioned that he had written a letter to the Emperor of the French, and that before posting it he would like me to read it and to give my candid opinion upon it.

* *Spiritualism in America*, pp. 16 and 17.

I told him after perusing the letter, that I thought it unnecessary to enter into certain details, which it would be better to reserve until his intended interview with the Emperor. In one part it was too ambiguous, and, altogether, it was not very comprehensible to me. He replied, "I am not at liberty to explain to you the meaning of that which you think ambiguous, but the Emperor will understand it; it is enough for my purpose as preliminary to a verbal explanation." Our conversation turned from politics to Spiritualism, and I was surprised to find that he knew very little of the subject. He had not, he said, ever seen a medium, except Mrs. Staats, in America, (who is exclusively an impressionable and writing medium, and at whose house I first met him,) and that he had never heard the spirit-raps.

At his request I made an arrangement to accompany him to Mrs. Marshall's rooms on the following day. On entering, I simply introduced him as a friend of mine who desired to have a sitting. He soon became much interested in the extraordinary demonstrations by loud rappings on all sides by the spirits who appeared to surround us. He asked for their names; Esther, the name of his departed wife was given, and the following message:—"My dear William,—I wish that you had staid at your home, and had not again placed yourself in the dangerous position you have been in, but, thanks to God, your troubles will soon end.—Your own loving ESTHER." Mr. J—— then asked if any other spirits were present who wished to communicate, and the names of Daniel Webster and Napoleon were spelt out by the alphabet. Taking the letter enclosed in an envelope from his pocket, which it appeared he had not posted as he intended on the previous day, he laid it with the address turned down upon the table, and asked if the spirits wished to make any observations on the purport of that letter and of his visit to Europe.

At this moment Mrs. Marshall (who at times is magnetically influenced to speak) jumped up suddenly from her seat, seized Mr. J.'s hand and shouted out lustily, "Let me shake your hand; you are an American! you are a medium! That letter is for France! You are going to tell him how he can control England! You are going to tell him how America will join France to overpower England! You *must* fulfil your mission, you cannot help it!" During this sudden outburst Mrs. Marshall continued to grasp and shake Mr. J.'s hand to his evident amazement. Fearing that he might be annoyed, and think it a piece of extravagant acting, I whispered a few words of explanation, but grasping my knee, and in a voice, tremulous with emotion, he said, "It's quite true. That is my object! I *have* a plan of operation to explain to the Emperor! that was my secret;" and thus the

secret, and, to me, ambiguous part of Mr. J.'s letter to the Emperor, was unexpectedly revealed by the spirit speaking through the voice of Mrs. Marshall.

Daniel Webster, whose spirit assumed to have given Mr. J.—the hearty welcome, then addressed him in the following words rapped out through the alphabet, "It is well to take the step you are about to do. Give France all the power you can before Napoleon's fall, which is sure to come within five years."

Q. "How will Napoleon fall?"

A. "In battle with England. America will join France. There will be peace in America within a year—Napoleon will inaugurate the movement and secure the good will of America."*

Another message was then given by the spirit of Napoleon I. "You will succeed in your mission to France—you must make them fight with their hearts until they overcome the throne of England." I interposed the observation—"But your nephew will fall in the attempt." An emphatic "No!" was loudly rapped on the table, which was followed by an equally emphatic "Yes!" rapped on the floor, and these sounds were two or three times repeated, as if Webster and Napoleon were warmly disputing the point.

I have attempted to give a faint outline of a very curious and somewhat amusing *séance*. Without meaning to attach any serious importance to the messages, the predictions, or to the identity of the spirits claiming to be Napoleon and Webster, it is sufficiently striking, I think, to find responses coming from the invisibles of a distinctive character, as on this occasion, appropriately suited to the feelings and sentiment of the enquirer.

About six months ago I received a letter from Mr. B. Green, enclosing a sheet filled with eccentric forms and flourishes, which he said he had received from a friend in India, who believed it to be hieroglyphic spirit writing. I sent it to a lady who is a medium for emblematic or allegorical drawings, which are interpreted by one of the spirits who guide her hand in an intelligent and interesting way. The lady returned it to me in a few days with an exact copy of the forms and scrolls of the original, and a translation, line by line, of the whole, which comprised the Lord's Prayer, the Belief, and portions of the Bible. I sent it to Mr. Green, and I have just received the following letter from India acknowledging its receipt:—

"Behea, Shahabad, September, 1862.

"B. Coleman, Esq.

"Dear Sir,—Accept my thanks to both your lady friend and

* This was on the 2nd November, 1862, twelve days before the publication of the diplomatic circular to England and Russia.

yourself for your kindness in procuring an explanation of my spiritual writing sent to you by Mr. Green. Living as you are in continual association and correspondence with friends who are in the great spiritual movement, you can hardly realise the satisfaction and pleasure the "explanation" through your lady friend has given me. I have been a medium upwards of four years, and within a circle of 200 miles I know only one or two who will venture an open sympathy, though there are many ready enough to insinuate "something wrong about the head" when spiritual things are mentioned. Enclosed is a sheet of figures, drawn with the left hand, and executed in three or four minutes, with little or no effort. As they are not like the productions through the right hand, may I ask you to oblige me by procuring an explanation of this also; it will be interesting to know what difference there is, if any, in the productions through either hand. The explanation, if procured, can be forwarded to me by Mr. Green. Yours very respectfully,

"JAS. MYLNE."

The sheet of figures enclosed is certainly very curious; there appears to be as much as could be traced by a skilful artist in as many hours as it took minutes.

All who are interested in Spiritualism have, no doubt, read Mr. H.'s narrative, which appeared a few months past in *All the Year Round*, and in the *Spiritual Magazine* for December last. I have the pleasure of being acquainted with the writer, Mr. H——, who is well known in the literary circles of London, and is an artist of considerable celebrity. He told me other very curious circumstances bearing on the supernatural. I said to him months ago that I thought he was himself a medium without knowing it. He, however, said he knew nothing of Spiritualism, and although willing to investigate, he was not at that time prepared to admit or to believe in the so-called spiritual phenomena. Whilst sojourning, in August last, at Scarborough, I received a letter from Mr. H——, in which he informed me that since we last met he had seen a good deal of Spiritualism. He had made the acquaintance of Mr. Home, and with him and other mediums in private life he had had a large amount of evidence, which went far to satisfy his scruples, and, indeed, he was receiving in his own person a practical proof of an independent controlling agency, to which he had consented at times to passively surrender himself. Among other communications, it was announced to him that the spirit of Sir Joshua Reynolds was present, who said that if he, Mr. H——, would abide by his instructions, he would paint by his hand. The conditions exacted were that he was to exert no mental effort on his work, and above all, *to take no money for his pictures*; so long

as he obeyed in these particulars (for a time at least), Sir Joshua would paint through him. Mr. H—— paid but little attention to the message until the same proposal was repeated at another sitting. He then thought he really would try on those terms, and accordingly he painted the portrait of a lady of my acquaintance. The likeness is pronounced to be all that could be desired. Mr. H—— has assured me that he executed it without any mental effort. He permitted the persons about him (contrary to his custom) to overlook him from the beginning, and they noticed the ease with which the picture grew, as it were, under his hand; and what is most unusual and remarkable, I am told that it was finished *without the smallest alteration or error from the commencement*, and it is said by competent judges to be very much more in the Sir Joshua manner than artists now paint. With reference to this portrait, I am enabled to say that by whatever means it may have been accomplished it is a beautiful production. It is an excellent and, so to speak, highly spiritualized likeness of the lady. I have it in my possession, and shall be happy to shew it, together with other spirit-drawings, to any one who may desire to inspect them.

Sir Joshua introduced, at a subsequent *séance*, Oliver Goldsmith, who said he would write a story through Mr. H.'s hand, and he commenced it at once, as follows:—"In the year '47, there lived at Scarborough a family of the name of Truelove." It promises to be a story of thrilling interest, and, like the painting, he is influenced to write it without any mental effort. Thinking the story might be founded on fact, I made enquiry whether any such family ever lived at Scarborough, but without success; all whom I asked assured me that no family of the name of Truelove had resided there for the last half century. Before leaving, however, one gentleman, to whom I had previously spoken, asked me the object of my enquiry. If I could give him a clue, he said, he might be able still to trace it. I shortly explained the circumstances. He exclaimed, "I have just bethought me that some time ago a friend lent me a manuscript journal kept by an old resident, containing every event of any importance that had transpired in the town during the last half of the last century, and I now recollect the record of a vessel being launched named 'The Trueloves.'" And he added, "Do you think the name of Hipsley has any connexion with the story, because I remember a very strange ghost story told of a family of that name."

I wrote to Mr. H——, informing him of these particulars, and by return of post, received his reply, in which he says:—"Your letter surprises me; it is a fact that at the close of the last sitting, the name of Hipsley was twice spelt out, but thinking

it was an erroneous spelling of my own name, and not seeing its application, we took no notice of it, &c." The matter rests for the present at this stage, but Oliver Goldsmith's story, I am told, proceeds; and when completed, will be published by Mr. H— separately in one volume.

