

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1872.

THE SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPH CONTROVERSY.

THE last number of the *Spiritualist* again repeats its statements as to a large number of these photographs being spurious, but, as before, without furnishing any proofs. And how recklessly some of these statements are made, and how little credence is to be attached to them when unsupported by proof, will be evident from one or two examples. Our contemporary says we "write critical articles about photographs we have never taken the trouble to go and see." Now, if this were true, which it is not, how could the writer know it? Is he always at Mr. Hudson's studio, or have his investigations there been limited, as we understand, to a single visit? We have not only seen, but have in our possession probably a more extensive collection of these portraits than he seems to have any idea of. Again, he says, "It is also to be regretted that he innocently goes for all the information he wants to Messrs. Herne and Williams, and prints what they tell him without investigation." So far from going to Messrs. Herne and Williams for all the information we want, we have never been to them for any information. With Mr. Herne we have had *no* communication on the subject, and our communication with Mr. Williams has been limited to the occasion when he called on us and left the letter published in our last number. We then asked him if Mr. Pycock would not put his statement in writing, that it might be beyond dispute; but he said Mr. Pycock had declined to do this, as the editor of the *Spiritualist* was his personal friend, but that he was willing to confirm verbally the statement he had that afternoon made to him. Mr. Pycock has now written a letter, which appears in our contem-

porary, denying that he made the statements attributed to him by Mr. Williams, and that he had determined to have nothing further to do with these charges. We leave it to Mr. Williams, when he returns to England, to settle this account with Mr. Pycock, as well as to dispose of other matters upon which it is not our business to enter.

Our contemporary repeats that "the *Spiritual Magazine* sets up the desperate defence that spirits put the many marks of double exposure on Mr. Hudson's plates." The *Spiritual Magazine* has used no such language; to say that the appearances in question are "put there" by spirits, would imply that they were placed there purposely, and by design. We no more affirm this than we would affirm that the likeness to the medium in the spirit-faces at the *séances* of Miss Florence Cook, which our contemporary reports is "put there" by spirits, though we are told that the spirit Katie says, that when they begin making these faces they are as much like the medium as pieces of jelly turned out of the same mould. So we are told by the editor in reporting a private *séance*. "A visitor present watched the (spirit) lights, and said they were carried by hands, and drew therefrom, conclusions not particularly favourable to the medium. 'This is a common mistake with enquirers, as all Spiritualists know very well that materialised spirit-hands feel just the same as the hands of living human beings.'" If then it is necessary to exercise caution in drawing conclusions lest we fall into what is the "common mistake" of judging as to spirit-faces and spirit-hands, from first and superficial appearances, may not a little further experience and consideration teach our contemporary to extend the same wise caution to his conclusions as to spirit-photographs.

Here is an explanation given by one of the operating spirits themselves as to these much talked of marks of double exposure. "The appearances you see on my photograph are due to the spirit-aura. The success of our manifestations in these cases is to bring ourselves within the sphere of the sitter, and to amalgamate that sphere with our own. When rays of light pass through this mixed aura they are refracted, and often cause things to be apparent on the plate which we cannot account for. You will know better about these things by-and-bye."*

We are told by the *Spiritualist* that "the 'ghost' in the now celebrated picture of the double of Mr. Herne is not himself, but his brother 'Willie,'" is another "desperate defence set up" by the *Spiritual Magazine*. It is not our defence but that of the spirit himself, who appeared in *propria persona* to a room full of

* *Human Nature*, October, page 448.

people, and said audibly to all, "I am Willy Herné, brother to the medium. It is I who appeared on the plate." Our contemporary in this, as in the matter of "double exposure," is however better informed, and so contradicts and corrects the spirits. We are stupid enough to think the spirits know their own business best, and to prefer the explanations of those who *know* to that of those who only *fancy* that they know.

Some months ago Mr. Hudson, against whom in certain quarters a strong professional *animus* existed, was under its influence threatened with a prosecution on account of these spirit-photographs. After consulting his solicitors, Mr. Hudson issued the following notice: "In consequence of threats of prosecution for witchcraft, cheating, &c., and remembering the sufferings of Mr. Mumler, by the advice of my solicitors, I will not guarantee them as spirit-photographs; I leave the sitters to form their own conclusions. I will have no controversy." In the last and previous number of the *Spiritualist* the words are quoted from this statement—"I will not guarantee them as spirit-photographs;" the context being entirely omitted. Is this quite fair?

Dr. Ferguson, on behalf of the Davenports, constantly said at their public *séances*, "We do not say that these things are done by spirits; we do not say how they are done. We are simply exhibitors of facts, and we leave you to form your own conclusions." Yet we are not aware that even the silliest and most rabid of the opposition journals ever construed this into an admission of imposture, as our contemporary does in the case of Mr. Hudson. Surely, that gentleman is not called upon to decide for his sitters whether the photographs on which a double figure appears are produced by "spirit-power," or "psychic force," or "od force," or any other force. On these he very properly, we think, says he leaves his sitters to form their own conclusions. All that he can be expected to guarantee is that they are genuine, and if our contemporary only wants that assurance he may be easily contented. The statement that we have "guaranteed" these or any spirit-photographs is not true; we have simply pointed out that the charges of imposture in the case are not proven; and as to the value of the evidence volunteered on the other side, like Mr. Hudson, we leave our readers to form their own conclusions.

Our contemporary, in a former number, referred us to Mr. Guppy as a great authority in this matter. Accordingly we called on that gentleman to learn his *latest views* on the subject and the *grounds* of them. But though he received us with his usual courtesy, he declined to enlighten us on the point; from him we could elicit nothing. Mrs. Guppy, however, was not so

reticent; she said: "I at first was very indignant, I believed that Hudson had cheated on the authority of a person whom I now know to be utterly unworthy of credit. I am now satisfied that these photographs are genuine, and that some of us will have to eat a good deal of dirt over this business." In speaking of the alleged double exposure, Mrs. Guppy reminded us that on the plate which Mr. Slater took with him to Mr. Hudson's, and on which a "fine spirit-figure" was obtained, he taking the picture with his own camera, there were yet stronger marks of apparent double exposure than perhaps on any other. It is very well for our contemporary to call for copies of the picture obtained by Mr. Russell on which marks of double exposure appeared with only a single exposure. This plate he will see, by reference to Mr. Russell's letter, "is disfigured by a streak across it, caused by a double film of collodion." Perhaps it is on this account that copies of it have not been printed; but if the negative is preserved we venture to say it will *not* be withheld from examination." But why has our contemporary overlooked the photograph taken by Mr. Slater and the statement of Dr. Dixon, that along with an undoubted portrait of his spirit-son there are clear marks of (apparent) double, if not treble exposure? The plate is in possession of Mr. Henry Dixon, photographer, Albany Street. There are two other plates on which Dr. D. appears, and which he therefore asked to be allowed to keep, which also exhibit according to Mr. H. Dixon, "photographic" marks of more than one exposure, but which bear incontestable evidence of being genuine spirit-photographs.

We have, however, no wish to prolong this controversy which time and fuller knowledge must soon render obsolete. Our contemporary concedes the genuineness of some at least of these portraits. It says, "We know that all along Mr. Hudson has produced a certain proportion of real spirit-pictures." Similarly, spirit-pictures have been obtained by many photographers, professional and amateur, and in many lands. That is the one valuable fact for the world that will remain when all our squabbles and scandals are forgotten. For the rest we can afford to wait, and if we cannot agree, at least agree to differ.*

One feature in these photographs—the spirit-drapery—is of much interest, and that our readers might have the best information on this point, we applied to a gentleman who has given to it special attention, and he has kindly favoured us with the following article.

* In reference to some correspondence which came too late for insertion in our last number, and which now appears in the *Spiritualist*, see notices on wrapper.

SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS AND SPIRIT-DRAPERY.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Sir,—You asked me to give you what information I have been able to gather from my own experience and from what I have noticed of the recent manifestations of the spiritual drapery. I have written an account, skimming over the phenomena that I have witnessed at several *séances*, but to suit the object desired by you, I think it wise to take these phenomena collaterally with those of the spiritual photographs, obtained through the mediumship of Mr. Hudson combined with the power of other physical mediums, notably Messrs. Herne and Williams, through whom now and for some time past these special manifestations I have referred to have occurred.

The development of power! How strikingly was this shown in the first attempts at spirit-photography, until at length that beautiful figure came forth perfect in its attitude of benediction over Mrs. Guppy and her little boy! The counterpart of that photograph I have seen, touched, and spoken with; the style of the drapery being undoubtedly the same in every respect—the white band round the forehead, and the loose sleeves hanging over the arms. From this I am led to think that on the two occasions—that on which the photograph was taken and that when in the *séance* room I saw and spoke with the spirit—the operation of development must have been the same partially, simply stopping before that drapery became materially visible in the one case, but sufficiently material to act upon and reflect the actinic or chemical rays of light which it would appear from experiments that have been made since have an antagonistic power over the further progress of the manifestations. The drapery on this figure of Katie in the photo is, it may be noticed, very different from that in some photos which appeared later, and which had a much greater semblance to the conventional sheet. This led to questions being asked, why the spirits appeared in such costumes, and not in more ordinary attire? The answer given was peculiar, *viz.*, that they were compelled to gather the spiritual essence from what drapery was handy, and the blinds of the photographic studio were most handy for this purpose. Seeing mediums have told me that they have seen the spirits drawing the magnetism, or whatever force it may be called, in this manner, and so clothing themselves in the drapery so formed.

In proof of what they said, Mr. Pycock, of Brooke's Hotel, Surrey Street, Strand, was told to take some drapery with him

of a peculiar quality (silk), which he had at home, and they said that if that were left on the floor a spirit would appear in similar material. The result was nearly satisfactory. The drapery was different to that which usually appeared and seemed finer in quality, but as there was no distinctive pattern, the matter could not be said to be fully decided. As I have had a very interesting series of pictures taken at Mr. Hudson's, which bear somewhat on this question, I will shortly describe some of them. The first one, a figure, appears standing to my right; the head is covered with a hood of white which shows on one shoulder and crosses the body sash-ways; the remainder of the dress is quite dark, and barely distinguishable from the background by a scarcely perceptible line of darker shade. Whence came this dark vesture, and why chosen, is more than I can say. On another occasion, I had a distinct appointment from a spirit-friend (day and hour named) to go to Hudson's, and sit for a spirit-photograph. I asked Mr. Herne and Mr. Williams if either of them could meet me there. Not the slightest possibility, they said, as engagements were made at their home which would prevent either of them being present. I gave up the idea of going, but the influence of the spirits was so great on me as the time approached, that I was unable to rest—and thinking I would call in and see if any copies were printed of the last ones I had had taken—I wended my way to Hudson's, and found Mr. Herne had been there all the morning, and with him Mrs. Berry.

In the course of the afternoon, Mrs. Berry very kindly proposed to sit with Mr. Herne for me, and so give me the benefit of her marvellous powers. Mr. Herne, whilst I was sitting, stated that he saw a figure sitting beside me dressed in ordinary walking costume. I should state, that as I sat down, I expressed a wish to my spirit-friend that she would not come draped, but so that I could recognise her. When the plate was developed, by an accident it was spoiled—and so the greatest gem that has ever been taken at Mr. Hudson's was destroyed. When Hudson brought it out, however, there, sure enough, alongside of me was a lady sitting in ordinary attire—and with hat and feather surmounting an unveiled and distinctly recognisable face. Mr. Herne declared while I was sitting, that the spirit had drawn the power from Mrs. Berry's dress; but Mrs. Berry certainly had no such hat or feather as appeared on the plate. There is still greater interest attached to this photo, inasmuch as speaking of spurious ones, this would be the greatest instance of a (so-called) spurious negative that could be produced. And Mr. Hudson must forgive me, if I say that I believe it was owing to his recognising the fact at a glance, that it got

destroyed. I obtained, after much trouble, one print of it, unwashed, untuned. What did it present? A regular positive production of myself, but what of the second figure—the spirit? The lights were all blacks, and the blacks whites; in fact a negative exactly the reverse of what it should have been. A friend of mine, who has been carefully and scientifically investigating these matters, and who is an experienced and practical photographer, immediately he saw it, pronounced that it would, if recognised, be most wonderful, or else the most decided proof of imposture that could be obtained. It was impossible to recognise any features in this condition; I could see no resemblance at all, and yet I had as I thought distinctly recognised the face in the negative. My friend asked me to let him have the proof that he might examine it, he wanted to test it, he said. A day or two after I called to see him, and during the day he was showing me some proofs of photos he had been taking in the endeavour to obtain spirit-pictures, and casually showed me one, which I can assure you made me start, to see so distinctly the well-known face of her whose appointment it was for me to attend Hudson's on that day. My friend had utilized his early experience of photography from paper negatives, and had so reversed the picture, turning me into a black, but bringing up distinctly as a positive the features of the spirit. Can any photographer tell how this was brought about? Perhaps I may be told that the likeness existed only in my own imagination; then it existed also in the imagination of others, who did not know the spiritual origin of the picture, but who said as soon as I showed it to them, "It is so-and-so." It is certainly strange that this extra effort to appear in the manner I have described—should have produced this strange reversion. I showed this to Mr. Harrison (editor of the *Spiritualist*), one day when he was speaking about the manifest signs of imposture in Hudson's pictures—and I told him the history. He said, "Well, consider that that is a genuine one." He took no notice of the strange photographic freak it exemplified.

