

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

MAY, 1872.

THE SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES IN ITALY OF THE
LATE NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, AND HIS
REFLECTIONS THEREUPON.*

*“ August and September, 1858.—*We drove into town, (Florence) yesterday afternoon, to call on Mr. Kirkup, an Englishman, who has resided a great many years in Florence. He is noted as an antiquarian, and has the reputation of being a necromancer, not undeservedly, as he is deeply interested in spirit rappings, and holds converse through a medium with dead poets and emperors. He lives in an old house formerly a residence of the Knights Templars, hanging over the Arno, just as you come upon the Ponte Vecchio; and going up a dark staircase and knocking at a door on one side of the landing-place, we were received by Mr. Kirkup. . . . He ushered us through two or three large rooms, dark, dusty, hung with antique-looking pictures, and lined with book-cases, containing, I doubt not, a very curious library. Indeed, he directed my attention to one case, and said he had collected those works in former days, merely for the sake of laughing at them. They were books of magic and the occult sciences. What he seemed really to value, were some manuscript copies of Dante, of which he showed us two; both these books were written early in the fourteenth century. Mr. Kirkup has also a plaster cast of Dante’s face, which he believes to be the original one taken from his face after death; and he has likewise his own accurate tracing from Giotto’s fresco of Dante in the chapel of the Bargello. The fresco was discovered through Mr. Kirkup’s means. Dante has had frequent communications with Mr.

* *Passages from Hawthorne’s Note Books in France and Italy.* Vol. II.
N.S.—VII. N

Kirkup through a medium, the poet being described by the medium as wearing the same dress seen in the youthful portrait, but as having more resemblance to the cast taken from his dead face than to the picture from his youthful one. Besides books and works of art, Mr. Kirkup has no end of antique knick-knackereries, none of which we had any time to look at. But the greatest curiosity of all, and no antiquity, was a pale large-eyed little girl about four years old, who followed the conjuror's (?) footsteps wherever he went. She was the brightest and merriest little thing in the world, and frisked through those shadowy old chambers, among the dead people's trumpery, as gaily as a butterfly flits among flowers and sunshine. The child's mother was a beautiful girl named Regina, whose portrait Mr. Kirkup showed us on the wall. I never saw a more beautiful and striking face claiming to be a real one. She was a Florentine of low birth and a spirit medium. He showed us a journal kept during her life-time, and read from it his notes of an interview with the Czar Alexander, when that potentate communicated to Mr. Kirkup that he had been poisoned. The necromancer (?) set a great value upon Regina, and when she died he received her poor baby into his heart. The child inherits her mother's gift of communication with the spirit-world, so that the conjuror (?) can still talk with Regina through the baby which she left, and not only with her, but with Dante, and any other great spirits who may choose to visit him. It is a very strange story, and this child might be put at once into a romance, with all her history and environment; the ancient Knights-Templar palace, with the Arno flowing under the iron-barred windows, and the Ponte Vecchio, covered with its jewellers' shops, close at hand; the dark lofty chambers with faded frescoes on the ceilings, black pictures hanging on the walls, old books on the shelves, and hundreds of musty antiquities, emitting an odour of past centuries; the white-bearded old man thinking all the time of ghosts, and looking into the child's eyes to seek them; and the child herself springing so freshly out of the soil, so pretty, so intelligent, so playful, with never a playfellow save the conjuror and a kitten. The child looks pale, and no wonder, seldom or never stirring out of that old palace, or away from the river atmosphere.

Still, at Florence, Mr. Hawthorne writes:—"Mr. Powers (the sculptor) related some things that he had witnessed through the agency of Mr. Home (Hume) who had held a session or two at his house. He described the apparition of two mysterious hands from beneath a table round which the party were seated. These hands purported to belong to an aunt of the Countess Cotterel, who was present, and wore a pair of thin, delicate,

aged, ladylike hands and arms, appearing at the edge of the table, and terminating at the elbow in a sort of white mist. One of the hands took up a fan and began to use it. The Countess then said, 'Fan yourself as you used to do, dear aunt'—and forthwith the hands waved the fan back and forth in a peculiar manner, which the Countess recognised as the manner of her dead aunt. The spirit was then requested to fan each member of the party; and, accordingly, each separate individual round the table was fanned in turn, and felt the breeze sensibly upon his face. Finally, the hands sank beneath the table, I believe Mr. Powers said, but I am not quite sure that they did not melt into the air. During this apparition Mr. Home sat at the table, but not in such a position or within such distance that he could have put out, or managed the spectral hands; and of this Mr. Powers satisfied himself, by taking precisely the same position after the party had retired. Mr. Powers did not feel the hands at this time, but he afterwards felt the touch of infant hands, which were at the time invisible. He told of many of the wonders, which seem to have as much right to be set down as facts as anything else that depends on human testimony. For example, Mr. R——, one of the party, gave a sudden start and exclamation. He had felt on his knee a certain token, which could have been given him only by a friend long ago in his grave. Mr. Powers inquired what was the last thing that had been given as a present to a deceased child; and suddenly both he and his wife felt a prick as of some sharp instrument on their knees. The present had been a penknife. I have forgotten other incidents quite as striking as these; but with the exception of the spirit-hands, they seemed to be akin to those that have been produced by mesmerism, returning the inquirer's thoughts and veiled recollection to himself, as answers to his queries. The hands are certainly an inexplicable phenomenon. Of course they are not portions of a dead body, nor any other kind of substance; they are impressions on the two senses, sight and touch, but how produced I cannot tell. Even admitting their appearance—and certainly *I do admit it as freely and fully as if I had seen it myself—there is no need of supposing them to come from the world of departed spirits.* Powers seems to put entire faith in the verity of spiritual communications, while acknowledging the difficulty of identifying spirits as being what they pretend to be. He is a Swedenborgian, and so far prepared to put faith in these phenomena. . . . *But what most astonishes me is the indifference with which I listen to these marvels. They throw old ghost stories quite into the shade; they bring the whole world of spirits down amongst us, visibly and audibly; they are absolutely proved to be sober facts by evidence*

that would satisfy us of any other alleged realities; and yet I cannot force my mind to interest itself in them. They are facts to my understanding, which it might have been anticipated would have been the last to acknowledge them; but they seem not to be facts to my intuitions and deep perceptions. My inner soul does not in the least admit them. There is a mistake somewhere. So idle and empty do I feel these stories to be, that I hesitated long whether or no to give up a few pages of this not very important journal to the record of them.

“ We have had written communications through Miss ——— with several spirits; my wife’s father, mother, two brothers and a sister who died long ago in infancy; a certain Mary Hall, who announces herself as the guardian spirit of Miss ———, and queerest of all, a Mary Runnel, who seems to be a wandering spirit, having relations with nobody, but thrusts her finger into everybody’s affairs. My wife’s mother is the principal communicant; she expresses strong affection, and rejoices at the opportunity of conversing with her daughter. *She often says very pretty things, for instance, in a dissertation upon hearing music; but there is a lack of substance in her talk, a want of gripe, a delusive show, a sentimental surface, with no bottom beneath it.* The same sort of thing has struck me in all the poetry and prose that I have read from spiritual sources. I should judge that these effusions emanated from earthly minds, but had undergone some process that had deprived them of solidity and warmth. In the communications between my wife and her mother, I cannot help thinking that (Miss ——— being unconsciously in a mesmeric state) all the responses are conveyed to her fingers from my wife’s mind.

“ We had tried the spirits by various test questions, on every one of which they have failed egregiously. Here, however, the aforesaid Mary Runnel comes into play. *The other spirits have told us that the veracity of this spirit is not to be depended upon, and so whenever it is possible, poor Mary Runnel is thrust forward to bear the odium of every mistake or falsehood.* They have avowed themselves responsible for all statements signed by themselves, and have thereby brought themselves into more than one inextricable dilemma; but it is very funny, where a response or a matter of fact has not been thus certified, how invariably Mary Runnel is made to assume the discredit of, on its turning out to be false. It is the most ingenious arrangement that could possibly have been contrived; and somehow or other the pranks of this lying spirit give a reality to the conversations which the most respectable ghosts quite fail in imparting.

“ The matter seems to me a sort of dreaming awake. It

resembles a dream, in that the whole material is from the first in the dreamer's mind, though concealed at various depths below the surface. The dead appear alive, as they always do in dreams; unexpected combinations occur—as continually, in dreams; the mind speaks through the various persons of the drama, and sometimes astonishes itself with its own wit, wisdom, and eloquence, as often in dreams; but in both cases the intellectual manifestations are really of a very flimsy texture. Mary Runnel is the only personage who does not come evidently from dreamland, and she, I think, represents that lurking scepticism, that sense of unreality, of which we are so often conscious amid the most vivid phantasmagoria of a dream. I should be glad to believe in the genuineness of these spirits if I could, but the above is the conclusion to which my soberest thoughts tend. There remains, of course, a great deal for which I cannot account, and I cannot sufficiently wonder at the pig-headedness, both of metaphysicians and physiologists, in not accepting the phenomena so far as to make them the subject of investigation.

“ In writing the communications, Miss —— holds the pencil rather loosely between her fingers; it moves rapidly, and with equal facility, whether she fixes her eyes on the paper or not. The handwriting has far more freedom than her own. At the conclusion of a sentence, the pencil lays itself down. She sometimes has a perception of each word before it is written; at other times she is quite unconscious what is to come next. Her integrity is simply indisputable, and she herself totally disbelieves in the spiritual authenticity of what is communicated through her medium.

“ *September 11th.*—We have heard a good deal of spirit matters of late, especially of wonderful incidents that attended Mr. Home's visit to Florence, two or three years ago. Mrs. Powers told a very marvellous thing how that when Mr. Home was holding a *séance* in her house, and several persons were present, a great scratching was heard in a neighbouring closet. She addressed the spirit, and requested it not to disturb the company then, as they were busy with their own affairs, promising to converse with it on a future occasion. On a subsequent night accordingly, the scratching was renewed, with the utmost violence; and in reply to Mrs. Powers's questions, the spirit assured her that it was not *one* but legion, being the ghosts of twenty-seven monks who were miserable and without hope! The house now occupied by Powers was formerly a convent; and I suppose that these were the spirits of all the wicked monks that had ever inhabited it: at least, I hope that there were not such a number of damnable sinners extant at any one time. It was not ascertained that they desired to have anything done for their eternal

welfare, or that their situation was capable of amendment any hour; but they being exhorted to refrain from further disturbance, they took their departure, after making the sign of the cross on the breast of each person present. This was very singular in such reprobates, who, by their own confession, had forfeited all their claims to be benefited by that holy symbol. It curiously suggests that the forms of religion may still be kept up in purgatory or hell itself. The sign was made in a way that conveyed the sense of something devilish and spiteful. The perpendicular line of the cross being drawn gently enough, but the transverse one sharply and violently, so as to leave a painful impression. Perhaps the monks meant this to express their contempt and hatred for heretics; and how queer that this antipathy should survive their own damnation! But I cannot help hoping that the case of these poor devils may not be so desperate as they think. They cannot be wholly lost, because their desire for communication with mortals shows that they need sympathy—therefore are not altogether hardened, and with loving treatment may be restored.

“A great many other wonders took place within the knowledge and experience of Mrs. P., she saw not one pair of hands, but many. The head of one of her dead children, a little boy, was laid in her lap, not in ghastly fashion, as a head out of the coffin and grave, but just as the living child might have laid it on his mother's knees. It was invisible, by the bye, and she recognised it by the features, and the character of the hair, through the sense of touch. Little hands grasped hers. In short these soberly-attested incredibilities are so numerous that I forget nine-tenths of them, and judge the others too cheap to be written down. Christ spoke the truth surely, in saying that men would not believe, “though one rose from the dead.” *In my own case, the fact makes absolutely no impression. I regret such confirmation.* Within a mile of our villa stands the Villa Columbaria, a large house built round a square court. Like Mr. Powers' residence it was formerly a convent. It is inhabited by Major Gregorie, an old soldier of Waterloo, and various other fights, and his family consists of Mrs. —, the widow of one of the Major's friends, and her two daughters. We have become acquainted with the family, and Mrs.— the married daughter has lent us a written statement of her experience with a ghost, who has haunted the Villa Columbaria for many years back. He had made Mrs.— aware of his presence in her room by a sensation of cold as if a wintry breeze was blowing over her; also by a rustling of the bed curtains, and at such times, she had a certain consciousness, as she says, that she was not alone.

