
THE Spiritual Magazine.

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THE NEW FORCE.

By THOMAS BREVIER.

THOSE who are familiar with the progress of modern Spiritualism, must be amused at the constant recurrence of the announcement of the "discovery" of a "new force." This is generally made by some independent man of science, who enters on the investigation of Spiritualism *de novo*, unacquainted with or ignoring all the investigations and experiments of his predecessors in the same line. This new force so often discovered during the last twenty years, has been variously christened and re-christened "nerve force," "nerve fluid," "magnetic aura," "vital electricity," "od," "spiricity," "Mary Jane," and "psychic force;" the last baptismal name being conferred on it by its god-fathers, Mr. Serjeant Cox, J.P., and Mr. Wm. Crookes, F.R.S., Mr. Crookes, however, deserves well of science and of Spiritualism, for his independent, persevering, and searching investigation, and the courage (so rare in men of his high scientific position) with which he has publicly avowed the unpopular conviction to which his experiments have led him, of the genuineness of the phenomena generally called "spiritual manifestations," and which he now designates by the significant, though somewhat less pronounced, name of "Psychism:"—a name for which Dr. Haddock stood sponsor some twenty years ago in his work *Somnolism and Psycheism*.

Mr. Serjeant Cox suggests the term *psychic force*, "to avoid the appearance of any foregone conclusion."* If, however, he "can find no evidence even tending to prove that the force is other than a force proceeding from, or directly dependant upon,

* Apart from other objections, the proposed term is a very awkward and embarrassing one. It is to be used both as adjective and substantive; to designate the force itself, and also the person it proceeds from.

the human organisation"—if it be wholly, as he designates it, a "nerve force"—why call it *psychic*? In that case it is purely physiological, not psychic; and the latter term is simply misleading. Perhaps, however, the contradiction is one of terms rather than of fact; and both may be appropriate, according to the opposite side from which the subject is approached. The force may proceed partly or wholly from the human organisation; but every patient and careful investigator discovers that there is also an obvious intelligence *ab extra*, which governs and uses this force. In the case of the experiment with the accordion, as the *Spectator* correctly says, the force must clearly have been "in some way connected with a musically educated mind." It is the obscure perception of this two-fold aspect of the question—on the one hand a force demonstrated by science, on the other a controlling and regulating mind as demonstrated by reason, that has caused in the mind of the learned Serjeant this apparent oscillation between the opposite poles of matter and spirit; and has led him to speak of what to him is a new force now as physical, now as psychic. It is physical and psychic. To identify it exclusively with either is partial and defective. There can be no adequate investigation which does not comprehend both. Its effects and the conditions on which they are dependant are, in part, at least physical; but the operating cause is psychic or spiritual; and the work of the scientific investigator should be to ascertain their several limits, and assign to each its place and use. A knowledge of their mutual relation and harmony is necessary to a full and proper understanding of the subject. Unfortunately, these investigations are mostly one-sided. The scientist from bias and habit generally insists on treating the question as one of pure physics; while the non-scientist intent on its psychical aspect, seldom makes the physical conditions a matter of searching and systematic investigation.

If the proposed Psychological Society is founded, it is to be hoped that it will give due and proportionate attention to both factors of the problem—the physical and the psychical; we believe it will soon be found that the latter is the larger and more important of the two.

We think those "best of all possible instructors," the gentlemen of the Press, who have so long and persistently denounced Spiritualism as "humbug," and have applied to Mr. Home especially the title of "impostor," and other terms expressive of courtesy and Christian charity, must begin to feel an inkling that they have all this time been making a conspicuous display of unwisdom, and to feel a little ashamed of the part they have so long been playing; if, indeed, the sense of shame is not a weakness of which they are altogether incapable.

The calm and careful statement of Mr. Crookes, it will be seen, is confirmed by the testimony of Dr. Huggins, Vice-President of the Royal Society, and by Mr. Serjeant Cox, J.P. who adds in his published letter to Mr. Crookes, "Your experiments completely confirm the conclusion at which the Investigating Committee of the Dialectical Society arrived after more than forty meetings for trial and test." The Volscians of the Fourth Estate are in consequence considerably fluttered. The *Daily Telegraph* not only prints the greater part of Mr. Crookes' paper, but devotes a leading article partly to it and partly to the article in our July number on "The Transportation of Mediums." The *Telegraph* affects the facetious, but the funniest part of the article is the statement that "if this new light be true, it more entirely upsets spirit-rapping than anything yet discovered." The writer, however, naively adds "but still the new nerve force does not explain Mrs. Guppy's flight, nor Mr. Herne's playful prank of entering the breakfast room on all-fours, unheralded, unexpected, and unannounced." No, and a good many other things besides are left equally unexplained by it. The writer, however, is in a very proper and hopeful frame of mind, for he sensibly concludes that he will "respectfully wait for further facts."

The *Echo* also adverts to Mr. Crookes' article, and sensibly points out that the "new force" "discovered" by Mr. Crookes does not even explain all the phenomena he describes in his experiments; as, for instance, the playing a tune on the insulated accordion. The *Spectator* does *not* on this occasion call in the aid of "brain waves" to explain the mystery; but after much beating the bush, and with evident reluctance, it concludes that "one thing is certain: that if the facts asserted are true at all, the force moving the accordion must be in some way connected with a musically educated mind;" while the *English Mechanic* illustrates its copious extracts with Mr. Crookes' diagrams, and these are followed by a paragraph from a correspondent—the most sensible thing we have yet seen on the subject. The writer says in relation to the "psychic force,"—"It is an error to call it a 'new force;' it is not even a newly-discovered force; the late Robert Hare, M.D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, by the aid of some carefully-prepared apparatus, demonstrated its existence in the year 1855. It is true that our professional scientists have up to the present time, with a very few exceptions, persistently ignored its existence, and declined to investigate it; but now some of them seem disposed to give it a fair examination. There is one omission in the report which Mr. Crookes has given us: he does not state whether the

learned barrister (Serjeant Cox) who was present at the examination of the 'psychic force,' cross-examined said force, in order to ascertain how it had acquired the art of playing an air on the caged and insulated accordion, when no human fingers were in contact with the keys. It is evidently an 'accomplished' force, as well as an accomplished fact. The presence of the learned professor of astronomy would at least seem to indicate that the scope of the inquiry will not be strictly limited to the mundane sphere of existence. Let us, however, be thankful that our *savans* have at length condescended to investigate the subject fairly, thus, to some extent, redeeming the mistake of the Faradays and Brewsters of the past."

Mr. J. Norman Lockyer has opened the columns of *Nature* to the discussion of the "new force" which is treated of by him in a temperate and thoughtful spirit. Dr. Balfour Stewart, F.R.S., also in the same journal discussed the question with ability and fairness. His principal difficulty seems to be that the alleged facts may be not objective, but subjective; the witnesses being under some influence akin to that of electro-biology—a difficulty we venture to affirm that will not be felt by those who enter into a practical investigation of the manifestations of the "psychic force;" and it is an idea amply refuted by the facts recorded in these pages.*

Now that this "new force" has received the *imprimatur* of Science, so far as Science has yet investigated it, the next question to be agitated—and it is by far the more important one—is—What is the agency which so intelligently adapts and applies the "new force" to so many and such diverse purposes, now making detonations of various degrees of power, and by them responding to questions or holding converse with those present; now moving the hand in involuntary and unpremeditated writing, or guiding the wholly unskilled hand in the production of artistic drawings; now passing fruits, and flowers with the fresh dew upon them, snowflakes, ice blocks, and even living bodies, through what is called solid matter; now, as in the "crucial tests, with carefully arranged apparatus, and in the presence of irreproachable witnesses," detailed by Mr. Crookes, lifting heavy weights, or playing tunes on a caged and insulated accordion? Given electricity as an

* We pass by, as unworthy of notice, the sneers and slander and imputation to Mr. Home of unworthy motives, based on its own misrepresentation, of the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Home had no more to do with the term "psychic force" than his *Saturday* reviler. Other journals, too, may be summarily dismissed. The *Daily News*, as usual, is cynical and cantankerous; and the *Lancet* low and scurrilous. The "new force" has been pretty generally discussed by the provincial newspapers, and on the whole with much more fairness than by the London Press.

element or force, what makes and works the telegraph? Does electricity construct its own telegraphs, and supply as well as transmit its own telegrams? What, if after all, the "new force" is used by those who have passed beyond the veil as a means to re-establish on a firmer, and on a scientific basis, the old and all but universal belief in spirits and a spirit world? This is the inevitable question looming up behind the "new force," and which causes so many to regard it with suspicion and alarm.

Spirits—

Ay, there's the rub!

"Spirits is the last thing I will give in to," said the late Sir David Brewster; and in this he but too faithfully reflected the feeling of scientists, who are scientists—and nothing more. Hence, at the Œcumenical Council of Science at Edinburgh, the "new force" was indicted as a heresy, and learned professors seemed half bewildered, and more than half confounded, at the reported defection from the ranks of scientific orthodoxy. It may be humiliating to the pride of men of science, who have so long and persistently looked down with supreme contempt upon the belief in sensible manifestations from and open communion with the world of spirits as a vulgar and exploded superstition, to find that they have been somewhat hasty in their conclusion, and that, after all, the immense majority of their fellow-creatures were not such fools as they had thought them. But perhaps this may be no great misfortune, even to the men of science themselves. Perhaps a little more modesty and humility is just the lesson which they most need to learn, and this may be a means of teaching it. If their investigations into this "new force" are fairly and faithfully carried out, we are satisfied it will land them where it has landed those who have preceded them in the same path of investigation. However unwilling to do so, they will have to "give in to spirits," as had Sir David Brewster himself, as is now evident from his own published journal. To this complexion they must come at last. They who have so long mocked the leek will have to eat the leek. It is of no use to make wry faces over it. The confession of error will have to come, and we hope they will make it ample and with a good grace. We only ask of them to cast aside their prejudices, as far and as fast as it is possible for them to do so—to yield their minds to the ever "new force" of truth—in other words, to act in this matter in the spirit of that science whose ministers they profess to be; to earnestly search out and follow the truth whithersoever it may lead them. To the man of true science it is no humiliation, but an honourable satisfaction, to acknowledge an error, and admit that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

SPIRITUALISM IN ITALY.

SPIRITUALISM has long had a footing in Italy. It was in Naples that the Hon. Robert Dale Owen first made his acquaintance with it, and that in the royal family—Prince Luigi being an earnest believer in it. In Florence it was early known through Mr. Home and through Mrs. Trollope, who became a convert to it through Mrs. Haydon, in London. In Florence it found in Chevalier Kirkup one of its most distinguished and favoured disciples; the communications made to him, and the manifestations occurring in his circle having been and still continuing to be of a most extraordinary kind, as the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* at different periods can testify. There are few Spiritualists who have not heard of the wonderful part acted by the spirit of Dante in this circle. In Florence Mr. Hiram Powers, the celebrated American sculptor, and his family are said to have long been Spiritualists. In Florence Thackeray and his daughters saw some of its remarkable manifestations at the Trollopes', a fact no doubt which induced Thackeray to admit Robert Bell's famous paper on the subject into the *Cornhill Magazine*, to the great consternation of its readers, and almost ruinous reduction of its circulation; a fact again, no doubt, which caused its subsequent conductors to endeavour to restore the secular reputation of that journal by a succession of articles of the most absurd ultraism of Anti-spirituality. In Florence Mrs. Browning was one of its most serious and thorough disciples, as might have been expected from so earnest, lucid, and brave a spirit.

In Naples, Rome, and Florence, Mr. and Mrs. Guppy, as their published statements have made known, found a zealous reception in the best circles of society, and were attended by manifestations of a nature to astonish and delight all who witnessed them.

In Rome, during the last winter, we found the most numerous and earnest inquirers after spiritualistic facts and knowledge amongst the great numbers of English and Americans sojourning there for the season; and nothing is more certain than that Mr. Coleman might have organised a very numerous and intelligent association of listeners to the exposition of its truths, or that Mrs. Hardinge would have produced the greatest sensation by her splendid elucidations of its philosophy.

Amongst the Romans there are not wanting circles and mediums, though these do not yet seem to have spread very widely. Perhaps, however, there are few mediums for commu-

nication more clear, prompt, and satisfactory than Signora Nina Placidi.

Signora Placidi is the wife of a highly respectable man of business, and is herself an accomplished woman of perhaps forty. She is a large, robust, healthy-looking person, something of the *physique* of Mrs. Guppy, with well-cut, handsome, and highly intelligent features of the Italian type. She is anything but of the sickly, nervous class of mediums, and does not, that I am aware of, exhibit any extraordinary physical manifestations; but her communications are clear, quick, decisive, and, so far as I have seen or know, are very reliable. Though a Catholic, of course, by education, she is a liberal one, and like most Romans, heartily tired of papalism. She is a zealous advocate for the education of the Roman children of the people in pure gospel principles. Had she been born in the land and times of prophetesses, she must have been of the class of Miriam or Deborah—national, patriotic, and for the truth. The spirits, therefore, who communicate through her are of the same liberal character, enunciating the great principles of primitive Catholicism, but utterly opposed to the pretensions and dominations of the modern school.

