

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

JULY, 1871.

TRANSPORTATION OF MEDIUMS.

THE *Medium* of May 26th has the following:—

“On Friday morning last, Mr. Herne had called on a friend living at Caledonian Road. When near Thornhill Square, about twenty minutes past ten, he felt a peculiar sick sensation creep over him, and he became unconscious and knew nothing till he came to himself at Mr. Guppy’s house, situate at 1, Moreland Villas, Highbury Hill Park. Now for the other side of the narrative. Mrs. Guppy was in her little breakfast room when she heard Mr. Guppy coming downstairs—this was about a quarter to eleven. She went to meet him, and was in the act of speaking to him, when she turned round, and between herself and the window saw what appeared to be a large black bundle descending from the ceiling. She screamed out at the unusual occurrence, when Mr. Guppy stepped into the room as Mr. Herne was arising from the floor. He had been brought there by some unseen power. Mr. Guppy’s curiosity was very much excited, and he at once made a thorough search of the house, to see if by any means Mr. Herne could have gained access. He, however, found three doors shut and securely fastened, through which any person would have had to pass before he could gain the inside of the house. As Mr. Herne revived, his heart beat violently, and he suffered much from thirst. It would appear that he had been carried by spirit-power between the two places described.”

In the following number of the *Medium*, in reply to the inquiries of a correspondent, the editor says:—

“We have questioned Mr. Herne, and published his statement. We have also questioned Mrs. Guppy narrowly, and the results are in our paragraph of last week; so that we are at
N.S.—VI. T

a loss to add anything to our previous statement. The window to the room was fixed down by special appliances, and all means of ingress to the house were securely guarded, as the doors and gate were bolted and locked. These were examined as soon as Mr. Herne was discovered in the room, and the bolts and locks were found secure. It is considered impossible that Mr. Herne could have entered the house in the usual way, and he can prove that he was in Caledonian Road a short time before he found himself in Mr. Guppy's house."

In reply to inquiries by Mr. B. Coleman, Mr. Guppy writes as follows :—

" May 22, 1871.

" I was on Friday morning on the basement floor. Mrs. Guppy was in the breakfast room adjoining, with the door open, and had spoken to me. Suddenly she screamed, and said that something had tumbled down. I at once entered the room, and there was Mr. Herne on the settee, looking dazed, like a person half awake. When he got the use of his faculties, he said he did not know how he had come, and that he was going somewhere else, and in the street felt himself giddy, and knew no more. Our back door was padlocked, our street door was shut as usual, and the windows were all closed. No servant let him in. It certainly is not an ordinary mode of making a morning call, although there are plenty of precedents in sacred and profane history of this sort of locomotion."*

From the *Medium* of June 10th, it appears that Mrs. Guppy paid a similar return visit to Mr. Herne. Here is the account, as given by our contemporary :—

" On Saturday evening, as a circle consisting of about nine person sat with locked doors, with Messrs. Herne & Williams, at these mediums' lodgings, 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, after a considerable time an object was felt to come upon the table, and

* Mr. C. W. Pearce, of 6, Cambridge Road, Kilburn, *N.W.*, published a statement in the *Kilburn Times* of June 2nd, that on the previous Friday he called at Messrs. Herne & Williams's at half-past four o'clock, to arrange with them for a series of *séances* at Kilburn, in connection with the Kilburn Society of Spiritualists. The three of them then went into the dark room, to ask John King what he thought of the proposed arrangements. Mr. Pearce says :—

" I then mentioned the arrangements we had determined upon, and told them the kind of minds they would meet at the *séances*. John said the arrangements would do. I told Katie I cared most that the friends they would meet should be convinced of the fact that spirits do commune with men ; I was not at all anxious to prove that the Devil was not the chief labourer in this direction ; unprejudiced minds, free from bigotry, would readily be convinced by their own intuitions that that was not the case. Katie replied—' I'll convince some of them. I'll make some of them sensible that we are spirits.'

" Just at this moment we heard a lump on the floor, and found that Mr. Herne was not in the room, and his chair had fallen on the floor as if it had been lifted up and then dropped down again. Coincident with the falling of the chair, we

when the light was struck, their visitor was found to be Mrs. Guppy. She was not by any means dressed for an excursion, as she was without shoes, and had a memorandum book in one hand and a pen in the other. The last word inscribed in the book was 'onions,' the ink of which was wet, and there was ink in the pen. When Mrs. Guppy regained her consciousness, she stated that she had been making some entries of expenses, became insensible, and knew nothing till she found herself in the circle. A party of gentlemen accompanied Mrs. Guppy home. A deputation went in first, and questioned Miss Neyland as to how or when Mrs. Guppy had been missed. She said they had been sitting in the same room; Mrs. Guppy was making entries in her book, and Miss Neyland was reminding her of the items to be put down. Miss Neyland was reading a newspaper in the intervals of conversation, and when she raised her head from her reading, Mrs. Guppy could not be seen. It was intimated, through raps on the table, that the spirits had taken her; and as Mr. Guppy has every confidence in the beneficence of these agents, Mrs. Guppy's abduction gave no concern."

A more detailed and circumstantial account of this last occurrence is given in the *Spiritualist* of June 15. It is so full of interest, that, at the risk of some repetition, we reproduce it *verbatim*:—

"On the evening of June 3rd, 1871, a *séance* was held in the rooms of Messrs. Herne and Williams, and at the close of it the following document was drawn up and signed:—

"On Saturday evening, June 3rd, at 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, High Holborn, London, W.C., a *séance* was held in the rooms of Messrs. Herne and Williams, mediums. Before the *séance* began, the doors communicating with the passage outside were locked. The proceedings began, at the request of the mediums, with prayer. Then spirit lights, like small stars, were seen moving about, after which a conversation between the spirits John King and Katie King was heard. John said, "Katie, you can't do it." Katie replied, "I will, I tell you

heard Mr. Herne's voice—as if he were at the end of a long gallery filled with dense fog—calling out to Mr. Williams, 'Ted, hold me!' Ted jumped up, but he was gone. The room was empty. A few moments of conversation upon this wonderful manifestation, when—lump on the floor dropped Mr. Herne, in his shirt sleeves, and panting for breath. After he had recovered himself, we asked him where he had been. He said 'Up into the bed-room.' John King and Katie had passed him through the ceiling with as much ease as if it had not been there. I said, 'Where's your coat?' 'In the cupboard upstairs,' said he; 'I remember taking it off directly they set me down in the room, and hung it up. I don't know why I did it.' His slippers were also gone. Whilst talking about his coat, John said, 'Never you mind about his coat, I'll get that for you,' and immediately he dropped the coat through the ceiling, and it fell, neatly folded up, flat upon the table.

I will." John said, "I tell you you can't." She answered, "I will." Mr. Harrison then said, "Can you bring Mrs. Guppy?" There was no reply, but a member of the circle urged that the attempt should not be made. Within three minutes after Katie had said "I will," a single heavy sound was heard for an instant on the centre of the table. Mr. Edwards put out his hand, and said, "There is a dress here." A light was instantly struck, and Mrs. Guppy was found standing motionless on the centre of the table, trembling all over; she had a pen and an account-book in her hands. Her right hand, with the pen in it, was over her eyes. She was spoken to by those present, but did not seem to hear; the light was then placed in another room, and the door was closed for an instant; John King then said, "She'll be all right presently." After the lapse of about four minutes after her arrival, she moved for the first time, and began to cry. The time of her arrival was ten minutes past eight. Mrs. Edmiston, Mr. Edwards, and Mr. Harrison went at once to one of the doors, and found it still locked; the other door could not be opened during the *séance*, because the back of the chair of one of the sitters was against it. There was no cupboard, article of furniture, or anything else in the rooms in which it was possible for anybody to conceal themselves, and, if there had been, we, the undersigned witnesses, are all certain that by no natural means could Mrs. Guppy have placed herself instantaneously on the centre of a table round which we were all sitting shoulder to shoulder.

"Mrs. Guppy said that the last thing she remembered before she found herself on the table, was that she was sitting at home at Highbury, talking to Miss Neyland, and entering some household accounts in her book. The ink in the pen was wet when she arrived in our midst; the last word of the writing in the book was incomplete, and was wet and smeared. She complained that she was not dressed in visiting costume, and had no shoes on, as she had been sitting at the fire without them. As she stated this to Mr. Morris and Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, a pair of slippers dropped on the floor from above, one of them grazing Mr. Morris's head; this was after the *séance*, and in the light. We all went into the dark room for a few minutes afterwards, and four flower-pots with flowers in them, which Mrs. Guppy declared to be from her home, were placed on the table at once.

"After tea a second *séance* was held. Within a minute or two after the light was put out, there was a cry for a light, and Mr. Herne was seen by four persons falling from above, on to his chair. There were bundles of clothes belonging to Mr. Guppy, Mrs. Guppy, and Miss Neyland on the table, and Mr.

Herne declared he had just seen Miss Neyland in Mrs. Guppy's house; that she had pushed the clothes into his arms, and told him to "go to the devil." The light was again put out, and when it was struck once more, Mr. Williams was missing. He was found in the next room, lying in an insensible state on some clothes belonging to Mr. Guppy. He said on awaking that he had been to Mr. Guppy's house, and saw Miss Neyland, who was sitting at a table, and seemed to be praying.

"N. HAGGER, 46, Moorgate-street.

"CAROLINE EDMISTON, Beckenham.

"C. E. EDWARDS, Kilburn-square, Kilburn.

"HENRY MORRIS, Mount Trafford, Eccles, near Manchester.

"ELIZABETH GUPPY, 1, Moreland Villas, Highbury Hill Park, N.

"ERNEST EDWARDS, Kilburn-square, Kilburn.

"HENRY CLIFFORD SMITH, 38, Ennis-road, Stroud-green.

"H. B. HUSK, 26, Sandwich-street, W.C.

"CHARLES E. WILLIAMS, 61, Lamb's Conduit-street W.C.

"F. HERNE, 61, Lamb's Conduit-street, W.C.

"W. H. HARRISON, Wilmin Villa, Chaucer-road, S.E."

"Mr. Morris is a Manchester merchant of high standing, and his sincerity in bearing testimony to these facts, is attested by the editor of the *Echo*, as will be seen further on. Mr. Edwards is a B.A. of Cambridge University; he is a scientific man, and a few weeks ago he read a paper before the Society of Arts. Mrs. Edmiston is the wife of Mr. Edmiston, principal of the well-known india-rubber establishment at Charing Cross. Mr. Harrison is a writer for scientific and other newspapers.

"The foregoing document was drawn up hurriedly, as several of those present had to leave early, to catch trains or to keep engagements, so we will now go a little more into details. The *séance* was held in a small room, size, 12 feet by 10 feet 4 inches, and it contained no furniture but the table, and the chairs occupied by the sitters. The table was of oval form, the two diameters being 5 feet and 4 feet respectively. The sitters and table so nearly filled the room, that there was no walking round three sides of the room, without disturbing the rest of those present, and asking them to shift their seats. The fourth side of the room consisted of large folding doors, which were closed, and which communicated with the drawing room. The

opening of the small door of the *séance* room would have let in much light from the passage. There was no stool or anything in the room but the chairs of the sitters which would have afforded a footing to anybody trying to jump on the table. There were about two feet of space between the folding doors and the nearest sitter—Mr. Herne. Mr. Williams, the other medium, sat opposite Mr. Herne, at the other end of the longest diameter of the oval table; he was thus “sealed in” so to speak, at the further end of the room, by the table and the sitters. At the time of the solitary heavy ‘thud’ upon the table caused by the arrival of Mrs. Guppy, the members of the circle were sitting very quietly, Mr. Herne was talking, and his hands were held by Mrs. Edmiston on the one side, and Mr. Harrison on the other. When a wax match was struck, Mrs. Guppy was seen standing like a dark statue on the centre of the table, trembling all over. The excitement, of course, was intense. The folding doors were closed; two of the witnesses noted the time, and three went to the door of the drawing room, and found it locked. As Mrs. Guppy continued to tremble in the same attitude, and not to hear the words spoken to her, the candle which had been lit was removed for an instant, and John King said, ‘She’ll be all right presently.’ When she awoke she had tears in her eyes, and was greatly agitated. In the course of her statement about her removal from home, she said she was sitting by the fire with Miss Neyland, entering some things in her account book, and while writing a word she suddenly became insensible. When she awoke in a dark place, and heard voices round her, her first impression was that she was dead; then it flashed upon her that she had been carried to a dark circle, and she was afraid that she might be among strangers; finally she recognized the voice of one of those present, and felt much relieved at once. She complained that she had no shoes or bonnet to go home in, and was not dressed for an evening visit; while she thus complained, a pair of slippers (belonging to Mr. Herne we believe), dropped on the head of one of the gentlemen to whom she was talking; a minute or two later, a bunch of keys dropped into her lap before the eyes of those around her; this was in the light. At the short dark sittings which followed, a bonnet was brought, and Mrs. Guppy recognized it as one which she had given to Miss Neyland a long time ago, Mrs. Guppy’s boots and some articles of dress of hers were brought, also Mr. Guppy’s overcoat, waistcoat, and boots; four geraniums in pots about eight inches high, standing in their saucers) one of the pots was upset, lying horizontally on the table); there were also articles of dress belonging to Messrs. Herne and Williams,

brought from a bed-room upstairs. Altogether the articles of dress brought would have filled a clothes-basket of moderate size.

