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THROWING OF STONES AND OTHER SUBSTANCES
BY SPIRITS.

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PART II.

In the former article I endeavoured to interlace the cases of this kind collected by Professor Perty with such as lay in times to which he had not travelled back, and with others which had escaped his observation. The very few other cases which he has cited, as those of the Rue de Grès, the Rue Montesquieu, and the Rue de Bac in Paris, as well as that at Münchshofe, are related in their works so much more fully, and are so well authenticated, being just in our own time, and some of them very recently, that I must now quit Perty altogether with this reference, and resort to other and more copious authorities. Besides these, there are also a number of others to add.

The strange occurrences in the castle of Slawensik in Silicia have been made well known by Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature*, Mr. Dale Owen's *Footfalls*, and other works. There the Privy Councillor Hahn and his friend Kern, with Hahn's man Johann, were for many weeks persecuted by all sorts of strange sounds and apparitions, and amongst them by such as belong to this class of circumstances, by the flying about of knives, forks, buffers, and articles of clothing. Lime was thrown about, coming down as from the ceiling, &c. Endeavours were made to cast doubts on these mysterious affairs, but Councillor Hahn, a man of undoubted veracity, thoroughly substantiated their truth on his own evidence and that of his companions. See Kerner's *Thatsachen*.

STONE-THROWING AT THE TIME OF THE MIRACLES AT THE TOMB
OF THE ABBE PARIS IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF ST. MEDARD.

M. Mathieu, in his recent history of the Convulsionaries, relates the following case from a statement of the time: "On the

20th of March, 1734, a glazier named Dupoirier, living in the Rue Mouffetard, near the church of St. Medard, was at work on the windows of a chapel of that church, which looked out on the little cemetery. A circular pane of glass which he found difficult to remove, and at which he was pulling forcibly, suddenly loosening, struck him on the head. The pain which it gave him put him into an ill humour, and he began to blaspheme the holy deacon. It is said that having collected a quantity of stones and gravel in a gutter, either on that day or on some other, he began to fling them at the tomb of the saint. He had long been prejudiced against him, and it was well known that the number of miracles performed at his tomb had greatly increased his enmity.

On the very day that he flung the stones and gravel, about three o'clock in the afternoon, stones, pieces of tiles, and pots were thrown by an invisible hand, and broke repeatedly the glass not only of the window behind the house occupied by the said Dupoirier, but also those of three glass partitions in the interior of his shop; and this continued till about nine o'clock, and recommenced the next day from seven o'clock in the evening, and continued till ten o'clock the following morning.

It was exactly and very attentively noted by many persons, and especially by two able architects, that between two or three of the partitions in the shop there was a staircase which completely protected two of the partitions from the stones which might have been thrown either from the street or the court.

They all noticed, moreover, that any one endeavouring to perpetrate this mischief must of necessity place himself in the court of the glazier, where he would be seen, and whence he would not, after all, be able to break the glass, which as we have said, was covered by the staircase.

All the vigilance which in such a case the most intense curiosity and interest itself could excite, and all the consequent watching and searching ended only in abortive efforts. The soldiers of the company of the neighbouring guards were called in; the examinations and watchings were redoubled, but in the very face of the guards and watchers the glass continued to be broken, always by stones, which invariably came from the side of the house next to the great cemetery, and which were never seen till the very moment that they were about to strike the frames, and that they were broken. The damage became so considerable that recourse was had to a commissary. He came; he examined; he made a vigorous search in all the houses and gardens of the neighbourhood, into the vaults of the church, and even into the vaults of the great cemetery, and still they found nothing and saw nothing till the moment the stones struck and destroyed the glass. The glazier, who doubtless perceived well that this was the consequence

of his indecent conduct towards the holy deacon, said, "See here! I have all my glass broken and my house turned topsy-turvy! I have a fine affair with the confounded saint." This was heard by various persons who were present. The stones were so effectively launched by a hand so dexterous, that though the house was very narrow not one of them went wrong or struck the windows of the abutting houses.

This miracle must pass as incontestible after the *procès verbal* which the commissary instituted, joined to the evidence of the guards, of the different examiners, and of an innumerable multitude of people, who on hearing of this singular event, ran the same day and the two following days to the Rue Mouffetard, and into the house of the glazier, to assure themselves of what had taken place. In order to divert the public mind from the visible hand which had produced these effects, all sorts of stratagems were immediately resorted to. The commissary was intimidated; the daughter of the glazier was arrested, aged about thirteen or fourteen years, and who had been absent during a part of the time, and who said to M. Hérault, "I cannot say what broke the glass, for I was not there." She was committed to prison, but nothing could be done with her. A warning was published which produced no effect. In a word, the event remains a mystery, at least we find no further mention of it.

MONIACAL OUTRAGES IN THE CHURCH AND PARSONAGE OF PRUNOY SOUS ABLIS.

The *Revue Spiritualiste*, vol. ii., p. 350, gives the following remarkable case at Prunoy sous Ablis, in France, as signed by Langlois, Curé of Prunoy, Hacquard, Curé of Ablis, and various parishioners, and sent to the bishop. Curé Langlois says—"On the 1st of October, 1835, at eight o'clock in the evening, a quantity of stones of an average size were thrown against the window of my study, in the parsonage of Prunoy; having caused the window to be covered with a linen cloth as quickly as possible, the stones were then directed against the glass door of the study. This attack was repeated several times in the same room, and always from within, the stones striking against the panes and against the glass door without breaking them or without hitting anyone, although the room was frequently full of people whom I had called to witness the fact. The next day a box full of filth was found in a kneading-trough where the bread was usually kept, and again stones were flung against the window of the study.

"On the 3rd of October, the doors being closed at three o'clock in the afternoon, many handfuls of ashes, a lettuce, a spoon, charcoal, and rotten fruit came flying into the study, and struck

against the windows. A child who was come to receive its lesson from me was covered by the dust of these things. Let it be observed that these scenes took place day and night in the interior of the study and of the kitchen, sometimes in other apartments of the house, the doors and windows being carefully closed. The same day, alarmed at these disgusting spectacles, I prayed M. the Curé of Ablis to come, that he might witness them. At six o'clock whilst stones were being thrown against the windows of the study M. the Curé of Ablis said in joke that pieces of money would be preferable to stones. "At least," he said, "if these spirits would but throw us silver;" and at the same instant some farthings were thrown with force against the window. Desiring to put an end to these things, we went at midnight to the sacristy for the necessary vestments to bless the house in, and at that moment stones were thrown against the window of the sacristy, also from within. We continued a long time in the church, and had great satisfaction in observing that the holy places were at least, respected. Returning to the house, while M. the Curé of Ablis prepared the holy water in the study for blessing the apartments, a piece of money was again launched with extraordinary force against the window.

"On the 4th of October, the hour of mass having arrived I found in the kneading-trough my chamber tongs, on the top a piece of butter taken from a vessel near, and a knife stuck in the butter. The next day, at the moment of going to church to celebrate mass to obtain from heaven the cessation of this plague a vase full of sand was found in the water bucket. Arrived at the church and about to enter the sacristy, pieces of plaster struck the wall inside and fell at my feet. The mass being finished the same thing was repeated. On my return home, three pebbles were thrown into the window of the study. After dinner, a bunch of grapes, pebbles, pieces of charcoal struck against the window of the kitchen. At six o'clock of the same day, a little child having a biscuit lying by it, saw it carried to the window and then fall again near its hand. At nine o'clock in the evening M. the Curé of Ablis and many other persons with him saw the fall of many pieces of plaster, which appeared to spring from the corners of the walls.

"On the 6th, in the night, the curtain of the bed occupied by a relative was pierced by eight holes in a direct line, and pieces taken out of the holes were found on the floor of my room. At nine o'clock of the next evening, the servant entering the chamber found everything in such disorder that she fainted and continued insensible for about ten minutes; and at ten o'clock of the same night my relative, sleeping in a bed in the room, cried out aloud that his legs were tied. I started trembling

in the midst of a great noise, which seemed to come from a corner of the chamber. Terror prevented me for some time obtaining a light, but when I got one I found that really the young man had his legs tied above the knees by a cord nine feet four inches long, and which passed five times round the legs; his night-cap was found far from his bed.

“From the 7th of October to the 14th these scenes appeared to have terminated—we were quiet. On the 14th the cook found charcoal, chips, and various kinds of filth endeavouring to drop into the food. The two following days were quiet. On the 17th, at three o'clock in the morning, the throwing of stones recommenced, sometimes against the window, sometimes against the glass door; the same thing again at seven in the evening, and at the moment that the domestic and my relative quitted the study to seek for me, that I might witness these fresh facts, they found, to their astonishment, a fire lit in the fire-place where there had not been one for a long time, and as they ascended the staircase with a light in the young man's hand, he found his cap lifted from his head; he instantly raised his hand, but it was gone. Quitting the chamber in turn, we descended, and making a search we found the cap thrust into the chimney. On the 18th the domestic and my relative quitting the study, heard, as they were about to close the door, a noise within; they re-entered, and found a ball of paper containing three other balls, the last containing rough gunpowder for two charges. This ball was tied in three different places, a hole was pierced to the powder, and close to it as a fuse.

“Abundance of such facts took place till the 23rd, since which time we have been at peace, except in the following instances. These terrible scenes have now lasted so long that they have lost some of their first intensity, yet they still often present surprising features. In the sandy walks of the garden we see the prints of the feet of griffins of an astonishing size, especially before the window of the study and of the dining room, where they have seemed to us to try to open the door as we have sate at supper. Since then, during the night, strokes at different times have sounded in the corridors, which have been heard by the aunt M. the Abbé Granger, as well as by us. As for me, I see in these things the work of witchcraft, and I must tell you that it is the fifth time within thirty years that such occurrences have taken place in the parish of Prunoy.

“From the 25th day of October to the 18th of November, there was an entire cessation of the mischief, and we hoped that it was all over, but on the 19th, the throwing of stones began again, and one of the parishioners being present was so terrified, that he hastened out trembling, and his wife would have divined

the cause of his agitation had he not used much discretion. On the 20th the aunt of M. the Abbé Granger found her chamber all in confusion on returning from church. The next morning, the doors and windows being closed, she saw all at once the carpet of the next room lying in hers. The same day there was a dreadful noise in one of the rooms as of all the furniture jostling and striking against each other, and on entering, mortar fell from the ceiling of the apartment, which so much terrified the child which comes to be taught, that we had great difficulty in appeasing it, having before attributed all the noises to rats. (On the 22nd on returning from mass, I found on a chair in the dining room, a cooking vessel, on which was placed a dictionary in form of a pulpit with a candle by the side of the cooking vessel."

The worthy Curé adds that as some of the family were going into the cellar, knives and stones were flung after them. Hearing the outcry, he and a parishioner, the father of the child mentioned, went down the cellar steps, and a kitchen instrument and several great stones were forcibly thrown after them. On going to the room after supper, he saw several pieces of wood which he had laid by the stove were gone, and on going to bed he found the pieces of wood laid in the bed in the form of a cross. He locked his door and sought every nook of the chamber to discover if anyone was there, and struck about with a stick, and that he confesses, on the hypothesis that it is possible for a man to render himself invisible. Nothing could be perceived, yet, spite of these precautions, on rising in the morning, he found a pair of his dress in a large jug of water. He concludes by the observation that he has never doubted that he was the victim of witchcraft. Yet, on thinking over all his parishioners, he could not call to mind one to whom he had given any cause for such cruel treatment. If the curé had extended his thoughts to the spirits of the lower regions of the invisible world, he could not have found much difficulty in accounting for the malignant visitations. Besides several respectable parishioners, M. Langlois and M. Hacquard, formerly Curé of Ablis, but then Vicar of Notre-Dame, Versailles, and M. the Curé of Houilles, as witnesses of these strange phenomena.

CASE OF DR. PHELPS.

The case of Dr. Phelps, of Stratford, Connecticut, is of great notoriety, but it is not a case of stone-throwing, but of his window broken before his eyes without any visible cause. For several months his house and family were persecuted by the most outrageous and persevering spiritual agents. On returning one day

from church they found the doors of rooms which had been carefully locked, all thrown open, and the furniture thrown about in the utmost confusion. In one room were from eight to ten figures formed with articles of clothing, and done with singular skill. They were all kneeling, and each with an open Bible before it, as if in mockery of their own church-going. Nothing was missing. They locked the door of this room, but only to find on opening it again, the number of figures increased, and that with articles of dress which three minutes before they had seen in other parts of the house. Heavy tables were lifted up and let down again, strange noises were heard, and one particular son of only of eleven years old was lifted up and carried across the room. His clothes were carried away, and only discovered after a long and patient search. He was sent from home to a distant school, but had to be recalled, as his clothes there were cut to pieces repeatedly in a most extraordinary manner. The panes in the windows used to fly to pieces as Dr. Phelps and others stood looking at them, till his windows were in a most deplorable condition. On consulting mediums, the answers were that all this mischief was the work of troublesome spirits. The breaking of glass and crockery without visible cause has been of frequent occurrence, and is a distinct class of these phenomena.

TROUBLES AT SZEGEDIN.