“ Through Mr. Home’s agency, the ghost was enabled to explain himself, and declared that he was a monk, named Giannana, who died a very long time ago in Mrs. — present bedchamber. He was a murderer, and had been in a restless and miserable state ever since his death, wandering up and down the house, but especially haunting his own death-chamber and a staircase that communicated with the chapel of the villa. All the interviews with this lost spirit were attended with a sensation of severe cold, which was felt by every one present. He made his communications by means of table-rapping, and by the movement of chairs and other articles, which often assumed an angry character. The poor old fellow does not seem to know exactly what he wanted with Mrs. —, but promised to refrain from disturbing her any more, on condition that she would pray that he might find some repose. He had previously declined having any masses said for his soul. Rest, rest, rest, appears to be the continual craving of unhappy spirits: they do not venture to ask for positive bliss; perhaps, in their utter weariness, would rather forego the trouble of active enjoyment, but pray only for rest. The cold atmosphere around this monk suggests new ideas as to the climate of Hades. If all the above mentioned twenty-seven monks had a similar one, the combined temperature must have been that of a Polar winter. Mrs. — saw at one time the fingers of her monk—long, yellow, and skinny. These fingers grasped the hands of individuals with a cold, clammy, and horrible touch. After the departure of this ghost, other *séances* were held in her bedchamber, at which good and holy spirits manifested themselves, and behaved in a very comfortable and encouraging way. It was their benevolent purpose, apparently, to purify her apartment from all traces of the evil spirit, and to reconcile her to what had been so long the haunt of this miserable monk, by filling it with happy and sacred associations, in which, as Mrs. — intimates, they entirely succeeded.

“ These stories remind me of an incident that took place at the old manse, in the first summer of our marriage.”

MAKE THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS.—Every day is a little life rounded with a sleep: it is an epitome of eternity, and in its little rim it is possible to include all that we can ever hope to be or to do. In every day, if we would live rightly, there should be some work, some knowledge, some enjoyment. “The kingdom of heaven is within you,” said Jesus; and to however greater a degree it may some day be realized, it will never embrace any other elements than exist within any twenty-four hours of this present time. You have five clear senses, and breathing lungs, and a loving heart; it is for you the way-side flower blooms, and the sun sets in glory, and the stars go home with you at night; friendship and love are yours, and the latest-born of all God’s beautiful creatures plays around your fireside!

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

THIS latest and most interesting phase of spirit manifestation in London is making rapid progress. The first of these photographs taken by Mr. Hudson was on 4th March last, and up to the present date (April 23), as many as 41 have been taken, no two of these being exactly alike. The effort is not always equally successful; but generally where a suitable medium is present, and conditions are favourable, a second figure appears with more or less distinctiveness on the plate. On one of those taken with Mr. Herne, his spirit brother appears almost as distinct and life-like as himself. These portraits have now been obtained in the presence of five different mediums: Mrs. Guppy, 1, Morland Villas, Highbury Hill Park; Mrs. Powell, 179, Copenhagen Street, Caledonian Road; Mr. Slater, optician, Euston Road, Mr. Herne, 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C., and Mrs. Bielfield, 208, Euston Road; and there is, no doubt, that many other mediums, with perseverance, would be equally successful. Looking at the series taken by Mr. Hudson, as a whole, there is evidently a progress in development which is most encouraging.

One of the best is a portrait of Mrs. Guppy and child kneeling, and a female spirit draped, with the face uncovered, the features distinctly visible, with hands extended over mother and child as if in benediction. Concerning this photograph Mr. Hudson, the photographer, writes:—

“ 177, Palmer Terrace, Holloway Road,

“ March 25, 1872.

“ I am willing to make affidavit before any authority that at the time of taking the within photograph (signed by me), there was no human being in my studio besides Mr. Guppy, Mrs. Guppy, and their child, and that Mr. Guppy was behind the dark screen the whole of the time of the photograph being taken, and that I looked at Mrs. Guppy and child most particularly when I uncovered the camera, and there was no person visible except Mrs. Guppy and child.

(Signed)

“ FRED. A. HUDSON.”

The British Journal of Photography of March 28, says of this picture:—

“ It is a group composed of Mrs. Guppy and her child, and behind them is seen a female figure in light clothing, gracefully posed, very sharp, and well defined, being in this respect quite different from any pictures of this class we have hitherto seen. Some ‘expert’ professional photographic friends who have seen the picture are of opinion that the light female figure could not

have been placed on the negative by any known system of double printing, and hence think that at the time of the negative being taken the figure must have been standing behind the sitters."

But this supposition, as the editor remarks, is negated by the statement of Mr. Hudson above quoted, and by the assurance of Mr. Guppy that no such figure was visible to the eye. The editor also tells us that—

"In company of a friend—a professional photographer in the city—we called upon Mr. Hudson. We here take occasion to thank him for the readiness with which he submitted for our examination everything in connection with this subject that he had including the prints, the negatives, the studio, and the camera. He informed us that he would not lend himself to any kind of deception, and that he really had no idea how the figures came upon the negatives, which he had treated in every respect as was his wont. In reply to a question, he said that, although with strangers he usually turns his back to his sitter during exposure, in this case he did not do so, and that if anything had been projected from behind he must have seen it. We have written to Mr. Guppy, inquiring if there would be any objection to our being present with a friend when he next attempted to obtain photographs of this description, and also whether he would allow us on that occasion to operate on plates that we should bring with us."

Mr. Guppy's reply is published in the *British Journal of Photography* of April 5th, as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—In reply to the question put by you, as soon as your health and your time and the weather permit, I will arrange for you as follows:—You shall take your own camera and glass plates, and you shall sit for a spirit-photograph. I cannot answer for your getting one, but if you will give time and patience, and attend to my suggestions, it is very probable you will get one—if not at once, after a trial or two. You shall develop it yourself with your own chemicals (this I take on me to answer Mr. Hudson will allow, at my request, in your special case).
Yours very truly,

SAML. GUPPY."

One of the most successful of these spirit pictures was obtained by our friend Mr. John Jones, of Enmore Park, South Norwood. In this Mr. Jones has a female figure which he recognises as the spirit of his daughter sitting on the floor at his feet. Mr. Jones writes concerning this portrait,—

"I obtained the favour of Mrs. Guppy's company to Mr. Hudson's photographer, Holloway-road, on the 5th April, 1872, at half-past three o'clock. My son Rupert (age 15), went with

us, and I had given him instructions to remain in the studio during the sitting, and stand near the camera, facing and watching me and the screen, so that if any embodied or disembodied substance presented itself, he might report.

"The screen behind the sitter was a seven feet by seven frame, on which was stretched tightly a kind of felt cloth, neutral tint. Behind the screen and the outer boarding was a space about three feet wide. The room for the sitter was, say twenty feet long by nine wide.

"Mrs. Guppy voluntarily went *behind* the screen, from which she could not get out without pushing back the screen, and holding it to prevent it from falling. By that means she was out of sight.

"I sat down on a chair in *front* of the screen, put myself in my usual position, as when at home, which position ran nearly *parallel* with the screen. I then turned my head round to the west, so as to look into the camera at the end of the room, saw it, and Rupert.

"A lively conversation was carried on by us all, till the moment the photographer said he was ready. At the end of thirty seconds my son and Mr. Hudson went into the developing room. Mrs. Guppy pushed aside the screen, joined me, excitedly, saying, "I saw something white flash across me;" and then she hurried into the developing room.

"The photographer was excited, his hands trembling, and he cried, 'Oh, what is this? You, Rupert, must have passed in front of the camera, and spoilt it. No, it is a female figure kneeling in front of your father.' The three heads, Hudson's, Mrs. Guppy's, and Rupert's, came out on the plate; and there clear and distinct was the draped figure of a young girl, apparently kneeling in front of me; the forehead, eyebrows, and part of the face in profile, clearly shown. My son said, 'It is Marion' (his deceased sister). We were surprised and delighted. It was the best spirit-picture that had been ever taken. Rupert states that he saw no one, embodied or disembodied near me during the sitting. My position was such that I must have seen if anybody had been near me.'

Mr. Thomas Blyton, Secretary to the Dalston Association of Enquirers into Spiritualism, has sent in a report on the subject to the Committee of the Association in which he says:—

"On Saturday, 6th April, 1872, I went to Mr. Hudson's, and was so fortunate as to have the presence of Miss Florrie Cook and Messrs. Herne and Williams as media, the latter of whom sat first by themselves, but without any successful result. Miss Cook then went into the studio, where she was entranced in a reclining position, Messrs. Herne and Williams

placing themselves behind the screen (which forms a kind of cabinet), and on developing the plate a draped figure of a woman was found standing over Miss Cook. Having entered the studio, I proposed to sit for a spirit-picture, and obtained the consent of Messrs. Herne and Williams to act as media; they were again placed in the little cabinet, and the screen closed up against it. On giving a glance at them, previous to taking my seat, we found them both entranced. I then seated myself close to and in front of the screen, when the spirits John and Katie King at once greeted me in their usual hearty manner, while Katie intimated her intention to try and appear with her baby. I urged them both to do their utmost to produce a good spirit-picture. The plate was then exposed in the camera, when the media roused up and passed some remarks between each other, while John and Katie urged them in loud tones to keep still for fear of spoiling their efforts. Messrs. Herne and Williams were *distinctly* heard speaking by me *at the same time* as the spirits. It must be remembered that what has taken me several minutes to record here, only took about from thirty to forty seconds to transact between the plate being exposed and the cap of the camera being replaced. I then went with Mr. Hudson into his dark room to see him develop my plate, when there was found on my right-hand side a robed figure with something in its arms, also a figure on my left, while through its robes could be clearly seen a *second* likeness of a portion of my face and bust. During this experiment Miss Cook was not present in the studio. An experiment was then tried by Messrs. Herne and Williams placing the *tips* of their fingers upon the *surface* of a small table, which actually rose bodily into the air as high as the media could reach in full view of Miss Cook, Mr. Hudson, and myself. The camera was then exposed for upwards of thirty seconds, when the table fell to the ground, and was broken, while the media appeared to be considerably exhausted. Miss Cook stated that during the time the camera was exposed she saw a white figure apparently sustaining the table, and upon developing the plate we found a white-robed figure between the media, apparently sustaining the table; and a chair, which had been thoughtlessly placed back on one side of the screen, was found occupied by a spirit form, which was invisible to me at the time the experiment was being made. During this experiment both Miss Cook and myself were at one side and close to the camera; while the media were at the screen end of the studio, and in full view of us. I then sat twice in succession for a private photograph, when in the second sitting, while Miss Cook and Messrs. Herne and Williams were in front at one side, in full view of me, a flower was seen by them fluttering over my

head. On developing the plate a hand with a flower in it was observed over my head."

Mr. M. Jones, Lombard House, Bexley Heath, Kent, under date of April 6th, 1872, writes :—

"On the 4th inst., about 4 p.m., I called on Mr. Hudson, photographer, 177, Palmer Terrace, Holloway Road, about a photo of myself, which had been in hand some weeks, and there met a total stranger to me, Mr. Herne, the celebrated medium, whose object (successful) had been to obtain a spirit-photograph. Feeling much interest in the marvels of Spiritualism, I was introduced to Mr. Herne, who kindly consented to give me the advantage of his mediumistic powers, as I was about to sit for a portrait. I accordingly sat in front of a baize screen, and Mr. Herne stood behind the screen. The result was most astonishing, as the plate showed myself and a female figure to my right, standing out in bold relief, and dressed in a hat covered by a white veil, and a lace shawl drawn tightly in folds about the shoulders and body, the right arm bringing forward part of the dark drapery of the background. The face was turned towards me, reflecting a bright light on mine. On receiving a first proof of the plate, you may imagine the astonishment and delight that recognised and welcomed the figure and features of my late wife, who passed away about fourteen months since. The truth of this conviction is not based by yearning affection alone, but is confirmed by the judgment of family and friends."

In several of the spirit figures the drapery seems transparent, overlapping the sitter, sometimes immediately in front of him so that he is seen through it,—in others, however, this drapery is more opaque. In a portrait of Mr. Slater, taken April 6th, there is a spirit standing in front of him, holding out drapery so that only a small part of Mr. Slater's face and arm is visible. At another sitting Mr. Slater obtained no portrait, his figure did not appear on the plate, it was a blank, all back ground.

