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NOTES ON HEALING BY THE LAYING ON OF
HANDS.

By THOMAS BREVIOR.

PART I.

“I BELIEVE IN NOTHING BUT WHAT I UNDERSTAND.”

THIS is a phrase we hear pretty frequently now-a-days, and it very fairly represents the general attitude of the modern mind. What is meant by it? For, like most popular phrases, it is very loosely used, and may be either true or false according to the sense and meaning attached to it. If it is meant that we are to understand all about a thing before we can believe or affirm anything concerning it, our creed will soon be reduced to the simple formula—“I believe in nothing at all;” for if there be anything about which we understand everything, I have yet to learn what it is. We know as a fact that the grass grows, we know some of the conditions under which it grows, but the *why*, the *how*, the subtle processes of Nature’s chemistry, how little of this do we understand! Against every little islet of fact there thus beat the tides of an infinite unknown sea. We know of phenomena, their sequences and relations, but not of that which lies behind, and is the efficient cause of the phenomena. Every revelation of Science brings us to some new and greater mystery. Before, behind, around us, all is mystery. How little do we understand of ourselves, physically or psychically; of this mysterious *me*, its source and essence—of the forces operating in and through us in time and space. And of this Time and Space by which we are environed, of this Nature “resolvable into points of force”—which is the theatre of our life, and of that life itself—what know we, how little do we understand! Socrates found the truth of the oracle which pronounced him “the wisest man in Greece,” by dis-

covering after much search that where others thought they knew something, he knew that he knew nothing.

And yet, "I believe nothing but what I understand," is quite true for every man if it mean only this—that we must understand any proposition before we can be properly said to believe it. For belief is not a mere passive condition of mind, it implies an active exercise of its powers, the apprehension or laying hold of that which is placed before it, and its accordance with, or intelligent assent to, what it has thus taken hold of and examined. It requires only that our phrase be rightly limited and properly understood. We can understand that a thing *is*, without understanding all which that existence involves, or, indeed, anything about it beyond the fact of its existence. We may believe much regarding it which we do not know, but there must at least be some hypothesis which we apprehend, and to which the mind assents, or there can be no such belief. The understanding of the *rationale* of a fact however is not necessary to the belief of the fact itself. The fact is one thing, the explanation of it is another; and much confusion of thought and language arises from losing sight of this obvious but important distinction.*

Many persons thus reject the fact of human magnetism and its healing power, because they do not understand the *rationale* of this mode of treatment—why, or how, for instance, the laying on of hands should cause a cripple to walk, or restore a blind man to sight; and because they cannot trace this connection of cause and effect they are unable to accept the fact; which is as though a man should refuse to eat his dinner because he did not understand all the processes of vital chemistry. First, let us determine what are the facts, and then find out if we can the true explanation of them.

HOW IS CURE EFFECTED BY THE LAYING ON OF HANDS?

However little we may know of the nature of the healing power in magnetic treatment, I think we shall find in this, as in most subjects, that if we carefully follow the line of facts, collating, classifying, and reflecting on them, we shall not long be left wholly in the dark. Nature generally gives to her faithful and patient votaries some clue or hint which, carefully followed, puts them on the right track or method by which her secrets may be discovered. One of our best helps if we do not strain it and use it with judgment is analogy. By comparing

* Belief, as an intellectual function, or state, must not be confounded (as it too often is) with *Faith*, which is a moral act—the feeling of trust in relation to persons.

the new and strange with the familiar we may often detect the subtle working of a principle common to both. We know how contagious is disease: it may be communicated not only by personal contact, but clothing, furniture, water, the atmosphere itself may be impregnated with the virus of disease, and convey that disease to others. May not health be communicable as well as disease? We know that weak and aged persons draw vitality from the young and healthy by sleeping with them. May not some persons be so charged with health, that they can communicate sanative virtue to others? Sensitive persons, as demonstrated by Reichenbach's experiments, can see the aura or emanation proceeding from every organ of the body, especially the hand. These emanations must be laden with disease or health, according to the bodily condition; and if jubilant health co-exists with a serene and loving spirit and the requisite intelligence, there will be both the ability and disposition to impart from this store of superabundant health to the receptive organisms of the diseased and suffering; and how could this be better effected than by the laying on of the hand?—the hand which is pre-eminently the executive organ of the will, at once the instrument and the symbol of its power, and the channel through which the vital forces are most readily transmissible.

Again, the hand is literally a magnet in relation to disease. The fingers of the hand correspond to the poles of the magnet, they attract and draw out disease and pain. Suffering can thus be readily alleviated by the hand when the disease can only be removed with great difficulty, and by long persistent efforts, if at all; pain being merely the effect and indication of disease, while the malady itself being more deeply rooted in the organism is proportionately difficult to reach. Some magnetic operators are so susceptible that they have to take the greatest care to prevent the sensations of the patient being transferred to themselves. A friend of mine has great power in drawing away pain by making passes with the hand, but these pains are then felt by himself, though in slighter degree, and generally are not of long continuance. In making passes his hand is involuntarily agitated with a tremor proportionate to the strength of the disease as it approaches the part of the body that is afflicted. It thus infallibly indicates the seat of disease or suffering. Not long since I was very ill, the eyes and stomach were especially affected; my friend made some passes down the body, and as his hand approached these organs they shook violently. Though a strong man, after a few passes he was completely exhausted, and broke out into a profuse perspiration; nearly all vitality seemed drawn from him, and as he expressed it, he felt like an

empty sack. After magnetising me a little for a few days he was compelled to desist; he felt sick, his eyes became painful and bloodshot, their very shape began to change, corresponding to my own. He could not even look towards me; and it was two or three weeks before these symptoms entirely disappeared. My friend had had little experience in magnetising, and this particular danger had not occurred to me; a few simple precautions,—dipping the fingers in water after each pass, washing the hands and face and going into the open air immediately the magnetising was over, would in all probability have greatly mitigated or wholly averted these painful consequences. Deleuze remarks that the magnetiser sometimes temporarily takes on the symptoms, but not the principle of the disease of the patient. Facts of this kind open up a curious and valuable field of enquiry to the scientific investigator.

We are accustomed to administer drug medicines for the cure of disease; but has it ever occurred to the reader to inquire why substances prepared from the vegetable, mineral, or animal kingdom, taken into the stomach, should have the power of curing a disease—it may be at the extremities of the body? Abstractly considered, and apart from experience, it would seem no less strange and incredible than that the cure should be wrought by the laying on of the hand. Is it because, as we are often told, that man is a microcosm—that all the elements of nature enter into his physical constitution; that intimate relations and sympathies are thus established between him and the substances and forces of nature,—that “all things unto our flesh are kind;”—that as Herbert quaintly sings—

Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because they
Find their acquaintance there?

Well, but if so,—if man is a microcosm, there must be concentrated in him, and in a higher degree, all the healing properties diffused and scattered in the kingdoms below him. They must all be gathered up and exist potentially in him; and in understanding and wielding them he is truly the delegated “lord of the creation,” coming into possession of his own.

Homœopathists knew well (and even physicians not homœopathists are beginning to discover) that the curative properties in medicine are independent of mere quantity and bulk. In the “higher potencies” the attenuations are carried so far that no appreciable chemical property in the medicine can be detected. It is even affirmed that triturations by machinery render the medicines wholly inoperative; and that this work must be done by the human hand.* The curative property then in medicine

* DIXON'S *Thirty-two Papers on Homœopathy.*

no less than the subtle fluid from the hand of the magnetic healer is invisible, impalpable, imponderable; and would seem to be not chemical, but dynamic.

But though the magnetic aura is invisible to the common eye, and cannot be detected by any instrument less sensitive than the human organism; it is none the less real, and capable of proof. It is seen by the clairvoyant streaming from the fingers of the magnetiser; the mesmerised subject will, without hesitation, distinguish a glass of magnetised water from a dozen others; and its existence is further demonstrated by its effects. Healing by the hand then is a natural endowment, possibly, common in some degree to all, but like every other endowment, it is possessed by some more largely than by others; resembling other endowments in this also, that it may be strengthened by cultivation.

Spiritualists go further: from the testimony of clairvoyants, the experience of mesmeric operators, and the avowal of spirits, they feel justified in affirming that the magnetiser, frequently at least, and in some cases constantly, is aided in his work by disembodied spirits; not only by the replenishing of his vital forces, but by directly mingling their more penetrating, potent, spiritual magnetism with his, using the one as a menstruum for the conveyance of the other. Magnetism may be regarded as the great trunk-force of Nature, from which branch out graduated series of forces. All organic forces are magnetic in their several degrees: man is a living magnet of the highest virtue; his sphere of magnetic force, in conjunction with a powerful will, enables him to act upon and influence others less positive to whom he is thus magnetically related, while it also serves as the medium of communication with disembodied spirits.

Thus much by way of suggestion and introduction to a few Notes on the subject which I propose to lay before the reader.

MRS. HARDINGE'S NEW BOOK AND THE LONDON PRESS.—
We are glad to see that Mrs. Hardinge's *History of American Spiritualism* is beginning to attract the notice of the London Press. The *Athenæum* of August 12th contains a long review of it. The *Literary World* of August 5th and 12th has also several pages devoted to a notice of it, in which the usual newspaper misrepresentation and abuse of the subject is conspicuously absent, and copious extracts from the work are given.

AN EVENING WITH MR. HOME FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, AND REFLECTIONS THEREON.*

By WILLIAM WHITE.

“Myriads of organised beings may exist imperceptible to our vision, even if we were among them; and we might be equally imperceptible to them.”—GROVE'S *Correlation of Physical Forces*, p. 161.

LET me premise: I was not made a Spiritualist by spiritual manifestations. And let me be candid: my tendency from childhood was in favour of supernaturalism; and when in 1848 I found a volume of Swedenborg on a second-hand bookstall in Glasgow, as I read I believed, and by what I read was drawn to further reading and deeper credence.

In making this statement I may seem to discredit myself at the outset; but I cannot help it. As I wish to be taken for honest, I know no shorter way to that end than to be honest—to be frank even to the verge of egotism.

“You read Swedenborg,” it may be said, “and you believed in him. Why did you believe in him? How did you know that his testimony was true?”

I reply, I believed Swedenborg's testimony in so far as it was in accord with my reason, affections, and experience. I discovered in myself a strong sympathy with his ideas and judgments. His opinions on innumerable matters became my opinions, sometimes at first sight, sometimes after consideration, sometimes after more or less resistance.

All belief, I take it, is of this character. We believe that to be true which we see to be true, or feel to be true; or, in other words, which is in harmony with our peculiar constitution.

One truth Swedenborg taught me, which I realised slowly, but which I hold firmly as a truth of the first magnitude, namely, the unity of humanity; not only of man with man, but of men with spirits; that we here on earth are organically related to our predecessors; that our independence is wholly illusory; and that we cannot think a thought, or move a finger without the co-operation of our unseen associates.

Furthermore, he established in me the conviction that death works no change on human nature, and that men and women divested of their earthly bodies, survive as men and women in spiritual bodies, with every sense and faculty sharpened for existence in a rarer air.

These spiritual bodies, included in the spiritual world and subject to its order, transfuse and vivify every fibre of our earthly

* A Lecture at the Cavendish Rooms, London, on Sunday evening, 17th July, 1870.

bodies. Death, indeed, is nothing but the withdrawal of the spiritual from the earthly body; the earthly having by disease, injury, or wear, become unfit for its residence and service.

Hence we are inhabitants of two worlds. By our spiritual organisation we are denizens of the spiritual world, and by our earthly of the physical world.

And this brings me to a point I desire to make especially clear. Suppose we could relieve the senses of our spiritual bodies of their carnal vesture, we should at once find ourselves, to the extent of their release, *en rapport* with the sights and sounds of the spiritual world.

This, says Swedenborg, was his experience. He was able, almost at discretion, to enter into the spiritual world, and converse with its inhabitants. Generalising this experience, he went on to assume that all spiritual intercourse is so effected; and that when we read in the Bible that any one saw or heard an angel, we are to conclude that the spiritual eyes and ears of the seer had been unsheathed, and thus that the transaction described was in the spiritual world.

The explanation is, I dare say, largely true, and was satisfactory when I first became acquainted with it, especially in connection with the facts of clairvoyance; but I hope to show that it is insufficient, and that whilst we may make acquaintance with spirits by opening our senses in their sphere, they in turn may become manifest to us by operating outwards in our physical sphere, clothing themselves for the purpose in matter appreciable by our senses as veiled in flesh. So much by way of preface.

