

THE Spiritual Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1873.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.

[SOME months ago we received an American journal, *The Present Age*, which contained an editorial statement to the effect that Dickens, or a spirit claiming to be Dickens, was completing his unfinished *Mystery of Edwin Drood* through the hand of a young man of humble position and education in an obscure American village, giving particulars less fully, but as far as they went agreeing with these we are about to quote. The statement appeared to be written in good faith, and after investigation; but we thought it better to wait confirmation before presenting it to our readers.

This confirmation is now to hand, and we present it *in extenso* from the *Springfield Daily Union* of July 26th. The *Banner of Light* (Boston) in reproducing it, says:—

“The Spiritualists of Brattleboro’ have, of course, become profoundly interested in the case, which is so soon to excite discussion all over the English-speaking world; one of whom has communicated to us briefly the result of his investigation of the phenomenon. It is satisfactorily ascertained, it seems, that the young man is a medium, and composes his part of the story under spirit influence; whether it is the spirit of Charles Dickens or not, future circumstances will more fully disclose. Our correspondent assures us that all articles hitherto published in the papers on the subject were unauthorized, and therefore not entitled to weight as evidence in the public mind. The reason given why no communication has hitherto been given the public from Brattleboro’ through the *Banner* is, that the spirit purporting to be that of Dickens has persistently dissuaded the young man from pausing in his work to make any explanation, remarking with truth that it would only serve to excite newspaper controversy, and that it was better for the subject not to be agitated. The spirit added that it preferred to keep the matter as quiet as possible, but that it would not “spoil” with keeping. Outside of the circle of Spiritualists who have seen the manuscript, there is no other person than the reporter of the *Springfield Union*, whose account is printed herewith. He went to Brattleboro’ a perfect sceptic in regard to the case, remained two days and a half, conversed with the medium, looked over the manuscripts, made extracts at his pleasure, and his report is therefore reliable. Our correspondent has been fortunate enough to see the matter produced from week to week, and pronounces the whole thing truly marvellous, of which he could pretend to give no proper idea in any space which could be allowed him. He concedes that the *Union* has furnished as good a report as could be made in the same space. It is expected that the volume will be published in October, when the reading public will judge of the merits of the case for themselves; only let the judgment be without prejudice. Our correspondent says it is as much of a wonder to the medium as it can be to any one else.”

Whether all this is an elaborate hoax, or whether if the work is written as alleged, under spirit control, -that spirit is truly Dickens, are questions on which the reader will be better able to form an opinion after perusing the following narrative, with its accompanying extracts; and better still, when he has read the work itself, which we suppose will soon be in the publishers' hands. Should further developments lead us to conclude that *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* has, indeed, been cleared up by its illustrious author, there will then be presented for solution a far more important mystery, and one of deeper and more universal interest.

The *Medium* of August 29th has the following letter to the editor:—

"Sir,—In one of the private *séances* given me by Mrs. Olive in my own home—according to my record-book, on the 3rd of August, 1873—I received a visit from 'Charles Dickens.' During our conversation, I enquired whether his son would complete his unfinished work, 'Edwin' something? He spelled out letter by letter 'D-r-o-o-d.' 'No! I am impressing a medium in America. When the door is *locked*, I sit at one side of the table, the medium at the other, and he writes as I impress him. We have already written a very fine introductory preface, in which it is explained that the work will be finished under my spirit-direction.' I asked where it would be published. 'In America;,' and he added, 'You may make this public if you think fit.'—Yours in truth,

"4, Court Hill Terrace, Lewisham, S.E.,

"ELIZA KERBY."

"23rd Aug., 1873."

Mrs. Kerby is the daughter of M. Simon Jacques Rochard, who in his time was the painter *par excellence* of fashionable life.]

"Brattleboro', Vt., July 25, 1873.

"This picturesque village, nestling at the base of the Green Mountains, with pleasant, shaded avenues, many and well-kept hedges of evergreen, cosy, home-like cottages, and strangely variant grades—so that from the level of one street you may walk squarely into the fourth story of a building on the next—this charming village, among the hills of Vermont, is about to wake up and find itself famous. In a small room of a small house, in a retired part of the village, has been gradually accumulating for the last eight months a pile of indistinctly written manuscript, which threatens ere long to set the literary world agog, and cause a vast amount of comment and discussion on both sides of the Atlantic. This manuscript professes to be nothing more nor less than the second volume of the *Mystery of Edwin Drood*, by Charles Dickens himself, who, as all will remember, died when this, his last story, was scarcely half done, leaving the mystery still unsolved, and no memorandum or other clue to his purpose, in the development of the plot or completion of the novel. A bold man he, who would undertake to finish what Dickens had left undone; but how well this task has been performed by *some one*—I will not undertake to say who, the readers of the *Union* shall have opportunity to judge for themselves.