In the third volume of *Magikon*, pp. 210 and 236, we have the detailed particulars of the haunting of a large old house at Szegedin, in Hungary. Dr. Von Stantzky, who attended the family, drew up the account, which was sent by another gentleman, also attesting its truthfulness from his own knowledge, to Kerner. The occurrences took place in 1836. This house was taken by Captain Lauber, who came a stranger to the place. Himself, his wife, two daughters and the servants made up the family. The gentleman who furnished the story to Kerner, says that he informed Captain Lauber, that various people had been compelled to leave it, from mysterious disturbances. The captain scouted the idea of such nonsense, but very soon he was obliged to confess to this gentleman that he and the family were continually disturbed in the night by noises as of people sawing wood in the court, or flinging down loads of wood; by figures as of a woman in white, and a Franciscan monk, not more than four feet in height, and wearing a moustache, which though strange to them, it appears that monks formerly did wear in Hungary and other places. These ghosts pulled the clothes from their beds, sate down on the beds as they slept, and awoke them, seized their hands, and pressed them vehemently, &c.

That globular lights came out of the walls, wandered about and went in again, with many other phenomena; but the part of the hauntings which concerns us were these. Different members of the family, at six o'clock of the evening of the 3rd of July, in different rooms, complained of coarse sand being flung at them, and mortar dropping on them from the ceiling, and of heavy stones being thrown through the window although the shutters were closed, and one fell as it seemed on a chair, yet nothing of the kind could be found when carefully sought for.

RIOTOUS HAUNTING IN WESTMORELAND.

The *Westmoreland Gazette* of that time relates the following extraordinary occurrences. Near the little town of Orlon, stood an old country house with its wall, gardens and fish-pond, the property of Mr. Robert Gibson, who would appear to have been an old bachelor, as his nephew, William Gibson lived with him. The old man was found, to the astonishment of the whole neighbourhood drowned either in the fish-pond or in a ditch connected with it. A year after this his nephew, who inherited the property, married a daughter of Mr. John Bland, of Bybeck, and took her to this house. The whole inhabitants of the house were the married couple, two little children and a maid-servant, no more besides Gibson himself, slept in it. Suddenly, on the 17th of April, 1849, the whole neighbourhood were startled by the report that the house was haunted in a very extraordinary manner. There were knockings on the walls and doors; articles that stood on shelves and consoles flew off to the ground, one thing after the other. The next day it began again half an hour before noon. Two child's chairs that were placed in a cradle began to move; the cradle rocked itself, the chairs flew out of it, together with baby-linen, and then flew under the fire-grate. The old-fashioned chairs of the room began to dance with incredible swiftness, one only stood stock still, and this had lately been purchased at an auction, the rest belonged of old to the house. The churn was capsized out of the door, the churn-dish and cover flew here and there to the amazement of the maid who daily used them. They flew against the door and bounced back. The maid shrieked fearfully at the sight. But then the table with dishes and plates rose up from the ground and pitched about madly. Knives, forks, spoons, the cruet stand, &c., and different vessels, rattled on the walls or shelves as if they would leap off, and take part in a general witch dance. The table cloth blew itself out as a sail. Most extraordinary was it to see the salt and pepper spring out of their receptacles and cross each other in the air, whirling about like a swarm of bees, and then return, unmixed, each to their own

place. The butter-slice circled round the table like the moon round the earth, till it fell all at once on the table, and on the dish where it had before lain.

William Gibson and his wife hastened with the maid and the little children to Mr. Robert Bousfield, a neighbour, to seek his advice. At first, he laughed at the whole thing, but going back with them after tea, was soon satisfied of the truth; and retreating from the house in alarm, invited the inhabitants to go along with him. This they did, but on the 19th of April returning, they received a visit from Mr. Bland, from Bybeck, brother of Mrs. Gibson, and as they sate at tea Mr. Thomas Bland's hat was raised from the table where it stood, and flung under the fire-place. Then everything on hooks and nails on the wall began to swing to and fro. Coats and cloaks were all alive; gowns puffed themselves out in balloon-like and in the hoop-petticoat style. An old riding coat of the late Robert Gibson was agitated in an astonishing way, stretching the right then the left arm out, and a pair of old riding boots issued from a lumber room and came walking down stairs. At this sight the young Gibson, who had so far laughed at the whole of it, became struck with fear. He rose up pale and declared that they had better go altogether to Bybeck for a while. This they did, quitting the house and leaving it to the ghost. And two weeks later, when this account appeared, they still remained there.

On the 21st of April a number of persons from Orlon went to and through the house, but all was still. On the 24th, a number of gentlemen, the surgeon Torbuck, and Messrs. Elwood, Wilson, Robertson, Atkinson and Bland, of Bybeck, made a fresh examination, and finding all quiet, advised the family to return. They did so, but no sooner were they in the house than all the old commotion commenced. It was observed that when the children entered the house the disturbance was always the worst. The family were compelled to abandon the house, and the people of the neighbourhood shook their heads, and whispered that the old Gibson could not have come fairly to his end. In this case everything but stones flew about, and the visitation was of the same character.

Those who have read Mrs. Poole's *Englishwoman in Egypt*, will recollect her curious account of the hauntings and apparitions in her brother, Mr. Lane's, house, at Cairo. This account is fully confirmed by Mr. Bayle St. John. He relates having seen a ghostly Sheik enter the house at noon where he himself lived; having had the doors immediately closed and the visitor actively hunted up, but to no purpose. He relates also that in Alexandria cases of throwing of stones from the roofs are of no unfrequent occurrence, where no one can discover the perpetrators.

THE MUNCHSHOFE SATURNALIA.

M. Bizouard gives some further details from Görres of the strange events at Münchshofe, situated a league from Voitsberg, and three leagues from Gratz. They occurred in the house of a Herr Obergemeiner, and were observed and recorded by Dr. J. H. Aschauer, his father-in-law, a very learned physician and professor of mathematics at Gratz. They commenced in October, 1818, by the flinging of stones against the windows on the ground floor in the afternoon and evening. The noise generally ceased when they went to bed. As nobody could discover the cause, towards the end of the month, Obergemeiner without saying anything to his family, engaged about thirty-six of the peasants of the environs, and placed them in cordon all round the house well armed, and with orders to allow no one to go in or out of the house. He then took into the house with him Koppbauer and some others, assembled all his people to see that none were missing, and thoroughly examined every apartment from the attics to the cellar. It was about half-past four o'clock in the afternoon.

The peasants formed their circle, and saw that no one was concealed within it, nor was able to pop in or out; notwithstanding, the throwing of stones commenced against the windows of the kitchen. Koppbauer, placed at one of them, endeavoured to ascertain their direction. Whilst Obergemeiner was in the kitchen with the others, a great stone was launched against the window where he stood, and broke many of the panes. It was previously thought that the stones were thrown from the interior, and it was in effect from that direction that they now continued to come till half past six in the evening, when the whole ceased. Every place in the house where a man could possibly conceal himself was visited, and the guard without continued its position.

At eight o'clock in the morning the stone-throwing recommenced before more than sixty persons, and they were convinced that, issuing from beneath the benches of the kitchen, they struck the windows in a manner inexplicable. Pieces of limestone weighing from a quarter of a pound to five pounds were seen flying in all directions against the windows; and immediately afterwards all the utensils, spoons, pots, plates, full and empty, were launched from the midst of the spectators against the windows and the doors with a velocity inconceivable. Some broke the glass, some remained sticking in the broken panes, and others only appearing to touch the glass, fell into the interior. The spectators when struck by the stones, felt only a slight blow. Whilst utensils were being carried from the kitchen, they were forced from the hands of those who bore them, or they

were knocked over on the table on which they were placed. The crucifix alone was respected, the lights burning before it were forcibly flung down. At the end of two hours all the glass in the kitchen, and all the fragile objects were broken, even those which they had carried away. A plate full of salad carried up to the first floor, in the act of being carried down again by a servant, was snatched from her hands and flung into the vestibule. The disorder ceased at eleven o'clock. We omit many particulars which took place at this time.

M. Aschauer having heard this strange news from his son-in-law, desired to know when anything further took place, and being sent for, as he entered he saw his daughter with the man named Koppbauer picking up the fragments of a pot which had been thrown on the floor just as he entered. Then, all at once, a great ladle was launched from the shelf on which it lay, and with incredible velocity, against the head of Koppbauer, who, instead of a severe contusion, only perceived a very light touch. M. Aschauer saw nothing further till the next day, when, issuing from the kitchen on account of the smoke, some stones were thrown against the windows. This physician examined the lightning conductor and everything else with an electrometer, but neither he nor Obergemeiner, who had offered a reward of a thousand francs to any one who could discover the cause, could detect anything. On the second day, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Aschauer, troubled at these strange occurrences, was standing at the end of the kitchen, having opposite to him a shelf on which stood a large metal soup tureen, when he saw the tureen suddenly dart towards him in a nearly horizontal position, and with surprising velocity, and pass so near his head that the wind of it raised his hair, and the tureen then fell to the earth with a great noise.

Curiosity caused people to hasten from all parts, who were struck dumb with astonishment at these phenomena, and others of a similar nature. Towards five o'clock came a stranger who pretended that a man must be concealed in the chimney. This ridiculous explanation excited the anger of M. Aschauer, and he led him towards the door, whence nothing could be seen from the chimney, and pointing to a copper dish upon a shelf, he said, "What would you say, monsieur, if that dish should, without any one touching it, be thrown to the other side of the kitchen?" Scarcely were the words uttered, when the dish, as if it had heard them, flew across. The stranger stood confounded.

We omit many particulars because they are of the same kind. A pail of water, weighing fifteen pounds, which had been set on the floor, fell from the ceiling without any one being able to conceive how it got there, for there was nothing to hang it

upon. As they were seated round the fire, a pot, which none of them could touch, was suddenly turned over and emptied itself little by little, contrary to the law of such a fall. Then came egg-shells flying from every corner, nobody being there to throw them, and no one being able to imagine whence they came. After the departure of M. Aschauer, the wheels of a mill, about six minutes walk from the house, stood still from time to time, the miller was thrown out of his bed, the bed turned over, the lights were extinguished, and various objects were thrown to the ground.

After this nothing more is said to have happened; at all events M. Obergemeiner, who did not love to speak of these things, made no report of any. They made a great sensation, however, amongst the Government officials, and the district of Ober-Greifenneck sent its report to the circle of Gratz. "Although it is said that we exist no longer in the times of ignorance when phenomena which could not be comprehended were attributed to demons, &c., it is remarkable that at an epoch in which civilization and the progress of the natural sciences have put them to flight, we yet see extraordinary things which the *savans* cannot explain." The report accords with the recital of M. Aschauer, and a mention is made in it of an inquiry by order of the magistrates, conducted by M. Gayer, with his electric apparatus; and the report concludes by recommending a further inquiry, "as a natural solution can alone combat the hypocrisy of some, and the superstition of others."

We do not ask the reader to imagine the conclusion to which the Government came on this matter, for he never could divine it. It was "that a man concealed in the tunnel of the chimney was probably the cause!" These professors of natural science were, however, charged to proceed to a further inquiry, but they considered it beneath their dignity and refused. Afterwards an agent of the police visited the house, and Görres says that amongst the various causes that he imagined, the most amusing was that M. Aschauer had only astonished the people by a series of scientific tricks. Görres, however, stating that his account is literally found in a letter of M. Aschauer to a friend, dated January 21, 1821, and in details communicated to himself at a later period, assures us that M. Aschauer was not only a man of the profoundest science but of the profoundest regard to truth, and one who feared no ridicule in stating it, however strange it might be. On this occasion he asserted that no master of legerdemain was capable of producing the things which he saw. Neither was the force employed a mere scientific or physical force, it was a force free and reasoning, and these effects were the sport of a spirit or spirits, immaterial or invisible. Görres, tom. III., p. 314-324.

According to the *Courrier de l'Isère*, a young girl in the neighbourhood of Grenoble was pursued by a shower of small stones, which struck her alone. In a village near Beaune, Chevigne-en-Valière, Côte-d'Or, a young girl was also assailed by a shower of stones launched by an invisible hand. She received many contusions and excoriations. See *L'Union Bourguignonne*, October and November, 1857.

M. Joseph Bizouard, in *Des Rapports de L'Homme avec Le Demon*, tom. IV., p. 485, relates the case of Adolphine Benoît, of Guillonville, Canton d'Orgères, which is precisely of the class of Angélique Cottin, the Magnetic Girl of London, &c. She was servant at a farm, where all sorts of things began to fly about and fall upon her, but the case strictly belongs to another class of these phenomena.

CASE OF M. LERIBLE IN PARIS, 1846.

M. Mirville relates the case of M. Lerible, of Paris, a dealer in wood and charcoal, near the Pantheon. His house was so assailed by stones coming no one could tell whence, that on the 29th of January, 1846, he obtained a guard of chasseurs to protect it. Large stones, sent by an invisible force, reduced to fragments windows and window frames, doors and furniture. Though discharged from the distance of a kilomètre, they struck the part aimed at with mathematical precision. One fact was curious. One of the apartments was filled with pieces of tiles, long and flat. Why? Because the shutter of the window being closed, there was in it a long and narrow slit, and through this the invisible thrower managed, from a kilomètre's distance, to cause the tiles to pass. At twenty-five paces, says M. Mirville, one could not have done the feat in a hundred thousand throws. It was, therefore, a most dexterous performer. Neither the police nor the guard of chasseurs were able to detect the throwers, though they watched incessantly day and night for three weeks, and though watch-dogs were chained in every approach to the house. The people were satisfied that there was some mysterious agency in the case, but some of these clever fellows who always know more than any one else, said M. Lerible had done it himself, and others that it was a practical joke played off on M. Lerible. It was reported that the police had taken the mischief-maker in the fact, and M. Mirville went to have a look at so clever a rogue. The whole was an invention. The police had taken no one; they assured him that they had discovered nothing. M. Mirville then went to M. Lerible, whom he found most indignant at such reports. "I!" he said, "who have been more than thirty times to the police, and have they the folly to accuse me of it? Let

them tell me how it could be done! Suppose I had designed to demolish my house, is it likely that I should furnish it with new and expensive furniture expressly for this purpose? Glasses, beautiful china, dinner services, and time-pieces, only to be broken to pieces? Did not the stones fall more savagely on me than on others?" He showed his wounds and exclaimed, "Ah! there are very droll people!" M. Mirville interrogated the neighbours of M. Lerible, who declared the affair absolutely inexplicable, and the charge of trickery absurd. M. Mirville recalled to the sceptics the like phenomena which had before taken place in the Rue d'Enfer, and the producers of which were known by the name of the Devils of Vauvert.

