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PERSECUTION AND EXPULSION FROM HIS PATRI-
MONIAL HOUSE OF M. JOLLER, LATE MEMBER
OF THE SWISS NATIONAL COUNCIL, BY DIS-
ORDERLY SPIRITS.

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In the Third Volume of this Magazine, p. 499, the reader will find an article headed "Manifestations at Lucerne." This article consists of extracts from different Swiss newspapers, especially from those of Lucerne, giving an account of the extraordinary appearances, noises, and other annoyances going on, from the autumn of 1860 to the autumn of 1862, in the house of M. Joller, at Stans, a village on the borders of the Lake of Lucerne. Some of these newspapers, in the usual style of such journals, were inclined to be witty, if not wise, over these occurrences; but a correspondent well known to us, and one of our most valued contributors, signing himself B., whose letter will be found also under the same heading, had taken the trouble to go himself to Stans, and ascertain what were the facts on the spot. He tells us that he found M. Joller, a lawyer, a man of middle age, having several children, his eldest son being about twenty. That he bore an excellent character, and was well known throughout the country. He found Stans a village about an hour's sail by steamboat from Lucerne, standing in a charming valley one or two miles from the shore, fruitful, well peopled, by no means sombre or solitary, and surrounded by magnificent mountains. M. Joller confirmed the supernatural facts which have proved so startling to the public, and so grievous to him. The letter of our correspondent B., is dated the 4th of October, 1862. On the 22nd of the same month, or only eighteen days later, M. Joller was compelled by these unpitying *polter-geister* to abandon his hereditary home, with all his family.

M. Joller has now published the story of his unmerited

sufferings and banishment from his natal hearth by these troublesome intruders, in a small, well printed brochure of ninety-one pages. This little book now lies before us, and certainly no more extraordinary case of supernatural persecution has yet been put on record. The case of Mr. Mompesson, haunted by the drummer of Tedworth; that of the curé at the Parsonage of Cidville, as related by the Marquis de Mirville, an eye-witness; of Councillor Hahn, at the Castle of Slawensik; of Mr. Proctor, at Willington; of Mr. Chapman, at Cheshunt, and many others, were bad enough; but none of them were so aggravated as this of M. Joller. Some of the gentlemen affected by the other cases named, were misrepresented by their neighbours, abused by the press, subjected to many annoyances by the inquisitive public, and some of them were glad enough to get away from the houses infested by the wretched invisibles; but the case of M. Joller exceeds any one of these in the severity and the accumulation of the inflictions, and he could not abandon the home of so many hallowed family associations, but with a sorrow which is most touchingly expressed in his concluding remarks:—

“The feelings with which I quitted the house in which I entered on life in the first minute of the New Year, 1818, where I dreamed away the then happy years of an innocent boyhood, under the affectionate care of my never-to-be-forgotten parents, and where I have since enjoyed twenty years of a blissful family existence;—the feelings with which I closed, one after another, my, till lately, pleasantly familiar rooms, probably never to inhabit them again, have struck so deep into the tenderest regions of my inner being that they have rendered me dead to all ridicule. Arrived at the boundary of my beloved estate, I felt the truth of the words of the poet in its fullest sense, ‘That on such a home-life, the half of man’s happiness depends.’ A sharp pencil has dashed out of the day-book of my life, at one stroke, the most beautiful portion, to say nothing of the incalculable damage which it has brought upon me otherwise. But all this I lay down as my pledge of the perfect truth of that which for some time has been forced on my clearest conviction, and which I record in this little volume with the conscientiousness due to science and to its eternal research.”

Every one familiar with the Lake of Lucerne, must have a pretty good idea of the situation of Stans, when it is said that from M. Joller’s house, Mount Pilatus on the one hand, and the Rigi on the other, are in full view. This house and property, M. Joller informs us, had been in the possession of his family for about a hundred years. The old house had been burnt down by the French during their invasion of Switzerland in 1798, his grandmother, Veronica, or, as she was familiarly called in the

dialect of the country, "Bronnegg," having incurred the Gallic resentment by her patriotic incitement of her countrymen against French principles and aggressions. Bronnegg Joller was one of those strong-hearted and able women, the Mothers in Israel, who rule by their Deborah qualities wherever their lot is cast. She built up the present house from its ashes, but she was not destined to live at peace in it. In truth, her story is a most remarkable and most sorrowful one. Before the house was completely finished, only three years and a day from the former conflagration, in the middle of a dark night, there was a knocking on the wall of the house, and an unknown voice exclaimed:—"The French are again in the country, flee with your children as fast as you can!" "Whence," says M. Joller, "this wicked lie came, could never be discovered. She hastily snatched up what she could, and fled through the darkness with her terrified family towards Engelberg. My father, then a boy of fifteen, turned, with a guide whom they had procured, aside to Dallenwyl; but my grandmother, unwilling to make any halt, continued her flight over the Wolfenschiessen, where they sought to pass over a narrow foot-bridge, across the impetuous Aa, to the house of a political friend. She went first, followed by her four daughters. The bridge swayed beneath her tread, and as she leaped to the farther bank, fell crashing into the stream, drowning the four unfortunate girls, loudly crying, but in vain, for help. The eldest of them being nineteen years old."

"Bronnegg" was crushed and stunned for a time by the terrible blow—she had already lost her eldest son in battle against the French—but she rose again with renewed energy against the oppressors of her country; she exerted herself to furnish arms to her compatriots, and lent money to the council of war for the same purpose. She induced the neighbouring cantons, through an influential member of the council, to enter into a closer bond of co-operation, and had the satisfaction to pass her later days in her again enfranchised country, and to see her son occupying the house she had built. In this house M. Joller, in his boyhood, heard the deeds of his grandmother recounted by the winter fire-side, and the songs of Emmetter-Dorle, the martial poetess and friend of Bronnegg, which had spirited the neighbouring Swiss to the expulsion of the French, as frequently sung. Of ghost-stories, and such legends as might engender superstition, little or nothing was heard there.

It was in this house that M. Joller, an active and popular lawyer, and member of the national council, lived from the death of his father, in 1845, to the summer of 1862, in peace and happiness. Then, suddenly, in the autumn of 1860, uncanny sounds and sights began to show themselves to the astonishment

of all, and for some time to the persevering disbelief of M. Joller. "In my house," he says, "bloomed seven healthy children, four boys and three girls. That I lived by preference in my family circle, I may remark as a testimony of my domestic happiness. In our abode superstition was, as it ever had been, a rejected thing; and I may assert that scarcely any family had been brought up with so little fear of ghosts as mine. I must, therefore, call it the irony of Fate, that such unaccountable appearances should present themselves where they were sure to encounter the most positive incredulity."

The troublesome visitations made their *debüt* by first rapping on the bedstead of the servant-maid, raps which she said she not only heard but felt, one night in the autumn of 1860. She immediately expressed her belief that this was the token of an approaching death in the family. The maid slept in a room on the third story, so that it could not well be any mischievous person playing a trick; but M. Joller strictly commanded her to keep her superstitious notions to herself, and ascribed the raps to the girl's own imagination, which she would, however, on no account admit. The rapping was not again repeated for some weeks, but after that interval M. Joller came home from a temporary absence and found his family in great alarm. His wife and second daughter, sleeping in his own room, had been awaked by loud rappings on a table in the room. On demanding if it were any living agent, that it should rap again, it did so promptly. They also now entertained the notion that it was the messenger of death, and a letter informing them in a few days of the decease of a friend, confirmed that idea. They were soon, however, to be convinced that it was nothing temporary. In June, 1861, one of the boys, nine years of age, being in a wood-chamber on the third story, was found in a swoon. As he was a stout and fearless lad, great was the wonder, and on coming to himself, he said as he was in the chamber he heard knocks on the door, of which he took no notice, but immediately afterwards a white indistinct figure opened the door and entered, when he lost consciousness. This M. Joller endeavoured to account for by the erudite solvent of all difficulties, imagination; according to M. Joller's imagination, some person having really entered. But M. Joller was not to be let off so easily. The other boys in their bed room heard noises in the night in the room above, and again in the room below them, and called out to know who was making the noise. M. Joller endeavoured to persuade them and himself, by a second resource in such cases, Mr. Dickens's resource, that they were cats or rats, or a bird in the attics, that made the noises: that the raps on the table were only a natural cracking of the wood, or the giving way of a joint, and yet he now

recollected to have heard similar unaccountable sounds on his own writing table, and that frequently, two years ago.

In the autumn of 1861, the maid renewed her complaints. She said she was afraid of remaining alone in the kitchen. As she cleaned the shoes in an evening on the steps near the kitchen door, grey shapes appeared from the cellar below. They came upstairs into her chamber, and she heard them sobbing in the salon which was on the floor above, or in the fourth story including the lowest, which was half cellar, half lumber room. Mrs. Joller scolded her for her fancies. But then the same things appeared to the children, and the youngest daughter about eleven years old, at her studies in her chamber in the day, saw a child enter, walk up to her and vanish. The maid servant was dismissed in October of 1862, and a girl of only thirteen taken in her place to do the more common work of the house, the mother and daughters, in Swiss and German fashion, undertaking the rest. From that time to the summer of 1862 all was quiet, the medium seemed to have gone in the maid; but this was not the case, for two of the boys who slept in a chamber leading by a terrace into the garden, declared that they still heard at nights knocking on the walls; others said that they heard in the rooms above a going to and fro as of a heavy dog, and knockings on the walls and the floors. Still M. Joller endeavoured to persuade his family that these sounds proceeded from merely natural causes.

On the 15th of August, M. Joller had occasion to visit Lucerne, with his wife and eldest son, and on his return the rest of the children had relations of fresh apparitions to make. This time he threatened them sternly with the rod if he heard any more "such nonsense;" and the children complained sorrowfully that "their father would believe nothing." But the very same forenoon the children were frightened out of the house by knockings, and as they sate down on the door steps leading to the gardens, a pebble the size of a man's fist was thrown from somewhere above or from the house, and fell betwixt two of them. Returning to the house they found all the doors of the rooms, and drawers and cupboards standing open. These they closed and locked, only to see them fly open again. They then locked the door of the chamber adjoining the sitting room, and bolted it with the night bolt, but notwithstanding both, it was thrown open, and all the windows and doors standing open were as suddenly closed. Hearing also a heavy step on the stairs, though nobody was visible, they flew again into the garden. Returning at noon to dinner, they saw a strange spectre on the staircase, and hurried ~~once~~ more into the garden with the dinner apparatus, and took refuge under a very large walnut-tree. As the girl carried the plates out from the kitchen, she saw doors still opening and

shutting and the children from the garden saw all the windows open.

The disturbances now came thicker and faster. The humming of spinning-wheels was heard in the house; occasionally a strange music; furniture began to move itself about; then the music was accompanied by the audible singing in a melancholy tone, of Camilla's prayer in Zampa, "*Gleiches Loos*," &c., and a voice said in the Nidwalden patois, "*Wenn au gar niemer umen isch!*" "If I should never come again!" Still more extraordinary, not only they, but the woman of the adjoining house, saw on the house floor, drawn with the accuracy of an engraving, a snow-white figure with a death's head, which they watched for some time till it faded quite out. The same evening, on a fire being kindled in the ground story, called the hut, a conical figure surrounded by flames, came down the chimney, and dissolving into water, drowned the fire out, and raised a wild cry from the maid and children, which brought down the mother, who found the group sitting in the abutting house of the tenant weeping in terror.

M. Joller now received information of like things going on in other places, from persons of education and intelligence, but he still persisted in ascribing these things to natural causes. But the time was now come for him to meet the enemy face to face. On the 19th of August, as he arrived at home in the evening, his wife called him into the house passage to hear the knocking going on. Then he soon had ample evidence that the fears and stories of the maids and children had foundation enough. The knocking went on briskly on the wall before him; then in the scullery. He followed, putting his ear close to the place, and pretending that it must be a rat, struck some heavy blows on the wall to frighten the rat away. To his astonishment, the blows were returned with equal vigour and in equal number. He then called for a candle, and examined the passage and scullery closely. In vain: so he summoned his family to the sitting-room, declared he would find it all out next morning; and bringing Zschokke's "Book of Family Worship," began to read aloud his 28th chapter, namely, "On the Power of Superstition."

The spirit, however, cared neither for M. Joller nor Zschokke, but began pounding on the room door so vigorously, that his reading was soon brought to an end, and the children asked triumphantly, "Is that a rat then?"

Incensed at this, and strongly persuaded that some one was playing the fool with him, he seized a candle, armed himself with a stiletto, and sallied forth to hunt out the villain. The outer doors and windows being fast, he felt sure that he must soon detect him. He descended to the cellar, made a vigorous search

amongst the barrels and behind the door: nothing there! but, above his head, the knocking was now going on blithely. He ascended, followed the sound from place to place; sometimes with his candle, sometimes without it, stealing along in the dark to pounce on the rogue. Taking nothing by his motion, however, he ordered all to bed. The noises, nevertheless, became such, that the whole family had flown together into one room, and there the knocking came. The bedstead was seized and banged against the wall till the whole bed shook. M. Joller examined under the bed and into every corner of the room, but in vain, though he found the doors and windows all fast. As he was thus employed, he heard raps on the chairs, and felt a soft stroking on the forefinger of his left hand.