"Once, when a light was struck, Mr. Herne was seen by four persons with his feet above the level of the edge of the table, his arms extended towards the ceiling, and his whole body falling with the velocity almost of a flash of light into his chair. He was moving in a curve from near the top of the folding doors. He said that he had seen Miss Neyland, who spoke to him as narrated in the preceding document; also, that he saw her in the billiard room of Mr. Guppy's house, but the billiard table had been removed from it, and elegant furniture substituted; he described the furniture, and Mrs. Guppy said that some of the things he described had only been bought and placed in the room that morning, also that Mr. Guppy had removed the billiard table to another part of the house.

"Mr. Ernest Edwards suggested, that if Mrs. Guppy would grant permission, it would be as well for some of the witnesses to return home with her, to hear at once the statements of those at Mrs. Guppy's house. Mrs. Guppy strongly approved of the suggestion. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. Herne, and Mr. Harrison accordingly went home with Mrs. Guppy in two cabs; the cabs kept close to each other all the way, and all five persons entered Mrs. Guppy's house together.

"Miss Neyland opened the door. She was followed by the whole party into the back parlour; no statement was made to her, but she was asked 'What had occurred?'

"She said that she had been downstairs, with a newspaper, on one side of the fire, while Mrs. Guppy sat on the other side of the fire, entering household accounts in a book. The door of the room was shut. They were talking to each other, and on looking up from her paper after she had made some remark, she was startled at seeing that Mrs. Guppy was not there. There was a kind of haze about the ceiling, as is sometimes the case after strong spiritual manifestations. She looked through the downstairs rooms, and as she could not find her, went and told Mr. Guppy, who was playing at billiards with Mr. Hudson, a photographer who lives in the neighbourhood, and who had been helping Mr. Guppy in some amateur photography. Mr. Guppy said that 'No doubt the spirits had carried her off, but they would be sure to take care of her.' Miss Neyland then searched the rest of the house, and afterwards she, Mr. Guppy, and Mr. Hudson sat down to supper. Spirit raps then came upon the supper table, and the spirits said that they had taken Mrs. Guppy to Mr. Herne's *séance*. Mr. Guppy asked whether Mrs. Guppy was quite safe? The spirits said 'Yes;' so shortly after supper he went to bed.

"Miss Neyland was then asked 'Had anything else occurred?' 'No.'—'Had she seen Mr. Herne previously that evening?' 'No.'—'Had she seen Mr. Williams?' 'No.'—'Where had she been most of the evening?' 'She had spent much of her time in the front room (once used as a billiard room), and *had gone to sleep there.*'—'What time was it when Mrs. Guppy was missed?' 'She did not know; it might have been about nine o'clock.' Mrs. Guppy here remarked that 'The clock downstairs was half-an-hour fast.' The whole party then went downstairs into the room from which Mrs. Guppy had been taken; her shoes were seen on the carpet in front of the fire, near her chair, and the clock in the room was half-an-hour fast.

"Mr. Guppy has since informed us that Mrs. Guppy came once or twice to him and Mr. Hudson in the course of the evening, suggesting that they should come and have supper; they replied that it was rather too early. He did not know what time it was when they last saw her.

"We regret to state that Mrs. Guppy was weak and unwell for several days after the occurrence of this manifestation of spirit power.

"ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE SEANCE.

"One of the gentlemen present at the *séance* wrote an account of it from memory a few days afterwards, which account was published in the *Echo* newspaper of Thursday, June 8th, 1871, as follows:—

"*To the Editor of the Echo.*

"Sir,—You seem to be incredulous as to spiritual manifestations. I will give you a few facts; make what you like of them. I attended a "circle," held at the house of the media, Messrs. Herne and Williams, last Saturday evening. I found the company composed of three ladies and seven or eight gentlemen, including the media, a few of whom, like myself, had never attended a professional *séance* before. The room we entered was on the first floor, and was separated from a smaller room at the back by folding doors, which were now, however, thrown open, so that we had every opportunity of examining the inner room. The only articles of furniture were a table, with a mucsial box upon it, and a few chairs. There was a small cupboard, with two or three shelves in it, which we saw open, and which contained nothing beyond one or two miscellaneous articles. Upon our sitting round the table, the folding doors were closed and locked, as was also the other door in the room, and I may say, as we were sitting before eight o'clock, and the only window in the room was darkened, neither of these

doors could be opened without at once being perceptible in the room by the admission of a ray of light. The *séance* began by one of the media saying the Lord's Prayer, the company repeating it. The musical box, which only played sacred music, was then wound up. Almost immediately we saw lights, somewhat similar to those emitted by glow-worms, floating all about the room. The musical box rose into the air, and continued playing while hovering over our heads and going first to one corner of the ceiling and then to another. We then heard voices, said to be those of the spirits of John King and Katie. John King's voice was a very deep one, while Katie's was more like a whisper, but perfectly distinct. If you could imagine a moth flitting about the room on a summer evening, one moment striking the ceiling and the next fluttering round your head, endowed with the faculty of whispering to you in its eccentric flight, you would be able to form a very good idea of Katie's performance. When asked if she would bring us something, she said, "Yes, yes." One of the visitors, in a joking sort of way, remarked, "I wish she would bring Mrs. G." Mrs. G. is the wife of the gentleman to whom I had the letter of introduction; upon which another said, "Good gracious! I hope not; she is one of the biggest women in London." Katie's voice at once said, "I will, I will, I will," and John's rough voice shouted out, "You can't do it, Katie," but she appeared to chuckle and repeat, "I will, I will." We were all laughing and joking at the absurdity of the idea, when John's voice called out, "Keep still, can't you?" In an instant somebody called out, "Good God! there is something on my head," simultaneously with a heavy bump on the table, and one or two screams. A match was instantly struck, and there was Mrs. G., standing on the centre of the table, with the whole of us seated round the table, closely packed together, as we sat at the commencement. John King's voice shouted out, "Well, you *are* clever, Katie." Both doors were still locked. Our attention was, however, directed to Mrs. G., who appeared to be in a trance, and perfectly motionless. Great fears were entertained that the shocks would be injurious to her, supposing it to be really Mrs. G., and not some phantom in her image, but John's voice called out, "She will soon be all right." She had one arm over her eyes, with a pen in her hand, and an account book in her other hand, which was hanging by her side. When she came round she seemed very much affected, and began to cry. She told us that the last thing she could remember was that she was sitting at home, about three miles away, making up her week's accounts of household expenditure, and that Miss N. was in the room with her, reading the paper. The ink in the

pen was wet, and the last word she had written, or, rather, begun to write, for it was one or two letters short of completion, was smeared and scarcely dry. From the joking remark about bringing Mrs. G. to the time that she was on the table three minutes did not elapse. The possibility of her being concealed in the room is as absurd as the idea of her acting in collusion with the media. After she had quite recovered she sat with us, and the lights were extinguished. Heaps of flowers were strewn all over the table. Leaves from a horse chesnut tree, with moisture on them as though just sprinkled by a shower of rain, and apparently just wrenched from the tree, were also brought in large quantities. Five or six flower-pots, with geraniums in flower, one of which was taken out of the pot and the mould thrown all over the room, were among many other things brought, which would be too numerous to mention.

“After the *séance* was over, three of us offered to escort Mrs. G. home, so that inquiries might be made at her house before she would have time to say what had been done, although, as I have before said, the idea of collusion seemed preposterous. These inquiries were answered in a way to convince us that Mrs. G. was really sitting in the room with Mis N. at the time that one of us wished her to be brought. Mr. G. also bore testimony to the fact that Mrs. G. had been, shortly before her disappearance, up to the billiard room, where he was playing a game with a visitor, who also spoke to the circumstances. I find, on looking over what I have written, that I have omitted to state that after calling upon Mr. G. in the first instance, I called upon Mr. Burns, the publisher in Southampton-row, and it was he (and not Mr. G. who recommended me to see Messrs. Herne and Williams.

“I simply, then, lay before you this statement of facts as witnessed by nine or ten ladies and gentlemen (not including the media, who I am sure will willingly corroborate what I have said, thinking it might interest your readers, and I leave it to them to form their own deductions without comment or suggestion from me.

“I am, yours, &c.,

“HY.”

“Rumours of the details of the above *séance* reached Mr. Varley, the electrician, and in a private note to us on the subject, he suggests that such manifestations should be well tested by two circles sitting at the same time several evenings in succession, and that if a case of transportation occurs, the time shall be noted at both circles with chronometers.”

With the view of weakening the testimony of “HY,” whose

sincerity the Editor of the *Echo* admits he has no right to question,* the following letter appeared in that journal of the following day:—

“ A SPIRITUAL DRAW.

“ *To the Editor of the Echo.*

“ SIR,—Very briefly let me say one or two words about your long letter from ‘Hy.’ under the above head.

“ Even a slight acquaintance with the course of great cases at law has taught me the material value of cross-examination as a test of truth. Your correspondent’s letter, however honest, is not worth much as evidence till the witnesses alluded to have stood a cross-examination.

“ The claim, as I understand it, is that a spirit called Katie worked a miracle—to wit, that the said spirit, at the request of one of the company, brought a very solid lady a distance of three miles in as many minutes, the lady’s form being rendered so impalpable as to pass through walls or closed doors without inconvenience.

“ Now this impalpability appears to have been imparted also to the lady’s account book, which she brought with her; but imperfectly, for the account book, though rendered impalpable for the purposes of transit, was yet smeared where the writing was wet during the transit.

“ Secondly—the lady must have become solid before being placed on the table; for in coming to the table she so seriously impinged on the head of one of the company sitting round, that the person assaulted cried out ‘Good God!’ This was unfortunate; because a mere unvolatilised mortal getting over the heads of the company on to the table in the dark would have done just the same thing.

“ Thirdly—Mrs. G. was known to the company, and she and her family evidently took the most astounding miracle of the century quite as a matter of course.

“ Lastly—to avoid any of those difficulties, let the *séance* be repeated, and let ‘Katie’ bring the Queen of England, the Prince of Wales, the ex-Emperor of the French, Professor Tyndall, the claimant in the Tichborne case, or any person under lock and key in any of Her Majesty’s prisons—in short, any person as to whom there can be no suspicion of accessibility other than by spirits—and I will be not only a believer, but a subscriber to the Spiritualist propaganda. Will ‘Katie’ accept the challenge?

“ NOT YET CONVINCED.”

In a Note appended to this communication the Editor of the *Echo* says:—“Our only surprise is that ‘Hy.’ did not see the absurdities which our correspondent points out.”

In reply to this silly letter, it is only necessary to point out, First, that the names and addresses of the witnesses are given; and we invite him to subject them to any fair cross-examination, and to publish the same in the *Echo*, with the names of the witnesses appended, as a guarantee of the correctness of the report. Secondly, there is no claim that Katie or any other spirit “worked a miracle.” “Hy.” and the other witnesses only testify to certain facts which occurred in their presence; and “Not yet

* The Editor of the *Echo* appends to the letter of this correspondent the following note:—

“It is due to our readers and to our correspondent to say that we know ‘Hy.’ to be a Manchester merchant of high respectability. We should be very sorry to guarantee the authenticity of his narrative, but we have no right to question his disinterestedness or sincerity.”