At a *séance* at which I was present, where she was the medium, a spirit that often communicates through her, and who professes to have been a Catholic priest, condemned the very gross and exoteric ideas of modern popery regarding the Eucharist, saying, that when Christ told the Jews that he was the true Head that came down from heaven, and that "His flesh was meat indeed, and His blood drink indeed," and that "they who did not eat His flesh and drink His blood had no life in them," but "they who did eat His flesh and drink His blood, dwelt in Him and He in them," (John, vi., 54-57) He took care to tell them what He really meant; adding, "*It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing. The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life* (John, vi., 63). That so plainly does St. John indicate the *spiritual* meaning of Christ's words on this subject, that at the Last Supper, whilst giving in minute detail the account of the washing of the apostles' feet by our Saviour, and His command that they should do likewise, he omits altogether His words regarding the bread and wine, leaving it to be inferred that this ceremony of the bread and wine was not intended by Him to become a Church rite, but merely an act of kindly remembrance by the apostles of His personal existence among them; for, surely, had John known that it was of the importance to the Church at large that priests now teach, he could not have omitted it in his Gospel narrative. That, therefore, this gross and carnal con-

ception of popery, that the bread and wine become in the hands of a priest real flesh and blood, is in direct opposition to Christ's words, that "the flesh profiteth nothing," adding "If you eat Christ's flesh and blood only in the consecrated wafer, how do you eat it in your private devotions, when you believe that you do really feed on Christ?" In fact, if the wafer were turned to actual flesh and blood, then it could only nourish our flesh and blood, not our spirits; but our spirits feed on the Divine Spirit—on the Word—which is Spirit and is life. The teaching of this spirit might, in fact, have been accepted by the Christians of the primitive Church.

A spirit, said to be that of an English lady, a friend of Signora Placidi, told her a year before, that in September, 1870, the Italians would enter Rome, and the pope fall, which exactly took place. The Italians entered on the 20th of September, and the pope lost his temporal power, and was reduced to a mere bishop; nay, if we are to believe his own court, he fell farther, for he ceased to be able to exercise his spiritual powers, and became a prisoner, incapable of discharging his papal functions. Still further was this fall; great numbers throughout the Catholic world—in Italy, Germany, Belgium, and Spain—abjuring his authority altogether.

Signora Placidi uses the indicator with great success. This was made after the model of one that I lent to Signore F——, an Italian gentleman, a zealous Spiritualist. I believe that it was on the first occasion, or one of the earliest occasions on which Signore F——, used the indicator with Signora Placidi, that a spirit professing to be his father, came and told him that his wife, who was in a distant city with their family, was in much anxiety, and that the youngest child was ill. Signore F——, being at that moment obliged to go to the railway station to meet his brother-in-law, who was passing through Rome, and came direct from the town where Signore F——'s wife and family were, on seeing him, asked him news of them. "I am sorry to say," replied his brother-in-law, "that just now your wife is in much anxiety. The child is very ill, and the nurse is laid up with a bad foot, so that your wife has all this care and anxiety upon her."

Convinced by this immediate confirmation of the spirit's message of its truthfulness, Signore F——, returning to the *séance*, asked if the child's illness was serious. "Serious," replied the spirit, "but not fatal," and so it turned out.

Amongst the orthodox Catholics there is, as usual, plenty of mediumship. A lay sister, lately in one of the convents in Rome, who was well known to a friend of ours, had very extraordinary revelations. A nun at Monza, near Milan, still living, also well

known to this friend, saw a considerable while ago, Paris in flames, and the streets running with blood. Still more, she has seen the Russians and Prussians coming down on the North of Italy, and stabling their horses in the very church attached to her convent. This has given her such a horror that she cannot bear to enter the church, and attends service only in the convent chapel. This is an awful look-out for Italy, if the vision in this case be as real as in that of Paris. She professes to receive little consecrated crosses from departed saints, of a size suitable to append to necklaces or rosaries, in the same manner that material objects are brought to mediums in England. My friend has that faith in the perfect honesty and reliability of this nun, that he has no doubt whatever of the genuineness of her statements on this point.

But one of the most remarkable Catholic mediums of modern times, was Père Besson, called the modern Fra Angelico. Père Besson was a remarkable mixture of the monk, the artist, and the missionary. His paintings are to be seen at the Dominican Convent of St. Clementi, in Rome, but the story of his life and labours is spread over a great extent of the earth, and it may interest the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* to have a slight sketch of his biography, extracted from his life in two full volumes.

Père Besson was born in the neighbourhood of Besançon, April 10th, 1816. His father was a soldier in the Condé army, who died in the infancy of his son, who was brought up by his mother, in the wealthy patriarchal household of his maternal grandfather, who, however, becoming ruined by standing surety for a friend, thenceforward the young and beautiful Madame Besson worked to maintain herself and child. "Thus," says M. Cartier, the friend and biographer of Besson, "began that touching drama, that life full of maternal courage, tenderness and self-sacrifice, which has been admired on earth and rewarded in heaven."

After various vicissitudes, Madame Besson became the house-keeper of the curé of Our Lady of Lorette, at Paris—a good old man who had spent most of his life in exile, and who, when prosperity returned, lived in extreme simplicity, preferring to expend his money on respectable people whose circumstances were decayed rather than on himself. In this delicate and difficult almsgiving, he employed Madame Besson as his assistant. The son was then a youth, with a great talent for art, a taste to which he could soon wholly devote himself, as on the death of the good curé, he and his mother became the recipients of a comfortable annuity which he had bequeathed them. On this they paid a short visit to Rome, and in 1838 returned thither to

make it their home, determining to live together secluded from the world in the service of God and the study of art.

It was not long, however, before Besson's extreme devotion inclined him to a monastic life, and personal intercourse with Père Lacordaire, whom he had known in France, set the seal to this resolution, in which, with her usual self-sacrifice, his mother encouraged him. Thus Père Lacordaire writes to Madame Swetchine, in May, 1840: "The young painter who has made the copy of the Madonna della Quercea, has also given himself to us. I had never contemplated for a moment his doing so, on account of his mother, as he is an only son, but it is she, herself, who suddenly encouraged him to follow his calling, on the evening of the day that I preached at San Luigi. For two days she spoke to him incessantly on the subject, and when I arrived accidentally at their house on Tuesday, I had merely to stoop and gather this beautiful flower, an exact Angelico in miniature—a soul incomparably pure, good and simple, with the faith of a great saint. He is called Besson."

Nevertheless for the first few years of his monastic life, the young Dominican renounced, as he believed, for ever his art, devoting himself, with great ardour, to the duties of his order, those of preaching, and, although never a great orator, he won numberless souls through his prayers and tears, but more than all by his irresistible goodness and piety. His love to his mother intensified rather than decreased, while she, on her part, became a sort of mother in Israel to the Dominicans in France.

In 1852 we find Besson again painting, preaching with his brush, as he had before by precept and example. Father Mullooly, the excellent and learned prior of the Irish Dominicans at San Clementi, seeing the brother's great ability, encouraged him to paint the life of St. Dominic on the walls of the ancient chapter-house of San Sisto, and personally undertook the expense. In May, 1852, Père Besson began his work, throwing his whole heart and soul into it, but often called away from the palette to the confessional. Soon the new Fra Angelico became one of the sights of Rome, numbers of visitors flocking to the Dominican Monastery to inspect his paintings. Amongst these was the pope, who took the liveliest interest in the pictures, and wished them to be finished as an ornament to Rome.

"Troubles, however, having arisen in the mission field of the Dominicans in Mesopotamia, Père Besson, in spite of the success of his work, offered himself, as an act of devotion, in 1855 as missionary, to repair the mischief. His offer was accepted by his intimate friend, Père Jandel, the Master General of the Dominicans. He therefore proceeded to Mesopotamia, to Mossoul, on the west bank of the Tigris, and remained in

this wild, barbarous region, until he had restored order, and, as he hoped, on a firm footing.

On his return to Rome, he continued his paintings of the life of St. Dominic, and also acted as correspondent to the brothers then in the Eastern Mission. But great difficulties again arose, and the Dominican missionaries there forwarded a most urgent petition that Père Besson might be sent to aid them. This entreaty re-awoke his own passion for the East; interest in his old distant field of labour attracted him thither, and notwithstanding the reluctance of the Pope, Besson's determination remained firm, so that Pius at length yielded his consent. The devoted Dominican returned to Mossoul, but soon after his arrival, a dreadful typhoid epidemic broke out, in which he showed womanly tenderness and heroic devotion in tending the sick, and, at last, fell himself a victim to the fever. After fifteen days of intense suffering, he passed away at the country mission station of Maryacob, whither he had been conveyed for rest and change of air. He died May 4th, 1861, deeply lamented by both Christians and Mussulmen in the East, as well as in Rome and throughout Europe.

Had Père Besson devoted himself wholly to his art, he would have ranked amongst the most distinguished painters. As it is, his works, the principal of which are in the chapter-house of the Dominican Convent of San Clementi, are very extraordinary. The chief are his seven great pictures from the life of St. Dominic. They are painted in oil and wax on stucco, and resemble in character the Christian paintings of the fourteenth century. He too also illustrated the whole life of the saint in sixteen medallions on the two sides of the door and window. Besides these, there are one or two lesser pictures of his in oil in various religious houses.

Such was Père Besson. In his character as a saint, he seems to have possessed much spiritual power. On his leaving France for Rome, previous to his going the second time into the East, amongst the numbers who took a most affectionate leave of him, was a nun of a Dominican convent in which he had acted as confessor, who fell on her knees and entreated him to be near her, and always to be her director. This lady being some time after ill, and not able to recite her accustomed prayers, all at once found a most beautiful prayer springing up in her heart, earnestly addressed to Jesus Christ, such as she had longed for a long time. She continued repeating this prayer for eight hours, all the while thinking that she should hear quickly of the death of Père Besson, and that she must accustom herself to repeat this prayer every evening.

On the 4th of May, towards three o'clock in the afternoon,

which afterwards was found to be the time of his decease, she completely forgot it. The pains that she had experienced disappeared, and she felt an instant and extraordinary peace. She wished to write to Père Besson, but she could not bring herself to do it, for it seemed to her that he was no longer in the world.

Towards the end of May, she said to one of her friends—“Would you believe that I do not pray for him, but rather pray with him? I have surprised myself, for some time, speaking to him, as if he were near me, and I say to him, ‘My father, pray for me;’ and when I perceive this, I do not check myself, thinking that the holy angels can carry my prayers to Mossoul.” Her friend replied that she had experienced exactly the same.

Another person who had been tormented for many years with a violent temptation, which Père Besson had aided to combat, was suddenly delivered from it on the day of his death, without at the time being able to account for the calm which she enjoyed. This temptation never returned, and this favour seemed to her a present which her director had sent her from heaven. A mother also believed that she obtained through his intercession the cure of her daughter whom the doctors had given up.

In the *Frusta*, that is, *The Whip*, a great organ of the ultra-papal party, on the 17th of May of this year, appeared a very extraordinary account of the miraculous cure of a Sister of Charity. It states that Vittoria Romanelli, aged 25, a young woman of Viterbo, who belongs to a society of Sisters of Charity called Maestre Pie, or pious instructresses, there, was afflicted with a kind of leprosy, the body being covered with white scales. She came to Rome for medical advice, but growing worse and worse, the doctor desired that she should receive extreme unction, as she could not live many days. At this juncture Rosa Vennerini, the foundress of this Society of pious Sisters of Instruction, and who died in the odour of sanctity in 1728, appeared to her and told her that in the afternoon the Lady Superior of the Convent of San Tomaso with two sisters would come to console her; who, accordingly came, bringing with them some threads of the chemise of the saintly foundress, and as soon as they had dipped them in water, she exclaimed, “Here is our mother who gives us her benediction!”

The sisters, who were on their knees praying, took little notice of this, thinking that it was a mere fancy. But scarcely were they gone when the saint re-appeared, for the third time, and touching her body in various places with her girdle, she immediately felt her strength restored, and sat up in bed, when the scales fell from her body in masses.

At a quarter before five in the morning, she rose, dressed herself, and went down into the chapel, and thence into the house of the Lady Superior before mentioned, who was greatly astonished to see her in perfect health, all traces of the hideous complaint having left her, except only a few marks on the face.