"Dickens being dead, the work has been done by an amanuensis—a medium, if you will, but an unprofessional one, and a person who knew nothing whatever about Spiritualism

until this strange experience befel him ; who has no theories to advance or proselytes to make, and who cares not a fig apparently whether Spiritualism stand or fall. He is a good-looking man of average height, and not far from thirty years of age. With dark hair and moustache, a round face, fair and sometimes florid complexion, restless eyes of nameless hue, neither blue, grey, black nor brown, but perhaps of a slaty colour, and with an indescribable expression, as of one looking at something and not seeing it, yet seeing much more beyond—these characteristics, with an undeniably nervous temperament, describe the man. Meeting him casually, you discover nothing more remarkable about his personal appearance than about that of scores of young men whom one may see any day in any of our New England villages. He is a native of Boston, and in his fourteenth year was apprenticed to learn a mechanical trade, which he has since steadily followed, so that his schooling was finished when he was only thirteen years of age. While he is by no means unintelligent or illiterate, he has had no training whatever for literary work, and has manifested no bent that way, having never written before even so much as a newspaper paragraph for publication. This is the man who has taken up the pen of Charles Dickens where he laid it down, and has already nearly completed the *Mystery of Edwin Drood*.

“Who he is, probably not half a dozen people in Brattleboro’ know to-day. Rumours that such a work was in progress have crept into the papers, and its authorship has been charged on several young men of supposed literary leanings, but never once upon the right one, and while others have been ‘suspected’ and bored accordingly, he has kept at his task unmolested. The village gossips have indeed settled down to the opinion that nobody knows positively anything about it, and who it *can* be is as great a mystery as *Edwin Drood* itself. It is somewhat significant that the young man in question is determined not to be dragged into notoriety, and has resisted all the entreaties of his intimate friends and advisers who wish to allow his name to be published. In the most unassuming manner, he declares that his connection with the work is simply that of an agent of the author ; that whatever credit or discredit may attach to it belongs to Dickens and not to him ; and that he will not become a party to the appropriation of what is another’s, even though it be so intangible an article as a dead man’s fame. Reporters from New York, Boston, Springfield, and other ‘great cities’ have been here on purpose to interview Mr. A., but have been unable even to find out who he is ; so what has been published heretofore is the merest rumour, and anything but reliable. I have the good fortune to be the first person to whom he has re-

lated this strange story, and the only one who has yet examined the manuscript and been permitted to make extracts therefrom.

"It came about in this wise: One night, about ten months ago, a young man (who, for convenience of designation, we will call Mr. A.) was solicited by a small party of friends to sit around a table and see what would come of it. Up to this time he had laughed at all 'spiritual' performances as so much humbug, and probably no man was more thoroughly sceptical with regard to the whole business than he; while he was, of course, quite unaware that he was the possessor of any mediumistic powers. The circle was no sooner formed than raps began to be heard with alarming frequency, and the table waltzed exuberantly about the room, and finally tipped over into Mr. A.'s lap, as if to indicate that he was the cause of it. This was enough for him; he had seen all he wanted to see of Spiritualism, and, although the others entreated him to continue his 'investigations,' he would do nothing more that night. The next evening, however, he was induced to take part in another sitting. The demonstrations were repeated even more emphatically, and, while they were going on, Mr. A. appeared to become suddenly entranced, and, seizing a pencil, wrote what purported to be a message to a gentleman in the room from a child of his long dead—a child of whose existence Mr. A. knew nothing. Subsequently messages of the usual tenor were written, assuming to come from the other world, and it is said that some tests of an astonishing character were given to prove the identity of the writers. With all that, however, I have nothing to do.

"During the latter part of October, Mr. A. wrote, at a *séance*, a message addressed to himself, requesting a sitting on the 15th of November, and signed, in a plain, bold hand, 'Charles Dickens.' Several subsequent communications reminded him of the date, entreated him not to deny the request, and, as the day approached, demanded in the most unequivocal terms that it should be granted. After rising from the table where he had been writing, on one instance, a few evenings before that date, he exclaimed that a face was looking down upon him from one corner of the room, with hands outstretched toward him. Others in the room could see nothing, but he rushed to the spot, and appeared to shake hands with the imaginary being, whoever or whatever it was. On relating the circumstance the next day, to a gentleman who has been his confidant through the whole affair, his friend stepped to a book-case and took down a *Life of Dickens*, containing an excellent portrait of that author, and showed it to him. His face instantly became blanched, as he cried, 'Good God! that's the man I saw last night!' The

ownership of the face seemed not to have occurred to him before; but since then, as he earnestly avers, and as the few friends in his secret implicitly believe, he has seen him many times.