In May, 1855, I chanced to meet Dr. Garth Wilkinson, and in the course of conversation he described a variety of extraordinary phenomena which he had witnessed in the presence of Mr. Home, a medium who had arrived from the United States. He advised me to see Home, but I lacked sufficient curiosity to do so.

Repeating Dr. Wilkinson's experience to a friend, coupled with his advice, he said, "I wish you would invite Home to my house, and come with him." Thus incited, I wrote to Home, made an engagement, and on the evening appointed conveyed him in a hansom from his lodging in Jermyn Street to my friend's residence in Islington.

In Home I found a pale, consumptive-looking young man. He told me that the spirits had informed him that he had not eighteen months to live. The spirits were at fault, as they usually are in prophecy; but at the time I thought them in a fair way to prove right.

At my friend's house we were ushered into the dining room,

where sat twelve gentlemen, the majority of whom were strangers to me, and all to Home. Home was taken aback, and remarked that spiritual manifestations took place with difficulty in large and promiscuous companies; "but," said he, "we cannot now do better than try."

We sat round a long dining table, Home on one side, nearly facing me. The window blinds were drawn down, as it was dusk, candles brought, and the room well lighted. We were requested to place our hands on the table, and to converse freely. We had scarcely been seated five minutes when raps began to be heard on the table, on the walls, and on the floor.

"Will the spirits kindly rap here?" asked Home; and immediately raps took place on the table in front of him. Others made similar requests, and were as quickly gratified. I did so myself, and had an instant response. And let me here observe, that I had fancied if ever I came into open communion with spirits, I should be intensely, if not painfully, excited. On the contrary, on this occasion I was perfectly calm—indeed, enjoyed unwonted composure, with all my wits alert for observation.

Various feats of telegraphy were attempted: one rap signifying No, two Doubtful, and three Yes; but there were so many with questions to ask, the process was confusing and tedious. As for the raps, they seemed as if caused by slight explosions within the wood, rather than by blows on its surface.

A small hand-bell was laid on the floor, and shortly commenced tinkling. Home put his hand under the table without stooping, and produced the bell. The spirits, he said, had brought it to him. It was again thrown under the table, and shortly ringing was heard behind our chairs as if the bell were moving around the sitters. Home begged that none of us would look; but one gentleman, hearing it at his back, could not repress his curiosity, wheeled round, and at the same moment the bell dropped on the floor near the wall beside his chair. I noted at the time that Home's hands were resting, like my own, on the table. Once the bell was silent for a while, and was inquired for. I turned my eyes towards the floor, under the table, and saw it fall between my feet. It was suggested that it had been in course of conveyance to me, as it had been to Home.

Home asked for an accordion; but there was not one in the house. A servant was despatched to a neighbour and borrowed a concertina. Home said it would do, and placed it on the floor under the table. In a few minutes it commenced playing. Home put his hand down, the concertina met his advance, and performed music whilst he held it, his left hand remaining on the table. Then he replaced it on the floor, where it resumed playing by itself.

Feeling something touch my leg, I looked, and there was the concertina. I did not attempt to take it, but it rose to my knees, clambering just like an animal. I took the strap, and the instrument was pulled out and pushed in, making sounds, but nothing that could be called music. I had some difficulty in adjusting my hand so as to resist the upward pressure, and distinctly felt an invisible hand co-operating with my own. Finding me, I suppose, an inefficient medium, the concertina was gently withdrawn.

All the time the rapping continued about the room and on the table, but not noisily. Several of the party likewise felt hands touching them. One gentleman who sat on the side of the table opposite to me had his face bathed in perspiration. Subsequently I inquired what had so moved him, and he informed me that he had had his hand grasped repeatedly and affectionately in a fashion that was peculiar to his father, who had left this for the spiritual world.

Raising my eyes, I saw a hand as of a boy over the breast of a friend opposite to me. I saw it as distinctly as if it had been a hand pushed through a door. Suddenly one of the company gave a shriek, sprang from his seat, and threw his arms in the air. What was the matter? we all in a breath inquired. A hand, he answered, had approached him; and when laid on his forehead he could not restrain himself. So the evening terminated. Two hours had passed away as ten minutes; and as I drove back to Jermyn Street with Home, I felt as if my faith in the other world had got a new rock for its foundation.

Naturally my mind continued much exercised concerning what I had heard, what I had felt, and what I had seen. As a Swedenborgian, I had no difficulty about the presence of spirits, but only about the mode of their manifestation. I had convinced myself (as stated at the outset) that we are intimately and organically related to spirits, and can do nothing without them—nothing whatever; for, as Swedenborg testifies—

“Man without communication with heaven and hell would not be able to live for a moment. If communication were broken, he would fall down dead as a stock. The spirits associated with me were a little removed, and instantly, according to their removal, I began, as it were, to expire; and I should have expired unless they had come back.”

But granted the presence of spirits; how did they manifest themselves in a fashion so abnormal? Holding that all activity in nature is a manifestation of spirit through nature, I was yet accustomed to regard each item of nature as the corresponding

mechanism of its appropriate spiritual force, and essential to the physical exhibition of that force. At the *séance* with Home, however, spirits effected a variety of actions in the (apparent) absence of corresponding physical media. Here, I repeat, was my difficulty.

Granting, again, the presence of spirits; I was ready, as said, to believe that if my senses were relieved from their carnal vesture, I should, like Swedenborg, enter into open acquaintance with the spiritual world; but that, I felt sure, had not been my case whilst with Home; and that the extraordinary phenomena I had witnessed (that I had heard, felt, and seen) had been manifest through the ordinary avenues of the bodily senses.

Possibly, had my experience remained solitary, I should, after the habit of my kind, have gradually argued myself into the conviction that I was somehow mistaken, or had been under some peculiar hallucination on the evening in question. Mercifully I was left with no opportunity to play such folly. Not only from time to time have I had the experiences of that evening repeated with variations and extensions, but I have had them independently confirmed by similar experiences of friends and acquaintance on whose acuteness and veracity I can depend. Indeed, the evidence whereon I rely as to the reality of physical manifestations by spirits, I can only describe in a word as irresistible. Of course, I cannot expect to communicate my conviction to others; but this I may say, that I imagine there is not a philosopher in existence, be he ever so hard-headed, who, with the experience I have enjoyed, supplemented by diverse and disinterested testimony, would fail to share that conviction.

Reverting to the difficulty I felt as to the manner in which these extraordinary manifestations were effected, I was gradually brought to the conclusion that under suitable conditions certain spirits obtain substances in the atmosphere of those who wait on them, whereby they are able to operate immediately on material objects, and even to make themselves visible to the physical eye.

I had this idea remarkably confirmed by a well-known physician. At a *séance* he amused himself by gently pressing the hands presented to him by the spirits, until they vanished under his grasp. The spirits complained of this treatment. Why? Because, they said, they formed these hands with great pains, and did not like to have their labour dissipated. They made for themselves gloves, tangible to flesh and blood, from the aura of the company.

Hence, I incline to believe that where spirits make themselves outwardly manifest, they do so by means of certain physical emanations, and that those who, like Home, are specially styled

mediums, more readily than others yield what the spirits require for the exhibition of their power, or for their partial incarnation.

And thus we meet a constant complaint that since spirits do so much, why do they not do more? The answer has been given. What they do, they do with difficulty. As is well known to all who have had any experience of their external manifestations, they are assisted and hindered in a remarkable manner by the temperament and disposition of those who assemble to meet them. The presence or absence of an individual may make or mar the success of a *séance*. The evening with Home I have described was eminently successful, but it owed its success to a fortuitous concurrence of favourable conditions. It might have been a complete failure, and Home powerless to avert the disappointment.

In physical manifestations, then, we hold that spirits are limited by the conditions wherein they operate; and a similar limitation extends to the higher order of manifestations in which spirits enter into and possess a medium, using the medium's faculties as their own in speaking, writing, singing, drawing, or other ways. They operate through the acquirements of the medium, conscious or latent, which they excite or vivify, but rarely transcend.

Thus too we see the explanation of the imperfect grammar and orthography in which spiritual communications are so frequently couched, and which afford occasion for so much waggery in the newspapers.

Even when there is no possession, when the spiritual senses are opened into the spiritual world, and spirits are met face to face, the seer is still limited in his acquaintance by his own character. Swedenborg is an eminent illustration of this fact. His angels all talk and think in what has been styled Swedenborgese. Every one of us, as I stated at the outset, is vitally related to spirits, and these spirits are our kindred in the most thorough sense, and in communion with our inmost feelings and thoughts. Hence, did any of us, after the manner of Swedenborg, enjoy open intercourse with our spiritual neighbours, it is not likely we should be altered thereby in any essential respect, but keep on talking and acting as we talk and act now—possibly with greater intensity under the stimulus of their recognized sympathy.

Fifteen years have passed away since that evening with Home. He was then comparatively unknown; he is now famous, and his mediumship familiar to emperors political and emperors intellectual. During these fifteen years the merits of

Spiritualism have been under incessant discussion, in which I can scarcely claim any part, save that of an interested bystander. To the variety of supernatural manifestations which I have from time to time witnessed, I have usually been led by others rather than sought after of myself. As a diligent reader of Swedenborg, much of the novelty that Spiritualism offers had been anticipated; and secure in my own mind, I have been too idle or too diffident to try to make proselytes.

Instructive has been the controversy kindled by Spiritualism. Over and over again has it been pronounced an exploded imposture—exploded at one time by the Wizard of the North, at another time by Polytechnic Pepper, at another by Professor Faraday. Annas, on the day of the crucifixion, I daresay, pointed with his thumb over his shoulder to Calvary, and exclaimed, to Caiaphas, "Thank God! there's an end of that imposture!" Such is always the world's treatment of new truths, and it is for Spiritualists to submit with equanimity to the inevitable. They may well do so. They are impostors, and if not impostors, fools—they who know whereof they testify, who have heard and seen and handled! And they who thus judge them off-hand are the true men! It seems to me that if we are to talk of imposture or folly, the epithet rightly applies to those who slander at hazard, and pronounce unqualified opinions on matters whereof their ignorance is total.

There are some who, staggered with the weight of sober testimony in favour of Spiritualism, begin to ask—What has Science to say? I should like to ask these good people—What do you mean by Science? Sometimes social reformers are confronted with an entity called Political Economy, whose mandates they are adjured to violate at their peril, but when pressed to an issue, Political Economy generally proves to be no more than what Mrs. Harris was to Sairey Gamp—an alias for the objector's own prejudices. There is no Minerva called Science who can be appealed to concerning Spiritualism. There are astronomers and entomologists, civil engineers and anatomists, geologists and meteorologists, and if we wished to ascertain the truth in their special lines of excellence, we could not do more wisely than resort to them; but to require from any of them a verdict on Spiritualism in the name of Science is an absurdity that has only to be stated to be seen. Who can doubt that if the physical manifestations of spirits were under discussion by the Royal Society, as much nonsense would be talked (though of another sort) as in the Convocation of Canterbury itself? The patient students of the phenomena of Spiritualism (and there are several such) are men of science, precisely on the same ground that Lyell and Liebig are men of science. They are alike observers

of Nature—of Nature in different aspects. I applaud the courage of Mr. Crookes in turning his attention to an unpopular branch of science; but when he styles his essay, *Spiritualism viewed by the Light of Modern Science*,* it is difficult to repress a smile, the light of modern science being no more than the light of Mr. Crookes,—an excellent light, but liable to depreciation under so very grand a designation. Amusing, too, is the *naïveté* wherewith he draws up a programme for the spirits; as if it was the office of the philosopher to prescribe what he would like to see, rather than to ascertain what is to be seen. I trust the spirits may prove propitious, only I remark that they appear to test the *savans* much more effectually than the *savans* manage to test them.

It is with reluctance that I utter a word in apparent disparagement of the efforts of Mr. Crookes and other sincere inquirers, for we cannot too cordially support and assist them. We know some of the conditions of spiritual manifestations, but our knowledge is very imperfect. We have free and abundant manifestations when we assemble the proper conditions, but their assemblage is to a great extent a matter of accident. It seems to me that if we knew the requisite conditions we might ensure manifestations at will—provided we could command the conditions. To this consummation I look forward, but its realisation can only be achieved by patient and protracted experiment. Thereby the other world, and our association with its inhabitants, may become as demonstrable to common experience as the existence of our antipodes. Columbus gave the Western to the Eastern hemisphere, and practically doubled the world; but if Spiritualists introduce mankind to their ancestry from creation, How much greater the service!