From inquiries that I made at the time from influential persons, both Catholic and Protestant, who were in a position to learn the truth, the statement appeared to be perfectly correct. The doctor attending her declared that her case was beyond all power of medicine, and that he did not expect to find her alive, instead of which he met her, as reported, well. I was assured that the ecclesiastical commission usual in such cases was examining into the reality of the miracle, and that the pope had sent for the sister, to satisfy himself by a personal sight and enquiry of the truth of the account. We must say that all such narratives at the present moment, when the papal party would be only too glad of any miracle that would maintain their prestige with the people, demand especial care and enquiry, at the same time we are bound to extend to this party some degree of candour in such cases, if we expect to find it in our own. I can only add that, from the character of various persons asserting a personal knowledge of the case, it appears to be entitled to entire credit.

But there is another phase of Italian Spiritualism presenting itself under the form of magnetism or mesmerism, that is, in no small degree suspicious, and calculated to cast public doubt on spiritual integrity. There is a considerable number of advertising magnetists who appear to carry on a flourishing trade in the professing of cures and communications on other affairs. What is curious is that the majority of these are in Bologna.

Signore Professor D'Amico advertises assiduously in the Roman and other papers, his wife, Anna D'Amico, as famous for her cures, both in Italy and abroad. His advertisements are illustrated by a small wood-cut of the Professor magnetising his wife. He requires the patient to send in a franked letter, two hairs and a statement of symptoms, with enclosure of a postal order for 3 lire 50 centessimi, (rather less than three shillings), on receipt of which will be returned a diagnosis of the case and mode of cure. From France 5 francs, in bank notes; and from Austria 2 florins in bank notes. In default of notes from any country, postage stamps. You are to address your letters to the care of Professor Pietro D'Amico, Via Galliera, 570, Bologna.

The Professor candidly confesses in private that he has no belief whatever in the intervention of spirits in these cases, nor in the existence of spirits at all; in fact, is a thorough materialist. But he believes in his wife, and in the cures thus performed; yet

this does not lead him a step further in his own faith. His wife, however, and their daughter, who is also employed as a clairvoyante, thoroughly believe in the agency of spirits in these cases. To what extent cures are effected, I am not aware. The Professor told a friend of mine that he received about 3,000 letters a year, some containing 3 francs 50 cents., and some 5 francs; so that if we average them at 4 francs, he makes a return of 12,000 francs annually, short of the cost of advertisement; not at all amiss, considering how cheaply a native can live at Bologna.

Besides Signore D'Amico, there are several other parties at Bologna, who advertise industriously in the Roman papers. It is evidently an affair of rivalry. If you see the advertisement of one magnetist one day, you are pretty sure to see that of another on the next, or within a day or two after; and the journals so manage that the conflicting advertisements do not appear in the same issue. No doubt this is a precaution stipulated for by the advertisers.

Signora Sofia Forax announces that she is already well known, both in Italy and abroad, by her numerous magnetic cures, and holds consultations on diseases and on other matters. The applicant has only to send a lock of his or her hair, and an inclosure in a post-paid letter of 3 lire 20 c., that is, about 2s. 8d. By reply, the patient will receive the diagnosis of the case, and the consequent cure. For consultation on other matters, the applicant's address must be sent, and 4 lire 20 c., about 3s. 6d.—all letters prepaid, and addressed to the advertiser, Via Marchesana, No. 1,196, third story, near "Le Clavalure," Bologna.

Another advertiser of Bologna, Professor F. Guida, goes far beyond Sofia Forax or Professor D'Amico. He does not style himself simply a magnetist, but a magnetic Spiritualist; and he professes to give by letter such astonishingly exact diagnoses of the complaints of his patients, as well as such correct answers to inquiries of other kinds, as to have won for this new science myriads of the incredulous. Professor F. Guida does not require minute descriptions of the complaints of his patients, nor any detail of symptoms, nor is there the least necessity to send him locks of hair; all that is required is the simple but exact address of the patient, and the consulting spirits will go and make themselves fully acquainted with the applicant's complaints, or with the subject matter of his inquiry. These spirits are familiar with all languages, and, therefore, find no obstacles to their researches or ministrations of any kind.

After this encouraging assurance, however, we are somewhat taken aback by the winding-up of Professor Guida's

advertisement, namely, that for consultations in Italian, the charge is 5 lire (francs), but in any other language, 15 lire! This we suppose, however, is not on account of any lingual difficulties on the part of the spirits, but on the part of the Professor, who may not happen to be master of all languages whatever, and who, therefore, must have recourse to the paid assistance of interpreters. Still one wonders that the Professor has not advanced one step further, and prevailed on the consulting spirits to write the required answer themselves, or through some medium, in the necessary tongue. This might at once enable him to reduce his fee to the Italian scale, and to give most convincing proof of the astonishing powers which win over such myriads of the incredulous. But who knows but these good spirits may be enemies to monopoly, and may have a kindly regard not only to the interests of Professor Guida, but also to those of other magnetic Spiritualists and earthly translators!

Another advertisement, frequently appearing, assures us that the renowned somnambulist, Anna de Corraelio, living at No. 4, Via Coronari, Bologna, second floor, may be consulted every day, from 10 o'clock to 4, in the magnetic sleep, for all complaints, and for anything else whatever. Fee 3 lire.

So much for Bologna, always celebrated for its doctors! Rome, so prolific of spiritual teachers, seems to possess but few spiritual healers by profession. I have observed the advertisement of one only—Elise Zarandelli, 14, Via Monteroni, near the Pantheon. I have been assured that she is a powerful clairvoyante, but seems to be in the hands of an unconscionable mesmeriser, who asked of an invalid friend of ours 50 francs for each visit to be made at her house in the city. As the patient was not likely to be cured, except by some remarkable miracle, in less than some weeks at least, and more probably months, the transaction fell through, and thus we have no means of knowing whether the manipulations of Elise Zarandelli, mesmerist, are as powerful as they ought to be from the scale of charge.

I would not, however, from these remarks, have the reader to infer that I deem the whole of this mesmeric and spiritualistic advertising system one of sheer humbug; on the contrary, I imagine there must be a large amount of reality in it, or the results could not be so extensive or so long sustained. A total absence of reality in these professions, must soon end in general exposure and contempt. Indeed, they who know some of these parties, concede to them a considerable amount of mesmeric or spiritual force; but the palpably trading spirit that characterises the system, and the enormous puffery of myriads of wonders,

give it too much of the tinge of quackery to recommend it to thoughtful and cautious people; or, as it is by far the most prominent phase of Italian Spiritualism, to recommend Spiritualism itself to the public mind. Nevertheless, I am assured that some of the persons of highest rank in Italy are deeply interested with Spiritualism in its higher phases. W. H.

LA REGINA DAL CIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

Ceneda, District of Vittoria, Province of
Treviso, Venetia,
27th June, 1871.

In one of my former letters to the *Scotsman*, I referred casually to the operations performed and the cures effected in hip complaints by a peasant woman of Treviso, by name Regina dal Cin. I wrote from hearsay, having then neither time nor opportunity to examine and verify for myself the facts and circumstances. Since then, to the local fame of La Regina has been added that acquired in Trieste, where, in the presence of the local authorities, of all doctors and surgeons who chose to be present, she had performed three hundred operations with the precise results previously predicted by herself. The natural desire of every afflicted mortal to be rid of his burden overcoming the virulent, and I must say disgraceful, opposition of the faculty, has made Ceneda the resort of the halt and lame of the surrounding provinces, and of numerous Germans; and the peasant woman, passionately attached to her native place, refusing the munificent offers of the municipality of Trieste, has returned home to her nest on the hills, whence I doubt whether the offer of a vacant foreign throne would fail to lure this natural rightly named Regina (Queen). From L——, a small town in the district of Palisine, where I spend my summer months invariably, seven individuals afflicted with different hip complaints have gone forth during the last fifteen days; and I determined, as soon as the close of Parliament should free me from the usual routine of correspondence, to visit Ceneda, and form my own opinion as to the alleged miracles. So yesterday, accompanied by a clever surgeon of L—— and a literary friend, I left L—— at four, p.m., took train at Este, and descending at Comigliano, continued by carriage to Ceneda, where we were fortunate in recognising an old friend in the surgeon chosen by the Government to accompany La Regina in her visits, and

report on the operations. I certainly came armed with a sufficient panoply of scepticism; but I must now confess that I find it difficult to retain the *sang froid* necessary for the comprehension of the extraordinary performances enacted before one's eyes. We first visited a house in the town, where a benevolent old lady has housed nine patients of our district, on eight of whom the Regina had already operated. Two young girls of L——, who left us absolute cripples, came out to meet us on the staircase. The surgeon, who had known them from their birth, and deemed them absolutely incurable, could scarcely believe his eyes. One walked perfectly, the other with a slight limp, which with time will vanish. One pretty Venetian girl also walked perfectly; others, still bandaged, assured us that they can walk; but the Queen has forbidden any attempts for the present. In one of the rooms we found Signora Fracasette, the wife of another doctor of L——, "all in a maze," to use her own expression; and her little son, lame "from his birth," now eight years old, whose right leg, owing to complete luxation of the femur, had been operated on in the morning. We felt the hip joint; the head of the femur is in its proper cavity. We measured the two legs; they are of equal length. "Did it hurt you, Menego?" I asked. "Not a bit." "Have you any pain now?" "No; only mother won't let me get up and play." The Queen has ordered the child to remain in bed until next Sunday; on Monday he may be carried home.

At 3 p.m. we drove out to "Anyano," the hamlet where for forty years La Regina (unostentatiously, even as her peasant grandfather and peasant mother before her) has been known as the "bone-setter" by all the country round. They, it seems, confined their operations so exclusively to the poor of the adjacent mountains that the doctors took no offence; but La Regina has been persecuted outrageously by the surgeons of the province. Times out of number she has been fined, and once imprisoned, for illegal practice. Only since her so recently-created reputation at Trieste has public opinion proved too strong for her enemies. At the present moment, 350 patients are lodged in Ceneda or Serravalle. Were any ill-advised member of the faculty to attempt now to dry up that source of prosperity to the inhabitants, I fear me much that he would find the place too hot for him. Indeed, her present opponent, Dr. L., has capitulated; he now accompanies her in her rounds, and is one of her loudest, if not of her most cordial supporters. While these particulars were being narrated to us by the villagers, and confirmed by her son, Don Piero, a very handsome young priest, La Regina came out of her little parlour with some patients she had just examined, and we were duly presented. She is about fifty

years of age, below the middle height, slight but strongly knit, black hair parted over a low square forehead, bright piercing eyes, a hatchet-shaped nose, large but very good mouth, hands small and perfectly formed, her movements gentle. She dresses as any lady; but two months since, they tell us, she dressed as a peasant—a white handkerchief turban-fashion on her head, a coloured kerchief over her bust, and short dress. In our presence she examined a child of three and a-half years old with total luxation of the thigh bone, and instantly said, "Yes, I can set that right perfectly." Then an artisan from Este led in his wife and a friend. To the former she said, "I can put the bone in its place, but the leg will remain shorter than the other." To the second, "It is no use putting the bone in its place; it will come out again." Then came an artisan from our town of L—. Without waiting for him to undress, La Regina passed her hands over his fustian trousers, and said, "I can do nothing, the scodella saucer is full of flesh." You will bear in mind that she can neither read nor write; has never dissected or seen a corpse dissected. Her anatomical knowledge is, however, extraordinary; it exists at the tips of her fingers. Of scientific terms she knows nothing; the human body for her is composed of *bone*, *flesh*, and *nerves*. Of four doctors present (one German), all declared that had the case been subjected to them they could simply have said the thigh bone is out of place, but could not have formulated a diagnosis, much less have pronounced thereon. I asked La Regina whether she considered hers a "special gift." She said, "At first I thought all doctors could do as much as we did and more; now I know better—it is a gift of the Lord—it is in our fingers." She says that she has taught her son, but that, as he is a priest, he must obtain "liberty from the Pope" before he can practise. I only repeat what I myself have heard her say, as every one has a different history of her life, origin, and performances. When I told her that I came expressly to see her at work, and to write about her to a Scotch newspaper, her face lighted up. "Would you go to England?" I asked; "You would make thousands of francs." "No, no," she said, "it is too far, this is my home." I remain among my own people." But she seemed pleased that foreigners should know of what she is capable of, and is touchingly kind to a German surgeon, whose daughter she has cured, and who is so absorbed in her operations that he follows her from eight in the morning to eight in the evening, carefully noting every patient—name, age, state previous to and after the operation.