On another occasion I went to Mr. Hudson's and there met both Mr. Herne and Mr. Williams; we had several photos taken, at first we sat for a group—not having any distinct idea of spirit-photography—the result was peculiar, no one of the three is to be seen distinctly but myself who was seated in the centre. I am flanked by two beautiful spirits in strange costume which I cannot well describe, it is of a drab colour, or something like it, I am not good in naming colours, but that matters not much. The dress of each is exactly similar in all details; each has on a turban, with the ends hanging over the shoulder (exactly as I have so often seen it since with Katie King). There is a

distinct likeness between the two spirits, who, as I was afterwards told, were my mother and sister. I am unable to say, myself, as to the likeness, and have not received any confirmation of the statement. But as a study of drapery these spirits are peculiar. As both my mother and sister passed from earth in India, the turban would be characteristic, as in Katie's case.

I will next and lastly refer to an experiment I made after the one I referred to of the silken drapery: in my idea I wished to obtain a distinct pattern repeated by the spirit. Without naming my intention to any one, I asked Mr. Williams to stay with me over night on Saturday so that we might go quietly to Hudson's on Sunday morning. I had made up my mind what I intended to take with me, but that which I had fixed upon was not forthcoming when wanted, so as I looked round my room before starting I took up a plaid table cover, and throwing it over Mr. Williams's shoulder, made the remark, "Now if I can get a spirit to come out with this on its shoulders so, I shall be satisfied."

Accordingly we started. Mr. Hudson was out, but soon returned. We went straight to the studio. Mr. H. could never have seen the cloth nor known my intention. I had a plate taken first, nothing much came on it, but it was peculiar in some respects. I then took the cloth which until this moment Mr. Hudson had not seen, and asked him, "Will that pattern come out clearly in a photograph?" He answered in the affirmative, and proposed to try a photograph of it. I accordingly with this simple intention threw it over the back of a chair, but just as he was going to take the picture I was impressed to ask Mr. Williams to stand near it, but out of the field of the picture, being hidden behind a curtain; I watched the cloth, which remained on the chair, the result was a spirit-form draped in white, the face scarcely recognisable through the drapery, but *the* feature was, that over the shoulder, exactly as I had at home thrown it over Mr. Williams, there was a fac-simile of the table cover, the pattern distinctly shown, far more distinctly seen on the spirit than it could be upon the chair, and yet it was on the chair, visible the whole time.

This was a decided-proof of the power of spirits to give a distinct similitude of the material given. There is much in this to me suggestive of an explanation, at least to a slight extent, of the "double" theory. My reason for so thinking is this: that in the *séance* when there is a lack of the harmonic conditions—which are always necessary, in order that the spirits may retain their individuality—the manifestations, as a rule, become confined within the spheres of the medium. The voice (if such mediumship be present) exhibits a similarity to the voice of the medium,

and what I more particularly would draw attention to, the spirit will appear to be really a distinct person from the medium—and yet to be a fac-simile of himself in features (so far as can be judged by the organs of touch in the dark), and more than all, in dress. I have, on more than one occasion, seized the spirit-form at a distance from where I have known the medium to be seated, and the texture and shape of the garments on the spirit, were precisely the same as those worn by the medium, being in reality fac-similes of them. Is it not plain from this how easily a person may go away labouring under the impression that the medium had been playing tricks? “Why, I felt his arm, and I know it was his coat!” is a remark I myself have heard made. Once I grasped such a spirit-form (it was a most unfriendly spirit) and even struggled with it; I retained my grasp until the whole form shrunk into thin air, and was no more tangible—it was clothed in—shall I call it?—mediumistic attire.

There seems to be greater facility in the spirits manufacturing drapery (I mean now the genuine sort) than in incarnating themselves. Take the photos as an example. The first ones showed very little of the fleshy parts, and when features were shown, it was often through a thin gauze-like veil; so in the collateral manifestations, the spirits show more or less of the face and fleshy parts according to the amount of power they possess. I have seen Katie show her whole head, and with her hand through the long tresses of hair over her shoulder—but this is of the rarest occurrence—as a rule the head is surrounded by the drapery which it seems to me concentrates and holds in the magnetism. On one occasion, when John King endeavoured to show himself (this was in the red light), he made his arm and hand visible and tangible, but there was no face or head where the head should have been, in fact we saw a headless body. With reference to the texture of the drapery and other things concerning it, there is much to learn. The piece that Mrs. Fitzgerald was allowed to cut off Katie’s robe cannot be matched in England; it is apparently of the finest Indian manufacture. Peter’s is coarser; and on one occasion the spirits compared the colours of three draperies showing that one was whiter than another, and the whiteness corresponded with their spiritual plane—the higher spirits having the whitest robes. How strange it seems to have such things as our topics of conversation, seeing and hearing such marvels (as they have been lately) matters of almost daily occurrence!

The *Saturday Review*, satirising the photographs and other “spiritual absurdities,” marvels at the cuteness of the stage manager for exactly guessing how ghosts would appear when they deigned to disclose themselves to mortal eye. How strange the

reviewer's ignorance must be—and yet I presume he would not like to be told so—of the Scripture on which I suppose he founds his religion, if he has any. How often there is the white raiment alluded to, “whiter than fuller could white them!” Ah, well! times must change; the wedge is being driven in slowly but surely, and the world's materialism—solid materialism in many cases cloaked with religion—must be riven asunder. The work must progress, and will complete itself, if not in our age, when we, like those we have been writing of, are dwellers in the summer-land, clothed like them in white.

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H. CLIFFORD SMITH.

MEDIUMSHIP OF MR. W. TOWNS.

IN the *Spiritualist* of March 15th, 1871, Mr. W. Towns, a respectable tradesman, of 32, Lloyd's-row, Clerkenwell, and 14, Theobalds Road, Holborn, gives an interesting history of his experiences as a medium, from which we take the following passages:—

HANDS UNINJURED BY FLAMES.

Mr. Towns was in the habit of attending a circle held at the house of Mr. Jones, 34, Rahere-street, St. Luke's, and he tells us that—

“Once at Mr. Jones's circle, in the presence of more than ten people, I was made to hold my hands for some minutes in a gas flame; the skin became quite black from the smoke deposited, but I was not burnt. Mr. Jones saw this; so did Mr. James Alldis, jun., cutler, of Gray's Inn-road, as well as his brother-in-law, Mr. Tottle, the mate of a ship. Mrs. Ridler, I remember, was there, and these persons can doubtless give the names and addresses of several other witnesses. My hand divided the flames into two parts. Mr. Tottle was dreadfully nervous over it, so a spirit entranced Mrs. Towns and told him ‘not to be frightened, for if he took hold of Mr. Towns' hand, and both their hands were placed in flame, he also would not be burnt.’ The two hands were then placed in the flame together, and no injury resulted.”

PERSONATION.

“On one occasion at Mr. Jones's circle, Mr. and Mrs. Alldis were among those present, and Mrs. Richmond came in. I did not know Mrs. Richmond, and I was the last to enter the circle, because I always left my shop, at the last moment, to go to the

séances. I was entranced by Mrs. Richmond's husband, who had passed from earth-life about two weeks before, of which fact I knew nothing whatever. I personated him by tying a handkerchief round my head, and personated her action while bathing the head; at the same time everybody present cried out about a strong smell of aromatic vinegar; it was so strong that it brought the tears into some of their eyes. Mrs. Richmond then said that her husband had promised before he died to communicate with her at the first circle she attended after his death, if he were able; he had a handkerchief round his head during his last illness, and nothing gave him so much relief as bathing his temples with aromatic vinegar. Mrs. Richmond is now living at Croydon, in a cutler's shop there belonging to Mr. Alldis."

SPEAKING IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

"On another evening I went to the same circle. A French spirit entranced me, and I began speaking French to a gentleman present who gave the name of Craddick, and who was a stranger to me. In my normal state I cannot speak French or any other foreign language; I scarcely know half-a-dozen words outside the English tongue. The spirit told Mr. Craddick that when he returned to Paris he would have to seek fresh lodgings, because his landlord was dead, and the house was to be sold; the name of the landlord was given. Mr. Craddick had seen the landlord only ten days previously, and did not believe the message. However, when he returned to Paris, he found that the landlord was dead, and that bills were posted up outside the house, announcing that the premises were for sale. Mr. Craddick afterwards went to a *séance* in Paris, and a spirit scolded him somewhat for not believing the message he had received through an English medium; when he returned to London, he came and told me these circumstances.

"One night I was impressed to go to one of the public spirit-circles, then held at 2, Great Coram Street, Bloomsbury. I found a great many persons present, none of whom I knew. Mr. Frank Herne was the medium. I fell into conversation with Mrs. Dixon, of 8, Great Ormond Street, and with a gentleman from Croydon. While we were talking the folding-doors were closed, and a *séance* began in the next room. We heard some foreigners beginning to talk to Mr. Herne in the next room, then I was suddenly entranced, and made to call out something in a foreign tongue to those in the other apartment. The folding-doors were then opened, and I spoke to six different foreigners present in six different languages. Mrs. Morris (the lady who played the solo on the piano at the farewell meeting to Mr. J. M. Peebles in the Cavendish Rooms)

was present; she said that one of these spirits was her mother, and spoke Spanish to her through my lips. Mr. Maurice, one of the investigating members of the Dialectical Society, was there, and he said that I must be an educated person. I said, 'I know no language but my own, and I don't come here to tell lies.' He told me that I had been speaking six different languages, including French, Spanish, Flemish, and Italian; he also said, 'I spoke to you in English, and you answered me in Cape Dutch, which is the only foreign language I know.'

"I have very often been entranced by foreign spirits and made to converse in languages I do not understand. Once at a public *séance* at St. John's Hall, Corporation-row, Clerkenwell, Mr. J. J. Morse was entranced by his Chinese spirit-guide, Tien. I asked Tien, while I was in my normal state, 'Why, if he were a Chinaman, he could not speak Chinese through the lips of Mr. Morse?' Instantly I was entranced, and made to speak a language which a ship-captain present said was pure Chinese, and my remarks were correctly answered in English by Tien, through the lips of Mr. Morse.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—TESTS OF IDENTITY.

"One evening, about two years ago, we held a circle in my own house. I became clairvoyant, and said, 'I see a man in a blacksmith's apron; he is hammering a horse-shoe on an anvil, and the sparks are flying about.' A son of Mr. Alldis said, 'I'm quite sure that's Uncle So-and-so.' Mrs. Alldis said, 'If Mr. Towns can see the mark on my brother's face, I will believe it.' I saw a mark over his eye, and I was instantly thrown violently to the ground to indicate how he received it. 'Oh, dear me,' said Mrs. Alldis, 'that is my brother,' and she was very pleased.