From this time till that when the family was driven from the house, the haunting was almost incessant; and the knockings, the throwing about of furniture, the visible presentment of spirits was such that has rarely had a parallel in the history of such phenomena. There might have been room to suppose that the maids and children had given way to imaginary fears, but from this time forward the disorders became the subject of incessant public observation. The news flew about, spite of all M. Joller's endeavours to keep it at home; and hundreds and thousands of people flocked from all the country round to witness the proceedings,—and did witness them in crowds. It is necessary, however, for us to select only a few prominent features of this most amazing case of ghostly persecution. From this time forward M. Joller kept a diary of all that took place; but we cannot condense a volume into an article.

The next morning he kept his word, and made a thorough examination of the houses; and the spirits gave him the amplest opportunity to try his skill. They knocked and thundered everywhere, till he saw the very wainscot bend beneath their blows. As he was born in the house, and as an inquisitive lad, had watched all repairs going on at different periods, he says there was not a hand-breadth of its wall or roof that was not familiar to him. The knockings were everywhere. Now thumping on a door, he opened it, and held it fast in his hands, when the knocks were given on each side at once. On one occasion he stood with a chamber door ajar, and suddenly pulling it open as the first knock fell on it, saw a dark figure outside; but before he could spring forward, his wife, and a daughter, who were in the room, simultaneously cried out that they saw a brown bony arm at the moment withdrawn from the door. They did this so completely together that he was convinced that each saw the same thing: and his familiar quotation from the Bible—“*Spiritus carnem et ossa non habet,*”—received a shock. He called up his

eldest daughter from below to inquire if she had ever seen the like, and she replied never so outrageously. The servant also flew up stairs to say that she had heard something come down the stairs, and three times successively groaningly exclaim,—“Take pity on me!” She added that she looked eagerly, but could see nothing; yet, soon after, she saw, as it were, a grey transparent little cloud float in at the kitchen window, and pass with a vibrating motion to the chamber door, where it had knocked loudly.

Driven to a late conviction of what he had to deal with, M. Joller now hastened out to beg the Commissary Niederberger to come and see these things, but he being absent, Father Guardian came, and watched the phenomena with deep interest, but without being able to suggest a solution of the cause. He thought an investigation by men of authority should take place; but M. Joller, dreading the consequences of publicity, for the present hesitated. The Father bestowed the usual blessing on the house and withdrew. The bewildered M. Joller then drew out his dust-covered college notes on experimental physics, made at Munich, while attending the class of Professor Sieber, but they afforded him no light.

Neither the blessing of the Reverend Father, nor the philosophical enquiry suspended the disturbances for an instant. The next day, as the Court of Justice was sitting at Lucerne, he was obliged to attend on business, but he was sent for before the Court rose, the house at home being in the most frightful uproar. Arriving, he found all his family in the open air, not daring to stay under the roof. Numbers of people were collected on the high road looking at the house, in great excitement. Having no fear, he entered the house, and found the doors madly flying open and then banging to with a violence that threatened to demolish them. In the kitchen he found the glasses, bottles and earthenware standing on the table ringing as if struck with a metallic instrument. The knockings were in so many parts of the house at once, that had it been men who did it, it would have required four or five, yet not a man was in the house except himself. He here called in an old friend, the Councillor Zimmermann, Dr. K. von Deschwanden, an accomplished natural philosopher; the President of the Court of Justice, Obermatt, Judge Schallberger, Master Builder Aloys Amstad, and Drawing-Master Obermatt. These gentlemen witnessed with astonishment the phenomena. They sought everywhere for some physical cause, and propounded many theories of Vulcanism, magnetism, galvanism, electricity, &c. One thought that it might be the asphalte on the terrace that drew down a great electrical force; but at length they went away as much puzzled as many other learned lawyers and scientific men have been in like circumstances.

The next day, Mr. President Obermatt brought other gentlemen to witness the disturbances, and one of these suggested whether it might not be some electrical machine on the premises which was grown thus riotous, when the eldest son of M. Joller, who had been cautioned by his father to be secret on the real cause, concedingly observed that it might be so. This was enough. It does not appear that there was any electrical machine on the premises, but the frolics of the spirits went on with a violence that no twenty electrical machines in the house could account for. Doors were fiercely flung open, bolts and bars dashed vehemently back. Figures were seen by different people, and the second son fainted and fell at the sight of one. The house was now rarely unoccupied by crowds of people before whom the manifestations went on in full force and variety. Before the Land-Captain Zelger, the Director of Police Jann, Dr. Christen, the President of the Court of Justice again, and many other persons of condition. The Episcopal Commissary Niederberger, and Father Guardian made a very vigorous examination of the house, and retired advising a thorough physical commission of inquiry; but believing its origin to be still beyond the scope of such a commission.

Something was become highly necessary: the house was crowded from morning to night with ever fresh streaming crowds; some of whom talked of and hunted for the electrical machine; others challenged the devil to come out; and others, who had happened to hear that the eldest son of M. Joller had been seen speaking with an actor in the streets of Lucerne, declared that it was all sorcery, and that young Joller had learned it of the player. The police-director, Jann, sent in two policemen to keep watch that the house was not plundered by thieves amongst the crowds. As the conduct of the visitors, both in the flesh and out of it, grew every day more outrageous, though a number of watchers were maintained throughout the nights; as the spirits grew bolder and showed themselves more openly; and as M. Joller seized one of the hands of the spirits and found it soft, solid, and warm as a living hand, felt distinctly the thumb and fingers, which soon, however, drew themselves away; he went and demanded a formal examination of the house by the police authorities. This was accorded, and three of the heads of the police were appointed to prosecute the inquiry; but it was not till after some days that they entered on their office. Up to this moment the disturbances continued in full play. Doors opened and shut apparently of themselves; windows and jalousies outside did the same; the knockings were as violent as ever. The directors of police ordered M. Joller to withdraw with his whole family from the house, and take up their quarters

elsewhere. They were then left to themselves and profound silence for six days. No knock was heard, no ghost appeared, no door or window opened or shut of itself. The profound Dogberries of the police, therefore, drew up a report that there was nothing at all amiss, and returned to Lucerne in the pride of ignorance of all psychology, and of having shown up the whole affair. These worthy souls knew nothing at all about mediums, M. Joller did not even understand this fact in natural science; he was not aware that he had carried the mediums along with him; but he knew the moment that he recrossed his own threshold that the old ghostly power was there in all its force.

The tide of popular ridicule was now let loose against the unfortunate Joller. The Press was in a heaven of triumph over the follies of this superstitious man. Though thousands had seen the very things that he asserted to exist; though police-director Jann, though judges and magistrates, and dignified clergy had all witnessed the phenomena, poor Joller and his family were treated as little less than idiots and lunatics. The thing was the talk, not of the little Canton, but of all Switzerland, and what wounded M. Joller most deeply was that all his political services and sacrifices to liberal opinion were at once forgotten. His own party, to a man, joined in deriding and denouncing him; even those with whom he had stood side by side in zealous battle against political corruptions, threw their sarcasms at him. As is so often the case, however, some of his political opponents, some of those whom he had hit the hardest and spared the least, now stood nobly forward and defended him, as an honorable, a meritorious, and trustworthy man.

In vain did M. Joller protest against the injustice of his neighbours: in vain did he insist on another police examination conducted in whatever manner the authorities pleased, so that the family should be in the house: the one already made was held to settle the whole question. On the contrary, however, the annoyances held their uninterrupted course from this time, the 4th of September, to the 22nd of October, when they finally drove him and his family out. It is still a long story, but we must make short of it. We can only notice a few of the most striking phenomena. Chairs and other furniture continued to change their places, apparently at their own pleasure. Broken pots and glass, rags, lumps of butter, an old axe, cobs of Indian corn, a sickle, a great iron ring, were repeatedly brought out of the kitchen and cellar, and thrust into a stove in a chamber, though the room had been locked up and the key in possession of M. Joller. In full sunshine at noon, the eldest daughter saw in the garden, as she thought, the maid servant climbing the lattice-work on the house side to gather grapes. She saw her

dress so distinctly, her hair net, smooth hair, and dark neckerchief which she wore on extraordinary occasions, that she called aloud to her, when to her astonishment she saw the maid issue from the kitchen below to see what was wanted: and the figure, as if crouching under the vine leaves, disappeared.

For some days there had been a moving about of furniture, a plucking of leafy branches and flinging of them into the chamber windows, or upon the heads of persons passing below, when on the 12th of September, as the whole family sate at coffee at half past two in the day, three students being present, and the maid in the room, a great noise was heard in the *salon* above. All rushed up and saw the room in singular disorder. From the wall on the left hand a large engraving of the Battle of the Amazons, was taken down and laid with the face downwards on the floor. Two pier glasses were taken from the front wall and laid down in like manner. A glass sugar basin which stood on a high chiffonnier on the right, lay on the floor before it. A fruit basket was thrown down in like manner from a commode by the back wall; and an oil lamp pushed to the very edge of the commode. A parasol that had stood in a corner was spread out over an ornamental hanging lamp. Stools and curtains were thrown confusedly on a heap; and all the chairs were heaped one upon another around the table. A photograph of Winkelried's Departure, and a painting of an Underwalden Rifle-Corp Dance alone were left hanging in their places. Everything being restored to order, and the room carefully locked, the next morning early the room was found in a still greater state of chaos, as well as an adjoining chamber.

M. Joller having to go to Lucerne to pay in some money, heard, on his return, from his family, that they had, in an adjoining chamber, heard the distinct counting out of money, piece by piece, and the rolls of it successively pushed aside, so that they were inclined to believe that there must be somebody there so engaged. On looking, however, they found nobody. On mentioning the time he found it agree exactly with that in which he was then counting his money at the bank. At another time, as he was at some distance on the estate, watching the felling and cutting up of timber, his wife and children at home heard the chopping and splitting of wood in the cellar. On the 16th of September they were astonished by the hopping and dancing of an apple, which came flying down stairs against the house door, and passed by M. Joller in the passage at several bounds into the kitchen. The servant, busy at her cooking stove, seized it, and laid it on the kitchen table, when it soon sprung away and hopped into the passage. The girl seized it again, and flung it through the window, but it soon came flying back through the same window, bounded

on the table, thence into the passage, the sitting-room, and finally into the adjoining chamber, when it flew into a corner and remained quiet. A pear descended from the ceiling, near M. Joller, with such force, as to lie smashed on the floor. Other pieces of pear were flung at the girls, while at work, and hung in their hair nets.

The family was repeatedly assailed with showers of stones, both in the house and in the garden. At twelve o'clock in the day, while at the well, a shower of stones fell round one of the daughters without any striking her, and at the same time a sharp-edged wall stone fell down the kitchen chimney striking the lid of a pan on the fire, and then falling to the floor without bringing a trace of soot with it. A knitting needle took to flying about from room to room, and being thrown out into the garden, it flew back again. There were continually sounds of humming and spinning wheels, and the drawing up of clock chains. On the 16th of September a voice deep and groaning, said distinctly, as out of the wall: "*Jetzt komme ich nimmer*"—"Now I come no more!" but it did not keep its word, or other actors stayed behind, for more variety of annoyances were played off than can be here enumerated.

During all this time the unceremonious intrusion of people continued, so that there could be no domestic privacy, neither could the family affairs, or the legal business of M. Joller go on. He was, therefore, compelled to seek another home, and abandon this his natal one, on the 22nd of October, 1862.

Such is a brief notice of M. Joller's case, undoubtedly, taken altogether, the most extraordinary which has occurred of late years. In closing it, he says, that a great many similar ones, but none so outrageous have been brought to his knowledge by persons of the most unquestionable character. That he could cite a long catalogue of witnesses of his unhappy spirit-persecution, but that it is too notorious to need it. The house, he says, stood empty till the following spring, when he succeeded in letting it, and that up to the time of his writing this account, nothing particular had disturbed the new tenant, nor had the troublers followed him. It may be conceived what a serious affair it had proved to him in interruption of business and family life, in loss of peace of mind, and in infliction of censorious remarks. The nuisance of the invading crowd must, of itself, have been intolerable; for when compelled to lock his doors against them, they procured ladders and broke in at his chamber window.

To the reader familiar with manifestations of this nature various reflections will have suggested themselves. Showers of stones and other articles are no uncommon phenomena. Not to mention the pieces of lime, the knives and forks thrown about at Slawensik Castle, or the missiles at Cidville Presbytery; the reader

will find in M. Pièrart's *Revue Spiritualiste* a number of such cases, with all the references to places and persons. To these we propose to devote a more particular attention shortly, with all their distinct evidences, several of them occurring in well-known localities in Paris, others in the country, and one very remarkable one at the Presbytery and in the church at Prunoy-sous-Ablis; all within the three or four last years.