Mr. J. H. Powell says of the spirit-photograph obtained through his wife's mediumship :—"I think it is a curiosity, and in some respects unlike anything I have seen of spirit-photography either here or in America.* Mrs. Powell was entranced when

* In the *Spiritual Magazine* for August, 1869, Mr. Powell gives an account of spirit-photographs taken with his portrait by Mrs. Butler, of Buffalo. One of these had on it the portrait of his father, who died in London, some four thousand miles away six or eight months previously. On shewing the picture to his wife and son, both at once, and without prompting, recognised the second figure as that of his father. Dr. Ferguson also recognised it. Mr. Powell mentions that in the portrait of himself, there appears in his arms the head of a little spaniel dog, which brought to his recollection a curious incident in connection with such a dog which had appeared to him when a boy, nearly thirty years before.

the picture was taken. On the negative appears a tall figure enveloped in what looks like transparent muslin; her hands resting on her lap, shewing plainly through the transparent vesture. Instead of a face proportioned to the size of the figure, two small faces, one above the other, occupy its place. The garment which has a wavy appearance is literally studded with small figures, discernible to the naked eye; a magnifying glass of course shows them to better effect."

We have not space to describe or even enumerate all the spirit-pictures Mr. Hudson has taken since our last, but the following letters will be read with interest:—

20, Delamere Crescent, W., April 12th, 1872.

To the Editor of the "*Spiritual Magazine*."

Sir,—Spirit photography is already making such rapid strides, that I dare say you will by this time have received much information on the subject, but as there are some peculiarities in the pictures obtained in my presence I think I had better give you some account of them, and confine myself to the description of those to which I can personally testify, for I attend regularly every week in the hope of aiding the development of the power, and Mrs. Guppy generally receives special directions as to the method of proceeding.

On the 28th of March, I went with Mrs. Guppy to Mr. Hudson's. She seated herself in the dark cabinet, where I mesmerised her until she passed completely into trance, and I took my place to be photographed.

It was the Thursday in Passion Week,—the day before Good Friday, and I trusted that there might be some manifestation referring to the season. As Mr. Hudson covered the lens after taking the negative, three branches of the willow palm fell into my lap, (the previous Sunday is known in our church as Palm Sunday), and when I went into the developing room, I found that they had been held at the back of my head so as to form a kind of crown. As I was returning to my chair, without looking round upon it, I heard Mrs. Guppy, in the very low tone in which she speaks when entranced, say, "Do not sit upon them," and then I saw that there were three more palm branches on the seat, so I put them on the table, but apart from the first three, and Mrs. Guppy continued, "The *three* are *one*; they are gathered from *one* tree." I remarked, "there are *two* threes." "Yes, the first three, those with which you have been photographed are *yours*, but the second three are for a lady you visit, they are not for *me*." "Are they for Mrs. Tebb?" "Yes."

While Mr. Hudson was preparing the next plate, I felt my tortoiseshell dagger withdrawn from my head, and after a little

interval, it was placed *upright*, being fixed between my head and the comb, and when the negative was taken, I again heard Mrs. Guppy's subdued voice, saying, "The cross is made of the wood of THE TRUE CROSS, and the whiteness is caused by the light proceeding from itself; it is not a light thrown upon it, but comes from the Cross itself." In a little while she said, "Now you are to wake me," which I did, but the trance was very deep. We then went together to look at the negative. My dagger stands as it were erect on my head, but the topmost ball of the three is hidden by a most exquisite little white Cross, thus explaining the message given me. I took out the dagger to replace it in its usual position, but there was no cross apparent to our mortal eyes. Nothing could be more complete as to the symbolism,—to-day the palm, to-morrow the cross. In both these photographs I was spiritually influenced as to the position of my head and my hands.

On the 4th of April our arrangements were again changed. Instead of the black drapery, the screen belonging to Mr. Hudson's ordinary proceedings was to be used, having been thoroughly fumigated and purified. Mrs. Guppy was not to go into the cabinet, but to sit quietly in the studio, about midway between Mr. Hudson and me, and I mesmerised her slightly, but not sufficiently to induce trance. When the negative was taken, we went in *at once* to watch the developing process, when to our great surprise there was no *me*. I seemed to be entirely obliterated, and in my place (but with the left side forward instead of the right), was a veiled figure, clad in white, with some flowers in her lap. The drapery appears beautifully transparent, flowing very gracefully, and the flowers unlike any with which I am acquainted.

On the second plate I was again absent, while to the right, rather in advance of where I had been seated, was a tall figure in white, but the glass was thin, and a piece was unfortunately broken from the bottom of it; the negative, too, would not clear properly, and Mr. Hudson left it unfinished in the hope of putting it to rights afterwards, but all his efforts were unavailing.

For the third plate I had to stand, and in that I *do* appear, but very faintly, while the prominent object is a short female figure rather in advance of myself, with a dark dress and a transparent veil thrown over the head, touching the ground both behind and before, but leaving a portion of the dress uncovered from rather below the waist, quite unlike any arrangement I ever saw. The negative had been scarcely sufficiently exposed, but the character of the light may probably have changed just at the time, and we were all too much engrossed with our work to be quite careful as to photographic needs.

In these three pictures there is one great marvel as far as our weak natural senses are concerned, for what we consider as the substantial material individual was, in the two first instances totally ignored on the photographic plate, while only the apparently invisible and intangible was manifested; and in the third picture only a slight glimpse of the mortal is shewn, while she who had thrown off the garment of flesh stands forth as the true being.

I went again April 11th, and to my great delight, the first picture was a repetition of the one that had been spoiled on the previous occasion, but I am permitted to appear in it, and the spirit figure is rather smaller than it was before. My cousin, Mrs. Pearson, met me there (by appointment) in the hope of obtaining a likeness of her deceased sister, and I am happy to say was successful, for the figure is decidedly hers, but until it is printed, we cannot tell whether the features will be distinguishable.

After her sitting was over, Mr. Simkiss, of Wolverhampton, with his wife and child, sat in a group, and with them is the kneeling figure of a spirit who was recognised by Mrs. Simkiss.

For the two latter negatives, Mrs. Guppy sat in the same place in the studio that she had occupied while mine was being taken, and I was in the dark cabinet behind the screen.

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

April 20.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Sir,—Yesterday I accompanied Mr. Herne to Mr. Hudson, who is now much engaged in the work of spirit-photography. Mr. Herne wishing to find some representation on a plate interesting to himself, asked me to sit at a table with him as at a *séance*, he as a medium, I as a sceptical watcher. We sat thus for the photographic picture, I keeping my eyes upon Mr. H.'s person, when the figures on the plate were developed. While my portrait appears as I expected, Mr. Herne's does not appear at all, but in his room a seated figure enveloped in a robe, two heads emerging from it side by side.

J. DIXON.

8, Great Ormond Street, W.C.

Mr. W. H. Mumler, the spirit-photographer of 170, W. Springfield Street, Boston, Mass., U.S.A., has sent to the Spiritual Institute, 15, Southampton Row, a packet of spirit-photographs taken by him, with descriptions and memoranda of them, from which we take the following extracts:—

"In compliance with your request, I send you a few

specimens of spirit-photographs; and as the facts connected with the taking of many of them are very interesting, I will relate them to you in detail.

" No. 1 shows a picture of Moses A. Dow and his adopted daughter, Mabel Warren.

" Mr. Dow is proprietor and editor of the *Waverley Magazine*, a first class weekly paper, and a gentleman of wealth and position. He came to my studio in my absence, and made an appointment with my wife to have a sitting for a spirit-photograph, giving the name of William Johnson.

" At the time appointed he was present, and after taking three or four negatives, I secured the above picture.

" Perhaps it would be interesting for you to read what 'Mr. Johnson' says about his picture to me, in a letter dated Boston, January 20th, 1871. As it has never been in print I will give you a *verbatim* copy:—

" ' Mr. Mumler,—After I put a letter in the post-office on Saturday last, I called and found a packet from you, in which was enclosed the proof of my negative.

" ' It is *perfectly satisfactory* as regards a likeness of my friend.

" ' I enclose a picture of my friend, which she sat for a week before she was taken sick.* She never saw anything but the negative. She was sick just nine days.

" ' She told at twelve o'clock last Thursday, through a medium, that she would stand by my side, with her arm on my shoulder, and a flower in her hand.† If you will look over my left shoulder, you will see faintly the impress of her hand, with a flower; but it needs a magnifying-glass to see it perfectly. I think, by showing the two pictures, you can convince any sceptic of your skill.

" ' I will drop the name of *Johnson*, and give you my true name. With much esteem,

" ' MOSES A. DOW,

" ' Editor of the *Waverley Magazine*.

" ' P.S.—You will see the eyes are perfectly correct. One was dressed for a picture, the other is in her innocent and natural dress.—D.'

* * * * *

" No. 5 is a picture of Mrs. Sawyer, a lady residing near Boston, and shows her spirit-husband placing their spirit-babe in her arms. This was according to a promise made by her husband before he passed to spirit-life, which was some three

* This is accompanied by the photograph of a picture of Mabel Warren taken when in earth-life, and kindly furnished me by Mr. Dow *after* his picture was taken, so that the two might be compared.

† Half-past twelve the same day was the time I took the picture.—W.H.M.

months previous. I placed the lady in the usual position of persons sitting for a photograph, but while adjusting the focus, she requested the privilege of changing it, which I readily granted. She then *placed herself* in the position seen in the picture, and requested mentally that her husband would fulfil his promise, which he has done to her entire satisfaction, as she and all her family fully recognise the picture.

"No. 6 is a picture of Master Herrod, of N. Bridgewater, Mass., and shows three spirits standing behind him—a European, an Indian, and a negro.

"When the above picture was taken, the young man with his father called and desired a sitting—not stating who or what he desired or expected to have come on the plate. After developing the negative, I brought it into the room. On looking at it, Mr. Herrod exclaimed, 'Mr. Mumler, that is the most wonderful picture you have ever taken.' I asked him to explain. 'Well,' he continued, 'my son has been controlled a few months, and before coming here a spirit took possession of him, and said if he would come to your studio, three spirits would show themselves, representing Europe, Africa, and America; and there they are,' he said, excitedly, 'a European, a Negro, and an Indian.' Subsequently the young man called on me for another sitting, and received on the negative an elderly lady and gentleman, which he declared was his grandfather and mother, as had been promised. It then occurred to me to take his picture while entranced, to see if I could get the controlling power, and to that end I asked if there were any spirit present, to please entrance the medium. In a few moments he threw his head back, apparently in a deep trance. I then adjusted the focus and exposed the plate, and took the picture as represented in No. 7. The spirit seen here is undoubtedly "*his double*," as it is recognised unmistakably by his family as a true likeness of himself.

* * * * *

"No. 11 is a picture of Mr. L. A. Bigelow, of Boston, a gentleman of wealth and high social standing. This gentleman is a thorough Spiritualist, and has had private *séances* at his residence twice a week for the last two years, the medium being Mrs. Sarah A. Floyd, a lady in every sense of the word, modest and retiring, and one of the finest mediums we have among us. Mr. Bigelow has been interested somewhat in electricity, and has received some advice from a spirit, through Mrs. Floyd, purporting to be Franklin. At a *séance* a few weeks since, he asked this spirit if he could not give him (Bigelow) some evidence whereby he might know it was him. The spirit replied, that if he (Bigelow) would go to the medium that takes the photo-

graphs, he (Franklin) would show himself, bringing with him *the key* by which he drew electricity from the clouds, as a mark of identity. Mr. Bigelow started immediately, leaving the medium at his house, and called on me for a sitting; the enclosed picture was the result of the first trial.

“No. 12 and last is Mrs. Lincoln, and the spirits of our late lamented President and his son. This lady visited Boston *incog.*, for the express purpose of having this picture taken; and on her arrival, came immediately to my studio. She was closely veiled, so much so that it was impossible to tell if she was black or white. She gave the name of Mrs. Tyndall; the picture was taken without the slightest suspicion on my part as to who she was. On printing the picture, however, I readily recognised the spirit as that of our late President, and suspected that she was his widow. I showed the picture, before she called, to one or two persons, who recognised as readily as I did President Lincoln. One gentleman recognised her as soon as he saw the picture, having seen her often in Washington.

“I was not present when Mrs. L. called for the pictures; my wife delivered them. A lady visitor asked Mrs. L. if she recognised the portraits. She replied that she did, and tendered her one, when the lady exclaimed, ‘Why, this looks like President Lincoln.’ ‘Yes,’ replied Mrs. L., ‘it is him, I am his widow.’

In his letter Mr. Mumler says:—“As many persons write to me desiring the likeness of some *particular* spirit, it would perhaps be well for me to say that it is not in my power to give the likeness of *any* spirit, as their coming, or abstaining from coming, is not subject to my volition, and is entirely beyond *my* control. I simply act as a medium for preparing and developing the negative, and I have not the slightest knowledge if I have a spirit-form on the plate until I see it developed. This has been my experience since I have been taking these pictures—now some twelve years—with two or three exceptions, in which cases the spirits have been able to so *materialise* themselves that I have seen their image reflected in the camera.”