I called a few days past at the office of a friend in the city, who takes an interest in Spiritualism, and he read to me a letter he had just received from a correspondent, from which I make the following extract—the writer is a member of one of the leading commercial firms of Scotland:—

"Do you still study psychology? Most remarkable occurrences have happened in my own family. My wife had a relative in California who was known among us by the cognomen of 'Uncle Willie.' On the morning of the 21st of July last, when my wife wakened, she turned to me in bed and said, 'I saw in my sleep during the night, 'Uncle Willie' dying. I wished to touch him, but something always stood between us.' I ridiculed her, having myself no faith in dreams, but she felt for days so impressed by her vision, as she called it, that I then noted down the date and circumstance. Well, yesterday I had a letter from California, informing us that 'Uncle Willie' had died on the 20th July. Again on Wednesday night last, the 29th October, my wife and I went to bed at eleven o'clock; she immediately fell asleep while I remained awake. At twelve o'clock she suddenly sat up in bed, still sleeping, and her eyes shut, and said with a loud, firm voice, 'A letter has arrived—Jessie McLachlan won't be hanged,' and laid her head down and slept quietly. Next morning the papers informed us that at a quarter from twelve the Lord Provost had received a letter from Sir George Grey commuting the sentence, and that he had started at once and informed the prisoner at a quarter past twelve at night."

There are two young ladies, the daughters, I believe, of a noble family resident in London, who are very powerful mediums. The manifestations which have been witnessed through their mediumship are very marvellous. A friend of mine, who when I first spoke to him on the subject, a year or two ago, smiled at my credulity, but who is now himself a staunch believer, informed me that he recently paid a morning visit to these ladies, and that the phenomena seen by him, and by a well-known scientific baronet almost surpassed anything he had ever heard of. His hat and cane were at his request taken from his side and conveyed to a distant part of the room. His handkerchief was drawn from his pocket and placed in his hat; a bell that stood on the sideboard some distance from the whole party was rung, and at length not less than twenty spiritual hands were seen by all,

playfully touching them, but like "will o' the wisps", eluding their grasp.

The readers of the Magazine will be glad to learn that I have just received a letter from Mr. L——, of New York, in which he promises to resume his narrative of the events which have transpired since he last wrote to me, now some months past. He says that the hot summer weather, he finds, is not favourable to the development of great manifestations; but, nevertheless, he has had numerous sittings, with most extraordinary results. In one instance, he states that he actually succeeded in cutting off a piece of the robe worn by the spirit of his wife with a pair of scissors, and retained the piece for three or four minutes in his hand, by which he had an opportunity of testing its strength, &c. I am also informed that Dr. Gray, who has been present at some of these remarkable sittings, will shortly write for the Magazine an account of what he witnessed, which will corroborate the statements of Mr. L——.

A circumstance is reported in the *Times* of Nov. 14th, headed "Extraordinary Delusion," which I think worth recording in this place.

It appears that Captain Henry Mathias, commanding the barque *Usk*, belonging to Messrs. Beynon & Co., of Newport, was on his voyage from that port to Caldera, in Chili, South America, when he was overtaken by a terrific storm in rounding Cape Horn, in the midst of which, he says, a small still voice spoke to him, audibly telling him to return to Newport with his ship. Not knowing what to make of it, he strove against the influence, which, however, became irresistible. Demanding to have some sign that he might know for a certainty that he was not deceiving himself, the voice spoke again and said, "I will take my hand off you, and the glass shall rise immediately, if you are obedient to the command given to you." Though a sense of duty impelled him to pursue his voyage—after battling against the injunction for eight days, during which time he could not sleep—he at length put the ship about and returned to Newport, having prophesied the day the ship would be in dock and other things, which came to pass exactly as he had indicated.

Such is the substance of the story as given to the Local Marine Board of Bristol, before whom Captain Mathias was arraigned. The result was that the board unanimously declared that Captain Mathias had been, and still was labouring under a mental delusion which rendered him incompetent to take charge of any vessel, and they accordingly cancelled his certificate.

I do not see that Messrs. Beynon and Co., or the members of the Marine Board, having no knowledge probably of spiritual interference, could have done less than they did. But had I been

the owner of the ship, I certainly should not for that act alone have brought Capt. Mathias before the marine tribunal. I should at least, have been prepared to admit the reality of such a visitation, and its irresistible influence on the man's mind. There are many similar instances on record besides those in the Bible, but there is generally an important object made manifest in the sequel which does not *at present* appear in this case.

Mr. Robert Dale Owen, in his *Footfalls on the Boundary of another World*, relates a case where the captain of a ship at sea is told by his mate that he saw a mysterious stranger enter the cabin, and write upon a slate lying on the table an injunction to put the ship about, and steer for a certain number of hours an opposite course, which after due reflection the captain obeyed, and mercifully rescued a number of persons in the last stage of existence, who had been wrecked on an iceberg. The captain in this instance jeopardized the owner's interest by deviating from his course, but he saved a number of human lives, and his conduct received the approbation of all men. Had he entered the fact in the ship's log, that he had acted on the injunction of *an apparition*, and thus have violated his prescribed duty without being able to show at once a practical result, he would have been liable to be arraigned before a Marine Board, and he would, like poor Capt. Mathias, have been declared to have acted under a mental delusion, and, therefore, to be incompetent to command a ship.

All we know at present in Captain Mathias's case is that he brought his ship home in safety. It would be interesting to learn the fate of the vessels in his track overtaken in the storm off Cape Horn, and to note the future of the barque *Usk*. It may be asked, if this was a good spirit—one of God's messengers, anxious for the welfare of Capt. Mathias—how was it that he did not influence the captain to put into some neighbouring port and save himself from disgrace and ruin? Who shall say?

If, as I believe, the intervention of spiritual beings is permitted in mundane affairs, we have yet to learn under what *conditions* they come at particular times, and whether, as with ourselves, there is not a limit to their intelligence and their power, and why so much is done and no more. Had Capt. Mathias known anything of spirit-intercourse and had he reasoned with the voice as to the why and wherefore of the anxiety shown for his safety, by remonstrating and shewing the fatal consequences of a return to Newport, the spirit might have seen at once another way out of the difficulty, and saved the trusting and simple-minded captain from the severe penalty he is temporarily—but let us hope *only* temporarily—made to suffer.

A gentleman of my acquaintance told me that his course was arrested, and the whole current of his life most happily changed,

by a spirit-voice speaking audibly to him on two occasions, whilst he was walking through the streets of Paris. This gentleman is an engineer, and in daily intercourse with men of business in London, who never suspect him of being under a mental delusion.

A Mrs. J——, who resided at Bath, has for many years been accustomed to hear “a small still voice.” Messages of great interest have been given to her from time to time, and she has related to me the following incident as an illustration of the character of these messages:—She had apartments in Bath, at the house of a family, the mother of whom died, and her body, accompanied by the son, was conveyed to Devizes for burial on the day following the one on which it was removed. Soon after the corpse had been taken from the house, a voice whispered to Mrs. J——, “The register,” which she could not comprehend until consulting with the daughters, she found it related to the deceased lady, whose death had not been registered according to law. When the funeral procession was about to start on the following morning, the son was reminded that he had entirely forgotten the necessary certificate of death, and had of necessity determined to put off the ceremony, when the postman at that moment delivered a letter containing the required document, which had been obtained at once and forwarded by Mrs. J——.

These and many other incidents which would occupy too much space in your journal are the evidences I have of the spread of Spiritualism in this country and elsewhere. It is not my fault that I do not in all cases give the names of my correspondents. They are not disposed to risk being held up by conceited wisdom to public ridicule. The world at large, therefore, loses the advantage of the direct evidence of many trustworthy and intelligent people, who, it is to be regretted, are, on their part, wanting in that moral courage by which alone great though unpopular truths can be readily disseminated and sustained.

It must be admitted that there are phases in Spiritualism of a disagreeable character, calculated to discourage men like myself from taking an active part in its dissemination—men who have no earthly interest but to support an all-important truth, in the hope, as I have before said, that the ministers of religion, or with whomsoever the duty lies, will investigate Spiritualism, and give it, if possible, a right direction. Like all great truths it has many false prophets, and charlatanism unhappily abounds. I am partly responsible for the introduction of such persons as Mr. Foster and Mr. Colchester, who both came to this country with strong letters of commendation to me from very worthy friends in America. Testing them for myself, and seeing that both were mediums of remarkable power, I could do no more than to enjoin these young men to

be honest in their vocation. I solemnly warned them of the consequences to themselves, and of the discredit they would bring upon the cause, if they failed to exhibit their powers in good faith. I regret to say that they, nevertheless, lent themselves to the most disreputable practices, mixing up, in many instances trickery with realities, giving a handle to sceptics to denounce Spiritualism as a delusion and imposture, and its believers as simpletons and dupes.

But the calm philosopher will see that there is no more reason in this for wholesale denunciation than there would be in condemning the science of medicine and its practitioners because of the numerous quacks who compound medicines, and assume false diplomas. The facts which I have here put together are sufficient, I hope, to prove that my faith is not based on the mal-practices of low impostors. I believe there is scarcely a large family circle that cannot, from its own experience, furnish evidence of "mediumship" in some shape. The wonderful phenomena which I and a thousand others in this city have witnessed, through Mr. Home and other private mediums, would be alone sufficient to establish the reality of Spiritualism. Many will, I am happy to say, have an opportunity of judging for themselves, as Mr. Home intends to remain in London during the winter, and to hold occasional *séances*: his motives in this are unimpeachable, since *he is not* a professional medium. I have been informed, too, that at the special instigation of some of his immediate friends, Mr. Home is at length preparing for early publication the history of his life, which cannot fail to be one of a most interesting and instructive character. He has passed, as is well known, through the principal courts of Europe, where he has been received as an honoured guest, and where some of the most remarkable of his manifestations have been witnessed.