The most striking feature of M. Joller's case is the entire ignorance of the nature of haunting spirits both by M. Joller, the police, and the clergy of the neighbourhood of Lucerne. Father Guardian blessed the house; but there seems to have been no further attempt to expel the troublesome spirits by prayer and exorcism. If the clergy was ignorant on this subject, still less knowledge was to be expected from the police. As for M. Joller, evidently a Catholic by faith, he seems to have had no idea whatever of getting rid of his persecutors by prayers and earnest appeal to the God of all spirits. A worthy man, he goes on suffering both from the spirits of the house, the spirits of the Press, and the spirits of the public, and is actually driven from his home and natal property, without an idea that these troublesome guests might have been sent away instead. It is a fine example of the mischiefs of neglecting to study the mysteries of spirit-life, as revealed by such a host of modern instances. These were evidently unhappy spirits seeking aid from the first mediums they could meet with. They found these in M. Joller's house; but they were mediums without that knowledge which mediums instructed by Spiritualism possess. These unhappy souls were repeatedly heard sobbing and groaning and exclaiming "*Erharmet euch meiner!*" "Have pity on me!" They wanted the prayers and good offices of M. Joller and his family, and failing to find them, failing to make them comprehend this, they grew desperate; the worst instead of the best feelings of their natures were excited, and in their rage at being able to make these mediums perceive but not to understand them, they grew to resemble fiends in their wild passions rather than miserable suppliants. The consequence was that instead of being soothed by sympathy and raised and refined by prayer, instead of being thus gently dismissed on an upward course, as the Secress of Provorst often dismissed such, M. Joller was most unnecessarily driven in distress from his own long-loved hearth. M. Joller, with all his worth and secular knowledge is, in fact, the exile and victim of ignorance—and a standing warning to men of education to pay some little attention to the psychological facts that are daily rising around them.

It is satisfactory to see that a learned professor of one of the Swiss Colleges has prefaced M. Joller's pamphlet by an assertion

of the truth and the real nature of these phenomena, and contends that it is the duty of psychology and natural science, not to ignore these frequent facts, but to throw fresh light on them by honest enquiry.

MR. HOME AND THE POPE.

ANOTHER curious "incident of his life" has just happened to Mr. Home, and is related by the *Times* in a letter from "our own correspondent" at Rome, where Mr. Home has now been for some time studying as a sculptor. During his late visit to Dieppe, he had suddenly shown a considerable talent as a sculptor. His first effort was highly approved, and he was advised to devote himself to the art, and for that purpose he went to Rome in the month of October last, and has since been actively working there as a student. It is now decided that he has great talent, and he is making rapid progress, with the intention of shortly commencing the practice of his new profession at Paris, where he intends establishing a studio. We give the narrative of the little episode which happened to him in the Eternal City, as it appeared in the *Times* of the 12th of January. It is quite a *bijou* in its way, and an instance of the way in which affairs go on under the guidance of "God's vicegerent upon earth," and the precious gentleman who holds the keys of St. Peter.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Rome, Jan. 6.

Perhaps the most exciting incident of the week is that Mr. Home, of Spiritualism notoriety, has been ordered to leave Rome in three days; and that I may not err in my statement of the fact which has occasioned great sensation, I give you a report of the proceedings in his own words:—

"Jan. 2.—Received a letter requesting my presence before the police on the 3rd instant, between the hours of ten and one. Jan. 3.—Went, and was shown to the room of the advocate, Pasqualoni. I was accompanied by my friend, M. Gouthier, Consul of Greece in Rome. The questions were as follows:—'The names of my father and mother?' 'Have you published a book?' 'Yes.' 'Your profession?' 'An art student.' 'Your residence?' '65, Via del Tritone.' 'When did you arrive?' 'Six weeks ago.' 'How many times have you been in Rome?' 'Twice.' 'How long did you stay each time?' 'Two months the first and three weeks the last.' 'How long do you intend to remain this time?' 'Till April.' 'Have you a fixed residence in France?' 'No.' 'How many books have you written?' 'One.' 'How many copies have been sold?' 'As I am not my own publisher it would be impossible to say.' 'After you became a Catholic did you exercise your power as a medium?' 'Neither before nor after did I exercise my power as a medium, inasmuch as it is not a power dependent on my will; I could not use it.' 'How do you make these things?' 'I think the reply I have just given is sufficient for this.' 'Do you consider your power a gift of nature?' 'No; I consider it a gift of God.' 'What constitutes a trance?' 'A study of psychology will explain this better than I can.' 'Do you see the spirits asleep and awake?' 'Both.' 'Why do the spirits come to you?' 'As a consolation, and to convince those who do not believe in the after existence of the soul.' 'What religion do they teach?' 'That depends.'

'What do you do to make them come?' I was about to reply that I did nothing, when on the table where he was writing there came clear and distinct raps. He then said, 'But the table also moves!' Just as he was saying it the table did move. 'What is the age of your child?' 'Four and a half.' 'Where is he?' 'At Malvern.' 'With whom?' 'Dr. Gully.' 'Is Dr. Gully a Catholic?' 'No.' 'When did you last see your child?' 'Two months ago.' 'When do you expect to see him again?' 'In April.'" He then said, without assigning any reason, that I must leave Rome in three days. 'Do you consent?' 'No, most decidedly not, inasmuch as I have done nothing to infringe the laws of this or any other country. I will consult with the English Consul and be guided by him.'"

Such is the report of a procedure which is eminently characteristic of the Pontifical Government. On Monday morning the British Consul saw Monsignor Matteucci, the Governor of Rome, and complained that any British subject should be interfered with in consequence of his opinions. He stated that Mr. Home had conducted himself during his residence in Rome in a strictly legal and gentlemanly manner, and demanded that the obnoxious order should be rescinded. Monsignor spoke of dangerous powers of fascination, of the prohibition by the Government of all the practices of the black art, and finally assented to Mr. Home's remaining, on condition of his entering into an engagement, through Mr. Severn, that he would desist from all communications with the spiritual world during his stay in Rome. An agreement to that effect was drawn up and signed by Mr. Home, who will henceforward abstain from all communication with the upper or lower world, as the case may be, during his residence in Rome. Less fortunate than Mr. Home has been a Dominican priest, who has been deprived of his curacy, I hear, for having read Mr. Home's book.

If it were not for the refreshing and business-like style of the narrative, one could not imagine that such a scene could be enacted in this new year of our Lord, 1864, in any part of Europe. Probably, perhaps excepting Spain, there is no country, excepting that governed by the infallible and holy father, where such a lunatic act could be perpetrated. What a laugh the holy father's patron, Napoleon, and Mr. Home will have over the old gentleman when next they meet! No wonder that French soldiers are required to prop up such an old fellow on both sides, to keep him out of the clutches of his loving subjects. The Pope's own recollections of having to escape from his palace dressed up as a flunkey, behind one of his own carriages, seems to be quite lost upon him, and we wonder that all the Jeameses do not hold an indignation meeting, to protest against his having disgraced their cloth on that memorable occasion.

The most amusing part of the business is the rescinding of the order, on condition of Mr. Home entering into an engagement, that he would desist from all communications with the spiritual world during his stay in Rome! This reminds us of what occurred during the time that the miracles of healing were being carried out at St. Medard, in Paris, upon the multitudes who flocked to the tomb of the good Abbé François Paris. When the numbers became so great that the thoroughfare was stopped by them, some wag wrote upon the wall.

De par le roi, defense à Dieu
De faire miracles en ce lieu!

What was suggested as a witty piece of blasphemy, has now been done by the Pope, the Holy Father of the true Faith, the infallible head of the Church, and the lineal descendant of the Apostles, who preached and practised the spiritual religion which is based upon that supernaturalism, many instances of which have been marvellously elucidated and proved to a sceptical age, by the phenomena which occur in the presence of Mr. Home. At Rome then it is of all places in the world, where *De par le pape, defense à Dieu, de faire miracles en ce lieu*, but perhaps it is the place of all others now least likely for any spiritual developments. The scandalous frauds, and immoralities, impostures, cruelties, child snatchings, and bigotry of this poor priest-ridden place, make it little likely that any true spiritual developments could find favour within its walls. It is a country where superstition is made a trade to bring pence to its mendicant priests, and where a small proportion of true spiritual phenomena have been eked out by nine-tenths of impostures, in the shape of winking Madonnas, bleeding pictures, and chapels of our Lady of Loretto, with the Pope himself sitting in the veritable chair of St. Peter, which an exploring Englishman, on removing a part of its covering, found to be of ivory covered with Moorish characters! When a case of common mediumship happens among them, they are so ignorant of its nature, that if a young girl in a trance or magnetic state sees the Virgin Mary, straightway Europe is canvassed for money to raise a chapel on the spot. Truly the days are past for spiritual manifestations in Rome, when all the great and good saints, as they call them, are disowned by a Pope who forbids God to perform again the miracles, which were common to all of them. Mr. Home is raised in the air, so were St. Francis, and St. Ignatius Loyola, and so was St. Theresa in the great square of St. Peter's in the presence of the Pope and assembled Rome. There is not one of the manifestations common to Mr. Home, but are to be seen fifty times repeated in the lives accredited by the church, of nearly all of its greatest saints, but now the Pope forbids that God should longer do miracles at Rome. If the Pope were other than a lunatic, he would have made Mr. Home a cardinal, and have retained him to have sittings twice a week at the Vatican, that by means of his manifestations, the belief in the possibility of the Romish miracles, might have some chance of being a little re-established, and rescued from the mass of fraud in which the true ones are justly lost. If Protestantism, which practically denies all spirituality in religion and in nature, had issued such an order as that of the Pope, we should not have been surprised. Our men of science and literature such as Brewster and the members of the Royal Society, will hardly be proud of their new coadjutor. They would not

agree on the reasons, but only in the conclusion of the venerable Father.

We cannot but be thankful that such an event has occurred, as it will excite increased interest in the subject, and very great contempt for Popish incapacity and bigotry.

CIRCULAR LETTER AND ORDINANCE OF MONSEIGNEUR THE BISHOP OF ALGIERS ON THE SUPERSTITION CALLED SPIRITUALISM.

“ARTICLE I.—The practice of Spiritualism, or the evocation of the dead, is interdicted to all and every one in the diocese of Algiers.

“Article II.—The confessors shall refuse absolution to every one who does not renounce all participation, whether as a medium, as an adept, or as a simple witness, at *séances*, private or public, in short, at any operation whatever of Spiritualism.

Article III.—In all the towns and all the rural parishes of Algiers where Spiritualism has been introduced with some *éclat*, Messieurs the Curés shall read publicly this letter from the pulpit the first Sunday after its reception. Besides this, they shall communicate everywhere in particular, according to the necessity.

“Done at Algiers, the 18th of August, 1863.

“+ Louis Antoine-Augustin, Bishop of Algiers.

“By command of Monseigneur :

“ A. Ancelin, Canon, Vicar-General.”

“This is the first ordinance,” says M. Kardec, in the November number of the *Revue Spirite*, “launched with the intention of officially interdicting Spiritualism in a locality. It was issued on the 18th of August, 1863, a date which will stand marked in the annals of Spiritualism, like that of the 9th of October, 1860, a day ever memorable for the *auto-da-fé* at Barcelona, decreed by the bishop of that city. The attacks, the critiques, the sermons, having produced no satisfactory effect, it is desired to strike a blow by official excommunication. We shall see whether this will better attain the object.

“By the first article, the ordinance addresses itself to all and every one in the diocese of Algiers, that is to say, the prohibition to occupy himself with Spiritualism is made to every individual without exception. But the population is not composed of fervent catholics only: it comprehends, without speaking of Jews, Protestants, or Mussulmans, all the materialists, pantheists, the

incredulous, free-thinkers, doubters and indifferents, of which the number is incalculable. They figure in the nominal contingent of Catholicism because they are born and baptised in that religion, but in reality they have put themselves out of the church; and on this principle, M. Renan and all the rest of them figure in the Catholic population. As concerns all individuals who are not in strict orthodoxy, the ordinance has no force whatever; and this will be the case wherever a like ordinance is issued. It is, therefore, impossible that any interdict, come from whence it may, can affect the whole world, for where one will be turned aside by it, a hundred will continue to interest themselves in it.

“ Thus they endeavour to put aside the spirits who come without being called, even by those who are forbidden to receive them; who speak to them who do not wish to listen; who climb over the walls when the doors are shut against them. This is the greatest difficulty for which there is no ordinance here below. This ordinance only touches the Catholic fervents; whilst we have often repeated it, that Spiritualism comes to give faith to those who believe in nothing, or who are in doubt. To those who have a faith well grounded, and to whom this faith is sufficient, it says, ‘Revere it,’ and seeks not at all to proselyte these. It says to no one, ‘Abandon your belief and come to me.’ It has a sufficient harvest in the field of the incredulous. Thus the prohibition cannot reach those to whom Spiritualism addresses itself, and it can reach those only whom it does not address. Has not Jesus said, ‘They who are well need not a physician.’ If those who are not well, come to Him without his seeking them, it is that they may find certainty and consolations which they do not find elsewhere, and in this case they will not regard the prohibition.”