In reply to the question. “What evidence have we that spirit photography is true?” Mr. Mumler answers:—*Twelve years of accumulative evidence.* It has been investigated by the best photographers in America, and I have their testimony in my favour *given under oath*; I have been tried in a court of justice and been honourably acquitted; and lastly, I have the evidences of thousands of people who have had pictures taken, and recognised the likeness of their spirit-friends, many of whom never had a picture taken during life.”

The *New Church Independent* for January contains the following:—

“ We have heard much of this new feat in spiritual science, and heard it much ridiculed and abused. But it appears to be a real achievement of the powers above. We have never been fully convinced till recently, though we could not find it in us to deny so stoutly what we knew not sufficiently of. Recently we have had the opportunity of an interview with the gentleman who makes this branch of spiritual art a specialty, in Boston. We have seen several specimens. We cannot doubt the wonderful reality. And how beautiful—how strange—what an overleap from the science of common photography, thus to have the very pictures of our spirit-friends given to us from their own beautiful and invisible world! Surely, we are on the advance.

We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand, eventful time,—
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime.

“ It appears that in about one half the instances where sittings are given for this purpose, the faint but distinct likeness of some relative or friend will appear upon the plate and upon the card—generally just over the head of the sitter, sometimes near the cheek, and sometimes with the hand upon the head. For instance, if I sit for a spirit-likeness, and am successful, my own likeness will be photographed as usual, and over my shoulder or head some recognised person will appear in fainter and more spiritual style—some person, perhaps, whom I was not thinking of. A lady of this city who had recently lost her husband, and who was perfectly unbelieving in the matter, went to the artist from curiosity. She was surprised not only by a perfect picture of herself, but by the complete form and features of her departed husband, just over her own head, in an interested and familiar attitude. The likeness was recognised by all who knew him. He was an undertaker, residing in Lowell Street. Another lady, who is well known in a dry goods store here, went and received a complete picture of her departed child, a little girl of three or four years of age, in affectionate attitude against her own cheek. Another received the perfect form and lineaments of a well-known physician, even to the spectacles he was accustomed to wear (for greater recognition, undoubtedly), and with his right hand placed tenderly upon the top of her head. A merchant living in Chester Park received his own likeness and *three* of his departed children over him like so many angels. The picture was exhibited among his friends, and though disbelievers, they could not but acknowledge the complete likeness of the children.

“But what is more wonderful still, a soldier of the South called upon the artist one day, and wanted to know if he could have a picture in a hurry. The artist told him he would try—but *spirit*-pictures did not come in more than one half the instances, and he had no control over them. The soldier sat down with a very few minutes to spare. To his great astonishment, when the photograph was presented to him, there was not only a fine picture of himself, but one just over him of a lady to whom he was formerly engaged to be married, but who died before the marriage. Of this the artist knew nothing. The soldier was not looking for it. On inspection of the picture, it was observed that in the hands of the lady was a plain, singular-looking bonnet. It was a Quaker bonnet. This, undoubtedly, was also for recognition, for the lady had been of the Quaker persuasion. More than this—on a further inspection, a small oval figure was observed in the picture, of the size of a locket, and in the centre of it was distinctly seen in print letters, the word HAIR. The truth was, the soldier had in his vest pocket a locket of that kind, with some of the lady’s hair in it, and the word HAIR printed on it just as it appeared in the picture. Of all this the artist knew nothing till the soldier explained it to him.

“Is not this wonderful? And yet this gentleman artist has been persecuted and abused, and even been submitted to a vexatious and annoying law suit, for obtaining money under false pretences. ‘Oh fools, and slow of heart to believe!’ And even many Swedenborgians, because Swedenborg spoke in his day of the danger of spirit communication, and the old sensual *Jews* were prohibited it, will deny and ridicule all this in the most positive and dogmatic manner. And if God himself did not interpose, they would deny it, I suppose, or call it a trick of the devil, for a thousand years to come. Well—it is amusing to see how much some people know, and what a tremendous fuss and hubbub it makes to let fly a little plain truth in this confused world.”

Evidence of spirit-photographs being taken comes to us also from Italy. One of our earliest correspondents, Baron Kirkup, in a letter dated Florence, Lungarno, Torrigiani, Dec. 30, 1871, writes:—

“Visited by spirits in my own house, my daughter being a medium, I asked one of the spirits to appear with a portrait of my *daughter*, or of *some other medium*, and when they consented *we fixed the time*. The man I have always employed for portraits was objected to, and they chose another—a new one, a *Pole*—who had been practising at Turin. I went punctually

with the medium. The operator was a young man I had not seen before, and I gave him this warning—‘If you see any marks in the back-ground of the negative, don’t rub them out without my seeing it.’

“‘What,’ said he, ‘do you expect there will be spirits?’ Yes. ‘We shall see,’ he replied: ‘it has happened to me in Turin,’ by which I supposed he was a medium, and therefore the spirits had chosen him. He is a Piedmontese, not the master of the establishment.

“I believe my success is owing to making *an appointment* with a spirit; the plan has this advantage, *identity* of the spirit, if known to you in this life. My test is, that I never mentioned the *age, sex, height, or features*, four points too difficult to be all correctly guessed.

“I enclose a portrait of my daughter with the spirit of a boy eight years old, who died at Capua seven years ago. The likeness is perfect.

“Lately I have been visited by four spirits every evening, all of whom I knew in this world. I have been in daily intercourse with spirits for sixteen years, and have had greater demonstration than these.

“SEYMOUR KIRKUP.”

TWENTY YEARS’ EXPERIENCE IN SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE AND PHENOMENA.

A Paper read at the Spiritual Institute, Southampton Row, March 27th, 1872.

HAVING attended on Wednesday Evening the 13th of March, the reading of a very interesting paper at the Spiritual Institute, by Mr. Harris, of the Anthropological Institute,* and feeling that your earnest appeal to the ladies to give their experience ought not to remain without response, I willingly give my experience of “Spiritual Intercourse and Phenomena.” I shall do so as briefly as I can, but as it extends over a period of twenty years, I fear I shall incur your criticism, at the rather disjointed style I am consequently forced to adopt. It is a source of pain to me, that on account of family ties, and the estrangements my convictions might cause amongst those I hold very

* This paper had been previously read at Manchester, and is published in the *Spiritual Magazine*, December, 1868.

dear, I cannot come personally and give my name. You will I trust understand and feel for me in this difficulty.

I date my first conviction of the truth of spiritual phenomena from the year 1852, about the time of Mrs. Haydon's arrival in this country from America. I was invited to meet her at a large private hotel in Wimpole Street, by Mr. H. S. Thompson, the well-known mesmerist. Having another engagement for that evening, I was necessarily very late, and found the *séance* at an end. On the expression of my disappointment, Mrs. Haydon, at that time a perfect stranger to me, came forward leaving the rest of the party in animated and rather noisy conversation. She kindly said, "Sit at this small table, take the alphabet, and I will ask the spirits to give you a message." I did as she desired me, and in a few minutes the table seemed alive with rappings, the vibrations of which I distinctly felt on the sole of my foot resting against the leg of the table. This was a help to me, as the noise of the conversation almost drowned the "rappings." I was left quite to myself, and upon my asking whether any spirit wished to communicate with me, an affirmative was given, and the first letter indicated was E—the second A—the third D. Mrs. Haydon then returned in the kindest manner to see how I was getting on, and finding only E A D, said, "Oh, I fear that means nothing, you will not get anything to-night," I answered, "Pray leave me, I am getting on very well." The whole word, Eade, was the name of a very old friend, and a former admirer of mine in my youth, who had sent for me on his death-bed some months previously, promising to watch over me. The date of his death and every other question I put was answered, ending by "I watch over you." I assure you that this death-bed scene had entirely passed from my mind, as I had undergone much trouble and severe affliction connected with those dearer to me in the interval. I dwell on these circumstances as they are distinct proofs, that the assertion made by Dr. Carpenter in his lecture at St. George's Hall, that Mrs. Haydon arranged her answers by watching the variation of the inquirer's countenance, was false. Mrs. Haydon did not even approach me after the three letters of the name had been given.

I have years ago obtained remarkable tests through my valued friend Dr. Ashburner, Mrs. Barnes, and others, but more recently travelling in Italy about the time Mr. Daniel Home was expelled from Rome by an order from the Vatican, I visited that city, but was careful of speaking on the subject, fearing I might possibly bring upon myself a similar mandate, in consequence of my comparatively very humble mediumship. Conversing however one evening with an English gentleman, Mr.

P—; an old resident in Rome, he discovered my convictions, and asked me as a great favour to have a private *séance* at his house, for the purpose of convincing his son (a young man of about 20) of the truth of spirit-life hereafter, as he feared he had become quite an infidel. I consented, and upon arriving at the house of this gentleman and his wife (almost utter strangers to me), I placed the indicator on the table. Soon afterwards the young man himself entered, and after some jeering remark placing a pellet upon the table, (the pellet was tightly folded) he said, "If you can tell me the contents of that paper, I will believe there is something in this Spiritualism." The door being locked to avoid intrusion, we were in secret and quiet. The indicator on my placing my hand upon it, went up to the paper, appeared to examine it minutely—came back again—went round it two or three times, and finally commenced indicating the letters on the alphabet, which formed the name "Charlotte Bullock." A vague feeling came over me, that it must be a mistake, but the young man with trembling hands unfolded his paper, and on it was inscribed the name "Charlotte Bullock." He left the room, and we entered into conversation about the Pope, Antonelli, and other noted personages, when presently the young man returned with a pellet more tightly twisted than the last, saying, "I know how it was—you must have read my mother's thoughts. She knew I had been attached to a person bearing that name, and thought it likely I should give it. Here is another written out of the room, and of whom no one in this house knows anything but myself." The indicator went through exactly the same movements as before, eventually spelling out "Chandos Pole." The pellet was opened and contained the words "Chandos Pole."

Shortly after this, a young Englishman came in and joined a private *séance* at my house in the Via Condotti, in opposition to the wishes of his guardian. The indicator spelt out in Italian "*Persequitato*" (pursued), and presently a violent ringing came at the door-bell, we opened it fearing some accident, and the guardian rushing in, there found his ward. The ending, however, after some explanation was amicable.

Another evening, at Rome, an Italian gentleman, Signor di Sanctis, a painter, poet, and musician, came in to excuse himself for not having called before, alleging that he had sustained a sad bereavement in the death of his father. The indicator was lying—carelessly enough on my part—on the table. He took it up to examine it, never having seen such a little instrument before—it was fortunate for me he was not the Pope—and asked me the use of it. I turned off the question, and desired him to place his hand on it with mine. He did so, and, with the

alphabet before us, it spelt out "*Tommaso.*" He started back, and, using an expressive exclamation, said, "How could you know my father's Christian name, as he has never been in Rome?" I answered that I had never even heard of his father until he told me of his death; and upon placing our hands upon the indicator again, it spelt out the word "*Benedicete*" I also received long messages from Gibson, the sculptor, who died that year at Rome.

At Paris, in 1867, I sat with a well-known lady, who is devoting her life and energies to the service of Spiritualism, and a well-known most powerful medium, then Miss N——. We three were covered by showers of fresh flowers, wet with dew, and evidently pulled from their stems—not cut—as the fibres were visible at the stalks. The lady, at whose house the *séance* was held, said, "Oh, dear, with such beautiful flowers, we ought to have some water to put them in." Immediately a stream of water *came from the ceiling*, and, on lighting a candle, we found the table wetted all over and covered with flowers. At that *séance* we had various flowers, roses, double white-stocks, mignonette, &c. At the next, pink carnations only. I, at each time, filled my handkerchief with them, and have some of them still in my possession *dried—very dry*, as you may imagine; but I keep them to prove that the sight of them was *real*, and not done to "unconscious cerebration."