I have recently seen a book entitled, "*Visits from the World of Spirits, containing Very Curious Transactions of the Appearance of many Departed Spirits, &c.*," published in 1791. This book has the following very pertinent introduction by the author:—

"That angels, glorified spirits, or departed souls are sometimes known to appear, and consequently, that these apparitions are not only possible, but real and actual, is a belief founded on the authority of the Scriptures, both Old and New Testament, upon the testimony of authors of credit, Greek, Latin, Christian and Heathen, ancient and modern. Philosophers, divines, poets, and moralists, and the most sober living tradition assert the facts; therefore, notwithstanding from the want of experience in ourselves, so much is due to the probity of others, that we may give our assent to the relations of others, while they coincide with reason and religion. We may also confirm ourselves in this

great truth, that spiritual beings, as well departed souls, as angels and demons, are invested by the Supreme Being—the Creator and Preserver of all things, with an extensive power of acting upon sublunary bodies, and causing in them very great and very dreadful alterations.”

Thus it will be seen that whether we take note of passing events with minds open to truth, or search the records of by-gone days, there is ample evidence of the great fact of spirit intercourse; those who have realised this belief know how much light is opened to them, and they can afford to smile at the folly of the “would-be wise,” who, in their darkness, denounce Spiritualism as a delusive and fanatical heresy. I assure my friends that I have not retrograded in the belief. I could not, as an honest observer, put aside constantly accumulating evidence; my experience teaches me, however, that it is too great a reality to be trifled with, and it may be of too exciting and all-engrossing a character for the consideration of persons of weak or nervous temperaments. I am sure that spirits may become our companions and teachers, but I do not believe that they are infallible guides. They may mean well, yet err in judgment. They may, like the *savans* of the present day, *think* they have more knowledge than is borne out by the results; they are therefore not to be followed in a spirit of blind confidence, and never by a surrender of our own independence.

PERSONAL TESTIMONY.—I have personally known a family whose mental powers and attainments were below the average, yet in which a little girl only three years old had shown herself, as a medium, a complete mistress of French, German, and Italian. The spirits had instructed this child's father, through her, how to make a pegging machine, which proved very efficient; and also a corn-planter, now quite extensively used. A lady who was quite a musician died, leaving a little girl not four years old. Soon afterward, the child, who knew not a note of music, and was not able to reach the keys, desired the piano to be opened, and performed upon it in a style which brought tears to the eyes of every hearer, and would not have discredited a young lady of three times her age. Her friends are not believers in Spiritualism, popularly so called, and do not desire these manifestations to be publicly known. Messages are given through myself on subjects entirely outside the sphere of my own knowledge. I have been influenced to write, at the same time, on two different subjects, while my thoughts were occupied in something else. In my unconscious trance state, I have given opinions which are no more my own than black is white—and in better language than I could use. I know that the idea has gained considerable currency that all, or by far the most, of what proceeds from mediums, is the product of the medium's peculiar condition; but when minute directions are given us respecting matters of which we are totally ignorant, and we are thus led to unexpected discoveries, or gain valuable information: when, for instance, I am told where to look for an article which I have lost for twelve years, and accordingly find it at a distance of five hundred miles,—then, I cannot doubt that a *medium* is really what the name implies. I know that spirits communicate, and they have never told me anything that could pain the most delicate mind, or tend to lower my womanhood; on the contrary, by enabling me to help my fellow-creatures, they have brought me happiness.—*Mrs. French. Spiritual Conference, New York, June 11th, 1861—Banner of Light.*

WHERE ARE THE DEAD?

WHERE are the men of heroic mould,
Prophet and patriot, saint and sage,
Whose thoughts and deeds so wise and bold,
Have been handed down from age to age :—

Leaders of men who bore the world
Onward, through eras dark and fell,—
Who strangled earth's serpent-lies, and hurl'd
Its fiends to the depths of their native hell?

Where are the myriad souls who trod
This earth of ours in the days of old :—
Who pamper'd self—or worshipp'd God,
Who loved and hated, and bought and sold?

Where ! oh, where, are our dear ones fled !
Father and mother, child and friend ?
Where are all whom the world calls dead :—
Can the life of the spirit be said to end ?

Can thought, God-kindled within 'us, die ?
Is our deepest love but a fleeting breath ?
Is God's promise within the soul a lie ?
Are all our powers but the spoil of Death ?

But where are the dead—in some far-off sphere,
In some star remote—in some world above ?
Ah, no ! they are ever around us here,
They dwell in the purple light of love.

They guard from evil, they warn from sin,
Prompt ev'ry generous just endeavour,
At the open heart they enter in,
On errands of mercy weary never.

They whisper low by the cradle-head
And bring to the babe bright dreams of Heaven,
They hover around the dying bed
With words of comfort and sins forgiven.

T. S.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND AND COUNT CAGLIOSTRO.*

WE introduce the following glimpse of the medium Cagliostro, told in the rich language of Prince Talleyrand. Before the close of his long life the Prince had fallen upon times, in which the marvels of mesmerism and clairvoyance had removed a portion of the veil which shrouded the doings of Cagliostro, and which veiling had made them assume the sole form of imposture for his own base purposes. However much Cagliostro may at times have taken advantage of the ignorance and credulity of his foolish worshippers, we feel sure that if his true character as a medium and mesmerist be fairly set forth, in the greater light of modern developments of a similar kind, he will be judged more truly, and his many acts of generous self-devotion, and his wonderful powers of healing, will rescue him from much of the infamy in which the real character of the man is lost. We hope to see his life written from the spiritualistic point of view, and altogether relieved from the ignorant assumptions of those who have hitherto been his only biographers.

The following narrative contains several points of interest, which will be at once recognized by our readers as evidencing ordinary mesmeric and spiritual phenomena:—

"It was the hour of noon, and C—— had kindly come to fetch me to the luncheon-room, when I found the guests all assembled, listening greedily to the conversation of the Prince (Talleyrand) who was that morning *en verve*, and relating, with great good nature, the anecdotes he had promised us on the preceding evening. The first claimant to be satisfied was, of course, by right, the youthful Duchess de V——, to whom he had held out hopes of the history of his famous visit to the great Cagliostro, and which I will give to the reader.

"It was just at the dawns of the new lights which had arisen on the political horizon, or rather, I should say, perhaps with more justice, at the first extinguishing of the old beacons which had served to guide our ancestors for ages, that so many new doctrinaires and charlatans of every kind came swarming in crowds to Paris. . . . Among the many famous quacks and impostors who abounded at the time, none was more conspicuous than the famous Cagliostro. He had arrived from Italy under extraordinary and mysterious circumstances. His coming had been preceded by rumours more strange, more surprising still, and his door was besieged at once by all the rich and idle, the

* Abridged from the *Reminiscences of Prince Talleyrand*, by M. Colmasche, his Private Secretary, vol I., pp. 122-143.

marvel-loving portion of the population of Paris. Among the rest, I am ashamed to confess I was one of the most ardent—I was very young at the time. Many months had elapsed before I could obtain the audience I so much coveted; thousands of persons had to pass by right before me, and it was said that immediately on his arrival, his books were so filled with the names of the highest and mightiest, that, had he been just, and received them each *in turn*, the candidates at the bottom of the list would have known their future by experience long before he could by any means have foretold it. I myself knew an officer in the Regiment de Flandre who, being quartered at Metz, and not being able to obtain from his colonel leave of absence, threw up his commission in order to keep his appointment with Cagliostro, on a certain day in Paris, so fearful was he of losing the valuable information which the magician had to give him.

“I cannot even now repress a smile, when I remember the awe and terror with which I entered the presence of the conjuror. I had not dared to go alone, M. de Boufflers had kindly consented to accompany me. So fearful was I of missing the object of my visit, that I had wasted so much time in thinking of all the questions which I meant to propound to him, as to have even written many of them on my *calpin* to consult in case of need. It was already dark when we were admitted into the presence of the conjuror; not quite dark without doors, yet sufficiently so within to require the aid of tapers. The antechamber was filled with impatient applicants.

“We found the magician in his study, he was just at the moment engaged in dismissing two poor patients, to whom he had given advice gratuitously; the one was a cripple, the other an old mendicant friar afflicted with the shaking palsy. As soon as we entered, Cagliostro led his guests to a door at the further end of the chamber, which was veiled by a thick tapestry, and opening it without the slightest noise, ushered them through it into the passage beyond, and then closing it again with the same attention to silence, returned to the spot where we were standing, and placing his fingers on his lips, pointed towards a still and motionless figure seated in one corner of the room, and which, from the obscurity that reigned around, we had not observed on our entrance. The figure was that of a female, covered from head to foot with a veil of black crape, so long and ample, that it disguised even the form of the *fauteuil* on which she was seated.

“Cagliostro bade us take seats at a table, covered with green velvet, upon which were placed divers mysterious looking instruments of torture, sundry queer shaped bottles and diabolical volumes, and then, standing up before us, in solemn and biblical language, enquired wherefore we had sought him, and what it

was that we desired to know. Such was the effect of the sudden questioning, the mystery of the interview, the silence and the darkness, that Boufflers who was to have spoken first, was quite overawed by the whole scene, and could find no words to answer the summons, but sat stammering and hesitating, while I took the opportunity of examining slowly and at leisure, the wondrous adept.

