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DR. WILLIS'S EXPERIENCES.

AT a reception given at the Spiritual Institute to Dr. F. L. H. Willis, of New England, on his brief visit to this country last summer, Dr. Willis gave the following relation of his experiences as a medium and of the treatment to which it had subjected him. Dr. Willis is now travelling in Europe for the benefit of his health, but is expected soon to be again in England. His presence amongst us will enhance the interest of his history, and increase the sympathy which all Spiritualists, and indeed all truth-loving and honourable men must feel with him for the wholly unmerited persecution of which he was the subject.* Dr. Willis said:—

“I was a student at Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., in the Theological department; had passed through the course and was fitting myself for the ministry. I had known nothing of Spiritualism—literally nothing. I had seen some comments upon it, but if I gave it any thought at all, it was to regard it as a delusion that only the most ignorant and superstitious could participate in. During my course of studies my health failed me, and my medical advisers recommended a sea voyage. Accordingly, in the year 1854, I took a passage to South America. I was excessively sea-sick for 14 days on the passage, and during that time was conscious of some very singular experiences, such as I had never known before. I heard very strange and unaccountable sounds around me in my state-room. I felt, at times, as if a hand was laid upon my forehead; several hands were laid upon my person, and the contact seemed to relieve me

* Since this was written Dr. Willis has, we learn, returned to America.
N.S.—V.

in my sufferings. I gave but little thought to it, however, fancying it was probably owing to my diseased condition; but I finally learned what it was. I had some of these experiences after I arrived at Rio de Janeiro; but returning to Boston, I called on some friends, and in the course of conversation with them, I was giving some account of my experiences during my absence, when suddenly one of the ladies interrupted my conversation by saying, 'Mr. Willis, I believe you are a medium.' I had scarcely heard of Spiritualism, and I looked at her and said, 'What do you mean?' 'Why, I mean a medium for tipping, rapping, and so on.' I expressed my opinion that that it was a contemptible delusion. It was, however, proposed that we should sit and see what resulted. The table was drawn to the centre of the room—the sun was shining, and we took our seats, the lady, her two daughters, and myself. We had not been sitting at the table long before I observed some curious movements. I thought the young ladies were producing the movements in sport, but they assured me they had nothing to do with them, and they sat back from the table and drew their skirts away so that I might see that no foot was in contact with it; and you can imagine my surprise when I knelt down on the floor and saw that the table was suspended from the floor at least 14 inches and was not in contact with anything to cause such elevation. My moving from my seat undoubtedly broke the influence, and the table fell to the floor. I resumed my seat, my right hand lying on the table, and was in deep thought as to what that phenomenon could mean, when suddenly I felt a peculiar sensation in the muscles of the right arm descending to the hand, which then commenced an involuntary movement over which my will had no control whatever. One of the ladies, who had seen something of the manifestations, said, 'Why! it is going to write.' In my ignorance of the whole thing I had not even heard of a writing medium. A pencil was placed upon the table, which my hand eagerly seized by involuntary action, and commenced writing in different hand-writings. Each peculiar style of writing had attached to it the signature of a particular friend of some person present, and among them was the handwriting of my mother, who went to spirit life in my infancy; and it had so chanced that I had never seen her writing; but upon my procuring some afterwards and comparing it, it proved a fac-simile. The messages were assurances of their love, interest, and continued presence. That was my first introduction to Spiritualism.

"In the evening some gentlemen came to dine with me, and hearing of these remarkable occurrences, of course their curiosity was excited, and they wished to see something of the kind. We

sat, and phenomena occurred of a character even more remarkable. I felt something inducing me to go to a pianoforte, and I took my seat at the instrument—a grand piano, weighing at least 1,000 lbs. At that time my health was as frail as it is at present. I commenced playing a simple air on the piano, and to my surprise the instrument rose up and down upon the floor, and with sufficient force to jar the windows of the house. I commenced playing a march and the piano kept most perfect time. Then I changed to a waltz, then to a polka. I had no knowledge of music at that time—and at every change of the music the movements changed—and so violently was the instrument moved that the gentlemen took hold of it and endeavoured to stay its movements, but they could not. At last five of them got on the top of it, and the instrument was then taken up and swayed about with great power.

“Speaking of that manifestation reminds me that an evening after, a sceptic who had seen it, advanced several theories, the first of course based upon the assumption that Mr. Willis was a trickster, and that the movements were produced by my feet acting as levers; but I told him I would kneel on the floor and that would, perhaps, prove to him whether his theory was correct or otherwise. I did so, and also allowed him to hold my hands over my shoulders; and yet whilst in that position the piano was taken up and violently moved. He then advanced the theory that I was a biologist, and that there was really no movement in the piano. ‘Well!’ said I, ‘will you be so kind as to put your foot under it?’ which he did, but he limped for two months afterwards. My mediumship rapidly advanced. I passed through the trance state, and in this condition the impersonations of character were indeed remarkable. One of the earliest influences I had was that of an old eclectic or botanical doctor who had passed from life in the city of Boston some 25 years before. I was then about 19 years of age, and was, in my normal condition, quite ignorant of medical matters; had never studied physiology, and except a mere smattering knew nothing of it. My studies had been in quite a different direction; I had never even looked into a medical work. But when influenced by this old physician, there was no question that could not be propounded by me, none that I could not answer correctly and promptly; and under that influence I made very many remarkable cures indeed, cures considered miracles at that time.

“At that time very little was known of Spiritualism; that is, it had been working many years quietly against every obstacle among the more uneducated class of people; but it had not made its way into aristocratic circles. Therefore, from my position as a student of divinity in Harvard

College, these manifestations, which could not be kept quiet, created an intense excitement, and the noise of them came to the ears of the Professors at Cambridge, and it was felt to be a disgrace to the institution.

“Some of the most remarkable manifestations I have had were the appearance of spirit hands of various sizes, from the large brawny muscular hand of the labourer to the delicate exquisite hand of the lady, and these hands were seen manipulating instruments which were played upon in a remarkable manner. The instruments were usually placed upon the floor beneath the table at which we were seated. Our *séances* were never dark: usually the rooms were brilliantly lighted. Sometimes the spirits would request that the light be dimmed, but I never, except upon one or two occasions, went into a dark room; darkness, however, always intensified the power, but it was disagreeable to me. The instruments at these *séances* consisted of an accordion, bells, a drum, a guitar, and so forth. They were all played in perfect tune, and oftentimes in response to the mental requests of those forming the circle. One of the most beautiful manifestations of that kind was the hand of a lady which was often seen manipulating the strings of the guitar. I could not nor can I now use that instrument; the music was ravishing, and this beautiful hand was always seen in the dim light beneath the table. It terminated at the fore arm in the most exquisite drapery. Sometimes these hands would be placed beneath the table-cover, never in the light, and in this way we could take hold of them and receive their grasp.

“Then I had the flower manifestation. I was seated one evening at the house of a friend who had lost (as we sometimes very inappropriately say) a lovely child of four years named Johnny. She had heard that at a *séance* in the neighbourhood leaves had been brought, and she thought that flowers also could be presented; she propounded this question to the little boy, ‘Johnny!’—Three raps—he had a peculiar rap—‘Johnny, can you bring mamma some flowers?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘To-night?’ ‘No.’ We were holding these *séances* every Saturday night; and for six Saturday evenings the lady asked that question. On the seventh Saturday night we took our seats at the table; the doors of the room were locked, no ingress or egress being allowed. The question was asked, ‘Will you bring mamma’s flowers to-night?’ ‘Yes,’ was the answer. We had a great variety of manifestations. At eleven o’clock we rose to break up the circle, when suddenly I felt a peculiar sensation like the chill of death, and sunk into my seat. My friends, supposing I was again influenced, resumed their seats. I involuntarily took a pencil and paper, and

after writing a sentence on it I placed it beneath the table. Every eye was on the paper, there was light enough to see it distinctly ; and while we watched, a dark shadow traced the form of a flower—a fragrance of flowers filled the room, and when I put my hand down, the paper was covered with geranium leaves, with all the freshness of having just been broken from the plant. The writing on the paper was—‘ Darling mother, Johnny has brought you flowers.’ That was the first flower manifestation I ever witnessed.

“ Soon after that I was in Boston one night, and shared the bed of a friend with whom I was very intimate. It was nearly half-past eleven when we retired. We conversed nearly three quarters of an hour after retiring, and I had just turned from him and said good-night ; when this chill came over me, and I clung to him. He was frightened, thinking I was ill ; and just as he was going to spring from the bed to light the gas, we perceived the fragrance of flowers, and felt something like flowers falling—this was in midwinter when flowers could not be obtained—rose-buds and violets, with all the freshness of having just come from the greenhouse. The counterpane was literally covered with them.

“ On another occasion I was at the house of a Mrs. Davis in Worcester, Massachusetts: Mrs. Davis is the widow of one of the governors of Massachusetts, and the sister of George Bancroft, the United States historian. She is a very remarkable person, and one of the most intellectual women in America. I was in the habit of visiting her during my vacations. She was a very enthusiastic believer in Spiritualism and very fond of having mediums at her house, and she had many very wonderful manifestations there. On the evening I refer to, Mrs. Bancroft was present, as well as some of our most distinguished literary men and women—T. W. Higginson among them. That evening I had been controlled by different poets—Byron, Shelley, Southey, and others. The improvisations were very brilliant and beautiful—so I was told at the close of the *séance* by persons upon whose judgment I could rely. One influence rapidly succeeded another, and Mrs. Bancroft thanked me for the most brilliant evening she had ever passed. After these had ended, flowers were brought ; but instead of being thrown on the table they came about the floor and seemed to spring out of the carpet. I remember on another occasion we had been sitting three or four hours in a close room, the door had not been opened, and the most curious ferns, camelia japonicas, &c., all covered with rain-drops, were presented. The room was as light as this one. How could they have come into the room ?

“ I have also had independent spirit writings, one or two

remarkable instances of which I will give you. One morning when on a visit to Mrs. Davis, two lady friends called and we were seated in conversation on Spiritualism. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning. These ladies were sisters, the one a Spiritualist and the other a sceptic; and this latter had what she thought a very plausible theory, and that was the wonderful theory of mind acting upon mind. She asserted that there never was an instance of a communication coming that was not already existing in the mind of either the medium or one of the persons sitting round, and it was transmitted in that way. Mrs. Davis proposed that we should take our seats at the table. We did so: on it were a pencil and paper. We continued our conversation, and I was presenting this lady with facts which her theory did not and could not account for, when suddenly our attention was attracted by the movements of the pencil on the paper. There was no hand near it; but gradually the pencil rose till it assumed a writing position, and commenced sketching, with a great deal of skill, a pestle and mortar. When that was completed, some letters were written on a line with the base of the mortar; the letters were thus—E N——M I N. As soon as the pencil dropped the paper was seized, but it was an enigma; it was passed to the next lady, who could see no meaning in it; she passed it to her sister, and she to me, but it remained unsolved. At last Mrs. Davis said, 'Well, suppose we place it back and see if they will give an explanation.' We did so, and in an instant the pencil traced, in the blank space, the letters J A—the pestle and mortar represented the initial B—the whole forming the name (Benjamin) of the spirit father of the sceptical lady, and who in earth-life was a druggist.

"I have had some very remarkable manifestations of levitation. I will narrate one. There were twelve or thirteen persons present, and it was at a house where they had had some remarkable manifestations through a medium named Squires. After Mr. Squires's *séance*, some of my friends wanted to prolong the sitting in order to have some demonstrations through my mediumship; and so we formed another circle, and that was the first time I was ever taken up bodily. I was lifted from off my chair and placed, chair and all, on the table. I was then lifted entirely above the heads of the persons present, and floated about in the atmosphere up to the ceiling. My sensations were very singular. My body felt as though it was made of cork, so strangely buoyant, and I felt almost terrified at the novelty of my situation, and extremely nervous lest I should receive injury; and then I felt hands touching me. These sensations passed calmly away, and I was floated as if I had been a feather. I was carried away to a marble dressing table

in the room, covered with a great many articles of *vertu*, some rare and costly. There was a space not a foot in width in front of these articles, upon which I was laid by the spirit power, and there I was held and sustained. It was an exceedingly delicate matter to place a man on that table without breaking any of the articles. These manifestations took place in the dark.

“These *séances* were held at the houses of friends in Boston and its vicinity, and of course the notoriety they created reached Cambridge, and as I have already said, the professors were very much scandalised that one of their students should be giving himself to such foolish performances; but still they said nothing to me as I was faithful and never neglected my studies. I kept my position in my class. But one morning as I was getting ready to go into the recitation room there came a knock at my door; I opened it, and a lady stood there dressed in deep mourning, and announced herself as Mrs. Hall, of Boston. She said, ‘I am a Spiritualist, and my son is also an enthusiast in Spiritualism. My daughter, the wife of Professor Eustis, is a medium, but her husband is very violently opposed to the whole thing. We are desirous of convincing the Professor of the reality of these phenomena. Because he is a scientific man he believes there is no such phenomena; he asserts it is all fraud and trickery. We have heard of your manifestations, and are desirous that you should meet him at my house in Boston.’ I said, ‘Madam, this power forces itself upon me. I have never gone to the house of a stranger since I became aware that I possessed it.’ But she urged her case so much that I consented. She told me I would find the Professor a gentleman of position, and she would endeavour to make everything as pleasant as possible. I went on the appointed evening and met the party, and among them Professor Eustis of the Scientific School. I took my seat at the table, and had previously told Mrs. Hall what instruments were required—an accordion, drum, hand-bells, and guitar. The manifestations soon commenced with raps, and then some slight changes were made in the formation of the circle, at the direction of the spirits. The first manifestation was this:—A large hand-bell was seized and put up through an open space in the table made by removing a portable leaf. The hand-bell was put up and violently rung, and an opportunity was given to a gentleman to take hold of it, and he tried to take it away from the spirit but failed; he handed it to Professor Eustis, an immensely strong muscular man, who tried his utmost to pull the bell from the spirits. The room was brilliantly lighted, both my hands were upon the table, and not the slightest muscular movement could be perceived on my part, as the Pro-

fessor afterwards testified. The bell then dropped to the floor, and the instruments commenced playing, and that manifestation continued for some time. There were a variety of other manifestations. When the *séance* was over Mrs. Hall came to me and said, 'We have all been very much delighted with the manifestations of the evening, and I think Professor Eustis has been profoundly impressed. He has keenly and closely watched every movement and sound during the whole evening.' I thanked Mrs. Hall for her courtesy and kindness, and left.