"About 12 months ago, a gentleman from Yorkshire called on Mr. Steele, of 36, Great Sutton Street, Clerkenwell, and asked for the address of a medium of the name of Towns. Mr. Steele sent him to me, who was a perfect stranger to him, and had never seen or heard of him. He came into my shop, said that he was a Spiritualist, and so I asked him to come into the parlour and take a seat; I walked up and down the room with the baby in my arms. Presently I turned round and said, 'I see some spirit-friend of yours, and he gives such an extraordinary name, that I am afraid to repeat it.' He said, '*Do* give it.' I said, 'It's Job Wusselwick.' He answered, 'That's right all but the first letter; it should be Busselwick.' A few minutes afterwards I said, 'I see two hands over the table, and a lot of deeds. You have been writing about these deeds, but you won't get them or hear about them for two months. The deeds have reference to property; I see three seals on each of them,

one green and two red, and they are forged deeds.' Then I felt two fingers on my neck, and told him so. He said, 'And I felt two touches on my arm.' He then added that he had come 200 miles for that communication, and that he had been told through a Yorkshire medium by an Indian spirit to go to London, to Mr. Towns, to get the message. The Yorkshire medium did not know me. The medium had also told him that two fingers would be placed on the neck of the London medium, and at the same time he would have two touches on his arm. While this conversation took place I was in my normal state, walking about with the baby in my arms. He called on me several times afterwards, and received other messages through me about the deeds, and was told how certain moneys connected with the property had been paid over to particular persons under protest. I could give full details, but may not be justified in doing so, as the case is a serious one. All the information given proved to be true."

POST VISION.

Mr. Towns has the remarkable power of seeing incidents in the past lives of certain persons into whose company he is thrown, perhaps for the first time, which was possessed by the celebrated Swiss reformer and historian, Heinrich Zschokke, and by a lemon merchant of his acquaintance, as is related in Zschokke's most interesting autobiography. As an instance of this Mr. Towns personally related to us the following anecdote:

"A young man, a stranger to him, was desirous of obtaining from him some evidence of the truth of Spiritualism. In the course of the conversation Mr. Towns became entranced, and informed him of the presence of the spirit of a young lady to whom he at one time playfully attached a particular designation which was given. This he admitted, but said this was insufficient, and that he should like to have the lady's Christian name. Instantly Mr. Towns saw him and the young lady present together in a room which, with the furniture it contained, he minutely described. He then saw the young man attempt to furtively conceal a letter under the sofa pillow, but the young lady perceiving the attempt, rushed forward to seize it, which the young man struggled ineffectually to prevent. Mr. Towns told him he saw that the letter was addressed to Annie —, and added, 'Shall I tell you the contents of it? I can do so.' This, however, the young man said was not necessary, as he was perfectly satisfied, that the room, the incident, the name, all that had been described was true in every particular—it had all actually happened."

The *Spiritualist* relates a similar instance of what we may

call post vision, as occurring to Mr. Towns in the presence of Mr. Lander and Mr. Gadbury, members of the St. John's Association of Spiritualists, both of whom are known to the present writer.

SPIRIT MESSAGE VERIFIED.

Another fact personally related to the writer by Mr. Towns is the following:—Mr. and Mrs. Towns rarely held a spiritual *séance* alone, but one evening Mrs. Towns (who also is a medium) felt a strong impression that they should do so, as there was something special to be communicated. It was communicated to them through the tipping of the table, that a young man whom she knew had just died at Marseilles, through a fall from his horse; that they were to go to the mother of the young lady to whom he was affianced, and apprise her of the fact of which she would receive information by the next mail. The Monday following Mrs. Towns received a letter from the lady stating that the spirit-message was too true; that she had received a letter from Marseilles informing her of the death of her son through a fall from his horse shortly before the time the message was given. It should perhaps be added the young man's affianced was Mrs. Towns' sister. We hope to give some further experiences of Mr. Towns in an early number.

T. S.

THE GREAT DESIDERATUM.

It is customary in the present day to regard all spiritual and physical facts as either miraculous or fabulous. The movement, however, which has recently taken place towards the spiritual, and the vast amount of evidence accumulated as to communication in all times between the inhabitants of earth and the spirits of the departed, have now begun to attract the attention even of the scientific; a few have become converts to belief in the spiritual phenomena, while others, startled and perplexed, refrain from further derision of the subject until they have inquired into it more closely. The time is approaching when the varied phases of spiritual, no less than of material phenomena will be regarded as under the domain of law, as a part of the Divine order which, though less understood than the order of the material universe, is at least equally deserving of investigation. Some unfortunately there are who still deem Spiritualism unlawful. As the Roman poet regarded as impious the triumphs of navigation in his day, and argued against the right of man to overcome an obstacle placed, as the sea appeared

to him obviously to be, by the hand of God as a barrier between nations, so with equally little and limited views of God's laws and man's duties, do they condemn all inquiry into, and communication with the invisible world, as a presumptuous prying into what God has willed to veil from human ken. Let such be reminded that God, who protects His own mysteries, has rendered that sin impossible; and let him go, reverently indeed, but freely and undoubtingly forward. If God has closed the way, man cannot pass thereon. But if He has left open the path, who shall forbid its entrance?

On the other hand, how numerous are the minds in which the want is most deeply felt of some tokens from a higher sphere addressed to mankind in the present day,—minds to which messages from above communicated to the inhabitants of one small portion of the earth in the twilight of past ages fail to penetrate with a confident and lively faith! How many who yearned for further light have passed away from this life with little certainty or entire disbelief as to a future one, among them some "spirits finely touched," the "issues" of which have been marred by scepticism; to all such, belief we doubt not might have been imparted by more quickening appeals to their spiritual nature, and by bringing them consciously into a more direct relation with the spirit-world. When to these is added that large class consisting of those in whom the sense of the spiritual requires awakening from a state of torpor, of those who live for the outward and the worldly alone, and when also are beheld the endless and progress-obstructing divisions in the "religious world," it is surely evident that further revelation as to the invisible world is the great desideratum of the present day. Those then who are satisfied of the reality of the spiritual phenomena, and of the vastness of their significance may well consider whether it be not their duty to aid, each according to his power, in the development of a truth so momentous, even though at the risk of some personal sacrifice. As to those hostile to Spiritualism, because adverse to innovation and to wide departures from accustomed grooves of thought, to them we would recall these words of Bacon, "We may well hope that many excellent and useful matters are yet treasured up in the bosom of Nature, bearing no relation or analogy to our actual discoveries, but out of the common track of imagination and still undiscovered; and which will be doubtless brought to light in the course and lapse of years."

AN EARLY SUNSET.

“Her sun is gone down while it was yet day.”—*Jeremiah xv. 9.*

THESE few simple words will tell for most of us the story of a life which, having had so sweet a beginning, has now had so sorrowful an ending: a story which adds another shadow to the great mystery of the death of the young, the gracious, and the good. And that is a mystery, and must remain so, even when we have said our noblest word, and taught the heart to hope for what the eye hath never seen. Why should the good be taken and the bad be left? why should the young and the beautiful vanish while the aged and the worn almost long to go? why should the joyous voice be silenced and the weary cry be prolonged? why should the sun go down suddenly at mid-day?

* * * * *

It is a great mystery that the good and the beautiful should die, but is it a greater mystery than that the future is all hidden from us? Why has God denied to us the power to foresee events? What an amazing boon it would have been, we think, if God had created us with the gift of foresight, so that we could know what the morrow would bring forth. What cruel mistakes we should have avoided, what deadly disasters we should have prevented! Ah! but think again: the gift we so ardently desire might perchance have been, at our stage of development, the bitterest of all evils,—not the tree of life but the tree of death, in the knowledge of coming good and evil. And so with this great mystery of the death of the young and the good. It is not difficult to see that kindness as well as wisdom underlies this dealing with us by steady general laws. God's rain-drops fall on all fields, and His sunshine warms all faces; and all His blessed laws are beneath and above us all.

But it is given to us to see a little of the meaning of this apparently sorrowful fact, in the departure of those we least can spare. Is it not, for instance, a touching and suggestive thing that the way of death is not trodden only by the aged, the miserable, and the way-worn? Supposing it had been so ordered that only these trod the path of death, what hopelessness, what gloom, what unrelieved depression would have then accompanied all our thoughts of death! If dear little children had never trodden that path; if a beloved sister or brother had not led our eyes along it; if no sweet young spirit had shone in it; if no pure musical voice had been heard in it; if no bright angel of earth had almost visibly met in it the angel of heaven; how

dismal, indeed, that path would have been ! But now, the path of death is alive with the tenderest memories, the sweetest hopes, the purest affections, the deepest longings, the most passionate yearnings, the sublimest trusts of the human soul : and now, millions of aching but consecrated souls have been able to say, in memory of bright ones gone up the shining way :—

“ Another hand is beckoning us,
 Another call is given ;
 And glows once more with angel steps
 The path which leads to Heaven.
 Fold her, O Father ! in Thine arms,
 And let her henceforth be
 A messenger of love between
 Our human hearts and Thee.”

But then this supposes that we believe in life beyond : for why should we commend our dear ones to God if all we mean is that we lay them away for ever in the grave ? And yet that word “ believe ” hardly indicates the feeling which alone will make true faith possible here. We do not say we *believe* a good and wise father will not deceive his child, or that a wise builder will not waste his choicest material : we say we *know* they will not. And that is what we say of God, who trust Him that His dear children will live again ; or rather, that they will not die. We know Him not,—the great, wise, blessed God,—but we see that He is wise, and strong, and good ; and we judge that He must delight in beauty, and wisdom, and goodness, and would neither wrong them nor waste them ; and therefore we call Him *Father*, as the all-wise, all-mighty, and all-merciful Creator of man : and because He has put into our hearts the love of one another we think we do well to conclude that He loves us ; and because He has given us this awful clinging to life, and this mighty trust that our dear ones live, we think we should wrong Him and ourselves if we did not accept the testimony of the spirit as a revelation from the God who made it. For the God who created beauty must be Himself beautiful ; and the God who is evidently working for the development of life and for the putting away of death must be the living God ; and the God who is everywhere ordering all things for progress must not be accused of creating the noblest form of life only to cut short its career, at the very moment of its highest culture, and to precipitate His children into a miserable grave. No ! the worst we can say of it is, that mystery surrounds the great translation into life ; but no explanation of the universe, so far as we know it, no interpretation of human life, so far as we can trace it, can be either sane or sufficient which does not include in it the promotion of God’s children into a higher form of life after the change which men call *Death*.

“Her sun hath gone down while it was yet day.” Yes! but that is not altogether a mournful thing. Her sun hath “gone down,” not gone out; and our sun-settings are only the sun-dawns of brethren far away. When we sit shivering as the sun goes down, friends who have crossed the seas rejoice in the welcome light; and what we lose they gain. Wonderful is the daily miracle of sunrise. How it speaks to the heart of man of ever-renewed and ever-reviving life! The gracious light leaves us, but it still shines on the other side; and the songs of birds and the loveliness of the flowers welcome there the sunbeams that we miss. So is it, surely, with the sun-settings of human life. We lose a dear presence, and the light of the home is put out, and the sun, as on a bright but swift winter’s day, hastens to be gone: but there are friends across the sea, and they are gladdened by the light we lose. God grant they may not be saddened by the spectacle of our excessive sorrow! We are apt to forget the friends on the other side; and yet the oldest friends are there; and the greatest number are there; and the wisest and the kindest are there; and it really may be true of others beside Jesus that it is expedient for us they should go away: but, though we know so little of the work and of the needs of the life beyond, we may surely trust God, who knows all things, to be mindful of His own. It is not easy, indeed, to realize that the bright being, whom we have always identified with the mortal form, still exists even when that form has to be put out of sight; but neither is it easy to realize that the summer’s sun is shining on the earth when we are groping in darkness and trembling with winter’s cold. It is easy to believe in the kindly light when it ripens our harvests and adorns our fields, but it is hard to believe in it when the dead leaves strew the ground, and the beauty is past, and God’s garden is turned into a wilderness. But it is even so; and, though the dead leaves and the barren earth are ours, lands far away, beneath a fairer sky, possess the fruits and flowers.

And it will all be ours again; though never here. “I shall go to him,” said the disconsolate king, “but he will not return to me.” It is better so. We shall go to share their vaster life; they will not come back to ours. Why should they? for this is a hard school-house at the best, and joy is mixed with pain, and the flesh hides more than it reveals, and we are but strangers and pilgrims on the earth. No; God is good, and they will not come back to us, but we shall go to them; and everything that was pure in friendship, and bright in intelligence, and beautiful in spirit, will be renewed and perfected, amid the higher conditions of that advanced and ever-advancing life.