"The result of the sitting on the 15th of November—which took place according to directions, in a dark room, with no one but the medium present—was a long communication, ostensibly from Mr. Dickens, expressing a desire to complete through him the novel left unfinished at his (Dickens's) death. He had long sought for means by which this could be accomplished, but had not before been able to find any which he believed could be employed successfully. He desired that the first sitting should be on Christmas Eve—the night of all the year which he loved best when on earth—and asked that the medium would allow as much time to the task as he could without injury to his business and health. After adding the assurance that the undertaking would prove of pecuniary benefit to him, the message closed with Dickens's customary 'Faithfully yours.'

"Here was laid out a greater task than our hero had bargained for; and it must be confessed that he looked forward with anything but pleasure to the occupancy of all his few leisure hours by work of this kind. Neither then, nor for months afterward, had he any faith that this extraordinary sort of authorship would amount to anything. He regarded the time so spent as simply thrown away; and but for the entreaties of the few friends referred to, backed up by alternate entreaties and commands purporting to come from Dickens himself, the irksome job would more than once have been abandoned. As the work progressed, however, it became evident that a master-hand was in it, and Mr. A. has, for a few months, submitted himself more willingly to the strange fate which has befallen him, having at last a genuine interest in watching for its consummation.

"The results of his labours from Christmas eve to the present time—labours entirely outside of the ten hours a day which he has steadily devoted to his business—appear in over *twelve hundred pages* of manuscript, the pages being those of ordinary Congress letter paper. In other words, he has written enough to make an octavo volume of more than four hundred pages. At first he wrote only three times a week and only three or four pages at a time, but he since came to write twice a day, and twelve, fifteen, and sometimes twenty pages at a sitting. The hand-writing is not his own, and shows some of the peculiarities of Dickens's hand, so far as there has been opportunity for comparison. At the beginning of each sitting it is almost as fine as a woman's, but after a page or two it grows very gradually coarser and coarser, until the scrawl on the last page

is five or ten times as large as the hand at the start ; and the beginning and end of each sitting may be distinctly seen through the whole twelve hundred pages by this peculiarity. On the top of some of the pages are pencil marks in various odd designs, memoranda, perhaps, of some point to be revised ; and in one or two cases phonographic signs, of which Mr. A. knows nothing. Sometimes the writing appears to be so hurried that it is by no means easy to make it out.

"The *modus operandi* of the sitting is very simple. Provided with two sharpened lead pencils and an abundance of paper torn into half sheets, Mr. A. goes into a room alone. The usual hours of writing are six o'clock in the morning and half-past seven in the evening, hours, when, at this time of year, it is light ; but the evening sitting is frequently prolonged till half-past eight, and the writing goes on equally well in darkness or light ; indeed the sittings during the winter months were wholly in the dark. Putting paper and pencils where they can be conveniently reached, this amanuensis of Dickens places his hands, palms downward, on the table, and unconcernedly awaits results. Not quite unconcernedly, however, for although it has become a matter of daily routine with him, and long ago lost the flavour of novelty, he confesses that he never sits down there alone, as if invoking the presence of the dead, without a certain feeling of awe creeping over him. He sits—frequently smoking at the time—sometimes one minute, three, five, ten, or half an hour, but usually, if 'conditions' are right, but a moment or two. These conditions have reference principally to the weather. On any clear, pleasant day, the machine works without interruption ; with him, as with the electric wire, a storm makes trouble, and the worse the storm the more the trouble, so that in any severe weather, no writing is attempted. After sitting at the table the requisite time, whatever it may be, Mr. A., not gradually, but instantly, becomes unconscious, and the writing goes on for half an hour, or an hour, and one sitting was even prolonged to an hour and a half.

"The only remembrance which he has of these trance periods, is that of seeing Dickens sitting beside him, usually with one hand held in meditative manner at the side of his face—a sad, grave face. He utters no word, but sometimes looks appealingly toward Mr. A., 'and oh, such eyes!' All this, however, the medium remembers as one remembers a dream when just awaking—real yet intangible. The sign by which Mr. Dickens indicates that the sitting is at an end, is the placing of his hand on the medium's, and the first time that Mr. A. felt this pressure, seemingly as cold and heavy as that of the hand of death itself, he screamed with fright, and can hardly think of

that awful chilling sensation at any time, even now, without a shudder. This touch brings him to his senses, and he usually requires then the assistance of some person to release his hands from the table, to which they seem to be magnetically attached. On coming to himself, he discovers on the floor the work of the sitting, much or little, as the case may be. The pages are strewn about the room, where they appear to have been promiscuously thrown, and are without numbers, which are supplied by Mr. A. afterwards, the sense determining the connection. For a short time after arising from a sitting, Mr. A. suffers from a sharp pain in the chest, but this soon goes off, and is in fact the only unpleasant effect which he experiences. An extreme nervousness which he felt before his mediumistic powers were developed is entirely removed, and he never was in more robust physical health than to-day.