"I found that the frequency of these *séances*, in addition to my mental labours, was affecting my health, and I thought they must be postponed till my course of studies was finished, and I came to the determination to sit for no one till that time. But about two or three weeks afterwards Mrs. Hall came to me again and said, 'Mr. Willis, Professor Eustis was profoundly impressed, and we think if he could meet you once again he would be fully convinced of the reality of these phenomena, and we wish you to meet him.' I said, 'Mrs. Hall, I find my health suffering from these manifestations, and have decided to give no more sittings to any one.' But she seemed to deem it of such importance, not only for the happiness and comfort of her own family, but for the whole world, that the Professor should be convinced of the reality of the phenomena, that I consented to meet the same company, and on the evening appointed went to her house and we took seats at the table. It seems that before I arrived the whole matter had been discussed, and the Professor had pronounced it to be 'all Mr. Willis's feet,' but nothing was said to me of this—he made that declaration at the end of the *séance*. But I had been assured by Mrs. Hall that I should meet with the utmost kindness, candour, and courtesy, and that everything should be as pleasant as before. When I took my seat at the table she said, 'Mr. Willis, before you came we resolved that we would all sit with our feet underneath our chairs, and not move them—not that we doubt you, Mr. Willis, but you can guess our reasons.' I said, 'I wish it to be remembered that I have always held these *séances* in the presence of friends, those who have confidence in me, and I in them, and I have never been subject to any restrictions, but I will do my best to conform with the expressed desire of the company.' The whole company pledged themselves to keep their feet under their chairs during the *séance*. The instruments were upon the table, placed as far from me as possible, and unless I was endowed with power of extension of the limbs, it would have been impossible for me to have touched them. I was seated at the centre of the table, the Professor next to me, and the rest of the company ranged around. We sat nearly half an hour,

but nothing occurred ; but all that time I was in an agony of torture, and felt as if a thousand needles were pricking my flesh. Nothing had been said to me of Professor Eustis's doubts of my integrity, nor had he expressed anything himself, but my sensitive nature felt all that was going on within him ; and just as I felt I could endure it no longer, there came the raps, and the spirits indicated that the circle was improperly formed. It was accordingly re-formed, according to their direction, which placed a lady between the Professor and myself ; then as soon as quiet was restored, the manifestations recommenced with the manipulation of the drum. The accordion had been placed at the other end of the table, but I now felt it press against my hand, I drew it up, and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, this is to indicate that I am to take it.' During the accordion manifestation, my left hand was resting on the table with the accordion in my right hand and the keys directed towards the open space. It was extremely difficult to hold the instrument at arm's length, so I always rested my arm on my knee, the instrument hanging down in front. I had never before been under any restriction, and entirely forgot the arrangement about keeping my legs under the table ; so I violated the rule innocently enough. I gave the company opportunity, in turn, to think of some tune they would like to have, and as soon as the wish was formed in the mind the response would come, giving the desired tune. This seemed to impress the company very much ; they could not understand how the 'foot' theory could account for it. Had I been sharp, I should have placed my foot back under the chair, but it did not occur to me. Now it is my habit to place my left limb over my right one, and on this occasion I did so, giving the hanging leg a slight nervous movement. The drum was next manipulated with two little drumsticks in a wonderful manner. The Professor was educated as a military man at West Point, and he said it was done in a scientific manner, and a lady present said she could not see how it was possible that a man with his boots on could play in such a manner, and at our request our national air, 'Hail, Columbia,' was drummed out. As I sat, I felt a peculiar sensation, unlike anything I generally experience from being hit by instruments, and it excited my curiosity. It seemed to proceed from something between the Professor and myself, and it pressed my foot firmly to the under surface of the table. Had I dreamed that the Professor had violated his own conditions, as he had declared he would, in order to detect me, I should have said, 'You have my foot,' but I did not think anything about it ; but the Professor jumped up, and in the grossest language denounced me as a villain and an impostor. I said, 'Professor Eustis, will you meet me again?' He said, 'Never.'

I said, 'Professor Eustis, I demand that you meet me again.' Again he said, 'Never.' I said, 'Professor Eustis, do you intend to make public your charge of imposture?' 'Yes, sir.' I said, 'Then, sir, in the presence of this company I demand that you meet me again, when I will submit to any conditions you may choose to impose upon me. You may put me in a wire cage; you may bind my hands and feet to my chair, but I demand you shall meet me again.' Mrs. Hall then said, 'Professor Eustis, Mr. Willis is my guest, and I demand, as a matter of justice, that you meet him again.' The rest of the company also expressed their desire, and he at last consented. The excitement threw me into a violent fit of hysteria. As soon as I had recovered, and a carriage was called, I turned to Professor Eustis and asked him if he would be in his room the next day, at noon. He said, 'Very well, I will be there.' I went to my room at Cambridge, where I had another of those fearful attacks. I went through it alone, and was found next morning nearly dead, and was too ill to think anything about my engagement; but about four o'clock I happened to remember it. I said to a friend, 'I have a very important engagement—will you go to Professor Eustis and tell him how very ill I am; tell him I am scarcely able to drag myself from my bed.' But Professor Eustis, when he found I did not come, went directly from his study, and instead of spending an hour in giving his scientific lecture, he spent it in denouncing me as a villain and impostor, thus prejudicing my case, and prejudicing the whole committee against me, while I was lying helpless in my room, trusting in his honour.

"I was very ill for several days. When I resumed my classes, the Professor who was lecturing, and who was one of the faculty, said to me, 'Mr. Willis, you will please remain behind; you are doubtless aware of the grave charges that have been made to the faculty, seriously involving your moral character.' I said 'Doctor, I am not surprised, but I am ready to meet them whenever you like, and the sooner the better, for my health is suffering from the doubt. Whom shall I meet?' 'You will meet no one but your faculty—the faculty of the Divinity School—the President of the College and the Professors of the Divinity School, and your accuser.' 'Very well, sir, I will be present.' I was then very feeble in health, but I felt what was coming. Dr. Walker assured me I should meet with no one else. On the morning of the day, there came from him a most informal message, saying, 'Professor Eustis has requested the privilege of bringing a friend;' and had I received the shadow of a hint as to who this person was, and the purpose for which he was to be brought, I should have procured the services of a lawyer. I had

been summoned before my teachers, men whom I had learned to love and respect, almost to reverence, and I could not believe they would summon a weak, sick, defenceless young man into their presence and allow him to be tortured. I sent for a friend of mine, the late Rev. B. S. King, and explained to him the circumstances, and asked him to go with me. He said, 'I am very sorry I cannot go with you, as I have to lecture at that time; but don't give yourself the slightest uneasiness, I will go and see Dr. Walker, and will come back and tell you the result of my interview with him.' Hour after hour passed away and Mr. King did not return, and I began to feel something was wrong. In his interview with Dr. Walker, Mr. King found I was already tried, convicted, and condemned unheard; and he felt so badly about it that he had not the heart to come back and tell me, so he went on to Boston without seeing me. It was four o'clock, and I sent to another clergyman, and related to him my circumstances. He said, 'I will go with you, I do not think you ought to go without some one.'

"The man Professor Eustis had taken with him was a Dr. Wyman, intensely bitter against Spiritualism, and he took him with him for the express purpose of having his aid in browbeating me, and inveigling me into self-contradictions. The Professor had his charges all drawn up; he gave a very literal account of the manifestations of the two evenings, but he acknowledged in response, that many things occurred for which he could not account in the slightest, and, said he, 'I even watched the shadow of Mr. Willis on the wall, and I could not see that he moved.' When he came to the accordion manifestations, they seemed to stagger the Rev. Doctors; they could not see how the accordion could be manipulated by my toes, or how it could possibly respond to mental questions put by different members of the circle. They put some questions to the Professor, and Dr. Wyman took them up and said, 'Oh! ask Willis about that;' and turning to me he said, 'Willis, how do you do that trick?' assuming at once that I was a scoundrel. Said I, 'Dr. Wyman, when the faculty are ready to hear what I have to say, I will tell all I have to tell, and I will address my reply to them;' even then my teachers allowed their prejudices against Spiritualism to lock their ears against me. Finally my friend, seeing how the investigation was being carried on, and being a man of position and influence, put a stop to the whole thing. He took Dr. Wyman on one side, and said, 'Dr. Wyman, it is outrageous the course you have pursued.' 'Oh,' returned he, 'Mr. Willis is not a rascal; he is a gentleman, his countenance shews that, but he is insane.' The next morning I was summoned to the study of the Rev. Dr. James Walker, a metaphysician and a celebrated

divine. In the most wily and shrewd manner he said, 'We have come to the conclusion that the investigation held last evening was not of such a nature as to warrant our drawing any inference from it, and that we were not the tribunal to carry on the investigation, and until you can go before such a tribunal we wish you to withdraw from the institution. This will be the best course, as nothing will be put upon our books.' They were ashamed to put upon their records the transactions of that evening. I could scarcely believe my senses. I looked at Dr. Walker in silence. Finally I said, 'Every man has a right to be deemed innocent till his guilt is established. You have constituted yourselves as a jury, have listened to the Professor with a man to act as his counsel, and now I demand that you hear me, and until you do so I shall resume my position in my class.' A meeting of the faculty was summoned and they effected my expulsion, but I had the sympathy of the whole of my country, and even from abroad came letters of sympathy. The entire press with the exception of the *Boston Courier*, which was inspired by my accusers, was on my side.

"But the thing broke me down completely; old and young, friends whom I had known from my childhood, passed me by. I had a tender loving heart, and it was death to me in its worst form—the crucifixion of every sensibility of my nature. I was broken down in health and have never been well since. But the work of Spiritualism has become endeared to me by these sufferings. At this day Spiritualism has become to some degree popular and respected, and you can form no idea of the bitterness of the persecution in that early day.

"For eleven months after my first experience in these manifestations I was fighting with all my energies with these influences, for I knew not where they would lead me. I had passed from the views received in my early childhood and had gone to the opposite extreme. I was a Materialist, and had no faith in immortality, because I had no demonstration of it. The Bible afforded me no demonstration, neither did Nature, and I knew if I accepted Spiritualism just what it would bring me to. I saw that I would have to give up my position, reputation, friends, everything; and I confess I did not feel equal to it, because I possess a very sensitive nature and organism, as you can all perceive, and I am exceedingly tender and strong in my affections, and naturally conservative. After I had been fighting eleven months against these things, and had been reading everything I could get hold of against Spiritualism, one evening, in perfect despair, I went to call upon a friend, and I explained the whole phenomena to him in his study, and gave a narration of my experiences from beginning to end; and at the

conclusion I said, 'Now, my dear friend, what shall I do? If I am insane I want to know it, and to be put where insane people belong.' He said, 'My dear boy, since this thing is entirely beyond your control, I advise you to give yourself up to it, follow where it leads.'

"That evening I had just extinguished my light, and was turning from my study to my bedroom when I mentally exclaimed, 'Take me, ye powers, whatever ye be, and do with me as you will.' I felt the struggle was over. I saw a beautiful phosphorescent light filling the atmosphere before me, and as I looked it expanded until it became large enough to contain a bust, and there I saw the most beautiful being I ever beheld, and I knew it was my mother who died in my infancy, leaving me to the tender mercies of others. Oh! how I had longed for a mother's love! Many and many a night I have gone to bed and wept myself asleep for the love of a mother, such as I saw constantly lavished upon other children. She told me she had long endeavoured to make me feel her presence, and that her love had not been inactive because she could not make me realise her presence. But in the midst of this manifestation, so beautiful and chaste, the thought flashed over me—it is all folly. The terrible idea seized me that these things were the precursors of insanity, and I said to myself this is part of the same hallucination that has been upon me for the past eleven months. My mother saw these things passing in my mind, and she said, 'Listen, and I will demonstrate this matter to you!' and she went on to state circumstances in her life—circumstances known only to herself and my grandmother, then living about three miles from the University. She told me she had taken these means of convincing me, and also that it might arrest the attention of minds not otherwise easily attainable. The next day, after I had fulfilled my duties at the college, I called on my grandmother, and propounded certain questions to the old lady, and I shall never forget her amazement. 'Why!' said she, 'where on earth did you get that information, it was known to no human being but your mother and myself.' Said I, 'Grandmother, my mother came to me last night and told me these things;' and the old lady declared she must believe me. And never from that day to this have I had one single doubt. Why? I should just as soon doubt the sun in the heavens, or my own existence."

THE LATE SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

THE conduct of the late Sir David Brewster in his relations with the celebrated medium, Mr. Daniel D. Home, and the controversy which arose in the year 1855, form a prominent episode in the history of English Spiritualism.*

That "dead men tell no tales" is an adage which Spiritualists cannot admit. We *know* that the so-called dead do in many instances, and under certain conditions, return and tell us many tales.

