

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

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## HEALING MEDIUMS.—EXPERIENCES OF AN AMERICAN MERCHANT.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

BEING at work in my garden a few summers ago, one of my servants came to inform me that two gentlemen wished to speak with me. I turned and saw them standing near the house. One of these strangers was a healthy-looking man of middle age and middle stature, whom I shall denominate Mr. Middlemass; the other was a tall and more elderly person, whom I will, therefore, style Mr. Long. Mr. Middlemass produced letters from two eminent Spiritualists of the United States well known in England, recommending these strangers as reliable individuals of the same faith. As Mr. Middlemass addressed me on the objects of their voyage to Europe, his companion Long stood tall, silent and motionless as an American Indian. Indeed, he had much of the physiognomical character of an Indian, and I imagined he must be somewhat of the red man's consanguinity. It is not my purpose here to enter further into the mission of these gentlemen than simply to say that it was of a spiritual character. Mr. Long stated, when he at length opened his lips, that he was directed by the spirits to go to a city, one of the chief ones of the States, where would be pointed out the person who was spiritually appointed to accompany him to Europe, and, indeed, to find the necessary means. That he had done so, and that Mr. Middlemass had been pointed out to him at a spiritual circle of entire strangers, as the person destined to be the companion of his voyage. On this Mr. Middlemass took up the narrative, and in explanation of his part in the mission gave me the following statement:—

“ I am one of a family with a strong tendency to consumption. My mother died of consumption, and nine of my

brothers and sisters died of consumption also. I was myself attacked by it, and no efforts of the medical men could arrest its progress. My physician assured me that my lungs were so much wasted by it that I could not live more than a couple of months. I set about, therefore, to arrange my affairs so that my business could be carried on for my wife and daughter, or rather for my daughter, for my wife was confined to her bed in the last stage of water on the chest, and it was a question whether I myself or she would depart first. In a state of mind, such as these circumstances were calculated to produce, aided by my own feelings of the depression of disease, I was sitting one day on my own door-step, in a condition very low and melancholy. The near prospect of expiring life, and of my child, an only daughter, about to be left an orphan in the world in very tender years, made me exceedingly unhappy. My looks, no doubt, expressed my gloomy condition to the passers-by, for one of them, a man whom I had seen frequently, but of whom I knew nothing further, put a newspaper into my hand in going by, saying, 'Neighbour, you seem low, read that, it may cheer you up a little.' I took the paper mechanically, for I had little interest in any affairs of the day. In running my eye over the advertisements on the first page, it was caught by one from a spiritual medium professing to cure diseases by inspiration from the invisible world. 'What nonsense! what impudent quackery!' I said to myself, 'Can people now-a-days believe in such bare-faced trickery.' I threw the paper down in disgust.

"But somehow, I found the profession of this woman, for such she was, hanging about my mind, and though I continually drove the thought from me, as most weak and ridiculous, it still remained, and came again and again most vividly before me. I found myself saying internally 'Well now, suppose I went to this woman; she could do me no harm, if she did me no good. I have but two months to live, and what matters it? I have a good mind to go and see from sheer curiosity what sort of a creature this is, who pretends to hold communication with spiritual beings.'

"I went. The modern pythoness was not an old or at all a witch-like person. She was a neat, bright-looking, modest, and sensible seeming young woman, well educated, and of pleasing address. I told her that I had read one of her advertisements, and wished to hear what she would say to me. She requested me to place a chair by the side of the one on which she sat; and, being seated, she took my hand, and sat in silence. Presently she appeared to be in a profound sleep, and in that state began speaking. She said 'That she perceived that I

was in a deep and rapid consumption; that my lungs had great ravages committed on them by the disease, and that, according to all human means, I had but a short time to live. Still there were hopes for me from spiritual aid,' and she asked whether she should prescribe for me. I said, hurriedly, 'Yes! yes!' for I was strangely affected by her communication. 'It is a witch,' I said, and was anxious to escape from her presence. She took pen and paper, wrote a prescription, handed it to me, and thereupon awoke. In the greatest trepidation I gave her her fee, thrust the prescription into my waistcoat pocket, and rushed from the house.

"The impression of this strange interview hung about me for days. I said 'Shall I take this witch-nostrum? Certainly not, it would assuredly poison me!' Yet, as before, I could not shake off the thought of this prescription. I took it out of my pocket from time to time, looked at it, and thrust it back again, saying, 'No, I am not so far gone in stupidity as to take that.' Yet eventually I did take it. As before, I reasoned with myself—I cannot live two months at best—and, if this stuff should poison me, what then? To my great surprise, after taking a few doses of the medicine, I felt myself sensibly better. My cough was diminishing; my profuse perspirations were decreasing; I was in better heart and more cheerful mood.

"'What are these Spiritualists' I asked myself; and I resolved to know. I knew that they abounded in the city, and that there were numerous private circles, into which a stranger might enter without much observation if he pleased. I enquired for one such, and the next evening walked in, and sate down in a retired corner to observe what was passing. There were several groups of people, all of a respectable appearance, but all strangers to me, in the large room. One sate round a table with their hands upon it, and were repeating the alphabet, and appearing to receive communications through raps, which were loud and distinct. Another were putting questions to a lady who appeared in a trance, and who spoke in it in the same manner as the young doctress had done. A third person was writing in reply to questions from different individuals; and, after I had remained about half an hour watching this singular scene, a person brought me a slip of paper, with writing upon it, from the writing medium, as I heard her called, saying 'This is for you.'

"I took the paper in some amazement and, in still more, read as follows:—'When that young woman prescribed for you the other day, it was not she who prescribed but I who did it through her. Your case is beyond all reach of the present medical

knowledge of man, but I have consulted with some of the most eminent physicians here, and we are satisfied that we can not only cure you but your wife also. Proceed with the medicine already prescribed for you, and if at any time you feel desirous of my further advice, call on me and I will come.—Dr. RUSH.' Dr. Rush!" I exclaimed to myself, 'why he was a famous physician of Philadelphia, and has been dead this many a long year. And these people here, how do they know anything of my case, or of my consulting the advertising medium?' I looked round—that young person was certainly not in this company, and I fled from the house in a state of mind indescribable. "The folks are uncanny," said I to myself, 'they have dealings with the devil.'

"In a day or two, however, I came to the conclusion that there was somebody in that company who knew me, though I knew no one there, and that he or she had heard from the young prescribing medium of my visit to her. I determined to go to a very distant part of the city where no one would be likely to know me. I took an omnibus and proceeded to a distant quarter of it, and one in which I had not been for years. I entered and took a secluded seat as in the former circle. The same sort of things were going on as in the previous circle, and after sitting a considerable time, a person brought me a written paper, saying again, 'That is for you.' I read it, and stared to see that it was again signed by Dr. Rush, assuring me of substantial improvement in myself and of ultimate cure; for the furtherance of which he gave me a new and most extraordinary prescription.

"This put the climax to my astonishment. No one, I felt sure, could know me here, and yet there was my case exactly stated, and again assuredly by Dr. Rush. I was in an extraordinary state of mind. The circumstances were so utterly contrary to all my modes of belief for my whole life long, and yet the results were as amazing in their success as in their accompaniments. I had the new prescription carefully made up, though some of the ingredients were most singular, and not attainable without much difficulty and personal influence. Its effects were still more beneficial than those of the former one. I was rapidly regaining a state of sound health.

"During the period of this satisfactory progress, another very startling thing occurred to me. In my business I employ a considerable number of workpeople, and amongst them some young women. One day, as I was giving some directions to a young woman about her work, she suddenly stepped back, and said in great surprise, 'What are you doing to me?' 'Nothing,' I replied; 'I was not aware that I touched you.' 'Yes, you

must have done,' she said; sate down suddenly in a chair, and as suddenly dropped fast asleep. It was now my turn to be surprised; but as she seemed comfortably asleep, I thought she was over-fatigued from some cause, and said, 'Let her sleep her sleep out—don't disturb her.'

"I went on with my inspection of the work going forward in my factory, and from time to time I enquired how the young woman was. The answer was still the same—sound asleep! Two hours passed over—three—four! I then became alarmed, and went to her, and examined her. Great was my horror and alarm—she appeared not simply asleep, but dead! She was cold and rigid—no breath, no pulse could be discovered. I shook her again and again—called her name; no answer, no motion. 'She is dead!' I exclaimed; 'dead to a certainty! What a catastrophe! What is to be done?' The work people all came thronging about; it was a scene of the greatest terror. At this moment I recollected that in the second paper handed to me at the spiritual circle, Dr. Rush was made to say, 'If ever you have need of me, call for me and I will come.' At once I burst out—'Oh, Dr. Rush, if ever you can be of service to me, now is the time!' Scarcely were the words uttered, when the young woman sprung from her chair, looked wildly round, rubbed her eyes, and said, 'What is all this? Where have I been?' 'You have been in a trance,' I said. 'No,' she replied, in a state of great excitement, 'I have been in heaven! I have seen my husband and my child!' she was a young widow. At the same moment she fell on her knees in the midst of the astonished people, and began praying—most earnestly—most eloquently. The whole scene was one of the most extraordinary that I had ever witnessed.

"In the meantime my health was rapidly improving; I felt internally sound and full of a new life; but my wife was getting worse, of the water on the chest, and a fatal termination appeared approaching; but one day, as I was sitting sorrowfully in my house, a druggist of the neighbourhood, whom I knew by sight, but with whom I had never had any intercourse, announced himself, came in, sate down by me, and said, 'What I have come hither about I have no idea whatever; but I felt strongly impressed to come,' whereupon he dropped asleep, and began speaking to me as from Dr. Rush. He asserted that he and other physicians in the spiritual world had now arranged to cure my wife. That I was to devote myself for a week to that purpose. That I was not to quit my house for that time. That, as to my business, I was to take no thought about it; but leave it to proceed as it might, and that all that would be cared for. Having said this, the man added that now he must go up stairs

and see my wife. We accordingly went up, and the man, seating himself by the bedside, took hold of my wife's hand, and dropped asleep, whereupon, presently, she fell into a profuse perspiration, which continued for an hour, the water streaming from her pores till she was as wet as if she had been dipped in a brook. The man then said, that the young woman who had gone into the trance, and whom he named, must come the next day and sit by my wife in the same manner. That he should come on the following day, and thus he and the young woman must give, alternately, attendance for a week. On saying this the man awoke, and expressed much surprise to see himself in my wife's chamber under these circumstances.

"In the week, however, he and the young woman, alternately, day by day attended, and on every occasion the effect was the same, to the great relief of the patient, and, in that time, my wife was perfectly freed from her complaint, and is now living and as sound and healthy as I am."

The appearance of the narrator was, indeed, that of a person in robust health and middle life. But he went on:—"After this, I took much interest in the Spiritualists, and frequently attended their circles. At one of these, I heard a medium call out to a stranger sitting in a distant corner, saying 'Come here, you stranger, with the mission to Europe.' But the stranger at first did not appear to be aware that it was he who was addressed. The call was repeated, and on this my friend here, Mr. Long, rose up and went forward, saying that he was a perfect stranger in that city, did not know a single individual in it, and was surprised to find himself thus addressed. That he was, indeed, a Spiritualist, and had a particular mission to Europe, and had been told that he must come to this city, and the means and the man who was to accompany him would be pointed out.

"'True,' said the medium, 'And there is the person,' pointing to me, 'who is to accompany you.' My surprise at this communication may be imagined. I had never had an intention of visiting Europe; my business demanded my constant attention; my means were sufficient to give me an easy position; I was not ambitious of wealth, but I had not the means requisite for such an undertaking; and no such intimation had been made to me from a spiritual source. This command, however, being distinctly laid upon me, I said, 'Well, if I am to aid this stranger, I must take him home with me and learn the nature of his views and expectations.' I accordingly did so. Having heard these, they appeared to me important and feasible, being of a mechanical rather than a spiritual nature, and the practical evidences which Mr. Long could give me appearing satisfactory, I said, 'Well, if the spirits intend

me to go they must find the means, for I do not possess them, and shall not ruin myself on their account. They must also shew me how my business can be satisfactorily superintended in my absence.' I was immediately assured by the spirits that all this would be done. To which I replied, 'Let it be done, and I will go—without that I won't.'