Convinced" may either label it "miracle" or any other term he pleases. It is not claimed that either the lady in question or her account book was made impalpable, and then made solid. He may infer that it *must* have been so, but no one but himself is responsible for his inference, nor is any one bound to accept it. Thirdly, it does not appear from the account given that Mrs. G. and her family took the event "quite as a matter of course;" but being more familiar with spirit manifestations than their critic, it is not surprising that they retained to a greater extent their self-possession, in presence of what he calls "the most astounding miracle of the century." Lastly, our critic's even "slight acquaintance with the course of great cases at law" might have taught him, that whatever might or might not happen in any supposable case, has nothing at all to do with the evidence in the case actually before the Court. The proof of the fact is one thing—the explanation of it another; an obvious distinction which our critic overlooks. If he wishes to know how the thing was done, we advise him (as he professes to know the value of cross-examination in eliciting truth) to cross-examine "Katie," by whom the feat is said to have been accomplished, and who, therefore, would seem to be the person best qualified to give him the information he requires. We are surprised that the editor of the *Echo* should not have had sufficient penetration to perceive at once the futility of these objections. If by his note he intended to endorse them, he certainly must have counted largely on the stupidity of his readers.

In this Magazine, and in other Spiritualist journals, and in various writings, including those of the Christian Scriptures, will be found instances of the transportation of the human body. As an illustration, we refer our readers to the account given in this Magazine for 1866, p. 67.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN NEW ENGLAND SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

AMONG the curiosities of American Spiritualist literature is a pamphlet written in 1807, entitled, *An Account of a late Conversation with the Dead; and how the following Strange Event came into Writing in order to be Printed.*

From this account it appears that John Alexander and his wife Thankful were residents of Winchester, New Hampshire, and persons of good repute. So far from being superstitious, credulous people, they were Deists, a circumstance very unusual

in New England at that time. In the summer of 1806 groanings were heard in various parts of the house by all its inmates, and of which they could find no explanation. At length, on one occasion, when Mr. Alexander was alone, he was told by an audible voice that he would not live out that year. Some time after this his daughter Susan, after making the bed one evening, "took the candle, and turned round to go down, when she saw a man standing close by her on the hearth, dressed in white, except his feet, and they were naked; he looked like her father, only he was very pale, and his eyes were almost half shut." She found her father in the room below, and in his usual state of health. In the winter, while shoeing a sled, Mr. Alexander suddenly caught cold, mortification set in, and he departed this life December 16th, 1806.

Soon after this, strange reports began to be circulated, and among others who made inquiry into the matter was the writer of this pamphlet, from which we have gleaned the above particulars, taken down from the lips of the widow at the time. The following (slightly abridged) is the statement made by him:—

"ACCOUNT, &c.

"I, Amos Boorn, of Richmond, in the County of Cheshire, and State of New Hampshire, having heard that Mrs. Thankful Alexander, widow of Mr. John Alexander, late of Winchester, had passed through this town on a visit to her daughters at Fitzwilliam, and had told Mrs. C. How, that after her husband had been dead about seven months and a half, he appeared to her and talked to her for the space of two hours, and told her strange things about the world of spirits. I, partly believing it, meditated on it for about ten days, and having a desire to know the truth from her own mouth, and to satisfy others, rode five miles, where I found her living with her daughter, who lived with her at the time that strange event took place.

"I told her that I heard something that she had told that was very strange to me; and had a desire to know, if it was so, that she would relate it to me. She kindly rehearsed it to me."

Having made an appointment for the purpose of taking the narrative in writing in the presence of witnesses, the writer continues:—

"I then applied to Nathaniel Aldrich, Esq., of Richmond, and set a day when he would go with me. At the time appointed he came, and brought William Chase with him, and all three of us went on purpose to see and hear the old lady. We found her with her daughter, Thankful Alexander, who lived with her at the time that strange event happened. We told her our business, and she was free and willing to communicate

the strange account. She began and related it all over as in the following narrative, and then began again and repeated it over, and 'Squire Aldrich minuted it down from her own mouth in presence of us three, her daughter, and others.

"Her daughter, Thankful Alexander, said that she was then living with her mother at that time, and was going into her bed-room to lay down, and she heard her talk for a long time, but did not distinguish but one voice; she thought that some woman had come in and was talking with her mother, and she said she was about to open the door, but something hindered her. But when her mother came out of her room she asked her who she had been talking with so long—for it seemed to her two hours, and she wanted to know who it was. Her mother then told her it was her father. She said she told her mother it was a dream; but her mother convinced her by telling her who she saw pass and re-pass her window, that she was awake; for she saw and knew such persons to pass by the house, and took notice of them—so it is certain it could not be a dream, or fancy, or fable, but a real fact; and she is capable, able, and willing, through God's strength, to convince any rational person that will call and see her that it is the truth.

"Mrs. Thankful Alexander is a woman of good report. She lives in Winchester, near the meeting house, and is about sixty-two years of age.

"Mrs. Alexander told us that, when her husband was living, he and she were both Deists, believing in a Supreme Being, but did not believe in Jesus Christ, nor that the Scriptures were true; but after his death she had great concern about their faith and his future state. She now believes there is a Christ, and has great comfort in reading the Holy Scriptures of truth.

"NATHANIEL ALDRICH.

"WILLIAM CHASE.

"AMOS BOORN.

The following is Mrs. Alexander's account of

WHAT WAS SAID BY THE SPIRIT.

"I, Thankful Alexander, on the 3rd day of August, 1807, went into a room by myself and lay down on the bed about one o'clock in the afternoon, and soon fell asleep, and it seemed to me that somebody shook me by the shoulder. I lay still, thinking it was my daughter, but soon after, I received a second shock, when I instantly got up and set on the bed, when lo! to my inexpressible surprise, I saw before me the likeness of my departed husband, which surprised me very much. I then moved myself to the back side of the bed, with

my back against the wall of the house, and viewed him with solemn admiration. His eyes were fixed on me, he was in perfect shape, and to appearance dressed in the same clothes he last wore before he died. He had his hat on, and his arms hung down by his sides; he was very white, his eyes very luminous and penetrating.

"After getting over my surprise a little, which lasted about fifteen minutes, I spoke to him and asked him if he was the spirit of John Alexander, that was once my husband? He replied, he was, and had come to tell me what I wanted to know most, which would be for my comfort while I lived in this world; and to answer me to any question I should ask him."

In reply to her questions, the spirit informed her that he was happier than it was possible for anybody to be in this world; that the soul was a spiritual substance existing in human shape, and that seeing, hearing and feeling, were more acute than when in the natural body. He said the last knowledge he had before he left this world, was seeing his two sons, and the first knowledge after he left this world was his being in an unbounded space of light. Among other curious things he states, that spirits are appointed to be the judges of those who newly enter the spirit-world, and that this earth is the place of punishment for the wicked. He added that since entering the spirit-world he had seen a great many spirits whom he had known on earth, including his father and mother, and the wife's mother—of whose death, says Mrs. Alexander, I had not heard till he told me of it.

Mrs. Alexander concludes her statement as follows:—

"He said he had been twice before with me in my sleep, and told me the same things that he did now; but I would not regard it, because it seemed like a dream to me. I well remember dreaming of the same things at two different times.

"He went out of my sight in an instant. When he was gone, I got up, and went out to my daughter. She asked me whom I had been talking with. I put her off, and asked her if she heard me talk. She said she had, for nearly two hours, and was about to come in, but something seemed to hinder. My daughter asked if Sally Linkfield had not been talking with me. I told her she had not. She said, 'Who has?—for I must know.' I then told her it was her father. She said I had been talking in my sleep, and must not tell it to anybody, for they would not believe me. We then concluded to keep it to ourselves; but I told her it was not a dream, for I was wide awake. I asked her if she did not see Thomas Curtis go by

with a team, and meet a man against my window, dressed in a soldier's dress, at the time she heard me talking. She said she saw them both, and took notice of them.

"But it was not long before my daughter told it to some of her friends, and the account got abroad; and, as I have since told it to a number—but not as a dream, for I was as wide awake as ever I was, and am not ashamed to let it be known to the whole universe—I commit it to publick meditation, and humbly hope the blessing of Almighty God will attend it in showing forth the all-bountiful mercies of His omnipresent goodness to all the sons and daughters of Adam; and may it excite their souls with a divine stimulation, and prepare them for passing through the dark and shadowy valley of death, and joining the angelic concourse of Cherubs and Seraphs, where sits enthroned the King of kings, the Mighty God, where the Apostles are seated on each hand, decked in shining robes of immortal splendour and beauty, where sorrow ends and troubles cease.—THANKFUL ALEXANDER."

TOADS IN ROCKS AND "LIVING WITHOUT FOOD."

In the last number of the Magazine, the facts are narrated of a toad appearing to some miners, at about 23 yards from the earth's surface, and you state that "one of the workmen, striking the block, separated a large portion, out of which *sprang* a large toad."

The fact of the toad having no mouth, being full grown, and being alive and hearty, does not surprise me. Teratology and the natural history of the Batrachiaæ afford us a reasonable and sufficient explanation. The animal was and is doubtless the subject of congenital occlusion of the mouth—a form of monstrosity common to almost every kind of animal. A member of the family of the mammalia, born with the oral aperture occluded, must necessarily die soon after birth, unless relieved by surgical interference; but the smaller forms of the reptilia and amphibia or fishes, although they all have capacious fly-traps, yet they can survive the want of the mouth, because they are nourished by the cutaneous as well as by the mucous surfaces of their bodies, and they can live for years, like gold and silver fish, on nothing but air and water—a fact which I have verified for myself on a large scale.* So that the astomatous condition

* As it is not generally known, it may be well here to add, that the frog and toad, in cold countries at least, are hybernating animals. They bury themselves in mud, where they remain without food and asleep, or in a state of torpor, during all the winter months.

of the toad, and the lively state in which it was found and still remains, is accounted for ; and, although a *lusus naturæ*, it is to me really nothing out of the order of nature. The conclusion arrived at, however, that the toad had been entombed and almost hermetically sealed from light, air, food, locomotion, or intercourse with its fellows for an indefinite period of time—say even for one hundred years—reminds one of Baron Munchausen's stories, written by the light of the imagination for the amusement of our leisure hours ; but unlike the Baron's stories, in that it is intended to fill a niche in the temple of pure science.

In the narrative of the circumstances or facts of almost all such cases there is a most important part left out—namely, a description of the space immediately surrounding the body of the toad or other animal. The cavity in which it is found is of infinitely greater importance than the animal itself, and it ought always to be secured above all things and at all hazards ; besides, a mould of the same ought to be taken for the purpose of multiplication. Until the scientist is satisfied on this point, and on others equally important, such as the truthfulness and trustworthiness of the eye-witnesses, &c., I, for one, will never believe it possible that any animal was ever enclosed in the fashion narrated, was found alive, was wide awake, had eyes of a brilliant yellow, and *sprang* out of the centre of a solid piece of stone or rock. It may be true, but it looks a very unlikely tale !

No one doubts the existence of the toad in almost any instance of the kind, and even the absence of the mouth, as in the present instance, but the tale about its entombment, or how it came to put in an appearance under the circumstances, is another thing altogether. In the first place, if the facts are as stated, and if the conclusions arrived at are correct, we are forced to believe that toads are the greatest exception to the laws of biology known—that they are capable of living for hundreds of years, and without all that is necessary to sustain every other form of life, and they are not in a state of hybernation ; neither are they in a condition of trance or of suspended animation, but wide awake, as well nourished, and as ready for action as they were five hundred or a thousand years ago or more, when they became enclosed. Therefore, the mouth, the digestive and all the other organs of the toad are useless appendages—waste and repair, the metamorphosis of their tissues, and change—the very *esse* and *existere* of life may cease for any length of time with them, and the animal may be alive and likely to live. We are also forced to believe that the muscles of the toad—which, like our own, depend for development on food and regular action, and which, like our own, shrink, are

absorbed, and become useless, paralysed, and die from inaction—remain intact in the toad for who knows the length of time, because we are told that it “*sprang*” from its enclosure.* The biological laws of Nature must have been suspended in this animal for hundreds of years, and we are expected to believe that the eyes of this toad, which were or were not developed under the influence of light, and which certainly had not been exercised upon by light for an immensely prolonged but indefinite period of time, are still found not only to exist, but that they are of a “brilliant yellow.” Not knowing whether the observers may or may not be colour-blind, one is curious to know how much of a shade of green there may be about their own eyes, or how much of the same colour they suppose does exist in those of their readers.