But we who have had much experience are cautious in accepting all that is revealed to us in this way, and were I now dealing with a message purporting to have come from the spirit of the departed philosopher through the ordinary channels of mediumship, I should hesitate before venturing to make a public announcement of the fact. There are, however, other means by which the voices of the dead speak to us—namely, by the records of their public and private acts when living. I have just found one, which coming as it does through the mediumship of Sir David Brewster's own daughter, will not be disputed; and as it tends to justify the statements made by those who stood forward in 1857 to defend Mr. Home and the genuine character of the manifestations witnessed by Sir David Brewster and Lord Brougham, it may, I think with propriety, find a place in the pages of this journal. As there are, since that period, many readers of this Magazine who have become converts to the doctrine which it promulgates, and as it is still a common thing to hear from opponents that Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster had examined and exposed the delusive character of Spiritualism, it will, perhaps, be as well for the better understanding of what follows, to give an epitome of the events which led to the controversy of 1855, in which I took a prominent part and was directly contradicted by Sir David Brewster in the public press.

The late Mr. William Cox, of Jermyn Street, with whom Mr. Home was residing in 1854-5, invited Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster to a private *séance*; and Mr. Cox, who was an intelligent and much respected gentleman, told me the following day how profoundly impressed both of his visitors had been with what they had witnessed, and he described minutely to me the

* A full account will be found in the Appendix to Mr. Home's book—*Incidents of my Life*.

several incidents which took place, of which I made notes at the time. This information was corroborated in a short conversation which I subsequently had with Lord Brougham, and again in a lengthy discussion with Sir David at the Athenæum Club; when he fully admitted the facts and said that he could neither attribute them to trickery or delusion of the senses, "But," he very emphatically added, slapping his knee, "spirits is the last thing I will give in to!" Sir David then accepted an invitation to another *séance* at Mr. Rymer's, at Ealing, where Mr. Home had gone to reside, and where he met, among others, the late Mrs. Trollope and her son Mr. Thomas Trollope.

Here the manifestations went far beyond anything which had occurred at Mr. Cox's, and Sir David discussed the proceedings with those present in the most serious manner, and especially with Mr. Trollope, whose mother became a convert to a full belief in the spiritual character of the manifestations, which, she said, "had given a pillow to her old age she had little dreamed of;" and Mr. Thomas Trollope himself, in a letter written to Mr. Rymer, expressing surprise at Sir David's conduct, said, "I am wholly convinced that, be what may their origin and cause and nature, they are not produced by any fraud, machinery, juggling, illusion or trickery."

An account of Sir David's and Lord Brougham's investigations having found its way into an American paper, was reproduced in the *Morning Advertiser*, and Mr. Grant, the editor, who has always opposed Spiritualism from a religious point of view, sent the paper to Sir David Brewster, who, to the astonishment of all who had heard his previous admissions, wrote to the editor of the *Morning Advertiser* denying that he was at all impressed with what he had seen. "I saw enough," he said, "to satisfy myself that they could all be produced by human hands and feet." I immediately wrote a reply to this letter, in which I reminded Sir David of our conversation, and what he admitted that he and Lord Brougham had seen. To this letter Sir David replied repudiating my statements *seriatim*. One of his denials was to this effect: "It is not true as stated by you, that a large dinner table moved about at Mr. Cox's," and after several other points were denied he said in explanation of what did take place: "Besides the experiment with the accordion, already mentioned, a small hand-bell to be rung by the spirits was placed on the ground near my feet, I placed my feet round it in the form of an angle, to catch any intrusive apparatus; the bell did not ring, but when taken to a place near Mr. Home's feet it speedily came across and placed its handle in my hand. This was amusing. It did the same thing bunglingly to Lord Brougham by knocking itself against his lordship's knuckles, and after a

jingle it fell;" and Sir David added that he conjectured "the effects were produced by machinery attached to the lower extremities of Mr. Home."

The dead man now speaks through his daughter, Mrs. Gordon, and corrects the erroneous statements then made by him.

The Home Life of Sir David Brewster (a book recently published) contains extracts from his letters and diary; and the following appears under the date of June, 1855:—

Last of all I went with Lord Brougham to a *séance* of the new spirit-rapper, Mr. Home, a lad of twenty. He lives in Cox's Hotel, Jermyn Street; and Mr. Cox, who knows Lord Brougham, invited me to accompany him in order to assist in finding out the trick. We four sat down at a moderately-sized table, the structure of which we were invited to examine. In a short time the table shuddered, and a tremulous motion ran up all our arms; at our bidding these motions ceased and returned. The most unaccountable rappings were produced in various parts of the table; and the table actually rose from the ground when no hand was upon it. A *larger table* was produced, and exhibited similar movements. A small hand-bell was then laid down with its mouth on the carpet; and, after lying for some time, it actually rang, when nothing could have touched it. The bell was then placed on the other side, still upon the carpet, and it came over to me and placed itself in my hand. It did the same to Lord Brougham.

These were the principal experiments. We could give no explanation of them, and could not conjecture how they could be produced by any kind of mechanism.

Hands are sometimes seen and felt: the hand often grasps another, and melts away, as it were, under the grasp. The object of asking Lord Brougham and me seems to have been to get our favourable opinion of the exhibition; but though neither of us can explain what we saw, we do not believe that it was the work of idle spirits.*

Thus it will be seen that when Sir David Brewster was publicly making the most ungenerous and unfounded imputations upon Mr. Home, and denying in the most unqualified manner the statements made by me in October, 1855, he had privately recorded, in the month of June previously, a complete refutation of his own words; added to which it is now shown that Sir David was himself A MEDIUM! A SEER in fact, with his own special experiences. His daughter's statement upon this point is sufficiently distinct and conclusive: her account of what she calls his "*dual nature*," and his ultimate convictions upon Spiritualism are curious and instructive. Mrs. Gordon says:—

Sir David Brewster's character was peculiarly liable to misconstruction from its distinctly *dual nature*; it was made up of opposites, and his peculiarly impulsive temperament and expressions laid him open to the charge of inconsistency, although he never recognized it in himself conscious, that he spoke what was consistent with the point of view whence he took his observations at the time. Accustomed to look at every subject with the critical investigation of the man of

* The public and mendacious denials of Sir David Brewster in the *Morning Advertiser* elicited no confirmation from Lord Brougham, though such confirmation, could he have obtained it, would have been most acceptable to Sir David. Lord Brougham's final views on Spiritualism are indicated by himself in the passage quoted in our last number, page 136.—ED. S. M.

science, he yet united the feelings of the man of impulse, and he spoke as moved by either habit. Nothing could show this better than his views and feelings with regard to clairvoyance and spirit-rapping. Like many Scotchmen of genius and intellect he had had a strong leaning to the superstitious from the days of the steeple vault and the cottage under the apple tree, balanced, however, by a scientific mind which required proof and demonstration for whatever came before it. His own quaint confession that he was 'afraid of ghosts, though he did not believe in them,' was as near the truth as possible. Living in an old house, haunted, it was said, by the learned shade of George Buchanan, in which, certainly the strangest and most unaccountable noises were frequently heard, his footsteps used sometimes to perform the transit from his study to his bedroom in the dead of the night in double-quick time; and in the morning he used to confess that sitting up alone had made him feel quite 'eerie.' On one of these occasions when the flight had been more than usually rapid, he recounted having distinctly seen the form of the late Rev. Charles Lyon and an attached friend of his own rising up pale and grey like a marble bust. He often mentioned his relief when he found that nothing had occurred to his friend, and pointed out what a good ghost story had thus been spoiled. A certain pleasurable excitement was combined with this 'eeriness,' and many will recollect the charm of his ghost stories, recounted with so much simplicity and earnestness and resemblance of belief, as on one occasion to be rewarded by the perplexing compliment of a fair young listener at Ramornie fainting dead away. He really wished to believe in many wonders to which his constitution of mind utterly refused credence; and this feeling combined with a characteristic courtesy and wish to please, often misled those into whose pretensions he was most critically examining.

He latterly took even deeper views of this school of wonders and giving it as his belief that, if modern Spiritualism with its manifestations be a truth, it may be a fulfilment of the prophesied work of the evil one and his agents.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE HOME LIFE OF SIR DAVID BREWSTER."

In addition to the foregoing testimony of Sir David Brewster against himself, the following passages relating to his experiences in Spiritualism, from his own pen, as quoted by his daughter, will interest the reader:—

"London: May, 1851.—I have been at two mesmeric *séances*, one with Dr. Macdonald and the Duke of Argyll, at a Mrs. Holmes's, who utterly failed in her clairvoyant pretensions. A Count Possenti mesmerised her. The other was at Dr. Ashburner's, where I saw things that confounded me."

In a letter, dated London, April 25th, 1851, he tells of a breakfast party at the house of Chevalier Bunsen, and says that the great subject of talk was spirit-rapping and the moving of tables. He adds:—

"Just as we were discussing the subject, Mr. Bunsen received a letter from the King of Prussia, saying that the experiment was made at the palace by the royal party, who

were alone, and no conjuror present. Three of the young ladies had each letters from Berlin, mentioning these experiments, which sometimes fail. One letter stated that it succeeded three times out of seven. . . . Of course it is nonsense, and there must be some trick in it. . . . Mr. Monckton Milnes asked us to breakfast with him to-morrow, to meet Mr. Galla, the African traveller, who assured him that Mrs. Hayden told him the names of *persons* and *places* in Africa which nobody but himself knew. The world is obviously going mad. . . . The spirit-rapping is exciting great interest in London, but very few believe in it, and there are many facts which tend to prove that it is done by some machinery or apparatus by which the hands and feet of the medium may produce the observed phenomena."

THE BROWNING'S AT CASA GUIDI.

At noon Mr. Browning called upon us. He invited us most cordially to go at eight and spend the evening, and so at eight we went to the illustrious Casa Guidi. We found a little boy in an upper hall with a servant. I asked him if he were Pennini, and he said "Yes." In the dim light he looked like a waif of poetry, drifted up into the dark corner, with long, curling brown hair and buff silk tunic embroidered with white. He took us through an ante-room into the drawing-room, and out upon the balcony. In a brighter light he was lovelier still, with brown eyes, fair skin, and a slender, graceful figure. In a moment Mr. Browning appeared, and welcomed us cordially. In a church near by, opposite the house, a melodious choir was chanting. The balcony was full of flowers in vases, growing and blooming. In the dark blue fields of space overhead the stars, flowers of light, were also blossoming, one by one, as evening deepened. The music, the stars, the flowers, Mr. Browning and his child, all combined to entrance my wits. Then Mrs. Browning came out to us—very small, delicate, dark, and expressive; she looked like a spirit. A cloud of hair falls on each side her face in curls, so as partly to hide her features; but out of the veil look sweet, sad eyes, musing, and far-seeing, and weird. Her fairy fingers seem too airy to hold, and yet their pressure was very firm and strong. The smallest possible amount of substance encloses her soul, and every particle of it is infused with heart and intellect. I was never conscious of so little unredeemed, perishable dust in any human being. We soon returned to the drawing-room, a lofty, spacious apartment, hung with Gobelin tapestry and pictures, and filled with carved furniture and objects of *vertu*. Everything harmonised—poet, poetess, child, house, the rich air, and the starry night. Tea was brought and served on a long

narrow table, and Mrs. Browning presided, assisted by Mrs. E——. We all gathered at this table. Pennini handed about the cake, graceful as Ganymede. Mr. Browning introduced the subject of Spiritism, and there was an animated talk. Mr. Browning cannot believe, and Mrs. Browning cannot help believing.—*Notes on England and Italy*, by Mrs. HAWTHORNE.

GENERAL HARNEY AND HIS MEN SAVED BY A DREAM.

General Harney, of the United States' army, now a dignified old man, about seventy years of age, in a conversation with Mr. Peebles, the American Consul, told him how his life and the lives of several of his men were saved by a dream. The anecdote was related by Mr. Peebles in a recent discourse at the Cavendish Rooms:—

About 40 years ago, General Harney was engaged in the war with the Florida Indians. One night, at about 11 o'clock, he sent one part of his army to attack the Indians, but the latter discovered the movement too soon, and surrounded their opponents, who were thereby placed in great danger. Harney started to the rescue, and at break of day found himself and his followers in a valley, and in great danger. He felt a drowsiness suddenly come over and overpower him, so that he dropped to the ground, and dreamt that he was surrounded by the enemy, with only one possible way of escape, through a deep gorge. He saw the rocks and the gorge distinctly, and thought that he and his followers entered the gorge, and covered themselves with black mud, so that at a distance they looked like negroes, and in this disguise escaped. The negroes were friendly with the Indians. He then awoke, and not far off saw the entrance to the very same gorge he had seen in his dream. They found a pool lined with black mud; they covered themselves with the mud, and escaped, because in the distance they were taken by the Indians for negroes.

HOW CAN DREAMS FORETELL EVENTS?

A gentleman, honest and perfectly reliable, relates to us the following:—

While mate on a ship, near Copenhagen, one night he dreamed of seeing a part of the crew get in the boat to go on shore, and was told by some one not to go, as they would perish, and he saw the boat start and upset, and all did perish. Several days after, the boat was lowered for shore, and he was to go as one of the number, but the dream occurred to his mind with such force he declined to go, and another volunteered to take

his place, and he saw the boat upset and realized his dream. Still another:—Not long since, he reached his home in this country from a voyage, and on reaching his house, saw his little girl but not his little son, and on asking for him, his wife was unable to answer for tears and grief, for she had put his body in the grave a few days before. That night he dreamed that he saw the body in the coffin, lying on one side as if rolled partly over, and he asked his wife why it was buried so, but she said it was not so, but all right. A few days after, he had it taken up to be moved to a lot in the cemetery, and on opening the coffin, found the body just as he saw it in his dream. How can dreams foretell events? This is the query.—*Banner of Light.*

THE UNSEEN THINGS OF LIFE.