The spiritual journals of the south of France, *La Verité* of Lyons, and *La Ruche bordelaise*, have imitated the *Revue Spirite* in giving the Algerian edict at length in their columns. They say very sensibly that they are not disposed to cede all the publicity to their enemies: they hold above everything that every topic should come to the light, and that they are not afraid of marching at full noon. That Spiritualism has everything to gain from attacks and calumnies, from sarcasms and jokes, and that they who perpetrate these should be known to all the world. It was under precisely similar circumstances that Christianity made its way. It is rather odd, however, when the clergy are consigning Spiritualism to the devil, that they do not remember that the Jewish priests sent Christ there too: “Thou hast a devil.” We may, therefore, accept the devil of the orthodoxies, and yet find ourselves in the best of company.

SPIRITUAL SPHERES AND ATMOSPHERES.

No. III.

IN the last paper we saw that a belief in the existence of spiritual atmospheres and emanations is so far from being a novelty, that it is as old as language itself. With that belief was lost almost all true perception of spiritual things. Since the physical sciences have entered their modern phase of development, the ancients have been considered to manifest their ignorance of nature, in those spiritual applications of language, in which we see only gross and childish notions. Some few, however, are now beginning to perceive the reality of that inner world, which the ancients knew to be embodied in all things of this material universe. It remains for the men of these latter times to seek, in the petrified strata of language, the fossil remains of this ancient life. Or rather, let us say, we wait for the Divine spirit to blow upon the dry bones in this valley of death, that they may rise, and become an army of witnesses for the ancient and forgotten truth.

We have seen that, in the account given of the creation in Genesis, a Divine atmosphere, or, in the words of the original, a "God-wind," moved upon the chaos, and out of it brought the life and order of the natural world.

Thus, in verse 21 of Genesis i., it is said that "God created great whales," &c., which "the waters brought forth abundantly." The Divine will and the Divine thought went forth in an impulse, indicated by the words "and God said." This was the *Logos*—the *word*, spoken of by John. The operating energy which carried out this fact, fixing the Divine will and thought in nature, was the brooding sphere, or "God-wind," which, penetrating the deep, caused it to bring forth. "God created," and "the waters brought forth."

This Divine atmosphere ceased not to exist or to act when the present system of nature had been established. We are too apt to sink into the unbelieving notion that God set the world going like a great clock, wound up to run so many milleniums. It arises from this notion, at bottom, that many people are horrified with Mr. Darwin's hypothesis that an advance is being constantly made in the existing races of plants and animals. Of the truth or fallacy of his theory of natural selection I do not pretend to judge, but I fully anticipate that an advanced knowledge will show that the whole universe is progressing continually towards some unknown perfection, guided by the Divine Creator. I see not why there should not be still new forms of life coming into

existence, and probably new types also, not growing from eggs or seed, but embodying new Divine ideas, and being essentially new creations, as distinct and new as were those of the first creatures on our earth. The belief in spontaneous generation which is growing among scientific men, is perfectly in accordance with the account of the Creation in Genesis, if only we understand by spontaneous generation that new forms of life are becoming now first embodied—direct and without ancestry, from the spiritual world. There is a continual influx of life into the world of nature, from the world of spirit. When certain material conditions are existent, then life can be manifested, according to the laws by which the intercourse of spirit and matter are regulated.

Strictly speaking, it is a mistake to suppose this world to be created, in the sense of completion. It is *being created*. The infinite Divine Being, whose children we are, never changes. If He once created, He creates for ever. Creation is his joy, because He is love, and every moment He is filling, perfecting, and enlarging every thing He has made, every moment bringing new creatures into being. Astronomers tell us they believe that our sun, with its planets, and the stellar system to which they belong, are travelling with inconceivable rapidity through space, towards some unknown point in the stellar universe. And so also, all nature is moving—there is no rest, day or night. Birth, growth, maturity, decay,—and then death, which is but a new birth. Onward, onward, we are carried, by the silent, winged, irresistible power. If we will but prepare for it, a better place waits for us, and another being is ready to fill the place we occupy. We are unclothed of our clay, and enter the next inner chamber of the universe; yet we are not created, but only being created, by Him who is the living centre of all things, who draws all beings from the outer, deader circles of existence, upwards towards Himself, purifying, ennobling and quickening them ever with new life. For “He maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers flaming fire.”

In Gen. ii. 7, we read that when man was formed, Jehovah God “breathed into his nostrils the breath of lives.” It was not life, but *lives*,—natural and spiritual. When we remember that breath is both spiritual and natural, we understand these expressions. While the bodily lungs breathe the natural air, the spiritual lungs inhale the aura which is the outer sphere of God Himself. And in this sphere all spirits must live, whether embodied in nature or freed from matter. We may cease to breathe the outer air, and our bodies die. But we still breathe this more vital air of the inner life, and hence, we merely leave the body, and our life is essentially unchanged. The medium of communication then, between spirit and spirit—whether the

spirits be in the flesh or out of the flesh—is this subtle, spiritual air or æther, which is as substantial to the spirit, as our air is to the body. It has its own laws and properties, the counterparts of the laws and properties of the natural air. Its light is knowledge—its heat is love. God Himself is the sun that illumines and warms it.

But this spiritual atmosphere has also its disturbances—its lightnings, thunders, and hailstones—as seen by John in the Apocalypse. For the things seen by the prophets are as real as the objects of our natural world—nay, ours are the shadows, and theirs the substance. And I think we can easily perceive the effects of these spiritual derangements, even in our present state. For instance—the prophetic writers often speak of judgments that are to come upon corrupt nations, as whirlwinds. (see Jer. xxiii. 19, xxv. 32, and xxx. 23, Ezek. i. 4.) We are not to suppose these to be merely figurative expressions. They are whirlwinds in the spiritual atmosphere. When a nation or an age has become corrupt, the atmosphere of spiritual life stagnates, and becomes loaded with malaria. The action of the sun itself, instead of bringing joy and beauty, only intensifies the evil, and produces a stifling and oppressive heat, until at length it breaks up the cloudy envelope, setting the whole mass of air and stagnant vapour into a fearful whirl, desolating and death-bringing, perhaps, but purifying. Such a spiritual whirlwind was the great French Revolution of the last century. A corrupt church, a corrupt court, and a corrupt aristocracy endeavoured to stop up every avenue by which spiritual life might have a free current. The spiritual elements could not be thus chained. The life that ought to have become freedom, religion, progress and peace, was shut up until it stagnated into what was called free-thinking. It became a desolating whirlwind. A spiritual whirlwind of another kind is now marring the fair prospects of America.

Other winds of a destructive nature are spoken of by the prophets, beside these whirlwinds (see Jer. iv. 11) when Sennacherib, the Assyrian, came to threaten Jerusalem, Isaiah said “Thus said Jehovah, Be not afraid, I will send a blast upon him,” &c.; and in the margin of our reference Bibles we read for blast—“spirit,” Isaiah xxxvii. 7. We read the result in verse 36, and in 2 Kings, xix, 35. The “blast” of the prophecy is there said to be the angel or messenger, of the Lord, who slew 185,000 men of the Assyrian army in a night.

Daniel (chap. vii.) describes a vision in which the “four winds [contending spiritual powers] strove upon the great sea.” There came from the sea, in consequence, four great beasts. In the action of the winds upon the sea, here, we are reminded of the creation, described in Gen. i, where “the wind of God

moved upon the waters." But in Daniel's vision these were four monstrous creations of evil, springing from the disorderly spiritual influences. These monstrous creations, in the vision, are at length subdued and destroyed by the coming of the Ancient of Days, and the everlasting kingdom of the saints.

I should fill many volumes if I attempted to examine all the passages of Holy Writ which allude to the general spiritual atmosphere, and this subject must be deferred. I will proceed, therefore, to speak of some of the special qualities and purposes of that higher vital atmosphere. And first, it must be observed that, because it is an ocean in which all living beings respire, it is necessarily charged with spiritual exhalations from all creatures. As in the world of nature, so in the world of spirits, there are widely different and even opposite kinds of beings, which absorb and give out different emanating substances, one of which counterbalances and counteracts another. And there is little doubt that in the world of nature, poisonous plants and venomous and ferocious reptiles and beasts, each absorbs some poisonous and destructive quality from the natural atmosphere—and that wicked men and evil spirits are also absorbents of noxious spiritual influences. They gather them up into their own lives, and become concrete manifestations of the corruptions and malaria generated by foul and impure spirits; and thus, in spite of themselves, fill a useful purpose in the universe as scavengers, if I may use the simile.

The analogy of the natural atmosphere will lead us still further. The air of the natural world is a vast magazine of all the most active and nutrient substances of nature. Consisting principally of two gases—oxygen and nitrogen—there are besides these substances, myriads of others, in smaller quantities, and as the moving ocean of air sweeps by, each living thing selects and appropriates from it those particles of substance for which it has special affinity. Thus, the very wood of the forest tree, we are told, is almost entirely built up of the carbon which has floated invisibly in the air, exhaled by animals, and gathered up by the leaves of the tree. Every plant, flower, fruit and mineral gives forth its spherical emanation to mingle in the vast ocean. And so also, in the spiritual atmosphere, every spiritual being gives forth its thought and feeling in its emanating sphere. And the spiritual atmosphere becomes, therefore, in a corrupt and disorderly world, like ours, a vast ocean of mingled truth and error, good and evil.

Every human spirit, according to his genius, has a certain limited sphere emanating from his own life, and the nearer we come to each spirit, that is, in affection, the more strongly do we feel the influence of that sphere. And this is a matter of vast

importance to us. The particular state of those we are closely associated with, affects us much more powerfully than the general condition of the world, or of the nation we belong to.

Those readers who have gone along with me carefully in the observation of the familiar phenomena mentioned in the first and second papers of this series, will understand the intimate connection which must necessarily exist between men still in the flesh, and spirits now disembodied. Existing together with us in the same spiritual atmosphere, which is the soul of the natural atmosphere, they have everything in common with us except the matter in which, for the time, we are enshrined. They are often, probably, very sensible of our presence, and can influence our thoughts and feelings; while we, looking outwards into the world of nature, are, in our outer consciousness, unaware of *their* presence, though we may think and feel in unison with them.

With some spirits we have a life-sympathy of unchanging love. With others we have slighter and more temporary bonds of union. We can easily see that with spirits free from the limitation of space, associations of like with like are easy. To love another is to be present with him. And, therefore, association is the grand law of the spiritual world. And every individual sphere of influence is intensified by its union with others like itself. Therefore, if we are in association with any spirit we are influenced not only by the individual sphere of that spirit, but also by the combined spheres of the company with which he may be associated.

The Chinese, and others of the eastern races, preserve still the firm belief that their fathers are present with them. To them the universe is still a unity, and the men of the race below are under the care of those who have only in appearance left them to join the host of their forefathers. Much of the idolatry of Paganism arose from the belief, or knowledge, that their fathers, and the great men of the past were still with them. Hence they prayed to them and endeavoured to propitiate them by reverential acts. The gods, lares, penates, genii, and manes of the old Pagans were the ancestors and distinguished men of former times. Each nation, city, and family had its own. When the Romans besieged Carthage they invoked the protecting deities of their enemies' city, endeavouring by an incantation to bring these deities over to their own side. Then, by another invocation they solemnly devoted Carthage to destruction. Probably it was with a similar intent that Balak sent for Balaam the prophet. He wished first, by sacrifice, to gain over the dreaded God of the Israelites, and then to curse them in his name and power.

If there is any one thing manifest in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, it is the universal prevalence of this belief in the continued existence of the dead. Hence that beautiful expression, used when the patriarchs died, that they were "gathered to their fathers." Paul speaks of the first Christian believers being "compassed with a great *cloud* of witnesses," as though he saw them hovering in the aerial regions, as the servant of Elijah, when his eyes were opened, saw the heavenly armies that fought for Israel. The Christianity which overthrew Paganism fully indorsed and confirmed the general belief of Paganism, that we live in the company of countless invisible spirits. Their world was a world full of wondrous and mysterious living powers—the fathers, the prophets, and the countless ministering angels, and also those demons that continually sought opportunities to tempt and destroy, ruled over by "the prince of the powers of the air." Being believers in these things, they could well understand the counsel given them by John: "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God."