Last Summer, I returned from Bath, where I had been living for a year and a half, and attended one of the *séances* at Messrs. Herne and Williams, at Lamb's Conduit Street, for the first time. Every person present was unknown to me, and I believe I was equally unknown to them. It is just possible Mr. Herne might have heard my name, as I had met him at a *séance* about three years before. After John King had saluted some of the company in his usual fashion, he came to me styling me "Old dear." I said to him, "John, you say that because you do not know my name, can't you guess it?" He answered, "I have known you too long and too well not to know your name," and he deliberately pronounced it! I said, "Did you know me, then, in Paris?" "Of course I did." "Then you must know (I here mentioned a young person's name, by which she is *not* known by others), and he answered without hesitation what S—— S—— of Bath. I was astounded! John then said, "There is a spirit near you trying to speak to you, his name is 'Amos.'" I begged he would go and ask him what he had to say. John returned in a few seconds, and gave me some words, which were to me such an extraordinary "test," that, had I ever doubted, I could not *then* fail to believe. Since then, I have attended several times, and "Katie" has

taken things from my hand as I have been taking them from my pocket, and it was utterly impossible for anyone to see what I had there. Once she took a sugar plum and put it between the lips of my youngest son, who had gone there a sceptic. She has patted and caressed my face and head, and kissed my hand with apparently the warm lips of a child. She has brought a velvet cloak I had left in another room and thrown it over me, because I felt cold, and the doors were locked. The large plaid shawl of a friend I had seen in an upstairs room three minutes before (the doors being locked), and it came apparently flapping like a large sail through the ceiling, and was thrown over her. The fringe struck our faces as it passed to her, at the other end of the room.

Latterly, wishing to investigate these phenomena in our own private circle, we have inaugurated private *séances*, and have obtained the most indubitable "tests." Rappings, and even the luminous hand. We have a medium of our own for the spirit-voice, and have obtained three or four separate voices, and the most beautiful and touching messages given through these voices from our loved ones "across the river." A friend, sitting with this medium, his family and ourselves, got a message, though with great difficulty, from his mother's spirit, who had been seen by a *clairvoyante*, sitting at his bedside during a long and painful illness, from which he was only just recovering. The names of my own dear ones "gone before" have been repeatedly given to me by the spirit-voice, with the most characteristic messages, using the same terms of expression and endearment they used in this life; and all this in the presence and in the hearing of four or five of our private circle who have commenced investigating for themselves—the *only satisfactory way of obtaining convincing results*. I have repeatedly had a cold hand laid upon mine. Hands have pressed on my head so as to bow it down; my dress has been repeatedly and sometimes violently pulled by spirit-hands; a spirit-hand has been laid on my head at night and awakened me, and the spirit-voice has told me afterwards why it came. Objects have been removed from my drawing-room table and placed underneath it, although they were in their places when the room-door was locked overnight; and a *reason* for having done this was given by the spirits afterwards through a writing medium, who knew nothing whatever herself of the circumstances.

A lady friend, then present, accompanied me to the house of a private medium some distance from London, and although she was entirely unknown—and all circumstances connected with her—to the "medium," the name of her departed daughter was given to her, which overwhelmed the mother with tears of joy.

A spirit-voice (not that of her child) addressed her as follows:—
 “Cheer up, there are better days in store for you on earth. I feel compelled to come to you, dear sister, seeing your grief. God will not lay any heavier burden than you are able to bear. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow. Throw yourself on your knees and say, Lord, I give myself up to Thee, for not a sparrow falleth to the ground without Thy will. If a mother’s tears or sighs can reach a child in so high a sphere, will not the heartfelt prayer go up at once to God? Glory to God for permitting these manifestations,” it continued. “Few minds can thoroughly grasp this power of communion with the so-called dead, but what a blessing it is to those who can.” Two evenings afterwards at my friend’s house the daughter’s spirit came again, saying through the voice, “Grieve not for me, I have escaped the evils of this world, and am happy with Jesus.” The voice then continued, “What a beautiful spirit, don’t grieve for her any more. When you learn to put implicit faith in God, and can say ‘Here I am, Lord, Nothing in my hand I bring’—you will feel a greater happiness pervading your whole frame, you have great cause for thankfulness to the Father who allows the spirits to come, and when he permits his angels to come, the Great Spirit is always watching over you—his children—here! Cultivate a cheerful disposition, we depend entirely on you, and what we draw from those who are sitting here, for our apparatus. We must get the breath to speak, otherwise you could not hear us. We depend on you when we are in communion with you. You should say, ‘Oh, Lord, prepare my mind that I may be ready to receive!’

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers.

‘In my Father’s house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you.’ If there had only been *two* places our Lord would not have said, ‘I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, ye may be also.’ You cannot have much to-night, as this is a strange place, the conditions are otherwise good. (This spirit had promised to describe the fourth sphere to us.) The surroundings are strange, we must talk fast for the emanations are passing away, hence we speak quickly.” After a few more sentences the voice ceased. Another spirit-voice (quite different in tone) gave me a message from a loved one I had lost, repeating her name and married surname several times over and over again, until it got the right pronunciation. I have had spirit-messages given to me at periods extending over many years, in all parts of the Continent, and under totally different conditions.

After our last *séance* on the 16th of this month (March, 1872),

on lighting the candles we discovered that five religious and spiritual books had been taken from different parts of the room and placed noiselessly on the table. Loud rappings afterwards indicated by messages that they were intended for just the *five* sitters present, to be taken home by them and read. They were:—The “I Wills of the Psalms,” “Recognition of Friends in Heaven,” “What she did with her Life,” “Across the River,” which was indicated to be given to me, and a little old Prayer Book which had belonged to the daughter who had been in communion with us was to be given to the mother.

I had been repeatedly told by spirits that a lady named could help me in a very painful family matter. As she was the last person I thought could or would do so, I paid little attention to these assurances. Whilst at Bath last year, in the month of April, I received a letter from this lady, saying she had sought me everywhere, and wrote at a venture. She did arrange the matter afterwards for me, in a manner I could not have foreseen.

A lady friend of mine at Bath, whose niece or *protegée* had left England some time previously to join her husband who was with his regiment at Singapore, for two or three years, was very anxious at not having had any tidings of her for a long period. She consulted my little medium, to whom I have already alluded, and through her got the following message:—“Do not be uneasy; she and her husband are at the Cape, on their way home.” The lady pushed away the table at which they were sitting, almost in anger, saying, “Oh! that is all nonsense.” The next morning’s post brought a letter from the Cape, saying that the husband and wife were at the Cape unexpectedly on their way home to England, he having got an appointment. I received letters from two of the circle present, written unknown to each other; with exactly similar accounts of this *séance*, and its sequel.

The spirit-voices have explained to us how the higher spirits are permitted to help the lower—how all is progression.

They state that these manifestations which are considered in this world as a new “ism,” are older than our world: that what mortals consider material has no existence—is evanescent; what they consider “spiritual”—is the only true and everlasting: that they draw their power of communicating with us from the medium, and some of those surrounding her; that the atmosphere of some is pure and transparent, of others dense and repulsive; that they depend entirely on the emanations from us for the voice-power. They describe their passing away from this life, at the dissolution of their bodies, as of awakening from sleep and finding all darkness; presently a bright,

shining spirit comes, and takes them away to a place bright and glorious. They describe a curtain which is sometimes withdrawn as of woven sunlight. There is no sorrow there, no tears, no jealousy, no idleness, no drones, they say. They are sometimes allowed glimpses of such glory that it is impossible to describe; that their spirit-bodies can only be likened to the finest gossamer. They regret their past wasted time here on earth, and their lost opportunities, and all impress upon us how thankful we ought to be to God for permitting this communion.

A very talented young friend of ours who, with a promising career before him, met with an early death in India, is constantly with us in spirit now, and gaining great power in communicating. His raps are those of an embodied hand at times, and my son and myself are constantly touched by this palpable hand. My power with the indicator has been withdrawn, but I am a developing medium, and have made rapid progress in the development of the young person to whom John King alluded, giving at once the striking characteristics of her mediumship, namely, "S—— S—— of Bath." In consequence of her other vocation she is obliged to assume another than her own name as a "medium," from the strong prejudice there exists still in some unreasoning minds against Spiritualism. I have omitted (fearing that I am taking too much space), but in some instances purposely, to mention numerous other spirit messages, spirit monitions, and proofs of spirit intelligence, and have selected those only to which it will not be easy to take exceptions on the grounds of "unconscious muscular action," "unconscious cerebration," or "collusion." If such had been the case in the instances I have given, it appears to me that it would be even more surprising than the simple explanation of spirit intervention.

I feel that there may be some here who are thinking, although they may not like to express it: Oh, it is all very well for a lady to sit down and give us these wonderful accounts, and then withhold her name. In answer to these, I can only say that I shall be willing and happy to meet them here, in a less crowded room, and answer any questions concerning what I have stated that they may choose to put.

I have in my possession a book full of spiritual messages, containing the highest spiritual teaching. The conditions for getting these seem to me to be affinity, sympathy, and love.



STONES THROWN BY UNSEEN AGENTS.

THE *Revue Spirite* of March last quotes an article from the *Gazette du Languedoc*, of which we translate an abstract:—

“The nineteenth century,” says the *Gazette du Languedoc*, “makes a boast of being the age of intelligence. Science assumes to explain everything by reason, and to find solutions for the various phenomena which from time to time manifest themselves upon our planet. We therefore humbly but confidently look to science to explain certain facts which have recently thrown the population of the retired Canton of Cadours into commotion. We shall be happy to find our request listened to, and hope thus to be enabled to testify our thankfulness to science, and at the same time satisfy public curiosity.

“Here are the facts:—On the 7th of October last, at a small farmhouse in the Commune of Cabanac, Canton of Cadours, the farmer’s wife was seated by her fireside watching the preparation of her husband’s supper, when she saw a stone fall down the chimney into her open saucepan. A second stone, then another fell. The farmer coming in finds his wife in trepidation, and while she relates the cause, himself sees stones falling apparently from the ceiling which is perfectly sound. The farmer takes up his gun and takes a turn round the house, sees no one, and returns to be greeted with more stones, which continue to fall at intervals.

“These stones are flints and fragments of tiles, like those of the ruins of a church destroyed by lightning a few years ago, about three hundred paces off. The night was passed by the poor farmer and his wife examining their conscience for any evil deed they may have done to bring this visitation upon them.

“The next morning brings the same persecution with it, and the wife persuades the husband to go to the priest. He with others repair to the farm in the evening. When they were within a hundred paces of the house, they found themselves assailed by stones coming from all directions, downwards, and laterally. They glance by them, but none strike them. Reaching the house they examine every part without and within, but find nothing to explain the phenomenon. The priest recites prayers and immediately the stones cease falling. The priest and his companions retired, leaving the place in peace, but the farmer and his wife accompanied them, in fear of a recurrence, and resolved to pass the night in the adjoining village. On their way the farmer was struck by a stone, and the priest and

his party felt stones glancing close by them as they had done on coming.

“The same phenomenon occurred day after day. Crowds from the adjoining villages gathered round the house, and all were obliged to acknowledge that stones were thrown sometimes from within the house, sometimes from without, there being no one visible to throw them.

“The priest and his colleagues now resolved, solemnly to bless the farm, and this they did on the 11th of October in the presence of a numerous assemblage, the stones falling more rarely during the ceremony—one flint falling at the foot of the cross before which the priest knelt, and a fragment of tile striking one of the others. The next day all was quiet. So it continued until the 23rd, twelve days; then noises were heard in the lofts, and the stones began to fall as before. Now the farmer resolved that he and his family ought to apply for refuge in his landlord’s house, not far off. This was allowed by him, but the stones followed them there. In the evening before leaving their home, they sat down to their little supper, but this was spoiled by a stone falling against their soup-dish and breaking it, and at the same time another stone struck and ruined the kitchen clock.

“They arranged with the landlord to be allowed to give up the house. During their removal the stones did not cease falling. They now changed their abode, but the phenomenon pursues them. If the farmer is in the fields, he finds himself struck by a stick; he looks around—he sees a stick on the ground, but no striker. In his new abode, the stones still fall. He and his wife in bed at night are struck, the wife even exhibiting a wounded face.

“Such is the outline of the facts which we have received from various witnesses.

“Let Science now have its say in the matter. Through its revelations aëroliths no longer frighten us, nor does the sulphurous rain which falls in spring astonish us. Let it enlighten us upon the phenomenon which we here report. The laws of gravitation are known, but here we have a fact in contradiction to these laws. We ask Science to make investigation, and furnish us with a solution. We shall await her explanation before giving our own judgment on the phenomenon.

(Signed) “ADOLPHE DE LIMAIRAC.”

The editors of the *Revue Spirite* say that this account has been reproduced in various journals in France, but before quoting it in their own pages resolved to have the particulars verified by inquiry on the spot, for which purpose they addressed them-

selves to the *Cercle de la Morale Spirite* of Toulouse, M. POMMIEZ, who put himself into communication with the farmer's landlord, whose account corresponds entirely with that given in the *Gazette du Languedoc*.

PROFESSOR ROBERT HARE'S LATEST OPINION OF SPIRITUALISM.