The idle question is often put—What is the good of spiritual manifestations? The summary answer is, that truth is its own good—that to know is a divine satisfaction, and that facts of any sort can never be indifferent to a philosophic mind. “But then the manifestations are so undignified, so very undignified, so unworthy of immortal beings!” And pray, where was it learnt that immortal beings had any regard for the fancy article we call dignity? It is plain the Creator has none, and why should His creatures? Physical manifestations have little charm for advanced Spiritualists, they preferring acquaintance with their other-world friends on easier terms; but this at least may be said in their defence—they are eminently useful in compelling the attention of a generation which, like Thomas, will not believe

* In *Quarterly Journal of Science*, July, 1870.

unless they can see and handle. Although we live in a Christian land where it might be supposed that a life beyond this life was of all ideas the most familiar, one has only to penetrate beneath the surface to find what brutish and heathenish ideas of death are entertained. Said seriously a most respectable church-going Cræsus, who, in his last illness, had bought himself a vault in Kensal Green Cemetery, "Now I shall die happy, for I know where I am going to!" It once fell to my lot to tell an elderly lady, who belonged to a church where she had undergone what is technically known as "conversion," that she was labouring under a disease from which recovery was hopeless. Sitting sadly by the fireside, she broke the silence of our meditation with, "Oh, Mr. White! I wish I *really* knew whether there is another world; for if there is, I'd get ready, and if there is not, I'd enjoy myself." It would be easy to multiply anecdotes of similar tenor, but these sufficiently indicate the state of mind which physical manifestations are designed to arouse. More than a century ago Swedenborg published his angelic experiences with the purpose, as he said, that mankind should remain no longer ignorant of the condition of souls after death; but the world has been strangely indifferent to his revelations, and his followers have been equally unfortunate. But since the Rochester rappings startled Sadduceeism in 1848, what progress has been made in the knowledge and confession of the world to come! American literature is seasoned with Spiritualism. Nothing, from sermons to novels and newspapers, but shows traces of its influence. Not even its outward antagonists escape its outward touch. And during the great and terrible conflict of North and South, when scarcely a household but knew the terror and misery of death, sweet and subtle were the consolations which the diffused atmosphere of supernatural experience conveyed to myriads of devastated hearts.

For myself, let me confess—for confession is sometimes wholesome—that I have too long been indifferent to Spiritualism in its humbler forms. Early in life I received Swedenborg, and he satisfied me profoundly; and I went on to reckon that what had satisfied me ought to satisfy everybody, and that if others could not eat what I had eaten, and flourish thereon, why then they might go without! I forgot the mercy of Heaven, which has many and varied ministries, and in my conceit failed to recognize, in any adequate manner, the nature and magnificence of the revolution in transaction before my eyes.

It is alleged by Secularists that Spiritualism is mischievous, inasmuch as it tends to withdraw the mind from the business of the present life. I remember Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, an eloquent preacher of Atheism, relating that Professor Bush once

made her a present of Swedenborg's treatise on Heaven and Hell. "Thank you, Professor," said she, putting the book under the cushion of the sofa; "my daily duties are enough for me; I shall attend to Heaven or Hell when I find myself in either."

Well spoken, Mrs. Rose! You were right and you were wrong. If Spiritualism led us to imagine that Heaven and Hell had for us any existence outside our own hearts, or tempted us to indulge in whimsies and forget our fellow-creatures, it would be mischievous indeed, and I should be sorry to say a word in its favour. But whilst Spiritualists differ on many matters, on this I think they are all agreed, that the conditions of well-being hereafter are the conditions of well-being here, and that to eternity joy and peace are inseparable and inconceivable apart from active brotherly service. We can only be happy as we resist evil and produce happiness; there are no other means to a blessed existence. Thank God, none!

ELONGATION AND ENLARGEMENT OF THE BODY.

THIS phenomenon, well known to the ancients as sometimes occurring under spiritual influence, has been repeatedly witnessed in our own day in several mediums, more especially and frequently in the case of Mr. Home. Quite recently it has been witnessed at different times in another medium, Mr. Herne, and also Mr. Morse.

Dr. Dixon, of 8, Great Ormond Street, has furnished us with the following note:—

"On the 15th of July, Mr. Herne called on us. There were then present my own family, and Mrs. Morris, of Theresa Terrace, Hammersmith. After various phenomena which we were all familiar with, had been exhibited, among which were some incontestible impersonations, one of a member of my own family long deceased, Mr. Herne passed into a deep trance, and then, breathing in his ordinary manner, his body expanded as he sat before us, to beyond the usual dimensions, and so remained for more than a minute, then slowly diminished to less than the natural size, and so remarkably, that Mr. Jesse B. Shepard, who was present and sat opposite, said humorously, 'See, he's going! Take hold of him, or he'll vanish altogether!' This enlarging and lessening were repeated, and then the enlargement was effected *on the left side only*, including the arm

and hand; the right side, it seemed to me, correspondingly diminished."

Mr. C. W. Pearce, of 6, Cambridge Road, The Junction, Kilburn, N.W., writes that a few months ago he went to a public *séance* with Mr. Herne, at 2, Great Coram Street, Bloomsbury. Although the medium and all present were entire strangers to him, Mr. Herne at once said that he could see several spirit relatives near Mr. Pearce, and he gave him correctly their names. A member of the Investigation Committee of the Dialectical Society, Mr. Maurice, of 2, Langham Place, Regent Street, was among the witnesses present. After giving some communications in the trance, "the medium sat quietly for a few moments, then rose from his chair, and, standing upright, began to increase in bulk to so great an extent that he resembled Hales, the Norfolk giant, who was exhibited in London some years since. His body was inflated and his chest expanded so much that his coat fell off his shoulders, and his trunk was so elongated that there was a space of between six and eight inches between the top of his trousers and the bottom of his waistcoat; he then spoke to us in an unknown tongue for the space of two or three minutes. He then sat down in his chair, and gradually returned to his normal size. When the control was released he was unconscious of what had passed, except from the disordered state of his dress. We spent a few minutes talking over this extraordinary phenomenon, much regretting we had not measured his height, breadth, and girth, when we were surprised to see the same phenomenon repeated, whereupon, not having a measure wherewith to measure him, one of our number, who stands about five feet ten inches, and proportionately broad, compared himself with him, and we made the following observations, *viz.*, that Mr. Herne stood about four inches higher and proportionately broader—giving, as near as we could estimate, an elongation of eight inches, and an enlargement of bulk of about six inches. Upon inquiring the reason for this manifestation, we were told it was for the especial benefit of Mr. Maurice, who, being an earnest seeker for truth, needed a manifestation of the kind to convince him of spiritual control over mortals. I had never seen one of the company, or the medium, before I entered the room and joined the circle; notwithstanding I was immediately addressed by name. An aunt—a sister of my father's who has been 27 years in the Summer-Land—was announced both by name and relationship. My daughter, who departed this life two years since, made known her presence to us, and the object of her visit, *viz.*, to relieve her brother of pain."

The Medium of August 19th has the following:—

“ On Friday, August 12th, Mr. Morse was entranced in our office, and the controlling spirit elongated his body in various ways. The medium was made to kneel down with his chest against the end of the table and his arms placed on the top of it. In this position it was impossible for him to move his body forward. His left arm was first stretched till the bones in the shoulder were felt to be considerably apart, and till it was about three inches longer than the other arm. Then the right arm was stretched, and afterwards both were contracted. Measurements were being rudely taken, when the spirit requested that a measuring tape should be used. The natural length of the medium's hand was ascertained to be $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches, which became elongated to 9 inches, and was afterwards reduced to $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches. The medium then sat upon a chair, when his chest was expanded, previous to which it measured 13 inches across, but after expansion it was $17\frac{1}{4}$ inches. This was not accomplished by simply inflating the lungs, as the spirit spoke through the medium all the time, and gave directions as to how the measurement should be taken. The medium then sat upright, and it was found that from the corner of the shoulder-bone to the seat of the chair measured 24 inches. After the elongation of the body, which was not effected by the medium rising from the seat in any degree, the elevation of the shoulder-bone from the chair was $27\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and after contraction this measurement was reduced to $19\frac{3}{4}$ inches. These changes seemed to be effected without effort or straining.”

THE BODY MADE LIGHTER AND HEAVIER.

“ The spirit tried to make the medium lighter and heavier. His feet were placed on the bar of the chair, and a person present, who is a medium, was asked to lift the medium by grasping the back of the chair. This was done. The spirit then made Mr. Morse heavier, and the person referred to could only lift him with difficulty, but after being made lighter he could be lifted with great ease. A gentleman, not a medium, tried these lifting experiments, but they were not successful, as this unmediumistic individual disturbed the conditions whereby the spirits affected the relations which existed between the medium's body and the atmosphere, and thus made him heavier or lighter. Another experiment: The spirit made the medium lie down on the floor, and a person standing by was told to lift him by placing the hands behind the medium's head. The attempt was made, but unsuccessfully, as Mr. Morse was so heavy that *he could not be moved*; he was lightened by the spirit, when he could be lifted up easily. We asked the controlling

spirit if the medium could be operated on if placed in a spring-balance, so that the increase or diminution of weight might be indicated in pounds on the dial. The answer was, 'No, as the metal might interfere with the spirit-influence, and the contact of the medium's body with the ground would be interrupted,' which contact was a necessary condition. The controlling spirit further stated that these elongations were effected by the will-power of himself and another spirit. Each atom of the body and aggregation of atoms forming tissues and organs could be made the objects of this will-power and shaped accordingly. The spirits not only used their own will, but stimulated the latent will of the medium."

BARON BUNSEN AND HIS LAST WORK, "GOD IN HISTORY."

"His soul was joyful in God. Nor was this only the case in the latter years of his life: he had long before reached that innermost depth of faith where all doubts cease, and faith is lost in sight."—*Words of a Friend of Bunsen.*

PART I.

IN the retrospective picture of the nineteenth century which will present itself as a completed whole to a later generation, the marked individuality of Baron Bunsen will probably stand forth with a largeness, a breadth, and a harmony, as yet but partially recognised by—and, indeed, at times quite incomprehensible to—numbers of his contemporaries. The colossal character of his peculiar genius, together with its attribute of calm, immovable faith in God and His Revealed Word, untrammelled by narrowness of creed or narrowness of ignorance, raised him continuously into a sphere of experience transcending that of the men who undertook to criticise his works and make them known to the world at large. As a man possessed of this exalted and unwavering faith, in an age of general intellectual scepticism, as a Biblical student and expounder in the days of Strauss and Colenso, the comparatively orthodox views of Bunsen on the subject of Revelation and of the Old and the New Testaments caused him to be regarded with suspicion, and possibly even with slight secret contempt by those minds who claimed for themselves the first rank in the progressive movement of our century. Their work was that of the destroyers of the external temple of the Word; his, rather that of a preserver of all that was of rarest workmanship in the old divine edifice. He recognised through the eye of faith those portions endowed with an immortal life

from their Creator, the Eternal Architect, and which stand immovable amidst the wreck of mere external and transient forms, ready to maintain their appointed place in the centre of the newly-erecting temple, as living "pillars of the House of God which shall go out no more." Yet was Bunsen not alone a conservator of ancient truth, but being a veritable lover and servant of Wisdom, he was enabled to recognise her dual principle ever at work in the world, and which answers to the past and to the future—the conservation of old truth, and the elaboration of new truth. To him the divine fountain had ever flowed, yielding not *lies*, but *truths*, and thus the water of yesterday was as valuable as the water of to-day, and the two became, as he drank them, indissolubly mingled. But to the majority of his noted contemporaries, whose eyes were exclusively directed towards the future—and who were not Janus-faced, like Bunsen—he was considered as a man of a past generation, and somewhat blinded, because he saw by another and a broader light than theirs. Thus it is highly probable that had not Bunsen, as the man of action, made a great mark in the world, and appeared on its stage as "Envoy Plenipotentiary," as the distinguished diplomatist, the friend and counsellor of kings and princes, and as the honoured of statesmen and philanthropists—themselves highly honoured by the world—he might, simply as the man of contemplation and the student and man of letters, have failed to be signally recognised by his fellow-workers in the field of literature.

In the early days of Bunsen's studies, when the world of learning lay gleaming invitingly before him like some fabulous land of gold and gems, and when, with his ardent and yet labour-loving German temperament, he stretched his hands forth in countless directions, seeking to grasp and to heap-up together every variety of precious stone, deeming all needful wherewith to store his brain treasure-house, the idea dawned upon him of one of those laborious and universal histories, which alone to the Teutonic mind appears of possible accomplishment. Of this idea he himself writes as follows:—

The consciousness of God in the mind of man and that which in and through that consciousness he has accomplished, especially, in language and religion, this was from the earliest time before my mind. After having awhile fancied to attain my point, sometimes here, sometimes there, at length (in 1812) I made a general and comprehensive plan. I wished to go through and represent heathen antiquity, in its principal phases, in three great periods of the world's history, according to its languages, its religious conceptions, and its political institutions: first of all in the East, where the earliest expressions in each are highly remarkable, although little known;—then in the second great epoch, among the Greeks and Romans;—thirdly, among the Teutonic nations, who put an end to the Roman Empire.