Certain great spirits were understood by the ancients to have charge of nations, cities, and races, as we have already seen. There is, in the Book of Daniel, a remarkable illustration of this. In chapter x., Daniel says, that he had been mourning and fasting three full weeks; he ate no pleasant bread and drank no wine, no flesh came into his mouth, and he did not anoint himself. At the end of that time he found himself in vision by the great river Hiddekel. The river Hiddekel is, I believe, nowhere mentioned except here and in Genesis ii. There it is named as one of the four rivers of the garden of Eden. Daniel saw it, in his vision, however, and by the side of the river a man of wonderful appearance, at sight of whom his "countenance was turned to corruption," and he fell strengthless before him. The men who were with Daniel saw not the vision, but a great quaking fell on them, and they fled to hide themselves. This glorious being spoke to him, and by a touch set him "on his knees and the palms of his hands," but still in a deep sleep into which he had fallen. Then bidding him to stand on his feet, the angel told him that from the first day he had set his heart to understand, and to chasten himself before God, he was heard, and that he had come to him in answer to his prayers; but that for twenty-one days the Prince of Persia had withstood him, and until now he had not been able to manifest himself to Daniel. "But," he adds, "Michael, one of the chief princes, came to help me, and I remained there with the kings of Persia." In verse 20, he says, "Now will I return to fight with the Prince of Persia, and when I am gone forth, lo! the Prince of Grecia shall

come." At the close, he tells Daniel that there is "none that holdeth with me in these things but Michael your prince."

At the time when Daniel saw this vision, Cyrus, the Persian conqueror, was king of Babylon, and Daniel and the Jews were captives under him. The kings of Persia here spoken of, must have been the kings of past generations in the world of spirits. The Prince of Persia, who withstood him, appears to have been some grand presiding genius, of archangelic dignity, who had the chief disposal of the destinies of the nation, under the Divine Providence. Michael is mentioned again in Daniel xii. 1, as "the great prince that standeth for the children of thy people" (the Jews). As we know from history, the Prince of Grecia did come subsequently. The great Greek conqueror, Alexander of Macedon, subdued the Persians, and many other eastern peoples.

In this chapter we seem to gain a glimpse of the higher influences which mediatorically govern the temporal destinies of men. The Prince of Persia, the Prince of Grecia, and Michael, the great prince of the Israelitish people, appear to have been "pivotal" spirits, if we may borrow a term from Fourier, having an almost supreme power over the spirits of their respective races, as regards their political state and relations, at least. Very possibly they were, in some cases, patriarchs of the races over whom they ruled. Or they may have been, when in the flesh, such men as Peter the Great of Russia, Napoleon the First of France, Alexander of Macedon, or the first Cæsar. There seems to be no improbability in the supposition, indeed, that Alexander may have been the very prince of Grecia, foreseen by the powerful spirit whosaid to Daniel, "and when I am gone forth, lo, the prince of Grecia shall come." Some of the men we have named had so great a power of fixing their purposes upon the people they led, that it appears to us almost like a fascination. The Russian Peter is an example. The remarkable document in which his purposes are recorded, called his testament, or will, is well known, and its plans still constitute the grand ideal of the Russian people. And I think I am not exaggerating the state of popular feeling in Europe, and especially in France, with regard to that man of mystery, the present French emperor, in saying that there is, notwithstanding all the unbelief in spiritual things which characterizes the age, a very wide-spread feeling that Napoleon III. is in some kind of spiritual *rapport* with Napoleon I., and represents him. Among the more ignorant and superstitious of the French peasantry, indeed, a belief prevailed, and probably still prevails, that the present ruler was the great Napoleon risen from the dead. And probably the secret feeling of the connection between the two is one hidden cause of that rooted belief, which, in England, it seems almost impossible to shake, that Waterloo and St. Helena

cannot be forgiven. Happily, this need not necessarily be a well-grounded apprehension, even if we suppose that Napoleon I. still reigns in the person of his nephew. He may have risen to a higher nobleness, above the feeling of revenge.

In Isaiah xiv. there is a grand passage, in which the prophet dramatically describes the fall of some great prince, who appears to be the representative and ruler of Babylon. There is more power ascribed to this being, whoever he may be, than we can recognize as belonging to any earthly potentate. In verse 9, he says,—“Hell* from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, ‘art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us?’” And the many allusions to Babylon throughout the prophecies, and even by John in the Apocalypse, when, for several centuries, Babylon had ceased to be one of the influential powers of the earth, show that there was present to the seers some great spiritual power, who perhaps first dominated over men in a very marked and prominent manner through the Babylonish despotism, and when that was overthrown, sought new forms of manifestation in the world. Protestants generally suppose that the Roman Catholic Hierarchy is that which was specially indicated by John. It is more likely that, wherever we find spiritual despotism, or a desire of dominion springing from self-love in the rulers, seeking to become absolute over the minds and bodies of men, there is Babylon. It may exist in Protestant as well as Catholic communions.

Behind these great princes, who have some time belonged to our natural world, there seem to be indications of the existence of another order of intelligences, of whose incarnation in our world there is doubt. One of the names applied to the great spirit of Babylon in the chapter just referred to, is sometimes understood to be the name of a fallen archangel. Lucifer is the name in our translation,—the Hebrew is *Ben-shachar*, “son of morning.” There are passages which favour the notion that the Apostles believed in the existence of spirits that had not been men in the flesh since the beginning of our present economy. Jude speaks of “the angels which kept not their first principality, but left their own habitation,” and says they are “reserved in the bonds of Hades, under thick darkness, unto the judgment of the great day.” And Peter, in 2 Epistle, ii., 4, speaks of the angels that sinned, as “cast down into *Tartarus* (the troubled region), and

* This word *sheol*, in the Hebrew, is equivalent to the Greek *Hades*,—the place of departed spirits; but as it is *sheol from beneath*, it signifies the opposite of a blessed condition.

delivered into chains of thick darkness, reserved unto judgment." In these passages the apostles endorse the universal belief of those ages, that there were spiritual beings, other than men of our race, of great power and of subtle malignity, who were tempters and seducers of men. This belief Milton has summed up in "Paradise Lost." In the gospels there are frequent references to one who is mentioned as the great chief of these fallen angels, by the names of Satan and Diabolos. It was he who tempted Christ, and it was he who entered into Judas. Jesus himself speaks of the infernals as under an organic and unitary government,—“If the kingdom of Satan be divided, it cannot stand.” Evil spirits are generally called dæmons. The one who assumed the leadership, and appears under a proper name, may, however, be only one selected, for the time, as the conductor of the united infernal magnetism,—what Swedenborg would call a “subject spirit,”—wielding for the time, or being the channel of, the whole power of the infernals.

Some great spirit, of transcendent power and genius, is distinctly alluded to in the New Testament, as the “Prince of the Power of the Air,” and “the god of this World,” but nothing is there told us of his origin. Whatever view we may form concerning this mysterious being, it is the clear doctrine of Christianity, that “the Son of God was manifested to destroy the works of the devil.”—1 John, iii., 8. Satan, as prince, or the collective spirits of evil, had obtained complete dominion over men, so that when Satan said, shewing to Christ the kingdoms of the world, and their glory, “All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me,” Christ did not tell him that they were not his to give. He was, in truth, “the god of this World.” It is possible that these powerful evil spirits, or some of them, may have lived as men in the flesh, in some world that existed before our own. They are said to be reserved in bonds and darkness, yet they had great power and apparent freedom. The darkness, however, is spiritual darkness, such as afflicts every corrupt man, who cannot perceive the truth because he is corrupt. The bonds or chains of the spirit are evil passions and desires, that become objective as real chains and fetters, in that life where the internal and the external become one. A man or a spirit who loves evil is really in slavery, however free he may think himself.

The condition of human society on earth, at any given period, represents and manifests the condition of the spiritual powers that are associated with man, and influence him. At the time of Christ's incarnation there was universal corruption. The rank voluptuousness of the oriental nations, and the more refined sensualism of the Greeks, were subordinated, not repressed, by

the strong common sense of the Romans—and subordinated to serve the purposes of an ambition which the world could not satiate, and to gratify lusts which finally brought about one of the most terrible collapses recorded in history. These nations and their rulers were the bases and manifestations, in the world of nature, of vast spiritual hierarchies, which wrought out in them their purposes, and sometimes dashed their warring hosts together in mutual destruction. What matter is for the artist, the world of nature is for spirits. It is here that the contest of hostile spiritual hosts is carried on; this is their ultimate battleground, the "valley of decision." And when Christ came, the very religions of men, which should lead them to God, had become the strongholds of infernal powers. In that day, as in ours, scepticism reigned among the philosophers. The Jews, who were the conservators of the great truth of the Divine Unity, were either entombed in a dead Pharisaism, or embodied the spirit of the age in a sneering Saduceeism.

Such was the period when the Divine Advent was made. Not one soul in the wide world could recognize the Divine Man. With the all-embracing energies of evil He fought alone. The infernals, when they saw Him—not as to his natural body, but as to his spirit, knew Him, and sought to destroy Him. For forty days He was subjected to their full power, alone, and in the wilderness. Doubtless all the power of the hells was concentrated upon Him, dwelling, as He was, like ourselves, in a body which hereditary evil had corrupted. But it was impossible to induce on Him the sleep of death, or to fix on Him the hallucinations of the demons. He was victor, but at the price of life. Satan had the power to hunt Him from place to place, to make Him an outcast while He lived, and at length to crucify Him as a malefactor. And still more, Satan had the power utterly to isolate Him from human sympathy, so that those He loved most could not understand Him, and at length He died of a broken heart, in an agony of despair. The very heavens were blotted out from his spiritual vision. when He cried on the cross, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me!"

Such was the influence of evil spirits. But this was the first successful and complete resistance to them, and their power began to wane. Jesus said, "I saw Satan, as lightning, fall to the ground." Christ's triumph in death was the beginning of a new reign—of a kingdom which is to fill the earth. Of all the great spiritual potentates, he is the Prince of Princes—King of Kings, because he overcame Him who was the "god of this world." But it was only after His death and resurrection, that the power of His new Kingdom began to manifest itself.

Our business in these papers, in speaking of the incarnation

and the life of Christ, is to indicate the bearing, on the general spiritual atmosphere of the world, of the manifestation of the Divine Man in the flesh. I therefore pass on to observe a fact which I do not remember to have seen noticed elsewhere. While Jesus was on earth, and living a natural life with his disciples, He wrought many miracles upon the bodies of men, He gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, cast out devils, raised the dead; He had power over nature, changed water into wine, multiplied loaves, stilled the storm, walked upon the sea, caused the fig-tree to wither; He even showed that no human power could have harmed Him, unless He had voluntarily submitted to it; for when his enemies would have killed Him, He passed safely through their midst; when they came to take Him, they fell backwards to the ground, as though paralysed; and he could have prayed, as he said, and twelve legions of angels would have been sent to deliver him. But all his Divine power was manifested in the natural degree of life only. While living in this life of nature, He does not appear to have given, to one single mind, any approximation to the true spiritual perception of Himself and his work. His chosen twelve had not the slightest gleam of it to the very last. After his death they were in despair, for they had "hoped it was He that should deliver Israel." "I go a fishing," said Peter. And the others said, "We also go with thee." All was over, and they seemed to think only of returning, disappointed, to their old calling.

But He had told them, before his death, that He would come again, that He would send the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, and when He had finally risen from the earth, and ascended from that *Hades* which He visited, when He was fully glorified, then came the promised new influence. The disciples were assembled, with one accord, when there came a sound, as of a rushing mighty wind, filling the house, sitting upon each as a cloven tongue of fire. It entered their hearts and minds, also, and they began to speak new things, and in new tongues. What a wonderful excitement that must have been, which the mockers made out to be the effect of new wine. They saw everything now in a new light. Their hearts were on fire with Divine love. The poor cowering bewildered fishermen of the day before, were now suddenly transformed into heroes whose like the world had never seen. The whole life of Jesus, their Divine Master, came up, as with an instant flash of sunlight, in a perfectly new aspect. The law and the prophets were open to them through his life, and beamed with a glory never yet dreamed of. They never doubted or wavered again. No weakness, no denial, no shrinking now. Henceforth they sing in the prison, and exult on the cross, these men who had all fled when Jesus was taken by his

enemies. This was the promised baptism with the Holy Spirit and with fire.

Christ had ascended from the bondage of death which He had broken. He rose into supreme power in the heavens, and thence sent forth a new, redeeming influx; a new element in the corrupted spiritual atmosphere. It was a renewal of the "*wind of God*," creating man anew. It came down as a "rushing mighty wind." And observe Peter's inspired explanation of the phenomenon. "These are not drunken, as ye suppose; but this is that thing spoken of by the prophet Joel. 'It shall come to pass,' saith God, 'that I will pour out of my spirit upon all flesh,' " &c. The promised breath, wind, or spirit is now "poured out." Again, Peter says, after telling of the life and death of Jesus, "This Jesus hath God raised up, and being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath *shed forth* this which ye now see and hear."