"Cagliostro was then a man in the very flower of his age, of exceedingly prepossessing appearance; his person, though small, was so well and firmly knit, that its proportions seemed those of a much larger man; his countenance was remarkably keen and penetrating, being formed of a succession of sharp angular lines, which gave him a look of cunning that he would willingly have disguised, and with which the solemn tone and mysterious aspect were altogether at variance. His sharp, piercing eyes I shall never forget; they absolutely seemed to light up the obscurity of the chamber, and as they flashed from the one to the other of his visitors, they seemed to belong to some wild bird of prey hesitating between two victims, which to devour first. His beard and eyebrows were black and bushy, with here and there a streak of grey amid their jetty blackness, telling more of the hand of woe than of the passage of time. When we entered, he had upon his head a velvet cap, which, with gentlemanlike courtesy, he doffed when he addressed us, and then I perceived that the summit of his crown was already bald; although his hair curled downwards upon his neck and shoulders in a thick and silky mass; the hand which rested upon the table, and upon which he seemed to be leaning his whole weight as he stood in graceful and theatrical attitude, awaiting our communication, was small and delicate as that of a lady of the court, and shone out upon the dark green velvet as white as snow; and yet it needed not any very profound knowledge of anatomy to enable the beholder to discern at once that it was the hand of a man possessed of most Herculean strength and power—so vigorous were the firm-knit muscles, so well strung the tightened cord-like nerves. I think he observed with some displeasure the curiosity with which I gazed towards it, for he withdrew it suddenly, and let it fall by his side. Boufflers still remaining mute, the conjuror turned to me, and asked, in a voice which had already lost much of its solemnity, and partook of something like harshness, if I also had come unprepared with a subject of consultation? as if so, we had best depart at once, and leave the field to others whose business might be of more importance, and who were waiting with such impatience without. The question roused all the courage which was left within me, and I answered in a low voice that I wished to consult him concerning the health of a person

who was dear to me. I had already forgotten all the questions I had intended to propound.

"Cagliostro turned, and, by a movement so abrupt and sudden as to make us both start to our feet, drew the *fauteuil* whereon was seated the veiled mysterious form of the female who had remained all this time silent and motionless, across the floor, and still the figure moved not. The feet resting on a board attached to the bottom of the *fauteuil* moved with the rest, producing an indescribable effect. At the present day, when the mysteries of mesmerism have become common household talk, and somnambulism has been made a general *voie de guerison* for every complaint under heaven, all this will appear vain and puerile ceremony; but at the period of which I am now speaking, they were familiar but to the initiated few, and Boufflers, and I, poor ignorant novices, were struck with awe and wonder. 'What is it you seek to know?' said Cagliostro, resuming his solemn and theatrical air; and drawing aside the veil, he bent towards the ear of the female and whispered. I was so afraid of losing the memory of what I had to say that I replied hurriedly, 'I wish to learn the cause of the *migraine* of my friend, la Marquise de ——.' 'Chut,' interrupted Cagliostro, 'the name is of little import. What see you?' added he in a loud deep tone, turning to the veiled figure. 'I see a fair and beautiful lady,' replied a sweet soft voice from beneath the veil. 'She is attired in a dress of sea-green Padua silk; her powdered hair is wreathed with rosebuds, and she wears long and splendid eardrops of emerald and topaz.' Boufflers caught my arm with a smile, for he knew well enough the person for whom I was so anxious, and knew moreover that there were certain nights on which she wore the emerald and topaz suit, and that this very night was one of them. The veiled form continued in the same low voice, 'The lady is pressing her hand to her brow at this very instant. She is waiting for some one, for now she rises and looks upon the clock upon the console, and now she goes to the small side door to listen.' 'Enough, enough,' said I, growing impatient. 'Tell me at once what it is that ails the lady, and what may be the remedy?' The figure spoke no more, but whispered long in Cagliostro's ear, and the latter, turning to me, said, 'The lady's *migraines* are caused by over-watching and anxiety; the cure is easy, and must be applied at once; the cause will be removed in time.' He pushed back the *fauteuil* into the corner whence he had drawn it; the veiled figure remained still and motionless. He then opened a small door in the wainscot belonging to a cupboard filled with shelves, containing bottles of all sizes, and drew from it a phial, which he filled from a jar of that which stood upon the floor, and having performed various 'passes' and

evolutions over it, he handed it to me, bidding my companion and myself to lose no time in retiring, for others were waiting outside. 'You have told your ailments and griefs—you bear with you the never-failing cure—now begone!' With these words, he opened the same low door through which he had led out the two previous visitors, and Boufflers and I passed out, obeying, without a word, the gesture of the magician.

"Such is the history of my first interview with the great Cagliostro. To you who behold daily the strange and varied examples of magnetism my story will perhaps appear puerile, but you must remember that at the time the thing was new, and notwithstanding all that has been discovered since, none has surpassed him; even to this very hour the secret of Cagliostro has never been discovered. It is supposed that ventriloquism was much employed by him in his various *tours de force*. Perhaps it was made the agent of deception in my own case, and the figure veiled with black crape may have been a mere puppet set up to delude the credulous. The circumstance which would seem to favour greatly the suspicion of imposture is that as Cagliostro never employed twice the same agency, the consultant could never come prepared to watch and detect the machinery of his experiments. Again, how could the adept have known by natural means that the Marquise de B——, whom he had never suffered me to name, was young and beauteous, that she possessed eardrops of emerald and topaz, which mixture of jewels was peculiar, and that she would wear them on that very night?

"All these reflections completely bewildered me as I hastened to the opera, certain that the marquise would be there. Boufflers could not help me, nor suggest a single idea to solve the mystery. We arrived at the opera just as the curtain was about to rise; it was Glück's opera of *Alceste*. Boufflers and myself took our places immediately below the *loge* of the marquise, which was empty. In the midst of one of the most pathetic scenes I heard the door of the box open, and a *valet de chambre* announce, as was the usage among the fashionables of the day, 'Madame la Marquise de B——.' She entered, muffled up to the chin, and evidently suffering greatly from her old enemy, the *migraine*. 'Look, she has roses in her hair,' exclaimed Boufflers, aghast.

"It was true enough, the roses were there, and I could see even more, for the eardrops of emerald and topaz caught the light of the *girandole* in front of her box, and played before my eyes in a most tantalizing manner. Presently the marquise withdrew her cloak and stood revealed to us exactly as she had been described. So far the wizard had told us truth; since his

by the same experiment has been repeated, and in thousands of instances has succeeded. You have all, I doubt not, some little story of the kind to tell much more striking and interesting than mine, but the sequel of my anecdote, I think, may be unique.

"At the conclusion of the piece we both repaired to the box of the Marquise de B——. She was suffering greatly, and greeted me ironically, observing that I was '*bien aimable et bien vaillant*,' that she had waited for me and had been compelled to depart from home alone. After the performance we adjourned to her hotel; I had completely reinstated myself in her good graces by a promise of a complete cure for her *migraine*. The gentlemen, however, all voted that a glass or two of champagne should be tried before the dear marquise was put to pain by any of the diabolical remedies of the sorcerer Cagliostro. The marquise was compelled to submit to their remedy first, which she did with the greatest grace, using every effort to appear gay. I will not attempt to record all the good things which were said. Boufflers was quite himself again, and kept us in a roar of laughter by his wicked sallies and pointed jokes concerning our debt to Cagliostro. No one would have imagined him to be the same individual who had sat quaking in fear and awe before the very man whose power he was now deriding in such exquisite ease. Of course, the phial and its contents became soon the objects of attack, and I was petitioned on all sides for a view. By the permission of the marquise I yielded to the clamour, and was handed round amidst the commentaries of the laughing guests, until Boufflers proposed that the remedy should at once be tried, so that if it failed, we might then and there go and give Cagliostro the *charivari*, or if it succeeded, we might publish the impounder's skill throughout the world.

"It was not until I had uncorked the phial and was about to pour it into a glass, that it all at once occurred to me that I had entirely omitted to ascertain whether the liquid was to be taken as a medicine, or applied externally. To the eye it was nothing but pure water; it possessed neither smell nor colour, and the greatest curiosity was excited to behold its marvellous effects. At length, by the suggestion of the marquise herself, it was decided that there would be less danger in misapplying it externally than in swallowing it, should it prove pernicious, and as I was chosen to be the operator, I poured a small quantity in the hollow of my hand which I placed as gently as possible over the forehead of the marquise—pressing it there, but certainly not with violence, and supporting the back of her head with the hand that was free, held her thus, awaiting the result.

"The marquise closed her eyes, and there was a moment's silence among the group, when suddenly it was broken by a loud

convulsive shriek from the marquise herself, which was almost echoed by many of those present so sudden and startling did it burst from her lips. 'Take away your hand! for God's sake, take away your hand!' exclaimed she in a voice of agony; and starting to her feet she endeavoured with all her strength to pull my wrist downwards, but strange to tell not all the efforts of the marquise, nor those I used myself could tear away my hand from her forehead! No words can express the sensation of terror with which I found myself not only deprived of the faculty of withdrawing my arm, but drawn by some powerful attraction, closer and closer still, until it almost seemed as if the fingers were about to bury themselves in the flesh.

"At first as you may suppose, it was imagined by those present that the whole event was a jest, and the piteous shrieks of the marquise, and my own supplications for assistance, had at first been greeted with roars of laughter, but when it was found that the affair was serious, the company began to take alarm. It was not, however, till the unfortunate marquise sank back in her chair fainting and exhausted, that the Duke D'Argenton seized my wrist in a nervous grasp and tore it by main force away, drawing with it large patches of skin from the forehead of the marquise, upon which the imprint of my touch remained in bleeding characters. My hand was torn and lacerated likewise, and the pain was unbearable. I bound it in my handkerchief, and gave all the assistance in my power towards the recovery of Madame de B——, who was conveyed to bed, still in a deep swoon. We awaited with downcast looks the report of the surgeon, who had been sent for to apply the proper remedies to the wounds of the marquise, who was not pronounced out of danger till towards morning.

"We then dispersed with the firm determination of having the mystery cleared up by Cagliostro himself as soon as possible. Boufflers instantly repaired to M. de Sartines, the head of the police; and he furnished us with two officers, and with all power to make search at the magician's house, or take any steps we might deem necessary.