And yet we shall do well to guard, with one final thought,

the fact that they will not return to us. It would be a depressing thought that this involved the existence of an utterly impassable barrier between spirit and spirit, so that no love from them could reach us and none from us reach them. That surely is unreasonable, and the creation of a needless sorrow for the soul. We can hardly believe that God has taken all memory of the past from our dear ones: and yet, if they have memory and know nothing of us, theirs must be an evil case indeed, and I know not what they have gained by death. Surely they know us still, and can help us, or at least "prepare a place" for us, as Jesus thought he should for his disciples. No waiting, then, in the cold dark grave; no deep long sleep till a resurrection day; but a passing at once beyond the porch into the inner light—indeed a going home. There shall we find our own again, when we pass on; and there shall the interrupted harmonies of earth be resumed amid more harmonious conditions; and there, with wiser teachers and better friends, we shall go on to the attainments which here were either impossible or but a dim faint dream. Therefore can we, who believe in these things, say, with fulness of meaning—

"I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all:"

not only because the light and the consecration of love remain; but because, above all the wrecks and decays of earth, beams the morning star of Hope in Heaven.

I bow my head with yours to-day in the presence of this shadow of sudden night, but I look with you for the blessed morning when all our nights shall be ended for ever in the fulfilment of that precious promise:—"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—*The Truthseeker*.

A CASE OF SPIRITUAL OBSESSION.

IN the year 1867 a letter appeared from me in the *Spiritual Magazine* to Mr. Coleman, giving an account of my spiritual experiences, which had been only those of vision to within a short period of that time, when voices which I had heard indistinctly for a long time, had become audible, and had addressed me. There were but four voices at first, but gradually there were many others heard at times. The four first heard

were two females, and two males. Until very lately these voices were *never* silent night or day. When I awoke at night I would invariably hear them conversing together, almost always about me. They read my thoughts almost before I was conscious of them myself. Their language was low and abusive. They seemed generally animated by the bitterest hatred to God, and especially to our Lord Jesus Christ; but they sometimes respected the Blessed Virgin and the Roman Catholic Church. For a long time after I first heard them they spoke so loud, and so vehemently, that I frequently could not hear persons who were conversing with me. The suffering caused by this unceasing persecution, this constant presence, is perfectly indescribable. Their intelligence seemed of a very low character, and their conversation was obscene and blasphemous. The difference between them was always very plain. One of the males was evidently of more acquirements, and possessed a very agreeable voice, both in speaking and singing, but he seemed more wicked than the other, who appeared to be a low profligate. One of the females seemed to be of middle age and the very incarnation of cold malignity, The other female seemed young, and had a voice of singular sweetness. She and the profligate appeared in great terror of the other two. At first their memory of the earth-life was most indistinct, but after some time they seemed to recollect many things. They could not pursue any connected line of thought, nor reason on any subject. I have been told by other spirits, who are evidently of a superior class, and who speak in my brain, and whose conversation is highly intellectual, religious and friendly, that during their earth-lives those spirits delighted in contradicting every opinion advanced by other persons, particularly did they glory in cavilling at the Bible, and in unsettling the religious belief of every person whom they could influence. The man with the pleasing voice, was, I am told, a very learned man, and they assert that one of the circle was Staupitz, an inquisitor and torturer. The profligate man has always professed the most extravagant passion for me, and declares that he is to be my spiritual husband.

I see a number of spirits, and am conscious of three degrees of spiritual sight and hearing. I have also been developed as a medium for impressional writing. I must also mention another curious particular, which is, that the spirits do not appear and speak to me at the same time. On the contrary they speak, and although at the time I may see some spirits that I know are belonging to their circle, they don't become identified with the voices speaking at the time. I have several times beheld spirits suddenly appear to pass into a kind of dream, their countenances

seeming as if the intelligence was withdrawn from *within*, leaving a kind of mask, the eyes shewing the most awful expression, which should be seen before it can be even imagined. Then the spirit would feebly as in a dream go over some criminal act. One I saw make several stabs at the throat of another, but without effecting his purpose. The sight was dreadful. Another cautiously followed a spirit round a drawing room, concealing a dagger in the folds of her dress behind her, and when she got near enough to her intended victim, she stabbed him in the face, and I saw his entire person deluged with blood, then all vanished. This scene was beheld in the dark, with open eyes. The previous scene I saw in the daylight, with open eyes. These experiences caused me to feel much interest in the "Tale of Eternity," as the unhappy spirit is there described as appearing to enter the same state, previous to re-enacting his crime. I may remark that the book I have mentioned was not published at the time I beheld these visionary crimes.

These spirits, have caused me uneasiness by threatening me with their vengeance for not (as they say) having spoken to them sufficiently, and tried to convert them. This accusation, I must remark, is untrue, as I have never omitted a day during these four years, which they have obsessed me, in which I did not urge repentance and amendment of life upon them. I have prayed for them, and reasoned with them, but apparently to no purpose. What is very awful is, that on several occasions, one of their number has appeared to wish to rise out of the state of guilt and misery in which they exist; but the man I have spoken of as the most influential among them, interfered, and succeeded by his arguments in turning the wavering spirit from her intention. Yesterday, one of them told me that they were in a state of complete darkness unless when my thoughts were turned towards them.

I have passed through a most awful and interesting crisis, which seems to have greatly abridged their power to make their voices audible to me. The entreaties and wailings of one of their number induced me to again reason with and pray for them. Again they resumed a portion of their power to address me, and they have made use of it to load me with abuse, prophesy my death, when they will waylay my spirit, and rush with it down to their dwelling, and there keep me in spite of any angel or spirit. Their hatred is also increased towards me, and I overheard the spirit who pretended a desire to repent and amend say that she now hated me to such an excess, in consequence of being obliged to dissemble with me, that she would never leave me till she had made me commit some sin

that could not be repented of, and then would rend me with her hands into a hundred fragments.

I have not been left all this time without help and comfort from good spirits. If you think this worth inserting, perhaps I may have comforted some other haunted mind, that may be cheered to find they are not singular in their spiritual trials, and perhaps some person may feel inclined to relate their sorrowful experiences. Often have I felt almost in despair, and thought that deliverance would never come. Yet God mitigated my sufferings when they were at their height; when overcome by illness of body, and sore distress of mind, I began to think that never more would I know one moment's peace or quiet, even *then* came help; and to my delighted surprise, I knew perfect silence for the first time in four years, though I was never left *alone* to combat with these real fiends.

If there are any among your readers who would give their opinions as to what I ought to do under these circumstances, as to whether I am under any obligation as a Christian to speak to these spirits, I would feel really grateful to such a person for their advice. I have no person near me on whose judgment I can rely. There is one answer they have almost always returned to my entreaties that they would seek pardon and reconciliation with God; this is, that loathsome and wretched as their abode is, they there can enjoy their favourite sins, which could not be the case if they were removed to a higher sphere, and that they would much prefer being in hell with those enjoyments than be in heaven without them. These spirits declare themselves to be under the control of other and more potent spirits, and they have always shown the greatest dislike to have anything related about them, or in fact to being spoken of at all.

E. P.

VISIONS OF THE DYING.

THE closing scenes of earthly life are often among its most instructive and impressive experiences. Standing on the boundary of another world, they catch glimpses of the beautiful beyond. The countenance which had been marked with pain is sometimes suddenly irradiated as though it were already the face of an angel. The gates no longer ajar, seem to be thrown wide open. The white robed immortals gather around to convey them to their happy home. Visions of supernal beauty are beheld, and sounds of celestial music, sometimes heard and long treasured

in the memory of those who surround the dying bed, gladden the souls of the departing. It was remarked of the poet Cowper, that though his mind had been tortured by doubts of his eternal welfare, doubts born of an unhappy temperament, and a gloomy theology; his dying face changed its expression, and wore on it a look of glad surprise. It is not true that these visions of the dying are born only of the delirium of fever. The state of body and of mind, as well as attendant circumstances, in many cases preclude such an explanation, and evidence the vision to have been a comforting and joyous reality. Nearly every family has some sacred memory or tradition of this kind, and biography, and especially the biography of the good and saintly, abound with them. A few instances by way of illustration must, however, suffice.

In *Bonnet's Life of Olympia Morsta* there is the following account of her death:—

“An account of her last moments has been handed down to us by the inconsolable friend who closed her eyes, and who was not long to survive her. She knew not the pains of death, but only its comforts and joys. She obtained a view beforehand of the glorious realities of that heaven into which she was about to enter, and whither the eyes of those who loved her were all in some measure to follow her. ‘A little while before she died,’ her husband says, ‘having awakened from a brief slumber, she smiled with a mysterious air, as if she were delighted with something inexpressibly sweet. I approached and asked the cause of her smiling so sweetly. “I saw,” she said, “when I was lying at rest a place full of the purest and brightest light,” and when she could say no more for weakness, I replied, “Be of good courage, my dear wife, you will dwell in that purest light.” She gently smiled again, and nodded with her head, and a little while after she said, “I am perfectly joyful.” After this she spoke no more, until her eyesight began to grow dim, when she said, “I can scarcely recognise you now, but everything else around me seems to be filled with most beautiful flowers.” These were her last words. Shortly after she expired, like one who falls into a pleasant sleep.’”

The following is from the *Autobiography* of a thoughtful American clergyman—the Rev. Theodore Clapp:—“In the progress of my round on this occasion, I met a case of cholera whose symptoms were unlike anything that I had before witnessed. The patient was perfectly free from pain, with mental powers unimpaired, and suffering only from debility and moral apprehensions. From his looks, I should have supposed that he was sinking under some kind of consumption, such as prevails at the North. He was an educated man, whose

parents, when living, were members of the Presbyterian Church. His will had just been made, and he believed himself to be dying, which was actually the case. I have said that his mind was uninjured; more, it was quickened to preternatural strength and activity.

“When I took his hand in mine, he said, ‘The physician assures me that I must soon die; I am unprepared; I look back with many painful regrets upon the past; I look forward to the future with doubts, fears, and misgivings. What will become of me?’ I replied, ‘What, sir, is your strongest wish?’ He answered, ‘That it may please God to forgive me and save me, for Christ’s sake.’ I added, ‘If this is the real wish of your heart it shall be gratified, no matter how wicked or unworthy you may be. Is your father living?’ I inquired. He said, ‘No, sir; I saw him breathe his last in my native home. He died happy, for he was good. Never shall I forget that last prayer he uttered in behalf of his surviving children.’ ‘Suppose,’ I continued, ‘you were absolutely certain that death would introduce you into the presence of that beloved parent, and that he would be empowered by the Infinite One to make you as happy as he pleased, and to receive you to his bosom and embrace for ever; would you not most willingly, joyfully, and with perfect confidence, commit your fate for eternity to the decision of such a pure, kind, affectionate father?’ He answered in the affirmative. I said, ‘Is it possible that you have so much confidence in an earthly parent, and at the same time hesitate to commend your spirit into the hands of that heavenly Father, who loves you as much as He does Himself—whose love is transcendent, boundless, infinite, everlasting,—who cannot allow you to perish, any more than He could destroy Himself?’

“‘I see the error I am in,’ he exclaimed. ‘O, God, help me and strengthen me!’ I then made a short prayer. Every word of this prayer he repeated after me in a clear and distinct voice. At the close, he exclaimed, ‘It is finished;’ then gazing with a fixed eye, as on some object on the ceiling over him, he said, ‘God be praised, I see my father.’—Doubting as to what he meant to say precisely, I asked, ‘What father do you see, your heavenly or your earthly father?’ He answered, ‘My earthly father. Can you not see him? There he is (pointing upwards), smiling down upon me arrayed in splendid garments, and beckoning me to follow him to the skies. He is gone—he is gone.’ On the utterance of these words, his arm, which had been raised heavenward, fell lifeless, and he breathed not again. There was a smile and expression of rapture on his face which lingered there for hours. It was the only good-looking

corpse which I saw in that epidemic. His form was magnificent, his breast large and arched, his whole appearance that of statue-like repose. There he lay before me, as beautiful as life itself. His countenance wore such a smile of ecstasy, I could hardly realize that his immortal spirit had fled. I laid my hand on his heart. It moved not.

“This incident made a lasting impression on my mind. It deepened, it strengthened, immeasurably my belief that the soul survives the body. ‘Who knows,’ said I to myself, ‘but every one of these hundreds that are dying around me, when they draw their last breath, are greeted by the disembodied spirits of those whom they loved on earth, and have come to convey them to the scenes of a higher and nobler existence?’