It appears to me that there have always been two distinct classes of thoughtsmen engaged in the study of science, and they may be classified as follows: those who love to dwell in the marvellous or the mysterious, and those who do not; those who value far more that which seems to occur out of the ordinary course of nature, and those who most admire nature when all is in harmony with her wise, orderly and divine laws. Among the first class will generally be found clergymen, poets, artists, and *literati* in general; while composing the second class are found pure scientists, physicians, lawyers, financiers, and the mercantile and manufacturing members of the community. In this second class of the students of science—if they are really the right men in the right place—we shall find that the marvellous has little or no attraction for them; and it is well for pure science that it is so. The marvellous cannot be admitted into science without provoking the utmost amount of scepticism, and when the thing is so monstrously marvellous as the stories of frogs and toads having survived the wreck of ages, entombed in solid rocks, &c., and deprived of necessity of light, air, food, locomotion and intercourse with their fellows for centuries, need any sensible man wonder that “the leading men of science still deny its possibility?”

The respect due to our individual reason forbids of our accepting such a conclusion, as that toads are so great an exception to all that is known of the animate creation—but the most curious part of the argument is, that those who think from the stand-point of the marvellous, own that it would take a good deal to make them believe that a frog or toad could live for a hundred years in all the luxury of an Irish bog, where they might be said to be in clover, mouth or no mouth—and as to

* As a rule, it is only frogs that spring or leap; the toad *crawls*, and sometimes *jumps*.

five centuries—that would be coming too much of Paddie over them. Only fancy every frog in Ireland to live five hundred years, and to bring up a family to a similar old age. The sooner a second Saint Patrick appeared on the scene, the better for Ireland and the Irish.* The dwellers in the marvellous, would consider much beyond this as an insult to *their* reason—but only mix it with a little of the genuine in which they will have faith, mix it with a spice of the marvellous—put the toad out of sight for any number of centuries in the heart of a rock, where it is certain to be denied all the necessities as well as the luxuries of its existence, *and they will at once believe anything of it.* It is very evident that the writer is no lover or believer in the marvellous, and that he never sees toads or aught else from that stand-point—and yet, for all that, he fully believes in all the phenomena generally comprehended under the term of Spiritualism; and, for want of better, he accepts the theories and explanations of the phenomena as given by so-called Spiritualists.† It strikes me forcibly that Spiritualism will ultimately throw more light upon this long disputed and vexed question than Spiritualists themselves are aware of, or naturalists either such as the indefatigable Mr. Frank Buckland and others. I am inclined to be of opinion that the sudden and unexpected appearance of toads under the circumstances may be accounted for on strictly spiritual grounds. Any one who has seen much of spiritual phenomena, must have observed that matter, live or dead, can pass through matter, live or dead, without the slightest visible change taking place in any of the matter—and that this can be effected as quick as thought itself. We know that flowers, living doves, accordions, musical boxes, and an endless variety of live and dead moveables have been introduced at private *séances* in a way which it is quite impossible to explain, except on the ground that by a power or property pertaining to matter, matter can be made to become invisible for a time, and reappear at such a place and time, as to force upon us the conclusion that both time and space, and even the matter itself for the time being, are *non est*. In company with my friend Mr. Benjamin Coleman, a veteran in Spiritualism, I have seen a living man disappear from before me under circumstances the most extraordinary and unaccountable. I have seen the same individual disappear or pass out of a room

* So far as is known, the longevity of the common toad in this country, does not extend beyond fifty years.

† The term Spiritualist is a most unhappy and unobjectionable one. It seems to me to be opposed to both science and religion—whereas it is a substantial part of both, and the very foundation of all truth. It only requires love and wisdom to be at the helm.—M.D.

where there was no possibility of his making his exit, and in a few minutes he would reappear *in a complete change of clothing*—the best evidence that he had been out of the room, as there was no change of clothing for him in the room. Again he would disappear, and in a very few minutes reappear before us the same as when we first saw him.

I have seen so much of these spiritual manifestations, I have seen the above phenomena so often repeated, and I have examined the circumstances so closely and so critically, I have no doubt whatever that, *under certain biological and spiritual conditions*, matter live or dead is capable of passing through matter living or dead, without any visible change taking place, and as if time and space were for the occasion annihilated. Now it is very remarkable that the absence of light is, as a rule, a necessary physical condition to be observed, in order to ensure the success of such spiritual phenomena; and if so, *what place more suitable than a mine?* And, as regards the invention of the story of the entombment, who more likely than an ignorant miner, all of whom are full of superstition, particularly about toads and other reptiles. Again, I would ask, is it anything unreasonable to suppose that a medium of the kind should be developed in the person of one or more of the miners, and he or they remain unaware of it? What more simple than for a spirit to place a frog, or toad, or aught else, into a cavity in a rock fresh split open, *or even to place it there at any time before the rock was split?* One can almost imagine the delight of a mischief-making or facetious spirit in having succeeded, not only in hoaxing the miners, but in having set the whole press and the learned savans of the Royal and other Societies by the ears to “account for the milk in the cocoa-nut.”

I merely throw this out as suggestive, and as affording a possible and much less questionable explanation as to how the toad made its appearance, how it seemed none the worse for its long period of incarceration, how it had eyes of a brilliant yellow, and above all as affording a clear and satisfactory explanation of how it “sprang” or crawled from its tomb, having been without the use of its limbs for God only knows the number of years.

In conclusion, if Spiritualism does no more good than weed the marvellous from the domain of science, it will not have been sent us in vain.

MEDICINÆ DOCTOR.

Liverpool, 1st June, 1871.

STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

By BAYARD TAYLOR, the Poet and Traveller.

IN certain conditions of the body, the mind seems to become possessed of a new and unsuspected power, independent of volition—elusive and unmanageable as the plot of a dream—to which we fain would give an agreeable solution, yet are helplessly carried on through a series of accumulated difficulties. Perhaps the term ‘natural clairvoyance’ will best describe this power; since the eye of the mind looks straight through all material hindrances, and not only perceives that which is beyond the horizon of the bodily eye, but foresees what has not yet come to pass.

Many persons live out their allotted term of years without ever experiencing its operation; others are so rarely and so dimly conscious of it, that they class it among the ordinary delusions produced by fear, anxiety, or excitement of any kind; while a few receive such distinct and palpable evidences, that they are forced to admit the insufficiency of all other explanations than the “supernatural.” I see no difficulty in recognising this half acknowledged faculty. When we understand the awful capacity of the mind to receive impressions—every word of the thousands we hear during the day, every form of the million objects we behold, though forgotten as soon as heard and seen, being indelibly stamped upon tablets which are stored away in some chamber of the brain, whereto we have no key—when we ponder upon this fact, with its infinite suggestions, we find it easy to believe that those operations of the mind of which we are conscious are far from being the full measure of its powers.

MYSTERIOUS GUIDES.

But an ounce of illustration is better than a pound of theory. Let me relate a few instances, taken from my own personal experience, and that of some of my friends. The bee-like instinct of direction is not unusual among men accustomed to the wild life of the woods and mountains. More than one of my Rocky Mountain acquaintances possesses it in an eminent degree. A noted explorer, whose blanket I have often shared as we slept under the stars, assured me that frequently while threading the interlocking folds of a mountain pass, he has had a sudden vision of the landscape beyond, even to its minutest details. The same thing occurred to me in Mexico,

between Tepic and Guadalajara. He has also, after searching all day for grass and water for his animals in an unexplored wilderness, been seized with a blind instinct, which led him, against all reason, to the only spot where they were to be found.

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.

During a visit to Boston four or five years ago, I accepted an invitation to take tea with a distinguished author. A gentleman who had often visited him offered to accompany me, as his residence was in a part of the city with which I was then unacquainted. We were walking along the street, conversing very earnestly upon some subject of mutual interest, when all at once I was seized with the idea that we were passing the author's house.

"Stop!" I said; "Mr. — lives here." My friend halted, surprised, and surveyed the house.

"No," said he, "that is not his residence; it is in the next block. But I thought you had never visited him?"

"Nor have I," I replied; "I never was in this street before, but I am positive he lives there."

"And I am positive he does not," my friend rejoined; "there is a large brass plate upon his door with the name upon it; and, you see, here is no name whatever. Besides, it is not in this block."

"I will go further with you," was my stubborn answer; "but we shall have to return again."

The presumption of his certain knowledge did not in the least shake my confidence. We searched the next block, but did not find the author's name on any door. With some difficulty, I persuaded my friend to return, and try the house I had pointed out: it was the right one! I can explain this curious incident in no other way than by assuming the existence of a natural clairvoyant faculty in the mind.

THE SPIRITUAL ALARM CLOCK.

Of course such experiences are very rare; and as they generally occur at the most unexpected moments, it is next to impossible to go back, and ascertain how the impression first makes itself felt. Once only have I been conscious of the operation of the faculty. This took place in Racine, Wisconsin, on the morning of the 1st of March, 1855. My bed-room at the hotel was an inner chamber, lighted only by a door opening into a private parlour. Consequently, when I awoke in the morning,

it was difficult to tell, from the imperfect light received through the outer room, whether the hour was early or late. A lecturer, especially after his hundredth performance, is not inclined to get up at daylight; and yet, if you sleep too long in many of the Western towns, you run the risk of losing your breakfast. I was lying upon my back with closed eyes, lazily trying to solve the question, when all at once my vision seemed to be reversed—or, rather, a clearer spiritual vision awoke, independent of the physical sense. My head, the pillow on which it rested, and the hunting-case of my watch, became transparent as air; and I saw distinctly the hands in the dial pointing to eleven minutes before six. I can only compare the sensation to a flash of lightning on a dark night, which for the thousandth part of a second shows you a landscape as bright as day. I sprang up instantly, jerked forth my watch, opened it, and there were the hands pointing to *eleven minutes before six*, lacking only the few seconds which had elapsed between the vision and its proof!

Is this, after all, any more singular than the fact that a man can awake any hour that he chooses? What is the spiritual alarm clock which calls us at four, though we usually sleep until six? How is it that the web of dreams is broken, the helpless slumber of the senses overcome at the desired moment, by the simple passage of a thought through the mind hours before? I was once, of necessity, obliged to cultivate this power, and brought it finally to such perfection, that the profoundest sleep ceased as suddenly at the pre-appointed minute, as if I had been struck on the head with a mallet. Let any one tell me clearly and satisfactorily how this is done, before asking me to account for the other marvel.

PREVISION.

But, in certain conditions, the mind also *foresees*. This may either take place in dreams, or in those more vague and uncertain impressions which are termed presentiments. I will only relate a single instance, since it is useless to adduce anything which is not beyond the range of accident or coincidence. I spent the winter of 1844-5 at Frankfort-on-the-Main, living with Mr. Richard Storrs Willis, in the family of a German merchant there. At that time there was only a mail once a month between Europe and America; and if we failed to receive letters by one steamer, we were obliged to wait four weeks for the next chance. One day the letters came as usual for Mr. Willis, but none for me. I gave up all hope for that month, and went to bed in a state of great disappointment and dejection; but in the night I dreamed that it was morning, and

I was dressing myself, when Mr. Willis burst into the room, saying—"The postman is below;—perhaps he has letters for you. Come up into the dining room, and you can see him from the window."

We thereupon went up to the dining room on the third story, looked down into the street, and there stood the postman—who, as soon as he saw us, held up a letter at arm's length, holding it by the lower right-hand corner. Though he was in the street and I on the third story, I read my name upon it.

I arose in the morning, with my head full of the dream. When I was about half dressed, Mr. Willis came into my room, repeating the very words I had heard in my sleep. We went into the dining room together, looked down, and there stood the postman, holding up a letter by the lower right-hand corner! Of course I could not read the address at that distance; but my name *was* upon it. In this case, the circumstances were altogether beyond my control; and the literal manner in which the dream was fulfilled, in every minute particular, is its most astonishing feature. Nothing was added or omitted; the reality was a daguerreotype of the vision. Never before had my friend entered my room at so early an hour—never before had the postman held up a letter in that manner. If a coincidence only, the occurrence is therefore all the more marvellous.

POWERS' STORY OF SECOND SIGHT.

When I was last in Florence, the sculptor, Powers, related to me a still more remarkable story, which had come to pass only a few days before my arrival. A young English lady of his acquaintance, who was living with her brother in the city, was on terms of great intimacy and affection with a lady of her own age, who was spending the summer with her father in a villa among the Appenines near Pistoja. This friend had invited her to visit her during the summer; she had accepted the invitation; and the middle of August was fixed upon as the time. Three weeks before, however, the young lady had a remarkable dream. It seemed to her that the day of her departure for the villa near Pistoja had arrived. Her trunk was packed, and early in the morning a very curious old carriage drove to the door to receive her. The vetturino slung her trunk to the axletree with ropes, a disposition of baggage which she had never before seen. She took her seat, and for several hours journeyed down the vale of the Arno, noticing the scenery, which was entirely new to her. Several trifling incidents occurred on the way, and there was a

delay occasioned by the giving way of the harness; but towards evening she reached the Appenine villa.