On leaving her house, La Regina gave us an appointment for eight, a.m., this morning, and we have been with her more

or less until now (six, p.m.), visiting old patients, watching her examine fresh ones, and perform two operations. I say more or less with regret, for we lost sight of her for a few minutes, and during that time she performed three operations. For this I reproached her, and she said, "I can't help it; I must take the moment when the 'nerves' are sufficiently relaxed. Sometimes when I have told a person that I cannot operate for a week, I find my moment on the morrow—tic-tac, and it is done." This "tic-tac" describes her manœuvres precisely. At ten, p.m., she took us to a house where a nice little fellow of twelve and a half years of age lay expecting her. For four days poultices of bran (of Indian corn) and marsh mallow leaves had been applied. We examined the leg; the doctors—the German and Italian, and her enemy of yesterday, Dr. L—— of Ceneda, pronounced the case to be luxation of the femur. They measured the legs; one was shorter by three centimetres than the other: you could both see and feel the thigh-bone out of place. The aunt present gave the usual answer—"he was born so;" but, questioned, admitted that the lameness had only been noticed when the child began to walk. "When shall you put the bone in its place, and let me go home?" said the boy. "To-morrow." As she spoke, the Regina placed her *left* hand under the thigh bone, took hold of the leg just above the ankle, bent up the knee, pulled it straight with a rotary motion outwards—this in far less time than it takes me to write. The boy never changed colour or stirred; the doctors looked from one to the other, then, Didymus-like, touched the thigh and measured the feet. The bone had returned to its socket; the legs were precisely of the same length. The Regina laughed her very pleasant laugh, as she steeped some tow in the white of egg beaten to a froth, and deftly bandaged the thigh and waist, enjoining perfect repose for a few days.

I felt, like Signora Fracasette, "all in a maze"—quite breathless, in fact. Outside the door of the same house was a young man, who had been operated on in the usual manner with ropes and pulleys five times all unavailing, and the last time by Zanette, the Florentine surgeon who extracted the ball from Garibaldi's ankle, and by Rasati, one of our best surgeons during the campaign of 1866. Operated on by La Regina, the young man walks perfectly.

After dinner, by appointment, we met La Regina at Serravalle, another village about half a mile distant. There we saw a young Greek from Corfu, twice operated on by Nelaton. He came here on crutches, wearing an instrument much admired by surgeons. La Regina operated on the lame foot with perfect success. The lad returns home to-morrow.

And here for to-day I must lay down the pen, as there is a *grand spectacle* at the theatre in honour of their "Queen," and my companions insist on my accompanying them; but before quitting Ceneda I shall return to the subject, as I feel certain that the halt and the lame of bonnie Scotland will not be long before they put the capacity of the peasant Queen to the test.

I will only add, by way of caution, that La Regina never guarantees an operation for deformities produced by disease, rarely fails in those caused by accident, and is now extremely cautious in operating unless she feels certain of effecting a perfect cure.

This caution proceeds from a double motive—the dread of hostile criticism, and the hope of obtaining from the Italian Government a patent authorising her to exercise her talents legally. Its effects are evidently baneful, as it deters her from alleviating where she cannot cure. "Why did you not operate on N. N——?" I asked her, referring to the wife of the artisan from Este, whom she visited yesterday for the second time, and sent home without operating. "The leg would remain 3½ centimetres shorter than the other." "Granted," I answered, "but the thigh bone would have returned to the socket, and instead of a deficiency of 7 centimetres, you say that but 3½ would have remained." True *viscere*, but *non riu fa honor*. "These operations don't do me credit; the people go home, and their friends laugh and say, 'lame for lame, it's all the same.'"

I observe, however, that if the friends or relations insist, La Regina complies. Indeed, her passion for her art often prevails over her material hopes or fears. There is in an adjacent house a child of seven years whose knee is drawn up, whose right thigh almost lies across the left—the little leg is half withered. La Regina means to operate, and maintains that she shall succeed in all save in giving length to the leg. Let her try, at any rate the operation is painless and instantaneous. It seems to me that she surprises nature, puts the rebellious limb into place before the muscles have time to contract or offer resistance. Even if she fail (and of her 350 patients there is but one who is dissatisfied) no harm ensues. Can our ordinary surgeons say the same?

I must add that La Regina has no fixed fee, she takes what is given—nothing for visits unless followed by operation, nothing *ever* from the poor, whom she often helps from her own purse.—*The Scotsman*, July 6th.

PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A COUNTRY
CLERGYMAN.*

PART I.

FEW names were more frequently in the mouths of playgoers of the past generation than that of Charles Young. He was one of that galaxy of theatrical stars, comprising Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, John and Charles Kemble, and Edmund Kean. Of all these stage luminaries, our author gives us glimpses, with, of course, a fuller view of that bright particular star to which he more especially directs the gaze of his readers, and whose successive appearances are duly noted in, and whose mild and gentle radiance is shed over 132 pages of the first volume in the work before us.

It is, however, not to the Memoir of Charles Mayne Young, but to the Journal of his son and biographer, Julian Charles Young, that we here invite attention. It is simple, modest, and entertaining; abounding in shrewd observations; with sketches, stories, and pleasant after-dinner sort of talk, which is sure to make it a favourite in the drawing room. It contains many interesting reminiscences and original anecdotes of men of whom we never tire to hear: of Scott, Chalmers, Irving, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Moore, Hood the elder, Matthews, Dickens, Thackeray, Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Sir William Napier, and other celebrities of the last half century. It would be delightful to linger in the light of other days, and recall the glorious memories of the past; but we must content ourselves with citing only those passages of our author's Journal, which have more immediate relation to that important class of subjects elucidated in these pages. There are many such, indeed; it is quite a repertory of stories of the supernatural. These stories are not only interesting and valuable in themselves, but they illustrate the extent to which, among the highly educated classes as well as among others, incidents of this kind are narrated and believed.

The outpouring of spiritual gifts in the Church associated with the honoured name of Edward Irving was not a little startling to conventional Christians, who had made up their minds that all that sort of thing had long since come to an end, and thought it almost blasphemous to expect that what had once happened in Judæa could take place now in England; and they were dreadfully scandalised when these gifts actually "broke

* *A Memoir of Charles Mayne Young, Tragedian; with Extracts from his Son's Journal.* By JULIAN CHARLES YOUNG, A.M., Rector of Ilmington; with Portraits and Sketches. 2 vols. MACMILLAN.

out" in the metropolis, and under the ministry of the most popular preacher of the day.* Great was the stir, not only among church and chapel-goers, but in the most fashionable coteries of London society. It was discussed everywhere—in newspapers, at dinner tables, and at whist; it became the excitement of the hour. Our author gives the following anecdote in relation to the "gift," which was the most ridiculed and least understood:—

THE UNKNOWN TONGUE.

"The last time I saw Edward Irving, was in Newman Street, where he was holding forth with unimpaired vigour, not to a crowded congregation, but to empty benches. I heard the utterances that day, and very creepy they made me feel. Sir William Knighton told my uncle that, yielding to an impulse of curiosity, he one day walked into Newman Street, and, to escape notice, stole up into the gallery, and entered a long pew, at the extreme end of which were two ladies kneeling in rapt devotion. After listening for some time to one of the Evangelists, preaching from Ezekiel, he was perfectly electrified by a portentous sound of unearthly character, whence proceeding he could not tell. It resembled a mighty rushing wind at first; then it rose, and increased in volume; then it fell, and became lulled to a gentle murmur; then, again, from the midst, novel sounds arose which might be verbal, yet which were inarticulate and unintelligible. He looked above, below, around, to see from whence these strange noises issued, but in vain. The two ladies who were sitting at the end of the pew in which he was, and who seemed quite familiar with the routine of the service, he thought he would ask to solve the mystery for him. But before addressing them he inspected them more narrowly, and observed that the younger of them was sitting with her eyes closed, and rigid as the Sphinx, but with her jugular vein palpitating violently. He drew nearer to her, and then, for the first time, discovered that the inexplicable utterance proceeded from her throat.

"Feeling as if he were in too close quarters with something uncanny, he took up his hat and precipitately withdrew. Justly or unjustly, as soon as Irving 'took up wi' the Tongues,' as I heard an auld Scotch wife say, he declined in public estimation, and was regarded generally as the victim of 'a strong

* This movement is one of special interest to Spiritualists, as the immediate precursor, and in some respects a counterpart of the more general movement of modern Spiritualism. I have devoted considerable space to it in my account of "Spiritualism in the Churches," in *The Two Worlds*, and to which I must refer the reader for a full account of the subject, which I have here only incidentally glanced at.

delusion and a lie.' If the charge be just, it is inscrutably mysterious, for he was singularly unworldly, God-fearing, and single-hearted. And I must say of his followers, of whom I have known several, that I know no body of religionists who have impressed me more with their Biblical scholarship, their knowledge of prophecy especially, and their liberal disposition towards the Church of England. They are all convinced that a special revelation was vouchsafed to them at the time of the Gift of Tongues, but that it has done its work. I believe they deny no doctrine that the Church of England holds, though they hold more than she asserts, and consider that we have lost an order."

The *Memoir* and *Journal* before us is an illustration that from the pulpit to the stage is but a step. Most of our play-going readers will remember the characters so successfully enacted by Charles Kean, but perhaps few know that which our author relates of the origin of—

"THE CORSICAN BROTHERS."

"1852, *May 20th*.—I went with a friend to Charles Kean's private box to see the "Corsican Brothers." He came up and sat with us, Charles Kean afterwards told me the remarkable ghost story mentioned in Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature*, vol. ii., p. 332, of which I find the heroine was Mrs. Chapman, the sister of Mrs. Charles Kean.

"The lady with whom I went to see the 'Corsican Brothers' told me she was dining one day at Dr. Ashburner's, where she met a party, chiefly composed of French Republicans; among them Pierre Le Roux and Charles and Louis Blanc. Charles Blanc sat directly opposite to her; Louis took her into dinner, and sat next to her. Overhearing some one at table talking of the play of the 'Corsican Brothers,' then having a great run at the Princess's Theatre, she asked him if he had been to see it. He confessed that he had not, but at the same time expressed his intention of soon going; 'for,' said he, 'I ought to take a personal interest in it, and my brother too, seeing that we may, in a certain sense, consider ourselves as the heroes of the piece.' 'Pardon me,' said my lady friend, 'I think you are in error there; for Mr. Kean told me that it was taken from a play which he had seen at the Porte St. Martin in Paris, and which was founded on a story of Alexandre Dumas, entitled, *Les Deux Frères Corses*. 'Just so,' replied L. Blanc, 'and that story owed its origin to a remarkable circumstance which befell your *vis à vis* and myself. Probably you are not aware that

Charles and I are twins, and natives of Corsica. I was one day walking in the streets of Paris, arm-in-arm with an old friend, when I suddenly felt a shock through one of my arms, as if it had been pierced through with a rapier. The pain was so acute that I could not help crying out. My friend asked me if I were ill. He could hardly believe me when I assured him I was not. We walked on together, and he continued his conversation; but I felt so weighed down by an inexplicable depression of spirit, that I could neither respond to his remarks, nor hold up my head. I had a strong presentiment that some disaster had befallen my brother, though he was more than a hundred leagues from me.

“‘My brother Charles and I, you must understand, came into the world almost at the same time; and in physical organization, as well as mental and moral constitution, are so intimately alike, that we may be almost considered as duplicates of the same creation. Such is the nervous sympathy between us, and our identity of sentiment on every subject, that I would undertake to say that, if one of us were at the North Pole and the other at the South, and telegrams could be sent to each, soliciting our opinion on any given subject, we should be sure to return the same answer. We are of one heart and one mind, and the love we bear to each other almost surpasses that of women. If one rejoice, the other rejoices with him. If one suffer, the other suffers with him. And thus it was that, a few seconds after I felt the sickening smart in my arm, I was so sure that some painful accident or other had befallen Charles, that I asked my friend to look at his watch and tell me the hour. On reaching home I telegraphed to my brother, and learned that at the very instant I felt the pain in the biceps of *my* arm, *his* had been run through by a sword in a duel with the editor of a provincial newspaper, who had attacked me scurrilously in his columns, and whom Charles in consequence had challenged.’

“After dinner, at his brother’s request, Charles Blanc bared his arm to the lady and showed the scar of his wound in confirmation of the story.”