A well-known writer once observed, that, if we could read the secret thoughts of our most intimate acquaintances, gathered together at a dinner-party, or other social occasion, we would rise up in terror, and flee from their presence as from a pestilence. What additional terror we should be in, could we of this moving age know the scenes that had been acted, and the words that had been spoken, in the rooms we may occupy at present, by those who tenanted them previously! There are, in fact, said to be persons of a peculiarly sensitive organization, who do feel more or less of the magnetic influences left behind. Andrew Jackson Davis, relates some singular experiences, *apropos* of this, in a work entitled "*Spirit Mysteries Explained*," which are interesting as pertaining to magnetism, clairvoyance, and similar sciences, whatever view we may take of the basis the author claims it is grounded upon. He says that, during one of his clairvoyant 'visions,' he was impelled to go unconsciously to an obscure point on Long Island and visit a strange and dismal cave, remaining there the greater part of the night in an externally unconscious condition, during which time he psychometrically gathered the occurrences of which the book is a 'faithful report.' As nothing is hidden from God, so there are people who believe that nothing in all the transactions of this world's good or bad inhabitants can be hidden from the clairvoyant. The walls of the robbers' cave which he visited seemed to him literally written full of all the actions and even the words of the nefarious outlaws who had made it a rendezvous 50 years ago. On the night of the author's visit, all their dreadful plans, deeds and words were visible to his clairvoyant sense of vision. What a lesson does this teach us? How careful should we be to avoid the dark and terrible, lest some day they may not be only

read by eyes we supposed would never be opened to their iniquitous record, but may also serve as the hidden magnetic monitor to drag some sensitive, susceptible soul down to sins and remorse it had else escaped! Who shall decide whether this be philosophy, or the wild dreamings of a fanatical enthusiast? Even though it be the latter, as believed by nineteen-twentieths of the world, it is yet no disputed matter that we do good and evil acts every day which influence the acts and lives of those around us at the present time. Happy we if the evil dies with us, and the good only exists to recall our minds back to the pleasant spots of earth's pilgrimage.—*Waverley Magazine*.

THE DARKNESS OF LIGHT.

Professor Tyndall has demonstrated a most interesting experiment, which showed by the destruction, by burning, of the dust which floats in the air and reflects light, that when light was held to a tube emptied of this dust the tube so emptied presented to the eyes of the beholder no light at all, but instead of light in the tube, a rolling wreath of darkness was visible, black as night.

The *Daily Telegraph* commenting on this says:—"What then was this blackness, obliterating the light like an opaque solid, but yet not stopping its passage? The answer comes, 'It is the blackness of stellar space—not darkness by absence of light, but darkness by absence of any and of all matter competent to reflect and scatter light.' And the paradoxical corollary of these beautiful demonstrations is, *that light itself is an utterly invisible thing*. That which renders all things visible is here proved to be absolutely without witness of itself to us, except it have something to strike upon—a body to fill with the subtle life of illumination. The beam crossed unseen the black chasm produced by the flame or by the gas, but emerged into the floating atoms beyond with the identical brilliancy exhibited among the atoms on the other side. 'The light shined in the darkness,' in fact, 'but the darkness comprehended it not.'"—*Human Nature*.

SPIRIT FACES SEEN AT PUBLIC MEETINGS.

In our last number we gave an account of some public manifestations of this kind in New York, through the mediumship of a Mrs. Thackerbury. The well-known Dr. J. B. Ferguson has written to the *Banner of Light* a narrative of similar facts witnessed by himself and others with a Mrs. Amesbury, of St. Louis, who has but recently developed as a medium. In her presence, spirit faces, perfectly delineated, are seen by all

the persons present. Mr. Ferguson says:—"We have seen as many as twelve faces, not one of which was the face of any one present; they were oriental, tropical, and marked European faces.

"These faces," he continues, "were as clearly seen, and as satisfactorily scrutinized as it is possible to see and note any face of any person at a distance of from five to ten feet; at times they were subject to our touch, and the evidence of their tangibility was as distinct as that of any human face ever touched by human hands. The expression of the faces were individualized and most impressive; the colour alike of the face and hair varied; in some the beards were grey, long, and flowing, the eyes expressively beaming; the faces were not those of any human being, but were faces of persons who had cast off the fleshly form." Mr. Ferguson also says that at times voices, male and female, spoke and sung to them, and were accompanied upon the piano, which was 10 feet from any human contact, and the lid closed. The names of several ladies and gentlemen are given by Dr. Ferguson in confirmation of his statements.

GOOD EXAMPLE—WHO'LL FOLLOW?

Mr. David Weatherhead, of Keighley, Yorkshire, who established and sustained the *Yorkshire*, subsequently the *British Spiritual Telegraph*—the first publication in England devoted to Modern Spiritualism—is now at his own expense, we are informed, building a hall in Keighley for Spiritualist meetings. It will, we believe, be the first erected for this purpose in Great Britain. Who will follow this generous example? The need of such places for lectures, meetings and children's Progressive Lyceums is beginning to be felt in the Metropolis and many of our large towns, and they certainly might in many ways be turned to good account.

SECOND-SIGHT.

Sir William Williams, of Tregulow, whose death has just been announced, was the son of a gentleman who is said to have enjoyed the gift of second-sight in a remarkable degree. Shortly before the assassination of Mr. Perceval in 1812, Mr. Williams saw the tragedy enacted before his eyes in a dream, and narrated it to his family 48 hours before the intelligence of the event reached his residence. Of course there are many and equally well-authenticated instances of "coming events casting their shadows before," but we know of no case where it was in the power of the dreamer to avert the presaged misfortune. Aubrey,

indeed, tells a story of two thieves who robbed and murdered a traveller, and were detected and convicted by means of a letter which the traveller had received from his brother warning him of the coming disaster, and describing the murderers as they had appeared to him in a twice-repeated dream; but we doubt whether such evidence could be accepted now-a-days at the Home Office.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

LIVE TOAD FOUND IN A COPPER ORE QUARRY.

Mr. H. D. Jencken writes us:—"As several of your contributors have furnished you with facts as to the presence of toads embedded in rocks, it may interest you to learn that a case of this kind came some 15 years past under my personal observation. At a copper mine, named Spectacle, in Namagutana, Cape of Good Hope, some of the miners had been engaged removing by blasting huge masses of rock, preparatory to driving a gallery into the side of the mountain 40 to 50 feet below the surface. The foreman who superintended the works had the day before spoken to me of the extraordinary presence of frogs which he had found in the rocks on previous occasions, and asked me to watch the great blast to be made that forenoon. I accordingly attended. So soon as the concussion had passed I penetrated the mouth of the gallery, and much to my surprise, found a toad just visible, lodged in a hollow in the very centre of what had been a minute before a block of rock and ore 10 feet by 12 feet. The cavity the toad was lodged in was about the size of the toad, the roof slightly arched and the walls smooth, the rock itself was strongly tinged with copper stains and a portion of the boulder or rock contained nodules of brown oxide of copper. The chamber in which the toad was lodged was, however, only slightly tinged. After some difficulty, I succeeded by the aid of a small steel wedge in releasing my prisoner. On examination I found both eyes covered with a thin skin, and the *anus* perfectly closed. The toad appeared in good condition, and showed signs of life, I placed it upon some moist moss, and on the second day the eyes opened. The third day, however, the toad died. I took care to secure it in a pickle bottle filled with spirits of wine, intending to examine my find, on arrival at Cape Town, aided by some of my scientific friends there; but, as ill luck would have it, my Hottentot guide got possession of the bottle with the animus of the '*Rem sibi habendi*,' and both the spiritual and bodily contents disappeared. To conjecture how many ages of ages the frog may have been embedded would be a futile speculation; my theory is that originally a tadpole was carried into the crevices of the Gneiss formation of the mountain,

and that it subsequently developed into a full-grown toad whilst so imprisoned. Certain neither air nor moisture had reached it from that period, for the rock was dry and firm, and only yielded to the steel point of my wedge."

GLIMPSSES OF ANOTHER WORLD, BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

In a letter to Mrs. Browning (then Miss Barrett) Miss Mitford gives the following curious histories:—

" Three Mile Cross,
" Dec. 30th, 1841.

" Mr. Hughes, too, told me the other day of a dream of a friend of his father's, a country gentleman of fortune and character. He thought that his gardener was digging a pit in a certain part of his garden; he watched him, wondering what it could be, until it assumed the form of a grave. Then the gardener went away and fetched the body of a young woman, in whom he recognized his own dairymaid, and deposited the corpse in the ground, and shovelled the earth over it. Then he awoke. He awakened his wife and told her his dream. 'Nonsense,' said she; 'go to sleep again, it is the nightmare.' Again he went to sleep, and the dream returned. He again awakened his wife, and she, although a little startled, persuaded him that it had arisen from some talk which they had had respecting the dairymaid's appearance, and at last he composed himself to sleep once more. For the third time the dream returned, and then arming himself with his pistols, he walked down into the garden. At the very spot indicated, he saw the gardener just finishing the operation of digging the grave, and rushing upon him suddenly, the man in his panic confessed that the dairymaid was pregnant by him; that she had threatened to appeal to her mistress; that he had appointed to meet her in a retired part of the grounds at that very hour; and that in short, if not prevented by his master, before the sun rose, the poor young woman would have lain murdered in the pit before them. *This is a certain fact.**

* Mr. G. Hughes (father of Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P.) was an old contributor to *Blackwood's* and *Ainsworth's Magazines*; and the dream above related is made by him the subject of a poem which appeared in *Ainsworth's Magazine* in 1842, as *The Squire's Dream*, and was subsequently included in a volume of poems published in 1850, entitled, *Lays of Past Days*, by the author of *Provence and the Rhine*. To this poem its author appends the following note:—"The authority of this strange tale rests on the testimony of the late Major H——n, father-in-law to the present Lord S——lle, and a family friend of the most unquestionable honour. The major stated the circumstances as here given, with a slight degree of local colouring (in the poem), to have happened to an intimate acquaintance of his in Leicestershire, and a near connexion of the house of Carysfort."

“K——, a young woman of remarkable intelligence and presence of mind, has told me frequently of an appearance that she saw, about five years back, when living with a respectable grocer in Buckinghamshire, not as servant, but as shopwoman. Her bed room opened into an anteroom common to two or three chambers belonging to the family. In this room a rushlight was burnt, and she had the habit of leaving her door open, and after laying her head down upon the pillow of half rising to look if the rushlight were safe. Two of her brothers and a favourite cousin were at sea in different merchant vessels, and she had that evening expressed to the grocer's daughter her strong impression that she should never see her cousin again. On raising herself up, as usual, to look at the light, she saw, just before her, standing in the door-way, the figure of a young sailor. She felt that it was no living man: the head drooped on the bosom, and the straw hat fell over the face which she could not discern. The dress was the usual jacket and trousers, the open shirt, and loosely-tied neckerchief of a seaman. It might have been from height and appearance, either her elder brother or her cousin, she believed it to be the latter, and spoke to it by his name. It made no answer—but remained during two or three minutes, and then slowly and gradually melted into air. She was as strongly convinced of the reality of the appearance as of her own existence, and is so still.

“Both her cousin and her brother returned to London, but the former had had a fall from some part of the rigging of the vessel on that very day (the day of the apparition) and died on shore without her seeing him. Nor did she again see her elder brother, who, shortly after his return, sailed on another voyage and must have been lost at sea, for although four years had elapsed since he was expected, neither he nor the vessel had ever been heard of; indeed the underwriters had paid the insurance money. K—— was not alarmed, she said; the only painful sensation was the immediate fear that something had occurred to one or other of those dear relatives, and she shall, always, she says, be sure that *it* was her cousin who appeared to her. I believe that these are her very words, and I have no doubt whatever that she did see what she describes; nor would you if you could hear the truthful simplicity, the graphic minuteness, and the invariable consistency with which she relates both the apparition and her own feelings on the occasion. The story, as she tells it, is exceedingly impressive, from the absence of exaggeration and of those circumstances which are usually thrown in for the sake of effect. The door opening upon the staircase was fastened, bolted within; no man slept in the house except the master of the shop, a grave elderly man who

officiated as a Wesleyan minister, and whom no money would have bribed in attempting a trick upon such a subject; and the females, besides a general coincidence of character with their husband and father, were all considerably shorter and in every respect different from the figure in question. K—— has never used the word ‘ghost,’ or ‘spirit,’ or apparition,’ in speaking to me. She generally says ‘it,’ and certainly thinks of the apparition with great awe.

“I agree partly with you, that these are glimpses of another world. It seems impossible to refer all these well-attested stories to imposition or credulity. * * * * Though I heartily agree with Stilling in the sinfulness and danger of seeking them. By danger, I mean the peril lest such presumption should be punished by madness, or such tremor as is one form of that awful infliction; or by fits or other physical infirmities brought on by mortal fear.”—*Life of Mary Russell Mitford*, vol. iii.

THE MISSING STEAMER—A VISION.