As she approached the villa, she perceived the father of her friend standing in the door, with a very troubled countenance. He came forward as she was preparing to alight, laid his hand on the carriage door, and said:—"My daughter is very ill, and no one is allowed to see her. To-night is the crisis of her fever, which will decide whether she will recover. I have made arrangements for you to spend the night in the villa of Mr. Smith yonder; and pray Heaven that my daughter's condition will permit you to return to us to-morrow!" Thereupon he gave directions to the vetturino, who drove to Mr. Smith's villa. The host received her kindly, ushered her into a broad entrance hall, and said:—"I will endeavour to make you comfortable for the night. That will be your room," pointing to a glass door with green curtains at the end of the hall. Here her dream suddenly stopped.

The next morning she related the whole story to her brother. For a few days afterwards they occasionally referred to it; but as she received information that her friend was in excellent health, she gradually banished from her mind the anxiety it had caused her. The day fixed upon for her journey at length arrived. What was her astonishment, when the identical queer old carriage of her dream drove up to the door, and her trunk was slung by ropes to the axletree! This was the commencement; and during the whole day everything occurred precisely as she had already seen it. Towards evening she arrived at the villa near Pistoja, and the father of her friend stood in the door with a troubled countenance. He came forward, repeating the intelligence of his daughter's illness in the same words, and ordered the vetturino to drive to the villa of Mr. Smith. The excitement and alarm of the young lady had been continually on the increase; so that when she finally reached the broad entrance hall, and Mr. Smith said "I will endeavour to make you comfortable for the night. *That* will be your room," pointing to the glass door with green curtains, her nerves, strung to their utmost tension, gave way, and she fell upon the floor in a swoon. Fortunately there was no ground for superstitious forebodings. The crisis passed over happily, and the very next day she was permitted to nurse her convalescent friend.

Here the dream in all its details was narrated three weeks before its verification—thus setting aside any question of the imagination having assisted in the latter. It is one of the most satisfactory examples of second sight I have ever heard of, and this must be my justification for giving it to the world.

AN AUTHENTIC GHOST STORY.

I cannot close this chapter without giving one more authentic ghost story. A gentleman (permit me to withhold his name, station, and the date of the occurrence) was once travelling in the interior of Sweden. On a raw evening in October, he arrived at a large country town, where a fair was being held. All the inns were full, and he found it no easy matter to obtain lodgings for the night. He was weary from a long day's journey; and after applying at the third or fourth inn without success, announced to the landlord his determination to remain there, with or without a bed. He procured some supper, smoked his pipe in the guests' room, and finally, feeling inclined to sleep, demanded to be shown some place where he could lie down.

"Have you no sofa, or bench, or bundle of hay vacant?" he asked the landlord.

"No," said the latter, "not one; but—" here he hesitated—"there is a room with a bed in it in a small house at the back of the court, only" (dropping his voice to a whisper) "the place is haunted, and nobody dares to spend the night there."

"Oh! if that is all," laughed the traveller, "give me the room at once. I don't believe in ghost or demon; and besides, I'm far too tired to be troubled with anything of the sort."

The landlord still hesitated, as if doubtful whether he should expose his stubborn guest to such dangers; but finally gave orders to have a fire built in the ill-omened room, and fresh sheets put upon the unused bed. Taking his saddle-bags on his arm and his sword in his hand, the traveller followed the servant across the courtyard, and entered the building. The room was low and bare, the windows closed by shutters, whose rusty bolts showed that it was long since they had been opened. A ruddy fire of pine wood was blazing on the raised hearth in one corner, but there was no furniture except a narrow bed and two chairs. The servant having placed the candle on one of the chairs, made haste to leave; but the traveller detained him a moment, saying—"You see my sword? and here are two pistols, loaded and capped. If anything disturbs me in the night, man or ghost, I shall immediately fire upon it. Unless you hear a shot, leave me alone." He did this from a suspicion that the ghost might be some person connected with the inn, who, for purposes of his own, was concerned in banishing all nightly visitors from the house.

After the servant left, the traveller heaped more wood on the fire, carefully examined the windows and door, and after locking the latter, suspended the heavy key upon the latch in

such a manner that the least movement would cause it to fall. He then undressed, with the exception of his trousers, placed the chair with the candle at the head of the bed, the pistols under the pillow, and lay down with his sword beside him on the bed-clothes, within reach of his hand. He then blew out his candle, and composed himself to rest. As he did not feel the slightest fear or trepidation, he soon fell into a sound sleep.

About midnight, he was suddenly awakened by a feeling like that of a rush of cold wind over his face. Opening his eyes, he found the room quiet as before; but the candle by his bedside was burning. He distinctly recollected having extinguished it, but nevertheless persuaded himself that he must have been mistaken—got up, threw more wood on the fire, examined the doors and windows, and after having returned to bed, snuffed the candle short that there might be no mistake this time. Half an hour afterward he was again awakened by the same rush of cold wind. The candle was burning once more! This inexplicable circumstance made him feel excited and uneasy. He extinguished the candle, and resolved to lie awake and see whether it would be lighted a third time.

Another half hour had elapsed, and his heavy eyelids had closed, in spite of all his struggles to keep them open, when the rush of wind returned more violent than before. The candle was not only relighted, but a tall figure, clothed in a long heavy gown, with a hood falling forward so as to conceal the face, stood in the centre of the room. An icy chill ran through the traveller's frame. He attempted to seize his sword and pistols; but his frame seemed paralyzed, and his arms refused to obey the direction of his will. Step by step the figure advanced toward the bed. It reached the bedside; it slowly lifted its arms, enveloped in the sleeves of the gown, and with an awful deliberateness bent down towards the traveller's body. In the frenzy of terror he burst the spell which seemed to confine his limbs, seized the snuffers which lay nearest his right hand, and stabbed again and again at the breast of the figure. This was the last thing he remembered.

He was recalled to consciousness by a loud knocking at the door, followed by the fall of the key from the latch, and heard the servant's voice calling—"Open the door, if you please, sir; I have come to make the fire."

He was lying, not in bed, but upon the floor in the middle of the room. The snuffers were still in his hand, but the long steel points were bent double. The morning light already shone through the crack of the door. By the time he was fully aroused he had recovered his self-possession, and at once admitted the servant.

"Holy cross!" exclaimed the man—"how pale you are! What has happened?"

"Nothing whatever," answered the traveller, "except that the fire has gone out, and I am almost dead of cold."

He protested to the landlord that he passed a very pleasant night, and ridiculed the notion of the house being haunted; but took good care, nevertheless, to leave the town in the course of the day.

SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

By A. E. NEWTON.

EVERY person is constantly giving forth spiritual emanations, to which the terms aura, sphere, vital electricity, magnetism, &c., are applied. This aura or magnetism may be specially directed, or projected, by specific acts of the will, so as to reach and act upon particular persons and external objects, or it may generally affect all persons and things that are in proximity with its source. The common phenomena of mesmeric and spiritual influence are understood to be effected through such an agency. In fact, no act of the will is executed except by the projection of electric force, either upon and through the nervous system, or independently of it.

Sensitive persons are distinctly sensible of these spheres or emanations, especially if concentrated upon themselves. They can detect their presence in material objects, as in manuscript, in a ring, or any article which may have been carried about the person, as shown in the now familiar delineations of psychometry.

These magnetic emanations possess all the distinctive personal *qualities* of the persons from whom they proceed—in fact, are in some sense *the persons themselves*, projected into contact with others. Hence, sensitive persons can *feel* and delineate the characters, mental and moral, of those whose spheres are thus sensed.

If the person is gross or external, this aura is of a coarser and comparatively impotent quality; if refined and spiritual, it is correspondingly fine, subtle, and powerful. In so far as it proceeds from the animal body, it may be termed animal magnetism; and in so far as from the inner man, whether embodied or disembodied, it may be called spiritual magnetism or spirit

influence—the two being mingled in the atmospheres of all persons while in the body.

Its effect necessarily is to propagate or reproduce, in the one who receives it, mental and spiritual states corresponding with those of the person from whom it proceeds; and this in proportion to the degree of receptivity and sensitiveness on the part of the receiver.

Now, if we are right in conceiving the Deity to be a proper personality, it is readily apprehended that He is and must be continually giving forth, from the great Will-Centre of the universe, an emanation possessing all the personal qualities of the Divine Being. This must be the finest, subtlest, most potential and vital of all magnetisms, containing in itself the germs of Essential Life, and capable of generating that life, or imparting Divine qualities, wherever receptive conditions exist.

This Divine emanation, or sphere, like human emanations, is far too subtle to be recognized by the external senses, but it has its plain correspondence and representative in the emanations of the natural sun—whose sphere, consisting of *light* and *heat*, illumines, vivifies and fructifies the natural world, and without which no healthful growth proceeds. Though unseen and silent, it is *felt* in the interior or finest part of our being, there giving birth to all pure affections—all the graces and virtues of the Divine Man—in proportion as its influx is received and welcomed. Of course, all impure, gross, or mere selfish affections in man are diverse from and antagonistic to it, and must disappear before its incoming.

Human beings, in proportion as they are purified, regenerated, or truly spiritualised, become receptacles and channels of this Divine Spirit, or to use other terms, become Leyden jars and batteries for accumulating this potential personal force and distributing it to others. Hence the propriety of the anciently originated custom of imparting the Holy Spirit by the laying on of hands.

None, however, can impart that which they have not, nor can they confer the Divine Spirit in any purer degree than it exists in themselves. It becomes mingled with their own personal emanations, and whatever is imparted partakes of their individual qualities. An unbroken current of apostolical succession, therefore, kept up from generation to generation, by successive impositions of ecclesiastical hands, which some branches of the Christian church plume themselves upon, may become a very muddy stream after all—in fact, may be little else than an *imposition*.

Disembodied spirits, or angels, also become channels of the

Holy Spirit, in proportion as they are pervaded by it. But in them, too, it must be mixed with their own individual spheres, corresponding with their states and qualities.

Ignorance on this subject has been one prolific source of delusion, folly, and fanaticism in the religious world. Enthusiasts and impressible persons in all ages, who have felt themselves moved upon by intelligent invisible powers, ignoring intermediate intelligences, have supposed these to be the direct and undiluted operations of the Holy Ghost, the infallible Third Person of the Divine Trinity. In fact, all the vagaries which are now attributed to the action of disembodied human spirits, and even, if possible, still greater follies, have been ascribed to the Spirit of God. The jerkings, shoutings, trances, hysterics, &c. of modern camp and revival meetings are still so ascribed by many.

On the other hand, some attribute all such erratic operations to a great spirit of evil and his satellites. But it is easy to understand how persons who are sincere, well-meaning, unselfish, and truly devout, may yet be greatly lacking in wisdom, little qualified to analyze their own emotions or to teach clear views of truth. Such persons removed to the spirit-world still retain the same characteristics, and delight to hover over religious assemblies which are in sympathy with themselves, operating upon the emotional natures of susceptible men and women, and producing those "demonstrations of the Spirit" which are so often mistaken for the special "presence of God" in their midst.

So far as these influences are on the side of God, of purity, and true piety, they are no doubt primarily from the Source of all Good, or in degree pervaded by the Divine Spirit; but in so far as they are wild, erratic, irrational, and fanatical, they betoken the admixture and co-operation of intermediate beings, who, though they may be well-meaning, yet lack that full-orbed embodiment of divinity, which expresses itself in wisdom for ends of *use*.

Hence the necessity of discrimination—of trying all spirits whether they be of God. And herein we find the value of modern Spiritualism, revealing as it does so clearly the fact and the character of these intermediate agencies.

In the light of suggestions, it is clear that personality may be ascribed to the Divine Spirit, as the primal instrumentality of all deific operations, without involving the "inscrutable mystery" of a triple personality in Deity.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.—A COMMUNICATION FROM EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

THE following letter and answer have been handed us for publication. The answer was received through J. V. Mansfield, medium for letter answering, 102, West Fifteenth Street, New York :—

“ *Banner of Light*, Boston, New York,
“ November 14th, 1870.