Here is an anecdote of one of our great popular statesmen. We are sure all our readers will feel interested in reading the following:—

PRESENTIMENT OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

“1854, May 4.—On the 24th of April last, the present Sir Robert Peel, accompanied by his friend Mr. Sansom, was returning from Italy to France. Sir Robert had originally intended going by land; but was over-persuaded by Mr. Sansom and his courier to go on to Marseilles by sea in a vessel

called the 'Ercolano.' It was a passenger steamboat ; and there were several English families on board. After they had put to sea, Sir Robert, though a man of nerve, was so oppressed with some impending misfortune, that he begged his friend to go to the captain, and, in his name, offer him £200 to put back to Genoa. Mr. Sansom ridiculed the proposition, adding, that though the night was dark, and the sea running high, yet that there was no danger of a storm ; and that, at all events, they were in no worse predicament than all the women and children on board. These arguments, though they silenced Sir Robert, did not dispel his apprehensions ; and it was in no very enviable frame of mind that he got into the carriage he had on deck, determined to pass the night in it alone. At eleven o'clock Mr. Sansom went to the carriage window and asked him if he would not go down and have some coffee. Fortunately he declined. Mr. Sansom himself, however, went down into the saloon and took some refreshment ; but, unable to endure the smoke, quickly returned upstairs. As he was pacing up and down the quarter-deck, he noticed, to his great surprise, that there were neither watchmen on the outlook, nor any on deck except himself and the man at the helm. This struck him as unusual laxity ; but before he had time to remonstrate with any one, his attention was distracted by a portentously black and angry cloud. While looking at it, he fancied he could distinguish light emerging from its midst. At first he took it for a Pharo ; but, on observing it more closely, he ascertained it to be the danger signal of another vessel which was bearing rapidly down upon them. He immediately gave the alarm in French, and shouted it out with all the power of his lungs. The captain was below, and the helmsman was equally deaf to his cries, and unmoved by his gesticulations. In another second the 'Ercolano' was run into by the 'Sicilia' with the force of a ram. She was cleft in two to the very water's edge, and began to settle down at once in deep water. Booms, hencoops, spars, masts, tackle, and the great chimney, all went overboard. Some of these things served to keep the struggling passengers and crew afloat : by them others were even saved ; but by far the greater part were engulfed in the trough of the sea. Among the victims was my old acquaintance, Tom Halsey, M.P. for Herts, his wife, his boy, and his two servants. It is a curious fact, that Sir Robert Peel, though athletic in person, and very manly in his pursuits, could not swim. The moment the collision between the two vessels took place, he leaped overboard, and fortunately struck against the mainmast, to which he clung with all the tenacity of despair. While on one end of it, he was made conscious that there was some one else at the other. He did not long remain

in doubt about his companion; for he recognized the voice of his own servant, who had been forty years in the family, moaning forth these words in broken-hearted accents, 'Oh! ma pauvre fille.' Sir Robert had just time to tell him not to be unhappy on her account, as he had provided for her in his will, when the old man dropped into the water, never to rise again. So spent was Sir Robert with his efforts to hold on, and so chilled with the cold, that he felt certain that he should soon follow the fate of his man; when his hand suddenly touched a chain attached to the mast. He tried to thrust his fingers through the links; and finding he had no strength to do so, deliberately tried to break one of his finger joints, with the idea of giving himself a better chance of hooking on to the mast; but in vain. He became insensible; and, in that condition, was picked up by one of the boats of the 'Sicilia' and put on board of her. From the time of Mr. Sansom's going to the side of Sir Robert's carriage, to the moment when he had himself arrived in safety at Lyons, he knew nothing of his friend's fate till he received a telegraphic despatch from him, announcing his health and safety at Genoa. On board the 'Sicilia,' Sir Robert was treated with every consideration. His feet, which had become black with cold and exposure, were rubbed till circulation was at last restored. On the 26th, he was sufficiently recovered to be able to go to church at Genoa. It was the Day of Humiliation; and on the Sunday following, by a providential coincidence, he had the happiness of returning thanks for his merciful preservation in the very church in Geneva which he had been chiefly instrumental in having built. With the broad outline of this tragedy the public are sufficiently familiar; the details, I suspect, are known to few. What I am about to supplement is known to fewer still.

"In the year 1856, and on the 30th of October, my wife and I were staying in Turin, at the Hotel Féder, for two or three days, on our road to the south of Italy. We knew that there was residing in the town a very old friend of my wife's family, Mademoiselle Sophie de la Pierre, sister, I think, of the Princess of Monaco. Mrs. Young being anxious to see her, we called, found her at home, talked over old Hampton Court friends, and Hampton Court days; and, among other names that rose to the surface were those of the Moores and the Moore Halseys.

"I said, 'I suppose you heard of the awful calamity which befell the poor Halseys?' 'Of course,' she replied. 'Why, the Halseys, on their road to Genoa, halted here, purposely, to see me. The instant they arrived, they sent me a note to say that they were dining, after some hours' fatiguing travel, and that they hoped I would go to them as soon as I could, and take

tea with them. I found them in the same hotel in which you are, with a charming suite of rooms on the first floor. Out of their *salon* there was a splendid bedroom in which Mr. and Mrs. Halsey slept, and in which they had had a small tent-bed put that they might have their little boy near them. We had so much to ask of each other, and to tell, that it was twelve o'clock before I got home. But, at about ten minutes past eleven, while I presiding at the request of my entertainers, over the tea-table, we heard a piercing shriek from the inner chamber. We ran in, and found the little boy sitting up in his bed, shivering, crying bitterly, and gasping with terror. It was some time before his mother could pacify him, or learn from him the cause of his agitation. At last gaining courage from seeing his parents by his side, he told us that he had dreamed that his papa, mamma, and himself were all drowned in the salt sea.

"His parents were not disturbed by the incident, as they attributed it to the child's nervous dread of the coming voyage. If they had been less matter-of-fact, and a little more superstitious, and had accepted their boy's presentiment as an omen, they might have been alive to this day: whereas, next night, at the very time when the boy had had these shadows of "coming events" cast over his dreams the night before, the child, his parents, and their servants, *were* swallowed up in the salt sea."

A capital sketch is given in these pages of the author of *Vathek*. As a matter which may be of interest to mesmerists, we quote from it the following anecdote of—

BECKFORD AND THE LION.

"It was in the year 1793, when men of peace could once more move about without fear, that Beckford was induced to go and see a very remarkable lion, which no man could tame; and which, from his exceeding ferocity, was a terror even to beholders. The instant Beckford entered the place in which he was confined, his angry roars ceased; he approached the bars of the cage where Beckford stood, and rubbed himself caressingly against the spot. Every one present was struck with the strange sight, and watched the actors narrowly. The keeper went up to Beckford, and said, that he was sure that, if he would enter the den with him, the lion would not harm him. Although curious to make the experiment, he had no idea of making an exhibition of himself: so he told the keeper if he would wait till the hour of closing, he would not hesitate to enter the cage in his company. When the general public were dismissed, and Beckford walked towards the cage, the lion stood

still, narrowly scrutinizing his movements. Beckford fixed his eyes steadily on him: the lion returned an equally steadfast gaze. After mutual investigation, the lion having taken his visitor's measure, and seeing that he did not quail before him, went up to him, lay on his back, fondled him, and putting forth his tongue, licked his hands till the skin was nearly rubbed off. Luckily no blood was drawn. From that day, go when he might, Beckford was sure of an affectionate welcome from the king of beasts. The good understanding existing between the lion and the Englishman became a subject of court gossip; and many years after, when Charles the Tenth was residing at Holyrood, he asked the Duchess of Hamilton whether her father still possessed the same power of eye over wild beasts which he had displayed in the case of the ferocious lion."

The first public medium from America who visited England, was Mrs. Haydon. Like many others, our author's attention was aroused by what he heard of her, and he wisely resolved to judge for himself as to the mysterious power she was alleged to possess. We present the account he gives of his—

VISIT TO MRS. HAYDON.

"1853, April 19.—I went up to London this day for the purpose of consulting my lawyers on a subject of some importance to myself, and having heard much of a Mrs. Haydon, an American lady, as a spiritual medium, I resolved, as I was in town, to discover her whereabouts, and judge of her gifts for myself. Accidentally meeting an old friend, Mr. H—, I asked him if he could give me her address. He told me that it was 22, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square. As he had never been in her company, and had a great wish to see her, and yet was unwilling to pay his guinea for the treat, I offered to frank him, if he would go with me. He did so gladly. Spirit-rapping has been so common since 1853, that I should only irritate my reader's patience by describing the conventional mode of communicating between the living and the dead. Since the above date I have seen very much of spirit-rapping, and though my organs of wonder are largely developed, and I have a weakness for the mystic and supernatural, yet I cannot say that I have ever witnessed any spiritual phenomena which were not explicable on natural grounds, except in the instance I am about to give, in which collusion appeared to be out of the question—the friend who accompanied me never having seen Mrs. Haydon, and she knowing neither his name nor mine. The following dialogue took place between Mrs. H. and myself.

" *Mrs. H.* 'Have you, Sir, any wish to communicate with the spirit of any departed friend?'

" *J. C. Y.* 'Yes.'

" *Mrs. H.* 'Be pleased then to ask your questions in the manner prescribed by the formula, and I daresay you will get satisfactory replies.'

" *J. C. Y.* (addressing himself to one invisible, yet supposed to be present.) 'Tell me the name of the person with whom I wish to communicate.' The letters, written down according to the dictation of the taps, when put together, spelt 'George William Young.'

" *J. C. Y.* 'On whom are my thoughts now fixed?'

" *Answer.* 'Frederick Winslow Young.'

" *J. C. Y.* 'What is he suffering from?'

" *Answer.* 'Tic doloureux.'

" *J. C. Y.* 'Can you prescribe anything for him?'

" *Answer.* 'Powerful mesmerism.'

" *J. C. Y.* 'Who should be the administrator?'

" *Answer.* 'Some one who has strong sympathy with the patient.'

" *J. C. Y.* 'Should I succeed?'

" *Answer.* 'No.'

" *J. C. Y.* 'Would my friend, here, succeed?'

" *Answer.* 'No.'

" *J. C. Y.* 'Who would?'

" *Answer.* 'Joseph Ries.' (A gentleman whom my uncle much respected.)

" *J. C. Y.* 'Have I lost any friend lately?'

" *Answer.* 'Yes.'

" *J. C. Y.* 'Who is it?' (I, thinking of a Miss Young, a distant cousin.)

" *Answer.* 'Christiana Lane.'

" *J. C. Y.* 'Can you tell me where I sleep to-night?'

" *Answer.* 'James B——'s, Esq., 9, Clarges Street.'

" *J. C. Y.* 'Where do I sleep to-morrow?'

" *Answer.* 'Colonel Waymouth's, 19, Upper Grosvenor Street.'

" I was so astounded by the correctness of the answers I received to my enquiries, that I told the gentleman who was with me that I wanted particularly to ask a question, to the nature of which I did not wish him to be privy, and that I should be obliged to him if he would go into the adjoining room for a few minutes. On his doing so, I resumed my dialogue with Mrs. Haydon.

" *J. C. Y.* 'I have induced my friend to withdraw, because I did not wish him to know the question I want to put; but I

am equally anxious that *you* should not know it either, and yet, if I understand rightly, no answer can be transmitted to me except through you. What is to be done under these circumstances?

"*Mrs H.* 'Ask your question in such form, that the answer returned shall represent by one word the salient idea in your mind.'

"*J. C. Y.* 'I will try. Will what I am threatened with take place?'"

"*Answer.* 'No.'

"*J. C. Y.* 'That is unsatisfactory. It is easy to say "Yes" or "No;" but the value of the affirmation or negation will depend on the conviction I have that you know what I am thinking of. Give me one word which shall show that you have the clue to my thoughts.'

"*Answer.* 'Will.'

"Now, a will, by which I had benefitted, was threatened to be disputed. I wished to know whether the threat would be carried out. The answer I received was correct."

"I could easily enlarge on this topic; for I have had a good deal of experience in spirit-rapping: but I think, and hope, that the public are weary of so unprofitable a subject. In mentioning my visit to Mrs. Haydon, I should be sorry to have it supposed that I attribute her singularly accurate replies to my questions to any supernatural agency. Though I cannot unravel the mystery, I am persuaded it is explicable. If I visit so expert a conjuror as Herr Frikell, I see him do many things that I cannot explain, and yet I never doubt that *he* could explain them—and others too. All I plead guilty to is *my* inability to account for an American lady—a total stranger, who knew neither my person nor my name—being not only familiar with the names of my friends and my own movements, but able to tell my thoughts. That there are certain occult physical forces, on which the media trade, I doubt not. And I must say, I think it is a pity that the subject which believers dignify with the title of Spiritualism, has not yet been taken up and investigated with calm impartiality by men of science. About eighteen months after my interview with Mrs. Haydon I told of it to Baron, then Chevalier, Bunsen, and Sir George Rose, at Mr. George Wagner's. They were, at first, disposed to treat the whole affair with ridicule; but, when they had heard all, they both of them declared their determination to visit Mrs. Haydon. Whether they did so or not I never heard; but, unless I have been misinformed, Baron Bunsen, Madame Bunsen, and her brother, became converts to the spiritualistic theory."

