

THE Spiritual Magazine.

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REMARKABLE CURE OF M. LEON FAVRE, CONSUL-GENERAL OF FRANCE, OF A COMPLAINT OF FORTY YEARS' STANDING BY A SPIRIT PHYSICIAN.

THE *Revue Spiritualiste*, Nos. 4 and 5 of the present year, contains the conclusion of M. Leon Favre's account of his experiences as a Spiritualist, some portion of which we gave in the March number of this Magazine for 1869, p. 119. The whole of this article, which is a long one, presents, an able exposition of the characteristics of Spiritualism: its difficulties, obscurities, contradictions, defective evidence of identity in the spirits communicating and other features, which he contends are but the inevitable attendants on a dispensation not new, but new to a scientific and analytic age. He anticipates the steady clearing away of its present uncertainties, and its advancing through better knowledge both of fact and method into a future of the greatest brilliancy and importance. "Even now," he says, "it possesses a practical and immediate utility, for the super-terrestrial world being composed of a hierarchy of intelligences, resembling our own, and precessional links connecting it with our sympathies, we are able to appeal to its love, and without pre-occupying ourselves with an identity not always demonstrable can profit by its lights, its announcements, and the succours of all nature which good and happy invisibles are always desirous to afford us. In this department, especially, we are spared those disappointments which we meet with in other branches of these researches. One sole fact of a positive nature outweighs a hundred abortive attempts, for it is the proof of possibility, whilst the non-success of these attempts may proceed from the defect of our method or some obstacle in the medium."

M. Leon Favre now proceeds to give two facts of an indisputable character. The first is that of Count L——, of Corfu, who succeeding to the domain of his father, found himself immediately involved in legal difficulties by the absence of certain deeds and in danger of losing the whole. This his father, through the table, prevented, not only by spontaneously informing him where he would find the indispensable documents, but added such advice for the conduct of the affair that he was speedily in full and quiet possession of his estate.

But the most remarkable relation, and it is one of the most remarkable ever recorded, is that which regards himself. He says:—"I was in 1826 at Livorno. I was there poisoned by eating of a large sort of lobster, probably cooked in a copper vessel in bad condition. I was saved by medical energy, but the poison left the most terrible effects on my stomach, the most singular symptoms seized me. I had a gastric complaint which lasted seven years, and which was succeeded by nervous maladies, strange lethargies and morbid effects which defied every scientific remedy. The crises were marked by the most frightful circumstances. Sometimes my eyes were convulsed, the pallor of death overspread my features which were distorted by the most painful contractions; my cheeks instantly sunk, all my limbs became rigid; my body was stretched out like a corpse, I often fell with my head against the wall, and I lay in this state of catalepsy. Sometimes the attack seemed to come down on me like a bird of prey; my intestines, stomach and chest seemed wrenched and twisted violently. The paroxysm lasted for an hour at most, but it left a fearful havock in the system. Frequently it produced aberrations of vision which caused me to see every object triple, always followed by a prostration and temporary exhaustion of all my forces. My digestion was disordered, difficult, and, take what precautions I would, it was impossible to ward off the attacks. I was everywhere subject to the invasion, in repose or in agitation of mind and body, at Paris, or on the summit of the Cordilleras, without apparent or appreciable cause.

"Still in Bolivia, where I resided nearly nine years, the complaint seemed to have somewhat abated its intensity, though it occasionally manifested itself at moments of relative tranquillity. I was transferred to Tampico, and the necessity to subdue a mortal fever, occasioned considerable doses of quinine to be administered to me. I recovered, but the old complaint re-appeared with its original intensity.

"On my return to Paris I combated without success this cruel malady. The crises increased in duration. Formerly they did not exceed one or two hours, they now extended to twelve or fifteen. The cramp announced itself suddenly; sometimes in the

stomach, sometimes in the chest, more rarely in the head. All my nerves were contracted to such a degree as to form a chaplet sensible to the touch, and which moved with the undulations of a serpent. Then the spasms seized me, bringing on vomitings so terrible that they seemed to make certain the breaking of some blood-vessel. The scene was awful to witness. The visage livid, the surface distorted, I rolled in convulsions, whilst a cold perspiration bathed my limbs, and, to the spectators, I appeared in the crisis of dissolution. By degrees the symptoms abated, the cramps gradually ceased, but leaving a horrible prostration. A general soreness internal and external made my whole body one agony; speech was impossible, the throat continued inflamed, the eyes swollen and bloodshot. This condition of misery, which appeared supportable only by comparison with that of the crises, continued from three to eight hours, including a gradual return to the normal state.

"It may be imagined that I had tried everything—allopathy, homœopathy, hydropathy, magnetism, somnambulism, electricity, shampooing, warm baths, empiricism. I had tried all with a persistency and a scrupulosity of application which proved the inefficiency of all the medicaments employed. I endured a life of the most sickly wretchedness, when I was conveyed to Corfu. The climate had no beneficial effect on this terrible condition of my nerves. Heat and cold were all the same to me. The cramps continued to torture me. I had attacks of fifteen, seventeen, and twenty-six hours of duration. Ice, taken at the commencement, sometimes tempered the crisis. I tried also with some success, chlorodyne; but I had quickly exhausted these remedies—palliatives for a brief time, but quickly becoming powerless. I succeeded, occasionally in delaying the attacks, two, four, eight hours; but the malady only paused, as it were to collect its forces, and then rushed on with a violence which nothing was able to resist.

"That which alarmed my friends was that the attacks lessened their intervals. So long as an interval of two or three months separated the formidable attacks, there was time for my forces to rally, and I prepared for the conflict; but anxiety seized me when, between the principal paroxysms, I perceived a succession of lesser ones intercalate themselves, which took away all possibility of resistance. It became perfectly clear to me that if no remedy for this state of things could be found, I must inevitably enfeeble and succumb.

"I had naturally availed myself of the skill of eminent medical men, who are not rare at Corfu. One of the chief of these, known for his science and his writings, Doctor Cogevina, was at the same time my physician and my friend. He lamented his

inability to cope with an evil so redoubtable, but his science might well prove ineffectual after the fruitless trials that I had everywhere made. He saw me continually worse,— a prey to attacks less violent, it is true, but which recurred every three or four days, and left me disarmed before one still more formidable.

“Dr. Cogevina belonged to that order of inquiring minds whom nothing fully satisfies, and who are continually making fresh researches. He was one of those medical men whose independence casts off the yoke of the schools, and appropriates to itself every means of cure, whatever may be its origin. He had already manifested those tendencies in a learned work on magnetism written in conjunction with the celebrated Professor Orioli. A conscientious magnetizer, he could not remain insensible to therapeutic mediumship, and his attention was arrested by the possibility of utilizing these new forces for the accomplishment of cures. Immediately on my arrival he put himself in communication with a medium inspired by a spirit physician. I followed his directions for some time without finding any benefit, and, after having consulted him twice, I abandoned altogether his prescriptions.

“A year later this medium died and the spirit which influenced him passed to his niece, a young woman, gentle and modest living laboriously from the profits of a little primary school for young girls. Proud and benevolent, Catarina was happy to do good, and was offended by the least offer of remuneration. She placed her mediumship at the disposal of all who suffered. She wrote mechanically without the least consciousness of what she wrote. She often wrote in French of which she knew very little, and in English of which she was entirely ignorant. Her honesty, her delicacy, her sincerity, have never been called in question by any one. I had only seen her once in a *soirée* of experiments.

“Dr. Cogevina consulted her about a year after I had ceased to follow the prescriptions of the spirit, and one evening as he was speaking of one of his patients, the spirit all at once interrupted him:—

“‘Friend,’ he said, ‘I have found a remedy for your client Leon,’ and he proceeded to explain to him that I must use the apparatus of Mansdorf, but reversing the poles and putting the negative on the upper part instead of the positive as directed by the inventor. A drowning man catches at straws. I accepted the information of the spirit whose personality is sufficiently curious to merit some words. He declared his name to be Giacomo Giaferro; that he was born at Venice in 1418, and died in 1510, at the age of 92, at Verona, where he practised medicine.

“Generally, medical healers proceed on the system of the somnambules. They inspect the patient and prescribe their

remedies without the subject being required to give any explanation. Giaferro acted like a living doctor. The patient gave the history of his complaints without omitting the smallest detail. Giaferro listened scrupulously to the present diagnosis, but he rarely foresaw that which might unexpectedly arise. I assembled often with me three or four physicians to act as a check upon him. I have heard them dispute with him, make fresh consultation of the patient according to his indications, find that they were wrong, and that he (Giaferro), the invisible, was right! His appreciations were marked by an exactness remarkable, and nearly always I have seen the doctors adopt his opinion in the treatment of the case. His character was impetuous and of an extreme susceptibility. Overflowing with affection for those who sympathised with him, he could not endure irony or doubt. He admitted fully contradiction made in good faith, but the moment that he perceived the slightest raillery or incredulity on the part of those in discussion with him, he disappeared, and no effort, no solicitation could prevail on him to return.

"It was under the direction of this invisible doctor, at first watched by my friend Cogevina, that I placed myself, as I have said, on the 5th of March, 1868. Reversing the method of Mansdorf, he placed the silver on my stomach, and the zinc under the soles of my feet, commencing by an application of ten minutes, which augmented every day by as much additional time, arrived finally at nine hours. During three months, examining me every week, oftener twice than once, at first with the concurrence of Doctor Cogevina, then by himself alone, he alternated the poles, placing on the stomach sometimes the positive, sometimes the negative, varying the duration of the applications, suspending them occasionally for some days, and taking as the principal basis of his internal treatment bismuth, calcined magnesia, and the codeine of Berthé. At the end of three months he declared that I was cured of my cramps, and that they could never return. He continued, however, till December, the use of the apparatus, increasing progressively the intervals between the applications. He ended by suspending them altogether. In fact, I was well.

"Cured by an invisible hand after having suffered forty-two years, and having exhausted all known medical remedies! It is impossible to retrace here the minute cares, the extreme tenderness, the expression of love which accompanied this prolonged treatment. The soul of this man seemed to follow me everywhere, to watch over me, and, let the sceptics smile, to knit up with my own a holy and fraternal relation which my gratitude has sealed for eternity.

"But this was not all; I have to give an account of another phenomenon which will meet with still greater incredulity. I refer

to a mysterious magnetizing performed upon me by the spirits. I have explained at the commencement of this article the effects which followed, when concentrating my attention on myself, I called on the great concourse of the invisibles. I then became conscious of a magnetic current identical with that which streams from the hand of an earthly magnetizer, and more than once my mother assuaged my pains. Giaferro counselled me to recur to this aid, and every day I caused myself to be thus magnetized. I perceived three distinct currents; one sweet, cooling, caressing but superficial; another penetrating, infiltrating, so to say, to the very marrow of my bones; a third more material, if I may so express myself, but irresistibly powerful, pouring over me like a torrent. Was this the beneficent work of three different friends, or was it an alternating mode applied by one only? I know not; but Giaferro attributed to himself the last influence, which compelled me to stoop my head from the ardour with which he sought to relieve me.

"Now, whenever the *avant-couriers* of the cramp presented themselves, I called on my magnetizers, and their goodness never allowed me to call in vain. They flew to my aid, and in proportion as the nerves of my stomach and the chest were swelled and racked and twisted, they poured on them their magnetic currents with a correspondent vigour, and maintained the conflict till they became the victors. I perceived at the same instant what would appear incredible, the double action of the physical torture and of a certain moral repose coming to the aid of the magnetic action, and which so far subdued the nervous tension as to feel distinctly the joy of being so protected.

"It was not possible to attribute to the imagination the expression of my sufferings. Those who had tended me so often could not be deceived in the terrible contractions which testified to the violence of the pain which they knew in the ordinary course of things to be without remedy. Another proof there was, to them unanswerable. All the attacks, whatever might be their duration, were followed by a period of depression proportioned to the violence of the shock. This second phase never varied in its symptoms. Well, the cramps which disappeared, under the influence of the invisible magnetism, left after them the inevitable traces of their action, in the condition of external and internal soreness, identical with that which followed the more formidable attacks. I felt the consequence of the evil which I should have endured, but of which I could only affirm the singular assuagement. I submitted every day to this magnetic action. The cramps, violent at first, gradually relaxed in their force, and became less frequent till Giaferro said, 'The cure is complete. Take off the *plaques*.'" (The metallic plates).