This vast idea remained in the mind of Bunsen, brooding

there and maturing through the many active years of his youth and middle life, and only after the accomplishment of other kindred and laborious literary labours was it worked out in his old age, when he had retired from political life to a peaceful retreat at Heidelberg. There shortly before his death, he accomplished with surprising rapidity and ease this life-long cherished idea, and it may be regarded as the key-stone to the rich and symmetrical arch of this great and learned man's life's work. This book is entitled *God in History*, of which an excellent English translation from the pen of Miss Susanna Winkworth has lately appeared, published by Longmans. The student of psychology, in pursuing its many pages, teeming with facts and with philosophical ideas well worth his careful study, will recognize with infinite satisfaction that in this history of man's intellectual and spiritual development, his intimate union with the invisible world of God and of spirit is fully recognised, and the supernatural is restored to its governing position. Neither are the lights given to us in the present day, of mesmerism and clairvoyance—lights wherewith we may illumine many dark passages in the history of the past—ignored. On the contrary, we here find them spoken of as ascertained phenomena recognised by the author, and yielding to him an incontestible evidence to the truth of ancient history, regarded by him as invaluable to the candid truth-seeker, as being a clue whereby we may revisit in clearness of light, the otherwise dark and bewildering labyrinth of the hoary past. As exemplifying these views of Bunsen, and also because they appear to us succinct and exhaustive histories of the oracles of Greece and of the spiritual intuitions of Socrates, we propose to lay the passages from "God in History" here referred to, before our readers in a future number.

Baroness Bunsen, referring in her *Memoirs* of her husband to his views on clairvoyance as set forth in his "God in History," gives us the following extract from Dr. M'Cosh's "Supernatural in Relation to the Natural."

I confess, however (writes Dr. M'Cosh), that, interested as I was in his (Bunsen's) speculations, I had all the while an impression that he would require to live to an antediluvian age in order to commit all his theories to writing; and also a very strong conviction that his views belonged to the past age, rather than to the present, and that some of them would not, in fact, promote the cause of religion which he had so much at heart. He was a firm believer in mesmerism and clairvoyance, and was apt to connect them with the Bible. Bunsen was already in a very ambiguous position in his own country. Respected and beloved by all, except by the enemies of civil and religious liberty, his speculations—philosophical or theological—carried, I found, very little weight in Germany. His venerated name is being extensively used by the Rationalists. It is right that they should know that he ever spoke of Rationalism in terms of the strongest disapprobation and aversion, and he wished it to be known everywhere that he identified himself with the living Evangelical "piety of Britain."

The Baroness Bunsen, however, seeks somewhat to palliate

this assertion made by Dr. M'Cosh, as to Bunsen "being a firm believer in mesmerism and clairvoyance, and that he was apt to connect them with the Bible." She says:—

On the opinion held by Bunsen as to mesmerism, Dr. M'Cosh is believed to have misunderstood the distinction which he endeavoured to mark between total disbelief in a natural gift of the human animal, and the over estimate of the gift which prevails among those who exalt its operations into sublimity and spirituality: whereas he believed that second sight or clairvoyance was only the product of a morbid state of body, a disturbance of health or of the nervous equipoise, and therefore a degraded and unsound condition. He would not close his eyes to the evidence of facts which he had peculiar opportunity of ascertaining, but only endeavoured to divest them of the immense amount of deception and unfounded conjecture and false imaginings which encompass the existence of a healing power in the human systems, depending on the human will. He was deeply grateful to the vigorous hand, the firm resolve, and untiring perseverance of Count Szapary in restoring the long paralysed limbs of his beloved daughter to full activity, and her frame to its natural health, and thanked God for the good gift granted to man, protesting against the view which would attribute the work of healing to evil powers. The two sets of facts—belonging to the magnetic gift, only because that gift may be the producing cause—one the faculty of second sight, whether spontaneous or the result of magnetism, to perceive transactions far removed in time and space, the other the possibility of healing disturbances in the physical system by the inherent power of a human hand or will—he held fast as realities which he had been the means of recognising as such: and that being the case, he felt it not to be irreverent in his historical investigations of the Bible, to assert the possibility of the use of powers inherent in man to produce results often classed with the preternatural: most certainly not intending to confound the direct action of the Holy Spirit—for which he ever especially contended—with effects of essentially human origin.—*Memoirs of Baron Bunsen*, Vol. iv., p. 474.

With every respect for any opinions expressed by a lady who for so many years was the intellectual friend, as well as the wife of the great man whose remarkable life she has so affectionately and zealously elaborated for the public, we cannot avoid remarking that to our mind the foregoing statement scarcely harmonizes with the words of Bunsen himself, as they will later on be found given in the extracts which we propose in a subsequent number of this Magazine to make from *God in History*. Is it possible that, not entirely sharing in her husband's convictions on this question of mesmerism, the Baroness, regarding truth alone from her own stand-point, has sought, through her dread of the derision of the world of intellect, to hang a veil of doubt over the precise amount of her husband's belief in these occult phenomena? We will leave our readers, however, to form their own opinion and draw their own inference by-and-bye.

In conclusion, as a beam from the setting sun of the life of this amiable, pious, and studious man, whose life was one long illumination of faith in God, we will give a few of his dying words, addressed to his beloved wife, shortly before he took his last farewell of her and of all whom he most loved on earth.

Turning round to those present, he said—"Have you any doubts? I have none." Then addressing his wife—"We only exist in so far as we are in God:

we are all sinners, but in God we exist, and shall be in life eternal. We have lived in it partly already, in so far as we have lived in God. All the rest is nothing. We only ARE *in so far as we exist in love to God*. You know I love you, but my love to you is far greater than I could ever tell you. We have loved each other in God, and in God we shall see one another again." Looking fixedly at his wife—" *We shall meet again—of that I am sure—in the presence of God*. I have assured you of my love; is there anything more? Do you expect anything more of me? Christ is the Son of God, and we are only then His sons if the spirit of love which was in Christ is in us."—Vol. ii., p. 576.

A. M. H. W.

SPIRITS.

By LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

"DID you ever see a ghost?" said a gentleman to his friend.

"No; but I once came very nigh seeing one," was the facetious reply.

The writer of this article has had still better luck—having *twice* come very nigh seeing a ghost. In other words, two friends, in whose veracity and healthy clearness of vision I have perfect confidence, have assured me that they have distinctly seen a disembodied spirit.

If I had permission to do so, I would record the street in Boston, and the number of the house where the first of these two apparitions were seen; but that would be unpleasant to parties concerned. Years ago, the lady who witnessed it told me the particulars, and I have recently heard her repeat them. A cousin, with whom her relations were as intimate as with a brother, was in the last stages of consumption. One morning, when she carried him her customary offering of fruit or flowers, she found him unusually bright, his cheeks flushed, his eyes brilliant, and his state of mind exceedingly cheerful. He talked of his recovery and future plans in life with hopefulness almost amounting to certainty. This made her somewhat sad, for she regarded it as a delusion of his flattering disease, a flaring-up of the life-candle before it sank in the socket. She thus reported the case when she returned home. In the afternoon she was sewing, as usual, surrounded by her mother and sisters, and listening to one who was reading aloud. While thus occupied, she chanced to raise her eyes from her work and glance to the opposite corner of the room. Her mother, seeing her give a sudden start, exclaimed, "What is the matter?"

She pointed to the corner of the room, and replied, "There is Cousin ——!"

They all told her she had been dreaming, and was only half

wakened. She assured them she had not even been drowsy; and she repeated with great earnestness, "There is Cousin ——, just as I saw him this morning. Don't you see him?"

She could not measure the time that the vision remained; but it was long enough for several questions and answers to pass rapidly between herself and other members of the family. In reply to their persistent incredulity, she replied:—

"It is very strange that you don't see him; for I see him as plainly as I do any of you."

She was so obviously awake and in her right mind, that the incident naturally made an impression on those who listened to her. Her mother looked at her watch, and dispatched a messenger to enquire how Cousin —— did. Word was soon brought that he died at the same moment he had appeared in the house of his relatives.

The lady who had this singular experience is too sensible and well-informed to be superstitious. She was not afflicted with any disorder of the nerves, and was in good health at the time.

To my other story I can give "a local habitation and a name" well known. When Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, visited her native country a few years ago, I had an interview with her, during which our conversation happened to turn upon dreams and visions.

"I have had some experience in that way," said she. "Let me tell you a singular circumstance that happened to me in Rome. An Italian girl named Rosa was in my employ for a long time, but was finally obliged to return to her mother, on account of confirmed ill-health. We were mutually sorry to part, for we liked each other. When I took my customary exercise on horseback, I frequently called to see her. On one of these occasions I found her brighter than I had seen her for some time past. I had long relinquished hopes of her recovery, but there was nothing in her appearance that gave me the impression of immediate danger. I left her with the expectation of calling to see her again many times. During the remainder of the day I was busy in my studio, and I do not recollect that Rosa was in my thoughts after I parted from her. I retired to rest in good health and in a quiet frame of mind. But I woke from a sound sleep with an oppressive feeling that some one was in the room. I wondered at the sensation, for it was entirely new to me; but in vain I tried to dispel it. I peered beyond the curtain of my bed, but could distinguish no objects in the darkness. Trying to gather up my thoughts, I soon reflected that the door was locked, and that I had put the key under my bolster. I felt for it, and found it where I had placed it. I said

to myself that I had probably had some ugly dream, and had waked with a vague impression of it still on my mind. Reasoning thus, I arranged myself comfortably for another nap.

"I am habitually a good sleeper, and a stranger to fear; but, do what I would, the idea still haunted me that some one was in the room. Finding it impossible to sleep, I longed for daylight to dawn, that I might rise and pursue my customary avocations. It was not long before I was able dimly to distinguish the furniture in my room, and soon after I heard, in the the apartments below, familiar noises of servants opening windows and doors. An old clock, with ringing vibrations, proclaimed the hour. I counted one, two, three, four, five, and resolved to rise immediately. My bed was partially screened by a long curtain looped up at one side. As I raised my head from the pillow, Rosa looked inside the curtain, and smiled at me. The idea of anything supernatural did not occur to me. I was simply surprised, and exclaimed, 'Why, Rosa! how came you here when you are so ill?'

"In the old familiar tones to which I was so much accustomed, a voice replied, 'I am well now.'

"With no other thought than that of greeting her joyfully, I sprang out of bed. There was no Rosa there! I moved the curtain, thinking she might perhaps have playfully hidden herself behind its folds. The same feeling induced me to look into the closet. The sight of her had come so suddenly, that, in the first moment of surprise and bewilderment, I did not reflect that the door was locked. When I became convinced there was no one in the room but myself, I recollected that fact, and thought I must have seen a vision.

"At the breakfast-table, I said to the old lady with whom I boarded, 'Rosa is dead.'

"'What do you mean by that?' she inquired; 'you told me she seemed better than common when you called to see her yesterday.'

"I related the occurrences of the morning, and told her I had a strong impression Rosa was dead. She laughed, and said I had dreamed it all. I assured her I was thoroughly awake, and in proof thereof told her I had heard all the customary household noises, and had counted the clock when it struck five. She replied, 'All that is very possible, my dear. The clock struck into your dream. Real sounds often mix with the illusions of sleep. I am surprised that a dream should make such an impression on a young lady so free from superstition as you are.'

"She continued to jest on the subject, and slightly annoyed me by her persistence in believing it a dream, when I was

perfectly sure of having been wide awake. To settle the question, I summoned a messenger and sent him to inquire how Rosa did. He returned with the answer that she died that morning at five o'clock."

I wrote the story as Miss Hosmer told it to me, and after I had shown it to her, I asked if she had any objection to its being published without suppression of names. She replied, "You have reported the story of Rosa correctly. Make what use you please of it. You cannot think it more interesting or unaccountable than I do myself."

A remarkable instance of communication between spirits at the moment of death is recorded in the life of the Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster, written by his sister. When he was dying in Boston, their father was dying in Vermont, ignorant of his son's illness. Early in the morning he said to his wife, "My son Joseph is dead." She told him he had been dreaming. He calmly replied, "I have not slept nor dreamed. He is dead." When letters arrived from Boston they announced that the spirit of the son had departed from his body the same night that the father received an impression of it.