It is evident from our author's avowal, that he is not a very enthusiastic Spiritualist, and that possibly he would repudiate the name as applied to himself. It is however a little awkward that, whether they like it or no, persons sometimes become spirit mediums in spite of themselves, and this on one occasion at least, happened to our author; as we think is evident from what he relates of his own experience. He calls it—

STRANGE NOCTURNAL AUDITION.

"1851, November 13.—Being exhausted in body and un-hinged in mind by many nights' unremitting attendance on a relative who had been dangerously ill, my doctor insisted on my relinquishing my post to another, and going elsewhere for change of scene and air. As my invalid was convalescent, I felt no hesitation in obeying orders; and, therefore, went to Brighton to pass a few days with my father who was then residing in the Old Steyne.

"I arrived at his door on Tuesday, the 11th, in the evening, and retired early to bed, sanguine that, after so many sleepless vigils, I should enjoy a night of unbroken rest. I have always been blessed with a remarkable talent for sleep, generally losing consciousness as soon as my candle has been extinguished, and rarely recovering it till it has been time to rise. I was, therefore, the more surprised on this occasion at finding myself, within a couple of hours after I had retired, wide awake. I fancy this must have been about half-past eleven, because, half-an-hour after, I heard the clock on the stairs strike twelve. I ought to mention that, at night, in certain conditions of health, I have sometimes suffered from a morbid activity of memory, utterly destructive of sleep or even of tranquillity. At such times I have been pursued by one prevailing idea, which I have been unable to shake off; or been haunted by snatches of old airs, or harassed by the reiteration of one text of Scripture, and one only. It was not long ago that, after having drunk some very strong coffee, I lay awake for three hours, repeating, in spite of myself, over and over again, the following words from St. Peter's First Epistle, 'Whom having not seen, ye love: in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' By no exercise of ingenuity could I get rid of these words. I tried to substitute others in their place, but in vain. Well, it was under some such mental impression that, on waking up on Monday night last, I was possessed, as it were, by four mystic words, each of one syllable, conveying no more idea to my mind than if they were gibberish, and yet delivered with as much solemnity of tone, deliberation of manner, and pertinacity of sequence, as if

they were meant to convey to me some momentous intimation. They were all the more exciting that they were unintelligible, and apparently incapable of serving any ostensible purpose. They were accompanied by no vision. They were, if I may use such a word, an audition, and nothing more. I could not exclude them by putting cotton in my ears, for they came from within, and not from without. To try to supplant them by encouraging a fresh train of ideas was hopeless: my will and my reason were alike subservient to some irresistible occult force. The words which beset me were, 'Dowd'—'swell'—'pull'—'court'; and they were separated, as I have written them, into monosyllables; and were repeated with an incisive distinctness and monotonous precision which was distracting. I sat up in my bed and struck a light to make myself sure that I was awake, and not dreaming. All the while were reiterated, as if in a circle, the same wild words, 'Dowd'—'swell'—'pull'—'court.' I lay down again, and put out my candle: 'Dowd'—'swell'—'pull'—'court.' I turned on my left side: 'Dowd'—'swell'—'pull'—'court.' I turned to the right: 'Dowd'—'swell'—'pull'—'court.' I endeavoured, as a means of dispersing these evil spirits—for they began almost to assume the importance of spirits in my heated brain—to count sheep over a stile, but still, 'Dowd'—'swell'—'pull'—'court' rang in my ears and reverberated through my mind. I counted my respirations. In short, I had recourse to every imaginable conceit by which to woo sleep, and ward off my ghostly, verbal tormentors. I tried to call to mind all the people I cared for—then all the people I disliked. I tried to conjure up the recollection of all the murders or sensational incidents I had ever read or heard of, in the hope of diverting my thoughts into other channels; but in vain. I then began to analyse the signification of the words themselves. 'What,' said I to myself, 'can be the meaning of "Dowd"?' I never heard of such a word. I have heard of a bird called a "dodo," and I think there is one in the Zoological Gardens. I know the meaning of the verb "to swell;" and I am familiar with the slang substantive "a swell." I know the meaning of the verb "to court," and of the substantive "a court." There is no difficulty about the word "pull;" but what earthly connection can there be between these words, that they should be thus linked together, and addressed to me? Ah, I begin to discern the truth. I am trying to make sense out of nonsense. The painful scenes I have lately witnessed, while in attendance on my friend, have upset the balance of my brain, and I am going mad.' I had not pursued this train of melancholy reflection long, when I fell into a profound slumber, from which I was only aroused by my father's

voice summoning me to breakfast. I sprang out of bed, made a hasty toilet, and joined him. On his asking me how I had slept, I told him how curiously I had been disturbed in the night. My narrative inspired him with more of ridicule than of pity.

"About mid-day I paid a visit to the Miss Smiths, daughters of the late Horace Smith. I found Frederick Robertson, then in the zenith of his well-deserved fame, sitting with them, and engaged in somewhat transcendental talk, to which my entrance had put a stop. I told them I should withdraw unless they were kind enough to resume the thread of their argument. They did so; but, after a while, the conversation turned to Herr von Reichenbach's book, and his theory on the subject of Odic Force, then to the philosophy of dreams. As soon as there was a slight pause in the conversation, I repeated to them with avidity my nocturnal experience; but instead of its producing the effect I had expected on my auditors, it only provoked an interchange of quizzical looks between them which convinced me that, in oriental phrase, I had been eating dirt. I soon rose and took my leave. As soon as Robertson saw me rise, he took up his hat and stick and followed me: and when we had reached the door-step, he, who was always considerate of the feelings of others, perceiving that my vanity had been mortified by the silence with which my tale had been received, took my arm and said, 'My dear Young, I hope you will forgive me if I say, that I never before heard you tell anything so pointless as what you have just repeated to the Miss Smiths and myself.'

"'Ah,' said I, 'I perceived you thought so; but that does not alter my opinion. To me the whole thing is fraught with interest and mystery. I am sure that thereby hangs a tale. I only wish I knew it.'

"It was on Wednesday, the 12th, that these words passed between my friend Frederick Robertson and myself. On Thursday, the 13th, I walked into Folthorp's library to read the papers; and, as usual, ran my eye down the births, marriages, and deaths in *The Times*. As I came to the obituary, the following notice caught my sight:—

"'On Tuesday night, November the 11th, John E. Dowdswell, of Pull Court, Tewkesbury.' So that, certainly, on the selfsame night, and possibly, at the very time when I was haunted by his name and place of residence, his spirit might have quitted its earthly tabernacle, and winged its flight to its eternal home."

THE DEATH-CRY.

GUSTAV SELLEN, a German officer who fought in the Liberation War in Greece, was witness of a remarkable occurrence, which we relate in his own words :—

“ The war of freedom in Greece had brought together, with me, many very different friends of the same sentiments. This bond of friendship many battles and privations experienced in common had knit more closely together. We were at first five, namely, two Prussians, one Holsteiner; one Mecklenberger, and one Pole, who spoke excellent German. Later, Herr von W——, a Bavarian, joined us, to whom we all became much attached through his lively disposition and extraordinary bravery. In order still further to strengthen our friendship over a cup of good wine, we directed our steps towards a monastery not far off. We arrived in a gay mood at the house, and for a liberal payment we had good wine set out for us in an arbour. The Pole acted as our butler, and every one of us put forward our glasses to be filled without delay. The Bavarian was the last who was served, and no sooner did the wine pour into his glass than, without any visible cause, it broke asunder with a sharp ring. He, as well as the rest of us, was unpleasantly affected by this incident, especially as one of the Prussians regarded it as an ill omen.

“ We quickly, however, regained our good spirits, and as we had a fight soon after with the Turks, out of which we all of us, including W——, came safe, the circumstance was ere long forgotten.

“ Later we had occasion to enter a half-destroyed house to seek refuge from a storm. The inhabitants of the house, a Turk with his wife, three children and two servants, had been most savagely murdered in it, and the walls, the doors and the floor were still stained with their blood.

“ Notwithstanding this we were still glad of such a shelter, for the rain fell in torrents. The drinking vessels that we had brought with us were soon produced, our cups filled, and we were about to touch them together with wishes for good luck, when the door of the room burst open, preceded by a tremendous blow on the wooden latch which was fixed inside. Astonished, and to a certain degree alarmed, we set down our cups and sought the whole house through, but without discovering anything. There was no possible place in which any one could conceal himself; the house had neither cellar nor garret, and around it there was neither bush nor tree which had not been cut down, and every other abode was distant.

"We returned again to our places, but in a gloomy and disconcerted state of mind, and sipped our wine in silence round the hearth. Finally, we recovered our usual cheerfulness, and I cried, 'Let us have one cup to the prosperity of our enterprise, and victory in this just war of freedom!' Before, however, that one could touch glasses, the door again sprang open with a violent blow on the latch, and we once more rushed out to make the most active investigation, but again without any success. This repeated circumstance was to us the more inexplicable, because the door only opened from the inside, and without there was nothing to open it by.

"After a good while our hilarity returned, to which the liberal provision of wine, no doubt, contributed. 'Now,' cried the Pole, raising his glass, 'To our success in the approaching storming of Napoli!' But at the same instant the door sprang wide open with a still more violent blow, and our third search was as fruitless as the former ones.

"Herr von W——, always the most joyous amongst us, said, 'I will take care that the door *shall not* burst open!' and with these words, he bound the latch fast down to the staple, so that the sharpest sword could scarcely have cut it through with a blow. We now resumed our carouse in high spirits, but still had a little reluctance to give a toast. Yet, towards morning, this timidity had vanished, and the Mecklenberger, raising his glass, cried, 'To the happy return of us all to our Fatherland!' In the same moment, we heard a hollow-sounding blow on the door as if it would split it, and the name of Herr von W——, the Bavarian, called out.

"On hearing this, he turned pale, and none of us doubted that this four-times repeated disturbance at the giving of a toast must have a supernatural cause. The wine gave us no further pleasure; we rolled ourselves up in our cloaks, and endeavoured to sleep, but with only indifferent success. We could not free ourselves of this uncanny feeling till the sun had risen sufficiently to warm us well.

"The storming of Napoli, which we had celebrated in the anticipation in one of our toasts, took place three days afterwards, and it was attributed to the cowardice of the Greeks only that we were repulsed. This enterprise occasioned little loss, but in this was, unhappily included Herr von W——, who was struck at the very commencement of the attack by three balls, and died a few minutes afterwards in my arms. The circumstance of the Death-call which was made on Herr von W——, became universally known, and no Greek, from that time, would ever enter into that house."

W. H.

A FITTING REBUKE TO A FOOLISH PROFESSOR.

PROFESSOR ALLEN THOMSON, in his Presidential Address to the Biological Section of the British Association, made an intemperate and wholly irrelevant attack on Spiritualism, a subject with which we have good reason to know he is but very little acquainted. As remarked by a contemporary:—He “has never seen any spiritual manifestations, but has witnessed some of those obscure and abnormal mesmeric phenomena which sometimes develop themselves in connection with hospital patients.”

His impertinent and offensive dogmatism was so marked, as to call forth the following leading article in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* of August 10th. It is a fitting rebuke to the ignorance and presumption of this foolish and insolent Professor.

“PROFESSOR ALLEN THOMSON ON SPIRITUALISM.

“To the phenomena of Spiritualism so called, we have accidentally been led to give a little attention. We have looked into them with our own eyes, and have otherwise been at some pains to seek for information on the subject. Our attitude towards them remains as at first, that of a very resolute sceptic; but as we do not profess to be scientific, we assume no airs of omniscience, and are disposed to think it just *possible* that, strange and *bizarre* as it may seem, the thing may have really some lurking truth in it. It is *possible* it may be true; and if so, it is possible there might be evidence to prove it. It is alleged that there *is* such evidence; and a calm and dispassionate inquiry as to the value of the evidence adduced would not seem to us the least irrational. To Professor Allen Thomson, of Glasgow, the matter presents itself otherwise; and he adjudges that nobody but a maniac would seriously concern himself with inquiry into any such matter. Of Professor Thomson we desire to write with all the respect that is his due. His address, the other day delivered, seems on the whole of fairly respectable merit. As an anatomist he is favourably known in the west of Scotland; and in medical circles it is, we believe, understood that he has done something not inconsiderable to elucidate the functions of the midriff. Of the midriff, indeed, his knowledge is known to be minute; and, as the way of your man of science is, he considers that on this ground he is entitled to legislate in other branches of which he knows next to nothing. With Spiritualism, for instance, he was not in the least called upon to meddle; but in one section of his address he chose to rush upon the subject, and this only

to exhibit the depth of his ignorant prejudice. His remarks are nearly throughout entirely futile and foolish. By men as uninstructed as himself they may possibly be held profound; but people who have practically even touched the subject (though perhaps no more *believing* than he) will set them aside at once, as merely so much idle drivel. Some little practical acquaintance with the subject Professor Thomson does, indeed, in one sentence claim. 'I have myself been fully convinced of this' (to wit, of the underlying imposture) 'by repeated examinations.' No detail of these is, however, as yet before the public. Our columns are frankly open to Dr. Allen Thomson. We shall be happy to print the details if he will send us them; and we don't in the least doubt we shall find in them simply some such *farrago* of loose ineptitudes as we lately had occasion to expose in a paper 'On Science and Spirits,' by the eminent Professor Tyndall.