THAT chapter in the history of science that speaks of its relations with Spiritualism is not creditable to modern thought. The new philosophy received at the hands of scientists, a reception similar to that which was given to the discoveries of astronomers by the church of the middle ages. In America a few distinguished men rose above the bigotry and cowardice that prevailed among their scientific brethren, and one of them was the late Professor Robert Hare, of Pennsylvania.

This good man was indebted to nature for a powerful and striking *physique*. An artist seeking to portray a Roman of the Republic, would have found his ideal in the face and form of our venerated friend. His students at the University of Pennsylvania were wont to call him Jupiter, in allusion to the grandeur of his look; but well they knew that behind the austere gravity of his demeanor was an interest in their success, almost paternal in its character.

The Professor had won a great name as a chemist and electrician, when, in the autumn of his days, he was confronted by Spiritualism. It required him to begin anew his studies in the most fundamental principles of science, and to accept the doctrine of individual immortality, which hitherto he dissented from. Our friend was possessed of great strength of will, and the spirit of controversy had always been strong within him. But he was a gentleman, holding his allegiance to truth above and before everything; and so when he had duly tested the phenomena on which Spiritualism is based, there was no unworthy shuffling with the facts, no professional arrogance in place of argument; but only a candid, humble acknowledgment of the glorious truth, which it had pleased God to show him in the latter days of his existence.

The following letter, addressed to me by the Professor, is of importance, as it shows, in spite of newspaper allegations to the contrary, that years after the publication of his work on

Spiritualism, and within a brief space of his death (which happened on 18th May, 1858), his views on that great question remained unaltered.

J. C. KEMP.

“ Philadelphia, 5th February, 1858.

“ Dear Sir,—Far from abating my confidence in the inferences respecting the agencies of the spirits of deceased mortals, in the manifestations of which I have given an account in my work, I have, within the last nine months, had more striking evidences of that agency than those given in the work in question. I have lately had a leaden reservoir, weighing 110 pounds, removed from the north room to the south room of my laboratory, inaudibly and invisibly, while I was in the room with no other mortal than a lad of 18 years old, who was all the time otherwise engaged under my eyes, the reservoir being too heavy for him to lift. A stand, about as heavy, was transferred in like manner. I have had gas lighted and extinguished, when there was no fire nearer than in the kitchen. I have had empty glass phials broken and exploded under circumstances in which the agency of mortals was impossible. I have had many other manifestations of a similar kind.

“ ROBT. HARE.

“ To James Campbell Kent, Esq.,
“ Petersburg, Va.”

SPIRITUALISM AT THE ANTIPODES.

THE *Melbourne Herald* of the 2nd January, contains the following excellent leading article:—

“ The progress and claims of Spiritualism are now the subject of widely-extended discussion throughout the world, and the growth of the new evangel is said to have exceeded in rapidity that of Mahomedanism and Christianity. Its mission has been a peaceful one. It has not been indebted to the sword like its predecessors for its success, but has appealed to the credulity and inner consciousness of men for its acceptance. As might be expected, it has met with unqualified opposition from two sources. The established religion has taken alarm at its pretensions and unquestionable heterodoxy. The scientific opponents meet it with ridicule and contempt. The latter, as a rule, deny its claims to serious consideration. The former dread it as a danger threatening the integrity of the ecclesias-

tical hierarchy, and the sacredness of the principles on which it is founded. It is true that the new school of religion has received many disciples from amongst the ablest men in both sections referred to, but they have suffered in reputation by their conscientious acceptance of the new ideas presented to them. The churches have held out against the assaults of Spiritualism with greater tenacity than the philosophers. Although the new phenomena are simply an expansion of one of the main elements of Christianity—the immortality of the soul—affording practical illustrations of its truth, they are denounced by religionists as demoniacal in their nature, and vicious in their consequences. Nothing can exceed the rancour with which they are denounced, and the intense hatred they have engendered. On the side of those who view the question from a scientific stand-point there has been sufficient courage and honesty here and there to enter upon a course of investigation in accordance with the methods of the Spiritualist, and the result has been that the phenomena have been accepted, but not their presumed source. So far science is in advance of the church in a desire to afford the new teachers an opportunity of vindicating their pretensions.

“ Without committing ourselves to the views of either combatants it is competent for us to take cognizance of the tactics employed by them. There has now been sufficient time occupied by them in their attack and defence for onlookers to form a tolerably correct estimate of the nature of their proceedings, and the probable consequences which will follow the warfare entered upon with so much sincerity on the one hand, and so much prejudice on the other.

“ The first and most conspicuous fact which arrests attention is, that on the part of the religious opponents of Spiritualism there is no willingness to treat the new disciples with consideration. Denunciation, as in the days of Hildebrand, is the only weapon used, and scurrility takes the place of charity. Whenever we peruse the letters, or lectures, of clergymen professing to deal with the pretensions of Spiritualism, we are filled with disgust at the want of decency which characterises them. There appears to be no desire to treat the question logically or fairly.

“ On the other side the literature of the Spiritualists, which is now very extensive, is in striking contrast, having as its leading characteristic a toleration and humanitarianism that is singularly conspicuous. Their writings breathe a benevolence and goodwill towards humanity, which contrasts most favourably with the writings of their opponents. Abuse and vituperative language do not mar the pages of their periodicals. Taking the writings of those in Victoria who have essayed

to confront Spiritualism, it is remarkable that we can find in them almost every offensive appellation in our language. Such words as 'impious,' 'diabolical,' 'devilish,' interlard these lucubrations with considerable frequency. A catalogue of these undignified, and worse than useless expressions, would fill a quarto page; and would demonstrate, beyond question, that the writers are either so ignorant, or so vicious, as to be disqualified for taking part in a controversy of the kind.

"If the new religion is to be put down, and disposed of once and for ever, it will not be by the course now pursued. The ability of its defenders demands that something more than opprobrious epithets and ribaldry should be brought to confront them. Our advice to the clergy is to abandon the hitherto useless practice of slander, and adopt one of honourable and rational disquisition. We have yet to see how Spiritualism would bear up against such treatment. It is possible that so consistent a course might be fatal to it; but it is absolutely true that Spiritualism must live and flourish unscathed under the senseless tirades of the Revs. the Dean of Melbourne and Mr. Nish."

The *Illustrated Australian News* remarks:—

"Spiritualism notwithstanding the ridicule which assails it, and the many absurd things which are said and done in its name, continues to enlarge its circle of believers, and service is now regularly performed in a large building in Lonsdale Street, which is filled every Sunday morning. There is but little in the creed itself to provoke the antagonism of the church. It is calculated, despite its seeming impossibilities, to make a certain section of society who believe in nothing but Materialism step beyond the narrow bounds of a cold philosophy, and come nearer therefore to the church. Yet, strangely enough, the clergy of all denominations are its fiercest assailants, and if only pamphlets and sermons would accomplish it, Spiritualism, as a new faith, would have long ago died and been buried. As it is, the opposition of the church appears to give it increased vitality, and there is no question but that it is largely extending its circle of believers in this country."

The *Australian Medical Gazette* has the following:—

"We believe it is nothing unusual to see the equipages of a number of medical men drawn up of a morning before the place of business of a well-known and popular medical 'medium,' while the owners are inside consulting the great 'Spiritist' respecting the treatment and fate of their unfortunate patients. Seriously, we ask, What is the profession coming to in this colony? Where is this demoralising humbug to end? Melbourne presents the strange spectacle of hospital physicians, filling the

responsible positions of examiners and lecturers in the local University, who are doing their utmost to degrade medical science to the level of 'Spiritism.' The thing appears so preposterous, that it will scarcely be believed by the profession in England. Had a few obscure medical men given in their adhesion to the contemptible delusion of medical 'mediumship,' it would be sufficiently discreditable. What language is strong enough adequately to stigmatise such conduct on the part of learned physicians holding high office in the Melbourne University and in the metropolitan hospitals?"

SPIRITUALISM IN THE AMERICAN PRESS.

SPIRITUALISM permeates the entire press of America, and incidents of spiritual manifestation, and articles relating thereto, frequently appear in the political and literary journals. The following may be taken as examples:—

"GHOSTOGRAPH" IN VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.

The *Territorial Enterprise* of December 16th, 1871, makes mention of a spectral picture which recently appeared in that city. It was discovered on the afternoon of the 15th December in a window on the D street front of the lower story of the brick building in which the National Guard had their armoury. "The building stands on the corner of D and Union streets, and the window in which the ghostograph is to be seen, is the first after turning from Union into D street. It is in the centre pane of the lower part of the window." A representative of the paper visited the scene, and gives the following account:—

"The picture is that of a personage of venerable aspect, dressed in black, and of a solemn if not sad expression of countenance. It is not a dim picture, nor does it require the least stretch of imagination to make it out. It shows but the head and neck—no outline of shoulders being visible A crowd lingered about the window until it became quite dark, and applied all the tests that occurred to them, fully satisfying themselves that the thing was neither a photograph nor a picture pasted upon the pane. . . . There is no humbug about this window-pane ghost—it is there, and all may satisfy themselves in regard to it, and as to its being a manufactured, a genuine, or an accidental ghost. . . . We are informed that the picture has been recognized by an old resident as a

striking likeness of a friend of his who was frozen to death on American Flat in the spring of 1860. He is positive as to the picture being that of his friend, and declares the likeness to be most perfect."

MR. CHARLES H. FOSTER.

The *Missouri Republican*, published in St. Louis, in its issue of March 3rd, contains a letter from its New York correspondent, in regard to the well-known New York public medium, Mr. Charles H. Foster. After a few prefatory remarks in regard to Spiritualism and mediums, the writer says:—

I am just as much a sceptic as ever, although I have had heaps of reasons to feel staggered.

During this week, I dropped in to see Mr. Foster in Twelfth Street, as he is an exceedingly genial gentleman, and his rooms are a very delightful place to pass an hour in, aside from the mysterious transactions you witness during a call, that are more entertaining than any performance I ever remember.

Let me truthfully and simply state what occurred in one hour at this gentleman's table. Five several parties waited in the ante-room. The first to be admitted was a gentleman of high breeding and evident mental ability. Instead of accepting the paper offered by Mr. Foster, on which to write the name of some person deceased, he said: "I wish to call upon the spirit of my cousin who died eighteen months ago." This seemed to answer every purpose, for the muffled taps came with considerable sharpness. "Now," said Foster, "ask any questions you wish." The gentleman took out his note-book and offered the spiritual visitant several relating to business, and apparently they were answered to his entire satisfaction, Mr. Foster beginning a reply with the words, "Laura says," &c. A flush crept over the gentleman's face, and he asked if she would write her name, which Mr. Foster immediately did, furnishing three initials between the Christian and surname. "Correct," said the visitor. In fact, I heard the inevitable "correct" so often that from my corner in the sofa I solemnly murmured "Keno." "But," said Foster, "you called for your cousin—this Laura is a nearer relation than that. The violet hue I can see about you emanates in as deep a shade from this Laura. She must have been —." "I called for my cousin, but my deceased sister is the one who bore the name of Laura," replied the gentleman, who proceeded to take a sealed envelope from his pocket, and thus addressed Mr. Foster:—

"A friend of mine down town, to-day—a sceptic—learning my destination, proposed this test: he has written two names of persons deceased; has, as you see, sealed them with his own seal (there was half a pound of sealing-wax on the envelope), and made me a heavy bet you cannot tell correctly the names written within." Foster smiled, and, placing the letter upon his forehead, began softly repeating the alphabet, pausing as he reached S. Going over this twice, he wrote on a slip of paper, "Edmond St. John." The visitor looked at me and shook his head, as if this was something beyond him entirely. In a moment, Mr. F. added "Cyrus Coddington" as the second name, and urged the gentleman to open the envelope, and satisfy the party of the correctness; but that he would not do. He assured Foster, however, that he was satisfied the names were right, as the gentleman who wrote the names was himself a St. John, and his father-in-law's family name was Coddington. This ended interview No. 1.

Two ladies were admitted—both in black. One whose face bore traces of troubles thick and heavy, wrote the names of two adult spirits, but promptly there arrived a little girl.

Foster *loquitur*—"F. A. B.—who's F. A. B.? Oh, Fanny—oh, yes, little Fanny. Why, this child ought not to have died; she was murdered."