"Three or four times a week the dictations for the book are accompanied by brief notes from the author to the amanuensis, occasionally bearing words of encouragement and good cheer, and at other times treating purely of matters of business. These communications—a thick pile of themselves—have all been preserved, but are regarded as of a confidential and personal nature, and so not for the public eye. We are permitted, however, to extract from one or two of them. When the work had progressed as far as the fifteenth chapter, this word came:—

"We are doing finely. I am more than satisfied with the result of this undertaking. You have no idea how much interest this matter is exciting here among the hosts by whom I am surrounded. This is only the beginning of what is to come years hence. When this work is finished, you will continue to be my amanuensis. I shall write more after this. There are others here who have signified their intention of finding some one through whom they can convey their ideas to persons inhabiting the earth we have left behind. I only hope they will find so faithful a worker and one so much after their own hearts. God bless you!—D."

"Full directions have been given as to the manner of procedure to procure a copyright, how the work should be published, &c. Only a few days ago came this direction:—

"In regard to English publishers: As soon as the first proof sheet is done, address a letter to Sampson Low, Son & Marston, Milton House, Ludgate Hill, London, England. It is very probable that they will be glad to negotiate for advance sheets.—Faithfully, DICKENS."

"It is a fact of significance, or not, as the reader may choose to take it, that the present style of this house is Sampson Low, Marston, Low and Searle; but at the time of Mr. Dickens's death the name of the firm and their address were as stated in the note given above. From this it might be inferred that Mr. Dickens does not take the papers, although the inference, from what is said in the preface given below, would certainly be that he did.

"Having learned so much about the singular manner in which this book has been written, the public may be excused some degree of curiosity as to its contents. Wherein does it rise above mediocrity? What semblance on its pages to any work of Mr. Dickens in his lifetime? Why suppose that Dickens had anything to do with it, and that it is not simply the work of the 'amanuensis' himself? Let us see.

"All who have read the published volume of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* will readily remember the frame-work of the novel as we call the roll of its principal actors: Edwin Drood, whose strange disappearance and supposed murder form the tragedy of the story and gives it its name; Rosa Bud (Rosebud for short) the blithe beautiful girl, who was Edwin's affianced bride, the match being made by their parents and afterward unmade by themselves; Rev. Septimus Chrisparkle, Minor Canon in the old cathedral city of Cloisterham; John Jasper, the choirmaster, Edwin's uncle, and secretly an admirer of Rosa; Mr. Grewgious, Rosa's guardian, an Angular Man, but a glorious character; Neville Landless, a hot-headed young fellow (Mr. Chrisparkle's ward), who also adores Rosa, quarrels with Edwin, and goes through life spotted with the suspicion that he was Edwin's murderer; Helena, his proud and handsome sister; Miss Twinkleton, who kept the Nuns' House boarding school, where both Rosa and Helena are; Durdles, the sot-wise stone-cutter; Deputy, the 'hideous small boy,' who stones him home every night, and collects wages for the service; Sapsea, the sublime egotist; Princess Puffer, the opium-seller; Honeythunder, the loud-voiced philanthropist, &c., &c.

"Here, to begin with, is a full company of actors to be carried on some way, each with his separate characteristics, to the end of the play—a hard task for a man who never before wrote half-a-dozen pages on any subject. But we are startled to find in the very first chapter a wonderful identity with the published volume. The stitch is taken up just where it was dropped by Death; and the story proceeds so completely united, the new with the old, that the sharpest-eyed critic, not knowing before where the old left off and the new began, would not be able to say, for the life of him, where Charles Dickens died! Each one of the *dramatis personæ* is as distinctly, as characteristically himself, and nobody else, in the second volume as in the first; and in both we know them, feel for them, laugh at them, admire or hate them as so many creatures of flesh and blood—which, indeed, as they mingle with us in the progress of the story, they seem to be. Not only this, but we are introduced to other people of the imagination, (Dickens was always—shall I say *is* always?—introducing new characters up even to the last

chapter of his stories,) and becoming in like manner thoroughly acquainted with them. These people are not duplicates of any in the first volume; neither are they commonplaces; they are *creations*. Whose creations?

"There are twenty-three chapters in the first volume (already published), and there are to be twenty in the second. Only two remain to be written, the work having now progressed to the end of the eighteenth. The captions of the new chapters, several of which are in Dickens's happiest manner, run as follows:—

"Chapter 1.—What the Organ said.

"Chapter 2.—A light breaks on Staple Inn.

"Chapter 3.—Mr. Jasper keeps his appointment.

"Chapter 4.—Beginning to forge the chain.

"Chapter 5.—The reader is conveyed to Billickin Harbour and meets an old acquaintance.

"Chapter 6.—A recognition and a meeting.

"Chapter 7.—Another night with Durdles.

