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## ON THE ORIGIN OF THE BELIEF IN A FUTURE LIFE.

By EDWARD W. CLAYPOLE, B.A., B.Sc.

WHAT am I? Whence came I? and whither am I going? No three questions have concentrated upon themselves a larger share of deep and anxious thought than these. And the third has surpassed in interest and influence the other two, because the untried but inevitable is ever more absorbing than the known and familiar. In all ages man has looked into the future with an eye in whose glance might be detected a strange blending of hope with fear, of curiosity with awe. The strongest instinct of his nature, the love of life, makes him shrink from the fate he knows to be in store for him. The yearning for longer exercise of power and enjoyment of pleasure, makes him eager to know if after his body dies he himself will still exist to labour and enjoy. He hopes, because he wishes. He fears, because he hopes.

For ages has man been trying to wrest from nature this secret, equally profound and momentous, to find some rational basis for a faith in a life to come. But after so many centuries of search it frequently happens that the condition of a mind, long and honestly bent on the study of this difficult problem, is one combining a deep-rooted conviction that it is not utterly false, with another, almost equally strong, that it may, after all, be a delusion.

The belief in the existence of some Superior Being is one of the earliest deductions of human reason. Himself a maker, man easily imagines a Maker of himself and of the world he lives in. Nor as reason is developed does it in any considerable degree contest this conclusion. Its effect undoubtedly is to in-

produce many intermediate steps between the Great First Cause, and the results of His action. Instead of regarding them as the direct works of His hands, Science views them as the last links in a long chain, at the remote end of which and at an almost infinite distance she dimly recognizes the Creator. The Hebrew sage and the Grecian philosopher saw in the material universe around them traces of the plastic hand of the Moulder. They saw His javelin in the gleaming flash, and heard His voice in the rolling peal. The processes of nature were His immediate acts, and every one of them the result of a separate exercise of His will. But the modern philosopher regards the whole universe of matter as the effect of one long process of evolution from an unformed nebulous mass, and threatens ere long to refer the world of life to the same physical origin. Yea, he daringly hints that possibly thought, mind, and will may ultimately be reduced under the action of the same ubiquitous all-controlling law. But none the less does the modern philosopher than the ancient sage recognize a step beyond which he cannot, even in imagination, go back.

Not exactly thus stands the doctrine of a future life. Though of very ancient date among men, yet we can easily imagine the race existing without any conception of it worthy the name of belief. And in all probability, as discovery is pushed farther back into the dim past and more light is thrown on the subject of the origin of man, we shall find reason to believe in the existence of such a primeval race. How then did the belief arise? Not from reason, apparently, for reason fails to find evidence sufficiently strong to establish it on any firmer basis than that of probability. Besides, it does not grow with reason's growth, and strengthen with its strength. The firmest faith in a life to come is not found among the most civilized and intellectual races or classes, but usually among the rude and untrained. The confidence of Socrates in a future life for himself and his friends was far less sure than that which the Red Indian feels. The former looked on to a renewal of his old associations and to the formation of nobler friendship, but added, in his last memorable conversation, "I do not say this is true, but I think it highly probable;" the latter sees, under the influence of a life-controlling faith in the doctrine,—

Beyond the cloud-capped hill a humbler heaven,  
Some safe retreat in depths of woods embraced,  
Some happier island in the watery waste;  
Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold;  
And thinks, admitted to yon equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

The belief in a future life is one of those doctrines the

orthodox foundation of which appears less and less solid the more it is examined. Many whose faith descended with their fortunes as an inheritance from ancestors, having at length begun to examine the title deeds of this property, have been almost terrified to find how slight is their tenure of the ground on which so large a superstructure has been reared. After a slight investigation they feel like men hanging over some precipice by a single line; they shudder at the gulf of possible annihilation that seems to yawn below them. If cowardly or careless they draw back after a single glance and say, "I'll look no more lest my brain turn." They strive to forget what they have seen, and after a time they partly succeed; but the power of their lives is gone, and a lurking scepticism saps the ground on which they need to find firm footing while pressing on to the higher life, and deadens the hope that should awaken endurance and courage. For it is not all who can attain the lofty moral and intellectual position of the man who resolves to do his best for the life that is, while discarding all belief in a nobler life to come.

Nor can the doubts that must arise in these days of mental awakening be met, as some would meet them, by a demand for implicit unreasoning faith—the faith of days gone by. It cannot be. It is no disparagement to the simple faith of ages past to say that it is not equally suitable now. The doubts that harass us were then unknown. Science was unborn. Great and increasing difficulties have come to light. Shall they be dallied with or fairly met? The choice is before us. The result of the first will be peace and quietness with a latent scepticism enervating our Christian life and paralysing our energy. The result of the latter will be discussion and restlessness, change and activity, a new power inspiring the lives of men, and the martyr spirit again bearing witness to the reality of their faith. Peace at any price is the cry of established and organised orthodoxy. "Peace in *our* time, O Lord!" They dread change, they hate trouble, they fear to think, not knowing whither thought may lead them. But earnest men who cannot rest until they have at got the exact truth, and found firm building ground, must go through the tedious and inexpressibly painful process of casting away much that is old and familiar in the structure of their theology—throwing aside course after course of the masonry, getting right down to the basement and probing the very ground below till they reach the solid rock. Nor do their labours then cease. When the thankless task of demolition is ended, the more hopeful if toilsome work of reconstruction commences, and happy is he who, amid the convulsions that are shaking the very bases of belief, dare go deep enough to find a solid basis for his faith in a life to come.

It is evident that with increasing knowledge the belief in a future life has in the present day become weaker rather than stronger. And the student of history—the history of thought—will recall to mind that the same was the case with the Old World nations at the zenith of their intellectual glory. The number of those who doubt the doctrine now among the learned and intelligent is perhaps greater than at any previous time in the history of modern Europe. By not a few the cause of this is ascribed—and perhaps with truth—to the advance of Physical Science. The charge of materialism is openly laid at her door, and justly too. She is at present materialistic: her tendency is so. Many of her followers confess it, and under her teaching become so. But Physical Science must not be branded as atheistic and infidel because some of the truths she has discovered with so much toil do not quite square with previous opinion or prejudice. The materialism of Science arises from conviction. She would be unfaithful to her duty did she refuse to hear evidence, or to admit what the evidence demands. And the spread of materialism among her followers, among men of high attainments and intellectual powers, which has been by some so much lamented, shows at least that the belief in a life to come can scarcely be due to the development of reason or the advance of knowledge.

Some may urge, in objection, that reason supplies by its very development a strong argument in favour of another life. The more the powers of the human mind are manifested, the more evident does it become that this world is not capable of giving full scope for their exercise, and that, unless they exist in vain, there must follow another. Perhaps this is the strongest argument that reason has ever urged in favour of the doctrine. It also gathers strength immensely, from the fact that so many minds of fine temper, high impulse and energy, are cut off from all hope of their full share of this partial development or employment here, by the frailness of the organism to which they are linked. It clogs the spirit and chains it to the earth, or else it sinks and dies, killed by the energy of

The fiery soul that working out its way  
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,  
And o'er-informed its tenement of clay.

If we confine our thoughts to this argument alone, the impression well nigh deepens into certainty that, when a man dies, he must live again. But materialistic Science steps in suggesting a wider view and the spell is broken. "Is there," she asks, "no evidence from other fields of nature of contrary tendency?" Dare we believe that every individual organism must and will go through the whole development of which it is capable? Or do

the mournfully beautiful lines of Tennyson, when speaking of nature, better express the reluctant but unavoidable conclusion?

Considering everywhere  
Her secret meaning in her deeds,  
And finding that of fifty seeds  
She often brings but one to bear,  
I falter where I firmly trod.

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And faintly trust the larger hope.

But Reason speaks again: Seeing the vast amount of pain endured in consequence of the misdeeds of others, she urges there must be some future state of recompense for such terrible unmerited suffering. This inference is not without weight. It appeals to the sense of justice in man, and has increased as the rights of the weak have been more and more acknowledged. But its force is derived by implication from a premiss which has never yet been proved. It assumes that a just Ruler of the Universe will not allow a single pang or tear to pass without amends. This is begging the question. It may be so or it may not. But apart from the inconclusive nature of the argument it proves too much for *most* of those who would like to urge it in order to establish the doctrine of a future life for man, since they cannot but see that its logical outcome is a future life for the whole animate creation. Unmerited and uncompensated suffering is not confined to man. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain." The over-driven cab-horse would be as much entitled to future reward for his earthly pain as his human master—perhaps more so. But from this conclusion many of its advocates recoil, and rather than admit their fellow-creatures, the brutes, to share their heaven, they will give up an argument of no small weight in favour of their own immortality.

And beyond this, reason has little to say to the mass of mankind. Learned treatises upon the immateriality and immortality of the soul, if they ever convinced any one, which is doubtful, are never read save by the learned. To what cause then can be assigned the origin of a doctrine so almost universally held, yet unproved and to some extent opposed by reason? The savage who saw his fellow lying dead upon the ground and going to decay, could hardly from that sight extract any evidence to show that he was still a living and conscious being. Yet he believed it. Whence then came his faith. Who first gave currency to the tale that the dead are yet alive? A tale so old that its origin is lost, and so widely spread that every savage tribe believes it.

The tacit assumption is almost universally made in the churches of the Protestant section of Christendom, that those who have passed away from the present state of being have

broken off all connection with their former life. To allow that they take an active part and feel a lively interest in the daily life of the friends they have left behind, and even in some cases regret their own departure, is deemed absurd. Men are willing to admit the interference of God in the affairs of the world, but not that of their friends who have entered on the higher life. Between these and themselves they imagine a great gulf fixed over which none can pass from the farther side. It was not always thus. In the early literature of all nations a strong spiritual element exists, and colours the whole tissue of their national life. Every reader can easily recall instances of this, and those who are not familiar with other histories will find examples in that of the Jews. But this belief in spiritual intercourse seems to have gradually faded, and therefore has lost its influence over the lives of men. Probably Virgil and Shakespeare only put into words the current opinion of their times when the former wrote,—

Facilis descensus Averno est,  
Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras  
Hoc opus, hic labor est.

And the latter,—

That undiscovered country from whose bourne  
No traveller returns.

But admitting that the belief in spiritual intercourse has for the most part disappeared from outward view in modern times, it would be a great mistake to suppose that it is dead or likely to die in the world. Many, no doubt, have almost or entirely abandoned it, but with others of different constitution physically and mentally, it has only withdrawn to the inmost recesses of the mind, from which no power can ever dislodge it. They believe, and for good reason, but say nothing for fear of exciting ridicule. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton seems fairly to represent the present state of thought upon this subject when, in "A Strange Story," he writes:—"And be my readers few or many, there will be no small proportion of them to whom once, at least, in the course of their existence a something strange and 'eerie' has occurred—a something which perplexed and baffled rational conjecture and struck on those chords which vibrate to superstition—one of those portents which are so at variance with every-day life, that the ordinary epithet bestowed upon them is 'supernatural.' It may have been only a dream unaccountably verified—an undefinable presentiment or forewarning—but from such slighter and vaguer tokens of the realm of marvel up to ghostly apparitions or haunted chambers, I believe the greater number of persons arrived at middle age—however instructed the class, however civilized the land, however sceptical the period to which they

belong, have either in themselves experienced or heard recorded by intimate associates whose veracity they accept as unquestionable in all ordinary transactions of life—phenomena which are not to be solved by the wit that mocks them, nor perhaps always and entirely to the contentment of the reason or philosophy that explains them away. Such phenomena are, I say, infinitely more numerous than would appear from the instances commonly quoted and dismissed with a jest; for few of those who have witnessed them are disposed to own it, and they who only hear of them through others, however trustworthy, would not impugn their character for common sense by professing a belief to which common sense is a merciless persecutor. But he who reads my assertion in the quiet of his own room will, perhaps, ransack his memory and find there in some dark corner which he excludes from the ‘babbling and remorseless day,’ a pale recollection that proves the assertion not untrue.”

If in spite of so many strong counter-tendencies the belief in apparitions of the departed is now so rife that a popular writer can thus speak of it, it is not too much to assume that in dark and ignorant times it was more generally believed; and if now it exerts so much secret power, when openly there is a strong disposition to regard it as a relic of superstition, or a proof of weakness, what must have been its force when no such hostile feelings existed? Perhaps here in the experience of mankind may be found the real origin of a doctrine for which reason can discover so slender a basis, and which physical science has so seriously undermined. It may have come down to us with many another precious truth, held fast by the heart of humanity in the face of strong philosophical scepticism, from the earliest days of our race, and have been based originally not upon reason, but on the strong foundation of experience—the apparition of some who had gone into the unseen world to others yet on earth.