CASES OF M. LESAGE AND OTHERS IN PARIS AND SONDERY.

In 1860, on the occasion of a similar occurrence in the Rue des Noyers, the newspaper *Le Droit* stated that M. Lerible had been the author of the stone-throwing at his own house, whereupon M. Lerible immediately summoned the editor before the 6th Chamber. The case was heard on the 6th of August, and *Le Droit* was compelled to insert a full contradiction of its own statement, which was copied into the other papers. It had been said that he wished to get rid of a lease of his house, but it was clearly proved by him that the house was his own, and therefore no such lease existed, and that, moreover, having furnished it in 1849 splendidly, he must have been mad to destroy his own furniture. (See *Revue Spiritualiste*, vol. III., p. 222.)

Similar occurrences took place in a house in the Rue Neuve de Cluny; in the Rue Montesquieu a rain of small money drew the attention of the curious; and in the Rue de Mate, all the bells in the house were rung by invisible hands. In the Rue de Bac, also in Paris, the *Patrie* of the 4th of September, 1858, reported that in the house No. 65, all the bells had been ringing for a week at different hours of the day, and in every story of the house. People had been on the watch, and rushed to the place in an instant, but without being able to discover any one setting them in motion. One of the tenants cut the wires of his bells, and gloried in having checkmated the troublers, but they continued to ring more merrily than ever in his face, and before numerous spectators. M. Pièrart and numerous of his friends went to witness these phenomena, and there learned that stones had been thrown against the windows, as in the case of M. Lerible's house, Rue des Grès, 1849, without any one being able to see where they came or who threw them. Deluges of water had also been dashing down the stairs from the garrets to the ground-floor, to every one's astonishment and dismay. M. Pièrart went to enquire

of the police if they could assign any cause, but they could only shrug their shoulders and look mysterious.

The *Journal de Vendôme* says:—"One evening of this year, 1859, a stone fell into the shop of M. Brillant, farrier, of Sondery, who imagined it to have come through the open window, but whilst he went out to discover the thrower, another fell behind him. The next day the same thing recurred. The farrier immediately said that it was his father who came back. People ran from all the neighbourhood round to see a phantom, but they saw nothing, except stones that continued to fall. They were not two or three stones, there were twenty stones, a hundred stones, stones enough to macadamize the shop. The rural policeman sitting in the shop was greatly alarmed. The gendarmes passed four days in watching the house, and they saw not a single stone, although they passed close to the ears of the rural policeman in the inside of it. A sceptic who accused the apprentice of perpetrating the stone-throwing, received some blows from them of a savage force.

A still more recent case of this singular kind is that of M. Lesage, steward of the Palais de Justice, in Paris. M. Lesage occupied an apartment in the Rue des Noyers. "For some time," said *Le Droit*, "projectiles, coming whence no one could conceive, broke his windows, entered his room, and struck those who were in it so as to hurt them more or less severely. They were pieces of half-burnt wood of considerable size, pieces of coal very heavy, and also of charcoal. The maid-servant of M. Lesage was struck on the breast by several of them, and received serious bruises. M. Lesage called in the assistance of the police. These were placed in surveillance, but they could neither discover whence the missiles came, nor escape being struck by them themselves. As the nuisance was become intolerable, M. Lesage demanded the cancelling of his agreement; the proprietor assented, and M. Vaillant, the legal functionary, whose name well befitted a business in which there was danger, came to perform this act. Scarcely was he seated when a huge piece of charcoal came through the window, and struck the wall with such force that it was reduced to powder. M. Vaillant, without being at all disconcerted, took up some of the powder and scattered it on the document that he had just written as pounce, as Junot once did the dust thrown up by a bomb-shell that fell near him.

It was hoped that a third examination made by M. Hubaut, commissaire of the quarter of the Sorbonne, would clear up the mystery. It did nothing. M. Pièrart, *Revue Spiritualiste*, vol. III., p. 180, tells us that he went to the Rue des Noyers, and found that the event had not taken place in the apartments of M. Lesage, but of M. Bigot, his son-in-law. These apartments

were on a fifth story, and the house had a wing to the south, and it had been supposed that the missives had been thrown from some of the windows of that wing. But they had not fallen into any room facing that wing, but had seemed to come down out of the air, so that they could possibly have been thrown by no mortal hand. Still more, all the glass of the windows broken had fallen outwards. This the police, the neighbours, and the watchers all attested.

THE DEVIL AT THE BAKER'S AT DIEPPE AND AT LYONS.

About the same time *La Vigie de Dieppe* published this astonishing account:—"Yesterday morning M. Goubert, one of the bakers of our town, his father who makes the bread, and an apprentice nearly seventeen years of age, were commencing their ordinary employment, when they found various articles flying from their proper places and falling into the kneading-trough. They had continually to pick out of the flour pieces of charcoal of different sizes and weights, a pipe, and a candle. In spite of their surprise they continued their work, till the time came to form their bread, when a piece of dough of two kilogramme weight flew from the hands of the apprentice and was cast far away. This was the prelude to a most extraordinary scene of disorder. It was then about nine o'clock, and till noon it was impossible to remain in the bakehouse or the cellar adjoining. Everything was knocked over, thrown about and broken; the bread thrown to the middle of the room, with the boards on which it stood, amongst the *débris* of all sorts was completely ruined; more than thirty bottles of wine were broken in succession, and whilst the tap of the cistern turned of itself with a surprising rapidity, the portable oven, the shovels, the trestles, and the weights leapt into the air and executed the most diabolical evolutions. Towards noon the hubbub ceased by degrees, and after some hours entirely disappeared, so that everything could be restored to its place, and the business be pursued in quiet."

In January of 1861 the *Revue Spiritualiste* quotes the following strange facts from the *Salut Public*. It is to be regretted that it does not give the exact date:—"At this moment at Lyons in the Rue Vicille Monnaie have taken place these extraordinary facts: In the bottom of a blind alley, on the first floor, is the silk-winding shop of M. C——, where for a month the most unheard-of things have been going on. One evening, to the great stupefaction of the people, the dogs, the stretchers, the rings of lead, began to dance on the machinery. The consternation of the workmen may be imagined! all researches failed to solve the mystery, and during fifteen days the phenomena recurred six or eight times.

One day a figure is seen drawn on the door by invisible hands; the next day it disappears as mysteriously. Another day a packet of leads and twenty roquets is tied up and locked in a drawer; in the evening they escape from the drawer and fly scattered through the apartment. The next day a number of stones, which appeared to come from the ceiling, were thrown violently against the interior wall of the entrance gate, which still bears the marks of their blows. The affair takes wind, the people rush there in crowds, the police arrive, everything is enquired into, nothing more is discovered than what we know. The city police take up their permanent watch there. Besides the throwing of the leads and the roquets, eatables were cast about, amongst them nuts. A policeman eat a nut and pronounced it excellent.

These facts took place ten days ago, when a mysterious personage appeared, breathed on the machinery, made some cabalistic signs, and declared that the devil would now leave them alone. Being under the protection of the police and of this mysterious visitor, the work-people were a little reassured. But in a few days the devil's dance recommenced, the dogs tumbled the machinery into the middle of the floor, and instead of nuts, almonds came showering down. The police maintained constant watch, but M. C—— and his workmen had not a moment of peace, and it was seriously agitated to quit the premises. One of the most and worst forms of the persecution, was that of the invisible lamps spitting on the persons and on the clothes of the workmen. Like those of the Rue des Noyers, the phenomena remained inexplicable.

STILL FRESH CASES.

As I close this article, fresh cases are coming to my knowledge. The *Spiritual Times* recently reprinted a remarkable case recorded by John Wesley in 1780, occurring at Drumarran, County Down, Ireland, where not only stones but all sorts of household utensils were thrown about. The *Messenger de Provence* relates repeated occurrences of a like kind taking place last year at Pennes, Vancluse, accompanied by repeated attempts to set a farmer's house on fire. The *Revue Spiritualiste* in the 11th number for 1864, gives a letter from Baron Guldenstubbe detailing cases of direct spirit-writings in Germany. One of these occurred to the Count Linanges at Wallouf, or probably Waldorff, in the Duchy of Nassau, in 1860. The second occurred to Dr. Berthelon, at Oderwitz near Zittau in Saxony. This made its appearance through a young woman named Louise Leudener, who seems to have been a weaver by trade, and worked at the weaver Bichayn's, where there were such knock-

ings about the girl that he compelled her to leave. She got another situation at Oderwitz, with Lorenz, a weaver, where the knocks recommenced more actively than ever, and where conversations were held with the spirit through the raps. It then commenced beating the airs of songs and marches, but taking to throwing stones and knocking the furniture about, the poor girl was sent away again, and took refuge with her uncle Wunderlich, at Albersdorf. Her uncle very speedily grew tired of his niece for he saw a grey cloud pass over his house continually, and direct its course towards an old crooked willow at some distance where, on looking, he always found something which had been invisibly carried out of his house. Poor Louise was obliged to go home; the relatives called for a committee of inquiry to examine into her case; but this could come to no conclusion. At length the poor girl fell ill and doctors and clergy were called and tampered with her in their blind way. Figures in white were now frequently seen by her, and at length the phenomena terminated by direct writing appearing, in white chalk on the table, giving directions for her treatment, by which she was completely cured, whereupon the knockings left her. He frequently such cases as these and that of Angelique Coste appear, and how little the doctors benefit by them.

STONE-THROWING IN CEYLON.

A very remarkable and minute narrative I have also just read with, which occurred in Ceylon. A supplement of two columns to the *Colombo Observer* of October 15, 1863, is entirely filled with "A Lecture on Demonology and Supernatural Agencies, delivered at the Wesleyan Chapel, Pettah, Colombo, by J. H. Eaton, Esq., P.S.C.," and after giving an interesting narrative of the religious beliefs and superstitions of the Cingalese he proceeds to give numerous cases of apparitions, hauntings, and other spiritual phenomena occurring in Ceylon. Amongst these is the following account of stone-throwing there:—

"Between Galle and Matura, there is a half-way house called Belligam. A few hundred fathoms behind this house, rises a hill on the summit of which stands a neat little building, the property of a Mr. Fredericks. For upwards of fifteen years, till within a few years ago, his father's family was annoyed and subjected to much loss, by the throwing of stones at intervals, night and day, on the roof as well as into the house. Throughout that period all the vigilance which the old man and his friends could exercise in endeavouring to save himself from what to a poor man in such circumstances, was a ruinous calamity, proved fruitless. Night after night, watchers were set round the house and in

neighbourhood to detect if possible the supposed mischief-makers. But one and all felt the impossibility of attributing the occurrence to any human agency. In the first place, the stones on the roof came down from nobody knew where. One could hardly suppose that they were thrown by people at the foot of the hill, because there were few houses thereabout, and it is not possible to believe that, situated as Mr. Frederick's house was, giving a view from the summit of the hill, of the houses lower down, any body or bodies of men, could for fifteen years and more have continued this pelting without detection. Nor indeed is it at all likely that by indulging in this mischievous practice night and day, the supposed miscreants could have successfully dared the law and run the risk of a prosecution. In the second place, supposing that the stones were thrown by men who were lying in undetected ambush, that supposition is not sufficient to explain some of the other phenomena, *viz.*, that the stones not only came pattering on the roof, but came right through the roof when there were no visible openings in it, and when all the doors and windows of the house were shut. It is marvellous and almost impossible to believe, but nevertheless it is a circumstance absolutely true, testified to by gentlemen who went into the house with anything but a disposition to believe in the supernatural character of the events they heard of, that the stones dropped through the roof on the ground-floor, without any perceptible apertures in the roof. Nor was this all. The doors and windows being closed, large granite stones were hurled into the room from every conceivable direction. The articles in the kitchen were thrown into the dining room, the plates and saucers were suddenly jerked off the table and thrown down on the ground, and shivered to pieces.