"Chapter 8.—Fopperty's mission and a sudden disappearance.

"Chapter 9.—Opens the door for Mr. Brobity.

"Chapter 10.—Introduces Joe Sloggers, and relates how Jasper visits the Puffer's house, and what occurs there.

"Chapter 11.—Treats of various subjects, and the better to carry the preceding chapter to a successful termination, introduces the reader to Mr. Peter Peckcraft.

"Chapter 12.—In which Mr. Grewgious transacts some business in his Ward's interest, and Fopperty relates to Jasper his success as an emissary in the latter's interest.

"Chapter 13.—A happy meeting.

"Chapter 14.—John Jasper's nerves receive a shock, and Mr. Sapsea's dignity receives another.

"Chapter 15.—Roses and thorns.

"Chapter 16.—A fellow-traveller joins the invisible hosts, and Mr. Grewgious once more beholds a picture and a ring.

"Chapter 17.—Mr. Datchery affixes the last stroke to his score and strikes a balance, and Bessie sets her face towards the Golden Shore.

"Chapter 18.—Bessie bids good-bye to the thorns and goes to join the lilies.

"The captions have in every case been dictated before the chapters themselves, showing the contents of each to have been clearly laid out in the mind of the author beforehand; but after the completion of the 18th chapter, the last line of which was written to-day, its title was changed to read as follows:—

"Chapter 18.—While the dawn appears to others, Jasper's night comes on.

"I find through all these chapters an extremely interesting development of the plot, which was but partially laid in the first volume. Characters and incidents, whose pertinency does not appear there, and who, as one reads the first volume and then stops, seem to have no part in forwarding the story toward its *denouement*, are proved in this manuscript to have been introduced with a deliberate purpose. At the same time the new personages fill perfectly the places assigned them, and likewise

'prove their usefulness.' Several passages in the second volume are more powerfully dramatic than any to be found in the first, as, for instance, Jasper's second midnight excursion with Durdles (chapter seven) in the crypt of the old cathedral. Precisely how the story ends, it might, perhaps, be unfair to say or to guess—for two chapters yet remain unwritten. For the information of those who have read the first volume we may hint, however, that Jasper turns out very badly, he being in fact the cause of Edwin Drood's disappearance, and, indeed, supposing himself to be the cause of his death. The subsequent appearance of Edwin to Jasper—the supposed-to-be murdered man to the murderer—forms an extremely dramatic scene which is managed with all of Dickens's old-time power and skill. Neville Landless, who is charged by Jasper with the crime, dies without having told Rosa of his love for her, but leaving on his death-bed the startling news that Edwin was still alive. This death-bed scene is pictured in the 16th chapter in language worthy of the hand that so beautifully portrayed the death of little Paul Dombey.

"But without further hint of the management of the plot, I will place before the reader a few passages from the forthcoming book itself. After the preface, I have taken those passages principally which introduce the new characters—not because they are any more Dickensy than the rest, but because they can be read with enjoyment by any one, inasmuch as they require no previous knowledge of the story. It should be stated, however, that preface and extracts are *unrevised*, and are printed precisely as first written in pencil. They are consequently the first rough draft. The revision, which takes place with the re-writing of the whole volume with pen and ink, covers, as yet, only the first two chapters. The first chapter is very nearly the same in both drafts, the only changes being more careful punctuation, an occasional transposition of a phrase, and once in a while the substitution of a more expressive word for one in the original text. The changes are precisely those which any author, with nice discrimination, would make in revising his manuscript. But while the first chapter is but slightly altered, the second is completely overhauled, being re-written from beginning to end, and every sentence more or less changed. The chapter answers the same purpose in the story as before, but it is wonderfully more graphic and readable in its second draft than in its first. It would be extremely interesting, did space permit, to print these two drafts of the second chapter side by side, and see how skilfully the second, in comparison with the first, bears the mark of a master-hand to revise what a master-mind had before conceived. Those who accept the spiritual theory of the matter, will be interested in this connection,

in the statement of Mr. A. that he supposed the revision was to consist only of a plainer transcription of each chapter with pen and ink. This he commenced to make, but he had written only a few pages when his desk began to frisk about in a way to command attention, and he received a communication from Dickens stating in kind but firm language that *he* proposed to revise the work, and the revision has accordingly proceeded through two chapters with the same attendant circumstances as the original draft, and with the changes in the text which we have already mentioned.

"Among the earliest work done by the 'amanuensis,' was the writing of a preface, but as a new preface has lately been dictated, it is presumed that the latter is to be substituted for the former. The first was, in fact, nothing notable, and not specially like Dickens; that is, it might have been written by anybody, and does not bear the distinctive marks of his style. One sentence, however, is worth quoting:—

"But some one will say, why should he go to an obscure town in a foreign country to do that which could have been done just as well in England by some one here? But my dear friends, if you knew how hard I have tried, for many months, to accomplish what you think is so easy to do, you would not marvel why. I could, it is true, communicate through others besides this medium, but never with that full harmony that I find with him; and if you could only be permitted to understand clearly the principles which govern this science, and which you will some time understand, it would not appear so strange to you.