Such incidents suggest curious psychological inquiries, which I think have attracted less attention than they deserve. It is common to explain all such phenomena as optical illusions produced by "disordered nerves." But *is* that any explanation? *How* do certain states of the nerves produce visions as distinct as material forms? In the two cases I have mentioned there was no disorder of the nerves, no derangement of health, no disquietude of mind. Similar accounts come to us from all nations, and from the remotest periods of time; and I doubt whether there was a universal superstition that had not some great, unchangeable truth for its basis. Some secret laws of our being are wrapt up in these occasional mysteries, and in the course of the world's progress we may, perhaps, become familiar with the explanation, and find genuine philosophy under the mask of superstition. When any well-authenticated incidents of this kind are related, it is a very common enquiry, "What are such visions sent *for*?" The question implies a supposition of miraculous power, exerted for a temporary and special purpose. But would it not be more rational to believe that all appearances, whether spiritual or material, are caused by the operation of universal laws, manifested under varying circumstances? In the infancy of the world it was the general tendency of the human mind to consider all occasional phenomena as direct interventions of the gods, for some special purpose, at the time. Thus the rainbow was supposed to be a celestial road, made to accommodate the swift messenger of the gods when she was sent

on an errand, and withdrawn as soon as she had done with it. We now know that the laws of the refraction and reflection of light produce the radiant iris, and that it will always appear whenever drops of water in the air presents themselves to the sun's rays in a suitable position. Knowing this we have ceased to ask what the rainbow appears *for*.

That a spiritual form is contained within the material body is a very ancient and almost universal belief. Hindoo books of the remotest antiquity describe man as a triune being, consisting of the soul, the spiritual body, and the material body. This form within the outer body was variously named by Grecian poets and philosophers. They called it "the soul's image," "the invisible body," "the aerial body," the shade." Sometimes they called it "the sensuous soul," and described it as "*all eye and all ear*"—expressions which cannot fail to suggest the phenomena of clairvoyance. The "shade" of Hercules is described by poets as dwelling in the Elysian Fields, while his body was converted to ashes on the earth and his soul was dwelling on Olympus with the gods. Swedenborg speaks of himself as having been a visible form to angels in the spiritual world; and members of his household, observing him at such times, describe the eyes of his body on earth as having the expression of one walking in his sleep. He tells us that, when his thoughts turned toward earthly things, the angels would say to him, "Now we are losing sight of you;" and he himself felt that he was returning to his material body. For several years of his life he was in the habit of seeing and conversing familiarly with visitors unseen by those around him. The deceased brother of the Queen of Sweden repeated to him a secret conversation, known only to himself and his sister. The queen had asked for this as a test of Swedenborg's veracity; and she became pale with astonishment when every minute particular of her interview with her brother was reported to her. Swedenborg was a sedate man, apparently devoid of any wish to excite a sensation, engrossed in scientific pursuits, and remarkable for the orderly habits of his mind. The intelligent and enlightened German, Nicolai, in the latter years of his life, was accustomed to find himself in the midst of persons whom he knew perfectly well, but who were invisible to others. He reasoned very calmly about it, but arrived at no solution more satisfactory than the old one of "optical illusions," which is certainly a very inadequate explanation. Instances are recorded, and some of them apparently well authenticated, of persons still living in this world, and unconscious of disease, who have seen *themselves* in a distinct visible form without the aid of a mirror. It would seem as if such experiences had not been confined to any

particular part of the world; for they have given birth to a general supposition that such apparitions are a forerunner of death—or, in other words, of the complete separation of the spiritual body from the natural body. A friend related to me the particulars of a fainting fit, during which her body remained senseless an unusually long time. When she was restored to consciousness, she told her attendant friends that she had been standing near the sofa all the time, watching her own lifeless body, and seeing what they did to resuscitate it. In proof thereof she correctly repeated to them all they had said and done while her body remained insensible. Those present at the time corroborated her statement, so far as her accurate knowledge of all their words, looks, and proceedings was concerned.

The most numerous class of phenomena concerning the “spiritual body” relate to its visible appearance to others at the moment of dissolution. There is so much testimony on this subject, from widely-separated witnesses, that an unprejudiced mind, equally removed from superstition and scepticism, inclines to believe that they must be manifestations of some hidden law of our mysterious being. Plato says that everything in this world is merely the material form of some model previously existing in a higher world of ethereal spiritual forms; and Swedenborg’s beautiful doctrine of Correspondences is a re-appearance of the same idea. If their theory be true, may not the antecedent type of that strange force which in the material world we call electricity, be a *spiritual* magnetism? As yet we know extremely little of the laws of electricity, and we know nothing of those laws of *spiritual* attraction and repulsion which are, perhaps, the *cause* of electricity. There may be subtle and as yet unexplained causes, connected with the state of the nervous system, the state of the mind, the accord of two souls under peculiar circumstances, &c., which may sometimes enable a person who is in a material body to see another who is in a spiritual body. That such visions are not of daily occurrence may be owing to the fact that it requires an unusual combination of many favourable circumstances to produce them; and when they do occur, they seem to us miraculous simply because we are ignorant of the laws of which they are transient manifestations.

Lord Bacon says:—“The relations touching the force of imagination and the secret instincts of nature are so uncertain, as they require a great deal of examination ere we conclude upon them. I would have it first thoroughly inquired whether there be any secret passages of sympathy between persons of near blood—as parents, children, brothers, sisters, nurse-children,

husbands, wives, &c. There be many reports in history, that, upon the death of persons of such nearness, men have had an inward feeling of it. I myself remember being in Paris, and my father dying in London. Two or three days before my father's death I had a dream, which I told to divers English gentlemen, that my father's house in the country was plastered all over with black mortar. Next to those that are near in blood, there may be the like passage and instincts of nature between great friends and great enemies. Some trial also would be made whether pact or agreement do anything—as, if two friends should agree, that, such a day in every week, they, being in far distant places, should pray one for another, or should put on a ring or tablet one for another's sake, whether, if one of them should break their vow and promise, the other should have any feeling of it in absence."

'This query of Lord Bacon, whether an agreement between two distant persons to think of each other at a particular time may not produce an actual nearness between their spirits, is suggestive. People partially drowning and resuscitated have often described their last moments of consciousness as flooded with memories, so that they seem to be surrounded by the voices and countenances of those they loved.

If this is common when the soul and body are approaching dissolution, may not such concentration of loving thoughts produce an actual nearness, filling the person thought of with "a feeling as if somebody were in the room?" And if the feeling thus induced is very powerful, may not the presence thus felt become objective, or, in other words, a vision?

The feeling of the nearness of spirits when the thoughts are busily occupied with them, may have led to the almost universal belief among ancient nations that the souls of the dead came back on the anniversary of their death to the places where their bodies were deposited.

This belief invested their tombs with peculiar sacredness, and led the wealthy to great expense in their construction. Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, built them with upper apartments, more or less spacious. These chambers were adorned with vases, sculptures, and paintings on the walls, varying in costliness and style, according to the means or taste of the builder. The tomb of Cestius in Rome, contained a chamber much ornamented with paintings. Ancient Egyptian tombs abound with sculptures and paintings, probably representative of the character of the deceased. Thus, on the walls of one a man is pictured throwing seed into the ground, followed by a troop of labourers; farther on, the same individual is represented as gathering in the harvest; then he is seen in procession with

wife, children, friends, and followers, carrying sheaves to the temple, a thank-offering to the gods. This seems to be a painted epitaph, signifying that the deceased was industrious, prosperous and pious. It was common to deposit in these tombs various articles of use or ornament, such as the departed ones had been familiar with and attached to while on earth. Many things in the ancient sculptures indicate that Egyptian women were very fond of flowers. It is a curious fact, that little china boxes with Chinese letters on them, like those in which the Chinese now sell flower seeds, have been discovered in some of these tombs. Probably the ladies buried there were partial to exotics from China; and perhaps friends placed them there with the tender thought that the spirit of the deceased would be pleased to see them, when it came on its annual visit. Sometimes these paintings and sculptures embodied ideas reaching beyond the earthly existence, and "the aerial body" was represented floating among stars, escorted by what we should call angels, but which they named "spirits of the sun."

Families and friends visited these consecrated chambers on the anniversary of the death of those whose bodies were placed in the room below. They carried with them music and flowers, cakes and wine. Religious ceremonies were performed, with the idea that the "invisible body" was present with them, and took part in the prayers and offerings. The visitors talked together of past scenes, and doubtless their conversation abounded with touching allusions to the character and habits of the unseen friend supposed to be listening. It was, in fact, an annual family gathering, scarcely sadder in its memories than is our thanksgiving festival to those who have travelled far on the pilgrimage of life.

St. Paul teaches that "there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." The early Christians had a very vivid faith, that, when the soul dropped its outer envelope of flesh, it continued to exist in a spiritual form. When any of their number died, they observed the anniversary of his departure by placing on the altar an offering to the church in his name. On such occasions they partook of the sacrament, with the full belief that his unseen form was present with them, and shared in the sacred rite, as he had done while in the material body.

On the anniversary of the death of martyrs, there were such commemorations in all the churches; and that their spirits were believed to be present is evident from the fact that numerous petitions were addressed to them. In the Roman catacombs, where many of the early Christians were buried, are apartments containing sculptures and paintings of apostles and martyrs. They are few and rude, because the Christians of that period

were poor, and used such worldly goods as they had more for benevolence than for show.

But these memorials, in such a place, indicate the same feeling that adorned the magnificent tombs of Egypt, Greece, and Rome. These subterranean apartments were used for religious meetings in the first centuries of our era, and it is generally supposed that they were chosen as safe hiding-places from persecution. Very likely it was so; but it is not improbable that the spot had peculiar attractions to worshippers, from the feeling that they were in the midst of an unseen congregation, whose bodies were buried there. If it was so, it would be but one of many proofs that the early Christians mixed with their new religion many of the traditions and ceremonies of their forefathers, who had been educated in other forms of faith. Even in our own time, threads of these ancient traditions are more or less visible through the whole warp and woof of our literature and our customs.

Many of the tombs in the cemetery of Père la Chaise have pretty upper apartments. On the anniversary of the death of those buried beneath, friends and relatives carry thither flowers and garlands. Women often spend the entire day there, and parties of friends assemble to partake of a picnic repast.

Most of the ancient nations annually observed a day in honour of the souls of ancestors. This naturally grew out of the custom of meeting in tombs to commemorate the death of relatives. As generations passed away, it was unavoidable that many of the very old sepulchres should be seldom or never visited. Still it was believed that the "shades" even of remote ancestors hovered about their descendants, and were cognizant of their doings. It was impossible to observe separately the anniversaries of departed millions, and therefore a day was set apart for religious ceremonies in honour of *all* ancestors. Hindoo and Chinese families have from time immemorial consecrated such days, and the Romans observed a similar anniversary under the name of Parentalia.

Christians retained this ancient custom, but it took a new colouring from their peculiar circumstances. The ties of the church were substituted for ties of kindred. Its members were considered *spiritual* fathers and brothers, and there was an annual festival in honour of *spiritual* ancestors. The forms greatly resembled those of the Roman Parentalia. The gathering place was usually at the tomb of some celebrated martyr, or in some chapel consecrated to his memory. Crowds of people came from all quarters to implore the spirits of the martyrs to send them favourable seasons, good crops, healthy children, &c., just as the old Romans had been accustomed to invoke the

names of their ancestors for similar blessings. Prayers were repeated, hymns sung, and offerings presented to the church, as aforetime to the gods. A great banquet was prepared, and wine was drunk to the souls of the martyrs so freely, that complete intoxication was common. In view of this and other excesses, the pious among the bishops exerted their influence to abolish the custom. But it was so intertwined with the traditional faith of the populace, and so gratifying to their social propensities, that it was a long time before it could be suppressed. A vestige of the old anniversaries in honour of the souls of ancestors remains in the Catholic Church under the name of All Souls' Day.

In France, the Parentalia of the ancient Romans is annually observed under the name of "Le Jour des Morts." All Paris flock to the cemeteries, bearing bouquets, crosses and garlands, to decorate the tombs of departed ancestors, relatives and friends. The gay population is, for that day, sobered by tender and solemn memories. Many a tear glistens on the wreaths, and the passing traveller notices many a one whose trembling lips and swollen eye-lids indicate that the soul is immersed in recollections of departed loved ones. The "cities of the dead" bloom with fresh flowers, in multifarious forms of crosses, crowns and hearts. From all the churches prayers ascend for those who have dropped their earthly garment of flesh, and who live henceforth in the "spiritual body," which becomes more and more beautiful with the progress of the soul—it being, as the ancients called it, "the soul's image."

SPIRITUALISM EXTRAORDINARY.