"From that moment, however, I perceived a strange alteration in my temperament. I had never been in the least of a speculative turn; I followed my business with a quiet and unambitious uniformity; made a fair income, and desired no more. But now I found myself full of speculative ideas. Things on which I had never bestowed a thought became extremely interesting to me. I wondered that I had not tried my luck in this and that: in shares in public companies and projected works; in the new oil mania, and the like. I made a venture—it succeeded to a marvel. I tried again, and again, and it was the same. Everything I engaged in proved profitable; I did not make a single blunder. In about two months I found that I had cleared 15,000 dollars. The spirits asked whether I had enough. I said no, I could not go on so extensive a journey and speculation under twice that sum, as, besides covering my own risks, I desired to found an institution for the benefit of poor children. The spirits said give away all you have thus got, and see whether at the end of three months from the time of our commands to you, you have not enough then.

"I did not do that, but I found myself at the end of three months in possession of 30,000 dollars, and of a safe person to manage my own affairs,—and here I am."

Such was Mr. Middlemass's story. Having launched Mr. Long on the career of his undertaking, and accompanied him to several countries on the Continent, he has long since returned home, and is again pursuing his own business as before, still intending to found his proposed institution for children. As to the success of the plans of Mr. Long, the prosecution of which has led him into very extraordinary circumstances, and into the presence of very exalted personages, the time has not yet arrived for further details concerning them. So far, however, as Mr. Middlemass is concerned, taking his assurances as those of a respectable merchant, his narrative is a very extraordinary one,—and especially those parts of it regarding the cures of himself and his wife, are of a nature though so marvellous, yet too positive to be denied, except by denying him probity and sanity, for which his sober habits and successful course as a man of business furnish no plea. As such, they deserve to be recorded, and accordingly they are here submitted to the perpetuating power of the press.

## PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

### H. MELVILLE FAY IN ENGLAND.

THOSE who are acquainted with the history of the Davenport exhibitions in this country will, no doubt, recollect that among the many falsehoods circulated by the press to discredit them, it was stated that Mr. William Fay, who accompanied the Brothers, had left them and was publicly exposing in America the "imposture" which the party of "tricksters" had been practising in Europe.

The person supposed to be Mr. William Fay was, in fact, Mr. H. Melville Fay, whose power as a medium was too feeble to enable him to live by it, and who thought to make a better market of his talents by lecturing against Spiritualism. He accordingly made a tour through some of the principal cities in America to expose the "imposture" practised by spirit-mediums generally, and the Davenports in particular, in which he was equally unsuccessful. As a last resource, Mr. Melville Fay has made his way to England, and wisely avoiding the metropolis, he planted himself in Yorkshire, where he seems to have known that the large body of Spiritualists in that neighbourhood do not trouble themselves to read the spiritual journals, and where he recently introduced himself as a medium of repute, ready to give private *séances*. Mr. Howarth, a highly respectable resident of Huddersfield, a Spiritualist, took Mr. Fay by the hand, and at once got up a subscription *séance* at his own house, where he assembled a large number of his friends to see the wonders of Spiritualism exhibited through the mediumship of Mr. H. Melville Fay.

Among those whom Mr. Howarth had invited, was Professor Gunning, of Boston, who was on a geological tour in Yorkshire, and at this time in Huddersfield. The room was arranged for a dark *séance*, with the usual musical instruments laid upon a table. Very few of the party were Spiritualists, most of them had come to see what Mr. Howarth could show them of spirit manifestations. It was fortunate that the Spiritualists should ask an American Spiritualist who happened to be present if he knew the celebrated and gifted Mr. Fay—the gentleman who had brought them together? Professor Gunning replied, "I



*do*, and before you commence I should like to address a few words to those who are here to witness a *séance* conducted by one, who I understand claims to be a medium for the exhibition of spiritual physical manifestations."

"Before I left America," continued Professor Gunning, "I saw on the walls large posters with the following vulgar clap-trap:—'Ho! all ye gullibles! The spirits are on a rampage! The angels won't perform! Gabriel won't blow! Michael won't ring the bell! Old Nick has got among them!' And this I found was an invitation to the public to attend a *séance* that evening, at which Mr. H. Melville Fay would expose the delusion of Spiritualism, and the tricks of the Davenports. Now this Mr. Fay is the same man who is here to-night to satisfy you that Spiritualism *is true*, and mediumship *a reality*, and I hope I need say no more than to advise you to spurn him from your presence."

Great excitement followed this spirited denunciation and exposure; but Mr. H. Melville Fay was equal to the occasion. He rose up, and to the surprise of every one calmly and meekly admitted that, so far as the one occasion alluded to by Professor Gunning, he had gone away from the honest path. As a medium, he said, he was open to the possession of evil spirits, who had led him away. He had returned to the cause of the truth, and he hoped his errors would be overlooked. He at the same time utterly denied that he had travelled through American provinces (as Professor Gunning had also stated) making these pretended exposures. The feeling of many present was in Mr. Fay's favour. They cared nothing about this man's antecedents; they cared nothing about the cause of Spiritualism; they had come there to see something; he had fairly acknowledged his one error, and they called on Professor Gunning to prove the other charges. Mr. Fay, in fact, by his assumed contrition and humility, succeeded in "turning the tables" for the moment upon Professor Gunning, who was made to feel that he had undertaken a very thankless office. Professor Gunning, unable to comply with this demand, was obliged to leave Mr. Melville Fay master of the situation. The *séance* went on—with what result I am not informed—but, on the following morning, Professor Gunning sought the principal gentlemen who had formed the evening party, armed with evidence which was conclusive. He exhibited a copy of *The Banner of Light*, containing a full history of Mr. H. Melville Fay's career in America. This confirmed all that Professor Gunning had said, and completed the discomfiture of this protean illustrator of the "Double," who left Huddersfield in haste, without venturing to face the storm of indignation which

awaited him.\* Doubtless, we shall next hear of this masquerader in another dress, tempted again by evil spirits to expose himself; and, were it not for a little circumstance which has just come under my notice, I should not have been surprised to hear that Mr. Melville Fay was about to exhibit in Liverpool, under the distinguished patronage of the two gentlemen, who claim the credit of having driven the Davenports with ignominy from that town;—to re-appear, however, and to give their marvellous exhibition, not only unchallenged, but with the approbation of the courts and royal heads of France, Germany, and Russia. It is a fact well known, that since these unoffending young men were driven by brute force from Liverpool as charlatans; they have been received with favour by Kings and Emperors. Either, then, the distinguished potentates of continental Europe and their court circles, or the two Liverpool gentlemen who helped to smash the cabinet, are mistaken in the character of the Davenport exhibition.

Ten thousand intelligent men in this country *know* that the Liverpool people committed an unjustifiable outrage upon the Davenport Brothers; and the little circumstance to which I have alluded is, that there appears at length a glimmering consciousness of their error coming over the Liverpool community. In that town there is a clever paper which everybody reads, called *The Porcupine*. It occupies the position of a satirist or public local censor, and exercises great influence in Liverpool.

Mr. Robert Cooper, of Eastbourne, well known to and respected by the Spiritualists of England, has recently published a little book—*Spiritual Experiences, including Seven Months with the Davenport Brothers*—which has come under the notice of *Porcupine*, and it has drawn from him some unusually serious reflections, from which I take the following extract:—

“THE DAVENPORTS AGAIN!

“*Porcupine* assisted to annihilate the pretensions of the Davenports in Liverpool. He thought they were humbugs, and he said so; he had no misgivings in the case any more than ninety-nine in the hundred who applied their common sense

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\* The last number of *Human Nature* has the following paragraph on the wrapper:—SPIRITUALISTS, LOOK OUT.—Melville Fay, the notorious American impostor who pretends to be a spirit medium, and do all the “dark tricks,” is at present in this country, accompanied by a confederate. They have visited Huddersfield, Wolverhampton, and Birmingham. At Wolverhampton, what purported to be a spirit arm was laid firmly hold of, and it turned out to be the arm of the trickster. At Birmingham, a sceptic forcibly possessed himself of the “spirit-hand,” when it was found to be a stuffed glove. The men had another *séance* announced, but suddenly became invisible. They must be greater fools than rogues to think that such shallow deception can be appreciated in this country.

to it." (Common *ignorance* would be the proper term). "No charlatans were ever more conspicuously, or, as it seemed to *Porcupine* and his compeers, more conclusively exposed. Yet here is actually a respectable man—a man of more than average intelligence—of good position in his native town, where he appears to be universally esteemed as an upright and honourable man, who says we were all utterly mistaken. Can it be possible that we have been fooled by our common sense? Common sense said the sun went round the earth, and compelled Galileo to recant at the risk of his life, when, in virtue of his uncommon sense, he asserted the contrary.

"We did not succeed in forcing a recantation from the Davenport;" (Nor, it should be added, did they discover any secret machinery in the cabinet) "but we quickly forced them out of Liverpool. They pretended to powers which we defied them to illustrate under our own conditions. . . . Who says we were not entitled to exact such conditions? It was, of course, alleged for them that the utmost passivity was required, and our display (An infuriated mob armed with bludgeons!) possibly frightened their weak nerves a little. But assuredly nineteen in twenty of those who saw the affray believed that it was the fear of detection, and no failure of honest conditions, which was at the bottom of the resistance that finally led to the smashing of the cabinet. We all know that every phenomenon in nature has its laws, (Very good, Mr. Porcupine, I hope for your own consistency that this knowledge has come to you since the Davenport outrage), and in vain shall any one elicit it who proceeds in violation of these. (*That*, Mr. Porcupine, is precisely the argument we have reiterated a thousand times, which you and your compeers have persistently disregarded). Even a Faraday could not shew the commonest facts of electricity in a damp atmosphere and if overborne by the clamours of ignorance he were to try, what but failure could be expected? If, well knowing the certain issue, he resisted, and his foolish audience—deeming him a cheat and incapable of appreciating his reasons—rushed forward and smashed his apparatus—what would it prove?"

It would prove that facts—such as the Davenport phenomena undoubtedly are—cannot be "appreciated" by a "foolish audience;" and it proves that the comparatively few who undertake the responsibility of instructing the multitude, should approach the consideration of *all that is new to them*, with becoming humility and calmness, and then God's great truths, freed from the trammels of religious bigotry, and educational errors would spread more rapidly over the face of the civilized world.

*Porcupine* begins to see the light, though unhappily he is driven by the necessity of his position to feel his way very cautiously, and he therefore fences about, making honest admissions which are evidently the result of new-born convictions, but most illogically denying that conditions, though necessary for the chemist, are so for the Davenports. "I am not recanting," he says. "Oh no, I have my wits about me; I am not to be taken in because a brother quill says that Mr. Cooper is an honest man, and unlikely to be deceived. Neither am I driven to my last shift because the same writer, the editor of the *Eastbourne Gazette*, says if there be any deception, Mr. Cooper must be a confederate, which is entirely inconsistent with his character and all the circumstances of the case. No, when *Porcupine* recants he will take no roundabout way to do it. Circumlocution is not his *forte*. But *Porcupine*, though himself unconverted, is not afraid to admit the possibility of error, and not cowardly enough to prevent an honest man from having his say, however much he may deem him mistaken. Moreover, he does not hesitate to say that an honest man speaks through this book. That *Porcupine* is bound to accept the conclusions that honest Robert Cooper testifies to, however, is quite a different matter, and one which only a verification of the facts could by any possibility bring him to. As to the general phenomena of so-called 'Spiritualism,' since *Porcupine* has no time to seek after evidences, he must wait for the evidence to seek after him. Meanwhile, so far as the arraigned Davenports are concerned, *Porcupine*, on the principle of giving even the devil his due, acquits his conscience by admitting this testimony in their favour, adjuring his readers to weigh it for themselves, and take it if they can (a very doubtful thing) for simply what it is worth."

It would be ungracious to push the argument home with *Porcupine*, there is sufficient evidence of his desire and readiness to receive the truth, and I hope some kind friend will help him. But he cannot expect that, without seeking, the evidence will come to him, except in the way of testimony like Mr. Cooper's, which he will find in every number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, and which, by its overwhelming character, may in his present reasonable state of mind be sufficient to convince him. But if the evidence of his own senses be necessary, I beg to offer him the hand of good fellowship, and if he and his friends, Messrs. Cummins and Hulley, will come to London, I will undertake to satisfy them of their past errors, and prove that there really are more things in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in their philosophy.

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THE RIGHT HON. LORD LYTTON UPON SPIRITUALISM.

During the last eight or ten years, I have on two occasions had the honour of conversing with the distinguished novelist Sir Edward Bulwer, now Lord Lytton, upon Spiritualism. At our last interview, after he had read my American Notes, his Lordship evinced much interest in enquiring about the power which Judge Edmonds' daughter possessed of *projecting her spirit*—"appearing in form and delivering messages to friends in sympathy with her, though living at a distance."