Now this Holy Spirit was the one essential thing with the first Christians. After Peter's address many of his hearers were "pricked in their hearts," were baptized, and received, as Peter had been authorized to promise, the gift of the Holy Ghost. Three thousand were that day added to the Church. Afterwards, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles, the same Divine influence was sometimes communicated to converts by the laying on of hands, and sometimes without that ceremony, as in the case of Cornelius and his household, (Acts x.) when it fell upon those that heard the words of Peter, even before baptism. In all cases its descent was the *sine qua non* of true discipleship. We, in these degenerate days, think of *belief* as being the one condition of Christian brotherhood. And this is just the reason that belief itself has almost died out from our midst. For "no man *can* believe that Jesus is the Christ, but by the Holy Ghost." Our faith is unreal. It is a shadow which flees at the first touch of trial or temptation. It leaves us a prey to the world and the devil, because we have not, and have almost forgotten to desire, this gift of the Holy Ghost. Our forms are dead for want of this. One phase of religious life after another has risen into a feeble temporary life, died, and left its dead body. These dead bodies are the multitude of sects around us. It is one of the strange things we see, as Lynch says, "that a living body endures so short a time, but a dead body can be preserved so long." "When the Holy Ghost departs from any set of opinions, or form of character," says Irving, "they wither like a sapless tree." How many withered fig-trees, upon whom this curse has taken effect, stand around us in these days. Oh! when shall we see the need of crying to God, with a cry as for life itself, that the

gift of the Holy Ghost may again descend, to build the old wastes, and bring the life of that new age of righteousness, for which the world waits at the very gate of death.

In those days of early Christianity, though Christ had ascended, the power of working miracles was not withdrawn. With the descent of the Holy Spirit came the same power which Christ had Himself exercised in the flesh. While He lived the life of nature, He manifested his Divine power on the plane of nature. When He ascended, He manifested that power in the spiritual plane of life. But the natural power did not cease; it became manifest in the natural lives of those who received his spirit. Through them He wrought miracles, as of old. He assumed new power, but the old was not lost or relinquished. This fact exhibits the true order of Nature. The spiritual power acts through the natural. Coming from within, into a man's spirit, it is translated, by passing through his organism, into a vivifying natural power.

There is a mystery here which we can but dimly see at present. Christ took his body with him when He rose. The body was changed, and appeared differently to different disciples, but it was the very body He had lived in on the natural platform. Its particles were freed from the taint of corruption, and had become spiritualized, if I may use the word, rather as a figure than a scientific statement. He became visible or invisible instantaneously. This body was not subject to our laws of space and time. In short, it was raised to another platform of existence—made Divine. And I think we may justly infer, that this divine material body became a germ of redemption through which the Divine can operate in a new way upon the bodies of men and their material dwelling-place. The very body of Christ becomes a basis of redemption for humanity. By means of it He descends into the depths of nature, so that He is, of all things the last as well as the first—the Alpha and the Omega—the beginning and the end of the universe of God. Things far deeper than our philosophy are involved in the simple and wonderful narrative of the Gospels. It is probably an allusion to this obscure subject which Paul makes in Rom. viii., 19—23. "The creature itself," he says, "shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, the redemption of our body."

But this paper is already too long, and I must defer the rest of this subject until the next month.

LIBRA.

EXPERIENCES OF A MEDIUM.

By JACOB DIXON, L.S.A.L.

III.

CONTINUING the extracts from my diary—some of them fragmentary, and at first sight trivial, and transcribed only because they seem to let in light from the spiritual side, upon the subject of mediumship—I pass over many communications from those of whom I had had a knowledge when they were in the body, and from whom, therefore, I did not at once withdraw my hand. It was with reference to such visitors, I suspect, that on one occasion (1859, May 19) “Matilda” wrote, that good spirits would leave an influence with me which would repel that from undeveloped spirits, which weakened me.

May 22nd, this was written:—“Spirits of various sorts try to write through you, to get the attention of your guardian. Matilda is indulgent and gives them advice. Your friends cannot often write from the crowd that presses round you.” Next day, this:—“Some spirits see the *rapport* of higher spirits, and endeavour to detach it.—Matilda.”

Then:—“Adaptation of another’s mind to God is a duty to a good man. My dear son, say a zealous prayer for the adaptation of the soul of a fellow-creature to God, and you do a good thing, and one that is acceptable to God. My dear son, friend B—, is a good man, but mistaken in many things, and in this among the number.—Father Williams.” “Friend B.” and myself had been speaking upon this subject the previous day; we used, in years past, to receive communications from a spirit signing thus, through another medium. The following was also from “Father W.,” same day:—“You are right in thinking that man is subject to influences both evil and good; but under mud lie diamonds—under evils lie goods.”

June 3rd—This day a line from the spirit of my father—the first for a long while:—“My dear son, seek the Lord in all your ways.”

5th—I hoped for a continuation of communications from him; instead, I find those from individuals with whom I had not felt sympathy; for instance:—“Say to Mary that her uncle Daniel is with her.” The handwriting changed to that of the said uncle, who wrote:—“My dear niece and Mr. D.—How often have I desired to communicate with you! How surprised I was to find myself still in existence,” &c. Then another uncle more recently deceased, wrote from apparently the same level. Then the signature, “Devonshire Saull,” came, followed by expressions of *his* surprise. I thought it time to require my formula. Then was written:—“I do confess the Lord Jesus Christ, and desire to

do his will. The many times I have tried to communicate through your hand, my friend—the many moments of misery I have passed and suffered—my heart is above the sinful crowd I am surrounded by.” To this I made some comment, having known the writer years ago, and expected to receive a rejoinder; but this came:—“My dear sir—My name was Simpkins, may God pardon me for my sins.” “What Simpkins?” “Simpkins of spirits—mention me in your prayers. Eternal misery is a fearful and—miserable, miserable! Oh! God, have mercy on me! For the memory of man is imperishable and the animal propensities remain with him. May you never know the feeling I have now. My dear daughter makes a prayer for me night and day—my dear daughter!” To some observations I made, the spirit wrote:—“To repent is a hard thing. Man is the creature of circumstances.” There being a pause in the writing, I responded to the effect, that he seemed to me a creature of God amidst circumstances by which he is affected, but that as a creature of God, he may be affected by Him more than by circumstances, if he, in his interior soul, prays to Him. Instead of Simpkins replying, this was written:—“You are right, Hugh Carolan. For this explanation many thanks.—Flora C.” I laid down the pen. Later in the evening, Simpkins again wrote:—“I am thankful for what you said.” He reverted to his former proposition, and I replied in a similar strain. He resumed:—“Happy am I to have met with so kind a reception. I desire to escape from my old self.” To this I said, “I have been taught that the passing out of one’s selfishness is coincident with receiving the influence of God’s Holy Spirit into us, which may effect a displacement of past thoughts and affections by celestial influences upon the soul.” “I see myself in a light that I have never seen myself in before. My good friend, may God bless you!” After dwelling again upon his *old self*, and of getting away from it, he finished with:—“I see that the inexplicability of the past arose from my ignoring the inner life and inner causation.” I said, “Prayer is the opening of the heart to the fount of these. Our state of being is changed from within, not from without.” “My dear friend, you say things which I used to laugh at, and now they seem to be true.” Some hours after Simpkins wrote again; but it was only to go again over the same ground—I had no communication for a week. Then, in the morning:—“Mammonism is a great drawer of man’s heart and soul from Divine things. Demons are ever on the watch to direct their effluence upon men, to establish *rapport* with them—even the good, to secure themselves against such *rapport*, have ever to be on their guard.” On committing this to paper, the hand was moved to write:—“The demons spoken

of are the tempting spirits, which constitute the region of temptation, which our Lord prayed against being led into.—Matilda.”

20th—This scrap this morning :—“ Matilda is not with you to-day, so I come. Some spirits, not evil, love to busy themselves with the affairs of your sphere.”

21st—“ Sad is the state of spirits who leave the earth without the guidance of the blessed spirits of God.—Daniel D.” This was an uncle, mentioned before, of my wife; she said she hoped he was not unhappy :—“ Less happy than I should have been if my mind had been opened to the Divine.” Matilda wrote the same morning :—“ Many spirits are sad and sorrowful. Satanic spirits differ from these in not looking at the past with regret.”

22nd—I dropped off to sleep while a communication was being written. On waking, my wife expressed surprise that the writing did not keep me awake. This was written :—“ The state of mediumship is a state of passivity which favours sleep. The action of the spirit in producing the writing tends magnetically to induce sleep. The medium’s disposition to sleep well and much is not surprising to spirits. The work of the soul is more sleep-producing than the work of the body.” During the day the following was written with the pen :—“ The man on the Cross is the image of man on earth doing the will of God in spite of adversity and trouble. A good man is not depressed by matters of small moment. Creatures of the hour ought not to nurse inquietude as to the result of—” The writing suddenly ceased.

July 5th.—A Spiritualist friend who called, had talked about evil spirits and their intrusions. The following morning this was written :—“ The only way to avoid evil spirits is by continual devotion of self to God through Jesus Christ.—Matilda.” During the two or three ensuing weeks, I find many attempts at communications from various spirits—some frivolous, some bringing on the pain in the shoulder, some asking for prayer. With respect to these visitations I find I made this reflection—“ Perhaps I may not be free from the *rapport* of spirits of low spheres until I have cast the mental skins of my own corresponding states.” The answer to this, through my hand, was :—“ You are not subject to the *rapport* of evil spirits more than others on earth.”

7th—We had Mrs. Marshall one evening to meet some friends. Next morning this was written :—“ The mind of man is strange. Your friend C——, is not a dull man, yet he is not open to evidence as L—— is. My dear son, you should not mix much with such men, for they keep you down rather than help to raise you. May God help them and all such. . May you not often have such miserable sinners to help as you had with you last night. May you often have the company of blessed spirits to help you on your way to greater light and harmony.—Matilda.”

9th—Having the sensation in the shoulder continuously I did not hold the pen for some days. It going off, this was written:—“Satanic spirits are ever on the watch to disgust you with mediumship.” Next day:—“The horologe points to the hour for rising. My dear friend, say the Lord’s Prayer. . . . As we are saved by his grace so— Make an end; some spirits approach who would interrupt.” Another time:—“I am surprised that you should continue this dire description of mediumship rather than cultivate that by impressions on the mind.”

30th—The following was written. It was addressed to myself:—“My name was yours when on earth. My dear cousin, may you make a more merciful judgment of me than I did of you.” “I pray to judge rightly.” “Dear cousin, may you have more charity for me than I had for you.” “It is hard to return warmth for coldness, unless by God’s grace.” Then, in different writing:—“G. sees that you have not forgotten his coldness to you. Your sister Sarah hopes you will remember it no more.” “Does my feeling affect a spirit?” The former writing reappeared:—“Yes, much, dear cousin. Your affection for your sister makes her happier than an opposite feeling would.” “I shall pray to be relieved of all uncharitable feeling, if any remain.” “Many thanks, dear cousin J.”

31st—Full of the recollections of yesterday’s writing I held my hand on perceiving the vibration; but instead of any reference to that, this came:—“An Almighty Father suffers not his children to have sorrow without alleviation. Winter is followed by the mercies of spring and summer. Demands made with reference to physical good are often followed by what seems physical evil leading to spiritual good.—Sarah.” Then: “Dear brother—You are sad; you ought not to be sad. How many suffer, and have suffered more—have had severer dispensations than you.” “Yes, truly—yourself, dear sister, for instance.” “Yes, I suffered.” “And Elizabeth, from whom I never have a line, where and how is she?” “Elizabeth is now tending her dear Agnes; but she is often here with us.” “Farewell; I must get up now.”

August 2nd—Here is a scrap from another family spirit, also written before rising:—“My dear cousin—I am Sarah B., may God bless you. I am often with you endeavouring to influence you for good. May you ever be on the watch against evil. My dear daughter and husband are in darkness, and you are in the light. O, make some effort to enlighten them!” Having transcribed it, I felt the vibration at the elbow. Instead of a continuation, this was written:—“Matilda—My dear son, you are too fearful in your thoughts of the future. The thoughts of the mind should not be saddened by fearful anticipations. Mary is

more fearful than you ; but you should not let her fear smother your hope and reliance on Providence. Make your material arrangements more consonant with your spiritual state. She will see the advantage when arranged."

4th—" Good men are always thinking of what good they can do for others : sinners are always thinking of what they can do for themselves. Take this as a rule by which to test the qualities of men." Next morning, after commencements of several communications, each ending in undistinguishable writing, I laid down the hand. Before I got up, I held my hand again, when this was written :—" Several causes act against intelligibility in communications. A spirit may go on writing until his force becomes weakened ; then another, whose name is Legion, may come into *rapport*. Many times your father has written and then some wanderer has thus interrupted. But you are too single-minded to be hurt by these wanderers."

8th—This came this morning :—" I come in the Lord's name. ' When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.' Lay down the hand.—M. A. Sarnar." " Did I know you ?" I asked. " No, many spirits know you whom you did not know, and who seek to influence you.—M. A. S."