Down went the poor mother's head, and such big tears as rained down her furrowed cheeks I had not seen for some time. This was all very unpleasant. Fanny's doctor gave her an overdose of morphine, and Fanny had been pushing clouds for some ten months. To give a pleasant turn to things, I was invited up to the table. Foster predicted a nice time in pecuniary matters to this lady, and the successful termination of her journey (she had a ticket for Nashville in her pocket. During a long conversation with the victim of morphine, I opened a book I held, and, under the table, wrote "Hannah Gale," tore it out and rolled it up, thinking when the next batch of ghosts were called to slip in my summons. Holding it in my hand, I listened interestedly to messages from John this and Rachael that—spirits who promptly gave their names, and were recognized as brothers or aunts of the two other ladies.

Presently said Foster, "Who does this spirit come to—a beautiful face, dark, flowing hair, robed in a floating tissue of white, wearing a cluster of roses upon her bosom? She died a sudden death: she was killed. Do you know who this is?" (This to one of the strange ladies.) Neither recognized the spirit. "Why," says Foster, "you must. This is some one who was *burned to death*." I felt a little shiver run down my vertebral supporter. Quick as a flash, Foster seized a pencil and wrote "*Hannah Gale*," and I unclosed my hand and threw upon the table the same name—the name of the oldest of those four unhappy sisters who were burned to death in Philadelphia, the opening night of Wheatley's theatre, some ten years ago, and whose awful fate is fresh in the minds of almost every one who reads this paragraph. To say the least of this performance, it is simply astonishing, is it not?

A STRANGE CURE.

"A strange case of sudden cure by strange means occurred last week, in Seventh Street, the particulars of which have been given us by Dr. Wilson, of the novelty cure. Mrs. G. H. Kreider had been suffering several weeks from a large tumour on the left breast, and the pain attendant upon it was of the most intense character. One day, last week, the lady sent for Dr. Wilson, and announced her determination to have the tumour lanced. The doctor examined it, and found it ready for cutting, and, at the lady's request, administered chloroform to her. She became oblivious to everything outwardly, but became possessed of a remarkable power. In a short time, to the amazement of the doctor, she commenced to talk in a broken, indistinct language, and announced herself to be an Indian chief, who had departed for the happy hunting-grounds many years ago. The chief was a "big medicine man" in his day, and discoursed volubly on his treatment of diseases. To humour the peculiar condition of the lady, the doctor asked the chief questions regarding his patient, which were all answered in the peculiar tongue of the half-civilized red man. This condition continued for nearly an hour; and, no matter in what position the patient was sitting, she seemed to have the power of seeing him every time he approached with the knife to cut the tumour, and resisted all attempts to perform the operation. The deceased "medicine man" announced that he never used a knife in such cases—that he didn't believe in it: he had a better

remedy. Then commenced the strangest part of this peculiar condition. The breast had been so sore and tender for days, that it was impossible to touch or allow the baby to nurse it, without causing the lady intense pain; but she commenced beating the breast and tumour with both hands, in the most rapid manner, and continued it for several minutes. After she discontinued this singular application, she recovered her consciousness, and looked about her without the slightest trace of emotion or agitation. Oblivious of what had transpired, she asked if the operation had been performed, and was much surprised when informed of what had taken place. The affected part was examined, and, lo! the tumour had disappeared, swelling and pain were gone, and nothing but a redness of the skin indicated where it had been. The next day the tumour broke, and the lady is now entirely well. The doctor, who is no Spiritualist, is puzzled, and can't account for the strange condition into which his patient was thrown, and the strange cure that was effected. As there was no deception in it, we are inclined to ask, What is it?"

The husband of the lady thus cured, writes to the *Banner of Light* :—

"The above account of the cure of my wife by spirit-power, I clipped from the *Louisville Daily Commercial*, which is true, with the exception of some slight mistakes, which I have corrected. Her mother—Mrs. N. L. Fay, a clairvoyant physician, well known in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois—taught her, from her infancy, the beautiful truths of Spiritualism. She early manifested mediumistic gifts, and one of her first controlling influences was "Oak of the Forest," the "medicine man mentioned by the doctor. He has ever been present in time of danger, to relieve his medium of suffering.

"Louisville, Ky.

"G. H. KREIDER."

The Spiritualists of America have just been celebrating the twenty-fourth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, in the principal towns and cities of the United States; but we have not space to quote the accounts given of the proceedings in the newspapers. We hope that on the next anniversary, when Modern Spiritualism will have run its course for a quarter of a century, the occasion will be worthily celebrated in this country, as well as on the other side of the Atlantic.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

MR. ALFRED WALLACE ON THE RELATION OF SPIRITUALISM
TO SCIENCE.

MR. ALFRED WALLACE, in the last number of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, concludes a review of Mr. Owen's *Debateable Land* as follows:—

“ It is now becoming almost a common thing to acknowledge that there is a certain amount of truth in the facts; with a proviso, always, of the writer's repudiation of the spiritual theory. For my own part, the only thing that makes the facts credible on evidence *is* the spiritual theory. Mr. A., or Prof. B., or Dr. C., may state that *they know* certain of the facts are true, but that all these facts can be explained without calling in the aid of spirits. Perhaps they can. But why should I, or any other reader, accept A., B., or C.'s facts, and reject Mr. Owen's, when the former are not one whit more intrinsically probable, or supported by one iota better testimony, than the latter? Yet these latter actually *force* upon us the spiritual theory, just as the facts of geology *force* upon us the belief in long series of ancient living forms, different from those now upon the earth. I must accept all the equally well-attested facts, of equal intrinsic probability, or reject all. I cannot believe in Cretaceous fossils as realities, and reject Silurian as freaks of nature; neither can I accept the facts B. may have witnessed, and reject those of the rest of the alphabet. Yet if all the main classes of facts are admitted, the spiritual theory appears as clearly a deduction from them as the theory of extinct animals follows from the facts presented by their fossil remains. The position of the *Quarterly Review* is, that there are no facts worth speaking of, and, therefore, no true spiritual theory can be founded on them. This is safe ground, as long as all the evidence for the facts is carefully denied, misrepresented, or ignored. But when there are ten thousand witnesses to these facts, of whom say nine thousand are as good and competent as A. or B., it is not safe ground for A. or B. to admit just so much of the facts as they have witnessed themselves, and reject the rest. The problem we have now to solve is—how much of the facts are true. Till this is done by some better test than individual experience, it is premature to discuss what theories may or may not explain them. In the meantime, let no one prejudge the question till they have studied Mr. Owen's facts, and carefully weighed his arguments.”

DR. CARPENTER CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

The *Daily Telegraph*, of April 22nd, contains two columns of correspondence upon Dr. Carpenter's asserted reputation of Mr. Crookes's experimental proof the existence of a hitherto unrecognised force. Called upon to apologize for the wrong he had done Mr. Crookes by his misrepresentations, Dr. Carpenter threw the responsibility from himself upon those whom he stated were his informants. Mr. Crookes accordingly wrote to Professor Stokes and Sir Charles Wheatstone, and publishes the correspondence, leaving it to the judgment of the scientific world. From a letter of Mr. Crookes's, in reply to a criticism of Sir Charles Wheatstone on one of his experiments, we quote the following passage:—

The only sentence in your letter bearing in any way on my actual experiment is the last one, in which you say, "I cannot see what part you intended the water to play when you subsequently placed the vessel over the dead point, and it appears to me contrary to all analogy that a force acting according to physical laws should produce the motion of a lever by acting on its fulcrum."

In this I entirely agree. I, too, cannot see the part the water played; nor can I trace the analogy between the psychic force and a force acting according to known physical laws. Yet the fact recorded in my papers is true for all that.

SERMONS ON SIGNIFICANT BOOKS.

We have long been of opinion that the usual narrow range of pulpit topics might be enlarged much to the interest and edification of the "dear hearers," by whom listening to the dull monotony of sermons is so often only submitted to as a wearisome duty. A good example in this respect has recently been set by the Rev. F. R. Young, Minister of the Free Christian Church, Swindon. He has lately begun a series of monthly sermons on "Significant Books," the third, a few Sundays ago, was on Mr. Owen's *Debateable Land between this World and the Next*, of which an extended report appears in the *North Wilts Herald*. After pointing out the high qualifications of the author for such a work, and describing the contents of the volume, Mr. Young read some of the narratives in it, which we are told were listened to by the congregation with intense and almost painful attention. Mr. Young then read the chapter entitled "The Conclusion of the whole Matter," and concluded by stating that although a known believer in, and public professor of Christian Spiritualism, he had not intruded the subject upon the notice of either friends or foes; but had contented himself with allowing it to be clearly understood that he occupied the position of a believer, and was willing to take all the consequences. He now wished them to understand, once again, that in this public way he renewed his profession of belief, a belief he was bound to

cherish and avow if he would not be a coward and a sneak. A man was profited nothing if he gained the whole world, and lost his own soul; in other words, nothing could compensate any man for failure in obedience to conscience, and following the dictates of what he knew to be true and believed to be right. If Spiritualism were true, it was a revolutionary truth; hundreds of old things must then pass away, and many an aspect in man's Spiritual world must become altogether new.

NEW MANIFESTATIONS.

On Saturday night, April 13th, at a semi-public dark *séance* at Messrs. Herne and Williams, 61, Lamb's Conduit-street, streaks of bright light from two to three inches long, and of a phosphorescent character were seen rising from tops of the heads of the mediums. Then the light gradually spread over their heads till all their hair was visible, and dark hands were seen in the luminous smoke, apparently drawing the brighter streaks of light out of the centres of their heads. Then near Mr. Williams the name of a spirit was written in the air in large letters of light, and Mr. Clifford Smith, who was present, knew both the spirit and the handwriting. While some more letters were being written with great velocity, there was a flash and a sharp snap like an electrical discharge, and the whole room was lit up for an instant. Then for a time all was in darkness, after which, behind Mr. Herne, one of the veiled figures seen in the spirit-photographs became visible from head to waist, the drapery being all phosphorescent, but the appearance lasted only a few seconds. The spirit Katie said that before long she would make herself and her face visible to the whole circle.

AN INCIDENT FROM DREAM LAND.

The *Revue Spirite* relates the following incident:—"On a recent visit to an old lady friend at Antwerp," says the writer, "she told me that she had several times had money stolen from her secretary drawer, and could in no way find a clue to the mystery, while the loss placed her under no little embarrassment. Lately a thousand francs disappeared, and a child of her own household began to be suspected. Feeling ill over the matter, she uttered a most fervent prayer and fell asleep. During the dream or vision (whichever you choose to call it) which then came to her, she saw her master workman plunging his hand into the box containing her jewelry and bank-bills marked so that they could be identified. Waking on the instant, she called a commissary of police, who, at once proceeding to this man's house, found the articles and money marked as before stated."

SWEDENBORG AND OPEN INTERCOURSE WITH SPIRITS.

That we are not for ever to be shut up in darkness—shut out from the visible and spiritual world, is very evident. The only thing that makes it so now, is our sinful and evil state. Open intercourse involves an opening on both sides—to the heavens and to the hells. That is what makes it so dangerous. But it is the true and normal state of humanity to enjoy that openness at all times when occasion requires. Swedenborg's case was not an exception in this respect, except in the matter of its prominence and vastness, in regard to his great mission as the Herald and Scribe of the first New Church. In this respect he stood alone. But in addition to this grand distinction, he stands as a prophecy for the whole human race. The last is in the first. All men on earth are to be delivered from the fatal bondage of sin and its privations, and this earth is again to be restored to its pristine spiritual state, only with greater and stronger powers in consequence of its thorough and terrible discipline. A new earth and a new heaven to come! God be praised! But we are not to take advantage from this truth, and try to hasten such a condition before its time. God will accomplish it in his own good time. He has begun it already. "Modern Spiritualism" is only its precursor. There is much in it that is evil and dangerous, but still a vast amount of simple, good, useful instruction for those who need it. There are also quite a number in the present New Church who have partial openings, of which they are more or less conscious. Indeed, a New Church in its fullness and reality, includes this beautiful and satisfactory state as a necessary consequence. It is a new and perfected and spiritual state of humanity. "Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man."—"It shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." How beautiful will be that day! We know it, many of us, by absolute, partial, present experience. How have Swedenborgians misrepresented this whole subject! Even the angels, said Swedenborg, were impatient for the time to come, when they could once more come into conscious communication with man. And yet we have a little work on "Pythonism," put forth by the Ministers of the Massachusetts Association, for the express purpose of showing the nature of Modern Spiritualism, in which this great truth is not only studiously concealed, but Swedenborg is half quoted and misrepresented *in order* to conceal it. The writer gives this extract from Swedenborg, A. C. 69): "Man was so created by the

Lord, that during his life in the body he might be able to speak with spirits and angels, as was also actually the case in the most ancient times ; for he is one with them, because he is a spirit clothed with a body : but because in process of time men so immersed themselves in corporeal and worldly things that they cared for almost nothing else, therefore the way was shut," &c.