“Shortly after this, I was standing beside the bed of a young lady in her last moments, when she called to me and her mother, saying, ‘Do you not see my sister (who died of yellow fever a few weeks before) *there*?’ pointing upwards. ‘There are angels with her. She has come to take me to heaven.’ Perhaps these facts are in harmony with the doctrines of modern Spiritualists. One thing I know. There is not a more delightful, sanctifying faith than this—that as soon as we die, glorified spirits will hover about us as guardian angels, to breathe in our souls their own refinement, and to point our way to the heavenly mansions.’

The *Independent* quotes the following spiritual vision of a dying person:—

“The *Messenger* for September 2nd contains an interesting obituary of a young lady of New Church persuasion who departed this life from Berlin, C. W., July 28, which closes with the following account of her first rapturous glimpses of the spiritual world and the loved ones of her new home:—

“As her natural senses were in the act of being closed, the spiritual senses were gradually opened, and she was permitted to obtain glimpses of the spiritual world, and to see people there whom she knew here, but who had gone thither before her. This took place a few minutes before she breathed her last in this world, and when the members of the family and others were around her. She said:—‘O, what a glorious brightness! it is impossible for me to describe it to you! I see the babe, and O, how beautiful he is! And O, how bright it is there! I see John too, but he is taller than he used to be.’ Here she was referring to an infant brother, and also to another brother who had gone to the spiritual world when he was about three years old. After this she mentioned the names of six or eight persons in succession, whom she assured those around her she was seeing. They were, with one or two exceptions, persons who previous to

their decease were members of the Berlin society of the New Church.

“Having repeatedly referred to the exceeding splendour which she was beholding with the eyes of her spirit, she fell gently asleep, soon to waken to become an inhabitant of that bright and happy world of which she had a foretaste here.”

The following is extracted from the Biography of Hugh Bourne, the Founder of Primitive Methodism :—

“The end came in the autumn of 1852. He had been for some time slightly improved in health, and on the day of his departure he was cheerful and happy. During the afternoon he fell asleep upon the sofa; when he awoke he seemed to have been conversing with some one. He stretched out his hand as if for the nearer approach of his visitants, a sweet smile mounted upon his countenance, and he said very distinctly several times, ‘Come! come!’ His look was upward, his hand was raised in triumphant gesture to some entrancing object in view, and then with an earnest voice and in emphatic tones he said, ‘Old companions! old companions! my mother!’ Then, without an apparent sensation of pain or a lingering groan, he

Passed through death triumphant home.”

Persons who recover from what seemed to be mortal illness, when on the brink of death, have had similar experience. The correspondent of an American journal, a Mr. H. Scott, writing from Lancaster, Ohio, says :—

“The following beautiful scene occurred in this place some six weeks ago. The persons connected with the incident are my acquaintances and neighbours, and are entirely reliable; and I know that the following statement is true, precisely as given.

“A little son of Dr. C— was reduced to the lowest extremity of life with typhoid fever. It was expected that he would pass away that night. All the senses were closed, and he had not for 10 days enunciated an intelligible word; nor could his perceptions be awakened. The artificial light of the room consisted of a coal oil lamp, purposely placed so as to prevent its rays from falling on the bed. The mother sat beside the little couch wetting the dry lips, an aunt sat at the foot, and a neighbour lady at the head; while some half dozen others stood around.

“Suddenly the little eyes that were not expected would ever look out again, were opened, gazing upward. The withered hands were raised, beckoning, anxious as if for some one to come. The ‘*sweetest smile,*’ the ladies said, that they ‘*ever saw,*’ light up the face of the little sufferer, and the word ‘*angels,*’ was distinctly spoken twice. But most thrilling of all, was the

radiation of light surrounding the head, which was spoken of as reminding the lookers-on of the halo surrounding the prints representing Christ, but of exceeding brightness, and white like moonlight. The scene lasted about three minutes. The boy has recovered his health.

“I entered the sick room about five minutes after the occurrence, and found the family weeping. Some were rejoicing. The statement I have given is concurred in exactly by all.

“Twice, in the early part of his sickness, the boy pointed out sister Lizzie, standing in the middle of the room. ‘How beautiful she is,’ said he; ‘what a pretty white dress!’ But there were no eyes to see her but his; she had passed to spirit-life four weeks previous. The house has for a year, been the scene of loud and frequent raps.”

Surely such instances as the foregoing might well make the septic and the worldling pause, and feel that in truth

There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

T. S.

THE PATRON SAINT.—AN AUTHENTIC GHOST STORY.

ABOUT the year 1845-6, there lived at Archer's Lodge, Southampton, a Mr. W., one of the old Roman Catholic families of that name. His wife was alive, and they had two sons and daughters. The eldest son had recently been ordained at Rome, and is now (1871) Monsignor W. The first time the young priest offered mass was in the chapel at Rome of St. Stanislas Kostka, this chapel being the cell where the saint died four centuries ago. This saint was celebrated for his ardent piety and great purity during his earthly life, and for the frequency of his appearances since his death in rescuing those in danger or in protecting the dying. The young priest (Mr. W.'s eldest son) when offering this mass made for himself a special petition—that St. Stanislas might be permitted to attend and protect the member of his family who should next die. About a year after this, Mr. W.'s second son Philip was drowned. He was aged 17, and was a student at the Roman Catholic College near Ware in Hertfordshire. He was an excellent young man, and seems to have given much thought to the character of St. Stanislas, choosing him as his patron saint, and having a memoir of him in his pocket when he was drowned while boating

with his fellow-students. This sad accident took place in Hertfordshire, in the afternoon of April 16th, 1846, on which same afternoon his father and sister (when walking down the lower part of the Avenue at Southampton) saw *him* in the road, walking towards them and between two men, both in priest's dress. The father and sister exclaimed to each other, "There is Philip!" "Yes, but what can bring him here?" But ere they met him, he and his two companions disappeared, nor were anywhere visible. Mr. W. considered it a sign of his son's death, and consequently was in a measure prepared when Dr. Cox, the head of the College, came next day to break the sad news to the family. The unhappy mother took her son Philip's death so much to heart that her health failed; and by medical advice she went with her husband and daughters to pay a round of visits. Among other houses, they stayed with some relations at Ince-Blundell Hall, Lancashire, where, in one of the rooms Miss W. saw a portrait which at once struck her as being that of one of her brother's companions on the occasion of his apparition the day he was drowned, and her father agreed with her as to the likeness. On enquiry, it proved to be a picture of St. Stanislas of Kostka, the saint whose aid the elder brother had invoked for the protection of the first member of his family who should die, the same saint to whom the younger brother Philip was so devoted as to have chosen him for his patron saint. Such are the external facts of this well-authenticated story.

EARNEST TESTIMONY TO SPIRITUALISM.

THE following interesting letter appears in the *Index*, a liberal religious journal published at New York, of which Mr. Abbott is editor, and which has recently discussed the question of Spiritualism:—

" Cascadilla Place, Ithaca, N. Y.,
" June 27, 1872.

" MR. F. E. ABBOTT—Dear Sir,—I do not propose to write a formal communication to the *Index*, but prefer to address myself to you as to a friend, leaving you to use my letter as you see fit.

" My husband, A. A. Andrews, of Springfield, had the pleasure of an introduction to and of some conversation with you; and my sister has once or twice sent you a few lines that have appeared in your able paper, which we always receive

with a welcome. Her note written last fall, from Northampton, alluded to the terrible and fatal accident that took from us my youngest son, a boy of twelve years of age. He had always been rather delicate, and his active fearless spirit led him into so many dangers that I had watched over him with increasing and anxious care, which he repaid by a tender and considerate devotion unusual in boys of his age.

“ I will not dwell upon the first maddening shock. I had lost infant children and other relatives before, and had borne the grief of bereavement as others bear it, hoping that somehow, and somewhere, we might meet again; but I never realized, until this agonizing blow revealed it to me, how insufficiently was this baseless trust. I have always been sceptically inclined. While the weary heart sought rest in absolute faith, the mercilessly analytical mind would not let it find repose in peaceful conviction. Really to believe in immortality because others believed it, and taught accordingly, has always been simply impossible to me; and while I have regarded that intuitional perception which suffices for some as a gift, like genius, to be admired and craved, though unattainable by effort, I could not look upon faith based upon authority as rational or beautiful; and so, in the wild agony of this terrible bereavement, everything like a sufficing trust in Divine love or a future existence was swept away, and I was left helplessly desolate. This was my condition only a few months ago.

“ Now a light has illumined all those gloomy depths of mind and heart. In place of doubt and rebellion, I have assurance and resignation. Existence, with its racking trials, is no longer hopelessly dreary to me—a dreadful enigma impossible to solve; for the radiance of a better life is shed upon it, making it seem but the rough pathway to a joyous and beautiful home.

“ Had I space and time, I could perhaps make you more fully comprehend to what I owe this happy change; but I have had so much in the way of evidence to raise me from doubt to a belief which is to me like knowledge, that I shall only be able to detail to you a very few among the many proofs which I have needed and received. I should not have made this effort to show you something of the truth as I see it, but for some remarks upon Spiritualism lately made by you in the *Index*, which seemed to justify reply; and, although those remarks appeared to me not quite just, I trust, in this appeal, to that liberal spirit and that freedom from dogmatic assertion and prejudice which generally characterize what you say, and which I believe to be honestly and earnestly your aim. In the fewest possible words, I will tell you of some of my experiences, and

at the same time reply to a question as put in a late issue of your paper, namely: 'What phenomena occur?' In order to do this, I must enter into particulars, as general statements in such a case amount to nothing.

"I have had communications purporting to come from my spirit-child, written upon a slate which was sometimes laid in full view, with a fragment of pencil beneath it, upon the top of a table (not always the same table, and not always at the house of the medium), and sometimes held by myself; which communications were not only signed with a full name (unknown to the medium) of my boy, but which contained phrases, allusions and modes of expression so characteristic of him, that after many repetitions and ever-recurring tests, doubt became to me more difficult than belief. Many of these tests, trifling in themselves, were to me stronger evidences of identity than I can make a stranger fully understand or appreciate.

"These manifestations took place in sittings with Dr. Slade, of New York, and on one occasion, after my return from that city to Springfield, my sister went on and spent a week at the house of this most remarkable medium. On leaving home she took with her a handkerchief belonging to me, thinking that any article of mine might possibly, as she expressed it, serve as a magnet to draw my loving boy to her. This handkerchief was lying upon her lap during one of her sittings; and, while both her hands and those of the medium were together upon the table (no third person being present) it was thrown up, falling close to their hands, tied in a singular knot, and immediately the following words were written upon the slate—'Dear aunty, I knew it was mother's. I was present when she gave it to you, thinking it would help me to come again; but I could have come just as easily without it.' Now, not one word had been said to any one of the handkerchief's being mine, and it was impossible that any one could have known it, or why it had been given or taken.

"I have seen and felt in broad daylight a hand in shape and size like that of my son, playing with my dress, patting and caressing me, and taking out my watch by pulling upon the guard. This guard used to be his, and after these manifestations the following words were written—'Dear mother, always wear my guard; I love to see you have it.'

"On asking, in a daylight sitting, 'Can my little boy kiss my hand as he so often used to do?' I felt, as distinctly as I ever felt his kisses when he was with us here, warm lips pressed over and over again upon the hand which rested on my knee.

"I have had a spirit-hand write a letter on paper placed upon my lap, when the room was sufficiently lighted by gas for

me to see distinctly the long lead pencil held in the white fingers, and remaining in sight, directly under my eyes, until the writing was finished, when both hand and pencil disappeared. In a moment afterwards the latter was thrown upon the table, close to our hands, from a point opposite to where the medium sat.

“ I have seen the faces of spirits within three feet of me, about whose identity I could no more mistake than I could fail to recognise members of my own family who are still in the material body. I have watched these faces condense and form from what seemed a luminous mist. I have seen them smile brightly and naturally upon me.

“ I have had one among them, in compliance with a suggestion made from the impulse of the moment, turn away, showing me the back of the head, that I might recognize the naturally curling hair falling upon the neck as worn in life. I have watched the moving lips, and heard whispered messages of love and warning sent to absent friends.

“ I have had the hand so like my boy's lift itself at my request to my lips, that I might kiss it again and again ; and this same warm, lifelike hand afterwards patted me first on one cheek, and then on the other, so that the little loving slaps would be distinctly heard, as well as felt.

“ But I fear to weary your patience, while I have still so much to tell that selection is difficult. I will therefore only say that these are a few of those ‘ phenomena ’ about which you ask, and by means of which I have received, through the senses of sight, touch and hearing, the same evidence which assures me of the presence of friends still on the earth—that the loved and seeming-lost are living and loving and near me still. And the evidence afforded my reason has been as strong as that through the bodily senses.