"Cagliostro received the visit with the greatest *sang froid*, and without the slightest resistance allowed the officer to prosecute his search among the various tools and utensils which he employed in his calling; the large jug, from which he had taken the liquid contained in the phial, still stood in the same place. There remained but a few drops, but these the officer poured into a bottle, and conveyed to the nearest chemist, who laughed in the man's face, and pronounced it to be clear water. To my bitter reproaches and angry exclamations Cagliostro replied, with perfect calmness, that the liquid was pure and innocent

when he placed it in my hands, and that if it had grown pernicious, it must have been owing to the guilty passions, or to the evil sympathies of those who used it. No further explanation could be elicited, and the affair, which made a great noise at the time, remains a mystery to this hour. 'As for me,' said the Prince, 'I lost an amiable and valued friend, for the Marquise de B—— would not even grant me an interview, in order to express my regret at the strange accident which had happened, and she returned my letters of apology unopened.'

"The Prince paused—the story was at an end.

"Did there remain a scar or trace of the wound which the Marquise had incurred?' said Madame de V——. 'She carried the mark of that night's adventure to the grave,' replied the Prince. 'A long narrow scar, which, with all the art of the coiffure, she could not disguise.'"

Ennemoser relates that on Cagliostro's trial at Rome in 1790, among other things charged against him, he was accused—"That he secretly taught the Cabbalah and cabbalistic arts; that he pretended to call up and exorcise spirits, and actually did frequently foretell future things; and that in small, secret companies, and chiefly by means of a little boy, whom he took with him into a separate room, in order to fit him for divining." In the documents of the trial, pp. 82, 90, etc.,—"This child had to kneel before a small table, on which a can of water and some lighted candles stood. He now instructed the boy to look into the water-can, and so commenced his conjuration; laid his hand on the head of the boy, and in this position addressed a prayer to God for a successful issue of the experiment. The child was now clairvoyant, and said at first that he saw something white, then that he saw a child or angel, etc., and after this spoke of all sorts of future things. He availed himself also of an orphan maiden at Mitau, who being already of a marriageable age could not, of course, be considered as simple and innocent as a small boy. The questions which he put to the orphan girl did not confine themselves to the angel, but extended to the discovery of secrets and future events, when he frequently made his experiments without the can of water, and merely placed the orphan behind a screen. He also, it is not known whether the more thoroughly to convince the spectators or to throw dust in their eyes, laid his hand on other individuals, and transferred to them a portion of his own power. He worked, it says at page 93, through the usual ceremonies, and all was wonderfully corroborated through the appearance of the angel. At page 134 it says—'In what manner does the sanctifying vision come? In three ways. First, when God makes himself visible, as to the

patriarchs; secondly, through the appearance of angels; and, finally, through artistic practices and inward inspiration.' Cagliostro expressly declared before the Inquisition that he had never had anything to do with the devil; 'and if,' he said, 'I am a sinner, I trust that a merciful God will forgive me.' "

VESPASIAN.

IN the reign of Vespasian we meet with a remarkable record of supernatural power, related by both Tacitus and Suetonius. Vespasian having taken up his abode for some months at Alexandria, a blind man, of the common people, came to him, earnestly entreating the emperor to assist in curing his infirmity, alleging that he was prompted to apply by the admonition of the God Serapis, and importuning the prince to anoint his cheeks and the balls of his eyes with the royal spittle. Vespasian at first treated the supplication with disdain; but at length moved by the fervour of the petitioner, enforced as it was by the flattery of his courtiers, the emperor began to think that every thing would give way to his prosperous fortune, and yielded to the poor man's desire. With a confident carriage therefore, the multitude of those who stood by being full of expectation, he did as he was requested, and the desired success immediately followed. Another suppliant appeared at the same time, who had lost the use of his hands, and entreated Vespasian to touch the diseased members with his foot; and he also was cured.*

Hume has remarked that many circumstances contribute to give authenticity to this miracle, "if," as he says, "any evidence could avail to establish so palpable a falsehood." The gravity, solidity, age and probity of so great an emperor, who, through the whole course of his life, conversed in a familiar manner with his friends and courtiers, and never affected any airs of divinity; the historian, a contemporary writer, noted for candour and veracity, and perhaps the greatest and most penetrating genius of all antiquity: and lastly, the persons from whose authority he related the miracle, who we may presume to have been of established character for judgment and honour; eye-witnesses of the fact, and confirming their testimony, as Tacitus goes on to say, after the Flavian family ceased to be in power, and could no longer give any reward as the price of a lie.†

* Tacitus, *Historiæ*, Lib. IV, cap. 81. Suetonius, Lib. VIII. cap. 7.

† Hume, *Essays*, Part III, Section X.

CLAIRVOYANCE AND ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHY.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR.—Although there may not be any absolutely necessary connection between the faculty of magnetic clairvoyance and spirit-manifestations, *i. e.*, the demonstrative evidence of one or more of our physical senses to the real and present existence of those who have departed this life, they are phenomena closely allied, and by a majority of the learned are both considered impossibilities, and consequently, imposture and delusion. These phenomena have also an alliance in this respect, that they cannot be educed when sought for if subjected to the conditions which may be imposed by those who have pre-determined not to believe in their verity, when they solicit evidence by asking to witness facts. My experience of "spirit-manifestations" is very limited; my experience of magnetic clairvoyance probably larger than that of many other persons. I am informed that the presence and interference of decided unbelievers generally disturbs or entirely prevents "spirit-manifestations"—and can testify most certainly that magnetic clairvoyance is deranged, and sometimes entirely stopped if subjected to the like unfavourable conditions; hence he who desires to know by seeing facts should try to believe first on testimony.

By many learned men of really scientific attainments, the extraordinary facts of clairvoyance are declared so impossible that neither the evidence of others, nor even the evidence of their own senses, will suffice for conviction. To attempt the conversion of minds of this stamp is folly; we may feel pity that they have not the privilege of knowing. Miss Martineau remarked, in respect of this unbelief, "the privilege is with the believers." To know that the phenomena of magnetic clairvoyance are facts is a privilege; to be able to employ sundry of these phenomena for useful purposes is a privilege; to have as much self-control as to abstain from employing clairvoyance for merely idle curiosity, or even for worse purposes, is a happy state for the magnetizer, who may otherwise destroy the clear-seeing faculty of his subject. When a deep-thinking mind can be convinced of the reality of the higher conditions of magnetic clairvoyance a belief in the possibility of spirit-manifestations cannot be very difficult. When such a mind knows that physical manifestations of spirit-presence are true, the acceptance of clairvoyance may come as of course.

Experience many years since taught me that there exist two states of clairvoyance,—that in which the subject sees or knows by the use of his own spirit-senses, which become exalted by the

magnetic condition, and another state, in which the clairvoyant is taught or told by a spirit visible to him, or is impressed with knowledge by a spirit whose presence is not recognized by the subject. Those who are well acquainted with the latter state already believe in spirit-manifestations, for these are spirit-manifestations in the most valuable and trustworthy form. Probably the best spirit-medium is a magnetic spiritual clairvoyant; the communications are generally clear and obtained in the form of natural conversation, while the medium is protected from disturbing spirit-influence by the magnetic sphere of the magnetizer, or by being restored to the normal state, if necessary, by demagnetizing. Some clairvoyants see with closed or bandaged eyes objects in the room, or read in some given page of a closed book; some can see and describe persons, places, and circumstances occurring at a distance, magnetic communication with an absent person or place being obtained by a lock of hair or some material object which once belonged to the person or place; some, but this is very rare, *can find any person who is distinctly indicated by name, in any part of the world, however distant.* I have known for upwards of twelve years a lady who has this faculty, which I have proved in hundreds of instances, and subjoin the following as one which is corroborated by especial circumstances connected therewith.

On the night of May 7, 1861, about half-past eleven o'clock, I received the following telegram:—"Offen, May 7, 7.10 p.m. Baroness Podmanickzy, Buda, to George Barth, 217, Piccadilly, London. Rovy Koenig very ill—what is his disease—prescribe medicine by telegraph." Offen is a suburb of Pesth, Buda being on the opposite side of the river; the distance some 1,400 miles, I believe, from London. On receipt I sent the following telegram to Mrs. W——, who resides in a market town 40 miles from London:—"George Barth, to Mrs. W——. L—— B——. Rovy, the Baroness Podmanickzy's grandson, ill; telegraph disease and treatment." This was dispatched about 12 p.m. I was aroused at 3.15 on the morning of the 8th, and received the return telegram as follows:—"Mrs. W——, to George Barth, &c. Rovy dangerously ill with fever; brain affected with congestion and irritation, danger of inflammation. Mustard plaister to bottom of spine; hot fomentations to abdomen; aconite and belladonna every four hours till relief obtained." At 3.45 a.m. of the 8th I sent this telegram on to Buda. Five days afterwards a letter from Buda informed me that my telegram was received at 6 a.m. of the 8th, and corroborated by a description of the child's symptoms, and medical opinions, the truth of the clairvoyant's diagnosis, and the success of the treatment directed. Here was no possibility of imposture or delusive practices, which

I forward to you the official telegrams with the stamp of the company; these are evidence that such telegrams were sent and received; also the letters with post marks and dates from the Baroness at Buda, acknowledging the truthful diagnosis. The words—"Rovy ill"—could neither tell me, nor could it tell the clairvoyant the nature of his illness; it is quite out of the range of probabilities that the result was a happy guess of "the curious coincidence" class; then we have remaining a really wonderful instance, wonderful enough in this age even, of what can be accomplished towards almost annihilating distance by the aid of electricity and magnetic clairvoyance. A message is sent one thousand four hundred miles, asking me to discover the nature of a little boy's sudden illness; it is again sent forty miles. Then a clairvoyant has to be magnetized and sent to seek the patient in Buda, then to describe his illness and prescribe for him to her husband,* who magnetized her, and then to return to her home at L—— B—— and be awakened.