M. Leon Favre gives some curious incidental facts occurring during this course of cure. This was one:—"One evening, when alone with my wife, a sudden attack of cramp came on. It was about ten o'clock. I lay down on the sofa and called upon Giaferro; at the end of ten minutes I was affected by the current which I attributed to his action. In a quarter of an hour I arose perfectly relieved and took my tea with my wife. The next morning I received a note from Catarina, in which she said that the evening before, in the midst of a *séance* in which she was consulting Giaferro for another patient, he suddenly wrote—"I must leave you to go to my friend Leon, who calls me." And Giaferro disappeared. It was ten o'clock." M. Leon Favre says that that day he had not seen Catarina, and did not know before that she consulted Giaferro for other patients.

This case of spirit cure is undoubtedly one of the most important on record.

The position of the patient—Consul-general of France, brother of the celebrated orator and statesman, Jules Favre, and himself, as evidenced by this narrative, a man of clear, logical, and vigorous intellect, is such as to place the case beyond all doubt or denial. The record and description of it being from his own pen and his own publication, and its occurrence so recent as the close of 1868, it combines the most perfect elements of positive evidence; its authenticity is, in fact, unassailable.—*From the "Revue Spiritualiste," issued in September of the present year.*

MR. CARLYLE AGAIN.

The following correspondence on this subject has appeared in the *Bristol Times* of 1st November:—

"MR. THOMAS CARLYLE ON MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

"There came in a wise man and a fool; the wise man heard, pondered, investigated, and then decided; the fool decided."

"Gentlemen,—The *Bristol Daily Press* of the 19th inst. contains the following production:—

"*A Letter from Mr. Thomas Carlyle.*

"The *American Scotsman*, a new weekly, published in New York, prints the following letter from Mr. Thomas Carlyle.

“ ‘Chelsea, London,
 “ ‘Jan. 19, 1869.

“ ‘DEAR SIR,—At last I receive your pamphlet ;* and have read it, with what attention and appreciation I could bestow. Considerable faculties of mind are manifested in it ; powers of intellect, of imagination ; a serious, earnest character ; here and there a tone of sombre eloquence, and vestiges of real literary skill. But my constant regret was, and is, to see such powers operating in a field palpably chaotic, and lying beyond the limits of man’s intelligence. These are not thoughts which you give ; they are huge gaunt vacant dreams, for ever incapable, by nature, of being either affirmed or denied. My clear advice, therefore, would be—give up all that ; refuse to employ your intellect on things where no intellect can avail ; to sow good seeds on realms of mere cloud and shadow. The highest intellect which issues in no certainty has completely failed. The world of practice and fact is the true arena for its inhabitants ; wide enough for any or for all intellects of men ; and never lay more encumbered with sordid darkness and pernicious delusions than even now. Real intellect might write with advantage on such things ; better still, perhaps, it might remain silent, and bend its whole force on illuminating one’s own poor path in such a wilderness ; on more and more clearly ascertaining, for at least one earnest man, What to do, and How to do it. Probably you will not adopt this advice—almost certainly not at once ; nor shall that disaffect me at all. Your tract I found throughout to be rather pleasant reading, and to have a certain interest ; nothing in it, except one small section, treating of a thing I never mention, unless when compelled—the *thing which calls itself “Spiritualism” (which might more fitly be called “Ultra-Brutalism,” and “Liturgy of Dead-Sea Apes”)*—was disagreeable to me.

“ ‘Yours, with many good wishes,

“ ‘T. CARLYLE.’

The last paragraph of this letter fairly took away my breath ; those horrid-looking compounds, ‘Ultra-Brutalism,’ and ‘Liturgy of Dead-Sea Apes!’ What could they mean ? Had they any reference to a species of literary gorillas, who brandish long ugly words like clubs, wherewith to scare away their weaker brethren (especially if they happen to have a black skin), and thus prevent them investigating things for themselves ? Or were they mere ‘windbags’—‘full of sound and fury, signifying nothing ?’ The author of said words loomed up before my

* *The Temple of Isis.* By William Donovan.

By volitⁿ, or expect passively and by accid^t, I never did, & not have
the best intentⁿ of ever doing.

T.C.

FAC SIMILE OF MR CARLYLE'S LETTER TO

MR TOMMY. RECEIVED OCT^R 25. 1869.

bewildered imagination as one who—

Doth bestride the (literary) world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves befogged, bamboozled, mystified.

But no—this could not be—I must be on the wrong track, and another train of thought supervened. The oracle who gave forth these utterances is evidently in possession of some new light; he has penetrated the arcana of Spiritualism and dived into the recesses of its hidden lore; doubtless he has investigated its whole phenomena, and is in a position to hold it up to the scornful gaze of a contemptuous public. Yes, I will seek this mystery-man, peradventure he may disenchant me of my delusion, and be as a “lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.” Having thus resolved, in the simplicity of my heart I penned the following note, and enclosed it, with the printed letter, to Mr. Carlyle:—

“ ‘ Gallery of Fine Arts, 12, Clare Street,

“ ‘ Bristol, October 23, 1869.

“ ‘ DEAR SIR,—If you will kindly answer the following question, I shall esteem it a favour—‘Have you at any time, by the aid of your own senses, investigated the phenomena of modern Spiritualism?’—I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

“ ‘ GEORGE TOMMY.

“ ‘ Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.’

Imagine my surprise and astonishment when the next post brought me the following courteous and lucid confession—

“ ‘ By volitⁿ or except passively and by accidⁿ I never did; nor have the least intentⁿ of ever doing. “ ‘ TC.’

“ Only fancy! Mr. Carlyle, in those exceptional cases, investigating ‘the thing which calls itself Spiritualism,’ ‘passively and by accident,’ and not ‘by volition!’ But comment is superfluous—the reader will draw his own conclusions, one of which will probably be that, as Mr. Carlyle has evidently, in any real sense of the word, never investigated the subject at all, his virulent tirade against Spiritualism was not only uncalled for, but absolutely unfair and dishonest.

“ I am, Gentlemen, yours respectfully,

“ GEORGE TOMMY.

“ 7, Unity Street, College Green,

“ Bristol, Oct. 29, 1869.”

[It is most interesting to observe the quiet manner in which the great Mr. Carlyle has been drawn out by Mr. Tommy to confess that he knows nothing of the subject on which he has given us his unsavoury epithets. It is so important, too, to

perpetuate the views of a great man, that we have gone to the expense of lithographing a fac-simile of the curious note in which the inventor of windbags has pronounced himself. He will henceforth take rank, in the annals of these phenomena, with Professor Tyndall who lately made so incautious an attack, and found himself to his great surprise on his back instead of on his feet. These great guns of science and literature make but a sorry show so far; and now that Mr. Carlyle has gibbeted himself, we can but hope that his sad fate will operate as a warning to others of his kind for the future.

Mr. Carlyle has since found another mare's nest about the German word *Hochkirchen*, as to which he has dogmatically pronounced that it cannot exist in the language. The only difficulty seems to be that it *does* exist in repeated instances, otherwise Mr. Carlyle might have been quite right. The same is the case with the phenomena of Spiritualism. The misfortune for him is that they exist, whereas, he says, they cannot exist. We learn, therefore, from this, that things may exist, notwithstanding Mr. Carlyle's denial of their possibility.—ED.]

A FEW MORE WORDS ON MR. CARLYLE'S LETTER.

MR. CARLYLE seems to have grown sceptical and cynical with age. His letter in our last number will only add to his reputation in this respect. Like many of his utterances, it shews a hardness and asperity painful to reflect on, especially to those familiar with his earlier and better temper of mind. The public has not forgotten his pronouncements on the "Nigger question," nor his favourite plan for the treatment of criminals—that of having them "swept into the dust-hole;" nor the contempt he has expressed for the majority of his countrymen, whom he styles "Thirty millions, mostly fools;" nor that his admiration of late seems to have been reserved exclusively for such "heroes" as ex-Governor Eyre and Frederick of Prussia—the impersonations of vengeful brute force, and unprincipled, unbridled, passionate self-will. Indeed, the term "ultra-brutalism" (he might as appropriately have called it "ultra-bigamy"), applies far more fitly to much of his own philosophy than it does to the philosophy of Spiritualism.

Happily there is a better side to Mr. Carlyle's teaching. His "philosophy of clothes," is certainly not based on the idea expressed in his recent letter, that intellect should be exclusively engrossed with what he now styles, "the world of practice and

fact," but is, on the contrary, an emphatic protest against it. In that wisest of all his books, *Sartor Resartus*—he calls upon us to sweep away the illusions of Space and Time, as the "deepest of all illusory appearances." He asks, "Are we not Spirits shaped into a body, into an appearance; and that fade away again into air, and invisibility?" And he tells us that man, "though based to all seeming, on the small visible, does, nevertheless, extend down into the invisible, of which invisible, indeed, his life is properly the bodying forth." In speaking of "the white Tomb of our Loved One," and of "the lost Friend," he says "Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable." He enquires, "Come there not tones of Love and Faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the song of beatified Souls?" And, to give only one further excerpt,—in criticising the secular, materialistic tendencies of the age, Mr. Carlyle writes:—"In fact, if we look deeper, we shall find that this faith in mechanism has now struck its roots deep into man's most intimate, primary sources of conviction; and is thence sending up, over his whole life and activity, innumerable stems—fruit-bearing and poison-bearing. The truth is, *men have lost their belief in the invisible*, and believe and hope and work only in the visible; or, to speak it in other words, this is not a religious age. Only the material, the immediately practical, not the divine and spiritual, is of importance to us."*

* Of the need of Spiritualism to correct this tendency, and to bring home to the convictions of men the certainty, and the true nature of the spirit-world, we need no better witness than Mr. Carlyle himself. In his earliest work, the *Life of Schiller*, is the following passage, which in its gloomy scepticism reaches a climax that makes one shudder.—"What went before and what will follow me I regard as two black impenetrable curtains, which hang down at the two extremities of human life, and which no living man has yet drawn aside. Many hundreds of generations have already stood before them with their torches, guessing anxiously what lies behind. On the curtain of Futurity many see their own shadows, the forms of their passions enlarged and put in motion; they shrink in terror at this image of themselves. Poets, Philosophers, and Founders of States, have painted this curtain with their dreams, more smiling or more dark, as the sky above them was cheerful or gloomy; and their pictures deceive the eye when viewed from a distance. Many Jugglers, too, make profit of this our universal curiosity: by their strange mummeries they have set the outstretched fancy in amazement. A deep silence reigns behind this curtain; no one once within will answer those he has left without; all you can hear is a hollow echo of your question, as if you shouted into a chasm."

Happily, that which had been regarded as this "black impenetrable curtain of Futurity" has been drawn aside; multitudinous voices in unmistakable tones have broken the deep silence which we are told had reigned behind it, and clear, joyous answers have come to us in place of the hollow echo as from a chasm, which had alone been heard by many a questioner. And this knowledge which "many hundreds of generations," which Poets, Philosophers, and Founders of States had failed to reach, Mr. Carlyle can only characterise as "ultra-brutalism, and the Liturgy of Dead Sea Apes."