This appeared to be the only phase of the subject which was new to him; and, although I was impressed with the belief that his Lordship, from the general tone of his remarks, was a thorough believer, I am bound to say that he did not expressly declare it. I recently took occasion to write to him upon the subject, referring to the curious facts we were now witnessing, and I said "I am asked many questions, and among them one that without your Lordship's help I cannot answer, namely—what is the real opinion of the author of *Zanoni* and *A Strange Story* upon the subject of Spiritualism?" I told him, at the same time, if he did not object, I should publish his reply in the *Spiritual Magazine*.

Without a day's delay, Lord Lytton wrote me the following letter:—

"I beg to thank you for your courtesy in sending me a number of the *Spiritual Magazine*.

"I have not witnessed any of the phenomena mentioned therein, as exhibited through the Marshalls, or at Mrs. Houghton's. They must be very curious if genuine. I must decline expressing any opinion as to the causes of such effects, (where the effects are not traceable to imposture), because I have not collected a sufficient number of acknowledged facts for the foundation of a scientific theory. So far as I have seen or read on the subject, I see no necessity to resort to the machinery of a world of spirits, for the cause of effects produced on the senses, which we obtain through material forms, by agencies which originate in another material form (*viz.* the medium) and operate upon or through matter, but not mere matter, than the complicated organization necessary for the utterance of a voice. In all the controversies on this question, I have found no clear definition of what is meant by Spirit; nor does enquiry seem to me to have been directed through the channels demanded by a physiologist or a metaphysician.

"All the experiments I have witnessed, if severely probed, go against the notion that the phenomena are produced by the spirits of the dead; and I imagine that no man, who can take

care of his pockets, would give up his property to a claimant, who could bear cross-examination as little as some alleged spirit, who declares he is your father or friend, and tells you where he died, and then proceeds to talk rubbish, of which he would have been incapable when he was alive. I can conceive no prospect of the future world more melancholy, than that in which Voltaires and Shakespeares are represented as having fallen into boobies—or at best, of intellects below mediocrity.

“With these views, I can scarcely think it would answer your purpose to publish my reply to your question; nor have I any wish to be drawn into such a controversy one way or the other.

Your obedient servant,

LYTTON.”

I think however that it is only an act of justice to Lord Lytton, to publish his letter that there may be no future misunderstanding as to his views, though I have no desire to draw him into a controversy. There would indeed be no advantage in doing so, for the controversy upon this subject was conducted in a masterly manner, on both sides, years ago by our transatlantic friends, and history records the result, of which the Spiritualists have no reason to be ashamed. Lord Lytton says, in all the controversies on this question, he has found no clear definition of what is meant by “Spirit;” nor has he, I imagine, found any clearer definition of what is meant by “Matter,” though from the tone of his observations one would suppose that he had. After all his known experiences in the occult sciences, and the hardly less amount of evidence he has had of the reality of phenomena, which we call spiritual, he can see no necessity to resort to the machinery of a world of spirits for the cause of effects produced on the senses. He ought, in a few words, to give us some explanation, some theory to explain the *genuine* (we are not dealing with the *spurious*) phenomena which are daily brought home to the evidence of our senses, and which he thinks “very curious.” But we know that this has been attempted many times, that every new *theory* has been disproved by new *facts*, that the opponents of spirit-power have been silenced, if not won over, as fast as they have arisen, and that Spiritualism at this day, with its millions of converts, stands as a truth stronger and more unassailable, than at any time during the past 20 years over which the controversy has spread.

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EMMA HARDINGE IN SCOTLAND.

Mrs. Hardinge has been delivering a course of lectures at Glasgow, under the auspices of the Association of Spiritualists

in that city, and she has acquitted herself, I am informed, in a manner in every way worthy of her high calling, and of her equally high reputation as a most eloquent inspirational speaker. Mrs. Hardinge, if I may judge from the information given me by my Scotch correspondents, seems to have created quite a sensation in Glasgow, and to have won the hearts of all who heard her in public, and especially of those who met her in private intercourse. The newspapers, to their credit, whilst asserting that they do not agree with, nor quite understand all she said, have not published, I believe, a word in derogation of the subjects of her discourses, and in some instances they commend her eloquence in unstinted terms of praise. *The Christian News* says:—"Mrs. Hardinge possesses all the qualities requisite to an orator. Her diction is very dignified and even poetic. Her imagery also is always well chosen, and is sometimes even glowing in its grandeur, and when accompanied by the intense earnestness which the lecturer evidently feels in her subject, produces a wonderful impression. Altogether, Mrs. Hardinge is an accomplished orator—unequalled, we should say, by any of her sex, and certainly not surpassed; and on whatever subject she may choose to speak, she cannot fail to attract the interest of her auditory."

At the close of her course of lectures, the members of the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists presented Mrs. Hardinge with a *souvenir* as an additional mark of their respect, and as Mrs. Hardinge has found a new field by this visit to Scotland for the exercise of her great gifts, I feel sure it will be improved on a future occasion, and will lead to a more general understanding of the truths of Spiritualism.

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## DREAMS AND VISIONS.

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MY uncle, the late A—— S——, Esq., of Thornbury, near Bristol, was living at his villa in that little town in the year 1842, and on the evening of a certain day in November had retired to bed in his usual health, at his customary hour. Contrary to his habit, however, he could not sleep, but lay awake counting the hours until three o'clock in the morning, when suddenly he found himself in a country whose features were quite strange to him. He became aware that he was in the Nielgherrie hill country of India, where his brother S—— was on invalid furlough. It appeared to him that he remained

three months there with S——, that he attended him during his illness, and that finally S—— died, when the vision faded, and he found himself again in his bed. He was now satisfied that this vision had revealed a certainty to him, turned round and fell asleep, and in the morning he told my aunt all about it. He has mentioned this matter to me several times, and always expressed his belief that he was broad awake while he saw the vision, which he thought must have passed with the rapidity of "thought," and was quite sure it was no dream.

In the next spring my uncle and aunt were at Cheltenham, whither they had gone for the benefit of Mrs. S——'s health; in due course my uncle received from his brother's agents at Madras a letter containing information of S——'s death at such and such a place in the Nielgherrie Hills, at the precise day and hour that my uncle saw the vision in his bed at Thornbury. "It was no news to me," said my uncle to me when telling me of the circumstance; "I knew poor S—— was gone several months before."

My aunt died in the month of January (21st), 1848, of a lingering and wasting disease, and my uncle, who was quite struck down by her loss, lived only five years after it. When he was ill, in the month of August, 1852, I was at his house at Nailsworth, one Sunday. I had come over from Stroud, where I was then living, to dine, and after dinner went up to his room. He was then very ill, in bed, and appeared inclined to be very drowsy and slightly to ramble. He said to me: "Addy, I have been seeing my poor wife, and my father, and my mother. They all seem extremely happy, and they are so busy! But I didn't see poor S—— there! I was looking for him, but I couldn't find him." He said this in a sorrowful tone, for S—— had been a great pet of his, and he was tenderly attached to his brother. S—— had been a surgeon, as well as his brothers Edward (my father) and Thomas. He was in the E. I. C.'s service, in the Madras Presidency. Mr. A—— S—— lived on until April in the next year, 1853.——

Mr. H——, of Chatham Street, Liverpool, informs me that he had a son, who died at the age of 10 from congestion of the brain following scarlet fever, and that Mrs. H—— insists that she saw the child shortly before his death, in a room where she knew for certain that, bodily, he was not.

Mrs. Blevin, stationer, Leece Street, Liverpool, related to me a dream, which made a very great impression upon her mind. It seems that a cousin of hers, named Shimmin, was employed at the Woodside Ferry Slip, to take care of parcels, &c., and he usually wore a peculiar style of dress, with very stout shoes and



blue knitted woollen stockings; he had also a peculiar halt in his gait. Mrs. B. dreamed one night that she saw Mr. Shimmin walk into the water, and walk under it, round the extremity of the slip; that he emerged and got upon the slip, on the farther side, and walked up the steps towards Laird's ship-yards. When she came downstairs in the morning, she told one of her daughters the dream, and expressed her fear lest anything should have befallen Mr. Shimmin. Shortly afterwards some one called and reported that he (Shimmin) had that same morning been drowned at Wood Side. The dress he had on was exactly what Mrs. Blevin had seen in her dream.

Mrs. Blevin comes of a family in whom second sight is hereditary. She informed me that her brother had one day seen his mother, in Bold Street, Liverpool; she passed him by in the street without looking at him, whereat he was very much astonished, and when he reached home, asked her why she did so. She was very much surprised at his query, and declared she had not left her house that day. But the sight portended nothing; the old lady lived many years afterwards.

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When I was living in Bedford Street North, Liverpool, in the year 1857 (I think), my wife roused me from sleep suddenly, and said, "Oh, Adrian, there's Agnes!" I started up crying, "Where, where?" but, of course, there was no Agnes. My wife then told me that she had awoke, and had seen the form of her only sister, Agnes, sitting on the ottoman at the foot of the bed. On first seeing this form, she felt frightened; but then, recalling her courage, she thought that if the figure were real she would be able to see it reflected in the mirror of the wardrobe, which she had in full view as she lay in bed. Directing her eyes, therefore, to the mirror, there she saw by the light of the fire, which was burning brightly in the grate, the full reflection of the form seated on the ottoman, looking at a bunch of keys she appeared to hold in her hand. Under the startling effect caused by this sight she called me to look at it; but, before I was awake, the form and its reflection had vanished. We feared lest something might have happened to the person in question, who was at that moment very well and very happy at Adelaide, South Australia. But nothing came of the vision; and it remains to this day inexplicable as to the "reason why" it appeared. It was not a dream, my wife is certain.

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My grandmother, on my father's side, was one morning awoke by a figure coming in at her bedroom window. She was lying alone in consequence of some indisposition. She recognised in the figure her brother, who advanced to her bedside, knelt

down, and said, "Say after me." He then repeated a prayer, rose, and left the room by the window as he had come. This brother's name was Pritchard. He was secretary to the late celebrated Sir William Jones; was a lawyer, and held a very good post in India, equivalent to Master of the Rolls with us. His health requiring a change of climate, he took ship for the Cape of Good Hope; but the ship went down with him on board, and news afterwards received made the time of the disaster coincide with the appearance of the figure at my grandmother's bedside. She called her husband immediately, and told him what she had seen, maintaining her belief that her brother had perished at sea. She was never to be shaken in her belief that it was a waking reality and not a dream. I had heard the story before, with variations, but my only remaining uncle having been on a visit to me lately, I took the opportunity of asking him about it, and he gave me the story as I have here told it, but had forgotten the date. It occurred in Bristol, where my grandfather then lived, and practised as a lawyer.

A. S.

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### THE DUBLIN REVIEW ON "SPIRITISM AND MODERN DEVIL-WORSHIP."

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THE *Dublin Review* is the quarterly organ and exponent of Ultramontane Roman Catholic theology in this country. It is intended as a bulwark against innovation, to guard the faithful from "the appalling havoc, which infidelity, and heresy, and revolution, and sin of every kind are making in these our evil days throughout Christendom;" and the article under notice is written especially "with the view of putting before our Catholic readers, the conclusions and reasonings of our own theology," concerning "the extraordinary communion of saints, with the supernatural world;" and "the agencies of the spirits of darkness among the fallen children of Adam." And it is put forward in particular for the sake of "cold," "captious," "querulous, self-willed" believers, "having their minds not indeed utterly corrupted, but more or less tainted by the worldly atmosphere in which they live or have been educated . . . retaining the gold of the true faith, but retaining it discoloured with the hues of a baser metal." It is for these tainted members of the Catholic flock, "and still more for the sake of those who, though well disposed, have not been sufficiently instructed on-

the relations existing between the invisible and visible world," that our reviewer is so deeply and compassionately concerned.