"In concluding a treatise which, as we sufficiently showed, it is ridiculous to call 'scientific,' Dr. Tyndall decisively observes—'The present promoters of spiritual phenomena divide themselves into two classes—one of which *needs no demonstration*, while the other is beyond the reach of proof. The victims like to believe, and they do not like to be undeceived.' The knaves who deceive and the fools their victims—such, according to Dr. Tyndall, is an exhaustive classification of the adherents of Spiritualism so called. This is also the view of Dr. Allen Thomson; and he even goes a little farther. He has what we must call, *sans phrase*, the stupid audacity to assert that no course of inquiry into the matter can 'deserve the name of study or investigation!' He admits, indeed, that 'a few men of acknowledged reputation in some departments of science have surrendered their judgments to these foolish dreams;' but as he speaks of them as '*otherwise* appearing to be within the bounds of sanity,' his implication against them is direct of *insanity* as to all that regards this matter. To merely mention one or two of the men whom Dr. Thomson, if he could, would consign to straight waistcoats apiece, will of itself be sufficient to convict him of such a positive outrage of silly impertinence, as might almost suggest for himself the treatment he would apply to others. A little work lies before us entitled *The Scientific Aspect of the Supernatural*, in which the fullest belief in Spiritualism is set forth, and along with this a conviction of its profound religious importance. The author is the well-known Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, of whom Dr. Allen Thomson may possibly some time have heard. Mr. Wallace is, we believe, at this day recognised as a scientific naturalist, second only to Mr. Darwin. By consequence he is no fool; there seems no

reason to suspect him a knave ; and we are not aware that his sanity—save implicitly by Dr. Allen Thomson—has ever been called in question. Moreover, Mr. Wallace in his little book gives a considerable list of men, more or less intellectually eminent, and whose *bona fides* is not to be questioned, who have distinctly proclaimed or admitted themselves convinced of the genuineness of these phenomena. Let us indicate one or two of these. The late Professor De Morgan gave much attention to the subject, and, in point of fact, published a book upon it under the title, *From Matter to Spirit ; the Result of Ten Years' Experience in Spirit Manifestations*.* Professor De Morgan's careful inquiry, prosecuted over ten years, Professor Thomson in one second disposes of, as we saw, as 'not deserving the name of study or investigation.' The insolent dogmatism of this is really so absurd and amusing, that it ceases to have matter of offence in it.

"Another instance. Professor Challis, of Cambridge, received the other day, along with Professor Allen Thomson, the highest honour which our ancient University can bestow. It would be a little invidious to enquire curiously which of the two men our University authorities would have adjudged the more eminently entitled to the honour. Professor Challis thus writes, after a careful examination of 'the testimony to such facts:'—'It is such as I have been unable to resist. . . . In short, the testimony has been so abundant and consentaneous, that either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up.' But, according to his brother LL.D. *Edinensis*, his careful examination of testimony 'does not deserve the name of study or investigation!' Comment is, of course, unnecessary.

"Other such instances might be multiplied from the list supplied by Mr. Wallace. To Dr. Huggins it is obvious to refer, who, along with Professor Allen Thomson, received, like Professor Challis, the LL.D. degree. Dr. Thomson would not perhaps himself consider his merely respectable reputation as comparable to that of Dr. Huggins ; and Dr. Huggins, though careful and guarded in his admission, *does* very frankly admit the inexplicable character of the phenomena which he witnessed along with Mr. Crookes, and the necessity for farther investigation. The investigation which Dr. Huggins pleads for would not, according to Dr. Allen Thomson, be held, however strictly

* It was the Preface only to this work that was written by Professor De Morgan. The work was written by the wife of the Professor. The important evidence given by him in this Preface we have had more than one occasion to quote.—ED. S. M.

conducted, to be even 'deserving of the name.' Mr. Crookes, again, is very well known as a chemist, and we know what he thinks of the phenomena. Lord Lindsay is also very well known as intelligently concerning himself with scientific enquiries. He has been at great pains to test Mr. Home's claims, and is thoroughly convinced of their validity. Will Professor Allen Thomson, on the ground that he knows a thing or two about the midriff, have the hardihood to oppose his mere insolent dogmatic denial to the case for serious enquiry which seems to be fairly made out by the *consensus* of such men as those enumerated, and of others who might readily be cited, certainly not inferior to *him* in the matter of scientific accomplishment? If so, we shall know what to think alike of his sense and his modesty.

"We have felt constrained to write as above, not in the interest of any belief which these phenomena, if found genuine, might accredit, but simply in rebuke of that spirit of overweening dogmatism which is a positive disgrace to any man calling himself scientific, and which is here exhibited by Professor Thomson in a state of most rabid development. In the face of such strange facts as those alleged, scepticism of a severe and uncompromising kind is the only rational attitude. Scepticism is, however, one thing; dogmatic *denial* on a mere ground of *strangeness* in the facts, as unconformed to scientific preconception or prejudice, is a thing totally different. There is evidence throughout Dr. Allen Thomson's deliverance on this subject, that if asked to define the difference, he would be helplessly at a loss to do so, the distinction not existing in his mind. This may be held to give us the accurate measure of Dr. Allen Thomson, considered as a scientific intelligence."

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AND MR. WILLIAM CROOKES.

MR. WILLIAM CROOKES, F.R.S., sent in a long paper, containing about sixteen pages of closely written matter, to Section A of the British Association, in which he told how, among other experiments, he had made the raps register the vibrations they set up in a sounding surface by means of a self-recording instrument. Section A referred the paper to a committee to decide whether it should be read. Professor Stokes, in his reply to Mr. Crookes, wrote:—"The subject

seems to be investigated in a philosophical spirit, and I do not see the explanation of the result of the first class of experiments, while at the same time I am not prepared to give in my adhesion without a thorough sifting by more individuals than one. I don't see much use discussing the thing in the sections, crowded as we already are: but if a small number of persons in whom the public would feel confidence choose to volunteer to act as members of a committee for investigating the subject, I don't see any objection to appointing such committee. I have heard too much of the tricks of Spiritualists to make me willing to give my time to such a committee myself." Professor Tait also rashly committed himself against Spiritualism at the British Association—a striking, though unconscious illustration of the ignorance he deplores. Is it not strange that professors of science, usually so cautious and reticent, should on this subject be so reckless, and talk so wildly, substituting denunciation for investigation? Surely, the sober statements of distinguished scientists that they are receiving proofs under scientific test conditions of an intelligent force hitherto unrecognised by science, are, at least, deserving of better treatment than they have received at the British Association for the Advancement of Science. We understand that Mr. Crookes has sent in a paper to the Royal Society, giving a detailed account of his experimental investigation of the "psychic force." Will that learned body allow him to read it? We shall see.

ABOUT FIFTY CASES OF LEVITATION ON RECORD.

The *British Medical Journal*, of July 15th and 22nd, has a leading article entitled "Spiritualism Tested." It is not written for the confirmed Spiritualists, but for the benefit of the experienced medical practitioner, and of those who are halting between two opinions. The case of the Spiritualist is given over as desperate, and beyond all hope of cure. "It is as useless and as hopeless to argue with a confirmed Spiritualist as with a confirmed maniac." The article is based on an American work, and is a re-hash of the old insufficient theories of "sleight-of-hand, hallucination," "hypnotism," "hysteria," and the like, about which so much has been often written, and to little purpose. The only sentences in the article worth quoting are the following:—"Long before the present spiritualistic era cases are recorded in which persons have been raised from the ground without the aid of material agencies. Philostratus, who lived in the latter part of the second century, states in his *Life of Apollonius of Tyana*, who flourished about a hundred years

earlier, that this philosopher saw the Brahmins of India rise in the air to the height of two cubits and walk there without earthly support. . . . On the whole, there are about fifty cases of levitation on record, a large proportion of them occurring among the saints of the Roman Catholic Church."

THE FAREWELL MEETING TO EMMA HARDINGE

Was in every respect a success. More than six hundred persons were present. The chair was occupied by Mr. Gerald Massey, and was, we believe, his first public appearance on a Spiritualist platform. His address was so well received, that he has been induced to revise it for publication as a separate pamphlet. Mrs. Hardinge spoke with her usual eloquence. Mr. Peebles presented salutations and greetings from various eminent Spiritualists in America to the Spiritualists of England. Works of art, books, spirit drawings, paintings and direct writings were exhibited, some choice vocal and instrumental music was tastefully executed, and an address, accompanied with a substantial testimonial, were presented to Mrs. Hardinge, in token of appreciation of her eminent services.

SPIRITUALISTS NOT "ENTITLED TO RANK AS A SECT."

Some of the newspapers, in reporting the Farewell Meeting to Mrs. Hardinge, profess to regard it as an indication that "Spiritualists are now entitled to rank as a sect." We hope not. The aim of Spiritualism is not to found a sect, but to demonstrate a truth—the truth of human immortality—a truth which lies at the root of all religions, and is professed by all sects, and by vast numbers unattached to any sect. But however reasonable the belief, it has hitherto been held as a faith; not demonstrated as a fact, as it is now demonstrated by Modern Spiritualism. To make this the basis of a sect, would then be alike a misapprehension of its nature, and a perversion of its spirit. It is not sectarian, but catholic; and any attempt, and by whomsoever made, to identify it exclusively with any set of opinions or persons would be a mistake, arising either from an inadequate conception and imperfect grasp of the subject, or from the blinding effect of party spirit. By all means let Spiritualists associate to promote what they know to be a truth of so great magnitude, and to strengthen the hands of those who work for it; but let them not make the fatal blunder of adding another to the already too many sects with which we are unhappily afflicted. No; we recognise and insist

on the important bearings of Spiritualism on religion, as on history, philosophy, science, art—on every department of human life; but we must disclaim what seems intended as a compliment:—Spiritualists are *not* “entitled to rank as a sect,” and we hope they never will be.

THE LOSS OF THE “CONTINENTAL.”

A Mazarian correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle* writes:—“A sensation of importance to Spiritualists has excited the public mind ever since the loss of the ‘Continental.’ A clairvoyant physician, an American, lately arrived in this city, and practising his profession, had a vision on the night the steamer was wrecked. In the vision he saw an old woman, who appeared at his bedside, evidently greatly afflicted. At first he was startled, but soon calmed down, and asked the ghost what caused her sorrow. She wrote on the wall that the ‘Continental’ had just foundered, and that a number of passengers had perished. The old lady was particular in stating that the wreck took place off Cape Lucas. Next morning, the doctor was so strongly impressed that he told many of his friends. His friends could not keep the secret, and so reports of the wreck spread rapidly throughout the city, and every person who had relatives and friends on board was wondering whether the clairvoyant was right or wrong. Such a strong hold did the reports take upon the public mind, that the authorities had the doctor arrested, and fined 35 dollars as a disturber of the peace and possessed of the devil. The Spiritualists of the city were somewhat indignant, but the authorities heeded no protests, and exacted the fine. Shortly after these events, news arrived from Cape St. Lucas, *viâ* La Paz, of the wreck of the ‘Continental,’ and the news confirmed in every particular the story of the clairvoyant.”

THE LOVING MINISTRY OF THE DEAD.

It is little we know of that unseen world; it is little that we can know, while we are shrouded in the garments of the flesh; but one thing we do know—one thing must be true, apart from all evidence or experience—that if there is a future life at all for us and for our brothers who have lived here, there must be opportunities in that life for the carrying out of enterprises compared with which everything done or attempted here must be regarded as insignificant. We sometimes speak of the peaceful dead: they may be peaceful; but so long as this poor earth sends to the unseen world its armies of inexperienced

pilgrims—the halt, the lame, the blind, the debased, the violent, as well as the beautiful, the gentle, the wise, and the pure—so long as countless millions of spirits have to be received on that other shore, our wise and beautiful, our strong and noble brothers will not want for work. Nay, so long as we have to be waited for by them—yes, and prepared for too—they will serve God in practical work day and night.