And who can prove it impossible that under certain, as yet unknown, physical conditions, the departed may occasionally revisit their former abodes, and in a visible form appear upon the earth? It rather seems, on the contrary, impossible candidly to study the accounts that have at various and recent times been given of such appearances, without being driven to the admission of their truth as the only way of escape from a more perplexing alternative. And if we suppose only a few of the instances recorded in modern times to have occurred in the infancy of mankind, they would afford an ample foundation on which to build a belief in the continued existence of those who had passed away. Thus would grow up the doctrine of a world unseen, and into it would naturally be transferred the thoughts, feelings, and employments of the present state. Savage reason exerted a

moulding influence on this fundamental faith, developing it as hope or fear predominated, and the influence of a priestly class, slowly rising, fostered the belief as an engine of tyranny, ecclesiastical and civil. All these agencies combined seem amply sufficient to produce and develop that faith in the future life, for which cultivated reason finds so little base. A *natural* foundation for the doctrine is thus supplied as well as a reason for its decline and decay in a more enlightened age. For, as the limits of the known were steadily pushed outward by the advance of physical science, the obscure, the intangible—that which could not at will be repeated—became doubtful and suspicious, as it seemed insusceptible of explanation.

No doubt many would strongly object to found their belief in a future life upon what they would deem so shadowy a base as the occasional apparition of the departed. They will prefer to believe that so inspiring a doctrine rests upon an entirely different foundation—direct revelation from God. This, they fondly think, nothing can ever shake. But those who read the signs of the times, are well aware of the present critical position of this old and popular article of faith. They know that the believers in immediate *Divine* communication of truth are growing fewer and fewer with every passing year, and will be rather glad than sorry to find some other ground on which to base a truth so valuable to mankind.

Such objectors, however, may fairly be asked upon what their own faith is founded? And if they answer fairly, many of them must confess that they are relying on this very foundation. They will not appeal to any special revelation in reply, but will acknowledge that their hope of a future life is based on one grand apparition said to have been several times repeated 1800 years ago, or, rather on the testimony of those who report it. For, in untechnical terms, is the resurrection of Jesus anything more than this? This argument is, however, no evidence at all in favour of a future life to many of those who profess to rely on it. The Trinitarian, by maintaining the godhead of Jesus, cuts from under his feet the very ground on which he is trying to build. If Jesus being God as well as man lived after death, that is no reason for believing that he himself, being only man, will live also. From the position of the Unitarian the proof is good. If he accept the narrative of the apparition of Jesus, or indeed of any other man after his passing away, he may fairly expect himself to live again. But the change in the data of the problem introduced by the former invalidates the conclusion. Those, then, who with Paul are resting on one apparition as proof of a future life, must surely allow that the faith of the whole human race in this inspiring doctrine may be



based on a similar foundation, and strengthened by a wider induction.

Moreover, by so doing; many would be delivered from a fear which is ever haunting them, that their faith in a life to come is entirely dependent upon the testimony of 1800 years. They think an incessant raking up of documents and verifying of authenticities is the only way to maintain or to revive it. But on the theory here advanced the evidence should still be plentiful around us. If in former times spirits in a visible form returned occasionally to their old haunts, they probably return in like manner now; and we may test for ourselves, if we will, the ground on which our traditional faith is founded. In that case the day will come when apparitions shall become matter for careful study and experiment, and Science, so long blessed by the world for the advantages she has conferred, and so often banned by the Church for some of the tendencies of her teaching, shall be found to have been steadily pursuing an upward course, and her materialistic youth shall be only a stage of progress to a spirituality such as mankind has never yet seen.

The man of science now commands the belief of the world, and not the theologian. The exact and severe methods of the former carry with them a conviction which all the claims of the latter to infallibility cannot secure. And when some of the psychological sciences at present in their infancy can attain precision and certitude, an era of faith will begin that can never end. The doctrine of a future life denied, by some, doubted by many, and a living power with only a few, will then rise to an influence of which it has never yet shown more than the shadow.

And sometimes in our thoughtful moments there comes over us the conviction that that time is not very far distant. Spiritualism, or a belief in the possibility and reality of communication with the departed, has already attracted no little attention. The New Faith has enrolled beneath her banner millions of devoted followers in all parts of the world. Thoughtful men, who saw with dismay the bright hope of a future life growing dim, and trembled for their race, have welcomed the new science as an angel of light. Those who have been driven in spite of themselves to doubt their own immortality—the Sceptic, the Atheist, the Materialist, men who could see the emptiness of the current forms of Christianity and could not sacrifice their honesty for the sake of ease—have come as willing recruits to join her ranks. Others in times of sorrow unspeakable, when deep silence had fallen upon some one dearer than life, and the ear could catch no word or sound across the parting gulf, have felt in bitterness of soul how hollow, how cold, how heartless

a mockery was all the so-called comfort that orthodox Christianity could give, and have eagerly pursued a science that breaks the silence of the tomb, and brings them tidings of the loved and lost. Millions more have secretly given up the dogmas and articles of their traditionary creed, though unwilling to avow their doubts lest persecution come upon them. Not a few began with a firm persuasion that it was delusion or imposture, but to their astonishment found the evidence growing stronger and stronger at every successive step, until it became more rational to believe than to doubt. Spiritualism appeals to reason and courts investigation, from both of which orthodoxy shrinks. She thus commends herself to the thoughtful among men by whom the thoughtless will be led. Can she then fail to advance? Priests of all sects and creeds will hate her because she comes unheralded by them, and their pious hands have not aided her progress. They will curse her because she saps their ill-gotten ghostly supremacy, by which craft they have their wealth. They will cry "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" but Diana must fall; and before the earnest disciples of the New Faith, and their fearless appeals to investigation, all falsehood must come to the ground, Pope and Priest notwithstanding, and a new era dawn upon mankind. The close and stifling atmosphere of Infallibility shall pass away, and men shall breathe the free pure air of Reason without prejudice and without passion.

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## VISIONS IN MIRRORS.

By RICHARD BEAMISH, F.R.S.

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THE *Revue Spirite* of last April contains an article on certain experiments instituted by Signor Achille Perusini, of Battaglia, near Padua, which may be interesting to some of your readers; I venture therefore to offer you a translation.

Those experiments were made for the purpose of obtaining direct communication from the spirit-world through the instrumentality of the eye, aided by a certain mechanical arrangement of mirrors which promise to prove of general application. The account is taken from the *Annales du Spiritism*, edited by Sig. Perusini, at Turin:—

"On the 7th of March, 1871, E. D. F., a medium, made the communication that spirits who desired to manifest themselves, or who might be evoked, would be rendered visible by means of a combination of mirrors. Through another medium a

confirmation of this statement was obtained : nor says Signor Perusini, 'did we recoil from instituting an enquiry, although by so doing we exposed ourselves to the ridicule of those unacquainted with spirit manifestations.

"In compliance with instructions received from the spirit-world, I commenced a series of experiments, in order to determine the truth of the announcement made by the medium, and to assure myself that the medium was not influenced by former impressions. It was not however until the 13th of July that E. D. F., whose health was delicate, could be magnetised. From his sleep he was aroused by a fit of coughing. Shortly after having passed into a state of feeble somnolence, his attention was attracted by a glass on the table containing a little water. Suddenly he exclaimed, 'Empty that water;' a figure, he said, with a menacing expression appeared in the glass.

Through the aid of another medium I asked whether I might proceed to make experiments. The answer was, that E. D. F. ought to submit without fear. Accordingly, E. D. F. took the glass in his hand, and there beheld the image of his father, together with the images of other persons, and lastly the image of the menacing spirit that had first appeared. All idea of any preconceived conceptions seemed to be excluded here; and as the results of these experiments were corroborated elsewhere, it may be concluded that they are due to a common cause—a constant law, and not, as had been suggested, to the hallucination of the medium. I may also observe that in the early experiments E. D. F. was entirely ignorant of the nature of the visions to be presented.

"On the 20th of July following, E. D. F. was mesmerised, but was unable to utter a word, being again menaced by the spirit, who recalled the former threat, which caused him so much anxiety. Being awakened he was placed in communication with his father by writing; when it was recommended to take two mirrors the size of a quarter of a sheet of ordinary paper (foolscap) to unite them at a certain angle, and to place between them a glass of water—then patiently to await the result. This was accordingly done. In a short time visions appeared of various spirits: where any of them were of such a character as not to invite communication, the power of the will, accompanied by magnetic passes of repulsion, was sufficient to cause the images to disappear.

"On the 2nd of August, having arranged my mirrors, I was enabled to make experiments with a medium, endowed in some measure with the faculty of *clairvoyance*, but entirely ignorant of the object of my mechanical arrangement, or of the possibility of being presented with spiritual visions.

“ At my invitation the medium, being quite awake, looked into the glass of water. Great was her surprise when she beheld a succession of figures and *tableaux* of allegorical and real actions. On the same day I went with my mirrors to the medium E. D. F. when again appeared the figure of the threatening spirit, who was now described as a carabineer, the uniform being as strongly reflected as that of a living person. One hand intimated by signs on the other a desire that the medium should write. Upon a negative sign being returned, the spirit opened its lips, and E. D. F. heard the following words:—‘Enable me then to write to A——.’ After another negative sign, the spirit exhibited considerable anger, and though engaging not to trouble E. D. F. any more, intimated its intention to appear in the ordinary circles. The apparatus was removed, but the medium was greatly agitated. The vision was described as that of a young man, whose early life had been one long period of physical suffering, which had been relieved only by Spiritualism.

“ Other experiences have demonstrated that the manner in which these phenomena are developed depends on the character of the medium; still, under various circumstances and with different mediums, similar results have been obtained; and it is not improbable that one half of those who are mediums possess this faculty of seeing visions in a glass of water, although the greater number of my experiments were made with *clairvoyants*. Writing mediums—and indeed persons strangers to Spiritualism—have witnessed these phenomena without being aware that they possessed the power to see them.

“ Visions are often presented without the glass of water; but they are obtained with greater ease and distinctness with the whole apparatus. They do not always appear in the mirror directly in front of the medium, but in the one which reflects, as well as in the glass of water.

“ Often the experimentalist, if favourably endowed, obtains visions at the first attempt, or in a few minutes afterwards; others require to make many trials, and to them a progressive series of phenomena is presented. An undefined object like a cloud first appears which gradually develops into form, and ultimately into a distinct and perfect figure.

“ Sometimes the objects appear in their natural colours—sometimes as in a photograph. They are often such as are out of the range of the medium’s knowledge, but still depicted in their most intimate details.

“ During these experiments the clairvoyants have been in possession of their external senses and intelligence. They speak, they reason, and are neither under the influence of magnetism or hypnotism. They see with their natural vision

objects and persons altogether unlooked for, and which often draw from them exclamations of surprise and astonishment; conveying the fullest impression of reality and truth, and without leaving any doubt as to the integrity of the senses.

"It has been recommended not to continue the experiments longer than 15 minutes at a time.

"The mirrors which I use, are 19 centimètres in height (about  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches) and 14 in width ( $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches). They are fixed on pieces of pasteboard covered with black paper in order to form borders, they are then united on one side by a piece of linen, which allows of their being closed one over the other like the leaves of a book, and are thus rendered portable.

"With an apparatus of larger dimensions the size of the images will be proportionately increased.

"These phenomena are not new. Nostradamus\* caused Catherine de Medecis to see in a similar manner the first of the Bourbons who was to sit on the throne of France; and Cagliostro, by the same means, obtained the presence of spirits which he evoked. Amongst the 'Arabs a somewhat similar system is in operation at the present time.

"We desire to see these facts—old as the world—subjected to the test of consecutive and well-arranged experiments, taking care that they are divested of all connection with superstitious notions which too often accompany them. We must dismiss every idea of mystery, that the subject may be brought fairly to the light, and that the great fact be correctly appreciated, of the human soul being endowed with a peculiar faculty by virtue of which our two lives are brought into intimate relation.

"It is necessary to show that the present state of our being is but a moment in comparison with the life to which we shall succeed—an eternal future; and the aim of our studies should be to establish that truth, that so by enlarging the sphere of spiritual phenomena we may hasten the advent of the day when Spiritualism shall be accepted by all."

I venture to add, that without a spiritual life in the present there could be none in the future; and further, that according to the uses made of the opportunity afforded by the present will the condition of the future be determined.