“ A gentleman whom I met a few weeks ago on my way to Matura, assured me that he was present on several occasions when these wonderful occurrences took place and nothing surprised him more, he said, than that a large granite block, which it would require two men to carry, was suddenly thrown into the dining room from the direction of the compound, whilst he was seated by the door-way. He rushed out in an instant, but not a human being was to be seen there. The earthenware pot, in which rice is boiled, was frequently removed from the hearth, without any visible agency effecting the removal, and one of the commonest occurrences was, that when the pot was taken off the fire, the rice was found mixed up with ashes. But stranger still, after rice was served out, ashes were sprinkled over the plates, and all about the room. On looking into the fire-place there was the impression of fingers, each of which would answer in thickness to a child's wrist. The Rev. Mr. Lalmon, from Matura, often read prayers, but with no effect. The late lamented Chairman of the Wesleyan

Mission in South Ceylon, the Rev. Mr. Gogerly, with two Assistant Missionaries, visited the house; but could find no solution to these marvellous occurrences. Mr. Gogerly was shewn into an empty room, where, without any conceivable agency, little cakes of clay were said to be arranged along the walls. He attributed them very naturally to a little girl in the room, but the girl was sent out, the room swept clean, and the door locked, and yet, within a short while afterwards, the cakes of clay were there, with a shoe-flower stuck on the top of each cake. This occurred in broad daylight;—and a gentleman now in this room, who was present on the occasion, assures me that the room and every available entrance into it, was so narrowly watched, that imposture was entirely out of the question. It frequently happened that visitors to the house picked up a stone, and marking it with a piece of chalk, threw it as far off as they possible could, when in an instant, with a marvellous rapidity, *the identical stone was pitched back into the house.* The dogs often ran howling out of the house, and were shortly afterwards found on the roof without any possibility of getting up thither of their own accord. In this way the inmates of that house were disturbed for years upon years, till at length the annoyances ceased, and they are now altogether exempt from them. If the people of that family converted that house into a show room for Spiritualism, and had made money by it, one could, in spite of all the evidence to the contrary, be tempted to suppose that they were implicated in the fraud, by which the supposed supernatural character of these events was kept up. But when we know that so far from making money by it, it was a perpetual loss to them—that the poor people were ever replenishing their stock of domestic utensils, and had to submit to the inconvenience of going without breakfast or dinner, whenever the invisible power deemed it right to mix ashes with the rice, I think we shall be disposed to moderate our scepticism, and to form a more reasonable conclusion than that these events were produced by trickery and imposture. Happily for the veracity of hundreds who have witnessed these scenes, no Anne Robinsons have turned up yet with convenient lovers to solve the mystery, nor indeed would their horsehair jugglery be of any avail to account for a shower of stones, for the sprinkling of ashes, or the marvellous disappearance of the rice-pot, or the raising of dogs to the roofs of the houses.”

Finally, Mr. Dickens, with his cordial love of these subjects, has just given in the number of *All the Year Round*, for January 7th of this year, a remarkable case of this kind taking place in Epirus, and related on the evidence of eye-witnesses. Once more let the reader observe in these cases the frequent recurrence of the law of matter passing through matter, as in the

phenomena of the Davenports; and that they are occurring in all quarters of the world, with an identity of circumstances so frequent as to prove an identity of origin.

Here I think I may stop, though these cases by no means exhaust the subject. The reader will recollect the throwing of stones repeatedly in the recent case of Mr. Councillor Joller. He is also already familiar with the disturbances at the Parsonage at Cidville, in France, witnessed by the Mayor, the Marquis de Mirville, and many other persons of note, where all sorts of furniture, desks, tongs and fire irons, a hammer, candlesticks, bread, were thrown from one place to another, though no stones, I think. There are many cases which have occurred in England, and some in London, which made much noise some years ago. Of these I have not been able to procure full and authentic accounts; perhaps readers of the Magazine may be able to furnish them, or to indicate where they are to be found. In the meantime we have here a mass of evidence from various times and countries, coming down to a date so late as 1860, and occurring in the most public places of Paris, witnessed by hundreds of living persons, and amongst them by police and magistrates, which, had no spiritual *séances* ever taken place, would put the existence and interference of spirits with the persons and affairs of this world beyond every possible question. But when it is borne in mind that these cases belong only to one class of very varied phenomena of the same kind, it is seen that this species of spiritual testimony is so voluminous, that the greatest wonders of all are the folly and stupidity of men who deny it. The peculiar value of this prominent action of what may be called the irregulars of the spirit world is, as I have observed, that it does not require to be sought—does not require our faith to witness it—it forces itself unceremoniously on those who would be the last to seek it; it breaks in on their somnolence and their stiffest impenetrability of disbelief or indifference, and with a voice and a violence that strike terror into their earthy souls. It sends forth a rumour that with trumpet voice blares through street and market, through shop and counting-house, through town and village, and stamps on the spirit of the people with the burning brand-irons of terror and astonishment, the great fact that the swarming world of legion life is around us, and that if they will not receive its angels and the messages of "the still small voice," they will have, from a God that will not let the invisible and the hereafter be forgotten, the dance of devils, and the spectral revelations of the Pandemonium of the vengeance. Executioners of heaven's justice, kindlers of terror, and not of remorse, in the souls of the murderer, the avaricious,

the defrauder of the widow and the orphan and the poor, these restless and remorseless agents, these fiery-souled missionaries from the depths of eternity, these meteors of the night of harsh inhumanities flash forth in every age, stalk through the ancient halls and the midnight chambers of every country, and bearing the gloomy insignia of their own suffering, the gory wound, the blood-drenched garment, the ghastly cheek and the haggard eye, proclaim to the most incredulous ears that God and eternal retribution live.

GLIMPSES OF SPIRITUALISM IN CHINA, NEW ZEALAND, AND RUSSIA.

By THOMAS BREVIOR.

SPIRITUALISM is no novelty—the most careful researches all go to shew that it is as old as humanity, as universal as the air. However far back we extend our researches into the depths of antiquity, we find no period so remote that communication with invisible intelligence does not seem to have existed; and its universal prevalence among the ancients seems indicative of a necessity, by a law of human nature, that some channel of supernatural wisdom should be constantly open to man through which he might receive instruction adapted to the ever-varying circumstances and exigences of individual, social, and national life. Even the modes of intercourse with the spirit-world which are generally supposed to be inventions of the most recent date, are found to have been practised, with but little difference, among remote people and in remote ages. It has been alleged as an excuse for the dullness of modern authors, that the ancients had stolen all our best ideas. As China anticipated us in the printing-press and the mariner's compass, so also it seems to have done in the practice of what is called "table-turning." The reader will find evidence of this in the *Two Worlds*, in the chapter on "Spiritualism in the East," and the following is additional corroboration. It is taken from a reprint, by the Hakluyt Society, of the old English translation of 1588 of Mendoza's *History of the Great and Mighty Kingdom of China, &c.*, vol. I., page 49.

It will be seen that the Portugese Jew, not having the fear of posterity before his eyes, four centuries ago, stole from the Reverend Mr. Nangle, of Skreen, and other reverend and irreverent British Christians of the present day, the idea that these things were altogether the work of "the diuell."

The order that they haue in inuocating or calling on the diuell, is as followeth. They cause a man to lie vpon the ground, his face downwards, then another

beginneth to reade vpon a booke singing, and part of them that are present do answere vnto him, the rest do make a sound with little bells and tabers; then within a little while after, the man that lieth on the ground beginneth to make visages and iestures, which is a certaine token that the diuell is entered within him: then do they aske of him what they doo desire to know; then he that is possessed doth answere, yet for the most part they bee lies that hee doth speake; although hee doo keepe it close, yet doth hee giue diuers reasons vnto that which hee dooth answere, for that always they doo answere either by worde or by letters, which is the remedie they haue when that the diuell will not answere by worde. And when that he doth answere by letters, then do they spread a redde mantle or couerlet vpon the ground, and throw thereon a certaine quantitie of rice, dispersed equally in euery place vpon the couerlet; then do they cause a man that cannot write to stand there with a sticke in his hand; then those that are present do begin to sing and to make a sounde as at the first inuocation, and within a little while the diuell doth enter into him that hath the sticke, and causeth him to write vpon the rice, then do they translate the letters that are there formed with the sticke, and being ioyned altogether, they finde answere of that they do demaunde; although for the most part it falleth out as aforesaide, as vnto people that do communicate with the father of all lying, and so do their answers fall out false and full of leasings. If that at any time he do tell them the truth, it is not for that he doth it by nature or with his will, but to induce them vnder colour of a truth to perseuer in their errors, and they do giue credite vnto a thousand lies: in this sort doo they inuocate the diuell, and it is so ordinarie a thing throughout al the kingdome, that there is nothing more vsed nor knowne.

It is a long way from China to Polynesia, but Spiritualism bridges over wide distances in space as well as in time; and so in an article on "The Mythology of Polynesia," in the *Westminster Review* for April, 1862, we meet with this account:—

With the worship of the gods in New Zealand is associated that of ancestors. The spirits of the dead are supposed to be intimately acquainted with all terrestrial events. In general, their interest is confined to the people or tribe to which they belong. They attend the army, direct its movements, administer counsel or inspire courage. These omniscient spirits are the souls of eminent chiefs. From them all punishments in this world emanate. They guard with jealous care the sacred restrictive institution called Tapu. Entering into small carved images of wood, rude statuettes dedicated to the ancestral spirits, they make them their temporary abodes, and thence hold converse with the living. Sometimes they communicate their will in dreams; sometimes they approach mortals in their waking hours, speaking in mysterious voice, half whisper, half whistle, like the spirits of the Greek and Hebrew under-world.

We give another extract from the same article:—

Apparitions frequently appear to the Fijians. Spirits are supposed to assume the human form at will. "Some (says Mr. Williams), speak of man as having two spirits. His shadow is called the dark spirit, which they say goes to Hades. The other is his likeness, reflected in water on a looking-glass, and is supposed to stay near the place in which a man dies. I once placed a good-looking native suddenly before a mirror. He stood delighted. 'Now,' said he softly, 'I can see into the world of spirits.'" . . . The Fijian, like the Greek of old, peoples with invisible beings every remarkable spot—the lonely dell, the gloomy cave, the desolate rock, and the deep forest. The "little gods" of Fiji seem to resemble our fairies. They are no taller than children of five or six years old. Assembling in troops on the mountain tops, they sing unweariedly, delighting with their melody the "favoured listener."

From *The Englishwoman in Russia*, we catch a glimpse of the belief entertained there among a people of whom we are

perhaps, in many respects, less acquainted than with any other European nation. She remarks (page 201):—

During all this time (*i. e.*, between the death and interment of a person) the friends and acquaintances of the family came and stayed with them in succession night and day, so that they should not be left alone with the corpse for a single instant, and even for a considerable time after the funeral, as they have a belief that the soul still haunts the abode for a stated period previous to taking its flight to the place of eternal rest.

Again, at page 204, we read:—

The Russians believe in the efficacy of prayers for the dead, and for the good of souls in the intermediate state; but they do not seem to have any very definite ideas about purgatory—indeed the Greek religion only teaches that there are two places—one for the good and the other for the bad. Yet they attend to the annual performance of a mass for those that are departed, and hold the communion of spirits in its literal sense. They endeavour, by every means, to render the prospect of death less terrible, yet perhaps there is not a nation upon the earth that contemplates it with so great horror and dread; like the ancient Romans they cannot endure to hear it even named before them, and frequently when death becomes accidentally the subject of conversation, they will beg that the subject may be dropped as being too disagreeable.

GHOST STORIES IN CURRENT LITERATURE.

A STRIKING circumstance, and one which may fairly be urged as at least presumptive evidence of the reality of spiritual apparitions is, that we constantly, not only in conversation but in literature, meet with ghostly narratives, as people sometimes encounter ghosts themselves, when and where they are least expected; they cross our path incidentally, and as it were promiscuously, sometimes in strange and very unspiritual company; at other times in quite respectable society, and vouched for by people of integrity, ability, and good sense, free from any special taint of weakness or superstition, and whose studies, habits of thought, and general character naturally lead them in quite a different direction. In illustration of this remark I present a few modern instances from current literature. Any one familiar with books of the day may easily add to the number.

The first story I shall present is given by Chateaubriand, in his *Autobiography*, (Vol. I., p. 152, of the translation in the Parlour Library series):—

“ My sister had as her registrar, M. Livoret, formerly a Jesuit, and who once met with a strange adventure. When he was appointed registrar at Lascardais, the Count de Chateaubourg, the father of the present occupant, had just died. M. Livoret, who had not known him, was installed as care-taker of the castle. The first night that he slept alone in it, he saw an old man, dressed in a *robe de chambre*, and wearing a nightcap, enter his

apartment, holding a small taper in his hand. The apparition approached the hearth, placed the candle on the mantelpiece, lighted the fire, and seated itself in an arm chair. M. Livoret trembled in every joint. After an interval of two hours, spent in total silence, the old man rose, took the light, and left the chamber, shutting the door behind him.

“The following morning, the registrar related his adventure to the farmers, who, on hearing the description of the *lemure*, affirmed that it was their old master. But the affair did not end there. If M. Livoret looked behind him in the forest he perceived the phantom; if he had to cross a stile in the fields, the shade placed itself astride on the top. One day, the wretched haunted man having ventured to say to it: ‘M. de Chateaubourg, leave me!’ the ghost replied, ‘No!’ M. Livoret, a cool and resolute man, with by no means a brilliant imagination, told the story as often as he was requested, always in the same manner, and with the same conviction of its truth.”

In *Recollections, Political, &c., of the Last Half Century*, by the Rev. J. Richardson, L.L.B., (1856) Vol. I., pages 65-68, there is a circumstantial account of the appearance of Mr. John Palmer (an actor, who died suddenly on the stage at Liverpool, on the 2nd August, 1798), on the night of his death to a person in London, named Tucker. “The fact of his absence from London was known to Tucker, but he was not aware about his arrangement for his return. On the night just mentioned, Tucker had retired at an earlier hour than usual; but the company in the drawing room was numerous, and the sound of their merriment prevented him from falling asleep; he was in a state of morbid drowsiness produced by weariness, but continually interrupted by noise. As he described the scene, he was sitting half upright in his bed, when he saw the figure of a man coming from the passage which led from the door of the house to the hall. The figure paused in its transit for a moment at the foot of the couch, and looked him full in the face; there was nothing spectral or like the inhabitant of the world of spirits in the countenance or outline of the figure, which passed on, and apparently went up the staircase. Tucker felt no alarm whatever; he recognised in the figure the features, gait, dress and general appearance of John Palmer, who he supposed had returned from Liverpool, and having the *entrée* of the house, had, as usual, availed himself of his latch key. * * * * Next morning, in the course of some casual conversation, he informed Mrs. Vernon that he had seen Mr. Palmer pass through the hall, and expressed a hope that his trip to Liverpool had agreed with his health. The lady stared at him incredulously, said he must have been dreaming, or drinking, or out of his senses, as no Mr.