Of his qualifications for instructing them on this interesting topic, there can, on his own shewing, be no question. He evidently knows all about it, even to minutest particulars; he can tell us what are the "natural qualities and powers of a pure spirit or angel," and the extent and limits of his intelligence; his acquaintance with the angels, like the powers of a "pure spirit," seems to be "limited," at all events he says little about them; but we are overpowered with his very extensive and intimate knowledge of the place not usually spoken of in polite circles, and especially of all matters connected with "the tenants of that dark dungeon;" though seeing that this "dungeon" never holds them, for they are always at hand for mischief, and "can move from place to place without the least fatigue, and with a rapidity far exceeding that ascribed to light;" we don't exactly see any present use for it. However, "knowing as we do," says our reviewer, "how immense is the power of the evil spirits, how insatiable their malice, how unceasing their activity;"—why, of course, with all this knowledge, pursued into particulars, he can, despite their "craft," find out the truth about them

Though indeed  
'Twere hid within the centre

Of their "dark dungeon." Thus, he can tell us not only of "the constant and energetic influence of devils in the affairs of men," but of the extent to which they are permitted to use their *direct* power, and even of "temporal evils inflicted everywhere every day through their *indirect* influence." He assures us that "If the devils were allowed to use their power unrestricted, they would destroy the whole human race in the twinkling of an eye, and in many other ways disturb the order of the universe." He adds that their natural power, "great though it be, is yet less than their malignity. They are altogether evil." Our reviewer traces the origin and development of the species,—how from being angels "clothed in the beauty of holiness, fresh from the hand of their Creator, so beautiful in their first dawning, so radiant in the young princely glory with which His pure bounty clothed them, they in an instant, and with full deliberation, in rebelling against him, chose their part at once and for ever. . . . In an instant the noon of day became the noon of night; that glory was extinguished and vanished like a lightning-flash, and that awful sin at once, like a deadly poison, penetrated their whole being, and commenced to live and work there,—as it shall live and work there for ever."

The devils may try "the arts of seduction or the arms of terror against him," but our reviewer knows their devices and

their strength—even the very thoughts of the devils—past, present, and future are known to him. He knows that “for these long six thousand sleepless and unwinking years, they have never harboured a single thought or done a single good deed; and so it will be for the endless eternity that lies before them, and before us all.”

It is said that a man cannot touch pitch without being defiled; we trust, however, that our reviewer has been so protected by the magical powers and by the armour of the church that he has suffered no contamination and no injury during any exploration he may have made into the “dark dungeon” of the devils, or from any encounter he may have had with its terrible “tenants.” He draws the following picture of “the very conflict” with “the princes of hell,” to which the brave soldier of Christ is exposed. It may be—who knows—that he is himself the hero of his song—the, “perhaps, beardless youth cased in his glorious armour” whom he has painted. At all events here is the picture as if photographed from life—

We see the princes of hell arrayed in serried rank, and blackening the air around—we see the deep, red glare of deadly hate in their cruel eyes—we see the feline stealth with which they move about, watching for an unguarded moment—we see the bow full bent—we hear the hiss of the fiery arrow, winged with all the precision of a demon's eye, with all the nerve of a demon's arm. Then our eyes fall on the brave soldier of Christ, perhaps some beardless youth—we see him cased in his glorious armour—we hear the ring of the arrow rebounding from his burnished shield—we see the flashing sword lifted up, and falling on the conquered host—we hear their retreating yell of baffled rage—we see a glow of heavenly joy beaming in the eye of the guardian angel—and the glad *Te Deum* rises unbidden to our lips.

Our reviewer is not only thus familiar with the common ruck of devils, or with “the princes of hell,” but even with the “Arch-fiend” himself, though we would by no means insinuate that this familiarity is of a friendly nature, notwithstanding the intimate acquaintance displayed with his personal history. He knows for instance, that “this spirit was, before his fall, if not the very highest angel, and above all the rest, at least one of the highest order.” Notwithstanding “his combined power and malice,” all the “wiles and subtleties of the devil” cannot impose on the Dublin reviewer; he can see through all his artful disguises, even though he comes as “an angel of light, the Virgin Mary, the Saviour himself.” He knows what the devil “wants,” what he “greatly prefers;” he can even tell us about the “poison of his breath.” He puts before us “this dread fiend, not as a picture of the imagination, but as really though invisibly before us, and ready to spring upon us with the strength and fury of ten thousand lions.” “Spiritists” and “Methodists” may be subject to “the wide-spread influence of this devilish hallucination;” but *he* knows “the signs that

distinguish an infested person" and of "demoniacal obsession." In short, as the patterers would say, "here is a full, true and particular account" of the devil and all his doings. If that dread personage had written a true autobiography, or had been his own reviewer, we doubt if he could have given a much better account of himself than is here given in English and Latin, in text and foot-note by the Dublin reviewer.

But for the modest reticence which preserves his anonymity, we should not wonder if, as the character and extent of his peculiar knowledge became known, the boys of Dublin were to point to him as he walked the streets, as it said those of Florence did to Dante, with the exclamation—"There goes the man who has been in hell!" It would only be natural in them to infer that he could only have got all this knowledge from personal and careful observation.

It must, of course, be interesting to learn what one so competent to speak with authority has to say about the spirits, and about ourselves as Spiritualists. Well, he has been good enough to inform us, and our readers will perhaps be a little surprised when we lay before them the information.

We have heard of a prisoner who never knew the dreadful things he had done, till he heard of them from the counsel for the prosecution. We confess to something of the same feeling. In bringing forward irrefragable proofs of a spirit-world of departed humanity, and so confuting the cavils of Sadducee and Materialist, we verily thought ourselves doing the best we could in the service of religion; but how crafty is the devil, and how keen the penetration of our reviewer, in discovering that this is all "devil-worship!" Alas! too, miserable sinners that we are, we are not alone in "spiritual delusion." "We have in our own day, for example, in the revival tumults and convictions of sin among the Methodists, manifest instances of the wide-spread influence of this devilish hallucination." Very manifest, indeed! and we hope Methodists will be duly grateful for the light shed from Dublin on their benighted path. But more than this. "We need but look around us on the world of our own days, to see the unmistakable evidences of their (evil spirits') agency in the gigantic crimes, which wicked kings, and wicked ministers of State, and other wicked men, have for the last twenty years committed against all laws, human and Divine . . . We are tempted to give living illustrations; but our thoughtful readers will need no help from us in finding them out—they lie before his eyes on the open page of the world's news."

In short "This mighty world of the nineteenth century," which "lifts up its round, gigantic frame, girded about with endless coils of iron rail, and crowned with a tiara of great

exhibitions . . . is going fast to the devil ; and but for the silent influence of that church, which it hates and slanders and persecutes, would ere this have gone clean to him." O wretched world ! O wicked nineteenth century ! O wicked kings and wicked ministers of State, and other wicked men, Methodist and Spiritists, repent ! repent ! in sackcloth and ashes at the feet of " the church flooded with perennial streams of grace," which alone " under the protection of the guardian angels and especially of the Queen of all the angels," by her " daily sacrifice," " sacraments," and the exercise of her " spiritual powers," " in teaching, governing, binding and loosing, blessing and exorcising," alone prevents us from going clean to the devil, and the whole human race from being destroyed in the twinkling of an eye. Listen, O wicked people, to the only means of salvation that is open to you ! Happily it is clear and simple. It is all contained in the following sentence :—" In the Catholic Church, and in her alone, is to be found the sure and specific remedy—spiritual direction submitted to with profound humility and obedience." O that we could escape from this evil nineteenth century to that glorious golden age—that millennium of happy and contented ignorance which shone so resplendently from the fifth to the fifteenth century, before the printing press, the electric telegraph, " the endless coils of iron rail, crowned with a tiara of great exhibitions," and the translated Bible,—these pests of modern civilization were known, and before men (with the exception of a few obstinate heretics no doubt instigated by devils) had begun to question " the sure and specific remedy," which the Church had so graciously provided. How the world managed to get on and rotate on its axis every twenty-four hours before St. Peter handed down the keys we are at a loss to imagine !

Spirit-communion is all devil-worship—" the devil personating the souls of departed friends and others, and answering to questions put regarding their state or the state of the future world in general"—so, at least, rules the reviewer ; spirit-communion is devil-worship, but with this proviso—save only within the pale of the Church, and sanctioned by her authority. Then, indeed, wrong becomes right ; the diabolical is divine ; devil-worship is " the communion of saints ;" and " extraordinary communion with the supernatural world, continued almost daily for many years," becomes " rays of celestial light." Let us listen to an exposition of true-grit *Dublin Review* Spiritualism :—

To the careful student of theology, of ecclesiastical history, and of religious biography, the mind of the Church will appear to lean to few things more decidedly than to the close, constant, and universal action of supernatural influences on the inward and the outward man, his thoughts and inclinations, his works and ways. These influences, everywhere sensible in the effects which

they produce, are not unfrequently manifested by sensible accompanying signs. No Catholic can deny that, in every age, from that of the Apostles down to our own, there have been frequent and striking indications of God's abiding presence and working in His Church—the communion of Saints outwardly signified, not only in public and private worship ascending from earth to heaven, but by sensible manifestations descending from heaven to earth. Take away as much as you will of what you are pleased to call fabulous or doubtful, still enough will remain to show that in every age, God has been “wonderful in His saints.” And, what is specially worthy of note, those lives of saints which are most detailed, and whose truthfulness cannot be questioned, contain the greatest number of those manifestations. Take, as an example, the Oratorian life of S. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi. The author, F. Cepari, was a religious, not only of high repute for sanctity, and therefore of scrupulous veracity, but also a person of distinguished prudence, judgment, and theological knowledge.\* He was for some years confessor to the Holy Virgin, and composed her life from the most direct and authentic sources of information. The narrative of such a writer cannot be called in doubt, especially in what he affirms of his own personal knowledge, except on a principle of scepticism, that would throw a shadow on the far greater part of undisputed history. This life exhibits a picture of extraordinary communion with the supernatural world, continued almost daily for many years. Yet it is but one specimen of what may be seen in hundreds upon hundreds of the lives of saints worshipped in the Church. These rays of celestial light are not, however, confined to this golden circle; they shoot out beyond it, with more or less splendour, on every side.

Not less certain and continuous, though not so often and so manifestly displayed, as such, are the agencies of the spirits of darkness among the fallen children of Adam.

The spirit-world, it thus appears, is divided between the Church and “the fallen children of Adam.” The Church and the *Dublin Review*, like Mr. Disraeli, are “on the side of the angels,” and “the fallen children of Adam” are on the side of “the spirits of darkness.” We, the Church, take all the angels, and give you, who are not of our faction, all the devils. Well, we have learned from our reviewer the importance of submitting to spiritual direction with profound humility and obedience; and must therefore learn to do our duty in that state of life in which it has pleased the Dublin reviewer to place us. In order to make the best of it, we will begin say,—by establishing an Anti-Brimstone Association, to ameliorate as far as we can the condition of the unhappy devils among whom our lot is placed—by the Dublin reviewer.

Humble and obedient submission to the Church is the patent universal medicine—“the sure and specific remedy” for all spiritual disease, and for all disorders of the body politic. Swallow that, and all will be well with you. Alas! in these evil days what are we to do, surrounded by so many rival and importunate spiritual physicians, each urging his own “specific remedy,” and decrying all the rest? It is not alone the Roman Church which claims to be the only “little flock” to whom is

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\* “Benedict XIV., in his great work on Canonization, often refers to him in terms of very high praise. A short account of F. Cepari is given in the Latin edition of his life of B. Berchmans, published at Louvain in 1853. The life of S. M. of Pazzi is a perfect model of sacred biography.”

given a monopoly of the kingdom, and which treats it as if it were a rotten borough before the Reform Bill. Are we not told, for instance, by the *Church of the New Jerusalem*, that the old churches have all come to an end, that Swedenborg is the only authorized explorer of the spiritual world, and that his fine "golden key" is of infinitely more value than the rusty keys of St. Peter? Does not the *Catholic and Apostolic Church*, whose head-quarters are in Gordon Square, assure us that it alone is formed on the Apostolic model, and entitled to dispense "the gifts of the Spirit?" And has not "my servant Joseph! Prophet, Priest, and Revelator to the *Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*" informed us how while himself and Oliver Cowdery were "praying and calling upon the Lord, a messenger from heaven descended in a cloud of light, and having laid his hands upon us, he ordained us, saying unto us, 'Upon you, my fellow-servants, in the name of Messiah, I confer the priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins.'"\* If only the churches would come to an understanding among themselves, we might be in less perplexity as to where our allegiance was rightly due; but while they are thus in hopeless disagreement, we "devil-worshippers," and "fallen children of Adam" have no help for it but to fall back upon our "carnal reason;" and if we blunder, we trust the Dublin reviewer will graciously use his influence with "the Queen of all the Angels" to take compassion on our "incorrigible ignorance," for how can we hope to escape all the gins and snares and pitfalls and seductions and terrors of the "Arch-fiend" and all his "devils;" and especially of this "one species of diabolical agency, of a very subtle and insidious nature, which has of late years appeared, or rather, reappeared on the world's stage, arresting the attention and exercising the tongues and pens of cultivated men and women—Christian and non-Christian—throughout the old world and the new?"†

On this particular phase of his subject "the phenomena of modern devil-worship," our reviewer sheds not a solar, but a lunar light. The author whose splendours are reflected by him is "JO. PERRONE, S.J., in *Collegio Romano Studiosum Præfecto*;" and his book, published at Ratisbon, in 1866, is entitled *Prælectiones Theologicæ de Virtute Religionis deque Vitiis Oppositis, nominatim vero de Mesmerismi Somnambulismi ac Spiritismi*

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\* *The Pearl of Great Price*, p. 46.