All this is so conformable to Spiritualism, so well expresses its spirit and aim, that we might think it extracted from "The liturgy of Dead Sea Apes," a bit of slang, of which we leave Mr. Carlyle to interpret the meaning, if indeed in using it he ever had any. He may have thought to silence Spiritualists by it, as O'Connell silenced the abusive fish-woman by calling her an "old hypotenuse;" or, like Dr. Johnson in unsuccessful argument, his pistol having missed fire he has tried to knock down his opponent with the butt-end of it. If, however, Dead Sea Apes may be permitted to address and interrogate philosophers, we would propound a few plain questions to Mr. Carlyle, and, as the stump orators say, we "pause for a reply." These then, Mr. Carlyle, are a few of the queries to which we respectfully request an answer:—

Is Spiritualism true or false? If you assert it to be false, is it not a duty to prove it so, and thus transform a few millions of Dead-Sea Apes into the image and likeness of latter-day philosophers? If it be true, even though it be a truth you do not like, would it not be better to respect it as one of the "Veracities" of the Universe rather than seek to silence its advocates by slang, or to knock them down with opprobrious epithets? You have been eloquent against "Shams" and "Windbags." Is not a Sham, one who vituperates a subject without having taken the pains to properly inform himself concerning it? And if a writer employs terms without meaning, and which serve only to express a dislike of what he does not understand, and to conceal his ignorance of the subject on which he writes, is he so far any other than a Windbag? Lastly, we would ask Mr. Carlyle if in his present state of evident want of knowledge of the true character of Spiritualism and of all disposition to investigate it, it would not in reference thereto be quite advisable to bear in mind his own favourite maxim, which has now passed into a proverb, that "Silence is golden." To utter words without knowledge, and pronounce judgment before inquiry, surely is not wise, but otherwise. Is it not so, O Prophet of the Latter-day?

T. S.

FROM AN OUTSIDER.

If there is one characteristic of human thought of which humanity can hardly rid itself—which is equally marked in the votaries of the most opposite opinions, and not seldom forcibly displayed by those who rail at it in the very utterance of their railings—it is intolerance. Liberals, for instance, speak of

bigotry as peculiar to Tories; but I never found a Tory half as bigoted as are most Liberals of the extreme school. Few of these will admit that a Tory can be at once honest, benevolent and wise,—and that in a country which boasts of a Peel, a Pitt, and a Salisbury. Freethinkers, to my certain knowledge, are as bigoted and intolerant as Calvinists or Catholics. One gentleman, an Oxford man, fellow of Baliol, and a Saturday Reviewer, told me that Lord Salisbury could not be an honest man, “for no man of his intellect could possibly believe in the church doctrines he pretends to hold.” Science is as intolerant as faith, and I regret to say that Spiritualism is just as intolerant as science.

It sounds to me very silly when a man of science says—“This is impossible; and if everybody in the world told me it was true, I wouldn’t believe it.” This implies, first, that science is infallible, and next that *he* knows all that science has to teach. “The rising of the table is incompatible with gravitation.” *Is* it? How can you tell till you know what is the force that sustains it? Or will you say that there is no force in nature capable of acting under such conditions? Do you really think you know all the forces in nature? Or the spirit hypothesis involves an absurdity. Good! But the fact has no relation to the hypothesis. John Smith says he saw the table move in broad day, none touching it! Either it did so move, or John Smith is a liar. And if I have no reason for accepting the latter assumption, I must think the former at least worth enquiry. But if John Smith tells me that spirit moved the table, I am not bound to pay the least attention to that part of his statement. Only men of science, after a careful study of the matter, are competent to say what is, or is not, the cause of this effect.

So much for scientific intolerance and bigotry. The Spiritualists are no wiser. They cannot bear to have their phenomena fairly tested; and when you have once seen a table move without hands, or heard a voice apparently not proceeding from any person present, they think that you should at once swallow, at least, the principal articles of their creed.

Now, I conceive the first rule to be, that you should never accept a miraculous hypothesis till all others fail you—the hypothesis of fraud included. Therefore, one is bound to set aside everything that might have been done by ingenious jugglery. Enough, I think, will remain to shew that the matter is worth enquiry.

I have seen a table move, no one touching it, for a yard or two, tip itself up and rest its edge on another table, and return. And this at my sudden request; no one present knowing that I meant to ask it, or having regarded such a phenomenon as

within the limits of reasonable expectation. This was in broad daylight; no string or wire was attached to the table; it apparently contained no internal and, certainly, no external machinery; and if it had, how could that machinery be set in motion without manual contact?

I have heard voices—the same on repeated occasions—under conditions that almost seemed to preclude ventriloquism as their source.

I was present once at a distribution of fruit, &c., and asked for a Brazil nut. The thing seemed out of the way enough, and unlikely to be thought of beforehand, but it came in its turn.

These are facts that have occurred in my own presence. Others are described by persons on whose veracity we can rely, of such a nature that either the story must be true or the witness a liar—no deception being possible.

What then? Why, surely, that it behoves the men of science either to refrain from telling the witnesses that they are fools and the media that they are knaves, or to take the trouble to witness the phenomena for themselves. And this I do think many of them would have done, but for two great errors on the part of the Spiritualists. The first, in not separately and solely insisting on those phenomena which admit neither of deception nor delusion; the second, in parading their own way of accounting for the phenomena, instead of presenting the phenomena, and leaving the cause to be sought when the effects were admitted. In bigotry and prejudice, obstinate adherence to their own ideas and contempt of their opponents, "Cæsar and Pompey are very much alike; 'specially Pompey." VIDIMUS.

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

"Yes, though I neither hope—for that would be presumptuous—nor expect it, seeing no foundation, I shall be pleased to find a life after this."

"A good man might be surprised into a lie, but only a bad man would persist in one."—*G. J. Holyoake.*

THE Dialectical Society has a prominent member in Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, who for many years has held a leading position in this country in the promulgation of extreme anti-religious views, and who is in fact a professed atheist. In the year 1842, Mr. Holyoake was prosecuted by the Government

for blasphemy; he was found guilty and was sentenced by Mr. Justice Erskine to six months' imprisonment in the common gaol at Gloucester.

Mr. Holyoake conducted his own defence with great ability, and not only commanded the respect of many of his opponents, but he drew around him a large body of sympathisers who considered him a martyr to an ill-judged prosecution made in defence of the Church of England, by whose dogmas and malpractices he had been driven from his early religious training to adopt extreme views, embracing the gloomy soul-debasing doctrines of a no-God and no future.

This prosecution, whilst failing in its object, was nevertheless an unhappy circumstance in the life of George Jacob Holyoake. It raised him at once to a prominence which he would not otherwise have obtained, and gave him an influence over the minds of many waverers, dissatisfied with the teachings of the churches, whose sympathies were moved by an earnest man having the power "to make the worse appear the better reason." The result, however, has proved that many of the men who entertained similar opinions had no real love for the gloomy doctrines which he advocated, but that in the absence of something better, they accepted them only to escape from the still more gloomy dogmas of eternal punishment and a revengeful God. The instant the light of a new revelation dawned upon their ingenuous truth-seeking minds, they threw aside their materialistic philosophy, and with an enthusiasm almost without parallel in the religious movements of the world, they embraced Spiritualism, and now these men are among the foremost in promulgating this God-given soul-comforting belief. They, however, for the most part were in a different position from Mr. Holyoake: he had been elevated into notoriety by a State prosecution, and had become a recognised leader in opposition to Church and State authorities, and the High Priest of Infidelity.

Surrounded, therefore, by a number of men and women who had taken their creed as free-thinkers from him, it required a greater degree of moral courage than he has yet shown to strike his flag and disband his followers with a humble confession of his errors; hence to all outward appearances he is still the same bold, uncompromising enemy to all religion, a melancholy example of the dogged perversity of poor human nature. By an act of singular fatuity, or, perhaps, impelled by some spiritually guided influences, this daring adventurer in the stormy seas of religious and political controversy has run his craft upon the breakers, and wrecked any reputation he may have had as a sound reasoner and reliable guide by an uncalled-for and gratuitous attack upon Spiritualism. The Dialectical

Society, composed at the beginning of a large number of the materialistic school of philosophy, appointed, as is now generally known, a committee for the purpose of investigating the claims of Spiritualism, and especially to receive evidence as to the alleged reality of the so-called spiritual phenomena.

This Committee under the presidency of Dr. Edmunds, himself an unyielding sceptic, have had before them a great number of men and women of the highest character who have testified to the reality of most extraordinary phenomena; and many of its members who were at the commencement of their enquiry scoffing unbelievers "have witnessed" as one of them has candidly admitted in a letter to the papers, "astounding phenomena which they feel quite unable to explain away by a supposed failure of the senses, or by suspecting their own sanity," and they think "the question has claims to be dealt with in a much more serious and reasoning method than it has yet received from men of science and the public press."

This was the state of things when the Committee suspended their enquiry, which has not yet been resumed, and it was certainly an unwise thing in any man to condemn the proceedings of the Committee, and tell them in effect that they were fools and incapables for accepting incontrovertible facts, especially as Dr. Edmunds, their chairman, has exhibited no such weakness upon the subject.

The Society's Winter Session was commenced by the reading of a paper by Mr. George Jacob Holyoake—

ON THE SUPERNATURAL AND THE KIND OF EVIDENCE WARRANTING A BELIEF IN IT.

This Dialectician, probably unaware of the inroad which Spiritualism had made upon the minds of his associates in the stronghold of unbelief, talked after this fashion:—"Owing to other occupations he had not given much attention to the subject of Spiritualism, nor did he deem it entitled to formal enquiry as not having attained to either dignity or decency in its procedure or any certitude in its results:—

But, (he continued) since the Dialectical Society has lent its name to an investigation into it, I, as a member, feel bound to make any suggestions in my power which may help to conduce to a creditable issue of the aforesaid inquiry—of which the public, hitherto, have not had the pleasure to see any signs. It has been permitted to go forth to the world that this Society had undertaken an investigation into the reality, or alleged reality, of what is, by a special conjunction of courtesy and audacity, called "spiritual phenomena." Unqualified and unexplained reports of proceedings of the committee, said to be appointed by this Society, have appeared in the press. Mad reports I took them to be—much calculated to compromise this Society, and to lead the public to conclude either that it had no secretary or no sense. The high character of known members of the Dialectical

Society led the public to expect that an instructive and scientific investigation would take place with the presumed phenomena of agitated tables and the perigrinations of floating gentlemen and amputated hands. But all the public have yet heard has been stale stories of unvouched experiences, told by advocates who offered themselves in the character of witnesses. A stranger visiting a sitting of this Committee expected to find a few competent examiners receiving and sifting the depositions of independent testifiers, instead of which he found the court and the accused of the same party, and Spiritualists examining each other. It was expected that this Society would appoint a few persons, known, capable, and impartial, charged with the responsibility of conducting the investigation into the noisiest and most fruitless vagary, ever dignified with the name of a "cause." The Committee might have obtained from men of science, a statement of the conditions under which the validity of these eccentric, and evasive manifestations could be tested, and if they found that Spiritualists were justified in refusing to accept them, have framed others which the public might have reason to trust, and which might promise some fair and intelligible result; and procure the acceptance of these on the part of Spiritualists, and if this cannot be done, all consideration of Spiritualism should be suspended until it is.

When I was present on a former evening, at Dr. Edmunds', no single deponent gave, in any instance, proof of any consciousness of the significance of the statements he made, such as must have been forced upon him had there been reality at the bottom of his experience. Each person assumed to be the agent of a communication between an unknown world and this, and to have been in personal intercourse with the dead, and yet to have looked upon the newest wonder of our time, with a paralytic credulity and never to have been animated by the most infantine curiosity, nor made the slightest attempt to verify the reality of the strange, and, if true, stupendous manifestation. Another gentleman assumed that because he had ridiculed these manifestations, and had since believed them, there could be no further doubt about their truth, forgetful that a man may be sceptical from silly prejudice, and a believer from silliness without prejudice. A still more fortunate and confiding witness, a gentleman of an authoritative title, and apparently of education, assured us that he had seen a full-bodied medium flatten and glide through a slightly open window into the outer air, and return again in the same condition, without making any attempt to examine him in his distended state, although he must have been anatomically fore-shortened on an entirely new principle, and extended, like Mr. Disraeli's franchise—"laterally."

What I heard myself, on the night referred to, is a sample of what one always hears. The question is what is the capacity of these witnesses to see what they say they see? Have they a passion for proof? Have they the courage, or ordinary clearness of brain, to use the common human tests to determine the quality of these appearances? Until these witnesses show that they have done this, I think they have no credible case.