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\* The celebrated physician of Provence, whose predictions became so notorious in the early part of the 16th century, particularly after the description which he published of the manner of the death of Henry II. of France, who was killed in a tournament in 1557, that not only Catherine but the Duke of Savoy and Princess Margaret of France, Charles IX., and the highest nobles of the land sought to do him honour.

AN EVENING WITH THE SPIRITS.

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IN the May number of the *New Church Independent and Monthly Review*, published at Laporte, Indiana, U.S.A., its editor, Mr. Weller, reports his first and only evening with the spirits. He tells us that on the afternoon of April 3rd, he visited the office of Dr. S. B. Collins, of Laporte, on a business errand. In the course of conversation, Dr. Collins mentioned that a medium, Mrs. Maud Lord, of Chicago, was his guest, and that a *séance* was to be held at his house that evening, and invited Mr. Weller and his wife to join the party. They consented, "This being," says Mr. Weller, "the first and only time that we had ever been invited to or had ever entered a genuine spiritual circle, with a live professional medium in the centre of it." The guests assembled, and after talking politics and spirit photographs, they entered the *séance* room. We leave Mr. Weller to tell the rest of the story in his own words. He says:—

"On our right were seated C. G. Powell, of the *Laporte Herald*, and wife; next beyond, Porter W. Taylor, son of B. F. Taylor, and Mrs. B. F. Taylor. Further on still was T. G. Turner, former editor of the *Cleveland Leader*. On our left were Mr. Taylor, of the Herald Company, Mortimer Nye, a Laporte lawyer, Dr. S. B. Collins, Mrs. Farrand, Messrs. Clark, Swan, and two or three others, between whom were sandwiched several pretty girls in the early bloom of youth, a complacent blonde and a roguish brunette making our *vis-à-vis*.

"After Mr. Lord had properly arranged the sitters, he retired, and our dark-eyed Queen of the Fairies seated herself in the centre of the circle—the axle around which this magnetic wheel was to rotate. Our Miriam, who has just such a voice as would have enraptured Shakspeare, now addresses us:

"'There are, no doubt, some in this circle who are strangers to Spiritualism. To these I would say, You have only to sit passively in your places, and try to bring yourselves in harmony with others present, that you may be as one family. This will facilitate the manifestations. I shall remain quietly in this chair, patting my hands thus, that you may know I take no part physically in what occurs.'

"As these remarks were being made, our wife and Mrs. Powell, seated next to us, were looking nervously at the guitar, which lay across our knees, the same having moved once or twice without any apparent cause. We assured them, however, that we were at the bottom of the movement. Now the gas was turned off, and we sat in Cimmerian darkness.

"'Will some one sing?' asked Mrs. L. One of the ladies

opposite to us began 'Nearer my God to thee,' in which nearly all in the circle joined. During the singing, the guitar which lay in our lap *floats up*, glancing by our forehead, and sailed round the room, the meanwhile playing an accompaniment to the singing. The tambourine also went on an aerial voyage, and finally paused to beat time on the toe of P. W. Taylor. Mr. T. states that it followed his foot wherever he moved it, and continued the tattoo. All this looked a little frivolous; and, had the entertainment ended here, we should have been annoyed and disappointed, to say the least. Exclamations began to come now from all parts of the ring: 'Here is some one touching my hand!' 'Who is smoothing my hair?' 'Ah, here is a little hand patting me on my face!' 'Hark! did you hear that whisper?' &c., &c. In the meanwhile, Mrs. L. continued to pat her hands, and began describing people whom she saw around the sitters. In a moment, there came to us a short, evanescent, hurried whisper: 'Papa! papa!' Now, the *cold*, mysterious touch of two little hands upon our own; then, passing to our face, a series of loving pats were given, and the hair smoothed down. We bent forward to grasp, to embrace; but the evanescent thing was gone! What were these little phantom hands, whose magic touch had sent through us such a strange, unearthly thrill of pleasure? Whence came that whisper? Was it all a cheat? We asked, 'Mrs. Lord, do you see any one near me?' 'Yes; there is an old gentleman and two children—a little boy and girl.' She then described a person answering, in every particular, to our father. Several in the room recognized it at once—especially where she referred to his cravat, and the peculiar manner in which he usually tied it. A description was also given of a lady near our wife—evidently her mother—which we regard as very wonderful, as there were several peculiarities in her person and dress which few other persons possess. We again inquired, 'Mrs. Lord, in what manner do these spirit-forms manifest themselves to you?' She answered, 'At first there is the appearance of a light luminous cloud, which is soon transformed into the human shape. Then the features and dress come out, sometimes very distinct, at other times more dimly. They often speak by whispered intonations, or give their names in luminous letters.' From further remarks, and her rapid, successive description of persons around the circle, it was quite evident that she sat in the midst of a transformation scene, where the disenchanted dead were coming and going, in the old familiar garbs of mortality, like dissolving views in a diorama.

" 'There is a child riding horse on my foot!' exclaimed a gentleman to our right. Crossing our leg, we answered, 'Let

him come here and play horse.' Immediately there was the sensation of a child bouncing up and down astride our boot, and a perceptible *weight*. Again we bent forward to grasp, and again it fled like a will-o'-the-wisp. 'There! some spirit has taken the ring from my little finger!' said a gentleman on the opposite side of the circle from us. 'Will the spirit bring it here, and place it on my finger?' we asked. In a second the ring was slipped on our first finger. The owner called for it again, and it was as quickly returned, and put on the little finger. We held in one of our hands a Kansas newspaper called *The Shaft*, which was switched away from us and fanned about the room in a mysterious manner, and finally returned. A little Indian girl was described near Dr. Collins, whom Mrs. L. called 'Snow-Drop.' 'She has taken my watch,' said the Doctor. He then asked, 'Snow-Drop, will you please hand the watch to Mr. Weller?' We heard the chain rattling along, and presently it dropped upon our hand. We reached for the watch, but it was quickly withdrawn and returned to the Doctor. 'Why did you not give it to Mr. Weller?' he asked. 'Was 'fraid he steal it!' came in whispered response. It was brought to us a second time, and placed in our hands, where it remained till the gas was turned on. Previous to this, a letter had been passed round, and was finally placed in our hands. We held it tight till the circle broke up. On looking at it, we found it to be an envelope containing a reprint article from the *New York Herald*, on 'Nature and Revelation,' by Dr. John Ellis. This had been taken from our inside coat-pocket, unknown to us. *How*, is more than we can tell. We cannot conceive of the most adroit pick-pocket doing such a thing without our knowledge. In addition to this class of phenomena, meteoric lights would occasionally appear above or near where the medium was seated. A very sceptical gentleman in the company was violently shaken and thumped on the back, till he exclaimed, 'There! that'll do—I'm satisfied!'

Many other interesting and strange things occurred during our sitting, which we have not space to recount. We had spent nearly two hours in this ghostly intercourse, when a rap upon the door from Mr. Lord, who had devoted himself to the baby, warned us that it was time to break the charm of this magic circle. Mrs. L. was also much exhausted, as was plainly indicated by her heavy breathing. The door was opened, the gas lighted, and the company dispersed. Thus ended our evening with the spirits.

"In conclusion, we will say that a subsequent conversation and slight acquaintance with Mrs. L. have convinced us that she is a high-toned Christian lady, artless and innocent as a child.



Her wonderful experiences began in her twelfth year. She is now twenty-two.

"This was the first, it may be the last *séance* we shall ever attend. We venture no opinion upon the *modus operandi* of these phenomena, or their disorder. That they are the work of spirits, we cannot doubt. God, in his providence, knows for what good they are permitted. There is much that is fleeting, evanescent and unsatisfactory in these physical outbreaks from the realm of spirits, which are but the foamy waves from the great ocean of spiritual existence, breaking upon the rocks and shoals of Time. We would not recall our evening with the invisible company. The memory of it will linger with us as the echoes from some sweet and pleasant dream, in which the angels came down to us like those on Jacob's ladder; where the little hands of our loved ones touched us, and their whispering voices assured us that immortality is not a fiction, but a grand and beautiful reality."

## DOES THE WORLD ACCREDIT ITS OWN EXPRESSED FAITH IN THE SPIRITUAL?

By CARLOS D. STUART.

I HAVE been thinking how strange it is, that all the world having spoken and written its belief in God, in some form or other, and in a world of spirits only separated from our own by a thin veil of sense—that veil thrust aside in Eden, and at epochs ever since, so that man communed not only with angels, but with God—the denial should be so universal, whenever it is claimed that communion with the invisible world has been and may be realised. I cannot understand this mixture of theoretical faith and practical atheism. And I cannot forbear asking if the great voice of the world, so united in its testimony as to the theory, be only a delusion and a lie, when we come to the practice? In its superabounding ideal of a relation, near and intimate, between God and man, and between heaven and earth, is there no reality? If so, what a mockery is the prayer, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done *on earth as it is in heaven*," and the utterance, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for *of such is the kingdom of heaven*," and the saying, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for *they shall see God*." What a mockery too, the cradle song, the pulpit teaching, the saintly consolation poured in the ear of sorrow, and the story told to the dying.

Either the Scriptures are false, and the prophets and oracles

lying witnesses, and all religions empty fables, and the world-wide beliefs of man in all that pertains to the spiritual, the supernatural, and the immortal, a weak delusion; or they are the most momentous truths with which man has to do. If truths, then the material and the spiritual world are in communion. Such is the record. The mind and heart of all men, in all ages, have confessed and declared it. Whenever and wherever the human intellect has risen above material things, it has looked in upon a higher state of being. All nature and all revelation have so taught. Why then, this profound resistance to the idea, or faith, or belief, that man may, and does, under fitting circumstances, commune, while in his mortal state, directly with the spirit world? That he has done so is the perpetual teaching of all "sacred" books and all religions. Why, especially, should Christendom, whose religion is based upon the spiritual and supernatural, and whose faith, without an accessible spirit-world, would be but a rope of sand or a shadow, rebel against an ever-present communion between heaven and earth? Its Scriptures teach little else of moment; its prophets, its oracles, its Saviour, and its miracles are as nothing, if materialism triumph. If an angel loosed Peter from prison, if angels appeared to the Marys, and if John saw the vision he revealed from Patmos, why should angels and spirits more akin to earth, not now and then, at least, be visible to us. For four thousand years there was no lack of celestial visitants upon earth. They walked and talked with the prophets and seers; and where is it taught that thereafter they should come unto men no more? Has the earth less need of such ministrics than of old? I think not; and I insist that I be permitted to believe in close communion with the world of spirits, without being called a fanatic or blasphemer, or that my instincts, my sympathies and my reason be erased as deceivers, and the cradle song and the pulpit teaching cease to utter fables. Until this come to pass, I must believe as I have believed.

And why is it that the "profane" intellect of the world—so called—the literary mind—scoffs at and contemns practical faith in spiritual relations? Strip literature of its ideal world and nothing is left. Do its professors simply utter fancies in all their imagery drawn from higher sources than earth and sense, or do they utter an all-pervading faith and belief? Do they believe in the angels and spirits, and genii, and nymphs, and fairies, and and sprites, so populous in their vision-land, or do they but play with shadows? These questions are worth pondering. The soul of poetry, music, sculpture, and painting is ideal, spiritual. Rob them of this divine light and fire and they are formless and soulless. What are the immortal thoughts of Homer, of

Æschylus, of Plato, of Virgil, of Dante, of Tasso, of Goethe, of Bunyan, and Milton, or the better genius of the great souls of psalm and song in all ages, if the spiritual world be a myth, or so far a myth that it only mocks at earnest belief and practical realization? And Art, which has glorified itself on the canvas of Appelles or Raphael, and through the chisel of Phidias or Angelo, shall it be stripped bare of heaven, leaving to it only the harsh, sin-stained anatomy of mortal man? If it has lied in its interpretation, shall we longer exalt and idolize it? And if "divine" poesy has but conjured scenes from tricky fables and unsubstantial fancies, shall we delight and glory in its strains?