“ Who recognized ‘ mother's ’ handkerchief, and alluded to words spoken as it passed from my keeping to my sister's ? Who wrote, ‘ *my* guard ? ’ What hand was that whose grasp was firm and strong, and which I saw many times, in broad daylight, as plainly as I see my own ? Whose lips were pressed lovingly to my hand when no mortal being was present who could, by any possibility have touched it ? What power wrote, and what intelligence and memory dictated words, which I heard written, as the fragment of pencil moved over the slate, touched by no hand of flesh ? What magic produced faces which the medium had never seen ? Whose voice whispered words of warning, the need of which was only known to the parties concerned ?

“ I have answered your question. Will you answer mine ?

Or if this be in the nature of things, impossible to you as yet, will you at least *think* of what I have told you in simple words—without exaggeration or false colouring?

“I love truth and hate deception as heartily as you can do. Will you not set preconceived ideas aside, and receive, as at least worthy of some respect and consideration, my testimony to facts such as not I alone, but thousands of reliable witnesses—among them men as cautious and once as sceptical as yourself—know to be genuine?”

“As for me, I was a Thomas, and demanded proof. Thank God, I have received it, and a peace I cannot express in words fills all the deep places of my soul. My darling child, for whom I mourned so hopelessly, is to me now as truly living as when I could see him daily by my side. No unnatural winged angel, playing upon a harp and singing psalms, but loving, joyous, impetuous, every mental and moral attribute unchanged—a boy, and my boy still. After a life of ceaseless doubt and distrust, I have found rest at last. I am content that, in this short stage of being, the will of the Creator should be done, through the laws that govern matter (dreadful as the brute force seems to us oftentimes) as well as through those scarcely more mysterious agencies by which He acts upon spirit. ‘If He thunder by law, the thunder is yet His voice;’ and while I believe in no especial providence and no miracle, I do believe that, immediately always and according to fixed laws, but none the less surely and unceasingly, His wisdom and His love govern all things, and that in His hands all His children are for ever safe from real and lasting harm. I see the death of the body but as a needful change, which none need dread save those who, shutting their eyes to the light of truth, devoting themselves only to selfish gratification, and refusing to use the reason God has given them, have cause to dread the future they make inevitable for themselves, either here or elsewhere. I believe that after the grosser elements of being are cast off, we shall still be ourselves, and whatever (within the limits peculiar to individuals, and to all finite beings as such) we make ourselves. Always learning, always doing, never needing nor asking an idle bliss, but devoting all the energies of the enfranchised soul to the attainment of ever higher knowledge and the performance of ever nobler uses, being blest in the ceaseless development of every mental and moral faculty, and finding in endless progression the only freedom and the only joy that can satisfy a human soul. May the faith and hope that gladden my spirit, find a way to other doubting minds and suffering hearts, and may the time soon come when friends of progress, like yourself, may conscientiously investigate and fearlessly proclaim those now un-

popular truths, which rational in themselves and founded upon evidence, will take the place of superstitious faith based upon miracle and authority, and leave no poor homeless soul out in the wintry cold and darkness of hopeless unbelief.

Yours very respectfully,

LOUISA ANDREWS."

" SPIRIT-FACES.

" I AM about to attempt what I am aware is a difficult task—namely, to describe dispassionately and judicially one of those so-called 'higher manifestations' of Spiritualism about which people are apt to write and speak too much, as it appears to me, in the capacity of advocates for or against. I shall endeavour to describe what I saw here in London a few nights ago, as impartially as a judge might sum up a case from his notes of evidence. It is literally what I am doing. I am transcribing rough notes made at the time, and on the spot where the circumstances which I narrate occurred. I empanel the British public to say whether they think I have seen something very remarkable, or been egregiously gulled.

" A few days ago I received an invitation from a Spiritualistic friend to attend one of the *séances* of a lady whom I must call Miss Blank, because her name is not public property. She is not a professional medium; she receives no money from those who visit her house, and has no wish to have that residence besieged, as it certainly would be if I gave the slightest clue to her name and address. She has no desire, so she says, even for notoriety on the score of the manifestations of which she is the unwilling agent or medium. The peculiar character of these manifestations is the production of the spirit-face, or even partial form, no longer in darkness, but under a strong light. Now, I had seen tables dance and heard them rap; I had witnessed Mr. Home's "levitation," and listened to John King's unspirit-like voice; I had even felt spirit-hands, as they were called, once or twice; but all these manifestations, except the tilting and the rapping, had taken place in the dark, and I object to darkness. I love light, like an ancient Greek. It was the light element, I frankly confess, which mostly attracted me to the *séance* of Miss Blank. Miss Blank's papa—for the young lady is but sixteen—lives on the outskirts of London, as Spiritualists always seem to do, and is a respectable man in some small commercial line of

life. Besides the medium, who is a pretty, Jewish-like little girl, there were three other children present, all of whom discoursed of spirits in the most off-hand way. Mamma and aunt made up the domestic portion of our circle, and there were, besides, the editor of a Spiritualistic journal, another pronounced Spiritualist, a doctor from the country, who had had something to do with developing the medium, and had been converted by her to the doctrines of Spiritualism, an old gentleman from Manchester, and myself—eleven in all, irrespective of our little hostess, the pretty medium.

“After a brief confab in the front parlour we descended to the nether regions, where the spirits were in the habit of making their appearance in a small breakfast-room next to the kitchen. The original method of ‘development’ was simple in the extreme. Miss Blank went into the room alone. A curtain was stretched across the open doorway, leaving an aperture of about a foot deep at the top; and in this rather Punch-and-Judy-like opening portions of the spirit-face gradually showed themselves—first a nose, then an ear, &c.—to the circle who sat on the stairs. Now, however, that the power was more developed, a sort of corner cupboard had been fitted up with two doors opening in the usual manner from the centre, and an aperture of some eighteen inches square in the fixed portion at the top. At this I was told the faces would appear. A lamp on a table in the other corner of the room was so arranged as to shed a bright light on this opening, whilst it left the rest of this small apartment in subdued but still in full light. I examined the cupboard or cabinet carefully, put a chair in, and saw little Miss Blank carefully shut up inside, like a pot of jam or a pound of candles. A rope was put in her lap, the object of which will appear anon, and we all sat round like a party of grown-up children waiting for the magic lantern.

“We were told to sing, and so we did—at least the rest did; for the songs were Spiritualistic ones for the most part, which I did not know. They were pretty, cheerful little hymns, such as ‘Hand in hand with Angels,’ ‘The Beautiful River,’ and Longfellow’s ‘Footsteps of Angels.’ By-and-by, raps inside the cupboard door told us to ‘open sesame.’ We did so; and there was pretty Miss Blank tied round the neck, arms, and legs to the chair, in a very uncomfortable and apparently secure manner. We sealed the knots, shut her up in the cupboard, and warbled again. After some delay a face rose gently to the aperture rather far back, but presently came well to the front. It was slightly pale, and the head was swathed in white drapery. The eyes were fixed, and altogether it looked ghostly. It remained for some time, disappeared and re-appeared; and the lamp was

turned full upon it, but the eyes never lost their fixed stare, and showed no symptom of winking. After several minutes it went altogether. The doors were opened, and little Miss Blank was found still tied, with seals unbroken, and to all appearance in a deep sleep. She was 'entranced,' I was told. 'Katie,' the spirit (for she was a familiar in the most literal sense), informed me that she gathered the 'material' for embodying herself from the breaths of the circle, and took the 'life' from the medium. Miss Blank was then awakened, uncorded, and taken to walk for a quarter of an hour in the back garden, as she was much exhausted; and we went upstairs to recruit as well. We had to make this break thrice during the evening.

"When we re-assembled, after a good deal more singing than I cared about, another appearance took place in obedience to the command of the doctor, who had been in the East, and asked to see a Parsee friend. After some delay, a head appeared, surmounted by a turban, and with a decidedly Eastern expression of countenance and dark complexion. It did not satisfy the doctor, who declared that the face bore a resemblance to the one demanded, but that the head-gear was not *en règle*. This was Tableau No. 2, which took a long time and almost interminable singing to bring about. Then there was another adjournment. The children were sent to bed, and the maid-servant—who, it appeared, was great at singing—came in from the kitchen to join the circle. There was one advantage, papa and mamma told me, about these manifestations; they rendered the children quite superior to all ideas of 'Bogey.' I could not help asking myself whether I should have dared to go to bed under such circumstances in my days of immaturity.

"In Scene the Third, the face was quite different. The head was still surmounted by white drapery, but a black band was over the forehead, like a nun's hood. The teeth were projecting, and the expression of the face sad. They fancied it was a spirit that was pained at not being recognized. When this face disappeared, Kate came again for a little while, and allowed me to go up to the cupboard and touch her face and hand, after first putting to me the pertinent question, 'Do you squeeze?' On assuring her I did not do anything so improper, the manipulations were permitted. This was the finale, and the circle broke up forthwith. The gentleman from Manchester was delighted, and all the Spiritualists, of course, were loud in their commendations. I reserved my judgment, as my custom always is when I see anything that beats me. I was sufficiently struck by what I had witnessed to accept readily an invitation to another *séance* on a subsequent occasion. In the meantime I should like to submit these few particulars to a dispassionate jury for them to decide

whether I was really for those three hours in direct contact with supernatural beings, or simply taken in by one of the most satisfactory 'physical mediums' it was ever my good fortune to meet."—"Daily Telegraph," October 10th.

As our readers will, no doubt, desire to know something more of the young lady who was the medium for these manifestations which have so puzzled the *Daily Telegraph's* "Own Commissioner," and which he has described with a candour that is quite refreshing, we have much pleasure in presenting from her own pen the following sketch of the

MEDIUMSHIP OF MISS FLORENCE COOK.

"I am sixteen years of age. From my childhood I could see spirits and hear voices, and was addicted to sitting by myself, talking to what I declared to be living people. As no one else could see or hear anything, my parents tried to make me believe it was all imagination, but did not alter my belief, so was looked upon as a very eccentric child. In the spring of 1870 I was invited to the house of a school-friend, whose name I am not at liberty to mention. She asked me if I had ever heard of spirit-rapping, adding that her father, mother and self had sat at a table and got movements, and that if I liked, they would try that evening. I was horrified at such 'wickedness,' as I called it, and said if spirits communicated they must be bad ones. I refused to sit, and went home greatly disgusted with the idea of spirits tapping tables. I told mamma about it; she said, 'Doubtless Miss — was joking. It is all a trick to amuse the children with. When next you go, sit at the table and see all the fun.' I felt I should like to know what it all meant, so in a few days went to Mr. —'s. A *séance* was arranged. The sitters were Mr. and Mrs. —, their daughter, and myself. We placed our hands on a moderately large table; it soon moved about uneasily; then distinct raps were heard. I rose from the table to see if I could find out who or what was producing the sounds. I could see nothing. I walked round the room. To my amazement, the raps followed me. Mr. — said, 'We have never had raps before. Florrie, it must be through you.' I returned to the table and called over the alphabet. A message was given to me from what purported to be the spirit of my aunt. I asked my friends if they would stand away from the table, leaving me by myself. The table rose from the floor quite four feet. I went home astonished. Mamma and I went a few days after. We had some excellent tests of spirit identity given us, still we did not believe in spirits. At last it was spelt out that if we would sit in the dark I should be carried round the room. I laughed, not thinking it would be done, and put out the light.