† The Dublin Reviewer appends to this passage the following foot note:—"F. Perrone informs us (n. 402, note) that independent of pamphlets and articles in periodicals, upwards of *two thousand* volumes have been published on the subject by American, English, French, German, and Italian authors alone."



*recentiori Superstitione.* An abstract of this work and of the course of its argument is presented. The "phenomena of modern devil-worship," it seems, has passed through three stages: the first of these is animal magnetism, the second, artificial somnambulism; "the third comprises the phenomena of table-turning, table-rapping, or table-speaking, and the direct invocation of spirits." This third class of phenomena, the writer tells us, "had its origin in the United States of America, as to its first appearances, about thirty-five years ago; as to further developments, more recently." He divides these phenomena into *mechanical* and *significant*. Of the former, he gives two instances; but it is to the *significant* phenomena, so called from their communicating things secret or unknown, that he chiefly directs attention. After quoting two examples of these given in the *Quarterly Review* for September, 1853, from the pamphlets of two English Protestant clergymen, Messrs. Godfrey and Gilson, our reviewer says:—

Two questions at once suggest themselves in reference to these extraordinary phenomena. The first is, Are the facts real? Are the accounts of them perfectly trustworthy? At the period when the article in the *Quarterly Review*, above referred to, was written, the reality of the phenomena of Spiritism was denied by many able men, Catholic as well as non-Catholic. The writer of that article ascribes them all to "the possession of the mind by a *dominant idea*, from which it makes no sufficient effort to free itself." Since that time, however, evidence has accumulated on all sides—so continuous, so multiplied, in every way so overwhelming, that, as F. Perrone affirms, no doubt is any longer entertained on the subject; and he accordingly enters into no proof, simply referring to writers in whose productions the testimonies are given at full length. The evidence for Spiritism is, he tells us more notorious and more unassailable than that for magnetism: he gives the latter in a compressed form, together with answers—and conclusive answers they are—to the arguments on the opposite side. He gives a selection from the names of several eminent persons, lay and clerical, among the latter Lacordaire, Sibour (the late Archbishop of Paris), the late Cardinal Gousset, &c., on whose minds a full conviction had been wrought. Of course there have been in this, as in most other matters, cases of jugglery, exaggerated cases, doubtful cases: but the innumerable cases that have stood unscathed the severest test are no more affected by these than are the established facts of history by the many fables that assume the name of history. The invariable law of a plausible lie is this—let it be received at first with open arms; intelligent men, who have no interest in supporting it and no prejudice in favour of it, pause and inquire; as time flows on, it gradually, and, as it were, day by day loses its hold on the credence of men, and at length vanishes utterly and for ever. The very opposite of this has been the fortune of the phenomena we are speaking of. Among men of keen and cultivated minds they were at first received, not only with disbelief, but with laughter and derision: they were rejected as untrue, not because not proven, but because incapable of proof, because they were impossible—and, indeed, impossible they are, as we shall see, to mere human power and skill. Among the characteristics of the world in modern times a tendency to believe in the preternatural most certainly can *not* be reckoned. The phenomena of Magnetism and Spiritism at least *appear* preternatural: the predisposition was dead against accepting them: it was predicted that, before the generation that witnessed their rise had died out, they would have disappeared and been forgotten. Well, years have rolled on, and men who formerly would not without impatience read or listen to the accounts of these phenomena (the present writer was one of these), had at length been led to examine

what was making such a noise in the world, and from mature, and for a time prejudiced, examination, have been led to conviction. In this way have been brought round several of the ablest and most learned men in Europe, Catholic theologians, physicians, and philosophers and others, Catholic, Protestant, and free-thinking. Authority does not necessarily, nor even generally, prove an opinion: in a matter of mere opinion the most enquiring and cautious men may be greatly deceived, and have been so deceived. But here there is question of facts and of the testimony of the senses—of facts sensible to the sight, the hearing, the touch—of facts and testimonies repeated over and over again, beyond the possibility of calculation, in the greater part of Europe and America, and recorded year after year down to the present day. It is quite impossible that about such facts such a cloud of such witnesses should be all deceived.

We commend the foregoing extract to the serious consideration of all thinking men, of whatever school or sect. This adhesion in ever-increasing numbers of able and learned men to the reality of facts, "sensible to the sight, the hearing, the touch, repeated over and over again beyond the possibility of calculation," which modern theology has denied, and modern philosophy had declared impossible, is indeed a *significant* phenomenon, which our theologians, *savans*, and journalists, especially, should regard, if they would not lead others as well as fall themselves into the ditch of denial of well-ascertained and proven facts.

The second question discussed is, By what agency are these phenomena produced? Our reviewer here condenses very closely the author whom he follows. "The various hypotheses put forward are examined *seriatim*, until the following conclusions (given in the form of propositions) are reached. His first proposition is, that though some of the *physiological* phenomena of animal magnetism, Somnambulism and Spiritualism, viewed in themselves and apart from accompanying adjuncts, may be ascribed to material natural causes, most of them, or the whole taken in the aggregate, can by no means be referred to such a source;" while to refer the *psychological* phenomena to unknown laws of nature, as some do, "is extremely unphilosophical and absurd; for they contradict laws of nature that are certain and universally known. For example, it is a law of our nature that we cannot read with our eyes closed and bandaged, that we cannot speak a language we never learned," &c. The second proposition affirms that all the mesmeric phenomena, and the psychological phenomena of magnetic somnambulism in particular, cannot be produced by physiological natural causes. The third proposition is that the human will cannot be the physical cause of mesmeric and spiritual phenomena, but only the moral and mediate cause; the writer here contending that the soul can act as a physical cause within its own body, but outside that it cannot immediately and by itself do anything whatever. The fourth proposition is little more than a corollary from the preceding, and affirms that the proximate cause of these phenomena is an

intelligent and free being, distinct from the human soul. This follows from the preceding. "As the magnetizer cannot produce the phenomena by material or physiological agency or by an act of his will, and as he brings them about by some agency, it follows that he must produce them as a moral cause—there being no conceivable intermediate hypothesis. Now a moral cause can act only on an intelligent and free being; this being is not the soul of the mesmerizer or the mesmerized; it must, therefore, be some intelligence distinct from the human soul. This proposition is now admitted by several magnetologists. The fifth proposition affirms that the aforesaid cause is of its own nature higher than the human soul, and preternatural. This, too, is but a corollary of the preceding. For as an intelligent being distinct from man is the cause, and as the phenomena far surpass human power, and belong to an order of action quite different from that to which human power is limited, the proposition follows as a necessary sequence. The sixth and seventh propositions affirm that good angels cannot be the cause of these phenomena; of which no other cause can be admitted save bad angels or devils."

It is, of course, on these sixth and seventh propositions that we join issue. The reviewer tells us that "F. Perrone proves these two propositions distinctly and apart, and by two distinct series of arguments;" but as he does not give us the proof, merely enumerating the five heads of evidence under which it is comprised, we cannot judge of its sufficiency; or rather, we can only judge of its insufficiency from this bare enumeration. This omission is particularly unfortunate for the case of the reviewer, as the whole crux of the argument lies just here. He declaims about devils and diabolical agency by the page; but six lines, enumerating the heads of evidence, is all that he furnishes us with in the way of proof. This, as regards mesmerism, and its psychological phenomena more especially. In the section on the character and source of Spiritism, the reviewer says "our author adopts substantially the same method;" but "he has not thought it necessary to approach his final conclusions by such cautious and measured steps, but rather seizes it at a single bound." A favourite method of argument it would seem with Roman Catholic logicians.\*

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\* That we may not appear to slur over what our reviewer favours us with from this section of his author's work we quote his propositions of which we learn the "details of illustration in proof in substance closely resemble those by which the propositions on the magnetic phenomena are elucidated and sustained." The first proposition affirms, "That the efficient cause of the phenomena of Spiritism is not and cannot be natural, but is altogether preternatural." . . . The second proposition affirms that that efficient cause is of its own nature evil, and its end is to do mischief to men, and especially to destroy the Christian religion. In the third proposition and the proof subjoined are described the various ways in which the devil acts on tables and other instruments."

The "method" and the "details" adopted in regard to Mesmerism and Spiritualism being, then, "substantially the same," our reply, though necessarily brief, will include both branches of the subject; taking the five heads of evidence in the order presented. The direct proof then is, "1. From the nature of the phenomena." These are very varied, but we believe that nearly, if not quite, all of them, have their parallel in the Scriptures and in the Lives of the Saints. Does the movement of ponderable bodies by spirits prove that those spirits must be devils? Was it, then, a devil who rolled away the "great stone" from the sepulchre where the body of Jesus was laid, or that opened the prison doors to Peter? Is the proof of something diabolical to be found in the audible manifestations of spiritual agency? What, then, was the "sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind" on the day of Pentecost, and the shaking of the place where the Apostles prayed? Is the proof to be sought in the luminous phenomena of spiritual origin? What, then, was "the appearance of cloven tongues like as of fire" that sat upon the Apostles? Is it in the speaking in unknown tongues that the devil is manifested? How, then, was it that on the same occasion every man, "Parthians and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judæa, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and Proselytes, Cretes and Arabians," heard the Apostles speak each in his own native tongue? Is it a "sign of demoniacal obsession to disclose hidden and distant things?" What, then, shall we say to the predictions of the Hebrew prophets, too numerous, too circumstantial, and too notorious—at least to Protestant readers of the Bible—for us to need to instance them? Is it devils only who use the hand of a medium in writing and drawing? What, then, shall we say to this experience?—"Then David gave to Solomon his son the pattern of the porch, and of the houses thereof, and of the treasuries thereof, and of the upper chambers thereof, and of the inner parlours thereof, and of the place of the mercy-seat; and *the pattern of all that he had by the spirit*, of the courts of the house of the Lord, and of all the chambers round about, of the treasuries of the house of God, and of the treasuries of the dedicated things. . . . All this," said David, "the Lord made me understand *in writing, by his hand upon me*, even all the works of this pattern." Are trance, vision, voice, revelations, proofs of diabolical origin? What, then, shall we say to Peter's "trance," and "vision," and the "voice," which spoke thrice to him?

What, again, will F. Perrone and the Dublin Reviewer make of this experience of St. Paul?—"I will come to *visions*

*and revelations of the Lord.* I knew a man in Christ about fourteen years ago, (whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell: God knoweth;) such an one caught up to third heaven, how that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not possible for a man to utter. *Of such a one* will I glory. And lest I should be exalted above measure through *the abundance of the revelations* there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet me." Is the appearance of a spirit-hand necessarily that of a devil? Was it, then, the hand of a devil that was seen by Ezekiel (chap. ii., 9, 10)? or was it the fingers of a devil's hand that was seen at Belshazzar's feast, and that *wrote* "upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace?" Is it the raising of the body of the medium that is performed by diabolical power? By what power, then, was Philip carried from Gaza to Azotus? and how will our reviewer explain the elevations of St. Theresa? Is spiritual possession even a demonstration of the presence of the devil? What spirit was it then of which Ezekiel tells us—"Then the spirit entered into me, and set me upon my feet, and spake with me?" Are spirits who hold open converse with us, all devils? Were they, then, devils, who personated Moses and Elias when these spirits conversed with Jesus in presence of his disciples? And what was the nature of that communion with St. Mary of Pazzi, of whom our reviewer, in a passage already quoted, says:—"This life exhibits a picture of extraordinary communion with the supernatural world, continued almost daily for many years. Yet it is *but one specimen in hundreds upon hundreds* of the lives of saints worshipped in the Church." Here, then, in the Roman Catholic Church according to the reviewer is not only devil-worship, but the wholesale worship of devil-worshippers. If all spirit-manifestations are effected by devils, by what power were these kindred manifestations effected amongst the children of your Church, O Dublin reviewer? But we must hasten on.

The next head of evidence that Mesmerism and "Spiritism" are devil-worship is "2. From the effects." We should like to have seen the evidence under this head set forth in full. These effects are chiefly, and beyond all cavil, the following:—the cure of disease, the alleviation of suffering, painless surgical operations, such as the removal of cancers of the most malignant type, and as regards Spiritualism more especially, the conversion of many thousand unbelievers and atheists whom the church had not only failed to reach, but who, in many cases, had become such in consequence of the abhorrence which church dogmas and practices had inspired. Are these results diabolical? I speak as unto wise men. Judge ye.