Palmer had joined the festivities in the drawing room. His delusion, if delusion it were, was made a source of mirth to the people who called in the course of the day. He, however, persisted in his assertion of having seen Mr. Palmer, and on the arrival of the post from Liverpool on the day after he had first made it, laughter was turned into mourning, and most of the guests were inclined to think there was more in it than they were willing to confess.

“It should be added, that this ‘Tucker’ was a sort of hall-porter in Mrs. Vernon’s house, and slept on a couch in the hall, and ‘those who entered the house, and were about to go upstairs, had to pass by the aforesaid couch.’ It is very curious also that Palmer dropt dead on the stage, ‘immediately after he had given utterance to the memorable words in Kotzebue’s play of the ‘Stranger’—‘There is another and a better world than this.’ A benefit was got up in Liverpool for his children which produced £400.”

Dr. Spencer T. Hall, in his *Days in Derbyshire*, (1863, p. 85-6,) gives this relation:—

“Philip and his first wife, Martha, who was a cousin of mine, having no children of their own, adopted the little daughter of a young woman, who went to live at Derby. The child called them father and mother as soon as she could speak, not remembering her own parents, not even her mother. While yet very young, she one day began to cry out that there was a young woman looking at her, and wanting to come to her, and according to her description of the person, it must have been her mother. As no one else saw the apparition, and the child continued for more than half an hour to be very excited, Philip took her out of the house to that of a neighbour; but the apparition kept them company, talking by the way. They then went to another house, where it accompanied them still, and seemed as though it wanted to embrace the child; but at last *vanished in the direction of Derby*—as the little girl, now a young woman, describes it—in a flash of fire. Derby is about fourteen miles distant from Holloway, and as in that day there was neither railway nor telegraph, communication between them was much slower than at present. As soon, however, as it was possible for intelligence to come, the news arrived that the poor child’s mother had been *burnt to death*; that it happened about the time when it saw her apparition; and, in short, that she was sorrowing and crying to be taken to the child during the whole of the time between being burnt and her expiration. This is no ‘idle ghost story,’ but a simple matter of fact, to which not only Philip but all his old neighbours can testify; and the young woman has not only related it more than once to me, but

she told it in the same artless and earnest manner to my friend the late Dr. Samuel Brown, of Edinburgh, who once called at the cottage with me—repeating it still more clearly to Messrs. Fowler and Wells, on our recent visit.”

The following is from Mr. W. Winwood Reade's *Savage Africa*, a work containing much interesting adventure, and some clever sketches of negro life at various points of the western coast of the great African continent. The incidents occurred at Macarthy's Island—a small island, on which we have a settlement, up the river Gambia, 180 miles from the Coast, and in latitude 13 degrees N.

“At the commencement of the rainy season of 1860, Mr. Beale, a staff assistant-surgeon, was seized with malarious fever. The *Dover* arrived soon afterwards bringing another surgeon, Mr. Campbell, to relieve him. The relief came too late. Mr. Beale was taken on board the *Dover*, shook hands with the captain on deck, went below and expired almost immediately.

“Mr. Trestrail, his colleague, sat down to write out the case. It is still preserved in the medical report book at the surgeon's quarters. Towards the end the handwriting changes its character, becomes uneven, and sometimes scarcely legible. A few hours afterwards Trestrail was a corpse. The two surgeons were buried together.

“Mr. Campbell wrote out a report of Mr. Trestrail's case. He slept alone in the surgeon's quarters, in the same bed in which the two others had died. A palisade was being erected round their grave.

“Mr. Savage is a mulatto trader on the island. A few days afterwards Campbell came to him and asked him to give him a bed. Savage complied with his request. ‘Don't you like your quarters?’ he said. ‘No,’ replied Campbell, ‘*I have seen Beale, and, Savage,*’ he added, ‘I shall never see my poor wife and children any more.’

“As the palisade round the grave was finished Dr. Campbell also died. He was buried outside it. No importance was attached to his words, ‘*I have seen Beale.*’ It was supposed at the time that it was merely a dream of which he had spoken. The words themselves would have been quite forgotten had it not been for that which afterwards occurred.

“The commandant's quarters, a detached building, stands about fifteen yards from the surgeon's quarters, also a detached building. A sentry is stationed over each. Captain Wilcox and Dr. Bradshaw were sitting one evening in the piazza of the commandant's quarters, when they heard a shriek from the direction of the other building. A few moments afterwards a soldier, livid with fright, and without his musket, rushed into the piazza. Captain Wilcox, supposing that he was drunk, put him under arrest.

“The next morning, being examined, he declared that while on guard at the surgeon’s quarters a gentleman dressed in black had come towards him. He had never seen him before. He challenged him and received no answer. The gentleman continued till he was close to him. He (the sentry) threatened to run him through if he did not answer the challenge. Receiving no answer he thrust, and *saw the bayonet pass through the body*. The figure gibbered at him and turned away. It was then that he had shrieked, dropped his musket, and ran away. Examined by Dr. Bradshaw he described the figure closely; the face, height, and dress, tallied precisely with those of Dr. Beale, whom the sentinel had never seen.

“Doctors Bradshaw and Hind slept in the building in separate rooms. They heard noises, the cause of which they did not understand; but to which they paid little attention at the time. Doctors Macarthy and Fox came up—they heard nothing. Dr. Macarthy remained there a month, and during that month he also had a severe fever. He went to Bathurst, and returned afterwards in company with Dr. Duggan; both of them were in good health at the time—neither of them had heard the ghost story. They slept each in an end room (there were three *en suite*), and Dr. Duggan’s servant, a boy of about sixteen, in the centre one.

“Dr. Macarthy (from whom I received these particulars) now heard peculiar noises in the night. In the piazza or passage outside there was a table on which they placed their tea things, after they had done with them. He would hear the cups and saucers clashed together, and the plates, as it seemed to him, dashed forcibly to the ground. Several times he went out in the morning, expecting to find everything broken; but in no instance had the position of the plates, cups or saucers been altered in the least. He ascribed these noises to some mischievous fellow, who had climbed into the piazza, without having been observed by the sentry below.

“He also heard noises in the middle room, as if heavy pieces of furniture were being moved about. And often all night long he would be annoyed with a pattering sound upon the floor all round his bed. He thought at first that these were from bats, which had fallen on the floor, and which had been unable to rise; but he could never find them in the morning. Then he supposed they were mice.

“One night, instead of going to bed, he kept his candle alight, and sat on a chair, with a stick across his knee, waiting for these mice to come out. He heard a sound at the farther end of the room; it was like that of a man walking cautiously on tiptoe. The sound came towards him. He strained his eyes, but he

could see nothing. *Then the footsteps passed before him, close to him, and he could see nothing.*

"Doctors are essentially Materialists. Dr. Macarthy knew that the strangest sights and sounds can spring from a disordered stomach, or a checked secretion; but when he mentioned his hallucinations to Dr. Duggan, and when Duggan replied that he had been troubled in the same manner, they became perplexed. It did not occur to them that these sounds were supernatural. The mind of man is averse to believe that which it cannot grasp. No one seriously describes a phenomenon of this kind, if he can account for it in any natural manner. In the course of conversation they happened to speak to Savage about it. He replied as if it were a common-place matter, 'Oh, don't you know that this house is haunted?' and related the affair of the sentry.

"On returning to their quarters Dr. Duggan observed that the boy was looking ill. He asked him what was the matter with him. The boy said he did not know, but perhaps sleeping in the open air had made him sick. On being asked what he meant, the boy replied with some reluctance that he had gone to sleep on the roof of the house because a tall man in white used to come and wake him up, so that he could get no rest.

"This boy I afterwards examined myself. He told me that it was late and pulled him by the ear, and said 'Wake, wake.' When he awoke he could see something white moving off in a manner which he said was not walking, nor running, nor flying, but something different from what he had ever seen. I offered to give him five shillings (which to him would be a large sum) if he would sleep there that night, even offering to keep him company. He looked frightened, and refused.

"Doctors Macarthy and Duggan after that slept in the same room. And now here comes the part of this story which is so extraordinary, which is I believe unparalleled among instances of its kind. These two men, Materialists by education, lying broad awake, with a light burning in the room, would both hear these noises and would call each other's attention to them at the time; the heavy chairs moving in the centre room, the rattling of plates in the piazza, the light tip-toe footsteps passing between both their beds."

Mr. Reade narrates these facts in sober earnestness, but concludes with a rebuke to those who would ask for an explanation of such phenomena, and are "studying the science of the spirit-world." He calls all such investigations purposeless and futile, because although the facts are mysterious, they are very far from being sublime." This is illogical. It is not a purposeless nor unworthy object to determine the conditions under which the mind may become cognizant of the Unseen, and science rejects evidence relevant to the subject of an enquiry as insignificant.

Mr. Reade is also quite in error in assuming the experience of Messrs. Macarthy and Duggan to have been unparalleled. A mass of corresponding testimony has been put on record, but his proper caution respecting it might have been that further data are yet wanting, and that we must not theorize too fast.

Who would expect to find anything of a ghostly kind in the *Life and Recollections of the Hon. Grantley Berkeley*?—the friend of D'Orsay and Waterford,—patron of the cock-pit and the prize-ring—ever ready for fistic combat with stable-boy, coast-guard, bargee, or any other man who dare tread on the tail of his coat,—who believes that “after all there’s no argument like a punch o’ the head,”—and who might have added as a part of his creed, “or horsewhipping a publisher whose magazine contains what to you is a very disagreeable *critique* on your last novel. Yet even such a man, presumably free from all nervous hypochondriacal fancies, who, if not a “Muscular Christian,” is certainly a Muscleman, amid anecdotes of syrens, sporting man, intrigues, literary quarrels, family feuds, Mrs. Barker and Tom Cribb, has a chapter (Vol. II.) on “Spiritual Manifestations,” which he tells us:—“One or two incidents that happened in the course of my life appear to have something to do with what of late years has been called the spiritual world; at any rate they cannot be accounted for. The mortar in the old castle wall at Berkeley giving way, and the heavy hatchway over the gateway falling as nearly to crush Sir Samuel Wathen, the enemy of my father, as related in a previous chapter, though very extraordinary, might easily be explained, but not so the vision of a woman which appeared to my brother, Lord Berkeley, and myself, at midnight in the kitchen at Cranford House.” The story is thus given by him (Vol. I., p. 208.):—

“It was before I left the Guards, if I remember rightly, when my brother Moreton and myself saw the ghost at Cranford. We have often since thought of that apparition, and have never been able to account for its presence nor to divine why or wherefore it appeared. Appear it *most assuredly did*, for we both believe it, and our descriptions of what we saw coincided in every particular. The circumstances were these: it was expected that our preserves of game were to be attacked by a gang of poachers. The poachers had been to Richings Lodge, Mr. Sullivan’s, near Colnbrook, and not only shot pheasants, but, in bravado, absolutely killed the keeper’s fowls from their roost at the very door of his lodge.

“Such an outrageous insult as this fired our hearts with the resolve that Cranford should never so succumb, so we organized keepers and assistants, and went out night after night at their head.

“ It was the rule of my mother’s house that all servants should be in bed at ten o’clock, and on the night of the ghost we were not to go forth till midnight, when there would be enough of a moon to dispel the pitchy darkness induced by a partial fog, that at first was an ample protection to the game. My brother and myself were together, and well armed, in no mood to be nervously excited, and little inclined to be afraid of anything. We passed by the still-room, intending, by crossing the kitchen and going through the scullery, to reach the courtyard by the back way.

“ The large old house was as still as death when my hand turned the handle of the kitchen door, which opening, partially admitted me to the room, at the bottom of the long table which, starting from between the entrance where I was and the door of exit to the scullery, ran up to my left in its full length to the great fireplace and tall and expansive kitchen screen. The screen stood to the right of the fireplace as I looked at it, so that a large body of glowing embers in the grate threw a steady and distinct glare of red light throughout the entire of the large apartment, making the smallest thing distinctly visible, and falling full on the tall figure of a woman, divided from me only by the breadth of the bottom of the table.

“ She was dressed, or seemed to be dressed, as a maid-servant, with a sort of poke bonnet on, and a dark shawl drawn or pinned tightly across her breast. On my entrance she slowly turned her head to look at me, and as she did so, every feature ought to have stood forth in the light of the fire, but I at once saw that there was beneath the bonnet an indistinctness of outline not to be accounted for. Holding the door open with my left hand, with the right against the post, I addressed to my brother, who was behind me, simply the word ‘ Look.’ As I uttered this, the figure seemed to commence gliding, rather than proceeding by steps, slowly on, up the kitchen towards the fireplace, while I lowered my right arm from the post, and turned to let my brother in, then closed the door, locked it, and put the key into my pocket.

“ In reply to me Moreton said, ‘ I see her; there she goes.’ I had not told him what I had seen, and therefore could in no way have suggested the idea he seemed to entertain. After I had thus locked the door, on turning round there was no woman to be seen, so I asked my brother whither she had gone. He instantly replied, ‘ Up the kitchen towards the screen.’ ‘ Come on, then,’ he cried; ‘ let’s have some fun and catch her, to see who it is.’ Our impression was that it was one of the maid-servants sitting up long after the usual hours, and we at once proceeded, each taking a separate corner of the screen, and meeting on the side next the fire—but there was nothing there!