To come direct to the heart of the matter, in how much of its own expressed or implied faith does the human mind believe? I see clearly that all exalted mind lives and has lived more in a spiritual than in a material world. I see, upon a casual recurrence to its utterances, that it has devoutly believed in man's affinity with the spiritual and supernatural, as well as with the material and natural, and I am not willing that it should go on preaching and singing, and impressing the world with its imaginations, unless it stand by them itself. Let Milton and Shakspeare be held to as close account as Isaiah or David, and either stand by their utterance, or fall. Let us know that they, or whoever rises in thought, song, or revelation, above the material world, speak fancies or truths, fables or facts, illusions or realities. It seems to me that the mass of mankind little realize the faiths they confess at altars and shrines, and the only spirit that exalts their religions and literature. I put it to the materialist, in and out of the Church, whether any credence is to be given to Isaiah, or Shakspeare, or Milton, or Dante, when they draw, in their sublimest strains, upon the spiritual and supernatural. I ask, too, how the universal belief in these came to man, if they have no bases in fact. If they are but the conjecture of disordered fancy, why has the world built upon them its most sacred and delightful revelations and faiths? But mankind hold to them as the most precious truth. That is, all men believe, theoretically, in what the earnest Spiritualist believes practically. They reject realization of their faith on earth, possibly for two reasons: first, because corrupt sense disputes with the spirit for the possession of man on earth; and second, because realization of Spiritualism compels to higher life than man's corrupt senses incline to. It is convenient enough to the churchman or the worldling to have an invisible and unmeddling guard of spirits to bless and protect him; pleasant enough to think angels watch his slumber and wait to convey his soul; but it is not so convenient to believe that spirits and angels, and God himself, do really have cognizance of all we think and act, and

that our account with the Creator may have to do with the every-day record of our lives. Such a belief, reduced to sincere and realizing faith, would startle the soul of sin, in the midst of its religious and social formalism and hypocrisy, and force it to sacrifices disagreeable to sense. Suppose earnest belief in man's power to commune intimately with spirits and with God entailed no repentance and reform of his earth courses, would there be one man in the universe to reject the extremest claims of Spiritualism? Nay, not one!

But I wander somewhat from my purpose in these thoughts. My design in touching upon this theme was chiefly to show in how far the most exalted minds of earth have declared their sympathy with, and their belief in man's relation to God, and earth's to heaven. I find that the highest elements and the best value of all literature, "sacred and profane," lie in the ideal or spiritual world in connection with man. I find Homer beggared when shorn of his draft on the supernatural; that Tasso cannot deliver his Jerusalem; that Dante has no vision of hell; that Milton is shut from a survey of Paradise; that Bunyan abandons his Pilgrim; while Shakspeare halts and staggers in a dull and darkened universe. And treading on a holier ground, no angels walk in Eden or with the prophets, nor appear to release Peter or comfort the women at the Sepulchre; no revelation breaks upon the eye of John, nor upon the vision of Constantine or St. Augustine, and the Bible itself is a stupendous fiction. In fact, the kingdom of heaven, the great world of spirits, shut out from the literature of earth, and man has little knowledge or consolation above the beasts that perish. If any mind is capacitated more than another to fathom truth that lies above materialism, it is the mind inspired with the ideal. If the Divine afflatus has fallen upon man, it has fallen upon prophets and poets. From these the world has accepted its revelations and beliefs in whatever transcends the narrow vision of sense. The faith of prophets and poets is not doubtful, unless all their noblest utterances are falsehood and deception.

"Ah!" says one, all necessary revelation is made; the day of miracles and direct intercourse with spirits is past. More than is accepted in the canons of the church and the schools is a dream—a distempered fancy. Trust not to fancy! But Milton, who has created more theology for Christendom than the Bible, says, "Fancy is the eye of the soul," and that—

Of all external things  
Which the five watchful senses represent,  
She forms imaginations.       \*       \*       \*  
Which reason joining, or disjoining, frames  
All what we affirm, or what deny, and call  
Our knowledge or opinion.

And Coleridge, whose vision was not dull, and whose evidence weighs, if man's can weigh, on a point like this, says—

Fancy is the power  
That first unsensualizes the dark mind,  
Giving it new delights; \* \* \*  
Emancipates it from the grosser thrall  
Of the present impulse, teaching self-control,  
Till superstition, with unconscious hand,  
Seat reason on her throne.

Coleridge gives this credit to superstition, doubtless, because fancy, in its first exercise by the mind, peoples the universe with false and obscure fears of beings invisible. When it rises to a more calm and disciplined survey, the false fears vanish, but the beings (spirits) remain, made visible and beautiful to reason and faith.

Whoever has read Milton cannot doubt his belief in the communion of the material with the spiritual world. I take it that the sentiments and faith he puts on the tongues of his characters, in "Paradise Lost," for instance, are his own—that he has but written out his own faith and belief. How his great epic teems with God, with angels, and archangels. They are with Adam; they speak with him face to face. Indeed, Heaven is ajar with war, and the whole world of spirits concentrates its interests, on account of our progenitor, in that garden of the East. Before and after the "Fall," Adam is admitted to converse and communion with spirits. On the completion of the world, Milton puts this song on the lips of the "angelic harmonies, the heavens and all the constellations:"

Open, ye heavens! your living doors; let in  
The Great Creator, from his work returned  
Magnificent—his six days' work, a world:  
Open, and henceforth oft; *for God will deign*  
*To visit oft the dwellings of just men,*  
*Delighted; and with frequent intercourse*  
*Thither will send his winged messengers*  
*On errands of supernal grace.*

When Satan has worked his mischief in Paradise, Milton's God does not abandon our first parents, but sends (or rather the archangel directs) Ithuriel and Zephon to search for the Tempter, and to watch the bower of Adam and Eve. The obedient angel finds Satan squatted like a toad,

Close at the ear of Eve,  
Assaying, by his devilish art, to reach  
The organs of her *fancy*.

A touch from Ithuriel's spear causes Satan to upstart,

As when a spark  
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder.

Milton confesses his faith in the direct communion of Divine

agencies with our race, even in sleep, when he makes Eve, waking from slumber in Paradise, say to Adam, just returned from conference with an angel :

Whence thou return'st and whither went'st I know ;  
*For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,*  
*Which he hath sent propitious, some great good*  
*Presaging.*

Milton a believer not only in spirits, but in the divinity of dreams! What say the churchmen to this? But he bears strongest witness when he puts a final speech on the tongue of the angel addressing Adam, after the expulsion :

Said the angel, But from heaven  
 He to his own a Comforter will send,  
 The promise of the Father ; who shall dwell  
*His Spirit within them ; and the law of faith,*  
 Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,  
 To guide them in all truth ; *and also arm*  
*With spiritual armour, able to resist*  
 Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,  
 What man can do against them, not afraid  
 Though to the death ; against such cruelties  
 With inward consolations recompensed ;  
*And oft supported so as shall amaze*  
*Their proudest persecutors, for the Spirit*  
 Poured first on his Apostles, whom he sends  
 To evangelise the nations ; then on all  
 Baptised) *shall them with wondrous gifts endue,*  
*To speak all tongues and do all miracles,*  
*As did their Lord before them.* Thus they win  
 Great numbers of each nation, to receive  
 With joy the tidings brought from heaven.

But the sublime poet warns (or rather his angel warns) that wolves will seek place in this spiritual fold :

Who all the sacred mysteries of heaven  
 To their own vile advantages shall turn,  
 Of lucre and ambition ; and the truth  
 With superstitions and traditions taint,  
 Left only in those written records pure,  
 Though not but by the spirit understood.  
 Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,  
 Places, and titles ; and with these to join  
 Secular power, though feigning still to act  
 By spiritual ; to themselves appropriating  
 The Spirit of God, promised alike, and given  
 To all believers ; and, from that pretence,  
 Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force  
 On every conscience. \* \* \*

What will they then  
 But force the spirit of grace itself—  
 Unbuild his living temples, \* \* \*  
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise  
 On all who in the worship persevere  
 Of spirit and truth. \* \* \*

Truth shall retire,  
 Bestruck with slanderous darts ; and works of faith  
 Rarely be found.

Milton owed nothing of the noble conceptions in his great poem to the mediation of sense—and little, if anything, to the outward world. Inspired records, and his own sublime imagination and faith, were the agencies that began the unfolding of the spiritual world. He was blind to material things, but his mortal blindness only kindled his interior perception to a brighter glow. Dr. Johnson, criticising Milton, says: "God and the angels seemed to approach nearer, and the world of spirits to open more and more, as the poet retired deeper within his own soul. Earth could no longer attract or distract his spirit through sense, and chastened by meditation and faith, he saw that higher world to which imagination points, but which the pure enlightened and rapt spirit only can behold. And he saw there the drama of Paradise, lost and regained, and his tongue was inspired to utter what the eye of his soul beheld." It is scarcely necessary to say that Johnson's vast mind believed in spirit affinities and communion, since he has been so widely ridiculed for believing in "ghosts," in the common acceptation of the term.

The most interesting, and by far the most striking and dramatic portions of Shakspeare's writings depend upon characters drawn from the world of spirits. Did Shakspeare believe in the relations he institutes between the material and the supernatural—in his ghosts and fairies, and elves—or did he but adopt the common belief of his own and all times in these beings? He certainly indorsed the belief by his unqualified use of it. Did he believe in the universal impression (if not belief) that midnight was the hour that loosed unquiet spirits to walk the earth? In his "Midsummer Night's Dream" he makes the fairies sing:—

Now it is the time of night  
That the graves are gaping wide,  
Every one lets forth his sprite,  
In the church-way paths to glide.

And in Hamlet:—

The dead waste and middle of the night  
is the hour when Shakspeare bids the ghost of Hamlet's father walk abroad. Then follows what? "The old superstition;" the troubled spirit, with a crime to confess or a wrong to avenge, which can only be done by mortal aid. Did Shakspeare believe in such things? They are an immemorial story; others believed them, why not he of Avon? Hamlet and Horatio wait to lay the ghost of the murdered king:

*Ham.* What hour now?  
*Hor.* I think it lacks of twelve.

*Enter GHOST.*

*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend us!  
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned;

Bring with thee airs of heaven or blasts from hell—  
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
 Thou comest in such questionable shape  
 That I will speak to thee: \* \* \*  
 Why has the sepulchre unlock'd  
 His ponderous and marble jaws  
 To cast thee up again?

*Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit,  
 Doomed for a certain time to walk the night,  
 And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,  
 Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature  
 Are burnt and purged away.

If Shakspeare believed not in the spirit of his drama, he consented to use it, according to the strict letter of common theory and belief. The hour, the invocation to good spirits for defence against evil, the resolve to question the ghost, and the most orthodox response of the latter, are in perfect keeping with the universal ideas of Christendom on this subject. Undoubtedly Shakspeare uttered his own belief, guided by the ghostly canon for particulars.

The ghost and witch scenes in Macbeth are but a further illustration of the theme. True to tradition (sacred and profane) the spirits appear only to those with whom they have directly to do. Hence, Hamlet alone sees his father's ghost, and Macbeth that of Banquo. The Queen thinks Macbeth mad or distempered, and tells him, in the materialist style, when he beholds the dagger-armed ghost:—

This is the very painting of your fear,  
 This is the air-drawn dagger!  
 \* \* \* when all's done,  
 You look but on a stool.

But the guilt-stricken murderer swears:

If I stand here I saw him—  
 \* \* \* The times have been  
 That when the brains were out, the man was dead,  
 And there an end; *but now they rise again.*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

They say blood will have blood,  
 Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak.

Macbeth is made to utter in accordance with, not only his particular case, but in agreement with the popular idea touching all such as he, under similar circumstances. Shakspeare and his age knew the customs and peculiarities of spirits, and, doubtless believed all and more than the poet wrote. He revealed his impressions only so far as was necessary for his emergency. He well says, through Hamlet:

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
 Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

The philosophy alluded to was, probably very like that of our day, which cries "beautiful!" when the priest and the poet bring



heaven and earth together, but which scouts the union when its practical realisation is hinted at.

Shakspeare was no niggard Spiritualist. Here is his confession of belief in presentiment—a theory not a little ridiculed in our day. At her last interview with Romeo, Juliet is made to say :

O God! I have an ill-divining soul;  
Methinks I see thee (Romeo), now thou art below,  
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.

Juliet's soul divined aright. Did Shakspeare believe the soul could look beyond time and sense, and divine the future? Evidently he did, else why the above not indispensable utterance? Did he believe that daybreak bounds the earth-tryst of fairies (the popular belief,) when he made Oberon, their chief, say :—

Until the break of day  
Through the house each fairy stray.

Of course he did! Who doesn't believe in fairies and fairy-land? Most assuredly I do, and so does all the world in its secret soul.

Coleridge, of all great, inspired souls, has endorsed the belief in man's power to commune with spirits above him most decidedly and manfully. He believed that a part of the mission of higher spirits is to descend to the lower to inspire, guide, and exalt. Having expressed this belief, he says:

If there be beings of higher class than Man,  
I deem no nobler province they possess  
Than by disposal of apt circumstance  
To rear up kingdoms ; and the deeds they prompt,  
Distinguishing from mortal agency,  
They choose their human ministers from such states  
As still the Epic song half fears to name,  
Repelled from all the minstrelsies that strike  
The palace roof, and soothe the monarch's pride.  
And such, perhaps, the spirit who (if words  
Witnessed by answering deeds may claim our faith)  
Held commune with that warrior maid of France,  
Who scourged the invader.