The third head of evidence adduced is—"From the mode in which Mesmerism operates." This, without further explanation, is too vague and obscure to admit of detailed reply. We can only say in general terms that mesmerism, like every other agency, though capable of abuse, operates only in accordance with the laws which God has established; its use and mode of operation we doubt not are alike beneficent, and we have no suggestion to make to the Infinite Wisdom for their improvement.

"4. From the evident malice and wickedness of the principal agent, who often utters doctrines of the most blasphemous and Anti-Christian character." We shall shew presently what are the "doctrines" characterized by the above epithets, and our readers will perhaps agree with us that they admit of being described in very different and more fitting terms. We do not, however, deny that doctrines are sometimes put forward by spirits, both in and out of the body, which may be correctly described as "blasphemous and Anti-Christian;" but are we to infer that doctrines of a totally opposite nature—in the highest degree reverent and Christian—are therefore to be condemned as belonging to the same category as the former? Shall we make the Dublin reviewer responsible for the doctrines of Brigham Young?

"5. From the open or implied admissions of not a few magnetizers themselves." What these open or implied admissions are, or on what they are based, or whether made under theological and priestly influences, we are not informed; but we know that the great stream of testimony and experience, and the evidence of the facts themselves, all point to an opposite conclusion. We appeal with confidence to those who have had experience of mesmerism, or who are familiar with its literature, in evidence of this.

Having enumerated the heads of evidence of what he is pleased to call "direct proof of the diabolical agency," named "Spiritism," the reviewer proceeds to lay bare those "doctrines of the most blasphemous and Anti-Christian character," which are the *gravamen* of the whole charge against Mesmerism and Spiritualism, and which have evidently led him and his author to prefer their indictment.

It seems, then, that the spirits are for—

Circumscribing, with some slight restriction,  
The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

"It is very remarkable, that in the immense majority of cases, the devil, when personating the souls of departed friends and others, and answering to questions put regarding their state or the state of the future world in general, denies the existence

of hell, or the acerbity or eternity of its torments." Nay, their "blasphemous doctrine" goes even farther than this and affirms that the divine mercy is equal to the final salvation of all men. They would positively deprive the faithful of the intense satisfaction they must feel, after St. Peter has passed them through the celestial gate, in comparing their own comfortable condition with that of the heretics who are in hell, and suffering "the acerbity and eternity of its torments."

The denial by the spirits of this consoling article of faith is "the most blasphemous and Anti-Christian doctrine" which so excites the Christian wrath of the reviewer. This is the very head and front of their offending. "This most fatal heresy—specially fatal as leading the conscience to a false repose—is that which is most commonly inculcated by the responses of both Magnetism and Spiritism, among those who hold Universalism or lean more or less to it; whilst before Catholics, or those Protestants who on this point hold the Catholic doctrine, the spirit communications, when touching on the subject, are of the very opposite import." This latter circumstance is of course regarded by the reviewer as a mere devil's trick to secure attention. We should rather think the proper inference is that these spirits generally are not yet emancipated from the bondage of their earthly creeds. But that "in the immense majority of cases" the eternity of hell torments is denied, is conclusive *Dublin Review* proof of diabolical agency. Can further evidence be needed?

One thing must be satisfactory to Spiritualists. All this energy of vituperation is evidence of the great advance Spiritualism is making. This cry of "the devil" is always the last device of the opposition. Before it reaches this stage, it is successively imposture, delusion, natural law, either known or unknown, or a little of both. The devil is the *Ultima Thule*: of our opponents; when they have reached him they can go no farther. This cry is now raised not for the first time in the history of the world, as might be shewn by a long and instructive catalogue of instances. The Pharisees have ever said of the great teachers of their time—"He hath a devil."

There is no need of any worse devil than those which, alas! already reign in the human heart. Let us enumerate a few of them:—There is SPIRITUAL PRIDE:—a devil who requires all the faculties of the poor demoniac to bow down and worship him. Those possessed by him are indeed under a "devilish hallucination;" they regard themselves as the sole depositories of Divine truth, and the special favourites of heaven; so strong is their "spiritual delusion" that they thank God that they are not as other men are—even as these Spiritists. This is a most

potent and very dreadful devil, much worshipped by a class of persons called the *unco gude*. Another of these Infernals is LUST OF POWER. This devil delights especially in spiritual rule, labours to enslave the consciences of men, striving to delude them into the belief that the only "sure and specific remedy" for all their evils is "spiritual direction submitted to with profound humility and obedience." He used to dispense kingdoms to those who would fall down and worship him, and steal heaven's thunderbolts to hurl against his foes.\* He claims even to hold the keys of heaven and hell. He is one of the "princes of hell," specially worshipped by ecclesiastics. Happily for the world he is kept in check by our guardian angels, especially by a strong angel, called PUBLIC OPINION.

Then there is the very mean, spiteful, narrow-minded, but still subtle and terrible devil, named BIGOTRY. He is much worshipped by ignorant sectarians. When in the plenitude of his power he doomed "the fallen children of Adam" who could not pronounce the shibboleth of his creed to the flames of the *auto da fe* in this world; but now he has to content

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\* One of the most notorious Manifestations of this Evil Spirit was made through the mediumship of Pope Innocent III. It was directed against King John of England, who was excommunicated and his kingdom placed under Interdict for his contumacy in refusing to submit himself and the affairs of his kingdom to "spiritual direction in all humility and obedience." In a previous reign—that of Henry II, Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, had declared that he would anathematise an Angel who should advise him to submit to the law of the land in violation of the "privileges of his order," by giving up a priest "for any crime whatsoever" to the civil power. And he subsequently launched "the Curse of Rome" against the recalcitrant bishops, whom the king had appointed to their sees. An historian thus describes the occurrence:—"He refused to do homage for his barony; he resisted the king's officers and law at every step; and he celebrated the Christmas festival with thunders of excommunication. On the day especially set apart for gentlest and most sacred rejoicing, he appeared in his cathedral with a budget of curses. Men whose only crime was to have obeyed their king, he cursed in soul and body; in all their limbs and joints and members; at home and abroad; in their goings out and in their comings in; in towns and in castles, in fields and in meadows, in streets and in public ways, by land and by water; sleeping and waking, standing and sitting and lying, eating and drinking, speaking and holding their peace; by day and by night, and every hour, in all places and at all times, everywhere and always. . . . He invoked God to afflict the king's friends and officers with hunger and thirst, with poverty and want, with cold and with fever, with scabs and ulcers and itch, and with blindness and madness; to eject them from their homes and consume their substance; to make their wives widows, and their children orphans and beggars; to curse all things belonging to them, even to the dog that guarded them and the cock that wakened them. "I could not have the heart to curse a dog so," said my uncle Toby." In our own time a similar blast of Papal Excommunication has been blown against the "disturbers of order" in Northern Italy. And this is the Infallible Church which by its mouth-pieces in the press talks of "the most blasphemous and anti-christian doctrines," of the spirits." King Richard's

"I thank my God for my humility,"

is tame in the comparison. Faugh!



himself with the luxury of condemning them to welter in the flames of hell, and to suffer "the eternity of its torments" in the next. These Infernals are all closely linked together—

Devil doth with devil damned  
Firm concord hold;

and all own allegiance to that "Spirit of darkness," the "Arch-fiend" IGNORANCE, "the prince and ruler of all the rest."

We Spiritualists, proclaim a holy war against these devils and the worship of them; and, with God's help, will prosecute it to the end. We hope to exorcise them, and to bar them out, by leading men to devout trust in the *absolute goodness* of God;—by the diffusion of useful knowledge—especially a knowledge of our own nature, and our relations to the worlds of matter and of spirit; ignorance of which is the mother of priestcraft and superstition;—by the establishment of good unsectarian schools, Children's Progressive Lyceums, and Working Men's Colleges;—and, generally, by the promotion of pure Religion, instead of the base counterfeits which too often pass current in its name;—the religion which Christ exemplified—a life devoted to good uses and animated by an ever abounding charity which shall regard the good of the neighbour without regard to church or creed; remembering that

The dear God who loveth us;  
He made and loveth all.

It is not a little singular that while the leading organ of the Roman Catholics in this country is denouncing Spiritualism as "Devil-Worship," a work has just appeared in the French capital, concerning which the Paris correspondent of *The Nation*, a leading weekly journal of New York, under date of August 9, thus writes:—"While the much-disputed claims of modern Spiritualism are thus being brought so prominently before the English public an analogous sensation of surprise has been created on this side of the Channel by the appearance of a pamphlet entitled '*An Enquiry into the Causes of Atheism, by a Catholic*,' and dedicated to the Archbishop of Paris, in reply to a recent homily put forth in regard to the decline of faith among the French people by that prince of the Gallic Church. The pamphlet in question, published by Dentu, crammed with theologic lore, and known to be written by Madame Petit—an intimate personal friend and correspondent of the present Pope, and one of the most fervent Catholics in existence—assures the archbishop that the cause of the decadence he deplures is to be found in the failure in the Church of Rome to keep pace with the progress of humanity, and the provocations to incredulity resulting—first, from her fatal rigidity in maintaining 'the bondage of the letter that killeth;' secondly, by delaying to undertake

the new translation of the Sacred Canon, imperiously needed to purge its books of evident and admitted errors; and thirdly, by her refusal to acknowledge and direct the unfolding of the intimate relations existing between the material and spiritual spheres, which the author declares to be now taking place in the order of Providence, and to be the great fact of the present age. The consternation produced by the appearance of the pamphlet in question will be readily understood. Madame Petit has long been looked up to as the very incarnation of Catholic orthodoxy and personal excellence, and the fact of her intimate friendship with the Pope—who is said to have no other lady correspondent—has surrounded her with a halo of sanctity and venerability in the eyes of the Faubourg St. Germain and the Catholic party in general, all of whom are aghast at the spectacle of such doctrines emanating from such a quarter, and are inquiring of Heaven and of one another, ‘What are we coming to?’” T. S.

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### A CONCERT OF SPIRITS.

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THE extraordinary accounts of spirits bringing flowers, fruits, birds, pearls, and precious stones to *séances*—many of which things, we hear, on all sides, are occurring almost daily in London—prove that these invisible intelligences are rapidly increasing their power over matter, and will very soon put the doctors and the scientific men to a good deal of inconvenience to ignore or to explore them. I was very glad to see that on the opening of what may be called the medical term, on the 1st of October, and reported in the *Daily Telegraph* of the 2nd, Dr. Broadbent, in his inaugural address at St. Mary's Hospital, was obliged to confess that these things were already troubling considerably the medical mind. He said: “Now-a-days medical men have to contend with the quasi-miracles of homœopathy, clairvoyance, and spirit-rapping; and if their information be only on a level with the professors of these arts, they must expect to be beaten on their own ground; for the unwavering faith of these persons will render them too much for the regular profession.”

It is gratifying to see that the light of inextinguishable facts is beginning to force its way through the resolutely closed eyelids of medical men. These quasi-miracles indeed! If they be only quasi, why need the doctor fear them? But his evident apprehension that they may overcome the regular profession, betrays a consciousness of their being more real than he likes.

We in this low world,  
Placed with our backs to bright reality,

are, more or less, all of us, unwilling to admit what descends from the world "of bright reality," in opposition to our ordinary experience. The light of spirit, and the light of matter, are as obstinately averse to amalgamate as oil and water. We have all of us had our battles for the old convictions, our kicking against the pricks, before we would surrender to the new truths which started up one day or another as thoroughly in our way, as the angel in the front of Balaam and his ass. But as oil and water, notwithstanding their antagonism, may be beaten and compelled together into a uniform mass, so the new, or, rather, the renewed truths, have beaten themselves into the pores of our conservative wills, and compelled us to acknowledge the higher wisdom of our fathers, that "the most ancient heavens" and the earth are knit up in an eternal and indissoluble alliance. The doctors will have a hard time of it; it will be a severe birth for them into the world of spiritual agencies; but the very land crabs are forced to quit their old shells and get larger ones, and the doctors must do the same. They have had to do it a good many times already, since the discovery of the circulation of the blood, of the identity of electricity and lightning; and since Sir Isaac Newton at his death had not forty individuals out of England amongst the learned who had been able to accept his theory of specific gravitation. In the lapse of ages, they must yet drive their camels through the eye of many another needle; and Spiritualism must be one of the first.