"Astonished at this, we then commenced a most minute search of the kitchen, looked up the chimney and beneath the table, into the oven and into the drawers—in short, into every nook and corner that could have held a rat. But there was no living thing in the kitchen but ourselves. The windows were fast, and so high in the walls that, even with the aid of the dresser, no one could have reached them; the door by which we entered was locked, and the key in my custody, and the only other door into the scullery we found locked, and the key on the side with us.

"We hear of hats that turn and of tables knocked by the knuckles of ghosts, of pictures etched, drawn, and even coloured by spiritual agency, of handkerchiefs floating in the air, of words written by unseen hands, but not always well spelt by their invisible heads, not one word of which do I believe; but here I offer to my readers a fact impossible to be accounted for, an apparition visible to two persons who, when they saw it, thought that it was a living body; each supposed it to be a woman, and fearless of spiritual agency, pursued it, but in vain.

"The form certainly resembled no one we had ever known; it came to indicate no treasure, nor to point to any spot of perpetrated crime; it came we know not why, and went we know not whither; and the only rumour of a ghost we had ever heard, arose from an occurrence that happened many years before to my father.

"He had come down from London to Cranford, as was his usual wont, on a Saturday to stay till Monday, and he had been out with his gun in the evening to shoot rabbits at feed. As he returned through the courtyard, and repaired with his rabbits in the direction of the larder, up a narrow court, one side of which is formed by the kitchen I have described, he saw on the cellar steps, at the end of this Court, whence there was no other outlet, the figure of a man. It was just nine, and nearly dark, but beneath the bright sky of the summer night the figure stood on the steps out from the sable hue of the descending arch behind it, which formed the background, as distinctly as it would have done in noonday.

"My father had brought down no male domestic, and he at once saw that the form was strange to his eye, so he advanced upon it with the words, 'Holloa, sir; who are you?'

"The figure answered him not, but as he advanced, seemed slowly to recede down the steps into the cellar, and in the darkness was lost to view.

"My father ordered the spirit up from the vasty deep—the cellars under the old house are immense, and this portion of them, not then in use for the custody of wine, was open. As usual, however, with spirits, the call was not obeyed, so my father

remained at watch, till by calling aloud he attracted the attention of the maid-servants, and brought them to the spot. He then, leaving them clustered together at the entrance to the cellars, candle in hand, searched the place for the expected delinquent, but his search for the man was as fruitless as ours for the maid, there being no one in the cellars. Of course, in this instance, there was the possibility of the figure being a "follower," and on that account might have been passed off by the maids."

"One of the strangest of these seemingly ghostly visitations," Mr. Berkeley tells us arose from a dream he had. He says:— I had been asleep some time when there appeared to come to my bedside a lady whom I had known very well, and she seemed to speak to me on a particular occurrence." After describing minutely her countenance and general appearance, Mr. Berkeley continues—"What she said to me matters to others very little; but my sleep, however, I thought that after hearing from her lips that she declared she had come to tell, I informed her that she was but a vision created by sleep, sent to mock me with sweet and bitter recollections, and that in the morning I should set it all down to distempered imagination. She was not angry with me, but smiled, as in her happiest days, then holding up her hands, as if to draw my attention, she sat down on the foot of my bed, leaned on her arm, and regarding me with a look of peculiar intelligence, pointed to the place where she had rested. She disappeared as I awoke and sat up in bed.

"The figure and the dream on the instant made an impression on me, and so simultaneously did she fade away as I started up, that I instantly left my bed, lit a candle at the lamp close at hand, and in two steps closely examined the place upon the bed, where the phantom had seemed to rest. *There was a double indentation there, as if a weight had sunk on the bed in one place, and in the other as evident a mark as any hand could have made when supporting a leaning form.* As with the light in my hand I stood in amazement over the spot, I distinctly saw the hollows that were there rise gradually up and fill out, so that in a moment, and as I looked upon them, the bed became on its surface as smooth as before."

Another incident related by Mr. Berkeley, though not exactly of a ghostly apparition, is too curious to be omitted. Among his friends was a young lady who had a goldfinch that seemed to have an extraordinary attachment to its pretty mistress; it would feed in her lap, and sit on her hand and sing to her. Mr. Berkeley, as well as its mistress was fond of the bird, and he was the only man to whom the bird had ever paid the least attention. The transmigration of souls was a favourite theme of conversation between Mr. Berkeley and the lady. Among other lively *badinage* Mr.

Berkeley called the bird a former lover of hers from another world. Soon after this, the lady had to go abroad, Mr. Berkeley paid her a farewell visit, and found her with her little pet, alone. With smiles and tears she bade him adieu, saying, in allusion to their former conversation, "I take your view now of my little favourite; it perhaps has had a previous life, hereafter it shall be my 'soul.' If anything happens to me, it shall fly to you to tell you I am gone, and then return to sing above my grave."

Mr. Berkeley continues:—"Herself and her bird were certainly absent for nearly two years before I heard of them again. On a hard winter's day as I sat writing in my study, there came a sudden blow upon the glass of my window, and I thought I caught a glimpse of a large bird, like a sparrow-hawk gliding swiftly by."

"Snatching up my loaded gun, which I always kept close at hand, I threw up the window to look for the hawk, but not seeing anything of the kind, my eyes fell on the ground, and there, motionless, with its lovely wings outstretched, I beheld a male goldfinch, apparently dead."

"On picking the bird up, life was extinct. This I attributed to the pursuit of a hawk, as I had known an instance or two before, where small birds had killed themselves against glass trying to escape. The promise my beautiful young friend had made to me, when I first possessed myself of the fallen bird, never entered my head. A great deal had happened since she had left England, and I had had much to think of, and when this goldfinch came against my window, I was writing, and in no mood for romantic or melancholy reflection, though I had not ceased to love her from whom I had so sorrowfully parted."

"Not very long after this, the news of her early death reached me through the letter of a mutual friend and by the most strange coincidence, I discovered that it had occurred on the afternoon of the day, I cannot say the exact hour, on which the goldfinch killed itself against my window."*

* A somewhat similar story to the above is related by the author of *The Unseen World*. (Second Edition, 1853, page 87) The writer says:—"It came to me with a weight of evidence which, strange as is the tale, I cannot dispute. Three friends, not very much distinguished for piety, had been dining together at the residence of one of them in Norfolk. After dinner they went out and strolled through the churchyard. 'Well,' said a clergyman, one of the three, 'wonder, after all, whether there is any future state or not!' They agreed that whichever died first, should appear to the others and inform them. 'In what shape shall it be?' asked one of the friends. At that moment a flight of crows rose from a neighbouring field. 'A crow is as good a shape as any other,' said the clergyman; 'if I should be the first to die, I will appear in that.' He died first; and some time after his death, the other two had been dining together and were walking in the garden afterwards. A crow settled on the head of one of them, stuck there pertinaciously, and could only be torn off by main force. And when this gentleman's carriage came to take him home, the crow perched on it, and accompanied him back."

In his reflections on this incident Mr. Berkeley remarks, "It is then true that most mysterious signs occasionally appear, tending to strengthen the belief in the existence of some sort of preternatural agency." And in his next paragraph he informs us that "Some intimate and most sincere and dear friends of mine, whose sincerity I cannot doubt, firmly believe in communications with the spiritual world, and confess themselves mediums through which the dead may converse with the living. In this case I am perfectly convinced that there exists not an atom of dissimulation, nor of pretence." And yet, does Mr. Berkeley declare his belief in Spiritualism? Not a bit of it. Notwithstanding the testimony of "dear and sincere friends," and his own experiences, he is still "loth to believe in it." And why? He admits that "there is nothing absolutely wicked in it;" that "there may be attraction in the novelty of the idea, and there may be consolation," but, he cannot "suppose that the souls of our parents, brothers or sisters, could only be induced to communicate in a dark room, or through the medium of a table." He need not "suppose" anything of the kind, for it is not true that they *only* so communicate, as any tyro in Spiritualism, and probably the mediums who are his "dear and sincere friends," and certainly his own experience, might have informed him. Many persons, however, have received conviction in this way, though it seems the Honorable Grantley Berkeley is not among the number. The old cry that he again raises of *cui bono?* has been often and so fully discussed in this Magazine and elsewhere that we do not at the end of an article feel disposed to re-open it, but we venture to think that had the Honorable Grantley Berkeley been throughout his career a consistent Spiritualist, he would himself have been a much more useful person, and have been led to avoid many of the follies which in these volumes he so frankly and apparently withal so self-complacently relates. T. S.

A PREVISION.

In the writings of Jung Stilling, Mrs. Crowe, Justinus Kerner, and others, are noted many cases of accurate previsions of funerals, with all the minutiae of their attending circumstances. This strange psychical phenomenon is, I believe, particularly indigenous to the Highlands of Scotland, and to some parts of Germany, and also of Denmark, where the "second sight" prevails; but it has, as it would seem, been occasionally experienced by people of all countries. A fact belonging to this same category of wonders has just occurred in my own family, and

which, for the illustration it affords of this branch of psychological mystery, I will here briefly relate.

On Wednesday evening, September 8, 1853, as my wife lay upon her bed, perfectly awake, she had a distinct vision of a funeral assemblage at a house which she had never before seen. The house was apparently situated at the corner of a street, with its left gable end facing the street, which formed the corner with the one on which it fronted, and in the yard before the door there were several large trees. At a first view, the assemblage seemed to be standing, without order, before the door. The spectacle being unpleasant, she diverted her attention from it for a few moments; but soon the vision opened again, and she saw the procession marching round the corner and along the other street, the ground of which was *ascending*. She saw no hearse, but about half way along the line of the procession she saw a "dark, square thing," which was borne along by several persons, but which, owing to its position, she could not see with sufficient distinctness to tell what it was.

On the next day *after* this vision occurred, I very *unexpectedly* received a letter from Clinton, Hunterdon Co., N. J., informing me of the dangerous illness of a near and dear relative. On the morning after that, I took the cars of the New Jersey Central Railroad, and arrived at my relative's house in the course of a few hours, but found that his spirit had left its mortal tenement on the evening previous. The house (of the situation of which I had had no knowledge before) I found upon the corner of a street, with its left gable end exposed, and trees in front, just as had been seen in the vision; and on the day of the funeral, as I followed the body of my deceased relative from his house, I was struck with the exact realization, even to its minutest particulars, of the scene described by my wife, as previously presented to her internal vision. The "dark, square thing" which she had indistinctly seen borne along in the midst of the procession, was the bier on which the remains of my relative were borne in a coffin covered with black cloth.

The whole affair, taken together, manifestly adds to the previously developed evidences of the existence of some mysterious psychological law by which "coming events," especially of that solemn nature, "cast their shadows before;" and I commend the phenomenon to the attention of those who are interested in the study of the intercommunicating media between the outer and the inner world. If I may venture an hypothesis explanatory of this perhaps darkest of all psychological mysteries, I would suggest that previous to every death there is probably a descent from the spirit-world, of a general sympathetic bearing with it the impression of the predetermined occurrence,

which thereby, without any special effort of spirits, becomes perceptible to the interior senses of those whose affections or interests it involves, and who are sufficiently sensitive to its action.

W. F.

LETTER FROM DR. CHILD OF PHILADELPHIA.

MR. EDITOR,—I presume that you and your readers naturally suppose that we in this country are so engrossed with the terrible civil war which rages in our midst, that we have but little time to think of anything else. The war spirit does evidently override almost everything else, and yet it has its redeeming traits, dark and revolting as are its principal features. The noble labours of our Christian and sanitary commissions, as well as those in private life, for the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers, have called forth a large amount of benevolent feeling and present a spectacle which the world has never before witnessed.

The noble deeds of philanthropy and self-sacrifice—of devotion to principle which no pen may ever record—will not be lost on humanity, even though we are surrounded by so much of a different character. We are looking and hoping earnestly for the end of this terrible conflict. In the meantime our spirit friends are labouring earnestly to do their part. The war has been the means of awakening an interest in Spiritualism, for now almost every family in our land has sent out its explorer in that which was formerly an unknown land, and these are coming back and reporting more or less clearly what is to be seen there. Spiritualism is evidently taking a deeper hold on the minds of the people, and to-day there are more mediums and Spiritualists in this country than there ever was before. Of course they are everywhere as everywhere, of various kinds; some, with a few simple facts staggering their old belief, and not laying much foundation for a new one; but waking a deep interest and desire for more light; others, startled by some wonderful test, accept the philosophy at once. I find among our most intelligent classes, persons seeking for the evidence of a belief which commends itself so strongly to their judgment. This fact leads many to a willingness to receive evidence. I have often heard persons say, "Your theory is beautiful; give me the evidence and I will gladly throw away the old theological dogmas, which have failed to satisfy my mind, and accept your spiritual philosophy." A short time since a friend of mine, who resides in Canada West, was in Boston, and at the invitation of a friend he visited a public circle; on entering the room he sat down near the medium, but being a stranger did not

speaking to any one; as others came in he moved over to a distant part of the room. After the singing the medium rose and said "There is a spirit here who says his name is Horatio Spettigue, that he died at Trevellyn, England, at a certain date" (I think June, 1838). He mentioned the names and occupations of several persons, and said "I have a brother in this room." She paused and desired to know whether any person knew him. My friend rose and said "Yes, I had such a brother, who died in the place you have named, but not at the time you state; you are mistaken in that, it must have been several years later, I am very certain. The spirit replied that he was just as certain; he identified himself very clearly by answering a number of questions and stating facts well known to my friend.