The information thus obtained is next telegraphed to London, ~~received~~ and forwarded to Hungary, where it is delivered at 6, a.m., to the lady seeking it, and proves perfectly truthful; all this being accomplished in eleven hours. This is conclusive evidence of a seemingly impossible fact; my veracity may be doubted, but there are the official telegrams and subsequent letters. Further comment is unnecessary. I may add that this is only one instance of many in my experience, where similar information in urgent cases has been sought by telegram, found by clairvoyance, and forwarded again by the telegraph wires.

Highfield-villas,
Camden-road, N.

Your obedient servant,
GEORGE BARTH.

[Mr. Barth has handed us the telegrams and correspondence referred to, which in themselves are conclusive evidence.—ED.]

At the opening of the ceremony at the inauguration of President Lincoln, which was held in a tent, the flag was to be hoisted through a hole in the top; it however became entangled, and while endeavouring to right it, it was torn in half. This curious fact is narrated on the authority of Lieut. Reed, late of the St. Helena Regiment, and editor of *The New York Illustrated News*.

* This gentleman is a highly respected medical man, long established in practice.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

A NEW AND INTERESTING DEVELOPMENT.

WE have have been placed in possession of an account of events transpiring in Boston, which give promise of opening to the world a new and satisfactory phase of spiritual-manifestations. The facts, as narrated by Dr. H. F. Gardner, of Boston, are as follows:—

Mr. W. H. Mumler, an amateur photographer and practical chemist of Boston, was engaged on Sunday, October 5th, at the photograph gallery of Mrs. Stuart, at No. 258, Washington-street, in adjusting the chemicals, which had become disarranged. Having prepared a plate, and placed a chair near the focus of the camera, by which to adjust it, he proceeded to take his own photograph, card size, by quickly jumping into position and standing still the required time. The picture—a copy of which we have seen—represents Mr. Mumler as an active, rather athletic looking man, standing with his coat off, and the black cloth used to cover the camera, in his hand. Upon the back of this card appears the following statement:—"This photograph was taken of myself, by myself, on Sunday, when there was not a living soul in the room beside me—'so to speak.' The form on my right I recognize as my cousin who passed away about twelve years since.

" W. H. MUMLER."

The form referred to is that of a young girl apparently sitting in the chair, which appeared on developing the picture, greatly to the surprise of the artist. The outline of the upper portion of the body is clearly defined, though dim and shadowy. The chair is distinctly seen through the body and arms, also the table upon which one arm rests. Below the waist, the form (which is apparently clothed in a dress with low neck and short sleeves) fades away into a dim mist, which simply clouds the lower part of the picture. Mr. Mumler affirms that this form bears a likeness to a spirit cousin, and its appearance was equally unexpected and startling to the artist, who was not a believer in Spiritualism, though perhaps somewhat interested, and had no reason to suppose himself a medium.

Since this accidental discovery, we are assured by Dr. Gardner that at least a dozen similar photographs have been taken, a new spirit form appearing at the side of each subject. The artist experiences a loss of strength in the process that limits him to three or four sittings per day. The forms are not as distinct as we could desire, yet they are sufficiently marked to prove individuality to friends. Dr. Gardner kindly left with us

two specimens of photographs taken subsequently to the one we have described. They are card photographs of a gentleman and his wife, residents, we believe, of Chicopee. On the picture of the lady stands beside her a female form, recognized by both parents as the likeness of a spirit daughter. The upper portion of the form is quite distinct, but the lower fades out in the form of flowing skirts, partly covering the mother's dress, till quite indistinct at the floor. The other has a less distinct form, yet one recognized by the gentleman as that of his mother in the summer land. A peculiarity about this picture—less distinct though it is—renders it one of the most interesting we saw. The upper portion of the shadowy figure alone has a recognizable form, and this is so large, that were the figure to be completed in due proportion, the feet would be carried some distance below the floor. It is a magnified image of a human (or spirit) head, hardly possible to have been produced from any visible object within range of the instrument. And the arm of the spirit seems thrown about the neck of the subject (her son), the hand resting like a little cloud of mist upon the opposite shoulder. Witnesses were present in all cases except the first, to testify that only one person sat for each picture, and yet we are assured that in some instances three additional forms appear. Similar results to those mentioned above can perhaps be produced by any skillful photographer, by introducing forms during a portion of the time a plate is exposed, or reflecting an image upon the sensitive surface in the dark room. We trust scientific and truth-loving photographers will experiment, that, if possible, the fraud or accident, if either exist, may be exposed, or the means made use of by spirits to project an image upon the air exposed to the line of vision of the camera be discovered.

This singular freak in chemical art, if it be no more, or the new manifestation of spirit-power, if it be such, commands most earnest attention and inquiry. No single phenomenon could possibly awaken deeper interest than will follow this new revelation. While we have the fullest confidence in the truth of the circumstantial account given above, the very interesting and even startling character of the alleged phenomena, and the intense desire that will be largely felt for its truth, leads us to withhold for the present anything like entire credence, and to invite the strictest investigation it is possible for incredulity to institute. We shall look for further report from observers in Boston to whom this new exhibition may be afforded.—C. M. P.—*Herald of Progress.*

ALLEGED APPEARANCE AFTER HER DEATH OF THE CONSORT OF LOUIS XIV.*

AN event of a singular nature gave occasion, at this time (*Anno Domini* 1699), to a great deal of conversation. A man, by trade a blacksmith, residing in the little town of Salon, in Provence, arrived at Versailles; and calling upon Bressac, major of the Garde du Corps, requested to be conducted to the king, alleging that he wished to speak to him personally. He gave no heed to the opposition and the refusals he encountered, and his application was on this account reported to the king. His majesty ordered him to be told that it was not his custom to enter into conversation with every person who might express a wish to speak to him. The smith still persisted, urging that if he were permitted to see the king, he would mention to him some matters of so secret a nature, and strictly confined to his majesty's personal knowledge, that he would be at once convinced that he must have a mission to speak to him, and to communicate something of importance. He begged, however, that in the meantime he might be allowed to see one of the ministers of state. When this was reported to the king, he directed that the man should be sent to Barbezieux, who had his orders to hear what he had to say. Great was the surprise now occasioned by the circumstances that the smith, who had but just arrived from the country, and who had never before quitted his home or his employment, refused to see Barbezieux. He instantly objected that his request had been to see a minister of state, but that Barbezieux was not one; and that he would make his communication to none but a person holding that rank. The king, upon being informed of this objection, directed him to be taken to Pomponne. The smith, without further reply or demur, went to that minister. What was known of this affair subsequently is soon told, and was as follows:—

The smith related that, returning home one evening at a late hour, he found himself surrounded by a bright light near a tree, within a short distance of the little town of Salon; a female, in person remarkably fair and beautiful, dressed in white, and wearing a regal mantle, called to him by name, and requested him to listen attentively to what she was going to say. She spoke for more than half-an-hour. She told him that she was the queen, the king's late consort; commanded him to go to the king, and repeat to him the matters she had just mentioned, assuring him at the same time that God would aid him on his

* Translated from the *Memoires of the Duc de St. Simon*, vol. ii., chap. 2, pp. 15-18. Paris: Hatchette & Co., 1856.

journey. She said that the king, when he should hear him relate a particular occurrence, which was known to his majesty alone, would be convinced of the truth of everything else he would have to communicate to him. Should it so happen that he should be unable to obtain an interview with the king, he was to ask permission to speak to one of the ministers of state, but was forbidden to make his communication to any one who did not hold that official rank. Certain matters he was to reserve for the king's ear alone. He was ordered to depart forthwith, and to execute his commission with diligence and courage, being at the same time warned that if he neglected or failed in the discharge of any of the duties prescribed to him, the penalty that awaited him would be death. The smith promised to obey faithfully all that had been commanded. Upon this assurance the figure disappeared, and the smith found himself in darkness near the tree. For awhile he stood motionless, scarcely knowing whether he was asleep or awake. He then walked home, his mind impressed with the conviction that the whole scene was an illusion, the creation of a disordered imagination; and he determined that he would not mention the occurrence to any one.

Two days afterwards, as he was passing the same spot, the same vision presented itself, and the same conversation was repeated. He was reproved for his incredulity—and the former threat was reiterated. Ultimately, he was told to go to the Intendant of the province, relate to him what he had seen, and inform him that he had been ordered to go to Versailles; the Intendant would then, no doubt, furnish him with the means of accomplishing the journey. On this occasion, the smith's mind remained convinced; but hesitating between the fear of the penalty with which he had been menaced, and the difficulties of executing the commands addressed to him, he was at a loss what to determine, preserving at the same time, strict silence as to what had occurred. In this state of perplexity he passed a week, and at last came to the resolution not to undertake the journey. On again passing the same spot, however, beholding the same vision, receiving the same instructions, and being threatened with the same penalty, he made up his mind to obey the instructions he had received.