"The dedication is 'to the poor, the honest poor of every land, who are held by the iron hand of poverty, but who will one day stand side by side with the highest of earth.' Here follows the preface last written:—

"During the progress of this work, as with all others on which I was engaged during my earth-life, I have felt a great desire to know the comments which would be bestowed upon it by its readers, and so have been glad when the last line was written, that I could read and hear the different opinions which were to determine its success.

"If I was apprehensive then, when on earth, it will be easily understood that I am so now, when attempting to give the public a work, every word of which could only be placed on paper through the agency of earthly hands, used by me as the operator uses the instrument which transmits words thousands of miles by the power of electricity. The day is not far distant when this wonderful science will be better understood by millions who now believe it a delusion, and when that day comes the world will be the better for it and thousands who are in this happier world, and those who are yet to come, will be happier to feel that the dear ones they have left behind will regard their absence as a blessing certain, and so abandon the harrowing thoughts that it is possible a dear mother, father, sister, brother, wife, child or friend may be engulfed in a flaming sea that is to burn them for ever and ever. How little such people know of the goodness of that dear Creator who made all things for a wise purpose, and who has placed before the eyes of his earthly children so many evidences by which to convince them that nothing in nature is ever totally destroyed, much less human souls, which are a part of Himself.

"It has not been my intention, in any portion of this work, to strive to influence any living person to change his opinion. I would be glad, however, if my personal friends on earth would seek to investigate the truths which this

science—religious science, I should say, perhaps—contains; for I feel confident they would be the happier for it in the end. No man has a moral right to denounce a theory till he has had an opportunity of seeing its workings, and has tangible evidence—the evidences of his senses—that it is not a consistent or reasonable one. These evidences are within your reach, if you will only seek them. But if you are satisfied as you are, and do not care to know more for fear you will compromise your dignity, at least have some regard for the feelings of those loved ones who have gone before, and do not ridicule that which to them is a sound truth, or condemn that of which you know nothing, and of which you have no desire to learn.

“Since the fact of this work being in preparation was first made public, I have been pained to observe the ridicule which was apparent in some published articles; but I have also found cause for considerable amusement in witnessing the owl-like wisdom displayed by those poor, ignorant bigots who believe ‘the world was made for the people, and we are the people.’ We here are filled with pity for those bigots; but our consolation is that they will be sufficiently punished for their bigotry when they leave the world where they now think themselves of such great importance, and find out for a certainty how different a world and life they are to enter upon.

“I think that honest, candid men and women who read this work will be satisfied that it is not a ‘delusion’—as some have claimed, even before an opportunity had been given them to read a line of it, and so form any opinion of its merits—but will recognize in its pages the same desire which animated the author while living—the desire to make his readers the happier for following the fortunes of those who were his ‘players;’ and if I have succeeded in even one instance in making any reader happier, if not better, for the perusal of this work, I shall be content.

“I cannot close this page without assuring the dear ones to whom I was so much attached on earth—family and friends—how anxiously I await their coming, that they may realize by experience how truly I speak concerning this other life. May God help and protect you all, is the earnest prayer of

“THE AUTHOR.”

“Come we now to the story. Let the reader test for himself the flavour of this extract from the third chapter:—

“Walking briskly till he came to another street leading toward the river, he [Jasper] turned into it. This street bore anything but an aristocratic air in the appearance of its dwellings, and was in every way decidedly dirty. The crossings were filthy; the side walks were dilapidated, like the houses which they fronted; and it could hardly have been supposed to have been inhabited by anything human, were it not for an occasional smell of onions, or some other savoury vegetable which now and then steamed up from the basements, to indicate to the passer-by that if they had forgotten how to be clean, they still recognized the importance of having something to eat.

“Cloisterham could boast, it seemed, like its more pretentious neighbour, the Great City, of having poverty in its midst; and though, like its more pretentious neighbour, it tried to shut its eyes to the fact, they would not stay shut, for now and then some circumstance would present itself, which made the fact decidedly convincing. About mid-way between the High Street and the water was one house which commanded more attention than any other, from its kingly, tumble-down appearance, and as this narrative could not well go on without an introduction to one of its inmates, we will go in through the doorway, which is seldom closed, and ascend a flight of stairs that once boasted of a railing, but is now shorn of that useful appendage, probably because at some remote period coals were not plenty in that neighbourhood.

“Ascending the stairs and gaining the landing, from some three or four doors we will select the one in the darkest corner, and enter. The room is occupied by three persons.