A communication, evidently from a member of this Society, appeared in the *Queen* newspaper, affecting to give a scientific account of these investigations in question, which actually repeats that tremendous spiritual complacency, that there are computed to be nine millions of believers in the United States. Were there ever at any time in the world, or has there been since the creation, nine millions of persons capable of believing intelligently in anything? What a Paradise of intellectuality must America be! Newton would scarcely command employment as a farm labourer there. When we consider how rare is the art of seeing accurately unfamiliar things, we feel that were there nine Spiritualists in England who could satisfy the public that they possessed it, their cause would impress somebody with a rational interest in it.

With respect to the true judgment and determination of unfamiliar and incoherent appearances, the eye is the greatest fool in the head, except the ear.

Experience shows that no persons are more credulous in respect of facts, out of their own department, than mathematicians.* More persons than are suspected, are liable to this weakness. With respect to physical evidence of the existence

* Mr. Holyoake was a teacher of mathematics.

of the dead, and the capacity to observe facts thereunto pertaining, this Committee ought to draw rules and examine all witnesses as to their special attainments and habits of mind, with a view to determine the value of their testimony. In the case of most Spiritualists whom I have known (I do not say all), they have been—while sincere and respectable—mooney-minded in these matters of created beings. This I take it is why they have put forward, in good faith, the wildest and most worthless statements, which in modern days have afflicted the world, and wasted its time and abused its attention. . . .

The evidence which will satisfy me as to the truth of Spiritualism is very simple—let it give me, on demand, any information I care to know, and can rely upon, let it do things I want done. I care not how it comes by its power, and I will pay very satisfactory respect to it. But is it not effrontery to ask credence in a thing which does nothing? Ideas imported from the dead are of a lower type than the living mind has yet sunk to, and whose acts are but a new form of human futility. I am ready to believe in a man as soon as I see that he believes in himself. The man of science, sure of his truth, gives me light, tells me his conditions, dares my judgment, and asks nothing of me but my attention, and if I follow his directions, the proof comes right in spite of any scepticism I may have. Science as a modest thing holds its peace until it reaches this point, and this is what Spiritualism ought to do. . . .

In answer to the question Spiritualists are always putting—"What evidence will satisfy you as proof of the supernatural," I reply, in the words of Douglas Jerrold, who, when a man said he did not know original wit when he heard it, answered, "Try me." So I say to the Spiritualist, "Show me the supernatural, and the evidence will soon settle itself." They shew me a hand without an arm—a footless stocking without a leg, and say, "Behold the supernatural!" On the other night a poor gentleman brought what purported to be one of these melancholy productions in a shirt-collar box. They catch a spirit poet who writes rheumatic drivel, and they exclaim, "The Spirit of Byron." Why, Byron, as poor Fergus O'Connor used to say, would kick his grandmother if she made such verses. Then they say something ails the spirit—the conditions are not quite right. Everybody else sees that the spirit is a fool—that's what's the matter with him. And this comes about because the Spiritualists are such Scripturalists. The medium createth the spirit in his own image. "Yea, in the image of himself createth he him." There is nothing supernatural herein—is there? Far be it from me to suggest that the medium is not wise. It is merely that the conditions are not quite the thing that lead to the result. I keep this fact ever before me. This also I do say, that the older and wiser the medium or believer is, the more modest his speech and pretensions are. Still I know of no spirit phenomena—from Mr. Home, flattened in spiritual rollers, to the muffin-bell of the Davenport Brothers—entitled to be called by the high name of supernatural. They do not come up to the natural, and are off of a very low type of that.

I neither say nor assume that Spiritualists are impostors. I do not care if they are, provided they amuse me or instruct me. I am aware there are things in this world not dreamt of in my philosophy—nor anybody else's—but I do not intend to add myself to those who believe in them before they are discovered. My complaint is that Spiritualists afford no adequate facilities for doing it. I went to the Davenport *séances*. It was impossible to look at those remnants of men, and imagine that God had selected them as the doorkeepers of a new world. There never were two more unlikely philosophers than Mr. Fay and Dr. Ferguson. They forbade all inquirers to move their hands or use their eyes—they shut them up like fools in the dark, and beat their heads with tambourines, and called that philosophical investigation into God-sent truths from the great Kingdom of decency and light; and it is suggested to us that our sisters or mothers, whom we have lost in sorrow, and whom we hope are living in the blessed peace of Heaven, are engaged in this silly or offensive pastime, and this is the latest new religion, which is to regenerate the world.

I own I am unfriendly to the entire theory that the people of the other world can get through some lately constructed tunnel into this. The good are better where we hope they are, and it is our interest that the bad should remain where they ought to be. When I remember what ruffians have happily left this world,

I pray that whoever have charge of them will give them no ticket-of-leave to present themselves here again.

Judging from the suspicious tricks which those who have been brought here have played, I conclude that the Spiritualists are in communication with a sorry lot; and I trust that the Committee appointed by the Society will do what it can to lay down rules for their identity, and to bring them under the operation of our new Habitual Criminals' Bill. But as they are mostly more silly than vicious, perhaps we need in this case an Habitual Simpletons' Bill. . . .

In the weary days when sadness intervenes in vicissitudes of pain, there are they who long for some second outside life; some footfall on the boundary of another world which may be the herald of new interest. If such sounds there be, let us hear it, let us verify it, let us interchange, if we can, the golden syllables of certitude, or catch glimpses of untried existence. If these things can be, let philosophy speak; if not, let us recall the conditions of the existence we have accepted, and seek consolation in manliness, in fortitude, and consistent submission in thoughts of mercy which may occupy us, and in service which may benefit others, but let us not beguile ourselves with the juggleries of a spiritual alphabet, or seek consolation like a new order of fools in the idiotic revelations of table-legs.*

Here is a tissue of the most audacious, reckless, illogical, and untruthful statements made in a tone of vulgar levity, that I have ever yet heard fall from the lips of an opponent of Spiritualism.

Such a mode of dealing with a serious subject, which is now the accepted belief of hundreds of his immediate acquaintances and former followers (as Mr. Holyoake very well knows) is my justification for saying that he has made shipwreck of whatever character he may have had as a reasoner and conscientious, though God-denying man. It is not necessary to meet Mr. Holyoake's statements with any detailed arguments; the least informed reader of this magazine could refute, from his own knowledge and experience, almost every word Mr. Holyoake has uttered. But it may be worth while to ask of those who still believe in his doctrines, and may perchance applaud his mode of dealing with Spiritualism,—and from a few remarks made by Dr. Charles Drysdale, who presided at the debate, I will put the question to him,†

* Mr. Holyoake was severely handled in the debate which followed the reading of his paper. Mr. Alfred Wallace reminded him that he confessedly knew scarcely anything of the subject he had been lecturing them upon, and yet he was bold and inconsistent enough to publicly ridicule Spiritualism and the Committee's proceedings, without taking the trouble to ascertain the nature of the evidence they had obtained and the conclusion they had arrived at.

Mr. Gerald Massey, Mr. John Jones, Mr. Bergheim, Mr. Robert Harper, (a former believer in Mr. Holyoake's doctrines), and Mr. Tietkens followed on the same side, the latter quoting some pertinent passages from a letter addressed by Mr. William Wilkinson to Professor Tyndall.

In his closing remarks Mr. Holyoake's bearing was so subdued that he appeared as if he had just realised the absurd position in which he had placed himself before the Dialecticians, upon whom his misjudged warnings could have no influence, since they had for the most part during his absence from their councils been convinced that his doctrines were untenable in the face of the facts, and had gone over to the enemy.

† In the course of the debate which followed the reading of Mr. Holyoake's paper, Dr. Edmunds took occasion to complain of the unsatisfactory nature of the evidence which had been submitted, especially of Mrs. Marshall's exhibition

whether if Spiritualism, which teaches that there is a loving God, a ministry of angels and a future state of progression, were offered to him on the one hand, and the gloomy soul-destroying belief of the atheist on the other—which would he wish to choose?

The melancholy confession of one who was one of the body of Secularists, made in a letter he addressed to me not long ago, is a practical answer to this question; and if anything could move the heart and mind of such a man as Mr. Holyoake, this should make a lasting impression on him, and induce him to pause in his career; *especially as it comes from one who was up to a recent period his first-lieutenant, and who had aided him with his purse and ready pen in disseminating his pernicious doctrines*; but who has now, happily for himself and the young family who look up to him for precept and example, dissevered himself from Mr. Holyoake and the secularist party, though still entertaining great respect for the man. Whether this feeling will remain after he has read Mr. Holyoake's address to the Dialecticians, I know not.

Prior to the receipt of the letter from which I make the following extract I had had several discussions with the writer, and I closed the last in a somewhat abrupt and petulant manner by saying—"The fact is, you do not want to believe, and it would be a waste of time to discuss the subject further." His letter which followed touched me deeply, and I readily consented to do as he wished, that is, to take his own method of examining and testing the phenomena which might be presented at the *séance* I forthwith arranged for him. The result was the best proof of his candid state of mind; his conviction of an occult force being engaged in the manifestations, unaided by machinery or trickery, was established; and I believe that that *séance* struck the death-blow to his materialistic philosophy. Here is the extract, and I earnestly ask Mr. Holyoake to ponder the confession.

"I think you will, perhaps, gain a clearer view of my wishes

at his house, which, however, he did not, as I told him, describe in very accurate terms. He said nothing of other very remarkable phenomena which he has himself witnessed through a medium whose good faith he of all men could not doubt, nor of the still more extraordinary facts witnessed as he had been told by two of the leading members of his Committee—Serjeant Cox and Mr. Jeffery; and on the whole his remarks were feeble in the extreme, but, nevertheless, they were strong enough to satisfy Dr. Drysdale, who before quitting the chair, said—"That he wished it to be understood he was no believer in Spiritualism—that he had not investigated it, and after what Dr. Edmunds had said he should never think it worth his while to waste time in doing so," a very important announcement truly, and very encouraging to Mr. Holyoake. It will, no doubt, be duly recorded in the Society's proceedings and serve as a standing rebuke to the foolishness of other men.

and ideas in regard to what are called spiritual phenomena, if I endeavour to put them in writing, than you would do from less connected expression in conversation. As to your notion that I am determined to disbelieve, it would be, pardon me, an expression you have used, as ridiculous as you think the idea of trickery in the *séances*, if you had the slightest glimpse of my state of mind. I have a horror of death, as annihilation, so intense and profound, that were I to dwell upon it long and realise it fully, it would endanger either my reason or my life; and no earthly gain would be half so great to me, as the conviction that death is not annihilation.”*

It is the light of Spiritualism which relieves the desolation of such a mind and supplies the cravings of the heart. It is Spiritualism which will reconcile science and theology, and it is Spiritualism under God's providence which is destined to annihilate the last remnant of materialism, and ultimately, let us hope, to subdue the obdurate heart of such a man as George Jacob Holyoake.

The possibility of an event like this will, no doubt, be received by some with a smile of incredulity; but we know that such conversions are not uncommon, as evidenced in the cases of the late Robert Owen and Dr. Elliotson, of London, and Professors Hare and Mapes, and Mr. Robert Dale Owen, of America.

It may be asked has Mr. Holyoake shown that he ever believed in God and immortality? Yes, he has: he was even so earnest as to become a Sunday-school teacher and a contributor to religious periodicals, and one of his poems gives us reason to believe that had Spiritualism dawned upon his mind before it rebelled against the irreconcilable teachings of the churches, he would, in all probability have been one of its most earnest champions. This probability is supported by a beautiful poem written by him some thirty years ago entitled—

THE REIGN OF TIME.

The proudest earthly buildings show,
Time can all things devour;
E'en youth and beauty's ardent glow,
And manhood's intellectual brow,
Betray the Spoiler's power;
How soon we sink beneath his sway—
He glances, and our heads turn grey.

* I am not permitted to publish the name of the writer, but, if Mr. Holyoake doubts that these words came from the heart and pen of one who was, till lately an active coadjutor of his, I will give it to him.