On his return to Canada, he learned that he had been mistaken as to the date, and the spirit was correct as to the time of his departure, as well as in every other point. Here is a strong and positive fact that cannot be explained in any other manner than by supposing a third party—an outside intelligence, and was more likely than the brother himself to constitute this. Let us admit for argument sake, that all the rest was in the mind of my friend, and that by some sympathy between the medium and him she was enabled to read his thoughts; how could she read what was not there? And why would she not yield the point when he positively asserted that there must be a mistake as to the date. In the last fifteen years we have met with hundreds of such facts as this, and, as in the rules of evidence, one positive fact will outweigh ten thousand negative statements; they must have the weight. The best and most positive test of spirit-presence and identity come to us spontaneously and unsought; and perhaps in no other department of life is that paradoxical declaration of Scripture so true as here, that "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not, shall be taken away that which he hath." I have met with persons who, like myself, receive tests from almost every medium they meet, while there are others who seek diligently and earnestly without success.

These tests, interesting and important as they are, are not all that Spiritualism has given to humanity. Strange as it may seem, the truths which seem most familiar to us, are the ones that we need to have most thoroughly and emphatically impressed upon us; and those speakers and writers who can take the deepest and most profound thoughts from the sacred depths of the human soul and clothing them in their own language present them to us, so that we recognize them as old and familiar friends, are, and ever will be, the most popular. Spiritualism has come not only to take up these sacred thoughts which belong to humanity, and present them to mankind, but going forth into the great harvest

eld of mind, it gathers up the vague and indefinite thoughts that
re seen floating dimly before the vision, stamping them as living
realities, galvanizing them with new energy, it holds them up clearly
and positively before the admiring gaze of the thinking world.
Truths that we hope to see, and thoughts that seem but as shadows
in a dream come to be clear and distinct, firmly established among
the richest possessions in the store-house of the mind.

Spiritualism comes to all classes and conditions, and with a
wonderful key, unlocks the mysteries that lie just before each,
providing to all that which they need; strength for the weak,
light for those who sit in darkness, hope and sympathy for the
sorrowing and the disconsolate, and a better way for all who seek
with a proper desire to find it. And every one who has sought
spiritualism in its purity and with a single eye to its goodness
and truth, knows that where any have found that which is not
beneficial to them in it, the cause lies somewhere outside of
spiritualism itself; and, knowing this, we are willing to leave each
one to judge for himself where it lies.

Truly yours,

HENRY T. CHILD, M.D.

634, Race Street, Philadelphia.

TO A POET FRIEND.

Write to me, friend, and let thy spirit glow
With the fond fervour of a faith divine :
Write to me, friend, and let thy promptings flow
Free as bird-music through each burning line.

Write to me, friend; oh! write of hopes deferred,
Of roses withered in the early spring;
Write the heart-melodies whose notes are stirred
By the least flutter of an angel's wing.

Write to me, friend, of evanescent hours,
Sacred to golden dreams of coming bliss :
Write to me, friend, of boyhood's trampled flowers,
Embalmed in memory's never-dying kiss.

Write to me, friend; oh! write of worlds unseen,
Where none but spirit-feet have ever trod ;
Where seraphs roam through groves of fadeless green,
That bloom for ever in the smile of God.

L. M. PETERS.

CAPTAIN BURTON AND THE BROTHERS DAVENPORT.

THE following is Captain Burton's (the African traveller's) account of what he has witnessed in connection with the Brothers Davenport:—

London, Nov. 10th.

Dr. J. B. Ferguson.—Dear Sir,—You spoke yesterday about my writing a few words my opinion of what I have seen done on various occasions by your friends the Messrs. Davenport; you kindly overlooked my confusion of views, and you permitted me to call the thing "odid force," or "od force." The usual terms, "spirit," "manifestation," and so forth, will now, with your permission, be used—begging you, however, to understand that whilst I believe everything and anything equally, and nothing more than another thing, faith and unfaith in "od force" and "spirit" remain exactly as before. In case of my becoming a "spirit" I hope not to be summoned for the small sum of £1 15s. into anybody's drawing-room, there to play the guitar and rap people's heads. This latter state is worse than the first.

As you are aware, I have now witnessed, under advantageous circumstances, four of the so-called "dark *séances*." These were all in private houses—two of them in my own lodgings. We sedulously rejected all believers, and chose the most sceptical and hard-headed of our friends and acquaintances, some of whom had prepared the severest tests. We provided carefully against the possibility of "confederates," bolting the doors, &c., and brought our own cord sealing wax, tape, diachylon, musical instruments (guitar, harmonicon, tin whistle, tambourine, bells), and so forth.

The results of the *séances* were almost invariably the same. After Mr. Davenport and Mr. William Fay, the two strongest "mediums," had been tied up, hands and feet, by us, you suddenly extinguished the light; we then, the darkness being complete, sat in a semi-circle, fronting the mediums, each holding his neighbour's arm or hand, and each warned not to break the chain. On one occasion I placed my feet on Mr. Fay's, while Mr. Bellamy, the master of the house, did the same to Mr. Davenport, and we measured their distance from the semicircle—10 feet.

Within two seconds, I speak advisedly, after the candle was put out, the musical instruments placed on the table between the two mediums began to shudder and tremble. Presently the guitar strings commenced twanging as if badly played with a single finger, and the instrument went round the semicircle with the velocity of a bird, fanning our cheeks as it passed. The prettiest effect was to hear it buzzing in the distance as a humming bee would sound when flying away. If the guitar happened to be in good humour the instrument patted our heads softly, or lay on our laps, or thrust itself into our hands. If the "spirits" were displeased, the manifestations were decidedly rough. I received once rather severe contusion with the tip of the guitar, when the heavy bells and the tambourine struck the ground and the table with a noise and force that suggested the kick of a horse on a splashboard. Presently the sounds cease, the candle is relit, we run up to the mediums, we find them in our own cords, taped with our own tape, sealed with our own seals, and perhaps plastered with diachylon strip. Every one enquires how it was done, and no one answers, and not a few are clearly and palpably frightened. The honest declare themselves puzzled.

The most remarkable manifestations that occurred in my presence were the following:—A tumbler of water placed on the table, with a birdwhistle in it, was thrown on the carpet at my feet, without noise or breakage; a dry, hot, rough hand on one occasion felt my hands, fell on my face, and then patted my moustaches, and finally, thrust between my lips a cigar, taken from the mouth-piece; my legs have also been twitched, and my head patted. My neighbour at the same *séance* felt a cold, clammy, and feminine hand screwed up at times his

a bird's claw, running over her face, and evidently with a large portion of the arm resting on her head. Sparks of red and pale fire have fallen from the ceiling, sometimes perpendicularly, at other times crossing the room, and coming from a point apparently higher than the ceiling. Mr. William Fay's coat was removed whilst he was securely fastened hand and foot, and a lucifer match was struck at the same instant, showing us the two gentlemen, fast bound, and the coat in the air on its way to the other side of the room. Under precisely similar circumstances the coat of another gentleman present was placed upon him. A gruff voice has repeatedly addressed me and others. There are many other, for which you have not space, of my own "experiences." A lady, whose veracity I have no reason to doubt,* and who is supposed to have strong mesmeric powers, assured me that she perceived the musical instruments floating high in the air, or wriggling along the floor. Being able to see them in a dark room, she imagined that we had applied to them phosphorised oil, which we had not. On the same occasion she distinguished the outline of a figure which stooped slightly, and not, as she thought, that of any one in the room.

I have spent a great part of my life in Oriental lands, and have seen there many magicians. Lately I have been permitted to see and be present at the performances of Messrs. Anderson and Tolmaque. The latter shewed, as they profess, clever conjuring, but they do not even attempt what the Messrs. Davenport and Fay succeed in doing: for instance, the beautiful management of the musical instruments. Finally, I have read and listened to every explanation of the Davenport "tricks" hitherto placed before the English public, and, believe me, if anything would make me take that tremendous jump "from matter to spirit," it is the utter and complete unreason of the reasons by which the "manifestations" are explained.—Believe me, ever yours truly, &c.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

A FEW HINTS ON SOME OF THE PRIMARY PRINCIPLES OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL SCIENCE.

FOR more than 20 years I have thought on these subjects, and the result is a deep conviction of the unsatisfactory nature of the opinions generally held. The recent publications of Faraday and others on "Matter" and "Force," show the growing doubts of experimental philosophers as to the validity of the hitherto assumed principles of *their* science; whilst such controversies as that between Mansel and Maurice, prove in a similar way, the increasing difficulties felt by metaphysicians and theologians as to some of the most vital points of *their* sciences. In fact, a great revolution of thought is in progress, which will end in a thorough change of many opinions hitherto held as indisputable, and of the deepest importance in every department of physical and mental science. Some of the following "Hints" are offered as *mere conjectures*, and by no means as certainties, although for the sake of brevity, they may be expressed positively. To many readers they must appear obscure for want of longer details and illustrations which I am unable to give in my present state of health.

* This lady, we understand, is Mrs. Burton.

In some of them I find I have been anticipated by Mr. Herbert Spencer in his *First Principles*—a work which, in its main features is the most profound one I have seen.

1.—The first chapter in any work on this subject should be entitled *Explanation Explained*. The “Explanation” of any phenomenon consists chiefly in reducing it by analysis to a more familiar class of facts; for example, the motion of the planets being thus “reduced” to the more familiar fact of the falling of a stone to the ground. No “Explanation” can ever get beyond the *statement of facts*. The “simplest” facts are therefore *from the very nature of the case*, INEXPLICABLE. They admit of nothing further in the way of *explanation*. This is acknowledged by many writers who completely forget it however in their subsequent reasonings.

2.—That which is “subjective” cannot be “objective” *to itself*. The eye cannot “see” itself, the “mind” cannot “know” itself. The picture of any external object can be produced on the retina of the eye, but no such picture of the eye itself can be produced on its own retina. “Mind” *perceives* “matter,” as the eye receives pictures of external objects; it cannot from the very nature of the case “perceive” itself. Most of the arguments used by Materialists arise from the non-recognition of this truth. They say:—“We cannot *conceive* the existence of anything “except matter.”

They want to make their own minds at once spectator, and object seen by spectator, at once subject and object. The very fact that they “cannot conceive” anything but matter, is a proof that their *mind*, the “conceiving subject” is distinct in its very nature from *matter* which is the “conceived object.” On the general question of “Materialism,” I would most urgently recommend Dr. Crombie’s *Natural Theology* as by far the most satisfactory work in the English language.

3.—May there not be some[*thing*]*—some form of Being or Existence which bears the same relation to “mind” which “mind” bears to matter?* In treating of such notions as this, all ordinary language utterly fails in power of expression, because it is material in its own nature, and compels us to use words and phrases derived from sensuous phenomena and external imagery.

In order to avoid as far as possible the ambiguity and circumlocution thus caused, as well as the disturbing influences of association, which would be felt if the words of ordinary language were employed to express ideas to which they are totally foreign and unsuited, I shall use the symbol X_1 to denote that form of being or existence which bears the same relation to “mind” that “mind” bears to matter. And I may now ask, may there not be some still higher mode of being X_2 , which stands in the same

relation to X_1 as X_1 stands in with regard to ordinary "mind?" and so on through an infinite series or scale of ascending modes of forms of intelligent beings?

4.—"Mind" perceives and knows "matter," but is not perceived or known by matter. Similarly, the mode of being which we have denoted by X_1 may perceive and know "mind," whilst "mind" is unable to perceive or know X_1 . Similarly X_2 may perceive and know X_1 whilst X_1 is totally unable from its very nature to possess a like knowledge of X_2 , and so on.

Again, "mind" is *internal* to and modified by the material body in which it lives. So may our unknown X_1 be considered *internal* to "mind" and developed out of it, or at least affected by it in a similar way to the effect of matter on mind.

In some such way may the soul gradually ascend in its future progress, through a series of ascending forms of Being, each fresh mode being as it were the growth of the preceding,* each one passing from "internal" to "external," just as "mind" which is *internal* when considered with reference to *Body*, becomes *external* when referred to its higher mode of existence, X_1 .

The ancient hypothesis of the three-fold nature of man, as consisting of body, soul, and spirit, is one mode of stating the first steps in the above series; and if we please we may call "spirit" our X_1 , and substitute the word "soul" wherever I have used the word "mind." The series will then be as follows:—

Body (matter) — soul (mind) — spirit (X_1) — X_2 . — X_3 .
— X_4 , &c.

The "soul" which, in this life, is the "internal" of the earthly body, becomes after death, the "external" of the "spirit" — the body of the spirit.

The hypothesis of an ascending scale of intelligent beings is well known to be a very ancient one; but I believe that few, if any, writers have supposed any other difference between these various orders of beings than one of *degree*—not of *essence*; whereas the distinction which I suppose between X_1 and "mind," is as great as that between mind and matter—and the distinction between X_2 and X_1 , as great as between X_1 and "mind" and so on through the series. I had thought this view to be an original one, till I happened to find it (or something very like it) in an unpublished memoir by M. Gouraud, presented to the French Academy of Moral Science, and reported on by M. Franck. [See his book, *De la Certitude*.] This memoir was sent as a competition for the Prize of the Academy, and from the description given of it by Franck, appears to have been by far the most original of all of

* See MRS. DE MORGAN'S *From Matter to Spirit*, p. 268, &c.

them, but it frightened the worthy academicians by its boldness and novelty—so they only awarded it the second place, and I believe it has never been published, which is much to be regretted.*

5.—It may be objected to this hypothesis that it violates the law of *continuity*. This law supposes that through all creation there are no *airrupt* transitions, but only *gradual* changes, from one state of existence to another. I think this law very probable, when properly understood, and I must try to show how the above hypothesis is reconcilable with it.