“ My very respected and dear Sir, Emanuel Swedenborg,—
Allow me, from considerations of great interest to a few of us who have been studying your writings, to ask you the following questions :—

“ 1. What did you mean when you taught and wrote that ‘ they who come into hell remain there to eternity ? ’ Did you mean a strict eternity, as long as God endures, or only a temporary period, as the word is sometimes used in Scripture, *while the evil state endures* ?

“ 2. Although you say it is at *every one’s option* whether he will remain in hell to eternity, yet did you believe when you wrote your books that any one *would* remain in hell as long as God exists ?

“ 3. Is there not some power in the infinite God, by which the free will of man will be *inevitably* controlled, so as to lead all men eventually to choose the heavenly life ? Or,—

“ 4. If any do not so choose, is there not a law of disintegration or destruction which operates in the hells, by which the confirmed sinner is destroyed as to all his ultimates where sin resides, and the internal man or soul-germ is made the beginning of a new and heavenly life ?

“ 5. If so, is this destruction so thorough as to necessitate a re-incarnation of the soul-germ or internal man, in the flesh here in the world of Nature, or will the new man be created from the ‘ remains ’ existing in the spirit in the spiritual world, without the necessity of re-incarnation here in the flesh ?

“ I will quote to you two passages from your writings :—

“ ‘ They who are cast into hell endure evils continually more grievous, and this until they dare not occasion evil to any one; and afterwards they remain in hell to eternity, whence *they cannot be extracted*, because it cannot be given them to will good to any one, only not to do evil from fear of punishment—*the lust to do so always remaining.* ’ A.C. 7541.

“ ‘ What is rooted into each life of man, the life of his

understanding and the life of his will, *this cannot be rooted out*; the very soul of man, which lives after death, is formed thereby, and is such that it *never recedes therefrom*.' A.C. 4747.

"6. Now if you believed when you wrote the above that all would be delivered from hell at last, is such language consistent with such belief?

"7. I don't want any equivocation, for this matter must come out to the world; but I would like to ask you if you were not honestly mistaken in your belief and teaching of the endless duration of hell to any soul?

"8. And in A.C. 1789 and 1793, where you say three times that the reward of the Saviour, Jesus Christ, for his victories over the hells, is '*the salvation of the whole human race*,' is not this absolutely contradictory to your general teaching?

"9. And if this subject was so muddled in your mind and in your books, how do you now account for it?

"My dear Sir, this is all put to you in the most perfect respect, and in great love for you; but plainly and clearly and fully, for purposes of vast importance to the interests of truth in this world."

ANSWER.

"My dear Sir:

"1. Touching the duration of the hells, as expressed in my writings, I did not intend to convey any other meaning than lasting, or everlasting. I intended it as temporal, inasmuch as I did when speaking of the everlasting hills, and in no other sense. Not as long as God exists, but until conditions would allow them to occupy other spheres, other conditions, through the ever-abiding and changeless law of progress.

"2. Yes, I repeat, it is at the option of every spirit to say whether he or she will advance rapidly in that life, or whether they will move slowly. Progression is stamped on all matter, animate or inanimate; and, in God's time, they will merge from lower or darkened conditions into spheres of light, as a matter of *natural* progress.

"3. God, our common Father, has so arranged the laws of his economy that all must eventually reach happy conditions, whether they would or not. '*God will have all men to be saved*.' When he spake those words he meant it.

"4. There is no law of disintegration. God creates man, not to annihilate him, but to have him answer to the end for which he created him—the glory of God.

"5. I have answered this query, as I understand it, in my fourth response.

"6. Well, of that I mean just what I said: They who come here from wickedness or debauched life enter hell; that is, they

find a condition analogous to that which they have just left on earth. It is remorse of the direst kind, and they remain in that condition until, through obedience to spirit laws, they rise above it. They dare not occasion evil; they have no disposition to do so—that is, to those in the sphere they occupy. They do return to the haunts once so dear to them, and obsess or possess the organism of those they once associated with, and frequently cause the obsessed to commit deeds of violence beyond the control of the one who is obsessed; and yet your laws make the obsessed amenable for the depredation. Thank God, light is fast breaking over the minds of the inhabitants of your planet! Soon they will see the error of their laws in that particular, if no other.

“I see nothing inconsistent in that saying, when properly considered and comprehended. ‘The soul, or the condition of man after death, is formed thereby,’ from its actions, its worth; and its progression is measured truly; it never advances beyond its true value faster than it progresses. Some make rapid strides, others move slower. At the time I wrote the majority of my works I wrote them under circumstances and conditions far different from what I might have written had I lived in your age of light and progress. At times the influence of the heavenly messenger was more intensely upon me than at others; when less so, my inspiration might be, and doubtless was, in some degree, coloured by my own mind and the prejudices which my mind or condition was obliged to undergo at that sectarian age of my life. I now see, with my nearly one hundred years of spirit-life, I could have written a more acceptable work, had I lived in your land of liberty and of free institutions. I wrote from the best light and inspiration of my day. I never, never believed in the endless duration of hell for any soul.

“EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

“We will add here that the signature of the writer is a perfect *fac-simile* of Swedenborg’s well-known hand as appended to his likeness. It must be either himself or a forger. All due allowances will of course be made for the peculiar character of the medium through which the communication was made.

“Very truly yours,
“T. P * * *.”

LITERATURE OF SPIRITUALISM.

The *American Booksellers’ Guide* states that one hundred thousand volumes of Spiritualist literature are sold annually in the United States.

SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE.

Boulogne-sur-Mer,

June, 1871.

My dear old Friend, General Carmichael, C.B., died here in November last, at the Hotel du Louvre. He was in the eightieth year of his age. He had a suite of apartments closed in by a door from the rest of the hotel. His wife was with him, his eldest daughter, aged twenty, and a younger one in ill health, and a maid servant. He had been very ill for some weeks, and a gentleman and his wife had been very kind all through his illness, and on the evening before the day of his death begged Mrs. C., if anything happened in the night and she wanted assistance, not to hesitate to send the servant to knock at their door, and they would come at once. Their own apartments were in a distant part of the hotel. They sat up late; and as they were preparing for bed about twelve o'clock, there was a loud knocking at their bed-room door. The gentleman immediately opened it; but to his astonishment no one was there. They went to the General's room, found that he had been suffering much, and was in a very prostrate state. On their return the knocking began again, and it occurred a third time. Now it was utterly impossible that the knocking could have been done by any person without detection, for the passage was lit with gas, and the door on each occasion was opened immediately; besides, no one would play a trick upon such an occasion, nor were any of the party "Spiritualists."

My old friend Lady — died here last year also. On the night of her death, an old friend of hers, a hard-headed lawyer, was sitting in the room, in the absence of the nurse; the lady seemed to be dozing, when he saw a large white butterfly, the wings as large as one's hands, flutter over her face, then pass down her body, and disappear at the end of the bed. He was astonished and alarmed, got at the night-bell; the nurse came in, and on looking at the patient, found that she was dead—in fact, had just died.

Another friend here relates that when in Paris last year he received a telegram desiring him to return, his young daughter being very ill. He had left her quite well a week before. In a train between this and Calais he distinctly saw his child's face approach him, and it kissed him. There was a light in the carriage, it being night, and other persons in the compartment. The child died, as near as could be calculated, at the time of the appearance of the face.

Mrs. C., another friend here, relates that a few years ago, when in bed with her husband, he then in perfect health, she

distinctly saw his death and those who were about him, and the funeral. She related the vision, which we may call "second sight," and was only laughed at; but in six months from that he died, and all occurred just as she had foreseen in the vision.

These four cases, I think, illustrate in an interesting way some of the great varieties of phenomena that occur under what is called Spiritualism; and unquestionably the phenomena are sufficiently spiritual, whatever we may conclude in regard to actual spirits. Like the late Professor De Morgan, I hesitate to attribute the phenomena to spirits, but nevertheless one must see that the cause is equally spiritual, whether by the agency of spirits or not, and it is clear that if there be spirits there must be a source of spirit, more subtle and spiritual than the spirits themselves, which cannot be the primary source of their own existence and of all other existences, and of all the other formative processes and phenomena, and the part they play in the animal economy must and may be explained by the agency of spirits, but they themselves remain unexplained.

HENRY J. ATKINSON.

LORD LYTTON ON "THE CLAIRVOYANCE OF WAKEFUL INTELLECT."

In one of a series of essays on "Life, Literature, and Manners," in *Blackwood's Magazine*, Lord Lytton maintains that all our knowledge has originated in a species of clairvoyance, which he names "The clairvoyance of wakeful intellect." This sounding phrase however, does not give any clear or even intelligible explanation of the facts for which it is invented, unless indeed it is intended to imply more than is expressed. However clear any kind of vision may be, it can see or perceive only that which actually exists. Either then the original or "typical image" must have been in a world of pre-existent forms, that is a spiritual world—as taught by Plato—or these images must be impressed or reflected upon the mind by spiritual beings. In either case, so far at least as the vision of things having no mundane existence is concerned, the existence of a spiritual world and the operation of spiritual laws is necessarily involved. Lord Lytton says:—

"Every art, every craft that gives bread to the millions, came originally forth from some brain that saw it first in the typical image. Before the very paper I write on could be fashioned from rags, some musing inventor must have seen in his lucid clairvoyance the idea of a thing that was not yet existent. It is obviously undeniable that every invention added to our uses must have been invented before it was seen—that is, its image

must have appeared to the inventor through some other organ than his eyes." Speaking of his own experience, he says, "I have had to describe, minutely, scenes which at the time of describing I had never witnessed. I visited those scenes later. I then examined them with a natural apprehension that I must have committed some notable mistake to be carefully corrected in any subsequent edition of the work in which such descriptions had been temerarily adventured. In no single instance could I ever find, after the most rigid scrutiny, that the clairvoyance of imagination had deceived me. I found nothing in the scenery I witnessed to induce me to re-touch an outline or a colouring in the scenery I had imagined. I am not sure, indeed, that I could not describe the things I imagine more exactly than the things I habitually see. * * Men disciplined in the study of the severest science, only through reason discover what through imagination they prevised. I was mistaken in calling Shakespeare peerless in the gift of clairvoyance—Newton's clairvoyance is not less marvellous than Shakespeare's. To imagine the things they have never seen, and to imagine them accurately, constitutes the poetry of philosophers, as it constitutes the philosophy of poets. Kant startled an Englishman with a description of Westminster bridge, so minutely detailed, that his listener in amazement asked him how many years he had lived in London? Kant had never been out of Prussia—scarcely out of Königsberg." He maintains that this kind of clairvoyance is the great secret of success, not only in poets, novelists, artists, physicians, and men of science, but also in statesmen and merchants. Of political seership he says, "I have known men who never sat in Parliament at all in whom the prophetic eye has been as sure as Cassandra's. Men who behold afar off the shadows of events not yet coming—predict the questions that will divide cabinets not yet formed, name amongst the adversaries of such questions the converts by whose aid the questions will be carried—and fix, as if they had read it in an almanack, the very date in which some crotchety motion, the nursling of a minority, will rise into place among the laws of the land. Two men have I known, who in this gift of political prevision excelled all the chiefs of our senate; the one was a saturnine tailor, the other a meditative saddler."

PRE-EXISTENCE AND REMINISCENCE.

Those who believe in pre-existence, support their theory by appealing to certain operations of the mind, especially in youth. They take a boy of quick ingenious parts, for instance, and say, "Mark the multiplicity of his ideas—the number of his prin-

ciples—the extent of his knowledge. Are they self-derived? Were they recently acquired? If you want him to learn an art or a science, it's astonishing how soon he'll know it. Yet the art or the science is entirely new to him. Behold the effect of reminiscence! See the faint, dim, indistinct recollections from a previous world!" The fallacy of this appeal is, however, at once detected, when we recall what is now well known with respect to the operations of memory. There is only one mode of the action of the memory, that in which retrospective impressions attend every object or idea which emerges to its view. Whenever a thought, or word, or act is suggested to us by the memory, we are conscious that the presentation to the mind of the thought, word, or act, is due to a deep and lasting impression previously made upon our senses or intellect. Association is the faithful auxiliary of memory, which joins impression with impression, idea with idea, circumstance with circumstance; joins them, too, in the order of time, place, similarity or dissimilarity, and is thus enabled to accumulate its treasures and enlarge its province. Now apply this unerring operation of the memory to the intuitive principles and simple conclusions that a boy arrives at, and which are elicited from his understanding by a train of easy questions. It will be found that there is no retrospective act of memory by which the boy recognises those truths as having formerly been perceived in his mind. That which is said to be recollection on his part, and which ought then naturally to be attended by a crowd of ideas, concomitant, antecedent, and subsequent, is not so attended. In short, there is not that sense of personal identity, which seems absolutely inseparable from every act of memory.