A correspondent of the *New York Herald* writes:—“On Friday night, the 25th of February, I had a lady friend from the country sleeping with me, and had been talking a great deal on different subjects, especially on the marriage question and other philosophical subjects quite foreign to any vision; but, conditions were, as we say, right, and much harmony existed between us. All at once the whole side of the house seemed to roll away, and I saw a bright light and heard a voice near me say in a spent whisper, ‘Look at the fire.’ I looked, when I saw the light and flame; saw a steamer burning, people struggling in the flames and in the water. I, much terrified, saw that it was a vision; I tried to speak to my companion and the voice said, ‘Nay, look further!’ Again I looked and it seemed nearer. I saw the stack pipe fall, masts and all but the hull disappear, and on the charred mass I read ‘City of——’ the rest was burnt off, and while I looked the black mass sunk in the boiling sea. Here is the description of the location:—I saw a narrow pass; on the right a high rocky precipice or headland; directly across from it is a low point of land or coast; behind the point the vessel burnt—not in the pass. I have no recollection more but of feeling dreadfully frightened, and everything was as clear to me as if I witnessed it. I called to the lady by my side, saying what I saw: she asked me, ‘Is there no one saved?’ I said, ‘Yes; a man named Seymour for one; but for God’s sake, let me rise.’ I did so, and saw it was two o’clock at night. I called a gentleman in the next room, who replied that I had been seeing the City of Glasgow that was burnt some time ago. I can prove this vision

of mine by three witnesses, and I was told that the land I described was the Irish coast; but I do not know. I believe it was the missing steamer, and no news will come from her."

FASTING OF ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA FOR MANY YEARS.

In the *Life of St. Catherine of Siena*, written by her confessor, Raymond de Capone, we find recorded in various places that throughout her life she was from a certain period accustomed for long spaces of time to abstain entirely from food, she being alone able to swallow the Holy Sacramental wafer. At other times her sole nourishment was a few herbs; and this condition of fasting continued until her death. We are told that "her vital functions had become so entirely changed that food was no longer necessary to her, nay, indeed, the taking it caused her the extremest suffering. When she was forced to eat food, she was extremely inconvenienced, and could not retain it upon her stomach. It is impossible to say how much she endured in this manner. In the commencement of this condition of fasting it appeared both to her relatives and to the persons most attached to her, perfectly inconceivable. It was regarded as a temptation and deceit of the devil. Her confessor even ordered her to take food, and not listen to the commands she received in vision to abstain from it. It was in vain that Catherine assured him that she was strong and well when she fasted, whilst, on the contrary, she became sick and weak if she took food. She obeyed her confessor, however, as much as it was possible for her to do so, but these efforts to eat reduced her to such a state as to cause her life to be despaired of. She at length called her confessor, and said to him, "My father, if through excess of fasting, I were in danger of death, should you not desire me to refrain from fasting, in order that I should not destroy myself?" "Unquestionably I should do so," he returned. "If, therefore," she continued, "you perceive, after this much experience, that the taking of food is killing me, why do you not command me to abstain from it, as you would have commanded me to abstain from fasting, if it were fasting which was killing me?" The confessor had nothing to reply to her reasoning, having witnessed the danger to which his commands had exposed her.

The first time that this total fasting commenced, it was the beginning of Lent, and she was sustained by the grace of God until the feast of Ascension, without receiving any bodily food, and without any diminution of her strength or gaiety. Has not the Lord said, "Thou shalt not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," and is it not also written, "The just shall live by faith?" On the Day

of Ascension she took food as she had announced to her confessor she should do. She partook of some bread and vegetables. She then recommenced her fasting and ended ultimately by entirely fasting, occasionally, however, at first at long intervals, breaking it for a short time. The more her body fasted the more did her soul appear to be fed. *Her bodily organs had, so to say, suspended their functions.* "Often have I seen her weak body reduced to the very last state of weakness, each moment one expected her to expire, but whenever an opportunity presented itself for her to do honour to God, or aid a human being, life appeared to return to her, and her strength was extraordinary; she could walk and move about, and appeared devoid of all sense of fatigue." At the commencement of her fasting, her confessor demanded whether she experienced hunger at any time, and she replied, that having received the Holy Eucharist it was not possible for her to desire or crave for bodily food. This prolonged fasting excited great indignation against her, and anger in many minds. "Catherine endeavoured to quiet the murmurs which she heard around her, and at one time decided that every day she would at least take her place at the common table of the convent, and would try to eat. Although she ate neither flesh nor eggs, neither took wine nor even bread, nevertheless that which she took, or rather strove to take, caused her such suffering that those who saw her, hard as were their hearts, were filled with compassion. Her stomach could no longer digest any food, and rejected everything that was given it. She endured frightful pain, and her whole body appeared to swell. She only chewed herbs, did not swallow them, but retained only the juice. She at length tried to drink water to refresh her mouth, but was always obliged to throw it up again and this with the greatest pain. Myself witnessing all this suffering, I took compassion on her, and advised her to let men say what they chose about her, and spare herself further sufferings."

The *Life of St. Catherine of Siena* contains references to the prolonged fastings of various other saints of the Catholic Church under similar conditions. The original documents from which this *Life* is compiled are still extant. She died in 1380, about the age of 33. Endowed with a noble intellect as well as with a most tender and religious heart, and sustained by many miraculous gifts of the Spirit, St. Catherine of Siena may be regarded as the typical religious woman of Italy in the middle ages. Nor was she less distinguished for her political influence than for her private piety; the contemporary of Dante and Fra Angelico, she may be regarded as a female blending of their two natures. She was also a poetess. For further

particulars relating to this very remarkable woman, see, *Vie de Sainte Catherine de Siena par Le B. Raymond de Capone, son Confesseur, Paris, 1869. Storia di Santa Caterina da Siena, et du Papaio del suo tempo, Napoli, 1856.* Also Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art.*

SPIRITUALISM IN HALIFAX.—SPIRIT DRAWINGS THROUGH A
BLIND MEDIUM.—SPIRIT-VOICES.—HEALING.—LEVITATION.—
SPEAKING IN DIVERS LANGUAGES.

We are glad to find that Mr. Peebles' ministrations are not confined to the Metropolis. He has recently visited Halifax, and during the 10 days he was there delivered six addresses in the largest hall of the town,—the audiences steadily increasing, till on the last evening, about a thousand persons were present. Each address was followed by a discussion; on one evening three clergymen, and on the last evening five clergymen took part in it. During Mr. Peebles' absence from London his place at the Cavendish Rooms was supplied by Mr. Shorter. The interest in these Sunday evening meetings continues unabated.

The Psychological Society of Halifax has several mediums among its members. One of these is a blind man, Mr. John Blackburn, of Bottom Salterhebble, near Halifax. Two splendid pictures have recently been given through his mediumship, the time occupied in doing them being seven minutes only. One represents fruit, the other a bouquet or nosegay of flowers. These pictures are, we believe, still on view at Mr. James Nutton's, Snow Hill, Halifax.

Another medium of this Society is Mrs. Elizabeth A. Segar, 48, Wakefield Street, Bradford, who has long exercised her healing power for the benefit of the afflicted. She is sometimes, too, the subject of levitation, and articles, such as a violin, have been seen floating in her room without visible agency. She also sees spirits, who hold direct audible converse with her, and are heard and understood by others as well as herself.

Mr. Thomas Tate, of Bradford, is also a healing medium; he is a working man—a joiner. The Indian, African, Italian, and other languages, it is said, are spoken through him. No wonder that with such mediums Spiritualism has taken a deep hold in Yorkshire.

SPIRITUALISM IN MELBOURNE.—“THE GLOWWORM SHOWS
THE MATIN TO BE NEAR.”

We have received Nos. 1 and 2 of a sixpenny monthly issued at Melbourne, Australia, entitled, *The Glowworm: An Advocate for Misapprehended SPIRIT-PHILOSOPHY, and a De-*

fender of its Adherents. In the opening article the editor states the circumstances which have led to the issue of this publication. He says :—

The adage, "Fair play's a jewel," is echoed from all quarters: yet, if Spiritists had been allowed fair play, the *Glowworm* would not have been called into existence. We have been violently assailed, rankly abused, and unwarrantably anathematized by the Pulpit; and by the newspaper press we have been refused the common courtesy of *replying* in the same columns which published unjust reproaches, false accusations, and flagrant untruths. We shall not, however, return railing for railing, but heartily forgive all who despitefully use and persecute us—knowing that truth must prevail.

In evidence, the editor quotes a long string of slanders and vituperative epithets applied to Spiritualism and Spiritualists by the Australian press, in a sermon by Archdeacon Crawford, and in a paper read before the "Eclectic Association of Melbourne," by Mr. Henry G. Turner, President of the Association; between whom and the editor of the *Glowworm* more than one pamphlet on Spiritualism seems to have been exchanged.

The *Glowworm* relates the following little interesting episode, not unlike what has occurred both in England and America:—The editor of a local journal having stated therein that he "could produce a retired *juggler* who could perform, as jugglery, all the so-called spirit-phenomena, or manifestations," Mr. Henry G. Watson took the aforesaid editor at his word, challenging him to make good his assertion. In a letter to the editor of the *Melbourne Daily Telegraph*, dated 16th December, 1868, Mr. Watson says:—

The following is my proposal—£500 shall be paid by me to any one who shall explain satisfactorily to a Committee appointed for the purpose of examining these claims—the manifestations termed *spiritual*—upon any other than the *spiritual hypothesis*, within, say the next twelve months from this date; the Committee to consist of not less than six members, one half chosen by yourself,* and one half by myself, and both sides to choose an umpire. The only proviso I demand is, that the party undertaking to make the required explanation be prepared, if it be decided by the Committee that they have failed to do so, to hand over the like sum, £500, to some charitable institution or purposes, in the colony of Victoria, as may be agreed on.

Though more than the stipulated twelve months had elapsed, it would seem that, up to the date of our last advices, neither the "retired juggler" (who seems to prefer keeping in retirement), nor any one else, had put in any claim for the £500.

* The editor of the *Melbourne Daily Telegraph* had taken a leading part in the controversy against Spiritualism, and had insinuated that Mr. Watson meant his offer to be understood with the proviso that the explanation he challenged should be satisfactory to *himself*. Hence this renewed offer, and in terms so explicit, that the editor could not affect to misunderstand it. Mr. Watson ends his letter, by saying, "If you have any suggestions to make that you deem serviceable in forwarding the end in view in the above challenge, I shall be obliged by your making them."

The *Glowworm* is the second journal issued in the interests of Spiritualism on the Australian continent, of which copies have been sent to us. It thus appears that even at the antipodes these troublesome "manifestations termed spiritual" are making their appearance, and are being met by the Pulpit and the Press—in the usual way. The conservators of old opinions, who want "no more light from the spirit-world," are even there making the piteous complaint that these spirits who are turning the world upside-down have come thither also.

Notices of Books.

SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA, FROM 1848 TO 1868.*

WE have long been of opinion that, to a candid enquirer, the best evidence of the truth of Modern Spiritualism would be the simple presentation of its history. From its humble origin in an obscure village, it either burst out spontaneously and almost simultaneously, at various and widely separated points of the great Western Continent, or speedily manifested itself when sought for in ever-varying phenomena; seizing as its mediums, often without and even against their own volition, persons of all conditions and ages, from senators to servant girls—from the old man of seventy to the baby in the cradle; now occurring at the residence of some wealthy citizen, or at a fashionable hotel, or at the humble dwelling of the mechanic; now at the country mansion of a Member of Congress, or at the homestead of a farmer, or in the cabin of the miner; now amidst the roar of the city, and now in the heart of some mountain solitude; skirting the Atlantic—traversing the wide wild prairie—penetrating even to the most remote and sparsely populated districts of the far West; from the first and everywhere challenging investigation—baffling all attempts at exposure or at explanation on purely mundane principles; planting itself everywhere in the convictions of the people from Maine to California; crossing the seas and repeating in Europe and all the world over the phenomena which first on a broad scale arrested attention on the North American Continent, and which, despite the most obstinate prejudice, determined scepticism and violent opposition of Pulpit and Press, and the

* *Modern American Spiritualism. A Twenty Years' Record of the Communion between Earth and the World of Spirits.* By EMMA HARDINGE. New York: AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY.

demonstrations of professors, has become the faith, nay, a matter of knowledge resulting from personal investigation and experience, to millions of the most intelligent and highly educated of the earth's inhabitants, including many of the most eminent of the world's teachers in science, art, literature, philosophy, and religion. Here is a phenomenon, not of the "dark ages" but of the nineteenth century, in the blaze of light created by a cheap press, amid the beating of the drum ecclesiastic, and with professors in full blast. We invite attention to it, and ask what satisfactory explanation of it can be given which does not admit the substantial truth of the claims of modern Spiritualism.

The truth is that few, very few in this country especially, have any adequate idea of the extent to which Spiritualism prevails in America, and of the mass of overwhelming evidence in its favour. English Spiritualists, though they have not failed to call attention to this, have naturally, and we think properly, preferred to direct inquirers to the unimpeachable testimony of their fellow-countrymen—some of those men well known and highly respected for their services to literature and science,—and to the investigation for themselves of the facts which candid and persevering experimental investigation never fails to elicit. And beyond a brief account by Mr. Capron of its origin and progress to 1854, and some imperfect fragmentary sketches of about the same date, no record save such as is presented in the Spiritualist journals has been attempted.

To present such a record of Modern Spiritualism in America during the eventful first 20 years of its history, as far as this can be done in a single volume, is the task to which Mrs. Hardinge applies herself in the work before us. Such a record is very opportune: to have attempted it earlier would have been premature. It was necessary to allow time for the effervescence of the first excitement consequent on the advent of a movement which stirred the inner deeps of man's nature to subside and be replaced by calm settled conviction; to have delayed it much longer would have been prejudicial. The world often does not realise the value and importance of the first records of the origin and early history of a great movement, like that of Modern Spiritualism, till too late—till such records are lost beyond possibility of recovery. It is therefore fortunate that this record has been given before the generation which witnessed the advent of modern Spiritualism thus passed away, and while the witnesses of the facts related are for the most part still living and can attest their truth.