In the preceding remarks I have used the word "mind" in a vague and indefinite way, to express *any* degree of *intelligence* found in human beings, from its earliest dawn in the child to its climax in such a mind as Newton's. Wide apart as the "mind" of a child is from the mind of a Newton, the difference is only one of *degree*—not of *essence*, and the change from the lowest to the highest stage is a *gradual* one. But between the "mind" of the child and the highest degree of "instinct" in brutes, there is a gap which can never be passed over: the difference is one of *essential* nature. So between the "mind" of a Newton and the X_1 of the next higher mode of existence, the difference is one of *essence* and not of *degree*. And yet "in some respects" the mind of the child, differs less from the instinct of a dog, than it does from the intellect of a Newton. If we knew exactly what this—"in some respects"—is, we should have solved one of the greatest mysteries of this world. Now, the lowest form of spiritual existence (*i.e.* the lowest form of X_1) may also differ from the highest form of human intelligence, less "in some respects"—notwithstanding the essential distinction of nature between the two—than it differs from the higher degree of its own nature. If I may so express it, there seems to be a *higher law* of continuity, which comprises the lower law of continuity, in such a way as to allow of apparent breaks or gaps of continuity. The mathematician will here see something analogous to discontinuous functions.

A. W. HOBSON, M.A.

[There are many valuable hints in this Paper which are excellently stated. As to the writer's dissatisfaction with the received ideas as to "discontinuous functions, and the inability which exists amongst the learned to appreciate any law but that of continuity," we think he would find an entire solution of what he is evidently striving after, in the wonderful doctrine of "degrees" of Swedenborg. In his work on the "Divine

* See pp. 221-229 of the work *De La Certitude*, par AD FRANCE, Paris, Ladrangc, 1847.

and Wisdom" this will be found to be set forth in an orderly series, and it forms in fact the key with which will have to be unlocked the grand secrets which scientific men have hitherto prevented themselves from knowing. Without it all spiritual inquiry, and the highest branches of physical philosophy, cannot be reached or placed in a harmonious unity.

We do not, however, recognise the importance of the hints as to superior "kinds of beings," which we take to be distinct from the human kind of being; differing not only in degree, as between the finite and the infinite degree of mind or spirit, but differing in kind, as mind differs from matter. If there be such difference in kind or essence, man has no means of understanding it, and neither a positive nor a negative solution can have any practical utility. Whether there are no kinds of being but such as are revealed in Christ, the God-man, with whom we can commune, and eat and drink our fill of the Divine perfection, or there are kinds of being superior to Christ, with which kinds we cannot commune until we raise our present state of being, and become altogether and incomparably different, as unfit to associate with our present selves that is our former selves, as we are now unfit to hold communion with a little animalcule, or a lump of dirt.—ED. S. M.]

Correspondence.

SCIENCE AND SPIRITUALISM.

SUGGESTIONS OF POSSIBLE "EXPLANATION" OF SOME OF THE DAVENPORT MARVELS,
FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF SCIENTIFIC MEN.

SIR,—In the *Biography of the Brothers Davenport*, just published by Dr. Nichols, in the 9th chapter is an account of their *séance* at the Harvard University, *The Oxford of America*, and concludes thus:—"Well, and what came of it? Did the Professors of Harvard tell what they had seen? Not in the least. To this day they have made no report whatever of the result of their investigation, and are probably to this day denouncing it all as humbug, imposture, delusion, &c. What can a man of science do with a fact he cannot account for, except deny it? This is the simplest way of overcoming a difficulty, and avoiding the confession that there is something in the world which he does not understand. Of all men in the world, men of science, and especially scientific professors, are the last to acknowledge that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt in their philosophy." (page 90, 91.) Now I quite agree with Dr. Nichols in considering the conduct of these Harvard Professors in suppressing their Report and concealing the evidence, to be most dishonourable, and utterly unworthy of

any real *philosophers, i.e., lovers of wisdom*. They were not bound to accept the spiritual theory as to these phenomena, but they were bound to acknowledge the facts themselves. And I must also agree with Dr. N., that there are too many men of science who deny all facts which they cannot explain, though I am not sure whether such conduct is not quite as common amongst the *non-scientific* men in the world. Dr. N. asks, what can a man of science do with a fact he cannot explain? I reply that what he *can* and *ought* to do with such facts is simple and easy enough, *viz.*, first of all to carefully *examine* and *verify* them; secondly, to make a public record of them; thirdly, to inquire whether these *new* facts are at all analogous to other and more familiar facts; and lastly, to wait patiently till the progress of our knowledge throws light on these novelties and brings about their "explanation." But, as Professor De Morgan says, (Preface to *From Matter to Spirit*, page 6,) "We, respectable decessnovenarians as we are, have been so nourished on theories, hypotheses, and other things to be desired to make us wise, that most of us cannot live with an unexplained fact in our heads." As a sort of indulgence, therefore, to this weakness, I am induced to throw out the following hints for the consideration of those unhappy people who are in distress of mind because they cannot explain the marvels of the Davenport, and especially such ultra wonders as those which *seem* to violate the known laws of matter. And here, I must in the first place protest against a very common expression, used both by believers and unbelievers, *viz.*, that the raising of heavy bodies (*e.g.* a table) without visible agency, is a "violation of the law of gravitation." It is no such thing; the "law of gravitation" remains as firm as ever; there is no more violation of this law when a table is lifted by *invisible* hands than when it is lifted by *visible* hands or any other means. In one case the force of gravity is overpowered by the muscular efforts (which themselves proceed from an invisible source) of a *visible* person, whilst in the other case this force is overpowered by another kind of force exerted by *invisible* agency, but the gravitating force itself remains unaltered in both of these cases alike. I now go on to the more general question as to the "laws of matter," and how far such laws are consistent with the Davenport phenomena.

In Grove's *Correlation of the Physical Forces*, and many other recent treatises on physical science, it is shown how light, heat, electricity, magnetism, chemical and mechanical action are *mutually interchangeable or convertible* forces; and how, starting from any one of them, we can produce all the others in succession directly or indirectly. For example, starting with the mechanical action of rubbing together two solid substances, we can produce (1.) heat; (2.) light, when wood is ignited by friction; (3.) electricity, as in the common electric machine, or by rubbing sealing wax with cloth; (4.) thence chemical action and magnetism. Or, suppose we start with chemical action, as in the action of sulphuric acid on zinc and copper, we can produce (1.) electricity; (2.) heat; (3.) light; (4.) magnetism; (5.) mechanical action. As these different effects are exhibited by the well-known phenomena of galvanism; or again, starting with heat applied to two metals, we produce what is called thermo-electricity, and thence all the other forms of force as before. What constitutes the *real origin* or *source* of the various phenomena thus produced is often a debated question amongst scientific men. For instance, most of the continental writers on electricity ascribe galvanic action to the mere contact of dissimilar bodies, whereas Faraday and most of the English school insist on the insufficiency of mere contact, and ascribe the effects to *chemical action*.

Now, since all these forces are thus mutually connected and dependent on each other, it is clear that the presence of any one of them must interfere with all the rest, and disturb those results which would have followed had they been left to operate alone. For example, the presence of *light* interferes with *chemical action*, as in the photographic processes and many other cases well known to chemists. The familiar fact of the deadening effects of the sun's rays on an ordinary battery, so well known to every servant girl, though doubted by some scientific men, have never noticed it, is an instance of the interference of *light* with *electricity*. I need not bring forward the various instances of the interference of *electricity* with chemical action, magnetism, &c., for such examples will occur in abundance to every scientific reader.

Again, the researches of animal physiology have shewn that *muscular* action—the contraction of muscular fibre—is accompanied by electrical currents along the nerves. Thus, when a man lifts a weight, this *mechanical* action is really the result of an *electrical* force, which force itself has its origin in an invisible source of power. If, then, the invisible agents to whom the Davenport phenomena are ascribed use means similar to those employed by human agents in moving heavy bodies, &c., we may expect to find a similar connexion between the electrical, mechanical, chemical, magnetic, and other conditions, including the condition as to light or darkness. Here, then, in the first place, is some ground for *explaining* why the presence of light interferes with the phenomena, disturbs the electrical conditions, and stops the mechanical results. At any rate, such considerations as these shew that there is no *à priori* absurdity or valid objection in the alleged necessity for *darkness*, in order to the production of the phenomena. The reader is referred to the 8th chapter of Mrs. De Morgan's *From Matter to Spirit* for further information and instructive suggestions on this subject.

I go on next to another of the seeming absurdities of the Davenport exhibition, viz., the *apparent* passage of one *solid* body through another, as in the removal of the coat or waistcoat, &c. If you stick a penknife into a piece of indiarubber, the opening or division of the solid substance thus made by the passage of another solid, is seen to close again immediately, and to leave behind it scarcely any perceptible trace of what has happened; the elastic forces have restored the particles of the indiarubber to their former position, or so nearly to that position that we do not see much alteration in the appearance of the rubber. Now this may serve as a rough illustration of the passage of one solid through another, without leaving any conspicuous trace of such passage. It will be said, however, that a *coat* is not an *elastic* substance like indiarubber. I reply that every substance in nature is *more or less elastic*, and may have its elasticity increased or diminished to an unlimited extent by the application of mechanical action—heat, electricity, &c. All solids are convertible into liquids by heat—all liquids into gases, *i.e.* elastic air, by the same agency. Conversely, all gases are condensable into fluids and fluids into solids by lowering their temperature with the aid of mechanical pressure, electricity, or some other form of force. If, then, we grant to the invisible agents a sufficient command over these forces, they may be able to pass the solid body through another, without any *violation* of known physical laws, but only by a superior knowledge of and command over them.

One of the most astounding of all the phenomena said to have occurred in the Davenport *séances* is the apparent eating and drinking by the invisibles. But it is exceedingly improbable that this is really anything more than an *apparent* consumption of food, the articles supposed to be thus eaten and drank being merely caused to vanish out of the sight of the spectators. Dr. Nichols in his biography of the Brothers has made some remarks on this subject which deserve notice (p. 130-134). After relating the facts which he sees no reason to doubt, but which he interprets to be mere *disappearances*, and not actual eating and drinking, he says, "As to the disappearance of material objects, as in this case, those who know most of matter will have least difficulty. Destroy certain forces, suspend their operation, and all material forms become as nothing. Loose the attraction which holds in their places the atoms of a globe of steel, or the great globe itself, and they would become invisible gases. In truth, we know so little of matter, and it is so difficult to prove that matter exists, that the most advanced physiologists of the present day are disposed to consider all material forms as nothing more than modifications of force. Abolish matter, and we have nothing left but force, and its governing intelligence." (p. 134)

Since writing the above, I have heard that during the process of removal of the coat or waistcoat, the Davenports feel a sensation of extreme heat, followed by one of extreme cold. If this is true, it confirms the suggestion which I have made as to the probable mode of action, viz., the "disintegration" of the coat into its component particles by the application of great heat, thus allowing it to be taken off from the person, followed by a condensation of these component particles into their former state of aggregation (*viz.*, as a *coat*) by the application of great cold. And similarly the articles of food, &c., which are said to vanish may be thus attenuated or expanded into invisible vapour by heat, and again

made to re-appear by the condensing power of cold—exactly as water is converted into invisible steam by heat, and the steam again brought back to the state of water by cold. These hints may serve, at any rate, to show in what direction we may look for the so much coveted “*explanation*” of these wonders.

Yours truly,

A. W. HOBSON, M.A.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

A CONTRIBUTOR of the *Monde Illustré*—M. Albert de Lasselle—known as a writer and musician, a son of General Lasselle, who died in the battle of Wagram, is the writer of the following letter:—

The chateau of F— is new, having been built on the ruins of an ancient feudal castle, sixty leagues west of Paris, which commanded all the wild and wooded country which the old histories, as well as local traditions, pretend to be inhabited by spirits. I found myself at F— recently. Toward ten o'clock in the evening I was with the guests in the parlour of the chateau. The women were at their needlework and the men were reading. There was not a whisper. Suddenly a violent pull of the bell was heard in the office below us. The servant appeared. “Madam, did you ring the bell?” “No, John.” “But, madam, it was the parlour bell.” “No one has touched it.” “Listen.” The bell was rung patiently struck, in series, quick blows, then made a rolling noise like the beating of a drum, which continued two minutes. We all descended to the office. At first it was not one bell, but two, then three, and finally the fourteen bells in the castle were ringing! To increase the tumult, the large bell of the house commenced to execute its part of the bass in the devilish symphony. From some mystification, I undertook to verify the facts by my own experience. I demanded permission to take possession of the house for an hour. This was granted. I requested every person in the house to descend to the room where the bells were. Then I scrupulously visited every chamber, which I locked, and put the key in my pocket. I then made myself certain that the bell wires passed between the walls so that no one could touch them. Then I descended again to the office where the ringing had become tempestuous. I took hold of the bell the moment it was disorderly, and attempted to hold it quiet; but all the force of my two arms was not sufficient—the bell had become too hot to hold in the hands. Soon the walls of the house began to tremble as from the blows of an army of demolishers, and we could hear very distinctly the pickaxes breaking the stones. The doors were opened and angrily closed by one who passed into the air as the breath of a strangling man. I desired to go up stairs, but at every step a blow from an invisible being fell distinctly between my feet, which resembled the noise peculiar to the cutting wood. All night stones were thrown against my window shutters, and all night an invisible being with heavy boots promenaded in the corridor in front of the chambers. I hurried out suddenly, with a lamp, in order to surprise the somnambulist. I could see nothing; nevertheless, his steps were still heard. At this point I felt, I will not say saw, but I heard it pass within three feet of me. I have questioned the most sensible people in the neighbourhood; all have assured me that the chateau of F— is visited by spirits.