14th—I have had several communications from the spirit of Hugh Carolan, to whom I was articled thirty-seven years previously. His habit was to address me familiarly as " Young Man." He writes through my hand to-day :—" Hugh Carolan greets you. Yonder man (writing the name of one whom I knew) is sinking into evil ; he will have hard work to get at common man's good (—was aiming at luxurious state) after he leaves earth. The advantage of knowing what you do is great. The grace of the Lord has been great towards you. My dear young man, we often had differences, but I liked you at heart ; we shall meet again here, and shall not remember anger. We forgave each other, but forgiveness is not forgetfulness without God's grace inflowing into us, for which we have to pray unceasingly. The memory is tenacious of love and of hatred. Forgiveness is effected through the operation of God's Holy Spirit. My dear young man, the prayer of the heart opens the window of the soul to let in Divine grace, and it becomes changed in state. Make a frequent prayer in behalf of this change in favour of your old friend Carolan. The prayer of each for the other is of effect dynamically. The good of the other is the object of Christian teaching. The many have no idea, until they come here, of the reality of spiritual life." I said, I could scarcely realize it to myself. " No, you cannot, my friend, I know. Hugh Carolan has gone. I love to see you receive him

amicably. Divine grace has made a great change in him. Nothing is more needed than perpetual prayer for it to be poured upon us in and out of the body. The love of the world is not to be encouraged by those who know of spiritual life." At this moment my wife entered to speak to me about some affair of the house, and the handwriting changed to her sister's, who discoursed thus:—"Dear Mary—You are now about your domestic duties. It is good to do one's duty in one's sphere of life. But, my dear sister, you are too much absorbed in the drudgery of the earthly life. There is a medium in all things. There shall be a time when you will have done with such things, and for that time you should also make preparation. To us you are too much absorbed in the small things of the world. To us there is no value in many of the things which occupy the attention of men and women. Take less care of the things of the earth and more of the things of Heaven.—Lydia."

September 8th—This morning:—"Spirits of sadness"—hereupon I dropped off to sleep again, and awakened with a dream or vision of a tall, well-dressed man who was beckoning with one hand to a policeman while he pointed with the other to an ill-dressed man lying on the ground, as if he wished him to be removed out of his way. Feeling the vibration in my arm, I asked if this vision had any relation to the words which I remembered. The following was written:—"The picture represents my mental state when I was on earth; hence my sadness now."

26th—While reading some book, I forget what, I felt the arm vibration; holding the pen, only this came: "The subject of your reading is curious, and I feel interest in it." On other occasions I have had similar interruptions. Once I remember, "Please read with more attention," was written. I asked, "What brings you?" "The attraction of a congenial mind." Feeling the vibration while reading a modern pamphlet on the *Eclectic Practice of Medicine*, I held the hand, and this came: "The eclectic method of old consisted in selecting the best of various methods. The eclectic method of the writer of the pamphlet is that of selecting the gold from the silver and copper of his customers." Another time a sentence was written in the same way on my reading a pamphlet on *Peat Charcoal*: "Undeveloped, marvelling man looked for a gain and found a truth."

October 4th—Since last date I find commencements of communications of the old miscellaneous sort, with this reflection of my own: "Do we not conditionate ourselves for *rapport* with the invisible beings about us—with lower, by selfishness; with higher, by prayer and abstinence?" On various days the following were written in the usual way: "The spirit of malice that

sought so long to embitter your thoughts is prevented from writing, because of the formula which he is not permitted to use." "Is it——?" "No; he is now a spirit of progress. May God turn all hearts to Him. The soul tends upwards if it prays to God. Have more faith in His providence!" "The source of mundane heat is the sun. The source of spiritual heat is our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The influence of the sun is external; the influence of Jesus Christ is internal."—"May you live unitedly. Love is the keystone of God's arch. Love each other in the Lord and all goes well. Adieu! for a while. I leave another in my place.—Matilda."

9th—Had much writing in various characters in bed this morning. One spirit wrote thus: "As man dies to the world so he finds himself in the next; the angry man still an angry man, and so on. The soul finding itself free from its usual excitements of sense is thrown upon its internal resources; life is then more subjective than objective. The internal germ of good and truth, which is in every soul, and which relates it to God, is the gauge by which it judges of its past deeds, and thus each one finds himself subjected to the correction of his own conscience, making thus his own hell or heaven." Then other detached sentences to the same purport. Then, very slowly: "What has been written is by several spirits." At the same moment I saw the spirit from whom the writing came, as a seer sees a spirit in a mirror. He presented the figure of a man of above middle age, in ordinary garb, but faded and dusty; his hat looked as if long unbrushed and out of shape; his boots corresponded; one hand in his pocket, in the other he held an umbrella, the ribs of which were kept together by a ring, after the fashion of forty years ago. I saw this figure with such distinctness that I observed some upper front teeth wanting as he seemed to speak the above words, which were perceived by me by the formation of the words through my finger. In this telegraphic way I received answers to questions. I asked: "Have you anything to say?" "Nothing particularly." "What brings you?" "We come about you mediums, to get to know what is going on in the old world." "Did you know me?" "No." "I don't remember you; were you of London?" "No, I belonged to one of the northern counties." "When did you leave earth?" "About 1830." "What do you want with that umbrella?" "Oh, I used always to carry it; it was a habit." "But don't you cast aside useless habits?" "No, it seems natural to me. The things we wear according to our likings are parts of ourselves, like our bodies; old habits leave us as we get new thoughts and feelings. At present I feel comfortable in my old." "How do you occupy yourself?" "I go about looking at things and

making observations." "Alone." "I never cared for company." "Have not spirits guides who look after them, and endeavour to elevate them?" "Yes, and they come and talk to me sometimes; but they say things which I don't agree with." To the next observation I made the writing ceased; the figure disappearing. Having transcribed this dialogue, shortly afterwards, for a friend who feels interest in such topics, I felt the vibration in my arm and this was written (first, to my desire that the spirit should write his name after the formula): "Names signify nothing. My opinion is, that the garb is a part of the individual, and that it remains about him in thought until his interior state is represented by another garb, and that depends upon many circumstances. So the spirit of the above paper had really on him the shapes of clothes and umbrella as you saw. They were creations of his mind as his thoughts were. Exterior thoughts are delights of the soul. Swedenborg thought so too, and expressed it so in his writings. Spirits are the strongest thinkers, constantly changing their outward appearance as they change interiorly."

The same day, after dinner, our young friend, B. L., who had been away for a week, asked me to hold the pen, hoping that the spirit James Solly would favour him with a few words. This was written: "You are too much disposed to jest, my friend D., upon the subject of spirits." I confessed, and said I would try to correct myself. I think I had been describing to B. L. the "vision" of the morning. The ground of reproof was shifted. "The animal propensities should not be indulged in to excess. The spiritual faculties are clouded enough, at the best, by the animal, and need not to be made more so by gross eating. The more you eat beyond satisfying the strict needs of the body, the more you dull the spiritual faculties." To some remarks made by my wife: "The reflection is just, my dear Mrs. D., but you must agree with me when I say, that *you* are more assiduous than you need be in setting before your family and guests an indiscriminate abundance." More remarks by Mrs. D.: "The abundance of hospitality, simply, is not to be censured, but selection should be made with reference to the use of the body as secondary to that of the spirit. The less gross should be provided more frequently than the more gross. The object of eating is not so much to satisfy the desires of animality as to maintain the house in which the spirit lives." Further observations from my wife: "Dear Mrs. D.—I did not speak of the evil of gluttony, which you see, so much as of the errors of excess, encouraged under what you call liberal housekeeping." B. L. asked if James Solly was the writer. "My name was Samuel Cooper, surgeon." If so, it was the same Cooper who wrote some months before.

10th—Our old friend Accolti asked the spirit to answer a mental question: "I don't see Accolti's mind with sufficient clearness." I asked as I sometimes did, when I doubted, for the spirit to give his testimony: "My testimony is that I am cautious not to commit myself to guessing." "If you are a good spirit," said A., "there can be no danger of your committing yourself." "There is of my guessing wrongly." "How can you guess wrongly?" asked A. "The spirit is not infallible, my good friend. Madmen are not in lunatic asylums only. There is much misunderstanding on the subject of spirits and the extent of their knowledge. Men are fallible; spirits are men without their material bodies; their minds are the same, although without bodies of earth." "Can this spirit," asked A., "see the order which rules the universe?" "Spirits differ in degrees of interiority, and see from their several points of view or planes of vision."

14th—In answer to an observation after a visit from one of those whom I call praying spirits, this was written: "Mortals give more form to thought than some spirits. The doctrine of prayer for those gone before applies, as to efficacy, only to those who take part in the prayer for whom it is uttered?" "Is it possible for mediums to determine the *rapport* of this or that order of spirits?" It is not possible for you to determine at the moment; but it is possible for you so to compose yourselves by prayer and other modes, as to determine the kind of spirits who may come into *rapport* with you.—I am Tod. I am glad to be greeted by you. I am different to what I was. The mercy of God has been great in my case. I have to thank you for many kind thoughts and prayers. Farewell, dear friend."

23rd—"The day of the Lord should be observed and respected, my dear children." I said, "I think we are too lax." (It was Sunday). "The laxity draws no condemnation with it under the Christian dispensation; but it is well to mark a Christian disposition by an outward manner. A man should comport himself outwardly according to his inward state." "We are members," I said, "of a Church universal." "Surely, and there are obligations upon men as being children of a Universal Father, as well as being individual members of a state." "I do not know at present of a Church with which I could unite." "There are many churches of the Church of God. The man who waits for a church to be found entirely to his mind, is likely to wait until he leaves the earth. Madame Guyon gave good counsel in this matter when she proposed that all who felt called should meet under the roof of any church. May the grace of God be with you all, and may His Holy Spirit guide you in all things. Farewell.—Thomas D."

SPIRIT-VOICE AND VISION.

It will be remembered that in the autumn of 1849 this country was visited by the dreadful scourge of cholera. Often healthy people were attacked, and destroyed in twelve hours. Many towns in Lancashire suffered severely. Miss B——, then about twenty-six years of age, left her residence (W——), a large cotton manufacturing town, to spend a few weeks with a relative (a dissenting minister), in a distant town in Yorkshire, not far from Pontefract. A day was set apart for humiliation and prayer to God, to turn away the direful calamity. Miss B—— joined in the singing—an appropriate hymn—and had sung part of the line, “Take health, or life, or friends away;” but when she had sung the word “life,” a strange feeling came over her. She suddenly felt as if paralyzed, and was utterly incapable of singing the last three words. She tried, but it was useless; and she sat down overcome with emotion. She felt great distress of mind, and yet knew no reason for it, nor could she surmise one. When she had reached home, her friends accounted for her emotions on ordinary principles. The occasion was a solemn one; and the hymn was unusually solemn under the circumstances. Miss B—— was not wont to sink in this way under influences she could not explain; but the thing soon passed her mind as of no importance.

Two or three days passed over and nothing was said or thought about the sudden mental and partially physical prostration of Miss B—— in the chapel. It was on the 18th of October that she retired to rest, about 10 o'clock p.m. She remained for an hour or so in a half-waking, half-sleeping condition, when suddenly she heard a familiar voice, as if close to her, call out loudly her name,—“Betsy!” “Betsy!” She was much startled, and listened again. In a moment as she looked up, she “saw,” as she herself expresses it, “a deep, dark, broad river in full front of her, with water as thick and as black as ink.” She stretched herself up to look across it, but her eyes could not reach to the further side, the dismal waters seemed so broad. Then came again the same familiar voice, clear as reality, ringing and beautiful as her own dear sister Eliza’s. It *was* her sister’s; and it cried “Betsy!” “Betsy!” once more. The first call was near to her on this side the river; the second was equally clear, but far, far away on the other side of the gloomy broad waters. Again, Miss B—— looked over, and then around and enquired whether “Eliza” could not cross the river. The answer “impossible” was

returned; "There is no way over," said the same voice. Miss B—— by this time became much alarmed; she covered herself over in the bed clothes, and there she lay panting with fear. Next morning (October 19) she related the story to her friends; but all laughed at it as a childish tale, and the minister himself declared the whole affair to be mere "nonsense and superstition."

Miss B——, though she felt assured she was not asleep, at length wondered whether it could, after all, be a delusion. "Perhaps it was," and the vision was dismissed from her mind. Breakfast over, she went with her friend, Mrs. ——, to the milliner's shop to purchase a bonnet. Both were suited; but just as they were completing the purchase, a strange feeling seized Miss B——, and the impression flashed into her mind:—"You had better defer the purchase till to-morrow." She strove against the impression, for she had a strong liking for the bonnet, and wished to take it home. But the impression came again "wait till to-morrow." Both ladies withdrew, intending to visit the shop and to purchase next day. Miss B—— was low-spirited, and full of anxiety. It was with difficulty she forbore weeping, and yet she knew not why.