Two days after, he went to Aix to confer with the Intendant of the province. This functionary, without hesitation, advised him to make the journey, and supplied him with the means of travelling by one of the public conveyances. He had three interviews with M. De Pomponne, each occupying more than two hours. The minister repeated the conversations to the king, who directed him to communicate the whole to the council of state, but only when none were present but the ministers them-

selves. This he accordingly did, when there were assembled, only the Dukes de Beauvilliers, Pontchartrain, and Torcy. The council sat in deliberation a considerable time, but possibly they might have been occupied also with some other affairs. What followed is thus related:—

The king expressed a wish to converse with the smith, and accordingly had him admitted into his private apartments. These were approached by a small staircase communicating with the marble court, through which the king passed when he went to hunt, or to take a walk. Some days afterwards he saw him a second time, and on each occasion passed nearly an hour with him alone, precautions being taken that no other person should be within hearing. The day following the first interview, as the king was descending the small staircase to go hunting the Marshal de Duras, the officer in waiting, who was held in high consideration, and had the privilege of speaking to the king with freedom, made some allusion to the smith in a tone of contempt, repeating a vulgar proverb, that either the man was insane, or the king was not noble. On hearing these words the king stopped, and turning round to the marshal, contrary to his usual habit when walking, thus addressed him: "If that adage be true I am not noble, for I have had a long conversation with this man; he has spoken to me with very good sense, and I assure you that he is very far from being insane." The last words were uttered with a solemnity which not a little astonished the officer, who in profound silence, opened wide his eyes and his ears.

After the second interview, the king confessed that the man had mentioned an occurrence which happened to him more than twenty years before, and which was known to himself alone, for he had never named it to any one. He explained, that it was a phantom which he had seen in the forest of St. Germain, of which he was certain that he had never spoken. On several subsequent occasions he spoke of the smith in very favourable terms. He gave orders that he should be reimbursed all the expenses of his journey to Court, and be sent home free of all charges. He further directed that an additional sum of money should be given to him, beyond his travelling expenses; that the Intendant of the province should be written to, and desired to take the man under his special protection; and that, without removing him from his ordinary position, and his proper business, he should make the necessary provision that, as long as he lived, he should want for nothing.

One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with this affair is, that no one of the king's ministers would ever speak of it. Their most intimate friends have questioned and pressed them upon the subject, but could never draw from them

a word of information; they all pursued the same course—they would jest and laugh, but would go no further. This has happened to myself in reference to the Dukes of Beauvilliers and Pontchartrain; and I know, from their most intimate and familiar friends, that they could never extract from them any satisfactory explanation. The same was the case with the friends of Pomponne and of Torey.

The smith was a man about fifty years of age—had a family, and was of good repute in his neighbourhood. He displayed much good sense in his simplicity, disinterestedness, and modesty; always thought that too much was done for him—seemed to have no curiosity. After he had obtained an interview with the king and M. de Pomponne, he desired to see and to communicate nothing more. Satisfied, he said, with having fulfilled his mission, there remained nothing more for him to do than to return home.

The persons who had him in charge made repeated efforts to draw from him some information as to the object of his journey. He gave them no answer, or else merely said, “I am forbidden to speak;” thus cutting short the conversation, without being betrayed to give any explanation. After his return home, he appeared in no respect different from what he had been previously. He spoke neither of the Court nor of Paris; answered in a few words those who questioned him, indicating that he did not like to be interrogated. In reference to what he had done, he uttered not a word beyond what I have related; above all, he made no boast and would not allow himself to be drawn into conversation about the audiences to which he had been admitted. He confined his remarks to brief praises of the king, without adverting to what he had seen that was curious, or entering into any explanation. When he was questioned respecting M. de Pomponne, he replied that he had seen a minister whom he did not know, but would add no particulars as to the mode, or the number of his interviews. After his return home he resumed his employment, and his ordinary course of life.

Such is the account given by the principal persons of the province, and such the account which I myself received from the Archbishop of Arles, who passed some time every year at this city, where the prelates had their country residence. Arles was also the native town and place of sepulture of the celebrated Nostrodamus. There needs not so much to be related to awaken the speculations of the public; they reason and speculate much without being able to make any discovery. No consequences resulting from this remarkable journey have conduced to satisfy public curiosity. Seekers have been willing to persuade themselves and convince others, that the whole was a mere tissue of impudent trickery, of which the poor smith was the first dupe.

There dwelt at Marseilles a Madame Arnould, whose life was a romance, and who, when a widow, aged, poor, and ugly as sin (*laide comme le pêché*), attracted great numbers of passionate lovers, ruled the most considerable persons in the places where she resided, and contrived to get married to a Monsieur Arnould, Intendant of Marine at Marseilles, under very singular circumstances. By the powers of her mind, and by intrigue, she caused herself to be loved and feared by all around her, and impressed most people with the belief that she was a sorceress. She had been the intimate friend of Madame de Maintenon, when she was Madame Scarron; and there had, from that time, existed between them a secret and confidential intercourse. These facts are certain. There is a third fact, to the truth of which I do not pledge myself. It is this: that the vision, and the mission to the king, of which I have spoken, were altogether a piece of juggling contrived by this woman, and that the mission, with which the smith of Salon was charged by the three apparitions, had for its object to force the king to declare Madame de Maintenon queen. The smith, however, never once named Madame Arnould, nor ever saw her. Nothing more was known of this affair.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Manchester, Nov. 6, 1863.

SIR,—I was accompanied to Mrs. Marshall's by my friend and his wife at first sitting I am about to describe, but it was rather late when we reached the house. In a few moments, the table began to move, and knocks, both on the table and floor, became frequent. The table tipped and turned and rose, and several strange things took place. My friend was a thorough sceptic as to Spiritualism, but willing, as he said, to be convinced. Before we commenced, by Mrs. Marshall's invitation, I examined the table, turning it upside down and looking over the feet and other parts. I examined the floor too, or, rather, the carpet, where I saw nothing unusual. Certainly, the carpet was whole, and there could be no direct communication through the floor. When the raps came, they were distinct, loud, and frequent, and in several parts of the room as well as on the table, and we looked to find the cause, and my friend examined about the clothes of Mrs. and Miss Marshall, but nothing was discovered. We had several communications from professed spirits. Some of these were remarkable and even startling; others, however, were quite erroneous, and at first this shook my faith as to the reality of the phenomena, until I remembered that infallibility was not part of the question, but to the existence of the facts. Questions were asked, and answered through the alphabet. On the whole, however, we had as many failures as successes in the line of communication, though intelligence was displayed in all. The movements of the table, and the raps in various parts of the room, to my mind, were the most striking. The table frequently tipped over so far that it appeared strange it did not fall over. One circumstance in connection with the wife of my friend was interesting. Suddenly she was violently lifted up in her chair and shaken as if by a shock of electricity. She was much alarmed, for there was nothing, so far as we could see, in contact with her chair. She states that her chair was lifted from

the floor while she sat on it with her entire weight. Sitting next to her, I distinctly saw her lifted up and the back legs of the chair fall back on the floor, but I am not able to say myself that the fore legs of the chair were lifted up. This was very remarkable, as the lady is not less than ten stone in weight, and could scarcely be lifted, in such a position, by the whole muscular energy of a strong man. After near three hours' sitting, during which I and my friend were closely watching every movement, there came a communication through the alphabet purporting to come from the deceased brother of my friend, the name being correctly spelt out as "William S——" The communication contained this challenge—"Sit at your own table and I will meet you." With this, the phenomena ceased, and we left Mrs. Marshall at nearly 11 p.m.

Although much surprised at what occurred at this sitting, I can't say I was completely satisfied; indeed, I went away about as I had gone there, a simple enquirer. Mrs. Marshall told us that several *séances* in succession would be likely to result in better manifestations, but we thought and said to her that we should not be able to attend again. My friend was as sceptical as ever, and, when we found ourselves in the street, he suggested a number of ingenious contrivances, in which he seemed to have the utmost faith, but in which, in the absence of the least trace of evidence in their favour, I found it at least as difficult to believe as in the alleged facts; so when morning came, my friend desired to go again, in order that, if any false game were practised, we might detect it.

Hurrying through our day's work, we reached Mrs. Marshall's again about 6 p.m. She had no knowledge of our coming, but we were welcomed, and at once sat down to our work. In less than a minute the raps began, and were much more vigorous than on the previous night. I told Mrs. Marshall we had come not for the purpose of believing or disbelieving, but for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not the appearances were real or simulated. She expressed her willingness to be scrutinized, and my friend proceeded to brush away, and to compress into reasonable dimensions the not very ample crinoline of the ladies. Nothing however appeared during this operation, and the raps, loud and frequent, proceeded. Then the table shook violently, and tipped alternately on every side, until the papers lying on the top flew off as rapidly as we could replace them. My friend watched, and said little, while the raps were heard not only on the table, under the table, and under our chairs, but nearly all over a large room, and as remote as the furthest corner.

I cannot give a full account of this *séance*, for we sat again from three to four hours; but I will relate a few particulars professedly made known through the alphabet. Before I do so, however, I ought to state that the table rose from the floor several times without the application of any visible physical agency as far as I could see, and while we appeared to watch closely, and to glance under the table, it was suggested that the table should rise, while all hands were removed from it. We now all stood upright round the table and held our hands twelve inches above it, when very gracefully the table rose to our hands and there remained two or three seconds; being asked if they would lift the table higher, the spirits rapped out "Yes," and all our hands were then held at least eighteen inches above the table, when it rose as before up to our hands, and there remained for four or five seconds, and then descended to the floor, where it alighted very gently. I may remark that when the table touched our hands while off the floor it felt as if moved by some elastic body: it might have been some strong india-rubber spring, but no such spring or any other body was visible under the table. My friend suggested that there must have been some clever contrivance somewhere, and though he saw none he appeared prepared to believe, *without evidence*, in this direction, rather than trust his eyes and understanding in the other. In fact, the phenomena to him appeared impossible, except on some principle of legerdemain.