“One of these persons is a man, apparently about thirty or thirty-five years of age, with black hair and eyes, and eyebrows so thick and bushy that it was no wonder the eyes beneath them were sunk far into the head, as though they

were being crowded by degrees entirely out of sight. He possessed an athletic frame and high cheek-bones, and had a slow, awkward motion in all his movements. It would be difficult to determine his nationality were it not that his speech indicated him to be an Englishman. His dress was decidedly slouchy—nothing that he wore seemed to fit him. Although there was a slight sinister expression on his features, there was at the same time a pleasant devil-may-care look so mixed with it that even a skilled physiognomist would have been puzzled to decide the character of the man from reading his features. He had been christened with the name of Forbes; but as he grew in years, his friends and more intimate associates had seen fit, for some reason best known to themselves, to address him as Fopperty, and he continued to hold that cognomen to the present time. Speaking of his first name naturally leads us to his last one, and that was Padler. So, then, we will introduce to you, ladies and gentlemen, Fopperty Padler, and proceed to the next one of the trio.

"This was Mrs. Padler, mother of the aforesaid; and if appearances did not deceive, she could not have been far from 60 or 70—in fact, an old woman, and a very wicked old woman, if all that the neighbours hinted were true. She was short, thick-set, with stooping shoulders; and Nature or disease had caused one of her limbs to be shorter than the other, so that when she walked she reminded one very forcibly of the walking-beam of a steamer. Her face was of a dirty white colour, and such hair as she had was of nearly the same shade; and as she brushed it back, and made a very small pug, which she fastened to the crown of her head, it resembled more than anything else a very, very small ball of yarn, after the cat has had it to play with for a few hours. At the time we introduce this good soul, she seems to be a little out of temper, or a little *into* temper, which is, perhaps, the most correct way to express being decidedly cross.

"The cause of these unpleasant feelings would seem to have sprung from something that the last of the trio had been doing—a little child—a girl—who might have been ten years old, and who looks so entirely unlike those by whom she is surrounded, that it seems astonishing how she comes to be in their company. Her habiliments, it is true would show her to be one of the world's poor—one of those little waifs whom nobody cares for, and who soon enough—God help them!—learn to care for nobody. But there is a distinguishing characteristic in the face of this child that stamps her of a nobler nature than the average of this class of children. It is an intelligent face, with large, full blue eyes, that wear a thoughtful expression, though now the tears are standing in them, for she is weeping.

"Her beautiful brown hair falls in dishevelled masses over her shoulders, as though it were kindly trying to shield from vulgar gaze what her poor ragged dress could not cover. This was Bessie Padler, who called the woman at her side, grandmother, but who, the neighbours slyly hinted among themselves, was really no relative. That some hidden mystery surrounded her they did not doubt. One thing they were sure of—the old woman did not hesitate to beat her, and she had a miserable existence. But it could not be helped, that any one could see, and there the matter ended."

"Chapter 9 introduces Mr. Brobity—with an amusing preliminary word from that magnificent egotist, Sapsea:—

"Blunderheaded Sapsea, notwithstanding the greatness of his mind, was possessed like thousands of ordinary mortals, through relationship, of a brother-in-law. That is people called Solomon—or Sol Brobity, as he was most often addressed—brother-in-law of Mr. Sapsea, in consequence of Miss Brobity, Sol's sister, marrying that Wonderful Being—that quintessence of wisdom and greatness. But Mr. Sapsea would not allow common customs to apply to him, even in relationship, and so he declared, whenever the subject was mentioned, that Solomon was not brother-in-law to him, but that a relationship of that nature might be allowed in that Mr. Sapsea himself was the brother-in-law—by no means Solomon.

"Sapsea's opinion of the whole Brobity family is not a favourable one. They were not, to use his own expression, a people of mind.

"If, as it sometimes happened, the Brobitys were mentioned in Sapsea's hearing, he would lean back in his chair, and speak of them somewhat after this fashion:—

"There is no depth of reasoning power existing in them which enables them to discern mind. The perceptive faculties are dull. Matter, with them, is of more weight than mind. Ethelinda was the only person who bore the name of Brobity that had the power to discern mind. It was that discerning faculty that led her to consent to change her name to Sapsea. The inevitable consequence of this lack of intelligence on the one hand, and the possession of it on the other, was what might have been expected—objection to me from them—admiration from her. I do not say, however, that even she had mind to correspond with mine—no Brobity could have that; but her redeeming quality lay in this—that she *appreciates* a great mind, and hence Ethelinda Sapsea where what before was Ethelinda Brobity.'