THE CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN MATTER AND SPIRIT.

On this subject, the *Spiritualist* gives the following spirit message, forwarded to that journal by E. D., of 19, Lymington Road Villas, Westbourne Park:—

"It is the absence or the excess of an imponderable element you know nothing of, nor can we make you cognisant of it by giving it a name; but to enlighten you a little, we will give you the name of this elementary something, which is the connecting link between matter and spirit. It is an emanation of a very subtle aura or gas from the nerves of the body—in fact, the power that obeys the will, and is the greatest power next the spirit. Call it, then, the 'Nerves' element;' by any other you cannot be sufficiently impressed with the force the name

implies, nor can we give you any analysis of it, beyond stating that it is the power of spirit to blend with matter, and the same of matter to blend with spirit. In the lack of this power, then, we cannot grasp the hand or impress the mind; in the excess of it, we cannot grasp the hand but impress the mind; and with the superabundance of it, neither the material body nor the spirit can make themselves sufficiently harmonious to be understood. You will see, then, that an insufficiency may be—indeed is—attributable to the nerve state of your body, and when that is prostrated by fatigue or many other causes, no blending can take place. In order, then, for impressional writing, the body needs discipline and diet, that the nerves may be strung up to their proper pitch; this is often done by mild diet and a proper amount of fasting, until the essences of the body are in a state of decomposition, and give off their exhalations to the world of spirits, as the flower gives off its fragrance and fills the air with its perfume, according to its nature.”

THOUGHT-ELECTRICITY.

Plato contended that thought is a fluid, which, when set in motion, acts upon any brains that are in right condition to be impelled by it. The manner in which new inventions and discoveries are apprehended by different minds contemporaneously, is more easily accounted for on this theory than on any other. The priority of the discovery of the principle of gravitation was claimed for many other minds than that of Newton, though he undoubtedly demonstrated and established it. Jacob Boehme, the inspired shoemaker, had an intuitive apprehension of the law, and gives a mystical account of it; but it required the clear perceptive brain of the great English thinker to reduce these chaotic mental impressions to definite order. The idea of the steam-engine seems to have floated about and inspired many minds, before Watt really seized upon it, and moulded it into material use. Mental impressions of a more private nature, relating to the interests and feelings of individuals, are constantly, also, conveyed from one mind to another, when the conditions permit. The possibility of a thought-telegraph has been suggested to the minds of many Spiritualists familiar with the power of impressing the thoughts of one brain upon another in a receptive condition; and though it is as yet too early in the history of these phenomena, now so isolated as to forbid any practical application, to expect them to be brought under the sway of a definite generalisation, yet that such will be the finality we do not doubt.

Franklin, in the spirit-world, is said by many mediums to

be engaged in investigations with this thought-electricity. His first communications, in Judge Edmonds' book, throw light on this subject. "You remember," he says to Washington Irving in *Strange Visitors*, "in my early experiments with the kite and key, I could not obtain the spark until I had established the necessary attraction, although the air was filled with the electric current. So of the thought-electricity, which is constantly flowing; we have to apply means to concentrate it, and give it form and expression. On earth, word and gesture are media for thought; but the *savans* have not yet discovered the means by which unspoken thought can take form and expression. In the world of spirits this great discovery has been made, and by means of human brain, spirit-thoughts are directed with the promptness of electricity to their destination."

In another communication, he says—"Thought is mental motion, and is conveyed from one mind to another by an intermediate medium, which is put into action by mind. This medium lies between nervous fluid and spirit, and exists in various degrees of refinement in the element of vitality or life." An ingenious writer attempted some time since to account for the vagaries of Planchette, by supposing that little wonder to be acted upon by a thought-fluid. That such a fluid exists, and has sometimes an automatic, or at other times will-directed action upon the human brain and body, solves many of the problems of indefinite spirit-communication and mental action; while the fact that spirits assert that this fluid is used by them to come into relation with those in the body, adds a link in the chain of testimony to such minds as are not frightened away from the consideration of this subject, by the difficulty of conceiving the mysterious relation between mind and body, now for the first time absolutely laid open to material perception by these modern phenomena.

MEDIUMSHIP AMONG THE KAKHYENS.

Major Sladen in his Report on the Bhamo Route between British Burmah and China, printed by order of the House of Commons, makes numerous references to the belief in spiritual influences entertained by the tribes and peoples he encountered in his arduous journey. For instance he says of the Kakhyens—

"No work of importance, or even necessity, is ever undertaken without the approval of a Meetway [priest or medium] through whom the minor deities are supposed to speak.

"Respect and dignity are only accorded whilst the Meetway is under inspiration. When unpossessed he sinks to the commonplace reality of an ordinary Kakhyen layman. The man to

whom chiefs bent in reverence, and upon whom, perhaps, the fate of the expedition depends whilst under spiritual influence, was in ordinary life a common labourer, and carried one of my boxes on the march from Sitkaw to Ponlyne.

"The embryo Meetway in early life, or as soon as he begins to evince evident signs of a connection with the world of spirits, is subjected to an infallible test, which passes him at once into the recognised status of a full-blown Kakhyen priest.

"The test is simple, but awkward. A ladder is provided, the steps of which consist of sword-blades with the sharp edge turned upwards, leading on to a small platform, which is thick set with the sharpest spikes. The novitiate takes his degree and becomes forthwith ordained to the office of a Kakhyen Meetway by climbing this ladder and seating himself upon the spiked platform, not only without personal inconvenience to his nether parts at the time, but with freedom from all after traces of visible or apparent injury.

"The faculty of becoming possessed having thus been proved, the Meetway becomes a recognised medium, with an inspiration which, for want of peculiar training perhaps, our limited ideas fail either to conceive or comprehend."

The Spiritualism of India and China is well worth investigation, but it can only receive adequate treatment from those in some degree versed in English and American supernatural phenomena. A Spiritualist in company with Major Sladen might have returned with a rare budget of experience.

SPIRITUALISM AMONG THE ANTHROPOLOGISTS.

Some time ago we pointed out that even among these hard shells, whose researches are all on the physical side of human nature, facts were from time to time unavoidably elicited and ideas suggested which went to show that man was not only physical, but that he was also psychical, and that as a psychical being he could under suitable conditions still communicate with man on earth after the dissolution of his physical body. We urged on the Anthropological Society an investigation of the facts of modern Spiritualism, as throwing a much-needed light on these occult powers in man, and without a knowledge of which every science of man must be partial and defective. A sham investigation took place, the committee appointed to conduct it being men whose materialistic prejudices were known to be most inveterate. Their investigation consisted in a single *séance* with the Brothers Davenport, and as they violated all the conditions under which manifestations with these mediums usually occur, as was to have been expected, the phenomena were not so

marked and striking as in all probability they would otherwise have been; and the committee reported that they witnessed nothing but what could be easily explained on natural principles, without, however, stating what they witnessed, or giving the required explanation. The truth being, as Mr. Robert Cooper, who was present, pithily expressed it, the committee were more bent on exposing than investigating; and the result was that in the proper sense of the word there was no investigation, and there certainly was no exposure, except of the unfitness of the committee for the task they had undertaken.

Spiritualism, however, as Mr. Howitt has pointed out, is everywhere, and, we may add, is irrepressible; and so it has again confronted the hard shells of the Anthropological Society. On Monday evening, May 15th, on the occasion of a Paper being read by the Rev. Canon Callaway, M.D. (Natal Corresponding Member of the Anthropological Institute), on "Dreams, Presentiments, Divinations, and Analogous Phenomena among the Natives of Natal," Dr. Callaway referred to these as "extraordinary mental phenomena, which have occurred at all times and in every stage of human culture and condition of society, in which all have more or less believed, but about which there has been the most diverse opinions."

In the discussion which followed the reading of this Paper, Mr. J. W. Jackson, one of the most distinguished members of the Anthropological Institute, after referring to some of the psychical phenomena developed by mesmeric processes, said:—"There is no question that many of the phenomena now taking place among Spiritualists, throw much light upon what is taking place among the natives of Natal, and many of the things described in the Paper now occur in our midst. I have seen heavy articles moved about in opposition to the law of gravitation, notwithstanding all that Professor Tyndall and others might say to the contrary; at the same time I will not say that spirits moved them. These things are taking place round and about us. What is the value of the opinion of a man on this subject who has never seen these things? I *have* seen them, and know them to occur."

Mr. Harris, the President, said he "thought the whole question was one which came within the province of the Anthropological Society. He thought there were certain cases of ghost-seeing not readily explainable by any theory put forth that evening, such as those instances in which people have died in foreign lands, say in India, and appeared to friends at home at the time of death. Those cases, he thought, could not be got over."

Truly it would seem that there is more than one Saul among the prophets of Anthropology.

HENRY MARTIN, THE HISTORIAN, ON ECSTASY.

Henry Martin, in his *History of France*, writing of Joan of Arc, has the following remarks on the spiritual condition of ecstasy:—

“There exists in humanity an exceptional order of moral and physical facts which seem to ignore the ordinary laws of nature; they are embraced in the condition of ecstasy, somnambulism, and the like, be they involuntary or artificial, with their marvellous phenomena of mutation of feeling, a full or partial insensibility of body, exaltation of soul and of perceptions outside of all the usual conditions of life. This class of facts has been judged from a point of view entirely distinct. Physiologists regarding the natural relation of the organs, disturbed or deranged, fevered by disease into ecstasies, &c., admit the reality of phenomena which they can refer to pathology, but deny all else; that is to say, all that is separated from laws inherent in the physical. In their eyes, in short, derange the organs and you have hallucinations, objects that exist only for the visionary. An eminent physiologist has declared with much formality that Socrates was crazy because he thought that he conversed with his demon (familiar spirit, angel, heavenly messenger). *Los místicos*—the initiated, shall I say?—reply, not only affirming the reality of these phenomena, sustained by innumerable auxiliary facts and testimony above all mysticism, but evidencing the truth of visions seen by the body’s eye as well as by the spiritual. Ecstasy is a bridge, they say, between the visible and invisible; a means of communicating with the superior spirits; a recalling and a promise of a better existence, that from which we have fallen and that to which we are to return and which we may conquer.

 FAITH IN THE SPIRITS.

“Among Spiritualists are many who place entire faith in the spirits, seeking their advice in all matters appertaining either to this world or the next, and implicitly following the instructions given. Others there are who apply their reasoning faculties to the advice given by their invisible friends, and accept or reject it as the judgment dictates.

“There are strong reasons tending to prove the latter course of action to be the most reasonable. When one mind subjects its will to another mind, either in or out of the body, the person governed has injudiciously sacrificed more or less of his independence and individuality to another who has no right to accept the preferred control. Assuming the controlling spirit to have

more wisdom than the person governed, so that the latter is protected from making mistakes in life by the ruling intelligence, it would be better for him that he made those mistakes on his own responsibility, and took the consequences; thereby, by hard experience, he would gain the most valuable kind of all knowledge, so as to strengthen his own mental powers and individuality of character, this course being far preferable to that of living as an instrument in the hands of another. * * *

"Probably the best way to deal with the advice of disembodied spirits is to receive it in exactly the same way as the advice given by spirits in the flesh. When the character of the adviser is fully known, and when his friendship and truthfulness have been tested by time, then consider the advice to be of value and worth weighing. In no case, however, should it be acted upon in opposition to the judgment of the recipient.

"In those cases of temporary control so often seen in spiritual mediumship, the medium should consider what use his mediumship is to the world, how much good it is doing, and whether it is equal in practical value to other forms of the same gift. If he then see that his mediumship is of very little use, he should refuse to exercise it, or he should seek for a better form of the same gift. The days are close upon us when the value of every man, woman and thing will be measured by their use, and their expense to the community as compared with their use."—*The Spiritualist*.

SCIENCE AND SPIRITUALISM.