From the *Eastern Post*, January 29th, 1870.

AT a recent meeting of the Committee of the Dialectical Society on Spiritualism, held at 4, Fitzroy Square, Dr. Edmunds stated that he had received from a gentleman in Scotland a very curious communication relative to phenomena of a supposed spiritual nature. All his own efforts to get at close quarters with a spirit of any kind had been baffled, so that he could give no testimony on the subject. The following is the copy of the attested statement referred to:—

"In April, 1864, a considerable excitement arose amongst the people resident in Scott's Lane, Port Glasgow, owing to noises which were heard in an apartment occupied by Hugh

McCardle, gardener, and his family. The knockings were heard almost nightly for about two weeks, and after the rumour had spread through the town, large numbers of men and women assembled in the lane, from about seven o'clock till ten o'clock every evening. The stair, lobby, and apartment, were often crowded, but the police occasionally passed through the lane to ensure order. I visited the house to investigate the matter, and obtained the assistance of Mr. James Fegan, grocer. While waiting in the room for the commencement of the noises, Police Sergeant James McDonald and a constable came in. I told Sergeant McDonald my object, and, as he was anxious to expose the trick—if such it were—he consented to assist me. The knockings commenced about nine o'clock, and continued for more than an hour. The first sounds were similar to what is made by scratching on rough boards; then knocking, as if made with a heavy hammer, on the floor, under the bed, which was situated immediately above the outer stair. Sergeant McDonald and I took a candle, and went below the bed, exactly over the spot where the sounds were proceeding from. Mr. Fegan stood in front of the bed. J. F. Anstruther, Esq., and a number of persons were in the room, besides the constable. Being informed that knocks had been given as affirmative or negative answers to questions, we asked a good many questions, requesting that three knocks be given for Yes, and one for No. The knocks were rapid and loud, and were often given before the question was quite finished. During any pause in the questions, the knocks seemed beat to the air, "There's nae (no) luck about the house." I whistled that tune, and the knocks became still louder, and accompanied my measure. I whistled other airs: "Let us gang to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, oh;" "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;" &c., &c.; and, beginning always with the second line, they kept exact time. We asked some questions in a low tone—quite a whisper—our position being such that no one could see our lips moving, so as to guess the nature of our questions; but it made no difference in regard to the knocks. As ten o'clock struck in the town clock, each stroke seemed supplemented by a sound in the wall, above the bed. We got a pickaxe, and tore up part of the flooring at the spot where the knocking was going on; the sounds shifted position for a little, but at times they were the same as if a person were hammering heavily on the edge of the hole we had made in the floor.

"We examined minutely the floor, walls, ceiling, &c.; got the children (who were asleep) out of the bed, and lifted aside the bed-clothes, mattress, bed-bottom, and, in short, did everything we could think of to discover, if possible, the cause of the knockings; others (amongst whom were police constables and the

superintendent) examined the lobby, staircase, and cellars; they likewise tried, by knocking on the various places, to produce similar sounds, but without the slightest success.

“(Signed) ANDREW GLENDINNING, Port Glasgow.”

“15th October, 1866.—The foregoing is abridged from letters, written me shortly after the occurrences.

“(Initialled) A. G.”

“16th October, 1866.—We solemnly testify that the foregoing statement, drawn up by Mr. Andrew Glendinning, is exactly correct.

“(Signed)

“JAMES McDONALD, late Sergeant, Port Glasgow.

“JAMES FEGAN, Grocer, Port Glasgow.

“Port Glasgow, 16th October, 1866.”

“We conscientiously affirm that, besides the knockings which were heard by many people in the house we lived in, in April, 1864, and besides some occurrences, which were only known to a part of us, there were various articles scattered about from their places, as if thrown by some person, although no one was near where they were thrown from; such as small pieces of coal, broken crockery, and potatoes. We also saw, at times, at the back of the bed, the appearance of a hand moving up and down, and we sometimes tried to catch it, but could not; for, however quickly we reached out our hands, it as quickly vanished, and we only felt cold air. And sometimes, when the hours were striking in the town clock, low knocks were made on the inner partition, between the bed and the press. These things were seen and heard by some of the strangers and neighbours, as well as by ourselves. And we state solemnly, that we did not do any of these things, nor cause, nor allow them to be done, and that we have no idea whatever how to account for them, as they were all quite mysterious to us.

“For self and family,

“(Signed) HUGH MCCARDLE.

“Port Glasgow, 16th October, 1866.”

“We have known Hugh McCardle, gardener, for some time, and, to the best of our knowledge and belief, he is an honest, sober, industrious, straightforward, truthful man.

“(Signed) JAMES FEGAN.

“*Eastern Post*, January 29th, 1870.”

DEATH AND THE AFTER LIFE.*

THIS is the title of a volume of eight lectures delivered in New York, by Andrew Jackson Davis, and now issued uniform with his *Great Harmonia* and other works. The subjects discoursed upon are, "Death and the After Life," "Scenes in the Summer-Land," "Society in the Summer-Land," "Winter-Land and Summer-Land," "Language and Life in Summer-Land," "Material Work for Spiritual Workers," and "Ultimates in the Summer-Land."

By Summer-Land, Mr. Davis explains that he does not mean the spirit-world, but the second sphere, "a vast localised sphere within the spirit-world," a distinction not always borne in mind, sometimes, as his language implies, not even by himself, for in this volume these terms are occasionally used as synonymous and interchangeable. Mr. Davis is developing his views of the Summer-Land in an elaborate and systematic way in his *Stellar Key*, of which the first instalment only has yet appeared. The present volume is little more than a series of pictures, rapid brief sketches, and biographical anecdotes; with discursive observations on topics theological and ecclesiastical, occasionally serious, at other times in that light jaunty style—half argument and half banter—which seems so popular on the American Spiritualist platform, but which (at least to the sober English mind which has not "progressed" in this direction) seems not altogether in keeping with the philosophical discussion of such a subject as "Death and the After Life."

Mr. Davis gives his descriptions of scenes and society in the Summer-Land, not as a theorist, but as an observer; they are literally his *views*. He says: "I appear before you to relate what I have seen as literal celestial verities." No doubt to him they are so; and that he and others—men, too, of sober and thoughtful mind—should so testify in this matter-of-fact nineteenth century, is an important psychical fact (however we may interpret it) which philosophy should take note of. But whether such experiences are objective or subjective, or a blending of both;—whether realities seen in clairvoyant vision because actually there; or images projected by spirits on the delicate sensorium of the susceptible subject by some process analogous to that of electro-biology, is still an open question which it is not easy to determine. There may be—there probably is—both a

* *Death and the After Life. Eight Evening Lectures on the Summer-Land.* By ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. Also, *A Voice from James Victor Wilson.* Enlarged Edition. Boston: WHITE & COMPANY.

true spiritual clairvoyance; and *pseudo* visions of scenes and persons in spirit-life, and impressions of conversations with spirits, having no other basis than the will of the spirit operator; who may be an adept in the arts by which such impressions are produced. How are we to distinguish them? How can the clairvoyant medium himself distinguish them? Such visions and representations generally take on the forms of thought and mental habitudes of the seer. Dante in his vision of *Inferno* saw there his political foes. The spirits seen by Swedenborg all talk Swedenborgese. Melancthon appeared to him in a sort of workhouse underground, in a rough hairy skin, representing his doctrine of Justification by Faith alone—a doctrine which as Swedenborg understood it was his pet aversion. Could a Lutheran seer take observations of Swedenborg, he would no doubt appear in an equally sad plight. Harris's visions of the spirit-world are all illustrative of the "celestial sense of the Word," as he understands it, and confirm the doctrines of the "Brotherhood of the New Life," of which he is the "pivotal man," or, as the Fenians would say, the "head-centre." So Davis's visions of the Summer-Land all corroborate the "Harmonial Philosophy" of which he is the great apostle. The visions of a Mormon "Saint," are not those of a Shaker Elder; and if Mr. Spurgeon should see into the spirit-world, his representations of it we may be sure would be unlike those of Hudson Tuttle. To the pious Hebrew seer, Heaven was beheld as the New Jerusalem; to Emerson, should he become spiritually clairvoyant, it would probably appear as a transcendental Boston. The spiritual eye, like the natural eye, only sees what it brings with it the power of seeing.

To conclude from this diversity that nothing certain can be seen or known of the spirit-world would however be a hasty inference: variety does not necessarily imply contradiction. The spirit-world is not a peep-show to be inspected at a glance, but a Cosmos of the infinity of which the physical universe in all its vastness can give but an inadequate conception. Need we wonder that clairvoyants should be drawn to and describe chiefly those characters and scenes in spirit-life which best accord with their own proclivities; or that there should be some variance even in their descriptions of the same scenes and persons? It is so in the natural world. Take three men—one a geologist, one a land surveyor, the other a poet; how differently will they see and describe the same landscape. An enthusiastic entomologist will go into ecstasies over a rare beetle or spider; a nervous female will only go into hysterics at sight of them. As with the natural, so with the spiritual; with this further difference, that we can receive no idea of the spiritual except through natural images and

symbols; and how imperfectly must these and our poor human language express that which transcends all our natural experience; which the natural eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived. Spiritual things passing into the natural mind take on its peculiar tone and colouring and forms of speech, as water takes form and hue from the shape and colour of the glass containing it. But amid all the diversity in detail, there is yet in these varied descriptions of the spirit-world, as in the varied descriptions of the natural world, a general agreement,—it would perhaps not be going too far to say a unanimity,—as to its main features, its essential characteristics. Thus seers unite in affirming that the disembodied (but not unembodied) human spirit as seen by them is not an abstraction, an empty formless consciousness, concerning which we can affirm nothing save that it is the negation of all that is, as metaphysicians have pretended, but that the spirit is the man, in the form and having all the faculties proper to man; living in a substantial (though not material) world, in association with his fellows; the society to which he is attached being determined there as here by the attraction of his ruling love; his state and condition being an outgrowth of and in harmony with the character and life. Each goes to his own place, drawn thither by the sure inevitable law of spiritual gravitation.

Here we have the basis of a rational psychology, corrective of the errors of philosophers and theologians; plain to universal apprehension, congenial to the common unsophisticated heart, and in harmony with the highest ethical and religious teaching and the native intuitions of the soul. We learn here the lesson, that whatever may be the surroundings of the freed spirit,—wherever its home may be,—in the earth's atmosphere, or sixty miles above it, or in the Milky Way,—Heaven is not a place to be marked by the astronomer on the celestial hemisphere; it can no more come under the sweep of his telescope than can the mother's love for her sleeping infant. You cannot float to the heavenly shores by "magnetic river circulation," or by placing yourself "in harmony with the currents that sweep through the atmospheric spaces;" or by any kind of locomotion, though you take the wings of the morning and outstrip the light. No! the kingdom of God cometh not with observation, and is not reached by travel in or beyond the interstellar spaces. It is *within us*, or it is nowhere. *There* are the Elysian Fields, the Islands of the Blest, the true Summer-Land;—*there* the house of many mansions where dwelleth the Divine Guest—the Arabula—the eternal peace in the inmost of man's being; *there* the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, whose gates are never closed, and which has no need of the light of the sun, neither of the moon, for the

glory of God doth lighten it; and through it flows the river of the water of life, clear as crystal, from the throne of God; and on either side of the river and in the midst of its streets is the tree of life, whose fruit is for the healing of the nations.

T. S.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

DR. NEWTON STILL AT WORK.

MR. THOMAS GRANT, of Shirley House, Maidstone, reports a number of cases of cure by Dr. Newton, on his recent visit to that town.

Miss E. A. Watson, 32A, New Church Street, Paddington, and Mrs. E. Cowper, 388, Edgware Road, have investigated some of the cures effected by Dr. Newton at Dr. Burns's chapel, and give the names and addresses of eleven persons cured of various pains and diseases. As some weeks have elapsed since these cures were performed, they may be fairly regarded as in all probability permanent.

Emma Tyndall (a lady said to be related to Professor Tyndall), has written a letter on "Dr. Newton, the Healing Medium," in the *Birmingham Daily Post*, of August 13th, vindicating the Doctor from the charges of imposture, &c., which that journal had levelled against him. The following is an extract from her letter:—"I have myself ascertained the fact of Dr. Newton having cured a dying man in Liverpool, who had burst a blood-vessel the previous day, and who had kept his bed from December last from a similar attack. An eminent physician in Liverpool pronounces him quite well now. I could give the names and addresses of several persons, men and women, who have been cured of paralysis, lameness and blindness, by Dr. Newton; but it was said of old, of some people, if one should be raised from the dead, they would not believe. Dr. Newton says of his own gifts, 'the power of healing is an illustration of the power of love. When I became a Christian in life, these spiritual gifts were showered upon me; they were as great a wonder to myself as to those who received them!' Jesus Christ says, 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.' How few men obey this divine law."