And what a record it is of the weird and wonderful! How startling a revelation to a materialistic, Mammon-worshipping age sceptical of all spiritual possibilities! What a rebuke to the

complacent intellectual pharisaism of scientists who regard the world as empty of all spiritual life, and resolve all the powers of the soul into the agitation of the grey matter of the brain, and immortality into the dream and fable of an unscientific age! What a day of judgment, too, for the churches which not only refuse to inquire concerning spiritual gifts, but which in excluding from their fold those who did so passed the sentence of their own condemnation!* But on the other hand, what a gospel of glad tidings to the honest doubter, to the earnest seeker for truth, to the sorrowing and bereaved, bringing peace and rest to the troubled soul; light, comfort and joy to those who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death!

The author is in some respects specially qualified for preparing such a record. For more than half the period over which it extends she has taken an active and prominent part in the movement. Her missionary labours have carried her into nearly every state of the Union, and brought her into intimate relation with the principal mediums and leading minds and the various sectional and local efforts in connection with Spiritualism throughout the States. She has thus had access to the primary sources of information *at first hand*, and has collected a mass of valuable information from the local, fleeting and fugitive publications of the time in which the first witnesses of the extraordinary phenomena of Spiritualism bore testimony to what they had seen and heard and felt with all the freshness and vividness of first impressions written at the time and place of their occurrence, and in many instances with every needful attestation which the case admitted or required. Much of this, too, confirmed to the author from the lips of living witnesses, with many facts of a like kind, and many private papers. And to all this must be added her own large stores of personal observation and experience.

* This attitude of the churches of America to Spiritualism and its believers palliates, if it does not justify, the incessant attacks which these churches have thus drawn upon themselves from Spiritualists in America; and goes far to explain that strange alliance which in America so often prevails between the Spiritualist and the (so-called) infidel; and may help us to understand how it is that the American Spiritualists, often in the same discourse or book, will in one place speak of Christianity in terms which might be employed by a devout Christian, and in another will sneer and scoff at it as though he were an atheist. In the one case it is the expression of the soul's reverence for the inherent truth and excellence of pure Christianity itself; in the other he assails the doctrines, traditions and corrupt practices of the churches. By a loose use of language Christianity is made a synonyme of Churchianity, and this is looked at only from its worst point of view. Anti-theological sentiments are often hurriedly thrust in, though utterly irrelevant, wherever occasion can be made, even though, as sometimes happens in the work before us, it interrupts the narrative and distracts attention; and this apparently for no other purpose than the ineffable satisfaction of having another poke at "Old Theology."

These qualifications, it must be admitted, are not without some counterbalancing disadvantages, which have to be taken into the account. It were scarcely possible, especially to one of such quick and ardent susceptibilities, to have taken so active and decided a part in the controversies and conflicts of Spiritualism—not only with the Opposition, but which sprung up in its own ranks—without being very considerably influenced by strong personal and party sympathies, and by antipathies no less vehement; and with all her efforts to be impartial both are faithfully reflected in this record. Those whose principles and practices are impugned may not unreasonably aver that it, occasionally at least, displays more the temper of the partisan than the strictly judicial spirit which should animate the historian;—that it is here less a narrative of battles lost and won, than a rallying of forces for another charge upon the enemy; an encyclical to the faithful against the innovation of dangerous heresies which have corrupted the flock, rather than a narrative in which strict and equal justice is scrupulously rendered to all parties and opinions irrespective of the private feelings and sentiments of the writer. Earnestness of conviction and intensity of purpose which give such fire and force to the advocate, when they run in full countertide to the movements of which the historian has to inform his readers, are apt, unless vigilantly guarded, to impair the clear well-rounded vision which sees things from opposite sides, and to disturb the even balance of a well-ordered judgment.

Our author's fervid zeal, combined with an ardent temperament and habits of oratory, imparts to her work a certain loudness of tone and over-richness of colouring. Her pictures have no neutral tints; they are painted either in the most gorgeous or the most sombre hues. She does not seem to realize that strength lies in moderation. She employs a superabundance of adjectives, always in the superlative degree; whilst her statistics must be regarded as rhetorical rather than arithmetical.

Some of the books which the Spiritualist movement in America has called forth, and which seek to explain the spirit-manifestations on purely mundane principles—as Rogers's *Philosophy of Mysterious Agents*,—or which on theological grounds incline to the belief that they proceed wholly from evil spirits, as the *Review of the Spiritual Manifestations* by the Rev. Charles Beecher, are commented on in terms which seem to indicate that they were known to our author only by way of extract. While as Spiritualists we must dissent from the principal conclusions of these writers, and regard their hypotheses as untenable, it would be ungenerous to deny the ability and fairness with which they are written, or their claims to a more

respectful consideration than our author has accorded them. Perhaps, however, a fuller and more appreciative notice of these and kindred works is reserved by the author for her forthcoming volume.

A not inconsiderable drawback from the value of her book as a work of reference is the absence of an Index. It is not a little irritating to the student or reviewer who wishes to refer to some statement, or to collate a number of instances of a particular phenomenon, to have to hunt up and down the 565 pages of the volume for every reference, unassisted even by head-lines or marginal notes. This is a labour which should not be imposed upon the reader, but have been done once for all. The typographical errors are perhaps not more numerous than might be expected in so voluminous a work, they are however sufficiently so to require revision in future editions, and which revision might also remove obvious traces of hasty writing which it presents.

But whatever its blemishes and defects, it is a much needed and most useful work, and largely increases the debt of gratitude which Spiritualists owe to its able and untiring author. Only those who have engaged in some similar undertaking can fully realize the amount of labour involved in its preparation. And with all the mass of facts and evidence that is given, much more than is presented still remains untold. The author tells us that in connection with the movement in Rochester alone, she is in possession of more than two hundred private letters she has been unable to use. Biographies of leading American Spiritualists, sketches of the literature and philosophy of Spiritualism, and accounts of special phenomena, such as the strange disturbances which occurred at the house of the Rev. Dr. Phelps, at Stratford, Connecticut, and probably the remarkable experiences of Mr. Livermore, the production of spirit photographs, and the direct spirit-drawings—such as those executed in colour in a few seconds through the mediumship of Mrs. French, with many others for which the author could not find space, are reserved for another volume, to which the readers of this will, we are sure, look forward with considerable interest.

The mechanical "getting up" of the work—paper, typography and binding is excellent, and its interest and value is enhanced by 19 illustrations, chiefly portraits of early and distinguished mediums and advocates of Spiritualism on the American Continent.

We hope in future numbers to give some of the more remarkable narratives in the volume. In this we have only space for the following anecdotes, biographical and personal, which admit of detachment without injury to their context.

HOW GENERAL BULLARD WAS CONVINCED.

The reports from this city (Troy) were so startling, and the effect of conviction was becoming so obvious and wide-spread, that a reverend gentleman, one of the officiating pastors of a large manufacturing village of Waterford (about four miles from Troy), waited upon General Bullard, a distinguished lawyer of the place, and begged him, in company with four other of the most prominent men of the district, to institute inquiries into the "obnoxious thing," with a view to crushing its infidelic and satanic tendencies.

Without questioning as to how far the reverend gentleman's duty, as a minister to human souls, might have required his *personal* inquisition into the "dangerous delusion," the good-natured friend to whom he delegated the duty promised compliance with his request, and as himself and two others of the investigating party were famed for their legal acumen, and the whole number were selected for the qualities which especially fitted them for the office of spiritual "detectives," it was confidently believed that if Spiritualism had not already been exploded—a consummation which each succeeding day was expected to produce—its annihilation at the hands of the Waterford investigators was so inevitable that their reverend employer already began to busy himself in preparations for celebrating its funeral obsequies in his ensuing Sabbath-day sermon.

Having learned that "spirit-rapping" was to be found in its most startling prominence in the person of a little daughter of Mr. Anson Attwood, of Troy, and that the parents of the child had generously opened their house free of charge to investigators, the party, headed by General Bullard, proceeded to fulfil their mission by calling at the house in question.

They were freely admitted by Mrs. Attwood, who, without requesting even the formality of their names, introduced them to her little girl, who at the time was amusing herself with the toys proper to her age.

This total unconcern, together with the childish appearance and occupation of the young priestess, somewhat disconcerted the grave magisterial party who had come prepared to detect well-laid plans of imposture, or confront the impious craft of satanic agency, but "not to play-doll games with children, or learn metaphysics from babes and sucklings."

The little medium was "out of sorts," the mother said, and having been tortured into ill temper and impatience by "incessant attendance on circles," she had to be coaxed by a liberal supply of *candy*, under the stimulus of which she consented to "sit for the gentlemen." At this crisis there was not one of the party but would have gladly retreated from a scene where they felt their dignity as "sensible men and magistrates" ridiculously compromised by the initiatory steps of their mission. . . . But for the lady-like self-possession of Mrs. Attwood, the doughty champions of truth would have run away and hid themselves for sheer shame. A single quarter of an hour's experience of the marvels outwrought through this most undignified means, however, soon changed their views, riveted their profoundest interest, and made them forget the agency of the unconcerned little one altogether.

Seated on a high chair, with her tiny feet resting on a footboard, the medium all-unconsciously munched away at her sweetmeats whilst the spirits lifted her about and moved her from place to place with the ease of a feather blown by the winds.

Meantime the heavy table around which the party were gathered rocked and rolled like a ship at sea; the chairs of the gentlemen, with their occupants, were moved bodily, whilst loud raps sounding from various parts of the room spelled out names, dates, and messages, identical with numerous deceased friends of the astounded witnesses. The wonderful and occult science hidden in these mysterious forces, and the preternatural mass of intelligence spelled out in choice and characteristic phrases, soon stamped the dignity of a stupendous revelation from the hitherto mysterious realms of immortality upon this phase of spiritual telegraphy.

The sitters became the deeply-moved recipients of many an affecting token of a love that death cannot change and a mental fire that the grave cannot quench,

and thus they soon forgot the youth and insignificance of the little *telegraphic wire* that the spirits were using.

The lonely and bereaved heart of one was cheered by the precious tokens of identity which proved the undying love of a still living friend. Another, who had long groped in the blindness of cold materialism, beheld the glorious sunlight of immortality proved in the continued life of a cherished parent. Others perceived the key which unlocked the dim mysteries of religion and the problem of miracles wrested from the skeleton hand of death and cast into the open lap of humanity. All felt that they stood on the threshold of the once-closed temple of immortal mind—that they were in the sublime presence of “the mighty dead,” and, putting the shoes of their materiality from off their feet, they felt that they were treading “on holy ground.”

This deeply interesting *séance* was prolonged to an unusual length, and just as it was about to terminate, a spirit, identifying himself with a deceased brother of General Bullard's, expressed a desire to communicate. Up to this time the “detectives” had wholly forgotten that the purpose of their visit was to *expose* the manifestations and disprove their spiritual origin rather than to yield up their own convictions in the opposite direction. Struck with a sudden sense of his duty towards his reverend friend, and with something of remorseful feeling for his breach of faith in the premises, the General determined to make one final effort to prove the whole thing a delusion.

His reason was strongly in favour of the communicating spirit's identity with that of his brother, but ere he would allow his judgment to pronounce in favour of his reason, he *mentally* framed this sentence: “If this be indeed the spirit of my brother, let him move that child in her chair towards me.”

General Bullard was sitting at the side of the table opposite to the medium, and as it was a very large one there was room between any of the party for the movement of a chair. His wish was that the child's chair should be moved a little towards the end of the table which was nearest to himself, but before he could conclude the sentence in his own mind which he was endeavouring to frame, the child, chair and all, was lifted, carried, or moved, none present could define how, completely round the table and set lightly down by the side of General Bullard. The whole party were so paralyzed by the sudden action, the little girl herself was so unconscious of any force being exerted to cause this change of *locale*, involving the movement of the chair, without the least disturbance of her attitude, for a space of at least 10 feet, that no one could utter even an ejaculation, until General Bullard, to whom alone the movement was peculiarly significant, started up with an irresistible impulse, exclaiming, “By Heaven, it is all true!”

When the investigating party at length returned with their very unexpected report, the reverend gentleman, in whose behalf they had undertaken it, was so struck with consternation at the result that he concluded to continue the inquiry in his own person, and as the spirits had promised mediumistic gifts to some of the party if they would “sit for development,” the worthy minister joined them, and actually became a fine writing medium, and ultimately a confirmed believer in the truths of Spiritualism.

Most of our readers have probably heard of Professor Mapes, one of the most eminent scientists of America, and whose conversion to Spiritualism drew scarcely less attention to the subject than that of his friend, Professor Hare. Under the signature of “An Old Spiritualist,” Professor Mapes contributed to the *Banner of Light* a series of articles giving an account of his experiences. The first article simply contains a sketch, in the third person, under the name of Phœnix, of his original sceptical opinions and materialistic philosophy: in the second, dated New York, March, 1869, he gives an account of his first experiences in Spiritualism.

HOW PROFESSOR MAPES AND HIS FRIENDS BECAME
CONVINCED.