After some time a spirit professed to come which, or who, called itself my "son." I asked its name. The reply was "William," selected the first guess from a number of names I had written on a slip of paper. It should be observed that no one but myself knew what I had written, or saw the names. I asked how long it had been dead; it replied by raps, "About three years." I said, "Is your mother with you?" the reply was, "Yes." I asked, "What is your

mother's name?" the reply was selected out of six or eight names written before on a slip, "Mary." I asked, "What was your mother's name before she was married?" the reply, selected the first time from a number as before, was "Birch." When I came, however, to the name "Barker," (one I had written) the answer was, "Like that;" after which, as soon as I touched "Birch," the reply was, "Yes." This was very strange, as *every* answer was correct. At first I said—as to the length of time my son had been dead—"that is not right," but my friend corrected me, and when I recollected myself, I found he had been dead three years and about four months. It was strange any one should know I had a son dead; stranger still that his name was given, and yet more strange that to all this the time of his death and the Christian and maiden name of his mother should be given. The same thing occurred as to another person, about whom I need say nothing further. My friend put many questions, but the answers were generally, though not always, incorrect. One spirit said it was my father, and was named "Thomas I. B.——" I said that was wrong, but it continued to assert that it was my father. I asked where it lived while on earth; it replied, "Macclesfield." This was curious, as I had an uncle of this name died about a month ago, who lived at Macclesfield. Mixed with many of the mistakes, there were *portions* of truth which to me are quite as unaccountable as the correct answers, and almost seem to leave one without excuse for a disbelief. Yet, I am not yet a Spiritualist. Unreasonable as it may seem—and I *feel* it looks so—I must wait and watch and reflect. One thing I see, that those who laugh display very little shrewdness, and if they have had opportunities of witnessing the phenomena, not much honesty. My friend put several questions in Italian. The answers to these questions were generally *incorrect*, though they were given in a way that showed beyond dispute that the questions were *understood*. Somehow or other there was generally intelligence connected with the replies. To me, the mistakes which approximate to the truth, and especially when elicited through language unknown to all in the room but the interrogator, are as difficult to account for as the most accurate answer. Yet many answers—the questions which were put by my friend—were altogether wrong, though the questions put by me were nearly always answered correctly.—Yours, T. H.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I am induced to lay before your readers the following communication being able to testify to its truth. One of the circle which meets regularly at times a week for the purpose of holding *séances* at my house, has become fully developed as a writing and speaking medium. He is a man of known integrity throughout the neighbourhood. On going to his work on Monday last, a voice whispered in his ear, "Go to Mrs. —, Go to Mrs. —." He looked round, not seeing any one, he thought it was imagination, but again and again the next morning the voice whispered as before; he tried to resist it, but still the voice whispered. When he came home he took his dinner, and afterwards sat down to a table with pencil and paper, and the following communication was immediately written through him:—"You must go to — House to-night; be there at a quarter to seven o'clock; there will be present, —, also —. Mrs. — will also be present; they will be ready, waiting for you at half-past six. Mrs. — will be telling them you are not coming, but you must go and hold a *séance*; the children sit to the table at ten minutes past seven, then you must put your hands on the table, and we shall raise it; at eight o'clock precisely Mrs. — will ask, 'Are you going to ask any questions?' You must say, 'Any of you are at liberty to ask any question that you think proper,' but not one of them will answer a word. Then you must say, 'It is waiting to spell,' when you must begin with the alphabet, as usual, when will be spelled out, 'You are now settled,' then we shall bid 'Good night.' I must add that Elizabeth — will come in at five minutes to eight, when Mrs. — will go into the first apartment of the house, and after she is gone out, then you will shut the door, and the first moving of the table will be felt; then Mrs. — and Miss — will come in and witness the *séance*. You must go; never mind what they say; read the above, and we will shew you the place they all will be sitting when you arrive, where

they will sit at the table, the empty chair ready waiting for you, Mrs. —'s mode of greeting you, &c. Miss — will meet you at the door, take your hat and plaid, hang your hat on a knob that you see at the going on, and your plaid over the door, which will be shifted by Mrs. — afterwards. After you have done they will return you thanks for the evening's entertainment, and Mrs. — will follow you with a rabbit, holding it as you see her at this moment.* Go, sir, you will find all as we say. Good morning to you in the flesh."

The whole scene was quite distinct before his eyes as in a vision, and when he went to the — House there was the daughter to take his hat and plaid, the table set with the children around, the empty chair, the several ladies mentioned above, the same words from Mrs. —, and when he was coming away—the rabbit given and accepted. This is but one out of many cases of a most extraordinary nature which we have in our circle. Should your readers wish for more intelligence of this or a similar nature, it is in our power to let you have more from time to time. I consider this to be a case of prescience, as fully authenticated as any on record. I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

K.

"A LADY IN WHITE."

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR.—I put the title to my letter in the form of a quotation, as almost all the world has heard of the appearance bearing that name in the family residences of the house of Brandenburg.

A year or two back a gentleman, belonging to the aristocracy of one of our southern counties, engaged for the shooting season an ancient residence in the North-west. His mother and family servants accompanied him, and his cousin, a young lady, joined his party. One evening this lady—who was in the drawing room, situated in a tower of the building, adorned with an ancient mantel-piece, with large figures in carved oak standing on it—was suddenly startled by a loud knock, which seemed to proceed from the room above, called the hatchment room, and which was so violent that she ran to the mantel-piece, along which the sound seemed to come, expecting to find that one of the heavy ancient figures had fallen. But she found everything as usual. A minute or two later her cousin entered the room, immediately on his return to the house, and said, "Have you been just now in the hatchment room?" The lady replied in the negative, when he related that he had seen from without a form, as of a lady in white, at the window above the drawing room. This appeared to his auditor to have been seen exactly when she heard the loud knock, and though this struck her much, yet on reflection it appeared to her more singular because the window at which the figure was seen was at a very considerable elevation above the floor of the chamber, so that without some chair or piece of furniture to stand on no one could look out from it. The room was unfurnished and untenanted. But this combination of facts, denoting the presence of a ghost, was not yet completed. The whole house was disturbed by numerous manifestations, and among other notices of an unusual presence, a passage door, which closed by a strong spring, opened apparently of itself, and stood open for some time—the spring both before and after this acting with its usual force, and keeping the door closed after each passer through. The alarm through the household was general, the servants, men and women, having witnessed these or other phenomena; and no one dared to sleep alone that night except the young lady, who took a trusty dog into her room. The following day, in the interchange of civilities, a call was made on a family established in that part of the county, and on the story being told the lady of the house asked if her visitors were ignorant of the current belief of the neighbourhood, that the appearance of the white lady, as the ghost was called, because she always appeared in white and waving garments, announced the immediate death of some member of the

* Here the whole scene was as plain before his eyes as the actual occurrence afterwards shewed, the young man never having been in that house before.—K.

ancient family that owned the mansion. Her guests had either not heard this, or had forgotten it, as one of the legends of mere country folk, and so not worth attention. Within forty-eight hours after the first manifestation it was announced at the mansion, and in the village, that an important member of the ancient family had passed into the invisible world. There was a legend to the effect that some deed of violence had closed the earthly days of this ghostly visitant, whose appearance has omened death through successive generations; but we only refer to this as another point in the belief current in the country. The lady, our informant, a stranger to the place and its traditions, was brought to the knowledge of them by being an unexpected witness to the truth of an old belief. This story, which in all its parts harmonizes so exactly with the leading phenomena which the Spiritualists have long investigated, is perhaps worthy of your insertion.

I remain, Mr. Editor, yours, &c.

ALPHA

PROPHETIC CANDLES—IRELAND AND SWEDEN.

ALL the learning and piety in our village could not conquer the superstition of the age. A neighbour died of a malignant fever; he had a thrice-repeated dream before he took ill, in which a voice called to him three times, "Prepare!" It seems as if intimations of no common import have been occasionally conveyed, and that some attention is due to them; but as all good things are subject to abuse, superstition has made of dreams an instrument of torture to weak and susceptible minds; and, alas! superstition was one of the sins of Ballitore. The death of one of the Fuller family was said to be announced by the melodious wailing of the Banshee, who, when visible, appeared in the form of a beautiful woman combing her hair. For the rest of the neighbourhood, the croaking of a raven sufficed on these solemn occasions. The spirits of the departed were said to be seen gliding through the meeting-house grove, and the "Runner," a stream flowing through the heart of the village, could not be crossed after midnight without fear and trembling. The candles going out suddenly during an evening meeting foretold the death of the venerable Abraham Shackleton; previous to which candles went out several times in the chamber of a little pupil, and even my sensible mother deemed it a warning that her father-in-law would shortly expire—which he did.—*The Leadbetter Papers*. London: BELL & DALDY. 1862.

A similar occurrence of the putting out of lights occurred in Sweden in the early part of 1859, and is thus narrated at page 188 of the 3rd vol. of *The British Spiritual Telegraph*.

"The remains of the celebrated Bishop Agardh were a short time since interred with great pomp at the Cathedral Church of Carlstadt, in Sweden. The deceased had expressed a wish to be buried in his own family vault at Schoonenburg; therefore it is not improbable the body may hereafter be removed thither. All Swedish newspapers, the most creditable not excepted, relate a mysterious circumstance accompanying the death of this scholar. On the occasion of the recent celebration of the anniversary of the Swedish Academy, Baron Bestow, in the presence of a numerous company of the nobility and gentry assembled in the brilliantly-illuminated hall, delivered a lecture on the spiritual teaching of Swedenborg. Exactly at the moment her Majesty the Queen Dowager entered the room, and as she was proceeding to the large arm chair destined for her, the air appeared suddenly set in motion, and all the lights of the immense chandelier were extinguished except one. The eighteen lights which, according to ancient custom, were always burning on the table of the academicians flickered violently, but none went out except the one exactly opposite the arm-chair of the renowned bishop and academician, C. A. Agardh. A few days after the remarkable occurrence the news of his death reached Stockholm."