The tide of spiritual development is now rushing with a truly wonderful power and velocity, and I now send you another proof of it, which is at once marvellous and *sui generis* as yet. Most Spiritualists have heard of the boy-medium William Turketine, of Kingston; but he has by no means attracted the degree of attention that he merits. One reason for this may be that as a medium he yet appears too sensitive to insure a certain reliable result. The presence of strangers appears to lame the communication, and to induce people to doubt of his real power. I have given myself much trouble to test this to the utmost. Mrs. H. and myself have gone to the *séance* which is weekly held by his uncle at Kingston, and for three times with very indifferent success. Mr. Champernowne having assured us that their *séances* were extremely effective, having frequently a concert of several musical instruments, and several spirit-voices, we determined to persevere, and on the last occasion the success was most complete.

William Turketine is the nephew of Mr. Champernowne, a simple, healthy-looking lad of thirteen, who seems to think more of his rabbits and pigeons than of any very recondite matters. Mr. Champernowne had told us that they had received

several precious stones from the spirits through this young medium, and had shewn us a photograph of a son of his who is in the spirit-world, certainly beautifully done, and what is more remarkable, it was found on being set in a locket to be upon steel of the hardest possible quality. The photograph Mr. Champernowne considered an excellent likeness, and had tested it by leaving it on the table in their sitting room, where it fell under the eye of the boy's grandfather, who instantly recognized it, and was the more astonished, as he said he did not know that a portrait of him had ever been taken.

Our visits, however, as I have said, promised very little, and on one occasion we had a stone, a bugle-horn, a wooden pear, and a large real pear thrown with violence at us, indicating the presence of a mischievous spirit. On the fourth occasion, no sooner was the gas put down and door and window-shutter secured, than the extraordinary scene commenced. The party, at first of four, besides the medium, sate on one side of the room, holding each other's hands. The young medium sate at the end of the room on our left, and in the corner of the sofa with a small table placed near him. At once a boyish voice addressed Mr. Champernowne as father, and then commenced a tune on an accordion, and at the same time was set off a musical box, the accordion playing in accompaniment with the musical box. One person might clearly have done all this, were the medium at once a cheat and a good musician, which he is not. But the next air on the accordion was played with a skill far beyond that of any boy. Tune after tune was given us for at least half an hour, sometimes on the accordion, sometimes on a concertina, with remarkable ability. The tunes were all new to us, and those accustomed to these viewless musicians said that they were also to them. The performance was a far different thing to the thrumming of the Davenport spirits. In the midst of this the voice mentioned a neighbour whose birthday it said it was, and desired him to be sent for, which was done, and the playing went on in a strain of most exquisite music. The sentiment of the pieces was of a very elevated and poetical character, and was sometimes really sublime. None but a master could have executed those airs, and given to them the fine and delicate touches introduced.

After a short pause they were asked to sing a song. The quick and clear reply in the same voice as before was, "We don't sing songs;" but they at once commenced what appeared to be a fine and solemn anthem. Three distinct voices were heard, a bass, a tenor, and a high female voice, the singing being accompanied by the accordion. It was like a sudden opening of the heavens and to a band of angels singing in.

worship. The effect was inconceivable. No one could catch the words of the anthem, but the harmony of the whole, and the clear sweetness of the individual voices were as astonishing as they were delightful. I have no hesitation in saying that this was the most beautiful, graceful and surprising manifestation of spirit-life and presence that I have ever witnessed.

Let it be remembered that the room was closed and locked. All of us held each others' hands, except Willie Turkentine, the medium, who, whenever the lights were introduced, was seen lying in the corner of the sofa, generally with his hands behind his head, and appearing more disposed to sleep than to play any tricks. In fact, if he could have played tricks, he could not have played any of the airs played on the accordion, much less have played two or three instruments at once, and simultaneously sung in three different voices. Even a boy may play tricks, but neither man nor boy can perform utter impossibilities. Physically, perhaps the most remarkable thing was that of the spirits playing on the flageolet, and after that on the jews' harp. Does the reader realize what this implies? Nothing less than that there invisible musicians can command material breath. That spirits can speak and sing without physical organs is wonderful enough, though so far they may act through the electrical or magnetic aura of the medium; but to breathe material breath and give voice by it to wind instruments is a marvel still beyond.

On the passing of matter through matter, as in the cases of bringing flowers, &c., into closed rooms, and putting off and on of Mr. Fay's coat, we endeavour to theorize in vain. We had better for the present confess our ignorance of the *modus operandi* of these phenomena, and to wait for further light from the same world of wonders, that infinite reservoir of inconceivable things. One thing is certain, that the doors of the inner regions of life are opening wider and wider; the spiritual performers who issue through them are acquiring a firmer foothold and a bolder step on this terrine platform; seize more vigorously on matter, and make daily more startling advances on our acquaintance. What if, ere long, they walk forth visibly into our presence?

W. H.

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## Notices of Books.

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### ANIMAL MAGNETISM AND SPIRITUALISM.\*

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WE trust that the almost simultaneous publication in this country of the three works whose titles are given below may be taken as an indication that there is a revival amongst us of an interest in Mesmerism, and that though far from receiving the attention it merits, it is yet making silent but steady progress in our midst. M. Didier at the conclusion of his little *brochure* enumerates a number of magnetic societies formed in various parts of the world, and a long catalogue of eminent men who are among its advocates to instance that Mesmerism has made great progress within a comparative short period. As M. Didier truly says—"The benefits which medicine and surgery have derived from Magnetism are immense." The cases of cure by its means which he has himself effected and some of the latest of which are here given by him is an evidence of this, but it is with Mesmerism in the higher results to which it leads, that in this Magazine we are chiefly concerned. Dr. Lee's work is devoted chiefly to these "psychical phenomena;" and Dr. Ashburner's work is avowedly on the "Philosophy of Animal Magnetism and *Spiritualism*." As we have recently noticed the work of Dr. Lee, it is to the volume of Dr. Ashburner that our remarks must now be limited.

Dr. Ashburner has many qualifications for writing on this theme. He has not only had great experience as a physician, but he is well known as a translator and annotator of Reichenbach; he was one of the pioneers and amongst the most prominent advocates and defenders of both Mesmerism and Spiritualism in this country; he was associated with Dr. Elliotson in establishing, and for a time in conducting, the *Zoist*,—a work which has done more for Mesmerism in this country than perhaps any other, and which in relation to Mesmerism, holds the same position which this Magazine aims to occupy in regard to Spiritualism, as a record of its facts and an exponent of its philosophy. Dr. Ashburner is as sturdy a combatant as ever; like the war-horse in Job, "he rejoiceth in his strength, and goeth on to meet the

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\* *Notes and Studies on the Philosophy of Animal Magnetism and Spiritualism.* By JOHN ASHBURNER, M.D., Member of the Royal Irish Academy. London: BAILLIERE. *Animal Magnetism and Magnetic Lucid Somnambulism.* By EDWIN LEE, M.D., London: LONGMAN, GREEN & Co. *Cures effected by Animal Magnetism.* By the Professor ADOLPHE DIDIER. London: BAILLIERE.

armed men." The castigation of opponents is, however, in our judgment, of far less service to the cause of truth than the simple statements of facts and the elucidation of principles, and which as presented in the present work we proceed to indicate.

Dr. Ashburner regards magnetism as the great trunk-force of nature, from which branch out graduated series of forces. All organic forms are magnetic. Man is himself a living magnet, surrounded by a magnetic sphere of force, which enables the will to exert an influence and act upon bodies external to ourselves, and is our medium of communication with disembodied spirits. This view of nature and of man enables our author to be somewhat discursive, and to treat of matters which would seem at first to have but slight alliance with his general theme, but which are regarded by him as links, though they may be disjointed ones, in a chain that requires time and a few more links for their perfect catenation. Health and disease; the nature of pain; the varieties of sleep and wakefulness; the connection between sleep and somnambulism; the nature of dreams; the philosophy of the power of the human will; and the phenomena of Spiritualism are thus all included in his philosophy; and he is led to do ample justice to those who have preceded him in their investigations in the various and widely ramified branches of magnetic science—to Van Helmont, whom he regards as "the real father of modern Animal Magnetism" and the whole of whose system of anthropology rested on the basis of Spiritualism;—to Reichenbach, whose physico-dynamic researches Dr. Ashburner has himself done so much to make more widely known amongst us;—and especially to Rutter, to whose philosophical instrument—the magnetoscope—Dr. Ashburner attaches the highest value, as enabling us to measure all vital forces, and the mental activity of individuals and of their several faculties,—thus linking mental philosophy with mathematics. This instrument, in the hands of Dr. Leger, was attended, as Dr. Ashburner shews, with truly marvellous results.\* We hope that the manuscripts left by Dr. Leger, which give the statistical results of his experiments, may meet with a competent editor and yet be given to the world.

Of what we may call the professional part of Dr. Ashburner's work it would scarcely be within our province to speak; it should rather be dealt with by those journals whose vocation it is to make known all matters of interest connected with the healing art; if only, which we fear is doubtful, such journals—and the medical profession generally of which they are the organs—could be induced to give to Mesmerism and its relation

\* The magnetoscope can be had by order of Mr. Slater, Optician and Philosophical Instrument Maker, 136, Euston-road, N.W.

to surgery and therapeutics that unprejudiced consideration which, in their case especially, is eminently due to it.

But those parts of Dr. Ashburner's book which will probably most interest the general reader are those which relate to the psychical phenomena induced by Mesmerism, and which occurred under his own observation. He relates among other instances of clairvoyance the case of a young lady under his care, a *clairvoyante*, who "could read aloud passages that her father was transcribing from the sermons of Archbishop Tillotson and other eminent divines, at a distance of more than 170 miles."

The following is a brief instance of the clear seeing or perception of spiritual beings by a mesmeric subject—a simple, estimable country girl named Jane Murrell. Dr. Ashburner had made a few passes over her to relieve her from headache, and had induced the magnetic sleep. He says:—"I had promised not to question her, but to let her sleep quietly, but she was no sooner asleep than after some uneasy exclamations, her countenance took an expression which was perfectly heavenly, and she cried out, 'What joy!' 'What blessedness!' 'Ah, you do not see what I see!' 'Such glorious happiness!' Then she seemed to perceive in the sky the spirits of beloved friends and relations who had died. My little niece coming into the room at this time, (touched Jane's hand in the way we usually did when we wished her to hear us,) and asked if she saw her mamma there, 'Yes,' she replied, 'but she is higher than I am, and sleeping with angels round her.' She saw other forms she knew, and at length burst into tears, and a passion of prayer, over the despairing spirit of Captain —, who had lived a most evil life in the part of Sussex she had come from, and who entreated her to help him into that blessed company."

Dr. Ashburner gives a short narrative of his course of experience of the spirit manifestations. After a copious extract from his excellent letter to Mr. Holyoake, which has been more than once reprinted, he continues,—and with this long extract we must conclude our notice:—

I have myself so often witnessed Spiritual Manifestations that I could not, if I were inclined, put aside the evidences which have come before me. When Mr. Charles Foster, was in London in 1863, he was often in my house and numerous friends had opportunities of witnessing the phenomena which occurred in his presence. It is not necessary to enlarge this volume by a long list of names of witnesses. It may, however, be stated that many of them were persons of rank and of consideration in the higher walks of London society. They came, not many at the time and thus had better opportunity for investigation. The second morning that Mr. Foster called upon me was about two weeks after his arrival in England. Accidentally, at the same time arrived at my door, Lady C. H. and her aunt, the wife of the Rev. A. E. I urged them to come in, and placed them on chairs at the sides of my dining table. Their names had not been mentioned. Mr. Foster having retired to the further extremity of the room, so as not to be able to see what the ladies wrote. I induced them each to write



upon separate slips of paper six names of friends who had departed this world: These they folded into pellets which were placed together. Mr. Foster coming back to the table, immediately picked up a pellet, and addressing himself to Mrs. A. E. "Alice," he said, which made the lady start, and ask how he knew her name. He replied, "your cousin, John Whitney, whose name you wrote on that little piece of paper, stands by your side, and desires me to say, that he often watches over you, and reads your thoughts, which are always pure and good. He is delighted at the tenderness and care which you exhibit in the education of your children." Then he turned towards me, and said, "Alice's uncle is smiling benignantly, as he is looking towards you. He says, you and he were very intimate friends." I said "I should like to know the name of my friend," and Mr. Foster instantly replied "Gaven. His Christian name will appear on my right arm."