Though, over all this earthly ball,
Time's standard is unfurled,
And ruins loud to ruins call
Throughout the time-worn world—
Yet from this wreck of earthly things,
See how the soul exulting springs.

And after the archangel's wand
Has wav'd o'er earth and sea,
And time has stopped at his command,
The soul will flourish and expand
Through all eternity.
Religion—lovely, fair, and free—
Holds forth this immortality.

By all the glories of the sky
To mortals yet unknown—
And by the worm that ne'er shall die,
The fires that always burn—
By all that's awful or sublime,
Ye sons of *men*, improve your time.

The man who could pour out such cheering heart-felt utterances, which find an echo in the breasts of the great majority of the civilised world, may yet, let us hope, be brought back through Spiritualism to his early religious aspirations and proclaim once more his belief that—

The soul *will* flourish and expand
Through all eternity.

WONDERS OF DREAM LIFE.

THE shadowy realm of dreams in which the external senses are locked in the repose of sleep, lies around us, weird, mysterious, unexplored, a border-land lying between the glorious realities of the purely spiritual life and this material sphere of existence.

In a recent interview with a patient, an English lady of culture and refinement, the conversation turned upon dreams, and she related several most remarkable dreams from her own experience, that cannot fail to interest our readers. We give them here as related to us, suppressing only the names of the parties. While yet a girl at boarding school, she dreamed that her father sent for her to come home, and taking her into the library said to her, "Now, my dear, you have been long enough at school. I wish you to marry, and the gentleman I wish you

to marry is here in the house, and I shall introduce you to him in the breakfast room." Presently her father rose, led her into the breakfast room, and there introduced to her a gentleman whose every feature she saw in her dream most vividly, and distinctly remembered on waking. Three nights in succession this dream haunted her sleeping hours. In about a week there came a letter from her father, summoning her home. She went, and on the morning after her arrival, her father took her into the library, and announced to her in the literal language of her dream, his wishes and intentions regarding her, and then leading her into the breakfast-room, he introduced to her the identical stranger whose face she saw in her dreams, and so clearly did she recognize the same form and features, that she nearly swooned from the excess of her emotions.

This lady had an aunt living in the city of London, England. She had visited there when about five years old. In the meantime a cousin of her own age had grown to look marvellously like her. But she had not seen this cousin since the time of her visit there, and knew not of the striking resemblance that existed between them.

She dreamed that she was in her aunt's house in London standing at the foot of a staircase in the hall, and on looking up she saw her aunt stumble and fall down the stairs and lie as if dead, while some one that she thought was herself bent over her in an agony of grief. She woke as she thought fully, and threw her hand out of the bed over one side, and to her horror it rested upon the cold face of a dead person, who seemed lying in a coffin by the side of her bed. She screamed with terror, sprang from the bed and procured a light; all was serene and quiet around her. The dream made such an impression upon her mind that with a pencil she wrote down upon the wall the date, April 25th, 18—.

In due time there came a letter from England informing her father that on the very date of her dream, his sister had fallen downstairs and died instantly from dislocation of the neck. In the letter was a picture of the cousin who in her dream she mistook for herself.

The same lady related an experience that can hardly be called a dream, and yet so full of interest is it, that we cannot forbear relating it in this connection.

She was in the habit of employing a young person in the capacity of seamstress. But she was taken very ill with consumption and obliged to give up her work. After the disease had progressed to that extent that she was confined to her room, this lady would often go in and read to her, and in many ways minister to her comfort. The disease culminated in death, and

for several days previously Mrs. M——herself had been quite ill and unable to get in to see her. One evening she was lying in her bed looking out upon the Bay of Halifax. It was a glorious night. Her servant had just left her. The moon was very brilliant, but slightly obscured for the passing moment by a floating cloud, throwing a dark shadow upon the water, while in the background a distant flag-ship lying at anchor was bathed in the full radiance of the lustrous moonlight. She was thinking what a lovely picture the scene would make could it be transferred to canvas, when she heard the door of her room open. Supposing it to be the servant who had returned for something, she spoke and said, "What is wanted." Hearing no answer, she turned in bed and to her astonishment beheld standing in her room, the sick girl as she last saw her. She exclaimed "Why, S——, what does this mean? Have those crazy people let you come out to-night?" She made no reply to this exclamation but advancing towards her said, "Oh, Mrs. M——, I do want to kiss your hand," and reaching out she touched her, but the hand was icy cold, and startled her so that she screamed with fright. The servant came rushing in, but the apparition had vanished. She told the servant what she had seen, and bade her put on her bonnet and go directly to the house of the sick girl and ascertain why she had been allowed to go out at night. Before the servant could leave the house, a messenger arrived with the intelligence that S—— was dead. She died a few minutes before she presented herself to Mrs. M——, and her last words in dying were, "Oh, Mrs. M——, I do want to kiss your hand."

By what power did the mind reach forward to events in the future, and listen to conversations that seemed dependent on circumstances and sudden mental emotions? How did this spirit recognize persons not known, and appear in scenes not yet transpired? To admit these facts admits almost the whole phenomena of Spiritualism, since we may not limit the capacity of the mind to our sphere, but must recognize its far-reaching power. The body does not intensify mental action, and the spirit far from the body must retain its faculties, and in its wider range must exhibit more perfectly their free action.—*The Present Age*.

America has added to the literature of Spiritualism, *The Physical Media in Spiritual Manifestations. The Phenomena of Responding Tables and the Planchette, and their Physical Cause in the Nervous Organism, illustrated from Ancient and Modern Testimonies*, by G. W. Samson, D.D., President of Columbian College, Washington. The Rev. Author is described as having too little mental discipline for such a subject.—*Athenæum*.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

A MEMORANDUM CONCERNING BURNS BY HIS WIDOW.

The late Mr. M'Diarmid, of the *Dumfries Courier*, was an intimate friend of Mrs. Burns, widow of the poet. For fifteen or sixteen years preceding her death, in 1834, he was her adviser on all occasions, her amanuensis, and the safe and kind depository of her thoughts and feelings on most subjects. During their intercourse he appears to have from time to time noted down particulars concerning the poet, such as he conceived would illustrate the kindly nature of Burns or remove erroneous impressions of his biographers. These memoranda have just been published in the new and careful edition of the *Life and Works of Burns* by Mr. Waddell, Glasgow, to whom they were communicated by Mr. W. R. M'Diarmid. Among these memoranda is the following :—

Soon after her husband's death, Mrs. Burns had a very remarkable dream. Her bedroom had been removed to the family parlour, when she imagined that her husband drew the curtains and said, "Are you asleep? I have been permitted to return and take one look of you and that child; but I have not time to stay." The dream was so vivid that Mrs. B. started up, and even to this moment the scene seems to her a reality.

THE "STANDARD" AND ITS MEDIUMS.

We alluded in our last number to a letter written by one Faulkner to support Mr. J. H. Addison in his attempt to expose spiritual phenomena, and published under the auspices of the Editor of the *Standard*. Mr. Faulkner's letter went the round of the papers, and we have been favoured with a number of slips sent by friends anxious for our welfare, and desirous of exposing our weakness in believing that there is something more in the "raps," than is explained by Mr. Faulkner's prepared tables and electric wires, "of which he has supplied quantities."

We have now to announce, on no less an authority than Mr. Faulkner himself, that he never fitted up any but Mr. J. H. Addison's house with the trick machinery, "calculated to mislead the most wary;" and he can by such an admission see pretty clearly, that, in addition to the impostures practised upon Captain Hamber, the Editor of the *Standard*, in the matter of fictitious letters—that Faulkner's letter though signed was not written by him, and that he could hardly have known its contents. Our friends will therefore see that that is not a strong enough case to disturb our convictions, though it may have been enough to confirm Captain Hamber in his prejudices.

RECOVERY OF A LOST DIAMOND RING THROUGH A DREAM.

A few nights ago a lady, while taking a walk, lost a valuable diamond ring from her finger in some unaccountable way. Diligent and extensive search was made, without any clue to the ring, and the lady gave it up as gone "for good and all." Before daylight the following morning the lady was surprised by the calls of her nurse, a small negro girl. On being admitted to her mistress, the girl, who had not heard of the ring being lost, said she had just had a dream, in which she was apprised when, where and how the jewel had been lost, and that, if allowed, she felt sure she could find it. She then described the place and manner in which the ring disappeared, and begged her mistress to go with her and test the dream. This strange circumstance was made known to the household, but all treated it with the utmost incredulity. It was afterwards concluded to humour the girl, however, and she and several white members of the family proceeded to the designated spot, more than one hundred yards from the house. Here the dreamer told her mistress that, as directed in her dream, she must drop another ring, and it would roll as a guide to the missing one. A plain gold ring was handed the girl; she let it fall, and sure enough, it rolled and stopped within two inches of the lost diamond ring, which had got into a crevice between two bricks of the pavement. It may be imagined that the ring-hunters were somewhat astounded at the miracle. There is not the least fiction about this curious dream and its result.—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

 THE MIDNIGHT DRUMMER.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, writing from Columbia City, Indiana, under date of June 29th, reports the following remarkable case of evident spirit manifestation :—

"Our usually quiet town has, during the last few days, been thrown into a state of feverish excitement by a strange and unusual *spiritual* phenomenon heard in and about a woollen factory and the neighbouring buildings, situated in the south-western suburbs of the town. For some time past, the *employés* who sleep in the factory have been disturbed by noises like that caused by opening and closing doors, persons walking about the rooms, rattling loose boards, &c., &c. At first the *employés* supposed these unusual sounds proceeded from some burglarious depredation on the premises, and accordingly thoroughly searched and guarded the premises, but without success. The closest examination revealed nothing, but the

strange noise continued. For some time, perhaps through fear of being laughed at, the *employés* kept the matter a secret, but at length the annoyance became so great that they refused to sleep in the building, and the strange affair was made public. About this time the noises changed both in character and locality. The inmates of a neighbouring house were startled by noises under and about the building, similar to that produced by striking a muffled drum. While these continued all was quiet at the factory; but when they ceased, the noises at the factory were again heard. On Sunday night the mysterious drumming was heard for several hours at the house, by a number of persons. An effort was made by those present to learn something of the mysterious affair by questions, which to some extent, was apparently successful. The answers, given by a specified number of taps on the spirit drum, stated that the disquieted spirit was that of a man who had been murdered in that vicinity about eight years ago; that he was fifty-one years old when murdered; and that he was buried sixteen feet deep near the factory. His name and other particulars were not given. Other questions were answered in the same manner, by the number of taps on the drum required by the person asking the question. When no questions were asked, the drumming continued; sometimes slow and regular, and at other times quick and irregular. At one time an old lady, somewhat deaf, requested the 'spirit' to beat louder that she might hear it more distinctly. The 'spirit' complied with her request by giving a succession of vigorous taps which were distinctly heard at a considerable distance from the house. On Monday night crowds of people visited the place, and listened to the mysterious drumming, but owing to the crowd and confusion, no questions were asked or answered. These mysterious manifestations have thrown the whole community into a state of intense excitement. Crowds of people visit the place, and the family living in the haunted house have been so annoyed by the visitors and strange manifestations going on about them, that they have been able to procure but little rest for several days, and will probably be compelled to move away from the seemingly accursed place. By what agency these sounds are produced I cannot pretend to say; but that they are produced by some invisible agency, hundreds who have heard them can testify. The seeming impossibility that such an effect could be produced by any human agency envelopes the matter in a strange and inexplicable mystery. A thorough examination of the premises is being made, and, if there is any way to get at the bottom of the mysterious affair, the 'spirits' will be unearthed and exposed. There is little hope however, that any additional light will be thrown on the matter."

FULFILMENT OF A DREAM.

The other day an entry clerk employed in the machine-printing room at the works of Messrs. Butterworth and Brooks, calico printers, Sunnyside, remarked to one of the machine-printers that he was glad to see him at his work. The machine-printer asked his reason for his congratulation, when the clerk observed that during the previous night he (the clerk) had dreamed that he (the printer) had, while at his work, dropped down dead. The printer replied in a jocular way, "You see you were mistaken, for I am alive yet." The conversation took place in the presence of respectable witnesses, but as the printer was in his usual health and spirits, no further notice was taken of the matter; but singular enough, at three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, the printer, while attending to his duties at his machine, did, without the least warning, drop down dead.—*Manchester Courier*.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE PULPIT.