They hurried home, expecting news from their distant friends, for the postman had not arrived when they set out on their errand. They were not disappointed. Two letters lay unopened on the table. They broke the seals: one stated that Miss B——'s sister "Eliza," had that morning (October 18th) been seized with the cholera, and was dangerously ill; the other that *she had died the same night.* (The first letter had been delayed a few hours in the post.) "Eliza" had been a corpse four or five hours at the time Miss B—— heard her voice, and saw the "dark broad river." It is useless to tell of the distress of the family. As the letters were read Miss B—— fell over, and was for some days confined to her bed. The bonnet she now needed was a black one. In twelve hours "Eliza" had fallen, and was next day buried, after having been for weeks employed at her own leisure in giving out medicines to the poor of the neighbourhood who were attacked with the premonitory symptoms of the dire disease.

It may be well to state, that every particular here related is from the lips of Miss B—— herself (now Mrs. ——), a lady whose veracity no one who knows her would for a moment question; that her present husband was with "Eliza" when she died; and that the whole family are as familiar with these facts as was Miss B—— when they first transpired.

July 19, 1863.

T. B.

A GHOST AT EGTON NEAR WHITBY.

THE inhabitants of this place are at the present time in a state of considerable excitement in consequence of one house being nightly visited by one of those alarming intruders, designated ghosts. From the facts we have been enabled to collect, it seems that a shopkeeper in the village recently died, and a newly married couple succeeded him in business. Matters went comfortably on until the wife heard mysterious noises in the house, which of course alarmed her, but this has increased to such an extent that she has left the house. The very furniture and crockery in the house are said to have disturbed the repose of the inmates, and the circumstances have given rise to the most incredible gossip in the village, one rumour being that the ghost returned respecting its money. To this superstitious and ridiculous statement such credence was given, that we hear the floor of the house has been excavated in order to satisfy curiosity whether there was any cash concealed in the ground.—*Whitby Gazette.*

Notices of Books.

SPIRITUALISM IN GLASGOW.*

PIOUS Glasgow is much exercised and very uncomfortable just now on account of the circulation of this little Narrative by one of themselves, who, until this untoward event had been thought to be a very proper person. His respectability, and whatever other qualities are necessary for the office, have induced his fellow-citizens to elect him a town councillor of Glasgow. The newspapers, which are now bitterly attacking him for the scandal he has brought upon this model city, tell us moreover, that J. B. is a person of great wealth and business experience, and that he has just retired with an ample fortune from a partnership with one of the largest firms in Scotland. His antecedents are so clearly stated, that there is no difficulty in recognizing him as Mr. Bain, the late partner with Messrs. Bairds, of the Gartsherrie Iron Works.

Beyond his name, and the testimony which he gives to the ordinary run of facts, and the burst of indignation, and the real or pretended incredulity with which his little narrative has been

* "A Narrative of Facts observed by J. B." Printed for private circulation.

received in Scotland, there is little of importance in the pamphlet. It is, however, the first publication on the subject which we are aware of in Scotland, and the newspapers of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and the principal towns, have therefore given it great prominence. Some of them have printed the whole pamphlet, and many others have given very full extracts from it, whilst all have joined in a volley of pious abuse of poor Mr. Bain. "For the credit's sake of Glasgow, we do not like to think that any son of St. Mungo's city is a believer." It is hard upon this "town councillor and gentleman of wealth and business experience," to be so despised and persecuted, for giving an obviously true statement of what he happened to witness:—First, through the mediumship of Mrs. Marshall, and afterwards, in his own house, "in St. Mungo's city" and in other places, by the mediumship of two of his sons, lads of 12 and 14 years of age. The greater part of the manifestations, which are of the ordinary kind; of moving of furniture, &c., and rappings, through which conversations were carried on, occurred in his own family; but as might be anticipated, the "unco gude" become only the more enraged, the better the evidence appears to be. If we were gifted with the power of prophecy, we should pronounce that it would require the unanimous resolutions of twenty town councils of Glasgow, and of Edinburgh too, in twenty successive years, to establish through the town populations of Scotland facts which have now been witnessed by millions of persons in different parts of the world, and which, moreover, are testified to throughout the Bible and the rituals of the Church, as established in the three kingdoms. As Sidney Smith said of a joke, it is likely to require a surgical operation to get it into some people's heads. The ability to disbelieve under such circumstances, is of itself a more striking and apparently unlikely phenomenon than the occurrence of manifestations of the spiritual world in the natural; seeing that the basis of all matter is spiritual force or law, and that all revealed religion is based upon a disturbance of the natural law, or its subordination to the spiritual, through prophetic and other mediums.

Mr. Bain, however, was little likely by the tenor of his Narrative to moderate the anger of his countrymen, for he has listened to and recorded a great deal more trash from the *séances* than we should like to trouble our readers with. It is no wonder, however, for he was in what was to him a strange country, and no doubt he had some of the scamps and sharpers of the spirit-world about him, who like their friends of this world, hover about "the young man from the country" on his first visit to town. His idea that it is done by odylic force, gives such spirits power which they would not have, if ruled by a strong

Christian mind, who recognized them as what they are. What sort of guardian angels or spirits are likely to manifest themselves to "a town councillor and man of great wealth and business experience," who comports himself to a dear spirit mother after the following fashion:—

"Are you, my mother, back again?" "Yes." "Where have you been?" "The Lord sent me from Glasgow to convey a spirit from earth to this world." "Did you know the person while you were on earth?" "No." "Were you always happy in your present state?" "No; at first I suffered remorse for the sins committed on earth." "Does every one so suffer?" "Yes; some for a longer time than others; but all get to happiness, and step by step attain to a higher existence." "Is there any bodily pain?" "No; only the mind." "How long did you feel this?" "Six months." "What is the greatest of virtues?" "Love for all." "What is the greatest vice?" "A malicious and revengeful disposition." "Have you any message for me?" "Pray to God and obey his commands and love Jesus." Here the table began to tilt violently about, so I said, "Will you like me to sing you a song?" "Yes." *I sang "The Ratcatcher's Daughter," and the table kept jumping and dancing in time to the tune.*"

Can we picture to ourselves the features of a sainted mother, who after such holy advice given to a beloved son, is treated to the melody, not of a harmonious soul, but of "The Ratcatcher's Daughter?" Could the spirit truths of the Bible have been transfused into language through a medium who received the communications with such an unfilial welcome. The indecency of such an acknowledgment of the presence of a guardian angel, can only be excused by gross ignorance and levity, such as are more likely to be approved by the Town Council of Glasgow than by us. Among the other signs of ignorance displayed by the writer, is his being hoaxed into publishing that Mr. Fleming joined with Jessie Macpherson in committing the Glasgow murder. For this, we see by a newspaper paragraph that J. B. is threatened with law proceedings for the libel, by Mr. Fleming. Should they go on to a trial, he will find that he has placed reliance on a poor set of witnesses. Such, however, is the first pioneer of Spiritualism in Scotland, yet his testimony will be of use as a beginning, and his bravery in facing the obloquy which his knowledge of his countrymen must have led him to expect, is to be commended. We trust that his example of publishing the facts will be followed by more informed observers.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM, ITS TRUTHS, ITS
 ERRORS, AND ITS DANGERS.*

WE have not had long to wait for the first fruits of Mr. J. B.'s pamphlet, for here, already, it has provoked a little book which is well qualified to give our Scotch friends some of the useful information and advice which J. B. himself stands much in need of, and which we hope his countrymen will receive at the hands of a more competent person. The publication is well timed and deals with the facts in a satisfactory manner, and we heartily commend it to all who wish to enter on the subject without prejudice, or the chance of being misled. The author testifies to the excitement unwittingly caused by J. B. in saying that "few events, in recent times, have created such a decided sensation in Glasgow and the west of Scotland as the publication of the small pamphlet on Spiritualism by J. B.," and he describes the woful war which is raging amongst the surprised community, as if the subject was one almost if not entirely new to them, and he says: "How foolish the general remarks made by the public and the press must have appeared to those who have examined into and studied the subject!" Further on he says, "In Scotland we have yet to see the effects of Spiritualism. That the Scotch are a people, who, like the inhabitants of all hilly countries, are peculiarly open to influences both good and evil from the spiritual world, is an evident fact to all who have studied the history of Scotland with reference to this subject, and there is not an old family in our land that has not something to tell." Further on he says, what must be eminently surprising to the good folks of Glasgow: "The spiritualistic movement is the great movement of the age. This fact is now being acknowledged by the greatest minds of the time. The tone of the leading reviews in this country is decidedly altered on the subject, and it is certain that Spiritualism is rapidly spreading in London, and over the Continent, especially among the literary and educated classes, and amongst the higher circles of society." And, he adds, what we have not yet so fully discovered, that "now, in London, it is considered highly respectable to be a Spiritualist." We are quite sure that it ought to be, and it is only the ignorance of the public that prevents it being respectable to investigate a great and most important truth. The book is made up principally of highly interesting and valuable extracts

Modern Spiritualism: its Truths, its Errors, and its Dangers. Glasgow: THOMAS MURRAY & SON. Edinburgh: PATON & RITCHIE. London: F. PITMAN. Manchester: THOMAS ROBINSON. 1864, pp. 127.

from recent letters and publications, put together with considerable skill, so as to give a good outlook upon the whole subject, and to be a sort of handbook of the best opinions of the time upon the subject. The author has also reprinted the tract published by the Rev. T. L. Harris, which was based upon his well-known sermon, upon which we commented at the time of its publication. We hope that this little book will have a large sale, and that it may be speedily followed by others, to carry on the discussion which J. B. has brought into such prominent notice.

INCIDENTS OF MY LIFE.*

WE are glad to see that after all the rumours about Sir David Brewster having stopped the sale of Mr. Home's book, it now reappears in the form of a second edition, with a Preface, in which the whole story, with Sir David Brewster's letter, is frankly set out, and we think very much to the disadvantage of Sir David, who has brought down on himself, in the shape of a plain narrative of facts, a castigation which he richly deserves. This is the best way of dealing with an opponent, to let the facts speak for themselves, and tried by this ordeal, Sir David will have the opportunity of explaining and justifying, if he can, his position before the literary and scientific world. Mr. Home has given him references to the publications of Arago and others, where he may see at once how his character is dealt with by men of higher position than himself, and he will now have to stand or fall by the issue.

As to the rest of the book, Mr. Home has once more vouched, after noticing the furious criticisms upon it, for its entire truth, and certainly it forms as wonderful a volume as has ever been laid before the public. We may repeat that we have in our possession a copy in which the names of the persons described in it by initials, are fully stated in the margin. We beg the attention of the *Saturday Review* to this circumstance, as it has started the strange proposition that nothing can be believed about a person described by initials. There, are, probably, no experiences which could be given to the world so valuable and interesting as that of the class of persons of which Mr. Home is, perhaps, the most prominent representative. Fortunately, too, the incidents of his life here related, however critics may carp at them, are sustained by testimony which cannot be invalidated.

* *Incidents of my Life.* By D. D. HOME. Second edition. F. PITMAN, 20, Paternoster Row. Reduced to 5s.

THE POPE AGAIN AND MR. HOME.

WE have just received information from Mr. Home, that, notwithstanding the permission to remain in Rome on condition of having "no connection with any other world," this unwonted leniency was more than the authorities could bear, and a few days after, Mr. Home was definitely informed that he must quit the Holy City, on the ground of his being a sorcerer. After his first examination by the police, which was shortly reported in the *Times*, the indignation of the upper classes in Rome was aroused, and many called upon him to express their sympathy; and now, when he received an order to quit Rome at once, his friends rallied round him, and with expressions of detestation of the Government proceeded with him to the railway station by which he left for Naples. Amongst those who so accompanied him was His Royal Highness the Count de Trani. His quitting was quite an ovation, and a public protest against the ignorant and pitiable barbarity of the spiritual head of the only true church.

The Governor of Rome, upon being remonstrated with, and asked if there was anything against his character, replied that there was nothing, and that "during the two months Mr. Home has been in Rome, *we have had him watched*, and we believe that his character is without blemish. We have also information from elsewhere to the same effect; but he *is a sorcerer* and cannot be permitted in Rome, and he must go." For four weeks previous to his departure, the Roman Government kept back all his letters, and even yet they have not been delivered to him.

Mr. Home is now therefore at Naples, where he has been received with great distinction. His arrival has been announced in the newspapers, and he has been elected an honorary member of the highest club there, and fêted by the residents, both English and native. Mr. Home promises us a full account of all the recent doings in this disgraceful affair.

THE LEVITATING FORCE.—As regards the tilting and rising up of the table, and its resistance to the laws of gravitation, which it is held no well-behaved table ought to do, I may remark that many years ago I heard the late Professor Nichol speak of a power in Nature, as then being in course of discovery, antagonistic to, and perhaps superior to gravitation; and lately, Herschel has referred to the same power, calling it the "levitating," as opposed to the gravitating force. As yet the action of this force has been observed and commented on in connection with comets; but as the same gravitating force rounds a world and a drop of dew, may not this levitating force be found yet to have as high a range.—*Mr. Bain in "Narrative of Facts observed."*