The arm was bared and there appeared in red letters, fully one inch and a quarter long, the name William raised on the skin of his arm. Certainly, William Gaven was my dear old friend, and the uncle of the lady whose name is Alice. How, without yielding to the truth of the assertion of Mr. Foster, that he was a discernor of spirits, the fact could be known to a complete stranger, who had all his life resided in the United States of America, and could know nothing, even of the names of the ladies whom I had brought into my dining-room from the street door, where I had accosted them, their names not having been known to my servants, is a phenomenon well calculated to puzzle the intellect of any one, not having faith in Spiritualism. Mr. Foster's arm retained, on the surface of his skin, the raised red letters for fully five minutes. I applied a powerful magnifying lens over them, and my two young friends and I watched them until they subsided and disappeared. It has been said that the skin was scratched by a pointed lead pencil, and I knew some persons who wrote on their arms, and succeeded in raising red letters; but the letters did not so quickly subside, and in some instances left sore scratches, marks or tokens of the want of common sense.

Mr. Foster next addressed himself to Lady C., whom he had never seen before seen in his life, until he met her in my dining-room. "Your mother," said he, "the Marchioness of — stands by your side, and desires to give you her fond blessing and very affectionate love." He added, "Lady C., you wrote on a piece of paper I hold here the name of Miss Stuart. She stands by the side of your mother, and is beaming with delight at the sight of her pupil. She was your governess, and was much attached to you." He added, that charming handsome person, the Marchioness, "was a great friend of the doctor's. She is so pleased to find you all here. Her christened name is to appear on my arm." Mr. Foster drew up his sleeve, and there appeared in raised red letters, on the skin, the name "Barbara," which subsided and disappeared gradually, as the former name "William" had done. Here were cases in which it was quite impossible that the medium could have known any single fact relating to the families, or to the intimacies of any of the persons present. I had myself formed his acquaintance only two days, and the ladies had arrived from a part of the country with which he could not possibly be acquainted. It may be inquired very fairly, how it is proposed to connect such a narrative with any philosophical view of our mental functions? One need be at no loss for a reply, but it is more advisable at present to multiply our facts.

My father was, in his youth, addicted to the pursuit of knowledge, and besides physics and chemistry, although he never proposed to become a professional physician, he studied anatomy at the Borough Hospitals, and had the late Mr. Cline for his teacher, and Sir Astley Cooper for his fellow-student. Mr. Foster had passed his life of twenty-four years in America. The son of a captain in a merchant ship, sailing from and to the port of Salem, in Massachusetts, he had never heard of Sir Astley Cooper. One evening, in my drawing-room, a hand, as palpable as my own hand, appeared a little above the table, and soon rested gently upon the thumb and four fingers on the surface of it. Several persons were seated round the table. Mr. Foster, addressing me, said, "the person to whom that hand belongs is a friend of yours. He is a handsome man, with a portly presence, and is very much gratified to see you, and to renew his acquaintance with you. Before he mentions his name, he would like to know,

if you remember his calling your father his old friend, and yourself is young friend." I had forgotten it, but I remembered it the moment the name was "mentioned: "he calls himself Sir Astley Cooper," said Mr. Foster, and wishes "me to tell you, that certain spirits have the power, by the force of will, of creating, from elements of organic matter in the atmosphere, facsimiles of the hands they possessed on earth." Shortly, the hand melted into air. Then Mr. Foster said: "two friends of yours desire to be remembered to you. They accompany Sir Astley Cooper, one was a military surgeon, and went to Canada. He was at Edinburgh your fellow student. He calls himself Bransby Cooper: The other was your intimate friend, George Young, who has communicated with you once before, since he left your sphere."

It would not be difficult to multiply facts relating to the Spiritual Manifestations of this very extraordinary medium. My friend, Sir William Topham, well known among all who have investigated Mesmeric phenomena, as the person who induced on Wombwell, at the Wellow Hospital that profound unconscious sleep, which enabled Mr. Squire Wood to amputate a most excruciatingly painful limb, above the knee, without the patient's knowledge, asked me to give him the opportunity of inquiring minutely into the phenomena, respecting which our friend Elliotson and I were so completely divided in opinion. Sir William, with the concurrence of Foster, fixed an early day for dinner. There were only the three of us at the dinner table. The servant placed the soup tureen on the table. No sooner had I helped my friends to soup, than Sir William, who had preferred the seat with his back to the fire, requested permission to alter his mind, as the fire was too much for him. He went to the opposite side of the table, forgetting to take his napkin with him. Immediately, a hand apparently as real as the hand of any one of us, appeared, and lifted the napkin into the air gently and gracefully, and then dropped it carefully on the table. Almost simultaneously, while we were still engaged over our soup, one side of the dining-table was lifted up, as our philosophic friend Mr. Faraday would conclude, by unseen and *unconscious muscular energy*, and the moderator lamp did not fall from its place on the centre of the table. The decanters, salt-cellars, wine glasses, knives and forks, water carafes, tumblers, all remained as they were in their place; no soup was spilled, and Faraday's unconscious muscular force, or some correlative, or conserved agency prevented the slightest change among the correlative ratios of the table furniture, although the top sloped to very nearly an angle of 45 degrees. There was a wonderful conservation of my glass, china and lamp. The servant who was waiting upon us stared, lifting up both arms, exclaimed: "Law! well, I never!" and the next minute, he cried out, "Do, do look at the pictures! which with their ten heavy frames had appeared to strive how far they could quit the wall, and endeavour to reach the dinner table."

The appearance of hands was by no means an unusual phenomenon. One evening, I witnessed the presence of nine hands floating over the dining table.

On one occasion the Honorable Mrs. W. C. and her sister-in-law desired to try some experiments in my *dunker kamer*, a room the Baron von Reichenbach had taught me how to darken properly for experiments on the od force and the odic light emanating from living organised bodies. This room afforded opportunities for marvellous manifestations. When the light was excluded, the two ladies were seated on one side of a heavy rosewood occasional table with drawers, weighing at least seventy or eighty pounds; Mr. Foster and I were on chairs opposite to them. Suddenly a great alarm seized Mr. Foster; he grasped my right hand, and beseeched me not to quit my hold of him, for he said there was no knowing where the spirits might convey him. I held his hand, and he was floated in the air towards the ceiling. At one time, Mr. W. C. felt a substance at her head, and putting up her hands, discovered a pair of boots above her head. At last Mr. Foster's aerial voyage ceased, and a new phenomenon presented itself. Some busts, as large as life, resting upon book cupboards seven feet high, were taken from their places. One was suddenly put upon Mrs. W. C.'s lap; others, on my obtaining a light, were found on the table. I removed these to a corner of the room, and put out the light. Then, the table was lifted into the air, and there remained for some seconds. Then, it gently descended into the place it had before occupied, with the difference that the top

was turned downwards, and rested on the carpet. The ladies were the first to perceive that the brass castors were upwards.

One of these ladies had missed, on another occasion, her pocket handkerchief, Mr. Foster told her she would find it in the conservatory behind the back drawing-room. It was behind a flower-pot. Mrs. W. C. went upstairs and found the handkerchief in the spot indicated. A similar event happened a second time. The question was, how the pocket handkerchief could travel from the dining-room, all doors being shut, to the floor above, where it was deposited on a shelf in the conservatory. Mr. Faraday would aver that my facts were corroborative of his conservation of force.

In that back drawing-room stands a heavy Broadwood's semi-grand pianoforte. Mr. Foster, who is possessed of a fine voice, was accompanying himself while he sang. Both feet were on the pedals, when the pianoforte rose into the air, and was gracefully swung in the air from side to side, for at least five or six minutes. During this time, the castors were about at the height of a foot from the carpet.

Most sensitive persons are easily influenced to give way to appetite or passion by evil spirits. A Mr. Adams who lived for a while in London, with Mr. Foster, called me up at two o'clock in the morning, telling me that his friend was dangerously ill. He had returned late from a jolly party of young Americans. He had taken more than was good for him, and I found him lying on his back, snoring in insensible sleep. I prescribed a powerful dose of calomel and jalap, and returned to watch him in his bed-room. Suddenly, Mr. Adams, and I being present, the bed-clothes were tightly rolled downwards as far as his groins. The shirt was then rolled tightly, like a cord, exposing to our view the skin of the chest and abdomen. Soon there appeared in large red letters raised on the surface, the word Development, which extended from the right groin to the left shoulder, dividing the surface into two triangular compartments. These were filled up with sprigs of flowers, resembling fleurs-de-lys. The phenomenon lasted nearly ten minutes, when the shirt and bed-clothes were unrolled gently and replaced as they were at first. Mr. Adams informed me, that on their voyage from America, during a severe storm which alarmed Mr. Foster, he said many spirits were surrounding him and fearing mischief from them, thinking they would throw him into the sea, he threw himself on the floor of his cabin, when the same scene we had just witnessed occurred.

One evening, Mr. Charles Foster accompanied me to the house of my late friend Lord Arthur Lennox. Among those present were the Duke of Wellington, and the reputed editor of the *Times*, who appeared desirous of offering a test to Mr. Charles Foster; and the name of the spirit selected by Mr. D. was that of the *Times* Correspondent in China, whose name having been written by Mr. D. on a small slip of paper and properly folded so as to conceal it completely, Mr. Foster mentioned certain particulars of the death of Mr. Bowlby which were not only highly probable, but which gave the assurance that the name of the individual was correctly stated by Mr. Foster before the paper was unfolded. Various other similar phenomena occurred in the course of that evening. If the contemned, the much decried, although the truly important branch of human knowledge known as Mesmerism, or Animal Magnetism, has by degrees led us on to the acquisition of a power new to us, of communicating with our former beloved friends who now enjoy happiness under improved conditions, in other spheres of existence, are we, the cultivators of this knowledge, who have been always actuated by high and honourable motives, to quail before the sordid ignorance, the ignoble slander, the vile social persecutors of those who cater for the lowest prejudices of mankind?

Who that has heard of the facts relating to the turning, tilting, uplifting of tables, and other articles of furniture, who that has heard of the marvellous feats that have occurred in the presence of various American mediums, and especially in the presence of Mr. Home, at the house of Mr. Rymer at Ealing; at the Palace of the Tuileries, where a hand floated over the table, at which were seated the present Emperor, the Empress, one of her ladies-in-waiting, and Mr. Home, would doubt that some invisible agent was operative in the production of the phenomena? Without pretending to embark on a sea of doubts whether the facts be true or not, we may simply aver that we believe the

hand which floated over the table at the Tuilleries offered itself to be kissed by the personages present, and that it took up a pen, and signed the word Napoleon in the unmistakeable autograph of the Emperor Napoleon the First.

Why do we believe all this? Is it only because we have been told it? No, indeed. But we know, of our own knowledge, that things quite as wonderful have occurred in our own presence, by unseen agency. At this time of day, when we know of a book sent forth to the world by the Baron Guldenstubbe, recounting phenomena that have been repeatedly witnessed by friends of our own; when we hear, on good testimony, of the remarkable phenomena occurring in the presence of the Baron d'Ourches in Paris, and of various of our personal friends in America, why should we doubt of the existence of the invisible beings in the air, who are constantly engaged in works of good, or of evil? It is quite absurd to shut our eyes to facts. These either are facts, or they are not facts. If they be truths, no power on earth can put them aside. If they be not, they ought to have fallen into contempt, or oblivion, long ago. But they are daily occurring. What is to be done then? Let us be as obstinate in denying intelligent agency, as my good old friend, Sir David Brewster, or Lord Brougham, that will not mend the matter. We do not consent to bow to the dictum of either of these men. Why should we be guided in our conviction by their dogmatism, however eminent they may be in their respective positions? Lord Brougham's telling me that all dogs are wolves, would not make me believe them to be so, nor would my old friend, Sir David's assertion, that the last thing he would consent to conclude, should be, that the intelligent agents were unseen spirits, make me yield my common sense, that they could be no other.

This chapter might be lengthened indefinitely, for the tales that we could recount of the extraordinary phenomena which have occurred in presence of numerous persons who have assembled to witness them, are of a most marvellous nature; it is very ridiculous that numbers of these persons are ashamed to allow their names to be published because they fear to afford a testimony to truths so remarkable, we can only pity them, for they cannot be persons of the expanded intellect necessary to carry on the knowledge which the world requires for its improvement. We may be told that we are not men of science when we publish these truths, but we would rather sacrifice our reputation for science, than that for a sacred love of truth.

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## EMMA HARDINGE AT THE POLYGRAPHIC HALL.

MRS. HARDINGE is delivering Discourses at the Polygraphic Hall, King William Street, Strand, on Sunday Evenings at Seven o'clock. Her subjects have been *Foregleams of Immortality*, and *The Soul and its Questioner*. The Hall has been well filled, and the audiences most attentive. The subjects of the next three Discourses will be:—

DECEMBER 1ST.—*The Divine Government of the Universe.*

„ 8TH.—*The Relations of Science and Religion.*

„ 15TH.—*The New Catholic Church.*

Other subjects will be announced in due course in the *Times* newspaper.