The room was not perfectly dark, a light came in from the window. Soon I felt my chair taken from me. I was lifted up until I touched the ceiling. All in the room could see me. I felt too startled at my novel position to scream, and was carried over the heads of the sitters, and put gently on to a table at the other end of the room. Mamma asked if we could get manifestations at our own home. The table answered, 'Yes,' and that I was a medium. The next evening we sat at home, table and two chairs were smashed, and a great deal of mischief done. We said we could never sit again, but we were not left in peace. Books and other articles were thrown at me, chairs walked about in the light, the table tilted violently at mealtimes, and great noises were sometimes made at night. At last we sat again; the table behaved better, and a communication was given to the effect that we were to go to 74, Navarino Road, and that there was an association of Spiritualists there. Out of curiosity, mamma and I went, and found we had been told quite correctly. Mr. Thomas Blyton came to a *séance* at our house; he invited me to a *séance* at Mr. Wilkes's library in Dalston-lane. There I met Mr. Harrison. He came to see the manifestations at my home. By this time we were convinced of the truth of spirit-communion. About this time I was first entranced; a spirit spoke through me, telling papa that if I sat with Messrs. Herne and Williams, I should get the direct voice. I had several sittings with them and finally succeeded in getting the direct voice, direct writing, and spirit touches. The presiding spirit of my circles is Katie, John King's daughter. She speaks very much the same as her mother, who is the celebrated Katie King of Herne and Williams' *séances*. Sometimes she uses a tube, she has lately spoken without it. While she and other spirits are talking, I feel as if I cannot breathe. I used to be entranced while the more powerful manifestations were going on, but that has now gone off. Before a good *séance* I am usually very much excited and restless. After a *séance* I cannot stay indoors. I always get into the fresh air. If I sit too long I am much exhausted the next day, and cannot bear anyone to touch me. Since I have sat regularly my health has greatly improved. I, mamma, and several of the family are mediums, but some of them knew nothing of Spiritualism until lately. We belong to the Church of England, and were very orthodox. I used to be afraid of death, but Spiritualism has taken away all my fears."

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

MUSICAL AND OTHER MANIFESTATIONS AT KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

CAPTAIN C—— writes us a long letter descriptive of musical and other manifestations at Kingston-on-Thames, which he declares to be among the most remarkable manifestations witnessed by him during an experience in Spiritualism of 20 years. The spirits played well on musical instruments, and sang both in English and Italian. Mr. Champernowne's son, who has been in the spirit world 20 years, sensibly manifested himself to hearing, sight, and touch; patting and shaking hands with the company, and allowing the hair of his head to be felt; spirit-lights were also seen. These manifestations continued for about two hours. We have not space to give the letter entire, but the above is a brief *résumé* of its contents.

INVESTIGATIONS OF LIEUTENANT SALMON.

Lieutenant Richard Arthur Salmon, of the Royal Artillery, Woolwich, writes us that desirous of personally investigating the truth of Spiritualism, he visited Miss Lottie Fowler, Mrs. Holmes, Messrs. Herne and Williams, and Mrs. Oliver, and that the phenomena he witnessed, and the tests and communications he received, have satisfied him that Spiritualism is a "beautiful reality," and he urges investigation upon others. We do not publish his letter, as it has already appeared in other journals.

FRANCES POWER COBBE ON THE LIFE AFTER DEATH.

The current number of the *Theological Review* contains an excellent paper on "The Life after Death," by Frances Power Cobbe. But what does the writer mean by "the obvious mental confusion into which those fall who believe that they have had visible, audible, and tangible evidences" of that life? Surely, any one who has seen and held audible converse with one who has entered on the Life after Death must feel that experience to be more conclusive on the question than any mere abstract argument, however able, can be. If the "mental confusion" of this view is so "obvious," it can, of course, easily be shown, and we respectfully invite Frances Power Cobbe to point it out. We apprehend the "mental confusion" lies elsewhere.

EXPERIENCE WITH MISS LOTTIE FOWLER.

Mr. Robert Crawford, of 1, Hampden Terrace, Mount Florida, Glasgow, in describing a visit to Miss Lottie Fowler, clairvoyant and test medium, in London, writes:—

“ I was a total stranger to the medium, and it is quite impossible she could have any previous knowledge of me or of my affairs. Immediately on her being entranced the spirit described an event which happened more than 20 years ago, giving details which were in every point correct. My whole past history seemed to be before her like a panorama. She told me of events which I had almost forgotten, and many things which I did not know, but which I have since corroborated. Friends who have long since passed into spirit-life were named, their appearance described, and the diseases under which they suffered clearly indicated. The present seemed to be as clear as the past to this spirit, who described minutely my present circumstances and prospects, both in family and business matters; foretold certain changes, and described events which are in progress; and also described my wife and two children then in Glasgow, the house in which we live, and the various occupations at which they were at that moment engaged. On coming home I found the description was correct in nearly every particular.”

HORACE GREELEY A SPIRITUALIST.

Horace Greeley, who is now a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, like the late President Lincoln, and other eminent American Statesmen, is a Spiritualist. The *Exchange and Mart* thus notices a memoir of Horace Greeley, recently published:—“ From it we learn that Mr. Greeley sprung from the middle class, and is to a great extent self-educated. His career has been one of singular independence. He attached himself to no party, but freely criticised the acts of all parties. He was slow of conviction, and inquired much before he gave his assent; but, once satisfied, he supported his opinion with unflagging energy. He did not, like most of his contemporaries in America, and too many in England, ask if an opinion was popular before he espoused it: he asked only if it were true. It was thus he obtained so much honour by his dealing with Spiritualism. He began by fiercely opposing it. He was induced to examine it for himself, and Miss Kate Fox, the famous medium, was invited to a lengthened visit to his family, so that he might try experiments in the security against fraud thus provided. After a lengthened investigation he came to the conclusion that the phenomena were substantially true, and he publicly so announced in the *Tribune*, and thenceforward gave to it a steady support.”

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S EPITAPH ON HIMSELF. WRITTEN MANY
YEARS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

THE BODY
OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
Printer,
(like the cover of an old book,
its contents torn out,
and stript of its lettering and gilding)
lies here food for worms ;
yet the work itself shall not be lost,
for it will (as he believed) appear once more
in a new
and more beautiful edition,
corrected and amended
by
THE AUTHOR.

A SECULARIST LEADER A CONVERT TO SPIRITUALISM.

Mr. George Sexton, M.A., M.D., one of the most able and popular of the leaders of the Secularist party, is now an avowed Spiritualist. He has been subjected to a good deal of abuse in consequence of his secession from the Secularist camp, consequent on his new conviction. He very tersely says:—"When so-called free-thinkers object to a man's receiving new convictions opposed to those he formerly entertained, they belie their pretensions, and prove to the world how great a sham is their assumed free thought. . . . As to spiritual manifestations, I have been investigating them since 1853, and have for at least a dozen years held that the phenomena were totally inexplicable by any known laws of nature, and that imposture and delusion were out of the question. . . . I long looked upon the phenomena as the result of some occult force that neither philosophers nor scientists could explain. I see clearly now that the only hypothesis capable of accounting for the extraordinary results that so constantly occur under almost every variety of condition is the noble and elevating doctrine of Spiritualism. That the spirits of our departed friends do communicate with us, and that their visits are not, as angels' were once said to be, 'few and far between,' but numerous and frequent, is to me as much a matter of fact as that I am writing this letter. The truth that there is 'no such thing as death' is the noblest consolation that has ever blessed humanity. Contrast this with the wretched, grovelling doctrine of materialism in the annihilation of consciousness when we pass into the grave, and who can fail to see the result? The soul clings to the one with all the tenacity it is capable of, and recoils, shuddering with horror,

from the other. 'If,' said the late W. J. Fox, 'heaven be indeed a dream, then it is one of nature's dreams, whose visions are prophecies.'"

We understand Dr. Sexton is preparing a work on "The Relations of Spiritualism to Free-thought;" and which we have no doubt will deserve the best attention of those who call themselves "free-thinkers," but who in general might more properly be called "loose-thinkers," and who, so far from being "free," are fast bound in the triple chain of error, ignorance, and prejudice :

They are the freemen whom the Truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside.

A PROPHEPIC DREAM.

A correspondent, a lady of the Roman Catholic communion, writes:—

"I dreamt—it was in the summer of 1868—that I was visiting a Catholic family somewhere, and that the house was very old-fashioned with spacious landings, apartments, &c. ; and that on retiring to rest I noticed large doors, so large that I asked the attendant if they were doors to other rooms ; she said they were doors of large cupboards, and so I found them. My dream went on that I was awakened out of my sleep by a hand touching me on the shoulder, and that I fell asleep again only to be awakened by the same touch, when looking I saw a hand beckoning. Getting out of bed, I, still in my dream, followed the beckoning hand out of the room, down the stairs, through the kitchen, towards another door, when a terror came over me, and I woke.

"This dream made such a vivid impression on my mind that I talked of it to my family and friends, but by and bye it passed off. A few months afterwards I was unexpectedly invited to join my married daughter, at Margate, where her husband had taken a furnished house for a month. I went. The house, on entering it, seemed to me familiar, and when I retired to rest, this impression was stronger at the sight of large old-fashioned doors to some closets in the room. On composing myself to sleep, I felt a hand touch me ; I looked, but saw nothing. The next night the same thing occurred. I sat up, and then saw a hand beckoning as in my dream months before. I had hitherto had the feeble glimmer of a night light in the room, but the next night I resolved to have a wax candle. At the usual time there was the hand. I did not see it so clearly, because of the stronger light from the candle, but there it was beckoning. But I could not follow it from fear, and hid my face under the clothes.

“Next morning, my son remarked to me, that the Litany to the Blessed Virgin was hanging up in his room. Then I thought we must be in a Catholic house, and felt confirmed in associating my three nights’ experience with my dream. I sent for the landlady, who I found was of the Catholic church, and to reconcile me to stay, she proposed that her young daughter, a sweet maiden, should sleep in my room. I gladly agreed, and was not disturbed afterwards. I have often felt regret that I had not more courage at the time, for perhaps I missed an occasion for helping in some way some poor suffering soul.”

Notices of Books.

INFLUENCE OF THE MIND UPON THE BODY IN HEALTH AND DISEASE.*

THE objects of this work are thus stated in the Preface:—

“1st.—To collect together in one volume, authentic illustrations of the influence of the mind upon the body, scattered through various medical and other works, however familiar to many these cases may be, supplemented by those falling within my own knowledge.

“2nd.—To give these cases fresh interest and value by arranging them on a definite physiological basis.

“3rd.—To show the power and extent of this influence not only in health in causing disorders of sensation, motion, and the organic functions, but also its importance as a *practical* remedy in disease.

“4th.—To ascertain as far as possible the changes through, and the mode by which this influence is exerted.

“5th.—To elucidate by this enquiry, the nature and action of what is usually understood as the imagination.”

From the days of Hippocrates, the father of medicine, down to nearly the present time, the practitioners of the healing art have attached much greater importance to the action of drugs, nostrums, and various manipulations upon the body, than to the force of the natural constitution to repair the lesions of disease, or the action of the mind itself upon the body. The last half

* *Illustrations of the Influence of the Mind upon the Body in Health and Disease, designed to elucidate the Action of the Imagination.* By DANIEL HACK TUKE, M.D., M.R.C.P., &c. (pp. 444.)

century, however, has witnessed a gradual change in the medical profession, an inclination to look a little more to the spiritual side of nature, to those mighty forces which underlie the visible and sensuous, and through the brain and nervous system, exert the most powerful influence on the bodily health. Hence a marked diminution is apparent in the doses of poisonous drugs, the use of the lancet, and all violent remedies. The work we are now reviewing may be said almost to mark an era in the progress of medical science by its exclusive attention to the influence of the passions and emotions on the body; marking also, with great precision, the *locality* of that influence—the peculiar nerves and organs which are chiefly affected by these spiritual currents. The writer, whilst avoiding all interference with the department either of theology or Spiritualism, has nevertheless produced a work founded on fact and experience, which may prove of the highest value to both, by enabling us to distinguish the hallucinations of a disordered or over-excited mind from a supernatural influence external to itself. The perusal of the work seems to suggest the query—Have not all diseases their origin in some disorder of the mind, either hereditary or otherwise?

In allusion to cures said to be the work of imagination, the writer puts the following case:—"I hold a ruler in my hand and point it to the painful region of the body of a patient, who entertains the opinion that I am about to relieve the pain. The patient imagining that the ruler will be the means of curing her, believes in a force which does not exist—the curative power passing from the ruler to the body—and is relieved. What cured her? Merely to say it was the imagination is no solution of the problem. What really happened was, that her attention was arrested and forcibly directed to the part, the permanent idea being the firm conviction that the morbid symptoms would pass away."

The writer adopts Professor Stewart's definition of the imagination as the most practical, and objects to the extension of it by Mr. Ruskin, who would make it include the gift of prophecy, and the discovery of truths not otherwise attainable. But without imagination we can scarcely be said to have any mind at all. It seems therefore necessary in considering the phenomena of Spiritualism, to take the more extended view of the functions of this faculty, and even to approach much nearer to the philosophy of Berkeley and Swedenborg, in order to interpret the well-attested facts already collected. The function of imagination is exercised when I see a chair or other object before me, for all the evidence I have of the chair's existence is the image of it in my own mind; if I proceed to touch it—it is

only the impress of another sensation added to the former, and so we may reason on, and arrive at the conclusion that there is no proof of the existence of a world external to the mind itself,—the mind operating subjectively or by reflex action, objectively through the senses.