And here is Coleridge's rebuke to those (plenty among us,) who fly to science, art, jugglery, or anything absurd, to account for whatever passes their dull, narrow, materialistic comprehension ; persons who acknowledge the spirit and power of God in the growth of a grass-blade, but who would deny that spirit and power in man if they could :—

Some there are who deem themselves most free  
When they within this gross and visible sphere  
Chain down the winged thought, scoffing assent,  
Proud in their meanness ; and themselves they cheat  
With noisy emptiness of learned phrase,  
Their subtle fluids, impacts, essences,

Self-working tools, uncaus'd effects, and all  
Those blind Omniscients, those Almighty Slaves,  
Untenanted Creation of its God.

And here is an intelligent and noble apostrophe, worthy of Coleridge and his theme:—

Contemplant Spirits! ye that hover o'er  
With untired gaze the immeasurable fount  
Ebullient with creative Deity!  
And ye of plastic power, that interfused  
Roll through the grosser and material mass  
In organizing surge! Holies of God!

And how Coleridge pictures the power of the soul to expand, even in its mortal state, and compass and comprehend the universe, when he says:—

There is one mind, one Omnipotent mind,  
Omnific. His most holy name is Love,  
Truth of sublime import! with the which  
Who feeds and saturates his constant soul,  
He from his small particular orbit flies  
With bless'd outstarting! From himself he flies,  
Stands in the sun, and with no partial gaze  
Views all creation; and he loves it all,  
And blesses it, and calls it very good!  
This is indeed to dwell with the Most High!  
Cherubs and rapture-trembling seraphim  
Can press no nearer to the Almighty's Throne.

Coleridge clearly believed that life is only a vision of immorality—that mortals are spirits on their upward march toward heaven and God, when he uttered:

Believe thou, O my soul,  
Life is a vision shadowy of truth;  
And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave,  
Shapes of a dream.

Shelley, the most ethereal of poets, while he struggles for "annihilation," and to dethrone God and his angels, as it were, to avenge some stinging wound religion's ministers had inflicted upon him, is perpetually thrown upon the world of spirits for aliment. No one can doubt that much of the longing and passionate utterance he breathed through his *Revolt of Islam*, *Prometheus*, *Alastor*, *Queen Mab*, and *Adonais*, were but his profound belief—deny it as he might. He is ever spurning the grossness of earth and wrestling against the fetters of mortality. He sees the soul of Adonais—(his friend Keats)—

Outsoar the shadow of our night;  
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
Can touch him not and torture not again.

\* \* \* \*

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;  
Mourn not for Adonais—thou young Dawn,  
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee  
The *spirit* thou lamentest is not gone.

Shelley might cast by the tradition—he rebelled his life-long against it; but he could not cast off instinct. His own soul had need of a God, a heaven, angels, and ministering spirits—of communion with intelligence higher than unfolds on earth, in mortal state; and if he was too proud to confess it directly, he did it indirectly, uttering his inmost faith through the lips, and longings of his Prometheus, Adonais, and Alastor. What he bids Asia utter to Panthea is his own utterance. Who more than Shelley could say:

My soul is an enchanted boat,  
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float  
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;  
And thine doth like an *angel* sit  
Beside the helm conducting it?

Yes, his soul was an enchanted boat, and the Spirit of God hovered in and over it and beautiful and blessed angels consoled the poet life-voyager (struggling to doubt the evidence of his own nature), by flashing their radiant wings on his misty, yet far-circling vision. Shelley's unconscious confessions, scattered all through his song, more than disprove all his studied declaration of belief. No soul ever lived less on earth, and upon the things of earth, than his. His sympathies were above grossness and corruption, and lifted him into the sphere of purer and loftier spirits.

The Greeks believed in a variety of evil spirits who had power, under some tutelar deity, to lure mortals by taking upon themselves fascinating forms and characters. The Circeans who ensnared the mariners of Ulysses, turning them over their cups into swine, were a specimen; as were, also, the Lamias, of one of whom a charming poet, Keats, has sung:

Upon a time, before the fairy broods  
Drove nymph and satyr from the prosperous woods,  
Before King Oberon's bright diadem,  
Sceptre, and mantle clasp'd with dewy gem,  
Frighted away the Dryads and the Fauns  
From rushes green, and brakes, and cowslip'd lawns.

This belief not only contributed to the themes of ancient and modern poets, but a grave philosopher, Philostratus (quoted in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*), in one of his books gives a "veritable" history of the incident sung by Keats. It runs thus:—"One Menippus Lycius, a young man 25 years of age, going between Cenchreas and Corinth, met a phantasm in the habit of a fair gentlewoman, which, taking him by the hand, carried him to her house in a suburb of Corinth, where she persuaded him to tarry, and sup and drink wine with her. The young man, a philosopher, 'otherwise staid and discreet,' finally married her, to whose wedding, among other guests, came Apollonius; who soon discovered her (being a seer), to be a

serpent, a Lamia; and that all her furniture was, like the food of Tantalus, described by Homer, only illusions. Finding herself discovered, she besought the old seer to keep silence, but he refused and exposed her, whereupon she and her house, and all that was in it, vanished instantly." Philostratus goes on to say that "many thousands took notice of this fact, for it was done in the midst of Greece."

We may smile in our day at these old beliefs, but our incredulity does not remove the fact that the mind of the human race, in all ages, has reposed more or less, indeed universally, on belief in an intimate relation between mortal and supra-mortal beings. And this belief is born more of intuition than from tradition. The character of the supra-mortal has been elevated and beautiful, in proportion to the intelligence of the mortal. Circeans and Lamias may have ceased to infest the earth, but it requires little effort of our reason to fancy that quite as gross and evil spirits prey, in other forms and ways, upon man in our times. We see men, fashioned outwardly like ourselves, transformed from all the characteristics of true manhood, into beasts. The Circeans could do and did no worse with Ulysses' companions.

Without a spiritual world in close affinity with earth, so close, in fact, that prophet and poet can clasp the hands of the two in tangible, sympathetic embrace, poet and prophet are dumb. Keats, to whom we have just alluded, for instance, depends in his chief poems, *Hyperion*, *Lamia*, *Endymion*, and *St. Agnes' Eve*, mainly upon the supernatural for his characters.

Longfellow hears in his house "footsteps of the angels." He tells us how—

The forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door;  
The beloved, the true-hearted  
Come to visit me once more;

And how the beauteous companion of his youth

Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Puts her gentle hand in mine.

And I tether a last one from Uhland—

"How softly beautiful those tones  
That rouse me from my sleep!  
Oh, mother, see! Who pours sweet strains  
Into the night so deep?"

"No sound I hear, nor see I aught;  
Then slumber on in peace!  
All serenades for thee henceforth,  
Poor, sickly child, must cease!"

"The music springs not from the earth  
That makes my heart so light;  
Angels are summoning me with song—  
Oh, mother, dear, good night!"

Mrs. Browning, Whittier, Tennyson, and many more from the long roll of famous poets, might be cited to the same effect.

Yet, wherever my eye glances upon a page whose thought is above the earthly and perishing, I find angels and spirits, the progeny of the world's hope and belief, and of the prophet's and poet's faith and vision; the progeny, also, of God. The more he is enlightened the more man looks heavenward, and desires and aspires to spiritual communion. He can no more live without commune with angels than he could without the Spirit of God. The utterances I have quoted are but a meagre fraction of the world's confession of faith in the spiritual—not abstract, and cold, and distant, but near, ever-present, and actual. What I have said is disjointed, for the theme is too broad for my space, and I have crowded such things into the space as may most suggest the fulness of my purpose, were it accomplished. Those who read what is written can easily pursue the theme for themselves; it is worth pursuing. And, finding the religion and the intellect of the world universally committed to Spiritualism (in theory to the greatest familiarity and extreme), they may ask, as I have done, *Does the world accredit its own expressed faith and belief to the point of reasonable realisation?*

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## SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

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THE interest in this subject has not abated. The hostility of professional photographers is only what might have been expected. The "experts" are always the most determined opponents of any great novelty out of their accustomed track. It is said, that Hervey's discovery of the circulation of the blood was not accepted by any physician of his time above forty, and we know how the same profession have received homœopathy, mesmerism, and painless surgery. Even in mechanical science, England's foremost representative pronounced the Suez Canal impossible. Photographers are certainly no exception to this rule. The admonition of the poet—

Have faith in one another.

Does not seem to call forth from them a very cordial response. The friend to whom the following letter was addressed writes us:—"I was twenty years connected with the profession. I never knew an honest photographer except two in my life." If this is anything like a correct portrait of the "profession," we need not be surprised to learn that its members incredulous as to the *bonâ fides* of one of their brotherhood, whose achievements in the art

are of a kind which wholly transcend their own. Nor is it strange that some Spiritualists—naturally more sensitive on the point than unbelievers, and perhaps apprehensive lest the exposure should be anticipated by “science,” and so their sagacity be found at fault, should join the hue and cry. For our own part we believe in the adage, “Time tries all!” and are content to wait. In the meantime we think the considerations and facts presented in the following correspondence have an important bearing on the case.

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

“Margate, June 11th.

“My dear Friend,— . . . . With regard to the spirit-photographs, I do not see how what you may be doing in Clifton can prove anything as to what Mr. Hudson is doing in London. I am ignorant of photography, but I think I have some capacity for judging of the value of evidence, and after considering fairly the evidence in support of the charge of fraud against Hudson, I, as a jurymen, should feel bound to return the Scotch verdict “Not proven.” No doubt counterfeits may be made, perhaps in some respects better than the originals, but that does not show that *these* are counterfeits. You may show that certain effects on them are like those that would be produced if done in a certain way, but that is not enough. You must prove that they have been done in that way, or, at the least, that *they* cannot be produced in any other way, not even by spirits. He would be a rash man, I think, who would venture on that assertion. For instance, can we as Spiritualists, who know that spirits bring with them or produce a light of their own, say that this light is not used by them in the process of spirit photography and that there may not be this “double exposure” (perhaps, instantaneous) in a sense different to that by which it is alleged that these photographs are produced. Of course, this is mere conjecture, and is not offered as anything else. What I complain of as unfair to Mr. Hudson is that those who charge him with imposture insist on their conjectures being received as proofs. Were they content to say, “Some of these alleged spirit-photographs are suspicious, inasmuch as when carefully examined they apparently bear traces of double exposure; the subject should therefore be more thoroughly investigated, and in the meantime such photographs cannot be taken as decisive evidence of spirit manifestations,” no exception could be fairly taken to this course; but when they go beyond this they must be reminded that suspicion is not evidence, inferences are not proofs; and that all the evidence they have yet adduced is in the

nature of inference. No one, I believe, pretends that Mr. Hudson has been detected in any act of fraud, and until he is thus proved guilty, I think he has a right in common justice, as well as in law, to be held free from all imputations of wrong doing.

"On the other hand, the genuineness of some of these spirit photographs is, I think, fairly established. No photographer can counterfeit the portrait of a deceased person unknown to him, and of whom no likeness is extant. Yet this is what is done in Mr. Hudson's studio. I saw a letter the other day from Mr. William Howitt, in which he states that on the plate with himself appears the likeness of his son (drowned in Australia). The likeness was unmistakeable, and was at once recognized by both himself and daughter. Mr. Coleman, who was present, assured me that the spirit portrait was even more distinct than that of the mortal sitter. This portrait was given in fulfilment of a promise that day made to Mr. Howitt by his son that he would so appear. There can be no counterfeiting in a case like this, and it is not a solitary instance of the kind.

"I might give many incidental evidences which support the belief of the genuineness of these spirit pictures. The spirits have made themselves at times visible, audible, and sensible to touch in Hudson's studio; the spirit hand on the neck of the sitter in one of Miss Houghton's portraits was felt by her ere it appeared on the plate; spirits have appeared in fulfilment of promises of which Mr. Hudson could have known nothing; and other photographers, both professional and amateur, are taking portraits of spirits which in some instances are identified.

"This phase of spirit manifestation is now simply passing through the same ordeal with those which have preceded it, and which this also has passed through in America, those who are most suspicious and active in the matter being Spiritualists themselves. The then principal public medium in this country, and the principal public medium from America who has visited us, have both been denounced as impostors by the same well-meaning and earnest but suspicious and erratic Spiritualist who is now taking the lead in denouncing Mr. Hudson. Both have long since outlived it, and indeed were never much affected by such denunciation, and in the present case we may anticipate the same result.