The *Banner of Light* of February 18th contains a long and able paper by Allan Putnam in reply to an article on Science and Spiritualism in the *Scientific American*. Its length prevents us from transferring it entire to our columns. The pith of it goes to show that Spiritualism opens up a new field of investigation for physicists to explore. The *Scientific American* having stated that the mundane causes of the so-called spiritual phenomena had been demonstrated by "the highest authorities in Europe and America," Mr. Putnam enters into a detailed account of the so-called investigation made by the Harvard Professors in 1857, and at which Mr. Putnam was present throughout; but it will, perhaps, be more interesting to our readers to quote what he says about the much-talked-of investigation and exposure made by Professor Faraday, and we do so the rather as what the Professor really did in the matter is after all but little understood. The *Scientific American* says:—

"Professor Faraday subjected the phenomena of table-turning to a most searching investigation. The experiments were a

perfect demonstration of the muscular origin of the table-moving."

Mr. Putnam having turned to page 801 of the *Athenæum* for 1853, re-read with care the Professor's reports. Mr. Putnam goes on to say:—

The eminent professor's report opens in the following words:—"The object which I had in view in this inquiry was not to satisfy myself, for my conclusion had been formed already on the evidence of those who had turned tables." His conclusion was already formed, and yet for the purpose of being "able to give a strong opinion," he went into a patient and skilful examination. All this was well. Most men do, and perhaps must necessarily soon form conclusions relative to any topic of general public discussion and interest. We do not hold that the having already formed a conclusion much impaired Faraday's fitness to test the phenomena of table-turning, and give whatever result science should demand. He was man enough to let any of his conclusions give place to such others as any new facts or discoveries might demand.

Having found in the earlier part of his investigations that "nothing occurred which could be referred to other than the mere mechanical pressure exerted inadvertently by the turner," he proceeded "to analyze this pressure, or that part of it exerted in a horizontal direction." Note that. His attention was specially, and for aught that appears—yes, apparently, *in fact*—his attention was given exclusively to the *horizontal movements*; not to any upliftings or overturnings, but solely to the horizontal vibrations.

What was the extent of the movements he witnessed? And what amount and kind of force would seem to be requisite to produce them? He does not state how far his table was moved; nor does he describe its weight, dimensions, or construction. A careful reading of his report discovers no statement, nor any grounds for an opinion, that any other movements occurred than such slight vibrations as required the use of a straw index-lever to demonstrate to his table-turners the direction of those movements. A swaying of the top of his table one-twentieth part of an inch would be as great a phenomenon as any one which was tested or seen by Faraday, so far as his elaborate report indicates. So slight as this were each and all of the wonderful "table-turnings" witnessed and tested by him, that he might qualify himself "to give a strong opinion." He did give such an opinion, and in the following words: The moving force is but "a resultant, which in the course of the waiting time, while the fingers and hands become stiff, numb and insensible by continued pressure, grows up to an amount sufficient to move the table or the substances pressed upon." That is a "strong," clear and sound scientific opinion. By keeping the hands of his table-turners pressing upon the table till they became stiff, numb and insensible, there grew up, or came on, during "the waiting time," such involuntary nervous and muscular movements of the wearied hands, as was amply adequate to sway the top of his table one-twentieth part of an inch, more or less.

His experiments were a perfect demonstration that *his peculiar* table-moving was produced by involuntary muscular action, and must be admitted as such by any one possessed of sufficient capacity to understand them.

We make the following statement carefully: *The clear, minute, extended description which Faraday gave of his investigation, does not state, imply, require, or seemingly admit an inference, that the table was moved at any time, by any one of his turners, to the extent of one-twentieth part of an inch, or that it moved at all, either up, from, or along the floor.*

What "man of science," what "sane man of intelligence," aye, what wary faring man, though a fool, cannot see at once that the involuntary nervous and muscular movements of hands exhausted, and yet still pressing, are adequate and more than adequate to produce horizontal motions of an undescribed table, sufficient in magnitude to be detectable by the skilful use of a straw index-lever fifteen inches long?

Near the close of his description Faraday says: "I am a little ashamed of it, for I think in the present age, and in this part of the world, it ought not to

have been required." It was indeed hard that the present age and this part of the world *forced such a man* to trace a few scarcely perceptible horizontal movements of a table while it was under the pressure of stiff, cramped and insensible hands to the involuntary muscular action of those hands. The world already knew an adequate cause, and the true cause of *such* movements, so that the learned man's sagacious and patient labours gave it no new knowledge.

We are glad that attention was called to Faraday as the great demonstrator of the mundane origin of the phenomena of table-turning, for it gives opportunity to see the glamour which his demonstration has thrown over at least a portion of the scientific world; and also to inform Spiritualists that he left the phenomena peculiar to their faith all untouched, and obviously did not even see a single one of them. This Report was true to science, and harmless to Spiritualism.

UNCONSCIOUS MEDIUMSHIP.

As long as a man thinks what he is going to say, he cannot be a public speaker. His speaking must get ahead of him, and he must go on behind it, and find out what he has said, as it were. That is the sensation that he has. A man that is a poet is to be caught by inspiration, and carried on. And no man is more surprised than the man that has done these things, to think that he has done them. A man that is working in the higher range is like a speaking trumpet, that never speaks, but is spoken through. That is the feeling. The artist that stops, and looks at his pallet, and says, "What shall I put there? I do not know," has mistaken his vocation. A true artist puts the right thing there, and then says, "I wonder why I did it?" He is first led to do it, and then he analyses and finds out the reason.—*From "The Plymouth Pulpit," a Collection of Sermons, by HENRY WARD BEECHER.*

THE EXHIBITION OF SPIRIT-DRAWINGS AND THE PRESS.

Notices of the exhibition of spirit-drawings at the new British Gallery, Old Bond Street, have appeared in the *Daily News*, *The Queen*, *Echo*, *News of the World*, *Public Opinion*, *The Age We Live In*, and probably in other journals that have escaped our observation. Now these criticisms, (if they may be so called), are particularly puerile, but considering the ignorance and prejudices of the press in regard to every phase of modern Spiritualism, they have on the whole, been perhaps even more favourable than might have been expected. *The Age We Live In* says:—

"This extraordinary collection of artistic drawings deservedly merits a visit of inspection not only from Spiritualists so-called but from the general public. We do not pretend to explain the allegorical devices of each subject, nor assume for granted that they were executed under a superhuman guidance. That is a matter we leave to other minds more versed in the mysteries of Spiritualists than we profess to be. But as works of art of a most unique and peculiar kind we cannot do otherwise than assign them the high compliment

they deserve. The complete harmony in colour which they evince, apart from any elucidation of the solemn meaning of each colour, the exact and mathematical precision of lines and curves painted at once without the aid of pencil and the complex yet united perfectness of each representation unquestionably stamp them as productions of a most fertile genius, and a most accomplished artist."

EARTH-BOUND.

The description of the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Children, at Leigh, in Kent, contained in Owen's *Footfalls*, reminds us of a similar appearance of an ancient huntsman at a manor-house in the West of England, seen by several persons, old and young. It seems to agree with the Townshend ghost story mentioned in your first volume; but in this latter case more seers, including the late Duke of Wellington, saw the appearance. The story of the Tapestry Chamber, contained in the concluding volume of the *Waverley Novels*, seems to be based upon the principle of an earth-bound spirit revisiting its former abode for a period. The appearance described in Cumberland's *Observer* seems to have been another case in point.

FREEMASONRY:—ANECDOTE OF EMMA HARDINGE.

I have been a member of the Masonic fraternity for thirteen years, and in June, 1864, it was our good fortune to have a visit and a course of lectures at Susanville, California, from Mrs. Emma Hardinge. During her stay, we were privileged to receive her as a guest at our home.

The 24th of June was celebrated by the masons, and while making preparations, I had some masonic emblems in our parlour; and Mrs. Hardinge became partially controlled, and while in that condition, and during a running conversation, she gave me two masonic signs and two words, in a manner that was not observable by herself or any one else present.

For the time I was very much surprised, it being the first masonic signs that I had ever received from a spiritual source. When the influence left her, I asked her if she would meet with a few masons in our parlour, and see what the spirits would do. She said she was willing to give her time. I invited some twelve or fifteen brothers from Lupen Lodge, No. 149; among them were the Master and Wardens. They met in our parlour, and the family retired to another part of the house. The doors were locked and the window blinds closed. We all being seated around the room, Mrs. Hardinge became entranced, and to all appearance perfectly oblivious to surrounding conditions. She acted in the capacity of Master; went through the work of opening the lodge on the first degree of masonry. She gave all

the lectures, signs, and words pertaining to the degree in regular order; closed in that degree; opened in the next, giving everything in regular order; and so on, through what is known as the Blue Lodge. After closing on the Master's degree, she gave us a very impressive address on the morals and teachings of masonry, and remarked that she would have liked to have gone on through higher degrees, but she saw that was as far as any of us had gone, which was the case. This I give upon the honour of a man and a mason. I say let the sceptic deride. I know all the resources that Mrs. Hardinge would be likely to have to gain masonic secrets and knowledge; and then, when we take into account the high moral character, and consider how far it would be from her, even if it *were possible* for her to have gained this knowledge from any other than a spiritual source, she would never have used it and claimed it to be from spirits. I cannot account for it upon any hypothesis, except that she was entranced and controlled by a spirit that knew more masonry than all of us combined. I am thoroughly convinced that, in her normal condition, she knows nothing of the secrets of masonry.

During the whole course of my investigation of Spiritualism, I have tried to account for many of the tests I have received in some other way; but when I lay aside the agency of spirits, it is all a mystery.—*P. Chamberlin, in the "Banner of Light."*

LITTLE EVA.

The following pretty and simple narrative is taken from the *Banner of Light*. Facts of this kind are to many minds and hearts more conclusive than the weightiest argument:—

"My youngest sister (residing in East Bridgewater, Massachusetts), has a daughter three years old, named Eva. My oldest sister 'lost,' a little over a year ago, a daughter five years old, named Etta. A few years after Etta was 'buried,' Eva suddenly exclaimed, one night, some time after retiring, when all was still, 'What's 'at? What's 'at? See, mamma!'

"'See what? I don't see anything.'

"'See, up there!' pointing toward the ceiling. Presently she cried out again, 'Oh, see, mamma! *Etta*—up sky—angels!'

"'Etta? What do you mean? What Etta?'

"'Aunt Emily's Etta.'

"'How does she look?'

"'Quite smart.' (a phrase she had learned).

"'How do the angels look?'

"'Pretty—*white*!'

"'What is Etta doing?'

"'Flowers—here!' pointing to the bed on which they lay.

Presently she started, and said, 'Etta gone, mamma—Etta gone!' and she soon fell asleep.

"A year passed by. Eva meantime spoke of Etta now and then, but never in a manner to indicate that she *saw* her. A few weeks ago, however, as she was playing in her bedroom, she commenced to carry on a conversation, apparently, with some one, and for some time seemed to proceed with her childish occupations as if she had 'company.' At length she called to her mother, who was in the adjoining room, to *come in and see Etta*; saying that Etta had come to see her, and had brought another girl with her; that they were playing together, and having a 'good time.'

"'Where are they?' asked her mother. 'I do not see anybody but you.'

"'Why, *right here*, mamma! *Don't you see them?*'

"The mother could see no one; but the child insisted that Etta was really there by her side, playing with her, and that there was another person with her, whose name she did not know. She said Etta brought some little *red balls* with her to play with, but she (Eva) couldn't get hold of them. (Query: Were they electrical sparks?) She said they told her they would come again, and the stranger would then tell her name.

"At length Eva rose up and walked toward the kitchen door, talking with her 'company,' and apparently *holding some one by the hand*. When she had reached a few steps beyond the threshold, she cried out to her mother, 'There, Etta's gone!'

"She has since often spoken of the affair, and invariably treats it as a *genuine, real visit of actual persons*; and she speaks expectantly of their coming again. It is evidently a reality to her, which she treats in a matter-of-fact way, as if there were nothing about it calculated to excite special wonder; and she frequently asks why they don't come again, and 'wishes they would.'

"Perhaps the most striking feature of the whole affair—the most conclusively demonstrative of the really spiritual character of the same—is the following: She stated, on the occasion of her last vision, that Etta was *clothed in a brown dress*; and it so happened that, a few weeks previous to her death, Etta attended the funeral of a playmate, on which occasion she wore a brown plaid dress, which her mother had just finished making. A few days later, she herself fell sick; soon died, and her body was carried to the grave clothed with the same brown dress—the *second* time it had covered her body. Of the existence of such a dress in connection with Etta, Eva had no knowledge whatever; she was not present on either occasion, and no mention of the dress has ever been made in her hearing.

"J. MADISON ALLEN.

"Quincy, Massachusetts, March 6, 1871."