In our last article of this series, we gave some account of our friend Phœnix, and now propose to fulfil the promises there made. He had heard of Spiritualism and had attended many circles, in most of which he found persons predisposed to belief; mediums who practised deceit, and minds so fond of the marvellous as to translate the clumsy dreamings of visionaries into divine aspirations. Night after night passed away without anything having occurred that was calculated to convince him that mediums were controlled by spirits. The manifestations which seem to have been satisfactory to many others were not so to him. Still, occasionally he met friends who recited manifestations, which seemed to be above dispute, of a character far beyond what he himself had witnessed, and thus he was tempted to continue to meet with circles, notwithstanding his own want of success. On one particular evening, however, when seated at the opposite end of the table with a medium and some friends whom he had brought with him, he plainly felt the touch of hands upon his knees and feet. His unexpressed thoughts were answered in the affirmative by three touches of the spirit-hand, one touch for No, and five for the alphabet. Upon repeating this inaudibly to the audience, letters were selected by the spirit-hand, which, upon being written down by himself, spelt out consecutive sentences containing facts only known to himself and to the supposed communicator. Indeed, on this particular evening every question and answer from all parties present seemed to be consecutive and full of intelligence. He therefore held the following dialogue with the spirits, they answering by raps: *Q.* How shall I be able to satisfy myself as to the truth of Spiritualism? *A.* Form a circle of twelve individuals; employ the best medium you can get, and continue your sittings until you can procure information of a character that will not be distasteful to you. Have six positive and six negative minds. *Q.* What do you mean by positive and negative minds? *A.* Six male and six female minds. *Q.* Do you mean six ladies and six gentlemen? *A.* No; by a positive or male mind we mean such an one as your friend O—, who is eccentric, and decides upon the propriety of his own acts without advising with his friends. If he wished to buy a house, he would do so without your approval. If advised by his physician, he would follow such advice only to the extent that he could comprehend it. This is what we call a male or positive mind. A female or negative mind is such as requires the advice of its friends before action of any kind; it is not self-sufficient, is wanting in executive power, and readily swayed by conventionalisms. Both these classes of mind are necessary for an effective circle. When you have met 20 nights, you will have no further difficulty in inducing your friends to continue their sittings.

Phœnix determined to follow these directions, and as the spirits had told him that the negative minds might be believers or not, just as he chose, he had no difficulty in forming this half of his circle. It was recommended, however, that the positive minds should not be believers, and with these he had much difficulty. The first party to whom he applied was his friend F. Mc C—, who flatly refused, and said, "You'll disgrace yourself with this nonsense." Phœnix urged that, to oblige him, he would spend twenty nights in any way, and eventually F. Mc C— agreed to stand the torture every Monday night for 20 weeks. When O— was applied to, he laughed outright, but eventually compromised the affair for the 20 nights, assuring Phœnix that on the twenty-first Monday he should be absent. With great difficulty the six positive minds were found. Mrs. Brown was selected as the medium, and the circle commenced.

For the first eighteen nights both questions and answers were extremely stupid. The only curious phenomenon was the raps, and with all the theories of snapping of toe and knee joints, rubbing the ball of the toe on the sole of the boot, electricity, and all the other theories which had been from time to time advanced, the six positive minds were divided; but with the negatives it was affirmed there was a marvellous fitness in many of the replies, although the positive minds did not admit it.

On the nineteenth night the tables were somewhat turned. Phoenix had been lampooned by his associates, and when they came together on this evening, both himself and positive friends agreed that, after one more night of mummery, they would drop the whole affair. The inquiry about the raps had lost its interest, and although the replies had been somewhat consecutive, they had given no indication of talent commensurate with the desire of at least six of the circle. The medium had not yet entered the room, when in a sort of "lark," five sheets of paper were placed on the floor, and one or two lead pencils laid on each. The medium entered and took her seat; the circle was organized as usual. In a few moments the pencils were all heard distinctly writing. One of the positive members looked below the table-cloth, and insisted that he saw all the pencils standing upright, and that they fell as soon as he had seen them. The sheets were lifted from the floor, and were found to contain many names, clearly written. The party for whom these names were intended was selected by the spirits, through the raps, and in every case the positive friends were compelled to admit that these names were truly correct as those of their grandfathers, fathers, mothers, &c., who were in the spirit-world. Phoenix was selected by the spirits to ask questions on that evening, and the answers were all pertinent and instructive. On the twentieth evening (the following Monday), every member of the circle had their chairs slightly pulled from the table while sitting on them. Raps occurred everywhere. A guitar placed under the table was played upon, while resting alternately on the knees of every member of the circle. A harmonicon placed under the table, at a point furthest from the medium, was beautifully played, only two of the members knowing it was under the table, they being the first who came into the room, and brought the instrument and placed it there. A tumbler had been placed on the floor at the same time. Late in the evening a handful of coin was thrown on the floor, and then piled up inside the tumbler, without noise. The room was well lighted with gas, and the hands of the circle were placed on the top of the table. Even the positive members agreed to continue their sittings, and the same circle sat for more than four years, once each week.

Our next extract is of wide interest as it relates to one who played a conspicuous part in the most critical period of his country's history. It is—

AN ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Immediately after the election of the late lamented President Lincoln, an article appeared in the Cleveland *Plaindealer* which the timid feared, and the antagonistic hoped, would greatly prejudice the cause of the popular Republican leader, by associating his name with Spiritualism.

In the expectation that he would give a public denial to what some interested parties were pleased to consider "a most injurious statement," the article in question was submitted to the President, who quietly glanced over it, and in answer to the earnest request that he would furnish a contradiction to the papers, replied: "The only falsehood in the statement is that the half of it has not been told. This article does not begin to tell the wonderful things I have witnessed." The anti-spiritual friends of President Lincoln were henceforth silent on such subjects; but rumour was less obliging and constantly circulated reports of the *séances* in which the noble and greatly harassed martyr communed with the spirits of wise and perfected men, through whose prescient power and far-seeing judgment, counsels were poured into his ear, which bore mighty and fateful fruit. A gentleman lately resident in Washington and only known by his most intimate friends as a strong physical medium, became familiarly acquainted with the contents of many an eventful state paper before it ever saw official light—aye, even whilst it was being issued from the spiritual press over the telegraphic wires which run between the mortal and immortal worlds. Doubtless the human "wire-pullers," who surround the seats of office and plant their batteries of influence so as to make the nation's welfare bear primarily on their own, imagine they have exerted an immense power in the great ultimates of national destiny,

but they little deem that there are also invisible machinists at work enclosing themselves no less than the country in a network of hidden causes, whose woof is spun by the hands of mightier statesmen than earth, and rulers whose viewless batteries of power galvanize even the very stones beneath men's feet into preachers of their resistless purposes.

The paragraph in the Cleveland *Plaindealer* above referred to, is as follows :

“ THE PRESIDENT ELECT A SPIRITUALIST.

“ It so happened that Conklin, the test medium from New York, was in Cleveland on the day when President Lincoln arrived on his way to Washington. Being a Republican himself, and not wishing to run an opposition to the distinguished visitant, he broke up his own levees at the Johnson to attend that of President Lincoln at the Weddell. The moment he set eyes upon Mr. Lincoln, he recognized in him a very peculiar individual who had formerly been a frequent visitor at his room in New York, but whose name he had never been made acquainted with. He used to come alone, sit silently, question mentally, and depart as he came, unnoticed. On one occasion he got a remarkable test, which was published in the *Spiritualist* at the time, in New York. On referring to a file of that paper, Mr. Conklin furnished us with the narrative, which ran as follows :—

“ ‘ A GOOD TEST.

“ ‘ A gentleman who has often visited Mr. Conklin, called upon him on the evening of March 23rd, for the usual purpose of communicating with his spirit friends.

“ ‘ After asking some 20 or more mental questions, which he briefly stated were answered correctly, he put the following question : ‘ Can you inform me of Mr. K——’s condition ? ’ The answer written through Conklin’s hand, was : ‘ Yes ; he is present now.’ Q. When did he die ? A. Yesterday morning ; he is happy, but cannot communicate. The gentleman departed from his generally taciturn conduct to say this was a very remarkable case, for the friend he had inquired for and whom that communication stated to be present, he had left three days previously in Wisconsin, 12 hundred miles distant, alive, and though indisposed, pronounced by his physician to be fast recovering from a long illness. At Mr. Conklin’s solicitation he promised to inform him if the communication should prove correct. In accordance with his word, the stranger did call on Conklin the next morning and informed him that he had just received a telegraphic dispatch from a brother-in-law of Mr. K——’s, announcing his death on the previous morning, and at the hour stated by the spirit. Mr. Conklin says that Mr. Lincoln is the identical gentleman referred to in the *Spiritualist* ; that he remembers him from the peculiarity of his appearance, from his frequent calls, and as the recipient of his particular test.’ ”

Our readers will no doubt be glad to learn something from the author of her own experience.* The following extract from a letter addressed to the editor of the *Spiritual Age*, and reproduced in the present volume, present a brief statement of

THE AUTHOR’S EXPERIENCE AS A MEDIUM.

I have never avowed myself a trance speaker, because I am not entirely unconscious ; and yet, when questioned what definition I should give to my ability to speak upon any subject committees may choose for me, without a moment’s premeditation, I should be absolutely dishonest if I did not acknowledge that the whole of my lectures are obviously, to myself, uttered without thought or volition of my own, and clearly prompted by some attendant intelligences, who,

* A biographical sketch of the author will be found in the *Spiritual Magazine*, No. 9, Vol. VI.

also, to myself as well as to the eyes of many of the most reliable seers, present the unmistakable characteristics of a risen, spiritual, and glorified humanity.

Besides this, I have seen, conversed with, and described hundreds of spirits whose identity and continued existence was thus clearly proved to their mourning relatives.

There is, moreover, a voice ever present with me, cheering me in sorrow, prescribing for me in sickness, encouraging me on long, weary journeys, advising me in all my engagements, revealing hidden characters, and counselling me in nearly all and every emergency of life.

This voice has warned me in danger, brought me news of absent friends, and rebuked me when I deserved it, not the least frequent manifestation, by-the-bye, of my "demon's" presence.

As an illustration of the spontaneity of spirit influence, and as a test of spirit identity given through her mediumship, the author in the same letter relates—

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

During my last visit to Boston, my friends observing my passionate love for flowers, kindly adorned my platform with sweet floral offerings, which I as regularly transferred to the dear friend I was visiting, in order that she might carry them to the grave of a sweet little girl who had passed away in the spring, and after whose earthly form the poor mother's eyes still yearned. One night I returned from my lecture at the Melodeon with a lovely wreath and a large bouquet. The arrangement of the flowers was somewhat injured in the carriage, and I gave them, as usual, to my dear hostess, to carry to the cemetery. The next day, when the mother was about to depart with her prize, she sent her maid into the garden to gather two large dahlias which she placed in the wreath, and a very small one with which she renovated the bouquet. I had never visited the grave myself, and had no idea how the flowers were to be placed. The next evening I was dressing to lecture at the Music Hall, when, just as I was about to quit my room, the bright spirit of the child stood in my path and besought me in her sweet, winning way to give a message to her mother.

I have seen spirits from my earliest childhood, had often before seen this fair little apparition, and did not question but that her mother would place perfect reliance on my report; but as the message contained no particular test, and it has always been my custom to require tests both for myself and others I said, "You must tell me something, Nannie, that will convince your mother you have really appeared to me." "You shall have such a sweet nosegay to-night at your lecture, Emma," said the fair spirit, "and that shall be a test." "Not enough, Nannie," I replied; "I often have bouquets; that will be no test."

"Tell mother," answered the bright spirit, "I saw the angel she put on my grave, whose wings fan away evil spirits; also tell her, the two large flowers she put into the wreath yesterday from her garden are gone, but the small one is still there, in the bouquet—now remember."

I hastened to my lecture, on to the rostrum, and there lay test the first, a "sweet nosegay." The reporter of the *Boston Courier*, in a critique on my lecture more honourable to his gallantry as a gentleman than philosophical as a scientist, remarked, with some humorous attempts to account for my "inspiration," that I "looked lovingly at the splendid bouquet." Well I might! Ah, Monsieur *Boston Courier*! could you have known the happy thoughts that those flowers called forth, you would not have wondered at my loving look. I thought of the poor mother, whose faith that her darling was not sleeping in the cold ground might be strengthened through the intelligence connected with those flowers. I thought too of the rest of that mysterious little communication, but as I thought and wondered if it would prove true, no effort upon my part could shut out from my mind a memory of my old calling, the stage, and the oft-quoted phrase of the Danish Hamlet, "My life upon the ghost!" The next day, when the bouquet which I had presented to my friend was about to be transferred by her

once more to the cemetery, I rather hesitatingly told her I thought she might possibly find some disturbance amongst the flowers. Being urgently pressed for an explanation, I recounted to her the vision above narrated, when my friend responded, "On my way to the cemetery, yesterday, I bought and placed on the grave a little china image of an angel, with wings extended, which seemed to be hovering, to my morbid fancy, over the hallowed dust of my child. As to the flowers, I know all about the disturbance; for when arranging them on the grave, I thought the large flaunting dahlias looked out of place, so I took them out of the wreath myself. The smaller one, being less obtrusive in the bouquet, I suffered to remain. It is all true; and, Emma, I now know my child must have seen me, for not another living creature could be aware of either circumstance."

FAIRY-LIFE AND FAIRY-LAND.*

THE tasteful volume bearing the above title, and the somewhat startling announcement of authorship upon its title-page, appears intended to give interest to an extremely minute analysis of the natural beauties of various picturesque localities, with which the writer's life has been associated, by interweaving with them a graceful web of fancy and philosophical speculation.

The introduction of the machinery of fairies and of fairy-land, of Titania, Oberon, Puck, Ariel, and "Thomas the Rhymer," together with numerous other denizens of "Faërie," to give diversity of interest to a descriptive poem, may, perhaps, be regarded as a somewhat hazardous experiment by those who do not know—as do most of the readers of this Magazine—how intimately the spiritual realms of imagination and fancy enter into, and are consociate with, the so-called realities of outer life. Indeed, from this point of view, this volume, in its rapid transition from the natural to the supernatural—from that which we know, to that which we *feel to be*—may not be unfitly regarded as a parable, in which we may read the strange co-existing and often apparently conflicting and contradictory combinations of fact and fancy, of the real with the ideal, which is the great puzzle of Modern Spiritualism.