"One thing should not be forgotten. If only a single genuine spirit-photograph is obtained, it carries with it the whole principle of Spiritualism, and proves that spirit-photography is possible, just as a single instance of spiritual apparition, well established, overturns the whole fabric of materialism.

"No one would condemn fraud in this matter with greater severity than myself: it is because I feel how heinous would be

such an offence, that I cannot countenance its being hazarded lightly, or except on rigorous proof. On a subject of which we confessedly know so little, it would surely be more becoming to speak with modesty, exercise charity, and suspend censorious judgment, than to fling about hasty charges reckless of the pain and injustice our accusations may inflict, and which, after all may rest on no better foundation than our misapprehension and ignorance, or the conceit arising from that "little knowledge," which, when greatly over-estimated, too often proves itself indeed a "dangerous thing."

"I trust you will not misapprehend me, or suppose that I intend any personal reference—least of all to yourself. Those who impugn Mr. Hudson's good faith are, I think, mistaken; but they may be actuated by motives which I can appreciate and respect.

"Yours faithfully,  
"T. S.

"P.S.—One of the most skilful and experienced photographers in London, a few days since, accompanied me to Mr. Hudson's studio, inspected the whole process from first to last, and took home several of the spirit-photographs which he has carefully examined, and says he believes them to be genuine. I am glad to learn that your own experience confirms the genuineness of spirit-photography, that you testify, 'I have made spirit-photographs through Mr. B——'s power, therefore I know they can be, and are, made.' The statement you quote that Mr. Hudson has never denied being guilty of deception is simply untrue."

We have also been favoured with the following:—

TESTIMONY OF DR. DIXON.

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

Sir,—The criticisms by some photographers remind one of what are called scientific criticisms upon other phases of spirit-action, from Faraday's down to the latest. Two or three years ago there was a circle in Great Coram Street, where a medium used, by actions and words, to depict—in the trance state—passages in the lives of deceased friends of those present; and many have told me that they have identified spirits thus communicating, and we ourselves have done so. One evening, after the medium had passed into the trance, a scientific visitor seemed to regard him as a deceiver, and tried to make him cry out by pinching him and forcing his eyelids open. This was his way of criticising scientifically. It is akin with other modes. Show such a gentleman a vouched spirit-likeness on a photographic plate, and tell him the reasons of your assurance; he listens



with a deaf ear, puts a magnifying glass to his eye, and delivers a scientific judgment by which photographs of spirits are to be settled for ever.

But manifestations of a spirit through a clairvoyant medium will not be settled by pinching, nor those on a photographic plate by inspecting debateable details in carpet or background, especially when the beam of a foregone conclusion is in the inspector's eye.

Some Spiritualists, claiming to be scientific, have joined in the exclamations of the scientific non-Spiritualists. Of course they think they have reason; men who pinch clairvoyant mediums think they have reason, and men who pinch photographers and mediums, and sitters and others, with the nippers of accusation of conspiring to make shams, all, from the ground they stand upon, think they have reason; but such reason has yet to be made apparent to me. Waiting for this, I, with my wife, went to Mr. Hudson's studio, accompanied by Mr. Herne, who sat as medium behind the framed background. On the plate appeared standing by me and bending towards my wife, a draped figure which we are sure is that of our son, deceased thirteen years; the contour of the figure, head, and upper half of the face is his; the only obscurity, in the lower part of the face, is due to the exposure of the spirit-figure not having been accurately adjusted by the spirits to time, and so the lower part is too shadowed for distinctness; but this is compensated for by the dress, which is a hood and mantle in one, with a rosette at the junction, over the shoulder. When in the body, our son used to insist that such a dress would be best and most rational.

The way to get at a truth for one's self, in spiritual matters, is certainly not by jumping at the conclusion of others, particularly if they plume themselves upon being scientific.

J. DIXON.

8, Great Ormond Street.

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TESTIMONY OF MRS. FITZGERALD.

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

Sir,—It seems to me simply a duty to Mr. Hudson—especially under present circumstances, that those who have obtained satisfactory spirit-photographs at his studio should bear testimony to their own convictions of their genuineness.

You are therefore at liberty to insert in the *Spiritual Magazine*, that in one of the photographs taken for me by Mr. Hudson, under the test conditions I required, a veiled and

draped figure appears at my side, the contour of the head and form of which is to me unmistakable. On showing this photograph to a relative, she was affected to tears by the same convictive recognition.

In the second photograph a draped figure appears with the features unveiled and distinct, bearing a close resemblance to a friend whose spirit is in constant communication with me.

In the third photograph are seven spirit-lights, very distinct.

I the more readily give this testimony as I have since received, at our own private circle, corroborative evidence from the spirits themselves as to their presence in the first two instances above recorded.

It may be interesting to state that one of these spirits—whom we have always found to be most truthful—has, of his own accord, exposed cases of deception on the part of a medium whose powers, strange to say, are yet of a high order. How deeply Spiritualists must deplore the admixture of imposture with reality by means of which some mediums attempt additions, certain sooner or later to be detected, to the genuine phenomena they obtain.

June 8, 1872.

CHARLOTTE FITZGERALD.

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TESTIMONY OF W. ARMFIELD.

Dear Sir,—Having read some remarks by Mr. Jones respecting the photographs of the Holloway ghosts, I resolved to go and examine for myself, and thus form my own judgment both of the artist and the *bona fides* of his productions, and I feel bound to say I left the studio of Mr. Hudson with the feeling of perfect satisfaction in the integrity of the man and his work. On the previous evening we held a *séance* at my own house, when a spirit-friend promised that if we went the next day to Mr. Hudson's studio they would be present with us (that is, a young lady and myself). The spirit-friends kept their word, and we had a most beautiful photograph of the spirit, as clear and well defined as the sitter. There were present in the studio only the young lady that sat, myself, and Mr. Hudson. I went into the dark chamber, and directly the photograph was developed, two female figures were on the plate, the spirit standing beside the sitter partly obscuring her dress. It is the most wonderful and convincing thing I ever beheld.

W. N. ARMFIELD.

Eden Villa, Cairns Road, New Wandsworth,  
June 6, 1872.

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## MISS HOUGHTON'S EXPERIENCES.

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

Sir,—The numerous spirit-photographs taken by Mr. Hudson increase in interest. I will commence by referring to the one I mentioned in my letter of last month, where the spirit of John Bunyan appeared on the same plate with Mrs. Cooper, which I think receives additional interest from the fact that the same spirit had been photographed with her, ten days previously, through the mediumship of Mr. Herne. He stands behind and above her, with his hand pointing upward; the face is covered with a thick veil, he has on a dark mantle, and a white robe, which is partially covered by her arm. In the picture taken with my mediumship, John Bunyan stands in front, looking kindly upon her, for although the face is covered, the veil is so very thin that in the plate I had thought there was none, and if the negative had been dense enough the features would have come out quite clearly, but even as it is, there is expression on the face, and she seems as if listening to his words of wise counsel. In this he has discarded the thick heavy cloak, and I think the change of costume relates in some way to the difference of mediumship. It is curious that although the open book (an illustrated copy of *Pilgrim's Progress*), is seen, as a sort of connecting link, the pillar of the little table on which it lies, has completely disappeared (spiritualised away), and the folds of his robe are seen through the volume as if it were made of glass.

The spirit on my plate No. 20, which I scrupled about positively identifying, although in my own mind I had no doubt about it, was recognised by my sister, who has just been on a visit to London, as that of my aunt Helen, who was always very closely linked with me; she was one of the earliest to communicate with me on the reception of my own mediumship, and was the first to give me any prophecy as to my work, for on the 2nd of January, 1860, two days after my development, she spelled out to me by the tipping of the table, "You are to have a strong power as a medium;" and on the day that this new form of mediumship came to me without the presence of another medium, she appears as if whispering behind me to recall her prediction to my mind.

My sister lent me a brooch, containing a miniature of papa, taken when a very young man, to wear at my next sitting, May 30th, when I found Mr. Hudson unnerved and anxious from the worry that he has been undergoing, besides which he feared the power was leaving him, for he had taken eight negatives that morning, but there was not the faintest appearance of a spirit on any one of them. I was impressed to

mesmerise him for a little while, before burning frankincense, which I have done for some time past, by the direction of my unseen friends, in that part of the studio appropriated to the sitter and the medium, so as completely to clear the spiritual atmosphere.

I then sat for the negative, but poor Mr. Hudson, in his nervousness, in taking the plate from the slide, let it slip through his fingers into the bath. He picked it up as quickly as he could, and proceeded with the development, when there was papa kneeling before me ; but unfortunately the form is damaged at the lower part of both figures, and the action of the mixed chemicals among which it fell, has a good deal fogged the picture, so that as a photographic work it is a failure, although the fulfilment of my hope with reference to the spirit, who was also instantly recognised by my sister, when I took her the print to look at.

A gentleman who was to meet me for a sitting, having been sent for to the studio, took his seat, holding with both hands a ring that I believe had been his wife's, and the result is a most charming little picture. A sweet female figure kneels close to him, clad in a delicate gossamer-like garment, a portion of which passes under two of his fingers, as if her hand were there within his clasp, and he is looking down as if he must behold her. She wears a pretty little close bonnet, with a veil so thin as not to hide the features. A dark scarf (which I learn was of crimson hue) covers the bust.

There have been many interesting photographs taken, and one of the most striking features is the immense variety, in the *pose* and drapery of the spirits, the fabric (if I may so term it) of the latter ranging from the most gauzy transparency of texture to rich satin-like folds, such as in the picture of my aunt Helen. There are likewise many curious revelations, which may be taken to heart, to teach the need for good and pure lives, lest in the hereafter we find ourselves in nakedness or rags.

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, W.  
June 17th, 1872.

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## “TILL DEATH US DO PART.”

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THIS is the startling title of a paper on Spiritualism and Mesmerism, by Mr. C. Maurice Davies, in *Belgravia* for February last. It professes to be a narrative of a strange experience which the writer had as a tyro in the occult sciences, when a young man at Cambridge. While studying at that seat of learning, being struck with some strange accounts of Mr. Home's spirit-manifestations in Paris, he took to reading a good many books on Spiritualism and Mesmerism. Amongst the rest, the well-known work *From Matter to Spirit*, by Mrs. and Professor De Morgan. It was after the perusal of this work and some lessons from a leading mesmerist in London, that he began to try his hand on the “higher phenomena” on members in his father's family in the country. The old gentleman, who was a clergyman, was married for the second time, and had a young family. The children's governess was a young Scotchwoman, a Miss M'Gorgon, a tall, thin, and as unspiritual looking a young lady as could be imagined. She consented to subject herself to his experiments, and under them, from being at first cool and dispassionate enough, she grew to be nervous and excitable to the last degree. To his great surprise, however, she became very susceptible to the magnetic influence, and after a few minutes' manipulation she would readily fall into a deep magnetic sleep, during which she would answer any questions put to her by the operator. After passing through all the ordinary phases of the phenomena, including phreno-mesmerism and clairvoyance, she at last attained that peculiar and rare condition known as lucidity. Mr. Davies says :—

Miss M'Gorgon threw herself into an American chair, became pale and semi-rigid, exhibiting every appearance of death. Had I not been prepared by previous reading, my courage might have failed, and possibly disastrous consequences to the mind and even life of the “patient” followed. As it was, I preserved my equanimity, and bade her describe her condition. She was basking, she said, in light ineffable. Her only anxiety was to leave the body, and remain in that lucid state. The most curious part of the manifestation was, that she was utterly ignorant of the names of living persons. She readily remembered the dead, described herself as being with them, and exclaimed almost petulantly, “You know they are here! You are with me. Let me go to them. I can see them, if you will only let me.”

Having produced this lucid phase at a second *séance*, after I had taken some lessons of a professional mesmerist, I was induced to extract a promise from Miss M'Gorgon—which I knew would be sacred if made in the magnetic state—that she would allow no one else to mesmerise her, and moreover that she would never resist my will. She even wrote it down in the blank page of my Reichenbach, and after having done so, said in a voice that startled us all, “I am yours—yours *till death us do part*.”

It was, I fancy, more the matrimonial than the magnetic import of this particular phrase that frightened us at the time. Mine most unmistakably, whether with views matrimonial or magnetic, she was from that day forth.

She anticipated my every wish, even to such trivial matters as passing things at table, &c.