Out of the large number of interesting cases contained in this work, we may select the following:—

“A young farmer in Warwickshire, finding his hedges broken and the sticks carried away during a frosty season, determined to watch for the thief. He lay many cold hours under a haystack, and at length an old woman, like a witch in a play, approached, and began to pull up the hedge; he waited until she had tied up her bundle of sticks, and was carrying them off, that he might convict her of the theft, and then springing from his concealment he seized his prey with violent threats. After some altercation in which her load was left upon the ground, she kneeled upon the bundle of sticks, and raising her arms to heaven beneath the bright moon, then at the full, spoke to the farmer, already shivering with cold, ‘*Heaven grant that thou never mayst know again the blessing to be warm.*’ He complained of cold all the next day, and wore an upper coat, and in a few days another, and in a fortnight took to his bed, always saying nothing made him warm. He covered himself with very many blankets, and had a seive over his face as he lay; and from this one insane idea he kept his bed above twenty years, for fear of the cold air, till at length he died.”

Some years ago metallic tractors were used with remarkable success in the cure of diseases. The late Dr. Alderson and other medical gentlemen, suspecting the cures were the result of expectant faith on the part of the patients, made trial of the process, but used wooden tractors instead of metal ones, and to their great satisfaction performed cures with equal success.

Dr. Carpenter states that he has seen a man remarkable for the poverty of his muscular development, who shrank from the least exertion in his ordinary state, lift a 28-pound weight upon his little finger alone, and swing it round his head with the greatest facility. Now this was due (first) to a mental condition rendered acutely susceptible to impressions, and then to the action of the imagination, when the subject was assured that the weight was a mere trifle, and that he could lift it easily. This idea, by affecting the muscular sense of resistance, produced the same effect as actually lessening the weight would have done. Again, to the same individual; when in the same impressible state, a handkerchief placed on the table felt so heavy that he could not raise it after repeated attempts to do so.

In the case of the Warwickshire farmer, we may observe

that our ancestors were not far wrong in their belief in witchcraft, however mistaken they may have been as to its real cause. There was at least the influence of the old woman's mind upon the farmer, call it animal magnetism, psychic force, or any name we please. On considering many facts in the annals of Spiritualism, we see no difficulty in the way of supposing that, since the farmer by his attack upon the woman had placed himself within the sphere of her influence, an evil spirit in connexion with her had obsessed the farmer and induced the insane idea alluded to which proved so obstinate and of such long duration. As regards the tractors, it seems sufficiently proved that mineral magnetism was not the cause, since wood proved equally efficacious with metal in effecting cures. We may go further and suppose that without any tractor at all the practitioner would have effected the cures, provided he had had sufficient influence over the mind of his patient. We know more by experience of affinity and antipathy as they operate in the world of mind than we do of the more recently discovered phenomena of chemistry; and what is chemistry but the extension of that spiritual law into the sphere of nature?

With respect to the man of weak muscles but impressible mind, quoted on the authority of Dr. Carpenter, we would recommend any one to try the experiment whether the persuasion of its lightness would in itself enable him to raise a 28-pound weight with the little finger and swing it round his head. We presume the man had been hypnotised, though this is only *implied* in the narrative.

In relating a case from our own experience, we may premise that we are not of that impressible nature as readily to believe anything on the mere assertion of others, and that we never were mesmerised. After listening to some very remarkable communications of a trance-medium, verified by our own exclusively private knowledge of what was revealed regarding the past, on the *séance* being concluded we accompanied her into an adjoining room, in the middle of which stood a very light four-legged table. She said, "Let us see whether the spirits can make this table light and heavy." On hearing this we easily lifted it half from the floor with one finger, but at the next trial it required both hands to do the same, and this alternation occurred several times. This experiment impressed us with a strong conviction that the cause was something quite external to both our minds, for no one could persuade us, in our waking state, that a 28-pound weight was light or a handkerchief heavy.

The acceptance of well-attested facts even when they appear to weaken or destroy our cherished convictions, is the characteristic which distinguishes the philosopher from the sophist; we

therefore incline to accord the full value to all the illustrations in this elaborate work, and also to the author's interpretation of them, so far as he carries it, with perhaps the added feeling, that they may mean all *that* and something more. To establish so far the predominance of the mind over the body, and suggest its practical importance, is a great step in advance of that dead materialism which is now retarding the ascension of science into the world of causes, those higher views wherein the hard line of demarcation between the spiritual and natural will be seen to vanish, and one universal law to govern the phenomena of both. When the plane of thought, to which the author's views seem to tend, is once established, the great doctrine of spiritual influx, as the origin of life itself with all its affections and thoughts, will soon follow, revealing that spiritual affinity which will in a future state organize all the souls of the good and true, as Milton expresses it, into

Solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move.

By such elevation of thought, even here we may realize some foretaste of these mystic harmonies, transcending all considerations of time and space, of sordid interest and meaner aims, and with less impediment from these gross bodies which we are all so soon to lay aside for ever, when first we enter upon the commencement of a *real* and never-ending existence.

Spurning the clay-cold bonds that round our being cling.

In conclusion, we think the author is correct in his opinion that, "some of those who are interested in the manifestations of Modern Spiritualism may find it worth their while to acquaint themselves fully, in the first instance, with those phenomena which may certainly be explained by a reference to the principles laid down in these pages;" although we are disposed to refer even some of the phenomena which he adduces as certainly the result of psycho-physical principles, to a strictly supra-mundane or at least a magnetic agency. For instance, the author cites the fact of cures being performed by a visit to the tomb of Father Mathew, as well as by him while in the body; but Spiritualists have abundant facts to prove that disembodied spirits can act magnetically and even with greater power on those still in the world, for similarity of thought and affection produces presence, and in this sense we are all mediums. Affection, and thence thought and volition, are the effects of spiritual influx; and are not so rigidly self-derived and shut up in our bodies as Dr. Tuke seems to assume. Neither time nor space is a reality in the spiritual world. The Apostle Paul calls our attention to the saints who have gone before as the "great cloud of witnesses"

who behold our career through this life and are all "ministering spirits," yet the carnal churches of the present day deride and abuse the Spiritualists because they prove these and similar truths of the Gospel by the actual facts and experiences of our own times.

Correspondence.

THE LAWS AND ORDER OF NATURE.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—The President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in his opening address, spoke very strongly against those who use expressions which imply that law is a ruling power, and he afterwards explained that he referred chiefly to certain letters published by Miss Martineau and myself, some 20 years ago, and now out of print. His idea being that we worshipped "Law"—"made a God of 'Law.'" Dr. Carpenter's own definition of law is this, "that what we call the 'Laws of Nature' are simply *our own* expressions of the orderly sequence which we discern in the phenomena of the universe;" and as he therefore thinks we can never have any confidence in our judgment, his view can only land us in utter scepticism. I was very glad, therefore, to see Mr. Brevior's excellent paper, so explanatory and judicious throughout, on the subject of "Law" and "Order."

A great poet has said that "Order is Heaven's first law," and a great philosopher, in the first aphorism of his immortal work, has said that knowledge consists of our observations of the Order of Nature; that more than that we neither know nor can know. Now, by law we mean the "form," or rule, or principle in regard to the order observed, and which order implies uniformity in the logical principles or essential and necessary and fundamental rule or law of laws; that under like conditions like results will follow, or the conditions would not be like, since by *like* is implied that which will produce like results, for to a law of Nature there can be no exceptions. Law is the fixed rule but *not* the ruling power, although in fact to the very nature of things or ruling power itself we often apply the term law, as when we say that it is the law or nature of a thing to do so and so; because in truth the nature of a thing is exhibited in what it does, and the assertion of not knowing "things in themselves" may be all nonsense; but neither the law nor power can be abstracted or considered apart from the object to which the law or power in question applies. If I seem to worship anything in Nature, therefore it is the ruling body and not its rule, although practically the rule of Nature is all that we know, and all that we have for guidance, that is "the observed Order of Nature." And we should remember that, philosophically speaking, no one thing in Nature is more wonderful than another, if equally well known; and we may safely conclude that if we knew precisely how all things occur, all would seem to take place perfectly naturally and as matter of course, as by axioms and inevitable first principles. But since we have not this knowledge the course of Nature appears to be a kind of magic—to be all magical as distinguished from what we are acquainted with as mechanical, or as work of art and imitation by which we only put matters together, Nature internally, and as by magic doing all the rest. But does the magic exclude the magician, or imply the existence of one?

Now, whether we gain anything by trying to fancy an essential distinction between the natural and supernatural, I do not know. The question certainly goes a little beyond "our observation as to the Order of Nature." As to the term miracle: anything extraordinary we are apt to term miracle, as in speaking of a miraculous escape, or a miracle of beauty, and, indeed, whatever is beyond

our capacity and comprehension seems to us like a miracle or an inspiration, and yet to those who possess the special gift the same appears quite natural and easy, and thus to a creature of reason and experience like man, the instincts of "the lower" animals and insects, and all the growth and development of animal and vegetable life into special organic forms to definite ends, seems like miracle; and persons will assert the same in respect to clairvoyance, and hence even deny its possibility. But, however magical the effects of Nature may seem to us in our ignorance, it is simply because of our ignorance that it seems so, for wonder is simply the sense we have where knowledge ends. But whether there really and fundamentally be two such things as the natural and the supernatural, or two substances essentially different—such as we term matter and spirit—I am unable to say, nor has any one else been able to demonstrate the fact; nor do I think the question much concerns us, and anyhow we must be content with things as we find them, and with the law and order observe whatever we may fancy concerning the why and the whence. The diamond is no less beautiful and valuable because we may convert it into charcoal, and I see no particular charm or magic in the term spirit. The flower we term a rose would be just as sweet by any other name. When will philosophy escape from the despotism of words?

But to return to the weighty question of law. There is unquestionably an innate sense of consistency in the human mind, both logical and objective, and this is what we mean by reason, and that just as an argument must be consistent with itself, so we feel sure that Nature must be consistent with itself, and hence the belief that no assertion can be true that implies an opposition to the laws of Nature. Now we have observed a good deal of the Order of Nature, but have made very little acquaintance with fundamental laws and first principles, so that when we say that so and so is contrary to the laws of Nature, we simply mean that it does not seem in accordance with the hitherto observed Order. An example or illustration here will, I think, make the matter very clear. I have been in a darkened room with a number of persons sitting round a table, when quite a shower of flowers came down upon us, and so many of them, and so perfectly fresh and uninjured, that it seemed quite impossible that they could have been in any way concealed about any one's person, and the room had been previously freely and fully examined. Now it was clearly contrary to the observed Order of Nature for flowers to get in an uninjured state through solid walls. I purposely avoid hypothesis. But my knowledge of the fundamental laws of matter is so completely at fault, that it would not be consistent or philosophical in me to assert that what seemed to occur could not possibly have taken place. Besides, at this very moment is occurring a very similar phenomenon, or anyhow, one quite as difficult to comprehend, but which being familiar to us all, no one in the world doubts or disputes, and only on account of the "observed order," but for no intelligible reason. I mean the light with all the variety and colouring of the landscape without that is penetrating uninjured, as were those fresh flowers, through the solid glass of the window; and not only have I the unaccountable physical fact but the sensation and thought engendered in my mind, linking, as it were, the two worlds of fact, the mental and the physical, in one communion and harmony, and the whole of this is utterly and absolutely unintelligible. And we must remember that the light as a spiritual or ethereal action not only passes clean through the solid substance of the glass, but in the same point must meet thousands of other lines of action and in opposite directions, without the least impediment, and I think we may say that nothing of a supposed spiritual nature can be realised by the human understanding, exceeding in wonder or in beauty that to which I have referred. And so marvellous are the facts, that had we not the positive knowledge of their existence, we might very readily have denied their possibility. Let us get knowledge by all means, and withal get understanding; but let part of our knowledge be concerning the nature and limits of knowledge as to the hidden fundamental law of the order observed, of the nature of Nature, so to speak, in its fundamental axioms or first principles and laws, by Bacon designated the Cause of causes, itself without a cause, by others termed the absolute.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.