I am not discussing now the question whether there is another world at all, and whether death is the ignoble end of all our hopes. I am taking for granted the sublime fact of some kind of continued existence; and I say our consolation is that if our beloved ones are alive at all they must be engaged in glorious enterprises for teaching the spirits who go from this scene in a state of ignorance, for uplifting spirits that grovel in hopeless bewilderment, for taking care of little children who leave us, and, if necessary, to restrain the violent and the cruel. I may be foolish for expecting another life at all, and it may be only a weak delusion that I think our absent ones are still alive; but it seems to me that the opposite opinion is founded on nothing but the sufficiently degraded and degrading idea, that because we can only see dust and ashes, therefore only dust and ashes exist. To believe in God is, to me, an imperative necessity. I could not look upon this world, I could not look at the worlds that float around ours, I could not be conscious of the amazing order, unity, beauty and harmony of things—above all, I could not hold converse with my intellect and heart, or respect the intellect and heart of the race, and then doubt Him even though I tried. And if He is, He may well be trusted not to fling this beautiful world of souls away—rearing, by painful discipline, millions of noble and loving souls, only to drop them into the dust just when they have begun to ripen and are worth something to their Creator. To say, then, that the grave is the ending-place of the beautiful souls that have been trained here, seems to me a kind of moral insanity: it is to say that earth has somehow been constructed as a stage for the acting of a mere play—a play which in truth would then be the ghastliest of all tragedies—the tragedy of a fearful waste and of a hideous deception.

If then, the great, the good, the beautiful souls of our forerunners live, what may we expect? I expect to find that, all these years, my good father has been doing noble work on the side of good,—that he has been an uplifter, a comforter, and a guide to the souls who have passed into that world, full of trouble, sin, ignorance, or fear; I expect, moreover, to find that he has not been forgetting those he left behind, and that when I see him again I shall find that he has been doing what

Jesus Christ said he was going to do for his dear ones,—“I go to prepare a place for you.” I believe that our departed friend, if he is alive at all in that immortal world, is alive as a man, delivered from the flesh with its limitations and its pains, but a man, strong and beautiful; one who, being himself a spiritual existence, is at the source of all life,—is in fact, among the essence of things while we are still dealing with their manifestations. If, then, he still lives, with all his mental, moral, and loving characteristics, his sympathies will lead him to the society of the noble, the just, the beneficent, and the good: he will gravitate, by a spiritual law, into his own society; he will join the armies that must long have been sublimely active in the cause of benevolence, light, and truth; he will do good service in teaching, consoling, encouraging, and guiding the poor sickly souls we are daily sending into that unseen world; and he will think of those who were dearest to him by ties of kindred or of home: if he can he will serve them while they remain *here*, but, in any case, he will prepare for their journey and their arrival there. It will only be for a little while, dear friends, and then these veils will be taken away, these broken ties will be re-united, these dear vanished faces will be seen again, and the old voices will greet us, when *we* pass through the dark valley—“Do not fear, beloved one, we are all here, waiting for you,—brothers and sisters, parents and children,—we are all here.”—*From a Sermon by the Rev. J. Page Hopps, in Memory of Albert Zamorski.*

CHARLES DICKENS ON THE NEW TESTAMENT AND THE
TEACHINGS OF CHRIST.

In 1861, I unexpectedly received from Mr. Dickens a letter of thanks for a paper published at the time, in which I had endeavoured to point out the service his books had done to Christian morality. This led to a correspondence, in the course of which Mr. Dickens made some statements of his views in regard to Christ and his teaching, which have peculiar interest now. In the article referred to I had taken occasion to criticise his treatment of professing Christians, expressing the opinion that, while he had dealt with hypocrites as they deserved, he had not, on the other side, given us amongst his good people any specimens of earnest Christianity, to show that Christian profession may be marked and yet sincere, and that so far his representations of Christianity were gravely defective. In reference to this point, Mr. Dickens wrote: “I have so strong an objection to mere professions of religion, and to the audacious

interposition of vain and ignorant men between the sublime simplicity of the New Testament and the general human mind to which our Saviour addressed it, that I urge that objection as strongly and as positively as I can. In my experience, true practical Christianity has been very much obstructed by the conceit against which I protest." In reference to his treatment of true Christianity, he said:—"With a deep sense of my great responsibility always upon me when I exercise my art, one of my most constant and most earnest endeavours has been to exhibit in all my good people some faint reflections of the teachings of our great Master, and unostentatiously to lead the reader up to those teachings as the great source of all moral goodness. All my strongest illustrations are derived from the New Testament; all my social abuses are shown as departures from its spirit; all my good people are humble, charitable, faithful, and forgiving. Over and over again, I claim them in express words as disciples of the Founder of our religion; but I must admit that to a man (or woman) they all arise and wash their faces, and do not appear unto men to fast. Furthermore, I devised a new kind of book for Christmas years ago (which has since been imitated all over England, France, and America), absolutely impossible, I think, to be separated from the exemplification of the Christian virtues, and the inculcation of the Christian precepts. In every one of those books there is an express text preached on, and that text is always taken from the lips of Christ." In a subsequent letter he said:—"Your exposition of my feeling on the subject of our correspondence is correct, but it requires this addition: I hold our Saviour to be the model of all goodness, and I assume that, in a Christian country where the New Testament is accessible to all men, all goodness must be referred back to its influence. While I ask no man how he settles for himself questions of theology (on which it is easy for any number of men to say they are agreed, but very difficult for any two men to be really agreed), I should most certainly ask myself if I wronged any one how that default was to be reconciled with the precepts of Christianity." In the same letter he says:—"My reverence for the Divine Preacher of the Sermon on the Mount is not a feeling of to-day. I married very young, and had a large family of children. All of them, from the first to the last, have had a little version of the New Testament that I wrote for them, read to them long before they could read, and no young people can have had an earlier knowledge of, or interest in that book. It is an inseparable part of their earliest remembrance." With loving hand, now that he is gone, I bring back this garland of his own to lay upon his tomb.—"*Home and Abroad*," by David Macrae, Glasgow.

AMERICAN NEGRO SPIRITUALISM.

Many of the negroes attach great importance to visions. "De Master teaches ve poor coloured folk in dat way," said an old woman in Montgomery, "for ve hasn't edication, and ve can't read His blessed word for ourselves."

The child-like simplicity of their faith is another striking feature of their religious character. An old black woman in Norfolk, came in a ragged condition to one of the female missionaries, who was distributing clothes to the destitute, and begged a pair of shoes. The lady told her, with regret, that the shoes were all gone.

"Oh, no, honey, not all," said the old woman, "dere must be some left. I prayed my Jesus dis mornin' for shoes, and the voice came in my heart and said, 'Ask and it is given you!'"

The lady said she was sorry, but she had given the last pair away that morning. The old woman said, with a look of distress, "I did think my Jesus would have give me shoes to-day."

There was an unopened box in the place, so the lady got the lid off it, to see if any shoes were there. She had searched half way through it, and was ready to give up, when near the bottom, she found two or three pairs, one of them just the size. The old woman, when she got them on, wept for joy. She said she knew it would be so, for Jesus had promised.

They have great faith in the efficacy of prayer. A good woman, (Aunt Mary) whom I met at the Beech Institute, Savannah, and who gave me a glowing account of the day when Sherman's army came and set the slaves free, said to the teachers, "We know'd it was a-comin', 'cos ve prayed so for it. 'Specs ve so tormented de Lord, He was obleeged to send Massa Sherman dis yur way."—"*The Americans at Home*," by David Macrae.

LIFE SAVED BY A PRESENTIMENT.

Mr. Edward Pickering, the well-known railway contractor, who was among the passengers on board the Greek Company's steamer "Economia," which exploded recently near Spezzia, with a loss of upwards of forty lives, owed his life to a presentiment which induced him to land, with his man-servant, at a small island called Poros a few minutes prior to the accident.—*Globe*.

MR. ROBERT DALE OWEN'S NEW WORK,

The Debateable Land between the Two Worlds, will be published simultaneously in London and Philadelphia about the beginning of October, and is expected to excite considerable attention alike in literary and scientific circles.

Correspondence.

AN ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF SPIRIT DRAWINGS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

20, Delamere Crescent, W.

SIR,—As my Exhibition of Spirit Drawings is on the eve of closing, will you kindly allow me to make a few observations upon your suggestion in the June number, as to the possibility of its preparing the way for more extended Exhibitions of the same nature, where the works of many different mediums might be brought before the eye of the public. I earnestly hope the idea may be taken up by some of those who understand the management of the necessary details, so that we may add one more to the societies of artists already formed, and I am sure that the numerous varieties of style among drawing mediums would ensure a considerable amount of interest in such an exhibition; and if it could be held annually, there would be a great incitement for every medium to pursue the development of his separate phase of art, so that each year should evince a decided progress. Spirit guides also would be anxious to do their utmost, and thus many new thoughts might find expression.

I think the Gallery I have had would be very suitable for the purpose, as it is well lighted, and the situation is good; perhaps too, the gentleman, who has acted as my manager might undertake the secretaryship of the society; but all that would remain for after consideration.

In my case it certainly has not been a financial success; indeed, I have been a considerable loser, but I do not think the result would be the same if it were taken up by a society of Spiritualists, for the members would do their part by visiting the gallery themselves, and inducing their friends to do so, whereas the larger proportion of my visitors have been those who know scarcely anything of the subject, but generally speaking they have been deeply interested in the spiritual teachings embodied in the catalogue, so that I have ample reason to believe that in the vital purpose of the exhibition, the success has been far beyond what I could have hoped. There have also been many who have been so much struck with the harmonies of colour and novelties of manipulation, that they have come again and again to study the drawings, and to learn some of the working details, the specialities of which have been best appreciated by artists, some of whom have resolved to try how far they could avail themselves of the new methods in their own work.

We may also hope that each year will diminish the preju-

dice against Spiritualism; and now I have ventured to break the ice, it would be a pity to allow the waters to freeze over it again.

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

[We hope the suggestion of our correspondent will meet with favourable consideration. That there is abundant material for an occasional, if not annual, exhibition of the kind is shown, not only by her own Exhibition at Old Bond Street, but by the numerous works of spirit art exhibited at the recent meeting at St. George's Hall, and others that are in various hands. It may be presumed that the owners of these would in the majority of instances willingly lend them for such a purpose, if satisfied that due care would be taken of them; and every year adds to the number of these drawings, &c. Between this and next spring, there is ample time to make all the necessary arrangements for such an Exhibition.—ED.]

CRYSTAL VISIONS.

The *Spiritual Magazine* for November, 1866, contained information about this form of mediumship, especially with reference to Lancashire. *The Zoist* contained an article by Mr. F. Hockley upon the subject, which deserves perusal still. The punishment for this offence in the middle ages was severe. In 1465, William Byg, who had previously practised at Greenwich as a fortune-teller, was earning his livelihood by recovering stolen property through the aid of a crystal, and was thus punished. He was ordered to walk at the head of a procession in the Cathedral Church of York, holding a lighted torch in his right hand, and a rod, with his books hanging to it by a string, in his left hand. A paper, inscribed with the words "Ecce Sortilegus," was to be affixed to his head. On his breast and back two other sheets of paper were to be placed, each bearing the words, "Invoker Spirituum," while his shoulders were to be decorated with similar ornaments, charged with the title of "Sortilegus."

He was then to recant his misdemeanors, and commit his books to the flames. This recantation of error was to be made in the parish churches of Pontefract, Barnsley, Doncaster, and Rotherham. This punishment was slight, as the culprit had implicated persons of rank and influence, who had consulted him, and who feared discovery. In *Sir H. Ellis's Letters*, 3rd series, vol. iii., p. 41, is one from the Abbot of Abingdon to Secretary Cromwell under Henry VIII., stating that he had taken a priest into custody, "a suspecte parson," and "certeyn bokes of conjurations in the whiche ys conteyned many conclusions of that worke, as finding out of tresure hydde, consecrating of ryngs with stones in theyme, and consecrating of a crystal stone, wherein a chylde shall lookke and see many things." In the *Claricala Solomonis, filii David*, published in Holland some two hundred years since, rules are contained for charging crystals solemnly.

In Douglas's *Nenia Britannica*, a crystal discovered in a Kentish barrow is engraved. It resembles Dr. Dee's Holy Stone, stated to be in the British Museum. At the dispersion of the Strawberry Hill Collection in 1842, Dr. Dee's crystal is stated to have passed into the hands of a Mr. Strong of Bristol, or of Mr. Smythe Pigott, being a disc of polished cannel-coal in a leather case, formerly in the cabinets of the Mordaunts, Earls of Peterborough. Quartz crystals are still used by the coradjes, priests of Van Diemen's Land, as sacred stones (see Mitchell's *Australia*, vol. ii., p. 338). In Vallancey's *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*, vol. iv., p. 20, the Liath Meisicith or magical stone, which drew down the *logh* or spiritual fire, upon the Druidical sacrifices, is engraved.

I do not believe there is more certainty in this form of divination than in any other. Each should be taken for what it may be worth.

London, July, 1871.

CHR. COOKE.