After these *séances* had gone on for some time, the mesmerist had to return to Cambridge, and Miss M'Gorgon got a situation in another family. It would seem, however, that her strange spiritual influence was still felt by the young student while at college, for the furniture in his room seemed to move about, and the weird sentence "Till death us do part" sounded frequently, as if from some ghostly voice, in his ears. During vacation he again returned to the old parsonage, where his sleeping-room and study were at the top of the house; and with this introduction the reader will understand the very strange account with which Mr. Davies closes his narrative.

On Christmas-eve I was regaling myself with a musical practice in my sky parlour, and certainly nothing was farther from my thoughts than Miss M'Gorgon or magnetism, when I was startled out of my serenity by hearing in the next room, which had been the M'Gorgon bed chamber, unmistakable "thuds" of what I used to term irreverently the M'Gorgon "beetle-crushers." There was no mistake about it. Somebody or something was walking up and down the next room with that most martial and inimitable tread.

I confess to being thoroughly frightened, and to making a summary retreat. To save my life I could not have opened the door of the M'Gorgon chamber, which I knew, or believed, to be locked and tenantless. I even had to pause a moment to get my breath, and recover my equanimity before I entered the drawing room.

"Come to the fire," said my stepmother; "you look fearfully cold. Why do you mope yourself in that attic of yours? In fact, now I look at you—you are worse than cold—you are ill and haggard. Do pray obey your doctors, and exchange books and music for exercises in the open air." I promised compliance; and my father, looking up from his *Guardian*, said, "You will be sorry to hear your old 'patient,' Miss M'Gorgon, is very ill, and not expected to live."

"I hope, sir, my patient does not attribute her ailment to my treatment."

"No; I fancy it is only a re-appearance of an old and hereditary pulmonary affection. I think you may make yourself easy on the score of your treatment, which as far as I could see, extended only to the head and heart."

"By the way," I added, in a tone of assumed carelessness, sipping my tea as I asked, "who occupies Miss M'Gorgon's room now?"

I was told as I had expected, that the room had been locked ever since Miss M'Gorgon's departure. Indeed, my mother showed me the key in her basket, asking me jokingly, "She has not come back to claim her plighted spouse, has she—'till death us do part?'" she added, in a hoarse voice like that of Miss M'Gorgon.

I told them, as laughingly as I could, how I fancied I had heard the M'Gorgon "thud" next me. I saw my father and mother exchange significant glances, as much as to say, "He is nervous;" and a good drive across the country was proposed next day.

I am ashamed to say how childishly afraid I was to go to bed that night. No infant in a dark room ever dreaded "bogey" worse than I did that ponderous tread. Whilst I was spinning out the last few minutes, with my candlestick in my hands, the very lamp on the table quivered, and the ornaments rattled on the mantel-piece, as the same dull, heavy footstep resounded in the room above us, which had been the children's school-room. We all turned pale as ghosts ourselves, and my father and mother exclaimed at once, "Miss M'Gorgon!" As for me, I was speechless; and as I stood so, though I was quite sure no one else could hear a sound, the words seemed hissed into my ear, "Till death us do part."

The usual examinations of the house were made; the servants all found to

be quiet in bed, the room undisturbed, &c. The footsteps seemed to cross it but once, and we heard no more.

We agreed upon the customary explanation—which palpably satisfied none of us—that we “fancied” we had heard what we were quite certain we did hear; and we parted for the night. I dared not confess my cowardice; but I would have given anything to have had a companion for that night. In plain simple English, I went to bed in a terrible fright. I tumbled in more expeditiously than ever I had in my life, and buried my head under the bed-clothes, not daring to look out into the darkness. I fancy I was dozing off, when suddenly the bells of the little village church clashed out discordantly. I had forgotten all about its being “Christmas Day in the morning,” and started up in bed, the more so on account of my nervousness from another source. It was utterly dark; but at the bottom of the bed there was *something*, palpable to some sense, analogous to that which had kept pealing through my ears those ominous words, “Till death us do part.”

The *something* which I thus saw, yet did not see, appeared like a tall scraggy luminous mass, with two intensely light spots about the place where eyes might have been expected. At the same time as I saw, yet did not see, this, I heard in the same negative kind of way, the same loathsome words, as it were drilled into my very ears, “Till death us do part.” It could not have been common sight or common hearing, for in each of these cases time is necessary to impinge upon the senses; and as it was, I was down in bed again, buried deeper than ever, “like a shot,” as we say. Turning my bedclothes, bolster, and pillows into a veritable sarcophagus, I managed to dull all external sights and sounds; even the clanging bells did not reach my ears; but still before my eyes was the *spectrum* of the “something” I had seen; and a voice that seemed to grow more and more subjective—seemed, as it were, to retreat within the innermost chambers of consciousness—still repeated “Till death us do part. I promised to be yours till then; I have kept my promise. If you *dare* to doubt it, look at your watch in the morning, and remember the Christmas bells.”

After that, silence—but not sleep. Through that weary Christmas morning I never lost consciousness; nor did I emerge from my sarcophagus until the sound of a brass band under my window—the brass band I had “coached” for the occasion—saluted my ears with an air I had myself selected as being not too secular sounding for that sacred day, namely “Pestal,” With what a new meaning the vocal chorus seemed to strike on my ear, the chorus I had meant only to be an effective slow march!

I jumped out of bed, let the welcome daylight in at the window, and waved my hand by way of compliment to my bucolic band down among the snow. I expected to feel “seedy,” and did miss my night’s sleep a little; but a good “sluish” in cold water soon got over this, and to my astonishment I felt better than I had done for months. A weight seemed removed from me. I had almost a difficulty in recalling the events of the past night, or the words that up to that time had caused me so much discomfort.

What was the time? I sought my watch on its usual hook at the head of my bed. It was not there! I could have sworn I hung it there on the previous night. After diligent searching I found it lying on the floor, at the foot of the bed, and almost underneath it. It had stopped at about half-past twelve!

Whether this had anything to do with my luminous visitant, or whether in my fright I tumbled it down, and so stopped it, I do not pretend to determine. Had the event stood by itself, that would, of course, have been the natural explanation. Even the M’Gorgon “thud,” had I alone heard it, might have been attributed to anti-matrimonial views on my part towards the lady in question.

As to the poor girl herself, she troubled no one farther with her presence, matrimonial, magnetic, or otherwise. She became rapidly worse on Christmas-eve, and whilst the bells were beginning to chime in the Christmas morning, passed away. Her last articulate words were, “Till death us do part,” which of course the watchers attributed to a blighted love dream of the poor governess. She continued murmuring for some time, and at *half-past twelve* died.

We did not hear of the event for some time, and I had carefully noted all

the above particulars in my diary before the news reached me. When the letter arrived I fetched the volume down, and laid it quietly open before my father. He read it very carefully, and from time to time compared it with the contents of the black-edged letter in his hand. At last he rose and returned me my manuscript with the solitary remark, "A very strange coincidence!" and so retired to his study—I have no doubt to append a side-note to his sermon on the being, nature, and attributes of Beelzebub.

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## NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

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### THE REV. EDWARD WHITE AND THE "CONGREGATIONALIST."

IN the March number of the *Congregationalist* is an article by the Rev. Edward White, Minister of the Congregational Church, Kentish Town, on "The Sin of Necromancy," with special reference to Modern Spiritualism, and based entirely on the prohibition of the Mosaic Law, as contained in Deuteronomy. It is the old objection raised by Mr. White, and demolished by Mr. William Howitt, fourteen years ago, in his controversy with the reverend gentleman in the *British Spiritual Telegraph*. A reply to the article in the *Congregationalist* was sent to that magazine by Mr. Robert M. Theobald, minister of the Congregationalist body, and a Spiritualist, but it was refused insertion. We make from it the following extract:—

It is quite conceivable that in the infancy of society, when a feebly cultured and immature race was surrounded by all shapes of foul idolatry, it might be dangerous for them to be brought *en rapport* with the incantations, or demon-worship, or slavish subserviency to the lower forms of spirit-life which were characteristic of the heathen ritual. That danger does not now exist; but other dangers exist, which may perhaps require to be treated in a directly opposite manner. Rank infidelity and materialism rear their bold front among us, and our present resources of Christian teaching are powerless against them; while Spiritualism has proved itself their most effectual antagonist, as offering the only possible scientific demonstration of the continued existence of spirit-life, after it had ceased to be connected with a material organism. Moreover, it is a very safe principle to act upon that all the possibilities of human nature in the way of knowledge and experience are intended to be used; also that different classes of facts are providentially intended and arranged to present themselves for investigation in successive stages of human progress and culture, and that we are not honouring God by neglecting any class of facts which He has placed within our reach, and brought forward conspicuously, as if to challenge our research, even though He may have had wise reasons for shutting them up from His people in former times.

And after referring to the spiritual character of the Christian dispensation, the outpouring of spiritual power on the day of Pentecost and the teaching of the Apostles concerning spiritual gifts and trying the spirits, Mr. Theobald points out that "The Apostles appeared by this teaching expressly to repeal the



Jewish law to which Mr. White has appealed, and Mr. White by his retrogression into Judaism leaves the Apostolic injunction almost empty of its force and application."

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#### A SPIRIT LEAVING THE BODY.

"The late Mr. J. Holloway, of the Bank of England, brother to the engraver of that name, related of himself, that being one night in bed, and unable to sleep, he had fixed his eyes and thoughts with uncommon intensity on a beautiful star that was shining in at the window, when he suddenly found his spirit released from his body and soaring into space. But instantly seized with anxiety for the anguish of his wife, if she discovered his body apparently dead beside her, he returned, and re-entered it with difficulty. He described that returning as a returning from light into darkness, and that whilst the spirit was free, he was alternately in the light or the dark, accordingly as his thoughts were with his wife or the star."\*

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#### THE LATE MR. J. W. JACKSON ON SPIRITUALISM.

In a letter now before us of the late Mr. J. W. Jackson, dated "Glasgow, May 16th, 1864," he refers to papers written by him in the *Zoist*, in proof that at even at that early time he entirely admitted the *facts* of Spiritualism as "undeniable, because reproducible, as historically and experimentally demonstrated: their reception is simply a question of time." He counsels moderation in controversy in words which are worth recalling. He says, "The experience of a life devoted to the advocacy of an unpopular truth convinces me that no cause is ultimately advantaged by the abuse of its opponents." In regard to the opposition to Spiritualism of men of science, he remarks:—"The facts of Spiritualism need not wait on their acceptance for recognition, they are above and beyond the favour and affection of individuals, and should dispense with the patronage of authority and the assistance of great names." His letter ends with the following sound practical advice:—

"And now in conclusion, let me most earnestly advise the friends of Spiritualism to render their proceedings practically useful. Let them advance, with such haste as they may, from the thaumaturgic to the beneficent. Whatever else your spiritual circles may be, they are obviously mesmeric batteries of stupen-

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\* "The Book of Were-wolves," By SABINE BARING-GOULD, M.A.

dous power, and whatever may be the other claims of your media, many of them, especially when sustained and energized by the circle, must have *healing* and introvisional faculties of no ordinary character. Apply these. You have the noblest of all possible examples. With profound reverence be it spoken, the greatest Medium this world ever saw, did not disdain to heal the sick, nay, by all accounts, made it His chief business to thus 'go about doing good,' His 'wonders' in this kind, obviously constituting the staple of His biography. It will doubtless be said that healings are thus occasionally effected by Spiritualists. I know it, but at present they seem exceptional; why should they not, as in the Divine example just cited, become the rule? All however in good time: we ought not perhaps to expect the fruits of autumn amidst the blossoms of spring. At present, Spiritualism is in the wonder-loving stage of childhood. In due course it will doubtless put away childish things, and then its discourse both written and oral will be, not about the marvels which it has wrought, but the good which it has been privileged to accomplish."

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THE EXPERIENCE OF THE PIONEERS OF SCIENCE THE PARALLEL  
OF THAT OF THE PIONEERS OF SPIRITUALISM.