However hazardous such an attempt may be in poetry, the idea of illustrating and asserting the narrative of the events of every-day life by the introduction of the fanciful and supernatural, is commended to poets by the example of Pope in his "Rape of the Lock," and is probably to be justified—or condemned—rather by the success which has attended the

* *Fairy-life and Fairy-land; a Lyric Poem, communicated by TITANIA through her Secretary, Thomas of Ercildonne, sometime Eildon, Scotland, and called when habiting this earth, "The Rhymer," and "True Thomas."* London: W. BOOTH, 307, Regent Street, W., 1870.

enterprise, than on any abstract principles. We think that the author, whose name "in the flesh" we understand to be Dr. Cargill, has effected the object which he had in view in this respect, with much address, the fairy machinery, and the descriptions of natural seeing proceeding side by side, or one within the other, generally in harmonious and agreeable companionship.

Dr. Cargill in his preface, gives us as follows, a clue to his intentions in writing the poem. He says:—

"Its groundwork is the lovely land of Cintra and its surroundings, extending as far as Lisbon on the one hand, and to Mafra and Eriçeira on the other. Everything of note in this wide circle is minutely described; and it may be said, for the first time, Byron alone has glanced at it, and only that, in those few exquisitely beautiful stanzas in the first canto of 'Childe Harold.' The much-esteemed Portuguese poet, the Conde de Garrett, has also, but only cursorily, celebrated it. Southey, who lived a year amongst its beauties, declared his purpose of making it the scene of a great work, but never carried that purpose into effect. Tennyson, who visited it some years ago, failed to catch inspiration from its presence, and his harp is silent. It was worthy to be redeemed from neglect. The writer of these few lines, long a resident there and in Lisbon, has had the void filled up by Titania, the Queen of Fairy-land, who in this poem is declared to have one of her royal residences at Cintra, and to have dictated its contents to her court in the intervals of fairy banquets and other delights, during the space of three days and three nights." These festivals being held within the beautiful palace of Montserrat and its gardens, "which are," we are told, "the wonder of the Portuguese and of all strangers who visit them," and are a monument of the science and pure taste of their owner, who himself designed them, and from almost a desert turned them into a smiling paradise. With reference to the especial nature of his fairy *dramatis personæ*, Dr. Cargill begs his readers "to remember that though the word 'fairy' is retained to designate these spirits in accordance with the remarkable belief in them, in every country and in every age, and that although the writer has preserved from deference to Shakespeare his names of a few as Titania, Oberon, Puck and Ariel, yet those pictured in his work are beings of a different character. They are imaginary beings full of intellect, knowledge and purity, beings gifted with all supernatural powers and in direct communication with the highest spirits and with angels; approximating to man in the nature of their innocent enjoyments, and regarding him ever as the object of their curiosity, affection and regret."

The Fairy Queen he also tells us, will be found to discourse to us in the poem upon Natural History, Physics, Biology, Metaphysics, Psychology, Magnetism, Theology, and a belief in the Supernatural, &c., and that in all this she is "imagining nothing"—but is simply "unfolding to man lessons which she knows to be true—lessons the truth of many of which he is much in the habit of ignoring or denying," for she considers that "the area of poetry is the universe." The poet imagines that all those fairy-teachings have been taken down from fairy-utterance by Thomas the Rhymer, the secretary of Titania, who by her was (according to Sir Walter Scott) "spirited" away into Fairy-land 600 years ago. The history of Thomas the Rhymer and his haunts in Scotland form a not unimportant episode in the first part of *Fairy-land*, which, we may here observe, is divided into three parts. The first and third part are composed in the octo-syllabic measure—the second in the Spenserian stanza, with lyrics interspersed.

It is always more difficult to make satisfactory extracts from a lengthy narrative and descriptive poem, than from a collection of miscellaneous verse. In the present instance description of seeing is so frequently found inextricably interwoven with fairy philosophy, at the same time that the writer's language is everywhere so affluent, and the images presented so rapid in succession, that the difficulty of finding passages suitable for extraction, and which are complete in themselves, is considerably increased. As a specimen of the spiritual contents of Dr. Cargill's volume, we will give an utterance from the lips of "True Thomas," in which readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* will not fail to recognize an announcement of the expected advent of that peculiar and vital "gift" or development of the spirit termed by Swedenborg and Harris, "The Inward," or "Spiritual Breathing."

THOMAS, NOW ENTRANCED, SPEAKETH.

Two-fold, earth's all-nourishing air,
 Spiritual and natural.
 The last man's frame alone can bear,
 We breathe alone the spiritual.
 And when man this gift shall grasp
 Of spirit-breathing inwardly,
 (That time on earth shall surely be)
 Awe-struck shall he then unclasp
 That *Book* of veiled mystery,
 And read illumined by heavenly beams
 The *Word*, which now material seems,
 And it shall purge his mortal sense
 From its gross bewilderments,
 And ecstatic he shall share
 The power of us who spirits are,

Since he breathes that atmosphere
 Spiritual, which then reveals
 All the natural now conceals,
 And openeth with its golden key
 The temple of eternity—
 That world where all things real be,
 Vanished unreality !
 Then with angel-spirits bright,
 Radiant with immortal light,
 From archangelic powers that rule
 In heavenly principalities
 God-crowned, to this our fairy-school
 Of spirit-knowledge beautiful,
 But small in scale of heaven's degrees,
 And humble—habiting earth's sphere,
 In mortals' counsels ever near,
 With mortals most familiar
 Of *all* who breathe the spirit-air,
 Though they see us not, nor deem
 Our influence else than poet's dream !
 With all, enfranchised shall he blend,
 And confer as friend with friend—
 In beatific vision speak
 Undazzled, and the courts of heaven
 Ineffable his spirit seek,
 Purified from earthly leaven ;
 And those million worlds explore,
 Sprinkling yon dark cerulean floor ;
 And Hades, and the spirits in prison,
 Hopeful still, through Saviour risen !
 Then shall man, regenerate, free,
 Crown Creation's harmony ;
 War's alarms shall then be stilled,
 Love prophetic then fulfilled.
 Of Judah's bards with rapture fired,
 And inner vision heaven-inspired :
 Wrong and violence shall cease,
 And canker-worm of selfishness,
 And Love shall reign, and Truth, and Peace !
 And then shall Nature all rejoice,
 Exult, and hail that mighty voice
 All-transforming ! Kid and dam
 Lie down with leopard ; wolf with lamb
 Together dwell : a little child
 Shall lead the kingly lion mild ;
 And with playful wile shall grasp
 The cockatrice and harmless asp.
 Freed from sin's o'erburdening load,
 Man, his life and centre God,
 Yea, Fairies, *Man* shall proudly reign,
 And conquer Paradise again !

As a specimen of Dr. Cargill's word-painting of the external world, we will give the following address of the fairies to a mountain :—

Hail to thee, hoar Bedel ! all changeless thou,
 Like thy own natal land ! Four thousand years—
 Four thousand winters—scarce have scarred thy brow ;
 As first we knew thee thy stout form appears,
 Nor time nor tempest thy proud stature fears ;

Built with colossal crags, and boulders piled,
 And thy lone top a fairy circle rears.
 And so we love thee! Honeysuckle wild
 Enwreathes thy daring head—thou favourite giant-child!

The scrub oak doth deck thee, and the gay
 And smiling Philyréa fondleth thee,
 Playing around thy temples! Far away
 Adown thy creviced sides narcissus free,
 And crocus and wild fern shoot pleasantly;
 And scarce to mortal man thy spoils belong,
 Circled with peril! Yet fair women three—
 And young as beautiful and brave as young—
 Once scaled thy frowning height—feat which shall live in song!

From this elevated and beautiful spot Ariel observes the picturesque remains of the old monastery near, renowned as Cork Convent, and thus commences his description of it and its surrounding scenery:—

Oasis in the desert! roofless all
 Its simple courts, where boulders huge, enbrownd
 With moss and lichen, help each tottering wall
 To stem Time's ravages, buttressing them round
 With natural bulwarks; many a rocky mound
 With box-tree old, and fern, and heath up-springing,
 And tufts of lonely violets the ground
 Besprinkling, and their odorous incense flinging
 O'er the air's soft bosom stirred by summer song-bird's singing.

And but for his low warbling, and the hum
 Of floating dragon-fly, or mountain bee
 Careering onwards, or the booming drum
 Of the ground cricket, or moth, 'broider'd free,
 Winnowing the air, disporting merrily;
 Or tinkling, lulling fount, or chorister
 Hallowed in song, eternal in his glee,
 Invisible minstrel—the quaint grasshopper—
 Whispering the pilgrim's ear of olden days that were.

And but for the raven's ominous croak, high speeding
 Her flight in mid-way air, and sounds subdued
 Of bleating flock on far-off pastures feeding—
 Girdled by rocks, their mountain solitude,
 Where nought from morn till eve doth e'er intrude—
 And sounds of lowing kine, by zephyr rare
 Borne to the ear their diapason rude:
 Yea! but for these life-pulsings of the air,
 Well might ye deem this shrine a silent sepulchre!

Lone cemetery of the dead, where living thing
 Claims kindred none, and cannot choose but die
 If it approacheth this death-charméd ring,
 Forsaken of God and man mysteriously!
 Yet breathes there all around a sanctity,
 Fruit of long-vanished years, when holy men
 Gave up all joys, and mortal cares that be,
 Their fleshly wills to purge from mortal stain,
 And rise to heaven itself by penance and by pain!

Our space unfortunately precludes us from completing this carefully elaborated piece of landscape painting given in the

sonorous words of the author, and must therefore refer our readers to the work itself to complete the description of the four open courts of the hermitage, together with the various cork-covered shrines, the various altars, fountains, chapels, cells, staircases, and arched door-ways, either cut in the living rock, or carved out of *cork*, which peculiar circumstance has given to this singular place its name. For these and for similar descriptions—equally vivid—of beautiful and peculiar objects of nature or art, described evidently both with unwearying fidelity and love, we must, as we have said, refer our readers to the volume itself, but especially would we direct their attention to this poem on account of those numerous passages scattered throughout its pages which refer to that philosophy, and to those interesting speculations relating to the occult laws operating upon man and nature, the study and upholding of which are the special object of this Magazine.

We should observe that this volume is most tastefully brought out by the publisher, and embellished with numerous beautiful photographs taken from various points of view of the Palácio of Montserrat—a noble and extremely elaborate building of Moorish architecture, erected by an English gentleman of great wealth and taste, who has purchased the property once belonging to the author of *Vathek*. Indeed, we believe that the walls of the present fairy-like structure are the identical ones raised by Mr. Beckford.

A small number of extra copies of *Fairy-land* have been printed upon large paper, we believe, as presentation copies for certain members of the Portuguese Royal Family and other distinguished persons.

THE LIFE OF JESUS.*

AN excellent little book, specially suitable for Sunday Schools, Christian households, and as a present to the young. It presents the principal features in the life of Jesus in clear, simple, forcible language, such as would go home to the heart of a child, and may be read with advantage by children of a larger growth. Its object is to "give to young people such an idea of Jesus Christ as may awaken their interest, their reverence, and their love, while, at the same time, it protects them against superstition and error."

* *The Life of Jesus. Re-written for Young Disciples, by JOHN PAGE HOPPS.*
London: TRUBNER & Co.

The book is divided into thirteen brief chapters; as illustrating its style and spirit we present the last one, entitled:—

JESUS OUR LIVING BROTHER.

Then they buried Him in the grave of one who loved Him, and they set a watch over the grave and made it secure. But Jesus was not dead: *for no one ever dies*. His spirit had left the body, and that spirit was with the blessed angels; and God, who desired to shew that He had power over death, and that His children need not fear to die, sent His angels to assist Jesus in showing himself again to his disciples. It is not at all likely that the body of Jesus arose from the grave as it had been put into it; for Jesus only showed himself privately on very few occasions, and then in a mysterious manner and with circumstances that proved that some very great change had passed over Him. But what we do know is, that Jesus was able, in some way, to shew himself again to His disciples, so that a marvellous effect was produced upon them, altering all their thoughts, their prospects, and their plans. Upon the death of Jesus they were filled with sorrow and despair, and shrank into retirement for fear of the Jews; but not many days after this they were found proclaiming openly that Jesus was not dead, that there was no such thing as death, that the God of Life had borne witness to this by permitting them once more to see Jesus, and that the crucified malefactor was now the risen and glorified Saviour, Conqueror of Death, and King and Leader of ransomed souls.

To account for this amazing change in them, we accept their own explanation when they said that they had seen Jesus, and that God had really raised Him from the dead. So they went forth in the might of this great faith; and, ever since their day, by the followers of Jesus and of the apostles, the good news has been declared to men,—the good news which tells us that God is love, that now are we all sons of God, that there is light beyond the grave, and that, to believe in Jesus, is to know that we shall never die.

And now, to-day, the blessed work is going on. The fear of the human heart is being changed for trust, and the God of Jesus is being more plainly revealed to us as indeed "Our Father." When He is fully and truly known by us, we shall love Him as Jesus did, and it will be our delight to serve Him on earth and go to meet Him in Heaven. Little children will think of Him as they think of the kindest heart that ever beat with love for them, and care-worn women and heavy-laden men will bring their sorrows to His feet; and, in that bright and happy day of trust in God, all men will feel like pilgrims who are journeying onward, not through an enemy's country, but through the country of a faithful friend—onward, not to darkness but to light, to life and not to death, to sweet voices of welcome and not to whispers of despair. For now, across the waves of our stormy life, the voice of the blessed Jesus comes to us—"Come unto me, O my weary brothers! come unto me, and I will give you rest."

MIRACLES: PAST AND PRESENT.*

WE have already presented to our readers several of these chapters, which have now been collected together and published under the above title. The scholarly and eloquent style of Mr. Mountford, and the deep thoughts with which all that he writes is adorned, should make the work a necessity to all who are willing to enquire into this subject.

* *Miracles: Past and Present*. Rev. WM. MOUNTFORD. FIELDS, OSGOOD & Co., Boston, U.S.A.