It is a good sign of the progressive enlightenment of the age, to find that many clergymen of the Church of England, as we know, accept the teachings of Spiritualism, and that here and there is to be found one bold enough to preach it from his pulpit. The Reverend Mr. Griffith, of All Saints, Kensington, preached on Sunday, the 8th of November last, a sermon, taking his text from Hebrews xii. 23: "The spirits of just men made perfect," and speaking of the communion of saints, he asked, "What is this Modern Spiritualism but an answer to our yearning for communion with the loved and lost?" Such open speech is not lost or disregarded by many a listener, and there was one at least on this occasion, himself a clergyman of the Church of England, who determined to look into Spiritualism, and has found already sufficient evidence to satisfy him of its truth.

MANIFESTATIONS IN PRESENCE OF THE EMPEROR OF THE
FRENCH AND OF THE CZAR.

At a recent meeting of the committee of the Dialectical Society, Mr. D. D. Home, in giving evidence, related a fact which occurred some years ago in the presence of the Emperor Napoleon. He said, "We were in a large room in the Salon de Louis Quatorze. The Empress and Emperor were present. I am now telling the story as I heard the Emperor tell it. A

table was moved—then a hand was seen to come; it was a very beautifully formed hand. There were pencils on the table. It lifted, not the one next it, but one on the far side. We heard the sound of writing, and saw it writing on fine note-paper. The hand passed before me and went to the Emperor, and he kissed the hand. It went to the Empress; she withdrew from its touch, and the hand followed her. The Emperor said, ‘do not be frightened;’ and she kissed it too. It was disappearing. I said I would like to kiss it. The hand seemed to be like a person thinking, and as if it were saying, ‘why should I?’ It came back to me. It had written the word ‘Napoleon,’ and it remains written now. It was as much a material hand seemingly as my hand is now. The writing was an autograph of the Emperor Napoleon I., who had an exceedingly beautiful hand.” Mr. Home said that the Emperor of Russia as well as the Emperor Napoleon, had seen hands, and had taken hold of them, “when they seemed to float away into thin air.”

THE “REVUE SPIRITUALISTE.”

M. Pierart is still behind the time with his journal; this being the sixth instead of the eleventh number for 1869; but though late, the journal is extremely interesting; it gives some fresh information regarding Louise Lateau, the Belgic ecstatic. It seems that the priests have now taken entire possession of her, and though she still remains at home with her mother at Bois D’Haive, near Mons, but all access is barred to her by holy fathers. M. Piérart made the journey himself to see her, and give an authentic account of her present condition; but though he made application both to her mother and to the bishop of Tournay, he was not permitted to an interview. The fathers give most wonderful accounts of her state of trance on Fridays, on which days she has, they say, wonderful visits of the Holy Virgin, and the stigmata bleed. The fathers have published an account of their having put upon her hands close-fitting leather gloves, tied and sealed at the wrists the day previous; but on the Friday the bleeding was just as usual, the blood running through the seams of the gloves, though they found the seals unbroken. All this is very well, but the experiment would be much more satisfactory to the public, if some persons of credit besides themselves and their own medical men were admitted.

Besides these accounts, various accounts of spiritual phenomena selected from the American and English journals. M. Piérart gives a very striking account of the discovery of the fate of a ship wrecked at Table Island, near Madagascar,

through a clairvoyante of Paris. The account, however, is written so obviously for effect, that one naturally asks, "Is it true?" The account of the philosophy of Krause, the German, on Nature and Spirit, with several other more recent articles, are worthy of a careful perusal.

DREAMS.

There seem to be three kinds of dreams; the terrestrial, the spiritual and the celestial. Of the first are dreams essentially of the earth earthy, and such as may be referred to physical causes, and whose grand type is the incubus, or nightmare. Of the second are those dreams which convey warnings from the dead, and which are composed partly of the incidents of ordinary life, with such as are termed supernatural. To this class belong most of the portentous dreams of which we read in profane history, and those phenomena which form a link between things purely material and those spiritual. The third class of dreams, in many respects entirely different from the former, appears to betray a higher origin, inasmuch as it must be evident that it is independent not only of physical conditions, but even of mental, so far as regards a normal condition of the brain. Moreover, these (so to speak) celestial dreams are, for the most part, generally typical or analogous to something else—are more distinct,—even in this respect approaching to the nature of a vision, and are of an abstract character. In these, too, the transitions from beauty to deformity, from pleasure to pain, from bliss to despair, may so rapidly alternate as to satisfy one that no derangement and restoration of the digestive organs could in the short space of time, produce such vicissitudes in the world of dreams. Here, too, we wander in regions unknown to our waking perceptions of past experience—nay, even to imagination; incidents are connected, and, instead of the companions of our waking hours, we are either alone among pregnant symbolism or among visible and living intelligences, such as we call angels. The forms of the material world, no doubt, enter into these phantasma or visions, and the result, on waking, is an indelible impression which does not fade with years, but leaves the mystic streets and squares of the spiritual cities which we may have visited quite as distinct as the recollection—nay, more so, those of this terrestrial sphere which are similar to us.

Sometimes, however, there may, in a higher state of ornerial exaltation, occur forms such as are not to be described by words, and whose appearance can only be expressed by similitudes. Thus, "as it were the likeness of a man's hand," not that the

form was in very fact a hand, but rather a something analogous to it; "as it were the voice of a man," yet not that exact sound, but its *archetype effect*; intelligence conveyed by a sense analogous to that of hearing, and yet not referrible to any of our corporeal senses; just as we say the "*voice of conscience*" for want of a better analogue.

"The terror by night," some have supposed to mean "*panic*," that strange influence to which the warlike Romans offered propitiatory sacrifices; and others, "nightmare;" but may we not rather assume that it means that class of dreams which impinges on the sphere of visions of a denunciatory character?

At the present day, however convenient it may be for the practical man of the world to ignore the supernatural, there are few who, if ingenuous, would not admit the effect, more or less, of dreams on their waking thoughts, not perhaps to the extent of influencing their actions, but certainly of attracting their attention to the subject of what are called "coincidences."

Leibnitz urges that when in sleep without dreaming, there is always some slight perception. Kant says that "those who fancy they have not dreamt, have only forgotten their dreams." Muller thought sleep the antagonism of the animal and organic functions. Burdach calls sleep the "primordial state of the soul, where it finds itself when it awakes to life."

Doubtless the majority of dreams are what Macnish asserts all to be, "the resuscitation of thoughts which in some shape or other have previously occupied the mind." But, as another author justly remarks, "Experience and revelation attest, however, that at times the struggles of the chained spirit to employ and thus to enjoy itself amid the glories of its proper clime are not in vain."

STRUCK DUMB ON THE SPOT.

It is not often, in these prosaic sceptical times, that a miracle comes formally attested by an official Government Report. But the Governor of Aldershot has reported that a prisoner, who—being lately checked on drill by one of the warders—wished, with a blasphemous oath, that the warder "might be struck dumb," was himself "struck dumb on the spot;" all which may be found solemnly recorded in the recent report on military prisons of Captain Du Cane, inspector general. Captain Du Cane informs us that the man remained dumb for seven days, and was very much frightened. On recovering his speech it appears that he made great promises of amendment; but we regret to add that he is reported to have been "soon in prison again."

MRS. STOWE'S LAST NOVEL.

Mrs. Stowe's last novel, *Old Town Folks*, like many of her other writings, has in it a vein of pure, elevated Spiritualism, which adds to its depth and interest. The *Anti-Slavery Standard* in reviewing the work says of it:—"There is one phase of development in this book, personated in one of the characters, which will have special significance to those who have watched with interest the progress of that phenomenon commonly known as Spiritualism. Mrs. Stowe has never been identified with this class, yet she has given evidence that she has not been a thoughtless observer of such manifestations."

As an illustration of Mrs. Stowe's interest in Spiritualism, and acceptance of its phenomena, we cite the following passage from this—her latest work:—

It was a bright, clear, starlight night in June, and we were warned to go to bed early, that we might be ready in season the next morning. As usual, Harry fell fast asleep, and I was too nervous and excited to close my eyes. I began to think of the old phantasmagoria of my childish days, which now so seldom appeared to me. I felt stealing over me that peculiar thrill and vibration of the great central nerves which used to indicate the approach of those phenomena, and looking up, I saw distinctly my father, exactly as I used to see him, standing between the door and the bed. It seemed to me that he entered by passing through the door; but there he was, every line and lineament of his face, every curl of his hair, exactly as I remembered it. His eyes were fixed on mine with a tender human radiance. There was something soft and compassionate about the look he gave me, I felt it vibrating on my nerves with that peculiar electric thrill of which I have spoken. I learned by such interviews as these how spirits can communicate with one another without human language.

The appearance of my father was vivid and real even to the clothing that he used to wear, which was earthly and homelike, precisely as I remembered it. Yet I felt no disposition to address him, and no need of words. Gradually the image faded; it grew thinner and fainter, and I saw the door through it as if it had been a veil, and then it passed away entirely.

What are these apparitions? I know that this will be read by many who have seen them quite as plainly as I have, who, like me, have hushed back the memory of them into the most secret and silent chamber of their hearts.

I know, with regard to myself, that the sight of my father was accompanied by such a vivid conviction of the reality of his presence, such an assurance radiated from his serene eyes, that he had at last found the secret of eternal peace, such an intense conviction of continued watchful affection and of sympathy in the course that I was now beginning, that I could not have doubted if I would. And when we remember that, from the beginning of the world, some such possible communication between departed love and the beloved on earth has been among the most cherished legends of humanity, why must we always meet such phenomena with a resolute determination to account for them by every or any supposition but that which the human heart most craves? Is not the great mystery of life and death made more cruel and inexorable by this rigid incredulity? One would fancy, to hear some moderns talk, that there was no possibility that the departed, even when most tender and most earnest, could, if they would, recall themselves to their earthly friends.

For my part, it was through some such experiences as these that I learned that there are truths of the spiritual life which are intuitive, and above logic, which a man must believe because he cannot help it—just as he believes the facts of his daily experience in the world of matter, though most ingenious and unanswerable treatises have been written to show that there is no proof of its existence.

THE LATE REV. WM. HARNESS.

In the *Times* of Tuesday, Nov. 16th., is the account of the death of the Rev. William Harness, Incumbent of All Saints, Knightsbridge, and Prebendary of St. Paul's, in his 80th year. Harness was the schoolfellow of Byron at Harrow, and they were warm friends until Byron's death. Byron offered to dedicate *Childe Harold* to him, but he declined. He was the friend of numbers of literary men of eminence, and a great friend of Miss Mitford's, the materials for whose *Life* he collected, and wrote the preface to the work just out. I dare say you wonder what all this aims at. Simply this: that Mr. Harness was a firm believer in spiritual phenomena, though he said little about it. But, one evening at Miss Coutts's, just after my *History of the Supernatural* appeared, he said to me, "I am going to read that directly." I said, "Do you believe in such things?" "Believe?" he replied, "Why, don't you know who first published the account, the Wynyard apparition?" I said, "No." "Nor who first published the account of the apparition of an old friend to Miss Jane Porter at Esher?" "No," I said. "I published them both," he said, "and know that such things are true."

Mr. Harness was almost everywhere to be met in aristocratic and select literary circles, and, I dare say, that the majority of his acquaintances never suspected this belief under his *homme du monde* ordinary aspect, any more than I did, after knowing him many years.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

A SINGULAR "MANIFESTATION."

A LADY, lately become interested in the subject of Spiritualism, but having witnessed none of the ordinary phases of the "manifestation," experienced on the night of December 6th, 1868, a little incident which must undoubtedly be referred to spiritual origin, and which leads to the supposition that the lady herself may be gifted with "spiritual sight."