"One is almost ready to despair of the cause of scientific progress—to despair at least that that progress will ever be so rapid as it might readily become—when one finds that each new result must be established over and over again before it is admitted by a large proportion of the scientific world. It may be remarked, indeed, that the progress of science has been at least as seriously checked by undue caution as by undue boldness. It would seem almost as though some students of science were continually in dread lest the work of our observers should become too productive. The value of scientific observation seems to be enhanced in their eyes precisely in proportion as its fruits are insignificant. In all ages there have been those who would thus unwisely restrain the progress of legitimate inquiry. 'We must not admit that Jupiter has moons,' they said of old; 'the Evil One may have sent these appearances to deceive us. Let us wait for further observations.' 'The sun cannot have spots,' they reasoned again, 'for the Eye of the Universe cannot suffer from ophthalmia. These things are illusions; let us wait for more satisfactory observations.' 'The idea that the sun-spots wax and wane in a definite period is too fanciful for acceptance; and still more absurd is the conception that terrestrial magnetism can have any relation whatever with the progress of solar disturbance. We must wait for fresh researches.' 'Who can believe that flame, or

clouds, or mountains, many times exceeding the earth in magnitude, exist upon or close to the sun? these must needs be illusions; at any rate, fresh observations are required before such marvels can be admitted.' And as this has happened with facts now accepted, so it is happening, and so (it is feared) it will always happen as respects many other facts which have been in truth demonstrated, but the demonstration of which does not chance to be exactly on the surface."\*

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#### EPIDEMIC DELUSIONS.

If the spirit influences the body, and if the spirit of one individual has power to touch and taint, or to impress and invigorate the spirit of another, both being still fettered by the flesh, why seems it so inconceivable that spirits, free from earth's shackles, should, with even more ease, act upon us, and powerfully affect us for good or evil? And to a Spiritualist, the explanation that would appear the most probable for all the extraordinary physical manifestations, dancing manias, &c., called by Dr. Carpenter "Epidemic Delusions," because they were communicated from one person to another, till whole societies or localities were affected—is that spirits, evil or foolish, wicked or ignorant, finding first one individual whose condition of body, or of mind, or of both, rendered a temporary "obsession," or "possession" possible—used him as an agent, he exerting no opposition—for the increase of their influence amongst others. Dr. Carpenter says some wise and true things about the immense power of will in controlling those apparently uncontrollable conditions; and tells how that occasionally the fear of punishment has at once stopped the manifestations; arguing therefrom that the whole thing was imagination acting upon the body. Dr. Carpenter cannot possibly overstate the force, intensity, or responsibility of human and individual will. Man's will is free—else were he at the mercy of every evil spirit who may cross his spiritual path; else would he lose all merit, and all reward in the deliberate choice of good. God Himself does not constrain man's will. "But ye *would* not," is the tender lamentation of the Son of Man, over the souls He implored to come to Him. Man can resist God; he can also resist the Devil and his angels; and he can resist any influences of his fellow-beings, in the body or out of it, by a resolute and concentrated effort of will. Therefore, in the instances adduced by Dr. Carpenter, fear or shame, or

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\* *The Sun, Ruler, Fire, Light and Life of the Planetary System*, by RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., 1871.

any other feeling, having caused a vigorous effort to be made, the "possessed" person resisted his spiritual oppressor, and freed himself from his grasp. But this in no way proves the unreality of the influence, or that the matter was, from beginning to end, subjective, interior, and purely individual, and by no means connected with an unseen but very real world of spirits perpetually around us. In witchcraft, Dr. Carpenter, of course, disbelieves; regarding it as an exploded superstition, prevalent at one time in countries afflicted by religious fanaticism, and appearing most often in those ruled by the Catholic religion, or by strong Calvinism. Where belief in supernaturalism is most vivid, we know spirits of all degrees find it easiest to act; where men are swayed by faith in the unseen, the powers of the unseen find an atmosphere wherein to operate. Wherever there have been glorious saints side by side, there have been great sinners. When our Lord was on earth, the man possessed by the "legion" lived in the self-same land; and out of Mary Magdalene He "cast seven demons." Dr. Carpenter thinks our "common sense," or the "general resultant of the whole character and discipline of our minds," should lead us to discard such "superstitions;" and that we should argue, when any such strange things come before us, on this wise: "Well, I can readily believe that, because it fits in with my general habit of thought; I do not see anything strange in this, though it is a little unusual; but, on the other hand, there are things too strange and absurd to be believed," &c. Our own "common sense," then, or our own "general habit of thought," is to be the standard of what is possible with God! And anything we cannot explain, and probably never shall on earth be able to do more than wonder about, and muse upon, is to be summarily rejected by us, however well attested be its occurrence! Narrow indeed is the range of knowledge and of thought to which this decision would confine us; cold, hard, literal, and hopeless!

ALICE HACKER.

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#### TRACTS.\*

Besides the several series of Tracts on Spiritualism enumerated below, there have been many separately issued and widely distributed. Most of these we believe are now out of print, and it might be well to consider whether some organised effort could not be made for the preparation and distribution of truly well

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\* *Yorkshire Spiritual Tracts.*—*Spiritual Lyceum Tracts.*—*Tracts reprinted from the Spiritual Magazine.*—*Ryde Spiritual Tracts.*—*Tracts on Tabooed Subjects.* By WILLIAM CARPENTER.—*Spiritual Tracts.* By JUDGE EDMONDS.—*Tracts.* By A. E. NEWTON.

written tracts. They should be clear, concise, pointed, popular in style, free from individual crotchets, and from all which might occasion needless irritation and offence. Their chief object should be to direct attention, stimulate enquiry, soften or remove prejudice, reply to popular objections, present striking, well-authenticated facts, and the broad general principles on which all intelligent Spiritualists are agreed, and direct the inquirer to fuller sources of information. Tracts of this kind would be found very efficacious aid to local societies, and would be particularly useful for distribution at conferences, lectures, or other meetings where Spiritualism was under consideration. Many men read Tracts who cannot attend lectures, and who have no time and perhaps no inclination to read books, or who cannot afford to buy them. "Tracts can go everywhere. Tracts never blush. Tracts never stammer. Tracts never stick fast. Tracts never lose their temper. Tracts never tire. Tracts never die. Tracts can be multiplied without end by the press. Tracts can travel at little expense. They want nothing to eat. They require no lodgings. They run up and down, blessing all, giving to all, and asking no gift in return. You can print tracts of all sizes, on all subjects, and they can be read in all places, and at all hours. They can talk to one as well as a multitude, and to a multitude as well as one. They require no public room to tell their story in. They can tell it in the kitchen or the shop, in the parlour or in the closet, in the railway carriage or the omnibus, on the broad highway or in the footpath through the fields. They dread no noisy or tumultuous interruption. They take no note of scoffs, or jeers, or taunts; of noisy folly, or malignant rage. They bear all things, endure all things, and take harm from nothing. They can talk even when the noise is so great, as to drown all other voices. And they stop when they are bid, or at least when they have done. They never continue talking after they have told their tale. No one can betray them into hasty or random expressions. They will wait men's time, and suit themselves to men's occasions and conveniences. They will break off at any point, and begin again at any moment where they broke off; and though they will not always answer questions, they will tell their story twice, or thrice, or four times over if you wish them. And they can be made to speak on every subject, and on every subject they may be made to speak wisely and well."

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## Correspondence.

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### WHY NOT NOW?—SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN 1872.

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

SIR,—During this century the progress of positive science has been so onward and irresistible, that ere now it would have threatened the destruction of all existing evidence which man had of any form or condition of being beyond the mere realm of natural law, had not the wave of spiritual phenomena come just when it did. In fact, the great French thinker who has given body and shape to positive philosophy, as a system, had banished all idea of a spiritual cause as having any existence within the sphere of nature. All merely historical evidence of an outstanding world of forces, had become, or was becoming, worthless. The credential of infallibility in favour of a revelation having taken place in time, whether used in proof of men, churches, or books, could no longer be received by those who would be content with nothing but that which would stand the test of actual experience.

Great numbers interested in the matter, as theologians and priests of all shades, might still rear their churches and preach of the past relation of this world to the spiritual as given us in our sacred books. But the army of positive truth, led by men with the test tube and crucible, cry in opposition, "Why not now?" If, in spiritual substance once individualized, life becomes a persistent force, and in the past manifestations of that persistence were given, the question again came from all men accustomed to reason, "Why not now?" The finest minds were fast coming to the only conclusion possible in reasoning from purely physical propositions, namely scepticism.

All the efforts possible by the churches, led by the most learned bishops, were powerless to stay the steady rising tide of doubt, consequent upon the teaching of the great apostles of physical science. Young Men's Christian Associations and other defensive institutions were formed, but their mental air was found too close and thick for free minds; thinkers would persist in demanding an answer to the question, "Why not now?" And this question is rational, if manifestations of spiritual existence were ever given, all things as to law, both physical and spiritual, are as they were, therefore as the evidence of past revelation is so strong, we find also that such revelation does occur now.

When I first made a study of such occurrences as I am about to relate, but few had had evidence of their truth. Now,

however, many thousands of acute scientific men are convinced of their objective truth, yet the fact that such truth can only be established by the accumulation of recorded testimony makes me ask you for room for the following plain statement of occurrences.

On the 12th of April, Mr. Home paid me a visit for a short time; only one friend knew of his arrival, and came to meet him; about 7.30 p.m. three gentlemen and one lady were sitting casually talking about general matters, when part of the furniture of the room began moving, and sounds of invisible feet were heard (Mr. Home was reclining at ease on a sofa a long way from the moving bodies). This made us agree to turn our attention to carefully watching what might occur. Twilight soon supervened but everything in the room continued distinctly visible. First, a force was exerted which shook violently, not only the things in the house, but the house itself. Loud sounds were heard, not only answering our questions, but often answering unspoken thought. A chair was lifted and carried across the room and suspended in mid-air for fifteen minutes; it was then allowed to fall on the floor and was then lifted up again. A large cushion was carried from the sofa, and was moved up and down in the air by hands seen distinctly. Another chair was then brought from a distant corner of the room, and lifted from the floor over us, and placed on the table in a lying-forward position; in this position it seemed endowed with both feeling and life, it moved about and gently patted each one on the head, and then returned to me, when it stroked and clapped me in a life-like manner.

At this time brilliant lights were seen in the room, in some places light stars remaining for minutes, in others bright soft lights passing about the room. Beings were visible moving about, hands and other parts of figures were often seen; a figure was distinctly seen to come and lift both me and my chair. I had here the most remarkable experience during my 14 years' careful investigation of these phenomena. I never could get any communication in any way from my father who passed away under peculiar circumstances, twenty-five years ago. I had no positive reason for it, yet the idea came often into my mind, that he might have been buried while in a deep trance; this sometimes, on account of my great love for him, gave me much uneasiness. I had long given up thinking of him during *séances*, but on this occasion I was impressed to ask if he was present; in reply came a perfect shower of raps of all kinds, and in all places, with heavy shaking of the table and the room.

On my beginning to ask questions, two hands were seen to take a newspaper lying on the table and fold it, then with it strike on the back of my hands in answer to my questions, all of

which were answered convincingly. While that was taking place, my father's hand was stroking and fondling the palm of mine from under the table cloth. At this time we could hear voices, and my name was distinctly uttered. The alphabet was asked for, and it was written. "There never was a happier spirit." Then birds were heard moving and chirping in the room. The paper that struck my hands then rose in the air, floated towards the door, and slowly crossed the room. The lady asked that it should be given to her, when it went and slowly fell in her lap. After this manifestation beautiful lights were again seen in the room, when the influence came to a close.

On Saturday evening a few gentlemen, all well known in Clifton, met to see Mr. Home, some of them eminent in science—one an M.D., one a minister of the gospel, one a teacher of classics in a public school, another a cultured private gentleman, with a lady and myself. Manifestations occurred, not the same as above, but equally strange. On this occasion, however, Mr. Home was entranced. I will not take up space to describe the transfiguration that then took place, nor the, to me and others, positive proof given that we were in the presence of intelligent beings that were once in bodies like our own. I will only say that while in this state his body was raised three times from the floor, and floated in the room, and while doing so the lady went and took his shoes off his feet, these being the height of her shoulder. He then was lowered gently to the floor. While in this state birds were again heard chirping and moving about the room. In this description I have omitted, for want of room, much that would have been far more interesting to the Spiritualist, and confined myself chiefly to those manifestations best adapted to impress doubting minds.

In conclusion, let me state, once for all, that the theory of deception has here no foothold whatever; in each case there were three senses at work, and the phenomena were not quietly accepted, but in each case carefully examined and tested. During the past year the question of Spiritualism has been so thoroughly sifted, that the last desperate effort of scientific men who still doubt, *not* the phenomena, but their spiritual origin, is to account for them by supposing the existence of hitherto unknown forces, emanating from the human body, or else that they are subjective and not objective. But one after another is finding these positions completely untenable. And it will be well when the ministers of that truth whose mission it is to lead men through physical into spiritual truth, take this movement by the hand, and direct it for good.

JOHN BEATTIE.

Westbourne Place, Clifton, April 19, 1872.