And so, by this quotation, from all that appears to the contrary, the reader is instructed that the way is *always and for ever* to be shut. How disingenuous this is ! How unworthy of a body of ministers ! For the very next words of Swedenborg are—" Nevertheless it is again opened as soon as bodily things are removed, and then man is introduced amongst spirits, and dwells with them." Which agrees with his own state and with his other teachings, and is a plain declaration that only man's materialized and sensual condition keeps him, or ever can keep him from the conscious, visible, and beautiful communion with angels.

Such will be the final state of men upon this earth. Such is partially experienced now with many, both in and out of the church. The Lord be praised for his abundant power and goodness.—*New Church Independent.*

LAST MOMENTS OF MONTALEMBERT.

Bishop Butler would have drawn a new argument for his great thesis, that the soul's life is strongest when the body is weakest, from a most remarkable and touching letter which Montalembert, just before he died, penned to Baron Hübner. The Baron, when known in the political world as being the diplomat in whose ears the Emperor of the French spoke the hostile warning which resulted in Magenta and Solferino, has lately sought fame in the literary arena. He has written a life of Pope Sixtus the Fifth, and a revised copy of the work was sent to Montalembert, who perused it during his last hours. We confess our ignorance whether his Excellency's book merits all the praises which an enthusiast and fellow-historian like the late Count lavishes upon it ; but it obviously secures historic note by eliciting this remarkable proof of the vivacity still inspiring a fine intellect almost at the supreme moment. The Count wrote the long epistle an hour or two before he died—and it is as calm, coherent, and incisive as though it had been the production of the serenest health. The soul about to depart deals with topics of abstract criticism as though it had no "sense of "saving time ;" cheerful and collected, it seems to pour its last earthly minutes out upon the ground of literature, after the manner of a Greek libation to the gods. For, though Montalembert's departure was sudden,

he well knew that he was near the close ; and he radiantly says to the Baron, that the sincerity in this book had given him all the more pleasure as being a foretaste of the perfect veracities which he was going to enjoy in the other world. This gentle and profoundly religious man was the same, forsooth, in whose case the clerical authorities countermanded a funeral mass, and of whose state after death grave doubts were expressed ! The dying man has no such bitterness in his creed. He writes :— “ You have concealed neither the shadows nor the stains inseparable from the human element always so visible in the Church, and by this alone you have brought out all the more the Divine element, which, in the end, ever prevails, and consoles us by inundating us with its soft and convincing light.” Looking at the many expressions in the letter which show that the sense of coming death was strong upon the gifted spirit, and then finding such a passage as this—“ I anticipate with pleasure the satisfaction I shall have in reading your subsequent volumes”—it appears as if some “ over-soul ” in the writer assured him that life has no break in its development—that dissolution does not touch the nature or interrupt the delights of the true and inner life. The ink was scarcely dry when the last pang seized the writer of this admirable letter. The *au revoir* with which it concludes must be solemn, indeed, to Montalembert's correspondent. It was an appointment made for the other world.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Obituary.

MR. J. W. JACKSON.

OUR readers will learn with regret of the decease of Mr. J. W. Jackson, which took place April 2nd. He was one of the earliest and most active workers for the advancement of Mesmerism, and of those sciences which aim to enlarge our knowledge of human nature. As a lecturer and writer on these subjects he laboured indefatigably for more than a quarter of a century. He established classes to promote the knowledge and practice of Mesmerism as a remedial agent in Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow ; the late Archbishop Whately, and Professor Gregory frequently presided at his public lectures and addresses. In removing to London a little more than a year ago, one of the chief objects he had in view was to establish in the metropolis a society to diffuse the knowledge and practice of Mesmerism throughout the land, and to rescue it from those charlatans into whose hands it unfortunately has so largely fallen.

Mr. Jackson was a man of genial and kindly nature, and catholic spirit; his intellect was broad and massive, with a capacious well-stored mind and retentive memory, from which, with wonderful ease and felicity of expression, he drew what seemed an inexhaustible supply of whatever, either new or old, would best enforce and illustrate the argument in hand. He was a voluminous and careful writer, with a style clear and chaste, and with that accuracy, depth of insight, and artistic beauty which arose from his being at once a man of science, a philosopher, and a poet. His chief works are *The Ecstasies of Genius*; *Ethnology and Phrenology as an Aid to the Historian*; and *Mesmerism in Connection with Popular Superstitions*. At the time his labours were suddenly arrested by his fatal illness, he was engaged on what would probably have been the crowning work of his life, a treatise *On Man considered Physically, Morally, Intellectually, and Spiritually*. This work was to have been completed in four parts, of which two only have appeared. Besides these works, and two volumes of poems, Mr. Jackson wrote largely for the periodical press. He was one of the principal contributors to *The Future*, an ethnological journal, edited by Luke Burke, and which appeared more than twenty years ago. He was a Fellow of the Anthropological Society, and some of the finest papers in the *Anthropological Review* were from his pen. He stood, indeed, in the front rank as a philosophical writer on subjects of Ethnology and Anthropology. His numerous papers in *Human Nature* have probably made him known to many Spiritualists not familiar with his earlier writings.

Some four years ago Mr. Jackson delivered an Address to the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists, which led Mr. Howitt to remark that he "was on the staircase leading to the chambers of Spiritualism, but had not reached the rooms for which the staircase was built." He had, indeed, recognised and admitted the phenomena of Spiritualism, but believed that Mesmerism furnished an adequate explanation of them without resorting to any theory of spiritual agency. But though his convictions on this subject were of slow growth, he ever advanced steadily towards the truth, and to which he finally and fully attained, for he reached the chambers of Spiritualism at last. Mediumship developed in his own family, in one in whom he knew he could confide, and the communications he received by this means satisfied him beyond a doubt that they proceeded from a spiritual source. Whilst in London he was most assiduous in attending spiritual *séances*, and in carefully noting the phenomena, and the conditions under which they were presented. A series of articles in the *Medium*, describing a number of *séances* at the house of Mrs. Gregory (widow of Professor Gregory) was from his pen, and

it was his intention to have written for the *Spiritual Magazine* a narrative of how he was led from Mesmerism to Spiritualism. In the last conversation the present writer had with him, he spoke especially of the spirit-hands he had seen and grasped, and of the direction whence these proceeded as being to his mind most convincing manifestations of the presence of individual spirits.

His last public Address was on Modern Spiritualism, and was delivered only a few weeks ago before the Chelsea Literary and Scientific Association.

Mr. Jackson was sixty-one years of age. It is painful to know that his death was hastened by over mental exertion, and by pecuniary anxieties, which his sensitive nature caused him to keep from the knowledge of his friends till unhappily it was too late. Had his earth life been continued, few men could have done better service to the cause of Spiritualism. Let us trust, however, that our friend is still working with us and for us, perhaps more effectually from the other side—from that brighter world where he now holds companionship with the great souls, to whom he was even here united by communion of generous sympathies and unselfish aims, and whose high thoughts were his daily inspiration.

Notices of Books.

DR. DOHERTY'S OUTLINES OF BIOLOGY.*

It is unfortunate that Dr. Doherty surrounds his meaning with such a sharp spike-fence of hard words that only the most intrepid and determined readers can be expected to surmount it. Those, however, who do so will not, we think, regret their toil. *Organic Philosophy* is a work of much thought and labour, and careful preparation, and goes far deeper than the common shallow philosophy of the time. It will consist of five volumes, each volume complete in itself, though all belong to one general plan, namely, an exposition of the laws of order and association manifested in the complex nature of man. The first volume is an outline of **GLI·OSMOLOGY**. The second, a general view of **ONTOLOGY**. The third volume (the last issued), is an outline of **SYSTEMATIC**

* *Organic Philosophy*. Vol. III.—*Outlines of Biology: Body, Soul, Mind, Spirit*. By HUGH DOHERTY, M.D. TRUBNER & Co.

BIOLOGY. The fourth will treat of **SYSTEMATIC SOCIOLOGY**, and the concluding volume will be a treatise on **DIALOGNETICS**, or Biological Methods in parallel with Mathematics, as a science of Method.

This will, perhaps, sufficiently indicate the large scope and comprehensive character of the work in which Dr. Doherty is engaged. The present volume, after a general introduction, treats of Biology in four books. Book I.—The Body: Outlines of Physical Biology. Book II.—The Soul: Intellectual Biology. Book III.—The Mind: Synopsis of Mental Faculties. Book IV.—The Will. Each of these Books is subdivided into several Parts and Chapters, and the author shows an intimate acquaintance with the several existing systems of philosophy now in vogue, and of which some searching criticisms are incidentally presented. When Dr. Doherty's work is completed, we hope that some abstract of it may be presented in a more compendious and popular form, that may ensure for his philosophical views a larger share of attention than we apprehend they are likely to receive in their present shape.

A LITTLE BOOK OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.*

IN her announcement of this work the author says:—

“The first part of *Heaven Opened*, having been well received and widely read, the Author now offers Part II., feeling confident that all who received help from the messages given ‘from Our Little Ones in Glory, will not fail to be interested in the deeper teachings of the more advanced or developed spirits, in reference to their Spirit-Home.’”

The writer gives some interesting reminiscences of her father, the late Mr. Robert Theobald, showing the consolation he derived from his experience in spiritual communion during the painful illness which terminated his earthly existence. Since his departure to the better land, he seems to have kept up an uninterrupted communication with his family on earth, and the messages to them are full of tenderness and affection, and descriptive of his early experiences in spirit-life.

The writer expresses her “sincere belief, and hope that these words from the spirit-land will bring consolation to the

* *Heaven Opened*. Part II. *Being Further Descriptions of, and Advanced Teachings from, the Spirit-Land, giving through the Mediumship of F. J. T.; with an Appendix, containing the Scriptural Proofs of Spiritualism, and their Correspondence with the present Phenomena.* London: J. BURNS, 15, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C. E. W. ALLEN, 11, Ave Maria Lane, E.C.

sorrowing as they have done to us," and "that all who read these teachings may be able to see how the knowledge of Spiritualism ennobles life in all its varied phases; how it brings home to our hearts, as nothing else can, the fact that our lives are most clearly bound up and intertwined with the spirit-life around us, both good and ill."

Correspondence.

ALL NATURE MIRACULOUS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Mrs. Newton Crossland equally objects to the definition of a miracle given by Hume, and to the amendment by Mr. Wallace, but her own definition seems to include both.

Hume's Definition.—"A miracle is a violation of the laws of nature."

Mr. Wallace's Definition.—"Any act or event implying the existence and agency of superhuman intelligence."

Mrs. Crossland's Definition.—"A transgression of a known and established law of nature by a particular volition of the Deity, or by the interposition of some superhuman intelligent agent."

Johnson's Dictionary.—"Something above human power."

Now in all these definitions the difficulty remains of deciding with our limited knowledge and experience and assumptions of finality, as to what is and must be supernatural and superhuman, in the sense of *progressive development which cannot and never has been anticipated.*

Mr. Wallace includes in his definition the presence and action of disembodied spirits, though in another place he does not consider those spirits to be supernatural and hardly—as being in our midst—supermundane.

Then I beg to suggest that as we have no evidence of any supernatural violation of the laws of nature, so far as we can possibly know—and Modern Spiritualism has certainly exhibited no such interferences—that we had better cease to speak of miracles, because if by a miracle we mean the action of an unknown, transcendental and mystical cause, then all causation is such, and as such must ever be accounted miraculous, as utterly beyond the penetration of the human mind, which mind itself in regard to its cause is the crowning miracle, and to know more than which would be doubly miraculous. Once attain to a clear conception of the fundamental truth, and of the shallow nature of all our knowledge, and we shall cease to be continually startled or alarmed on the first appearance of novel phenomena which we cannot immediately account for, or rather find a place for in the register of previous experience; but rather let us reflect with such minds as Newton and Bain and Humboldt on the vast unknown regions of knowledge still lying unexplored before us, remembering that no one thing can be more wonderful than another, the causes being equally well known.

To take the simplest instance, to show how difficult it is with our limited knowledge and experience to decide whether a novel phenomenon is or is not contrary to the laws of nature,—there was supposed to be a principle of levity opposed to the law of gravity to enable a ship to float, or any light body such as a bubble or a balloon to rise from the earth contrary to the supposed order and law in respect to gravitation. But a little additional knowledge in regard to the collateral laws of fluid action, &c., brought the whole diversified action under the one primary law of gravitation. How careful then we ought to be in denouncing this or that alleged phenomenon as contrary to the laws of nature, when may be it is only different from the yet observed order.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.