This lady, whom I will call "L—— L——," is staying in London with a friend, in a house where an old lady breathed her last on Saturday, December 5th. This old lady was a pious and a patient sufferer, through a tedious and painful illness. She expired peacefully. L—— L—— and her friend had been in the habit of occasionally visiting the sick woman, to read to her and minister in various ways to her comfort. L—— L—— had seen her very shortly before her decease, and went immedi-

ately afterwards to look at her peaceful corpse. She felt herself greatly affected by the spectacle, this being the first corpse of a grown person ever seen by her. The remembrance of the wax-like and placid countenance haunted her; and at length became so oppressive a thought to L—— L——, that she strove in every way to banish the recollection of it, and to shake off from herself the painful sense of the presence of death, which so entirely had taken possession of her. She slept in a room beneath the chamber in which the corpse lay.

Sunday night was a remarkably stormy and wild night with heavy showers and gusts of wind, and there was no moon. Nevertheless L—— L—— was suddenly awakened by a light in the room, as though it were illumined by soft moonlight; indeed, at the time, she supposed that it was moonlight, and so clear was the illumination, that the objects in the room became distinctly visible to her. Startled by the illumination, she sat up in bed, and gazed around her. In the middle of the mantel shelf, opposite to her bed, had stood a work box; this she saw distinctly, but to her astonishment, she also beheld, standing upon this work box, a perfectly white and graceful vase filled with lovely sprays of long leaves, such as grapes and ferns, and a variety of beautiful flowers, all equally snowy white with the vase, both leaves and flowers. She was much surprised by thus seeing this beautiful and strange object unlike anything which she knew to be in the room or in the house. As she sat contemplating it in wonder, the room again became dark; she then lay down, and believes that she fell asleep.

But again came the sudden and mild illumination of the room, and she once more looked towards the mantelpiece. There she still beheld the vase and flowers; but this time the mysterious object was not standing upon the box, but beside it, to the right hand side. L—— L—— wondered still more at thus seeing that the vase with the flowers had been moved, or had moved itself. The room once more sank into gloom, and L—— L—— lay in her bed pondering and no little puzzled—indeed somewhat agitated. Then again, and again, for nine successive times in all, did the mysterious light appear and disappear; each time exhibiting the vase removed farther and farther to the right of the work-box, along the mantel shelf, until at the ninth and last time, it was beheld standing upon the floor, when it disappeared entirely. L—— L—— connected this beautiful vase and its graceful contents in some way with the corpse laid out in the chamber above.

Did this little vision perhaps symbolize the purity of the newly released spirit, filled with the freshness and fragrance of Heavenly Life? And did the nine times of its appearance

typify completion? Who can say? But unquestionably the vase and flowers, and their movements originated in spiritual presence; possibly were a sign of affection and gratitude from the emancipated spirit who thus endeavoured to shew her remembrance of L—— L——, by this presentation of a graceful and fragrant object, seeking thereby, as if by a “vial of sweet odours,” to banish the haunting thoughts of decay and mortality; and to spread around odours of immortality in place of the odours of the grave.

MANIFESTATIONS OF MUSIC, VOICE, AND DIRECT WRITING.

Sept. 5th.—Mr. Edward Childs called on us expressly to talk over the little events which I had reported, and which he had just been reading in the September number of the *Magazine*, and as we talked we heard the voice of Joseph Campion. I lowered the light and then heard that of Amos, greeting us. Amos said that Ebenezer Wyatt was pleased at the mention I had made of him, and had prepared a few verses which he would recite at a future opportunity. He then arranged with us for resuming the *séances* which had been interrupted for more than a month, and bade us farewell.

Sept. 9th.—Mr. and Mrs. Childs, accompanied by Mr. E. Childs, called on us. After supper, hearing the usual heralding voice of Joseph Campion, we composed ourselves for a sitting. In the course of it Ebenezer made himself heard, and repeated the intimation made by Amos about the verses; but would not repeat them until Mr. Childs could arrange to take them down. Ebenezer was this evening very strong in his comb music, operatic, as well as ballad; also gave imitations of some of the speakers at the Gower Street conferences. *Apropos* to Mr. Jencken, who used to attend these, Amos gave a narrative of the attack made upon him in Spain. Alonzo Bates sang with perfection three character songs, with dramatic dialogue; Ebenezer Wyatt, the irrepressible, taking part in the dialogue of one. Ebenezer gave as a recitation the particulars of being called up by his schoolmaster after three days' truanting, and which he calls a reminiscence of schoolboy days. The applause this recitation received stimulated him to ask permission to give another; but we had been sitting for two hours, so it was postponed, and our invisible friends took leave.

Sept. 17th.—This evening Mr. Austin called on us. He told us that he had not been at a *séance* for three months, partly

on account of business engagements, and partly on account of his health; for he had felt this a little shaken by being out evening after evening at the invitation of so many new friends. But my last report having been shown him, he could not help calling to talk over the subject. After a time he said he wondered if Sancto were still able to manifest his presence as he used to do. I lowered the gas, and immediately we heard the well-known accents of Joseph Campion, first faintly, then more and more distinctly; then Amos's whispering voice saluted us. He said that his friend Antonius Sancto was present. I said we had not heard his music for three months, and were fearing we had lost it entirely. Sancto then spoke, said he was always ready to play, and that his continuing to come to our *séances* depended only upon the present medium. At Sancto's wish I placed the instruments upon the table, and he, selecting the large concertina, played airs which he invited us to call for. We had two visitors with us this evening, my brother Henry, the photographer, and a lady friend, who had never been present at a *séance*, and I was glad their accidental presence made no difference in the free action of our invisible friends. When we left Sancto to his own selecting he played what we had not heard him play before, "Ah! che la Morte;" then a fresh variation of the "Carnival of Venice;" and what he announced as an extemporised echo of spirit music. As the music went on, Ebenezer, Norton, and Alonzo made themselves successively heard by their greetings and observations. After playing the pieces I have mentioned, Sancto and Amos invited conversation, but our visitors could talk of nothing else than the music. I asked Mrs. D. whether she did not think Sancto played with more than usual animation and constancy? Sancto said—"It's the return of the dove, Doctor," alluding I suppose, to the protracted absence of Mr. Austin, the medium. Sancto then played, for half an hour a series of airs, gliding from gay into grave, and then into gay again, modern airs, ancient airs, not forgetting my old favourite, the "Copenhagen;" not merely playing the air, but playing with it, introducing bits of curious and intricate variation. In this way he went on for full half an hour with great fervour, and would have continued, had I not suggested (in a pause) that we should consider the distance the medium had to go. Sancto asked for another quarter of an hour, as there were a few more airs he wanted to play. The medium agreed on condition that he might leave in time to get home by twelve. Sancto resumed his play, introducing some tunes, that, by I know not what means, he seemed to know were old favorites of my brother, and continued until Ebenezer's voice shouted "Twenty minutes past eleven!" My brother

struck a light, and ascertained by his watch that that was the exact time, and we broke up with the customary farewells. I had observed before that they are able to tell us the time, very exactly. One friend of Mr. Childs, has to catch a certain train; they tell him the time to leave, and he says, always rightly.

Sept. 22.—This evening early, Mr. Edward Childs favoured me with a call. He said his friend Austin had been surprising him with the news that all the voices had come by his single mediumship. I related to him the particulars of the evening of Mr. Austin's coming, and when I said that Sancto had played "Ah! che la Morte," he wanted to hear it; and as I played from the notes, it was played by rhythmical raps on the table. Then we heard the shrill voice of Joseph Campion; lowering the gas, we heard successively the voices of all the others, except Sancto. Ebenezer, after a little conversation, asked for the comb, and on it he seemed to want to emulate Sancto, playing airs old and new, including the "Copenhagen," and played it well too, and "Ah! che la Morte," charging my book with omissions, and filling them up in his rendering; then, as if to shew that he was not a mere imitator of Sancto, he played "Poor Tom Bowling" and "Sally in our Alley," the latter in an upper key, introducing turns, and even a shake, with feeling and taste. Ebenezer's music was interspersed with jests, observations, questions to us, and answers to our questions,—that is from the medium, my wife, and her sister, and myself. Alonzo Bates took a turn, too, from time to time. He had proposed to give a recitation from Tennyson; but on my saying that my taste did not go in that direction, he gave two stirring ones, one from an American author, the other from the *Ingoldsby Legends*. After each recitation, Ebenezer indulged in comb music; Alonzo said, "I know the song of the air Ebenezer has been playing; shall I sing it, Doctor?" "Yes, please." It was sung very nicely. I said, "I've expected for some time to hear a certain lady singer, of whom Amos once spoke." Amos's voice said, "In due course, but in the meantime Alonzo has learnt to imitate a lady's voice." We said we should like to hear his imitation. Thereupon we heard a feeble execution in *falsetto*, of "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," upon my humming an accompaniment, Amos said, "Please sing it, Doctor, it will help him," I said, "I would rather sing something that I know better, if Alonzo wishes me to sing." Here was a general chorus of assent from the loud voice of Norton, up to the shrill one of Campion. I sang something. Alonzo then sang his "Marble Halls" more clearly. I sang again and again some verse of an old song, Alonzo following each with better and better management of his own voice. Alonzo asked "Do you know the 'Pilgrim of

Love,' Doctor?" Yes, it's a favourite with me, ever since I heard Sinclair sing it; that was in 1824. Did you hear him sing it?" "It's a long while ago, shall I sing it now?" When did you leave the body?" "I am not permitted to answer that question." "Very well; I am all attention for the song," and he sung it in *falsetto*, with delicacy and taste.

After we had been sitting thus for nearly two hours, I said "Will you allow me to remind you that mortals have to recruit the body. I would invite you to our refreshment, if you needed it." Amos said—"We return you our thanks all the same, and will take our leave now. What would the world say, Doctor, to your listening to recitations and songs from ghosts—from a party of phantoms—and then inviting them to supper? what would the world say if they knew it?" "I don't know, indeed, Amos, what they would say; according to the measure of their wisdom, I suppose." We exchanged farewells.

Sept. 24th.—This evening both mediums were with us; our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Childs, Mr. Barber, and Mr. Fusedale, two veteran Spiritualist friends, whom I had asked to drop in, and ourselves. This *séance* was remarkable for the vivacity especially of Ebenezer and Norton, who would neither suffer repression from each other, nor from us by any remarks we made. Ebenezer's voice is low in pitch, but exclamatory in tone; and it is necessary to prepare strangers for it. Norton's is lower in pitch and louder in tone, and this evening he used it more freely than ever, and as though he had an audience, not of nine, but of nine hundred. Their puns and boisterous drolleries were surprising. Sancto's play on the concertina was very fine. Mr. Childs asked him for something from the "Stabat Mater," and to Sancto's play Ebenezer joined his own on the comb, in perfect time and tune. Mr. Childs then asked for "Cujus Animam." My friend, Fusedale, next me, asked, "'Cujus Animam'—what is that?" "There's a Hahnemann here already," said Ebenezer. I said—"There's a small photograph of Samuel Hahnemann's bust on the mantel piece behind you." "Excuse my pun, Doctor," said Ebenezer, and then joined Sancto, who had begun to play what Mr. Childs wanted.

We do not perceive any alteration in Sancto's play, but Ebenezer's on the comb has been progressively characterised by better execution and tone, and greater compass, and we complimented him upon his improved play; he said his teacher Sancto did the same, and had given his instrument a proper name, the *cammelodion*. Sancto explained that he derived the term from *camb*, Anglo-Saxon for comb, and *melodia*, Greek for melody.

Alonzo sang his character songs, also, with increased vocal

expression and humour, varying the details of the dialogue from previous singing, Ebenezer taking part in one of the dialogues, where there is some crying exclamation, and joining, with his cammelodion in the refrain, played by Sancto.

Ebenezer said he had learned a new effect for his instrument, the roll of the side drum, and he executed a close and loud imitation of that instrument.

After, to please Mr. Childs, Ebenezer had repeated his reminiscences of schoolboy days, he went through a performance with Norton, of crying in chorus; Sancto announcing it as the "crying duet, by the Brothers Wyatt." Offenbach's laughing song in the "Orphée," was played by Sancto, the vocal part being taken by Ebenezer on his instrument.