We recently paid a brief visit to Dr. Newton at his residence, 34, Upper Park Road, Haverstock Hill, and among other cases of successful treatment that we witnessed was that of a man with a tumour on the breast, which he said he had had for 20

years, and for which physicians had been unable to give him any relief. Dr. Newton placed his hand upon the part, said a few words to him, and in about two minutes the man declared the tumour was entirely gone. On asking him for his name and address he gave it us as James W. Abel, Stump Cross, Norwich.

Dr. Newton expects to leave London in a few days for Liverpool, and proceed thence to the United States about the end of September.

SPIRITUALISM AND INSANITY.

A little paragraph lately appeared in a country newspaper, setting forth how a young man in Melbourne committed suicide in consequence of his brain having been turned by reading books on Spiritualism; and there seems to be no good reason why the statements therein should not be received as authentic. As people often lose their balance of mind by giving too much attention to particular religious and secular subjects, why should they not be liable to do the same by giving too much attention to Spiritualism? To be candid, excessive thought about Spiritualism is rather more calculated to turn the brain than too much thought upon any other religious subject, because its phenomena are so unaccountable and strange, that few can witness powerful manifestations for the first time, without feeling a great strain both upon their nerves and thoughts, though this feeling soon dies away as the novelty of the circumstances wears off. When people of other denominations lose their senses, the public seldom connect the calamity with their religious convictions, but it is otherwise with the Spiritualist. If a Spiritualist eat too much fruit and feel unwell, his illness is at once attributed to his Spiritualism; likewise, if by pressure of worldly cares he become insane, Spiritualism is called in to account for the circumstance. It is an established law of nature, that whatever bodily organ is used most, is most liable to be the first to decay, hence literary, scientific, and professional men, have a greater tendency than most people—other conditions being the same—to the early decay of the mental faculties. One advantage gained by the inattention of Faraday to Spiritualism, is that the decay of his mental faculties before his death is now attributed to its true cause, which most assuredly would not have been the case had he investigated Spiritualism, and, as the inevitable result of such investigation, recognised its truth.

When cool-headed people investigate Spiritualism, and do not follow it up too rapidly at first, or think too much about its phenomena, but relieve the mind by attention to other subjects, they are not mentally inconvenienced by the enquiry. But

suppose the case of an irrational mediumistic individual, thrown suddenly into daily and nightly contact with the most striking manifestations, and placed suddenly in close communication with friends recently deceased: all these exciting things, coupled with the shaking of many deeply-rooted theological errors, must tend to throw the mind off its balance. Although this is an extreme case, such examples may be found, and the object of this article is to urge all readers thereof, for the sake of the noble cause they love, to persuade novices, who are exciting their minds about Spiritualism, not to sit too often at *séances*, or to read and think too much at first about the subject. Many of the perplexities and difficulties which beset new circles, in the shape of the unreliable character of the communications, may be avoided by taking the most scrupulous care who is permitted to be present; when all the members are persons of pure and upright lives, this source of disturbance of mind will be eliminated.—*The Spiritualist*.

WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

Religious tracts—so-called, with this heading are common enough, but we do not remember ever to have met with one containing so much true religion and common sense as a little four-page tract with this title, by the Rev. John Page Hopps, just published by Trübner, as No. I. of a "School and Mission Series." It has been sent us marked—"For review," but we think it better to let it speak for itself in the following extract, and leave every reader to be his own reviewer.

Salvation is deliverance. Salvation to the drowning man is to be rescued from the water. Salvation to the diseased man is the curing of his disease. Salvation to the lost man is the finding of the right road. And the salvation we speak of is salvation from ignorance, darkness, and sin.

It is very little we know about Hell, though there are some who seem to know all about it and who can even tell us who are on their way thither. But, whatever Hell is, it is an *effect*; and a wise man will, therefore, look for the cause. Now, a man really carries his Hell in his own breast. If we can save him from *that*, he need fear no other. Save your struggling brother from his ignorance, his fear, his miserable moral weakness, his cruel poisoning sin; lift him up, give him better thoughts, brighter ideas, purer affections; teach him to love God, and he is saved. I say he "*is saved*," saved *now*, for such a man has entered God's beautiful kingdom of heaven on earth and he is a pilgrim to the skies. We are too apt to think of Salvation only as a deliverance from punishment. Would to God men would see that they have more to fear from themselves than from Him! We shall never need to be saved from God: we shall for ever need to be brought near unto Him.

There are two things we chiefly need to be saved from, then;—the rule of sin in the heart, and the dread of God in the soul.

"*The rule of sin in the heart*" is the cause of all our misery, our darkness, and our dread. Let a man think less of escaping from punishment, and let him think more about escaping from the thing that deserves punishment. Let him trouble less about Hell *hereafter* and let him be more anxious about sin *now*; for he may be sure that there is only one road to Hell, and that is the road of sin.

Let a man escape from *that*, and be bright and pure, with his face turned to the good, and he need never think of Hell. For him there is no such place.

"*The dread of God in the soul*" is the other thing a man chiefly needs to be saved from. God is our Heavenly Father, and it is a shame to present Him to the people as a hard and cruel Ruler. And yet even in our own day, enlightened as we are, clergymen often try to frighten poor folks by telling them of a dreadful Being who keeps an eternal Hell of fire into which He will plunge all who happen to stumble on the wrong creed or who go to the wrong Church. What a wonderful thing it is that men can say such dishonouring things of God! and what a wonderful thing it is that any one can be brought to believe them! Let us get rid of this Paganism and begin to be Christians; let us cease to tremble before an angry Sovereign, and learn to rejoice before a loving Father; let us be in bondage no more to the dreadful idea that a wise and holy God will punish His children in fire for their opinions or their want of opinions, and let us come to the glorious liberty of the sons of God who know that all men are the objects of His care, that *all* who seek His face shall find it, whatever may be their ideas on the way, and that, even in the life hereafter, He will never cruelly turn His face from any who cry to Him for light and help.

MR. W. CROOKES, F.R.S., ON THE INVESTIGATION OF
SPIRITUALISM.

Mr. W. Crookes in a letter on Spiritualism addressed to a contemporary, has the following observations:—

"Regarded from a scientific stand-point, our great object now is to ascertain facts, and to sift as closely as possible truth from falsehood. If the phenomena are genuine, the enquirer has nothing to do with the fate of 'cherished preconceptions,' or where the 'necessary consequences' will land 'boasted physical knowledge.'

"It seems to be overlooked that the result of enquiry can only be to convince a certain number of people of the truth (or the reverse) of these phenomena or opinions. Investigation will not have the effect of suddenly bringing into existence new laws, phenomena, or forms of force. Recognition does not involve creation. Whatever we satisfy ourselves is true, will have been true from the beginning, and therefore it is unphilosophical to assume that there must immediately arise an antagonism between physical truths, which all recognise, and others which are only now being brought to light.

"The truths have all along run in harmony side by side, and there is no reason to suppose that the balance of nature will be interfered with if a few investigators are enabled to lift one corner of the veil which has hitherto appeared to divide them."

THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" ON SPIRITUALISM AND ITS
CONNECTION WITH MEN OF SCIENCE.

At the *soirée* at the house of Mr. John Pender, when the Prince of Wales attended to witness the opening of direct communication with India, many Spiritualists, among whom were

Mr. C. F. Varley and Lord Lindsay, were present. Much electro-magnetic apparatus, belonging to Lord Lindsay, was used at the *soirée* to show novel experiments in diamagnetism; some of these experiments were new to science, and had been devised by Mr. Varley to show the power over ponderable matter, possessed by certain invisible imponderable forces. The *Daily Telegraph*, in reporting the proceedings, said,—“It can scarcely be matter of marvel if the finer, more delicate, and more sensitive minds that have busied themselves with the subtlest of natural agencies—an essence far more akin, as it would seem, to spirit than the most imponderable and inappreciable of gases, or even than light itself—should have imbibed from their loving studies those supernatural ideas which are generally classed under the name of ‘Spiritualism.’ Believers will no doubt be pleased to learn that more than one distinguished electrician present last evening may be counted among the openly-avowed disciples of the faith which has such remarkable manifestations.”

A CHEERFUL VIEW OF THINGS.

“How dismal you look!” said a bucket to his companion, as they were going to the well.

“Ah!” replied the other, “I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled; for let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty.”

“Dear me! how strange to look at it in that way,” said the bucket. “Now, I enjoy the thought that, however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light, and you’ll be as cheerful as I am.”

SUICIDE OF M. PREVOST PARADOL.

The following is translated from the *Independance Belge* :—

“The supreme tragedy of the suicide of M. Prevost Paradol abounds in curious and interesting details, in inexplicable fatalities even for the superficial reader; but for the attentive observer it is full of revelations. ‘There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy,’ says Hamlet. Prevost Paradol—a man of great force of character, of a serene soul, and of a brilliant and genial nature—has ended his days in a spacious and commodious mansion, bought cheap on account of its being apparently *the abode of suicide*. *It is a haunted house*. I remember, also, the door of the Invalides which Marshal Serurier caused to be taken away because those who had been hanged gave each other rendezvous there; and the sentry box, too, at Fontainebleau, which the Emperor ordered to

be destroyed because eight soldiers, successively, had there blown their brains out."

Facts like these viewed in the light of Modern Spiritualism, and studied in connection with the laws of magnetic and spirit influence and control, it is to be hoped will enable us to better understand much that is at present obscure in relation to such subjects as suicide, insanity, monomania, and other dark and perplexing problems of human nature.

MUSIC IN THE AIR HEARD ON THE DEATH OF GOETHE.

In the *Diary, Reminiscences and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson, Barrister-at-Law, F.S.A.*, 3 vols., Macmillan, 1869, is the following most interesting passage:—

"When I was at Frankfort in 1834, Charlotte Serviere told me with apparent faith, that Madame (a blank in the M.S.) a woman of great intelligence, was in Goethe's house at the time of his death, and that she and others heard sweet music in the air. No one could find out whence it came."

There is also in this work much original matter concerning Blake, the spirit-artist and poet, with whom the author had many interesting conversations which are here detailed, and of whom Wordsworth remarked to him that "he regarded Blake as having in him the elements of poetry much more than either Byron or Scott."

He was acquainted too with Bettina Von Arnim, of whom he also writes, and whom he mentions as having prophesied in his presence the rise of the Italians some thirty years ago, when she was in this country with her brother-in-law, the then ambassador for Prussia to England.

Mr. Crabb Robinson was the intimate friend of Rogers, Flaxman, Lamb, Wordsworth, and many others of the intellectual society of the century.

SPIRITUALISM OPENS NEW FIELDS OF SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge, in a recent lecture, addresses to men of science the following pertinent questions and remarks:—

"Can science inform us what is the force which, proceeding from, it may be, a feeble child, a frail girl, or any sensitive organization, furnishes the power by which a spirit can perform the marvels of spiritual telegraphy, and manifest his presence by signs, sounds, and movements? What is mediumistic force, or aura? Can the physician or metaphysician answer? If not, then is there a force in existence unknown to science, unclassified by scientists—a problem which science yet must solve, or remain in baffled ignorance.

“What has Spiritualism done for science? It has opened up a vast world of forces of which science has never dreamed; and until she can solve the one question alone, “What is mediumistic force?” all theories, chemical or philosophical, fail. The motor powers of the spiritual medium are as yet unknown to science; let her cease to question, then, “What good has Spiritualism done?” or “What new thing can it show?” The science of acoustics has not accounted for the raps; the science of optics cannot account for the apparition of spiritual beings; chemistry cannot unfold the combinations by which spirits form and dissolve dense substances; the science of mechanics has not yet accounted for the movement of ponderable bodies under the impetus of invisible beings—the floating body hanging in mid air in defiance of what has generally been received as the law of gravitation.

“You ask us for something new? There is not a phase of Spiritualism that is not a great and brilliant novelty. You ask us what scientific revelation Spiritualism has brought forth? We demand of you an explanation of any of the scientific laws which govern the production of spiritual phenomena, and till you can give it they stand a new page in the history of science which her votaries are unable to read. The whole realm of science is baffled by the presence of an invisible spirit: all the theories that have ever been presented do not cover the ground which the presence of one disembodied spirit occupies.

“What is the spirit country? What are the soul’s surroundings? What the material of spirit garments, homes and dwellings? What new fields of inquiry do these questionings suggest? The spirits in the hour of death take nothing with them; they depart without one fragment of earthly possession, and yet they manifest their presence sometimes with all the attributes of form, garments with flowers, scenery and surroundings, musical instruments, and every other object which filled their thoughts on earth or occupied their time. What a sphere of invention is here laid open to us could we but find the clue to spiritual possessions. The spirits claim—and are we sure their claim is not just?—that it is from this higher life of theirs that all our ideas flow and all earthly inventions come. If we prove that the spirits of the great and good who have gone before still live and labour in broader and grander fields of existence—in more brilliant lyceums and more resplendent collegiate organizations, can it be doubted that it is from them that we receive the inspiration that leads us on to the infinite possibilities of our natures? Spiritualism has brought to Science the grandest field of investigation that has yet been before her—the field of spiritual powers and forces—and we

can say to her, "Show us any *thing* that is not spiritual, any *force* that is not spiritual. Till that time *you* speak of effects, and we Spiritualists alone are in the realm of causes."

SOMNAMBULISM.

The instinctive and intuitive action of the mind in sleep, when the individual consciousness or voluntary powers no longer control the vital forces—a condition sometimes superinduced by spirits, and then more properly called Trance—is illustrated in the following narrative, concerning a young priest, related by the Archbishop of Bordeaux.

He was in the habit of writing sermons when asleep; although a card was placed between his eyes and the note book, he continued to write vigorously. After he had written a page requiring correction, a piece of blank paper of the exact size was substituted for his manuscript, and on that he made the corrections in the precise situation which they would have occupied on the original page. A very astonishing part of this is that which relates to his writing music in his sleeping state, which it is said he did with perfect precision. He asked for certain things and saw and heard such things, but only such things as bore directly upon the subject of his thoughts. He detected the deceit when water was given to him in the place of brandy, which he had asked for. Finally, he knew nothing at all of what had transpired when he awoke, but in his next paroxysm he remembered all accurately—and so lived a sort of double life, a phenomenon which we believe to be universal in all cases of the exalted somnambulism.

Correspondence.

BIRD MUSIC.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—The mention of bird music in your note to Charles Dickens' Jenny Wren, whom he made to speak almost in ecstasies of *her* birds and their singing, induces me to write these few lines, just to say, that the delicious singing of birds which I experience, as I wrote you some years since, continues with me night and day, although I am not always sensible of the fact amidst the noise and bustle of every-day life. For nearly ten years this source of exquisite enjoyment has been open to me, and whenever I am alone, or in comparative quietude; or when, otherwise, and I feel a wish to realize it, my beautiful melodists pour forth their notes, sometimes so loudly that I cannot distinguish between them and birds in close proximity to me. Sometimes I hear them as at a great distance away, and I am obliged to make an effort to hear them distinctly,

but as soon as I make this effort, and feel a desire to have them near, my desire is gratified, and I revel in the melody which their thousand notes, blended in the sweetest harmony, produces. In the waking hours of the night—and severe pain has given me many of them—the little warblers sing with increased intensity. There is no monotony in their song, for it is ever changing and ever beautiful. It would gratify me much to have the experience and thoughts of any one who has been favoured with this beautiful phenomenon.

Yours obediently,

3, Euston Square, N.W.

WILLIAM CARPENTER.

A SÉANCE WITH MR. HOME AT CLIFTON.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Sir,—Have you room to report a short *séance* that took place in my house in the presence of Mr. Home?

Before it took place he was much concerned about the war now going on amongst professed Christians on the Continent, as he knew some of the officers who have fallen in it.

We had not sat more than two minutes when powerful trembling and very loud rappings indicated there were many spirits of a military character present. Two, sometimes three, kinds of raps were going on at the same time. In one place beating as on a small drum, in another beating march time as on a large drum. The rappings and beatings were loud enough to be heard at a long distance off. A table 4 feet 6 inches square, with Spanish mahogany top, 1 inch thick, and legs of the same material, at their extreme 5 inches square (I write thus minutely to indicate the weight of the table), rose from the ground as if a man had stooped under it and quickly moved up with it two feet, then slowly lowered it down.

Feet were heard walking in the room, and those present were firmly touched many times. I made the remark that I hoped they were all friendly people present, they rapped in answer as with a hammer. Mr. Home became entranced and rising from his chair he was nervously excited, he clenched his hand and said, "This is awful! assassinations, poisons! Oh, horrible! oh, horrible!" He calmed a little and said, "But great good will accrue from it." After a pause he said, "Dan must go back, he cannot stand this." He returned to his seat and awoke, after which (a condition as I understand quite unusual) he felt a choking sensation and sickness. Here the strange *séance* ended, but the above gives only a slight idea of it; one must be present, and must possess, to some extent, a spiritual sense to fully understand such states. Doubtless Mr. Home when entranced saw some of the awful scenery of war, hence the words, "Dan must go back."

I am, Sir, yours respectively,

JOHN BEATTIE.

2, Westbourne Place, Clifton.

THE SENSE OF IDENTITY.—MATERIALISTIC EXPLANATIONS OF SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I have no wish to continue any discussion on the subject of the Sense of Identity; but let us have that frankness and fair play which you have every right to require from your opponents. The truth can only be elicited by a full recognition of the objections to whatever hypothesis may be proposed. Now, sir, your objections to Mr. Crookes's requirements are, I think, perfectly just and in complete accordance with a correct scientific method. For in novel matters we may not dictate or impose conditions which it is our sole business, in the first place, to observe and discover; from which to infer the true cause and reason

of the phenomena in question. But on my remark with regard to the sense of identity, you object to my using analogies from inanimate nature—because you fail to recognize the limit intended. The river and the tree only refer to the change of substance, and the illusion in our attributing sameness and identity. But the horse! Why omit my allusion to the horse? which surely has memory and habit and instinct as well as a body, and it is for you to say whether you attribute to the horse an independent spirit too, and why; but in your reply you avoid the subject and the objection—now, is that fair play? Nor has it ever been explained how there could be a real science of physiology in relation to an independent spirit using the body as an instrument, or in some other unexplained way. It seems to me that you absolutely ignore a science of man as a whole, altogether, or you are bound to explain and that with all frankness, and I call upon you to deal with opponents as you claim to be dealt by. No doubt all powers and the transference of qualities is a mystery, but the animal magnetic influence on the fresh particles is no more a mystery than the magnet transferring its nature to a heap of needles. Think of the mystery of contagious and infectious diseases, and the germ infected by the whole nature of the animal reproducing the same species with all its parent specialities—all mysterious enough, but the fact is fact, for all that—besides, consider all the marvels of mesmerism, clairvoyance, and the transference of thoughts and feelings, which is more to the matter in hand. We need not discuss, but we may not ignore correlative facts. Now in my own explanation of the spiritual phenomena, I shall have to make considerable admission in favour of the spiritual hypothesis. Mr. Varley says, “I do not know a single instance in either the old or new world, in which any clear-headed man, who has carefully examined the phenomena, has failed to become a convert to the spiritual hypothesis.” Well, I have studied the whole matter from the commencement and never saw any scientific reason to doubt the phenomena in all their correlations, and as I do not yet believe in the spiritual hypothesis, I suppose I must submit with what grace I can to Mr. Varley’s estimate of my powers. But how about Professor De Morgan? I do not understand that he has yet asserted his belief in the spiritual hypothesis, though his name has been used pretty freely; and I beg to send you a pamphlet of a Professor of Mathematics, in the Imperial School of Fine Arts at Paris, who also investigated the subject and does not believe in the spiritual hypothesis, but believes that he has afforded a definite solution, though I confess that his solution goes a very little way into the great question at issue.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

We did not avoid the point referred to by our correspondent, but in passing through the press the passage alluding to it was accidentally omitted. It should have been inserted at page 383, 20 lines from bottom, and with the context would read as follows:—

“The reasoning from the permanence of the sense of identity in animals, would, to say the least, be more plausible, if the writer of the article we copied from the *Unitarian Herald* denied the existence of a spiritual principle in animals; but we do not understand him to make any such denial. How far the spiritual principle in man corresponds to the spiritual principle in animals, and wherein they differ, and what these differences may involve, are points of great interest no doubt, but they are so wide that for many reasons we cannot here attempt the discussion of them. If Mr. Atkinson will carefully study the law of discrete degrees laid down by Swedenborg, it will, perhaps, help him to a better understanding of this part of the question.”

It is not we, but the materialists who are justly chargeable with ignoring "a science of man as a whole;" for it is only by recognising the spirit as the essential man, that there can be even the beginning of such a science;—that even the body of man in all its relations and uses, its varied states of health and disease can be properly and fully understood. Our contention with the materialists is, that of the three-fold nature of man, body, soul, and spirit, they recognise only one part—and that, philosophically considered, the least important part—the body. If Mr. Atkinson desires "a real science of physiology in relation to an independent spirit using the body as an instrument," we would recommend him to study carefully Dr. Wilkinson's philosophical work on *The Human Body and its Connexion with Man*.

We admit the "transference of qualities" and the "magnetic influence" of which our correspondent gives illustrations; but before any qualities can be transferred from one substance to another, that substance must possess those qualities; and Mr. Atkinson has yet to prove that Hope, Memory, Consciousness, the sense of identity, and other powers which we attribute to the spirit are qualities of the body, or of any of the elements composing it;—that they are any more in the brain and nerves than intelligence is in the electric battery and telegraphic wires.

The marvels of mesmerism, clairvoyance, and the transference of thoughts and feelings "is indeed more to the matter in hand," but these marvels all point to the "spiritual hypothesis," and indeed are explicable upon no other. Mr. Varley, among other good reasons for his belief in Spiritualism, says, "I believe in spirits because I see them;" and he not only sees but *hears* and receives correct information from them; and his is not a solitary instance: it is but one of thousands. For the argument from clairvoyance we would refer Mr. Atkinson to the article—"It is all Clairvoyance," *Spiritual Magazine*, Vol. III. New Series, p. 450.

As to the few scientific and *quasi* scientific men who have come to the conclusion that the phenomena of Spiritualism are in no way connected with departed spirits, it will generally be found that this has been because they have not strictly followed their own scientific method of drawing their conclusion from all the facts of the case, apart from preconceived theories and hypotheses. Either, like Büchner, they had resolved that there were no spirits—that there was nothing but "matter and force,"—consequently;—or, like Faraday, they "started with clear idea of the naturally possible and impossible;"—or, again, like Brewster, they saw that the acceptance of Spiritualism would "overturn the philosophy of a lifetime," and therefore resolved that "spirits" was "the last thing they would give in to." From such premises as these the conclusion would of

course be easy; the possibility even of the agency of departed spirits would, of course, be ruled to be inadmissible; and if the facts of Spiritualism could no longer be denied some other solution than that must be found or made for them.

It is however instructive to note that if these gentlemen cannot agree with the Spiritualists, they find it still more difficult to agree with one another. For instance, Mr. Atkinson does not agree with Mr. Crookes, nor with the writer whose pamphlet he sends us; neither does he agree with Dr. Chance, or with Mr. Jackson, between both of whom and himself a curious three-cornered controversy on Spiritualism was lately carried on. Nor, we believe, is he any better satisfied with Mr. Bray's hypothesis of "Force and its Mental Correlates," or with Mr. Guppy's "*Spiritualism Chemically Explained*," which so far as the latter is concerned is the less surprising as its author has long ceased to be satisfied with it himself, finding it insufficient to account for facts which have since come under his observation. Nor have we heard that any one of these gentlemen has accepted the *Spectator's* hypothesis of "brain-waves"—whatever that may mean; and we suppose that if they agree in nothing else, they would all agree in scouting the hypothesis of Faraday. If Mr. Atkinson is at odds with all these and other theorists—they are all equally at odds with him. "It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands," and it is not for us as Spiritualists to interfere with these belligerents save by way of "friendly mediation."

The truth is that these gentlemen are a great deal too ingenious to accept the simple hypothesis which alone adequately explains all the facts; and they are far too independent to adopt any other hypothesis than their own. Indeed, we believe that the disciples of each could be covered by the single hat of its inventor.

A like weary round has been traversed in America and on the continent of Europe, where Spiritualism has been successively explained as "automatic cerebration," "od force," "dominant ideas," "action of the back brain," "ankle-snapping," "nerve fluids," and other skimble-skamble stuff only remembered as curious matters of history. These shattered hypotheses should be a caution—they are wrecks which may warn the rash and inexperienced navigator in these unknown seas that hereabouts the coast is dangerous.

As to Professor De Morgan, his testimony has been so often quoted that it need not here be reproduced. It is, of course, expressed cautiously and with much reserve, but it is sufficiently explicit and significant;—a great deal too much so for men of science in general.