Ebenezer, with evident reluctance, ended his part of the entertainment with what he called a "whimsical impromptu on the cammelodion." Then Sancto resumed his play on the concertina. While playing, we heard something snap, yet still the play went on. Some one asked what was broken. Sancto said, "Pass the concertina round." We felt that one of the hand straps was broken; it was passed back, and in the instant it was taken hold of by the medium the play was resumed; immediately at the end of the piece, Sancto sent it round again for us to feel, as he said, that he had means of working the instrument, other than those, indispensable to those in the body.

Ebenezer seemed excited by the applause we had not been able to withhold from his play, and his and Norton's voices were getting unpleasantly loud, so I hoped they would all now receive our farewells. They all bade farewell, and as I was about to turn the light on, Amos's loud whisper said, "Something for you, George," and we heard something fall lightly near Mr. Childs. We found it was the tissue paper, in a ball, which had formed part of Ebenezer's cammelodion, on which was written in pencil, "Do not forget Amos Ferguson."

While sitting talking with each other, we heard the shrill voice of Campion. "Ah," I said, "he went without saying farewell, let us exchange 'good night' with him." On turning down the gas, we were again noisily greeted by the voices of Ebenezer and Norton. Ebenezer said, "Amos has been giving something to George, I want to give something to the Doctor;" thereupon I felt the antimacassar of the sofa fall into my hands. "Here, Austin!" "Here, George!" they shouted, and sofa cushions and sofa squab were pitched right and left, while Mr. E. Childs, who was sitting on the sofa with a large table before him, called out, "Light, light!" Light restored, there was quiet at once; the medium said that he had felt lifted up, and then had been as suddenly dropped, and he called out as soon as he found himself

below his former level on the sofa frame. Not wanting this kind of rough diversion, we did not turn off the gas again.

Oct. 6.—Went this evening to Mr. Childs', to form one of the circle, by special invitation, to witness some expected new development. The conditions required were however departed from; and Amos and his invisible, but very audible band, were able to give no more than such manifestations as I have already described. Mr. Maurice, of the Dialectical Society, was present at this *séance*, and Messrs. Hodgson and Furney, of Manchester, were present during the latter part.

Amos pencilled his autograph on separate pieces of papers marked by the initials of those who wished to have it. Ebenezer also gave his to me, at my asking.

8, Great Ormond Street, W.C.
October 13th.

J. DIXON.

Notices of Books.

A GLANCE INTO THE HIDDEN LIFE OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT.*

IN Volume IV. of this Magazine we gave a short notice of Professor Perty's comprehensive *Die Mystischen Erscheinungen, &c.*—that is, "The Mystic Phenomena of Human Nature." That work consisted of nearly 800 closely printed pages, which, though only published in 1861 was followed in 1863 by a supplementary one—*The Reality of Magical Powers and Operations defended against Opponents*. The learned professor of Bern is, in fact, a collector of the most numerous facts on these and cognate subjects which are scattered through great libraries of the Continent. Besides these two works, Professor Perty has published *Anthropological Lectures delivered in the University of Bern*; *Facts and Observations on the Soul-Life of Animals*; *The Preliminary School of Natural Science: a Review of its principal Forms and Phenomena*; with other works. The industry of Professor Perty is prodigious; he is essentially a gatherer and condenser, and he ranges over fields as extensive as any bee.

In our notice of his *Mystical Phenomena*, we did not agree with some of the theories which he had framed from the facts collected: nor do we now, but in the present work he has clearly made a great advance towards the views which the same facts have presented to most minds in this country. Still Herr Perty

* By MAXIMILIAN PERTY. 290 pp. Leipsic and Heidelberg, 1869.

appears to us too credulous on some points and too sceptical on others. After marshalling a great host of spiritual facts, many of them drawn from the American, French, and English authorities on such subjects, amongst them the wonderful but most thoroughly attested ones of the fire phenomena exhibited through Home, the material flowers, birds, fruit, &c., brought through closed doors and windows to various *séances* in London and at many places on the Continent—the hard, palpable facts of spirit embodiment in matter, &c.—it is strange to see the author, under the head of “Hallucinations,” classing things which would be very odd hallucinations indeed if they were such. The visions and apparitions of saints and ascetics; those of artists and poets, as Raphael, Benvenuto Cellini, Dante, Tasso, &c., he treats as hallucinations. He considers the whole of the scenery and personages of the *Divina Commedia* as the results of hallucination. He gives us the experiences of a young man in Switzerland, who from the age of four years has seen and conversed with spiritual beings, good and bad. When any unpleasant event is approaching, this young man has a miserable sense of it beforehand. He became conscious of a friend of his falling ill at a distance. He knew the moment of his decease, and asserted these things, which all proved correct both as to time and fact. He had seen Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare, and other celebrated men as real as if in mortal bodies, but still very different to their pictures and photographs. He felt the hair of one such apparition as solid and real as any human being’s. They gave him advice at different times, and he found this advice, when he followed it, the best possible. In fact, Professor Perty seems to think the most palpable apparitions merely subjective forms. But can hallucinations, which are actual delusions, foretell events and announce truths? Can they inspire the highest poetry and the most consummate art? Can hallucinations give the best advice, and prescribe the most noble and profitable conduct? Can they do this and still be delusions of the mind? Then delusion must be truth and truth delusion. The tree of hallucination must produce the fruits of reality. The professor’s logic must be somehow at fault. A more consistent, and the only consistent theory is, that people in this clairvoyant state see as perfect realities in the spirit world as in an ordinary state we see in the physical one. When the professor has advanced as far as this in his spiritual philosophy, he will see that the opening of the inner senses to a spiritual and real world is the only explanation which can account for truths and pre-apprehended facts in what he classes as hallucinations. The cause and effect must be one in their nature: reality does not originate delusion, nor delusion reality.

Apart, however, from theory, Herr Perty has brought together a great body of most interesting facts, which we recommend to the perusal of readers of German. One of the most astonishing characters to whom he introduces us is the Rabbi Hersch-Dänemark of Siebenbürgen. When he has put on his gold-laced cap he counts with a glance the longest rows of lines in a closed book or manuscript that any one can bring. He counted, for instance, instantly and correctly, the 44 lines in the page of a printed book. Still more, he will read the words in the book whilst it is shut if those words are Hebrew. It is a peculiarity in such cases that he can only read Hebrew. Let himself or some one present touch with a finger, a knife, or the point of a needle, the page of a closed book, and he will read the words which the finger, &c., touches with his eyes shut. He has, moreover, an astonishing memory, and knows not only the *Talmud* literally by rote, but probably thousands of Hebrew books. He gave exhibitions of this kind in Germany, France, and Switzerland in 1842. On the 26th of September of that year, before an assembly of the professors of the University and clergymen of Basle, he not only read and counted as before stated, but he allowed those present to name any page in the *Talmud*, and the particular line of the page in a copy of the *Talmud* on the table, and he immediately read the words in that line. He put his finger on a certain spot in the *Talmud* with his face turned away, and not only read the words there, but said also what were the words on several leaves farther, and what were above and below on these leaves. He read with his back turned on the book, long passages in it, and noted where every fresh page began to a syllable. Still more mysterious and astounding is another faculty of this extraordinary man, to which it is difficult to give a name, and which has much engaged the enquiries of the learned in Germany. He allows any one present to select at pleasure a Hebrew volume, to lay his finger or a needle on some place in the book, or turn down a corner of a leaf, and he at once indicates the places on that page under or above the finger, the needle, or the corner of the leaf; or he allows a number of the leaves to be pierced through with a needle, and names the number of the leaves thus transpierced, and the number of the page where the puncture ceases. This he did with a manuscript of the University Library, with a pocket edition of the *Psalms*, and with Ewald's *Hebrew Grammar*. Of trick or sleight-of-hand there could be no question, for the Rabbi was watched by too many critical eyes.

In Vienna he was invited to a particular proof of his powers in the saloon of Prince Metternich and before the Grand Duke Franz, and in the presence of a number of distinguished physical

philosophers and men learned in languages. At his departure the Prince presented him with a gold snuff-box in which was laid a bank-note of 100 florins. In Basle he received this testimony:—"The performances of the Chief Rabbi, Hersch-Dänemark, in the presence of a number of learned men and clergymen, have exceeded all expectation. Not only has he shown a power of memory perfectly inconceivable, but as respects Hebrew words in books, which he had never before seen, and had never opened, he displays a gift of real divination, which the more it is reflected upon appears the more astonishing." This was signed by the Professors Gerlach, Fischer, De Witte, and Deacon Preiswerk.

Dr. Friedenberg, editor of the *Voss Gazette*, relates of Hersch-Dänemark in 1847—"We have witnessed a test of his achievements, and have thence derived the conviction that these belong rather to some undiscovered field of the endowments of nature than to human art. They border on the incredible. Herr Hersch-Dänemark is in a condition to read in a book closed to his eye, any passage at pleasure. He can, however, only read Hebrew. Every one present had such a book. I myself, a *Journey in Africa*, by Samuel Romanoli, translated into Rabbinical Hebrew, a very rare book, and one which Hersch-Dänemark had certainly never seen. With his finger laid on the book, and his entranced eye directed into space, he read off the words or the places that we had noted privately ourselves. Still more, he asked us which line in a certain page he should read; we said the sixteenth from the top. He replied, "That I cannot do; for there is a vacant place in the book, but I will give you the contents of the twelfth page," which he did. On opening the book, the page was found exactly as he had said.

A physician present doubted whether the Rabbi could read a book which he did not touch immediately with his finger, but he read just as well a volume wrapped in silk or woollen cloth. Most striking was to every one present the sort of entrancement in which the Rabbi seemed to be when he read or divined the passage in a closed book. Let us reflect that though he has exercised this gift at any given moment through a long unbroken course of years, yet it would be difficult to bring it into a parallel with the now known phenomena of clairvoyance."

In an article in the Appendix to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of March 9, 1851, it is stated that a doubter of the reality of the Rabbi's power was allowed to put his finger on a Hebrew word in the German book of a friend, where it was impossible for the Rabbi to see it, but he gave the word correctly. He himself asserts that he has no knowledge of whence his wonderful capability arises. In the moments of his power he is in an ecstatic

condition in which he comes into *rapport* with spirit-life, like somnambulists and mediums, and into co-operation with this life; "a very different thing," says the learned professor, "to legerdemain."

Truly; but what strikes our mind with a vivid wonder in reading of such a person as the Rabbi is the question—What are the real limits of the human intellect when liberated from the obstructive despotism of the physical frame? Has it any? The powers, as it were, of instinctive perception displayed by Hersch-Dänemark in his trance state, would seem to say that there are none.

Not the least curious chapters of this volume are those detailing the remarkable visits of a spirit professing to be Marie Antoinette, to the seeress, Anna Maria Weiss, of Vienna, with a political purpose, published in full at Leipsic during the present year; and the concluding essay on the continuance of our identity in another state. In conclusion, our friend Coleman would smile to find himself figuring in this work as the editor of the *Spiritual Magazine*.

THE OLD YEAR.

By ROBERT LEIGHTON.

Good-bye, old year, good-bye! now would I learn
The new one's name, but yours jumps to my pen,
As, like a parting friend, you turn and turn
To shake my hand again.

What promise made! how little done, old year!
But 'tis God's way, and we are wisely mute.
The blossom'd Spring gives hope of endless cheer;
But Winter counts the fruit.

And so, our hopes are blown to outward loss:
Yet, inwardly, the gain, who knows how great!
For, like the blighted hope on Calvary's cross,
They grow, would we but wait.

Good-bye, old year! though now you largely stand,
With all your living memories in store,
Soon will you lie, an unknown grain of sand,
On Time's eternal shore.

And with my farewell I could give a tear,
If man's own end were only death and dross:
But, with eternity around us here,
Lost time can be no loss.

Yet, mourn its waste—for that is waste of soul;
And make each blighted hope a chastening rod:
Then, though the years inexorably roll,
They bring us nearer God.