"Then he would usually wait a moment for his hearers to thoroughly digest the great thoughts to which his words had given expression, and then continue:—

"Of Ethelinda's mother, I say nothing—she is a woman,' a term which evidently implied inferiority in Sapsea's estimation. 'I say woman. Of Ethelinda's brother Solomon, I will say this: there is no excuse for him. Perhaps it is wrong for me to speak thus. You may say that the strong should not trample on the weak. There are times when it cannot be helped. There are times when the mind is stronger than the body, and this is one of those times. And I repeat that there is no excuse for him, and for this reason—he could have learned from me but would not.'

"Now it was pretty generally known that, previous to the deceased Mrs. Sapsea's marriage with that great mind, Sol Brobity was very frank in his expressions concerning it, and declared that the name of Sapsea was enough to object to, if nothing more; he felt it to be his duty, as a loving brother, to utter a protest. Sapsea was suggestive of saphead; but as no human head could hold the sap—there being an ocean of it, figuratively—why, sea was substituted for head, in this instance, and hence Sapsea.

"Mr. Sapsea never forgot the indignity thus cast upon him by Sol, and therefore took occasion at all times to belittle his traducer.

"Sol Brobity, as we find him to-day, is a thin, spare gentleman of sixty or thereabouts, with red whiskers on each side of his face, that have a tendency to grow pointing toward his nose, as though either side were running a race to see which could reach that point first, or as if they would like to embrace each other at the earliest moment. His head is also covered with hair of the same colour, except that the top is bald and shines in the sun like a glass bottle. He was a bachelor, and, though often bantered thereat, declared that he didn't want anything about him that he couldn't understand; and, as he could never understand a woman, he didn't want a wife. He had lived with his mother for sixty years, and he didn't understand *her* yet; and, although there was a time when he thought he could comprehend his sister, she threw him all abroad again by marrying Sapsea, and since then he had given up all attempts to study female character, concluding that all women were so many living enigmas sent into the world to puzzle the brains of men.

"He, with his mother, lived in the High Street, she an old lady of eighty-five at least, who doted on her son always, and who to this day called him 'Solly,' the same as when she rocked him in his cradle.

"In the 12th chapter the reader is first introduced to Mr. Peter Peckcraft, and then to Miss Keep, who is emphatically an original. Thus begins the chapter:—

"Had it not been that certain members of the human family were from time immemorial gifted with a faculty of collecting and preserving antiquities of divers kinds and species, it is more than probable that a vast amount of information which is now in possession of the present generation could never have been obtained; and where we now have tangible proofs of some of the habits and customs of those who, centuries ago, contributed toward the navigation of

this Mammoth Ship—the earth—we should only have conjecture. But ‘their works live after them.’ When this Mammoth Ship topples its old crew, one by one, into the Sea of Futurity, and takes on its new crew of green hands, it does not lose sight of the importance of retaining some of the old landmarks of mental and physical produce, and they get dug out of their depositories in which Captain Nature, in his far-seeing wisdom, thought best to stow them until such time as searchers after them shall release them from their hiding-places, and reveal their existence to the world.

“Now, it is a fact which none will dispute, that we are all more or less tinged with this passion for holding something of so rare a nature that no one else can obtain its like, whether it be a coin, a piece of furniture, dog, horse, or plant; and although this passion may, as some will declare, arise from selfishness or love of display, there is no doubt that our Creator engrafted it into our natures that we might the better assist Him by retaining the superior productions of each successive age, and so encourage the yet unborn to greater perfection by comparison.

“Whether Mr. Peter Peckcraft had, in the goodness of his heart, an eye to the welfare of those yet unborn generations, is not positively known, inasmuch as he never gave any proof that he had the welfare of anybody but himself at heart. Certain it is, however, that for a great many years he had been a dealer in curiosities of an antique nature, and kept a clerk; though whether this clerk was a necessary or an ornamental appendage, the customers of Mr. Peckcraft had never been able to decide. They only knew he was a clerk because Mr. Peckcraft, when he said ‘my clerk,’ pointed to a very pale young man, who always occupied the same position on a high stool before a high desk at the back of the store, and who seldom spoke to the customers, but, when questioned on any point, referred the questioner to the proprietor by pointing with his pen to that personage.

“Mr. Peckcraft has devoted the best part of his life to the business in which he is now engaged, and being a bachelor, he has nothing to take his attention but his business. Some of his goods have been in the store from the time he first occupied it; and they have become so essential to his happiness, from being constantly in sight, that they are to him the same as a family of children would be, and he regards them with as much affection. He has frequently had offers for them, but will only shake his head at such times, and say they are spoken for.

“It is now thirty years or thereabouts, since Mr. Peckcraft, with a partner whom he had known from boyhood, first established the business here; and notwithstanding the many changes which have transpired since that time, there was no change in him, only that he had grown older. His partner had died in the meantime; but so thoroughly opposed was Mr. Peckcraft to a change of any kind, that he had not removed the firm-name sign from over the door, and it still looked down on the passer-by, and told him that

DROOD AND PECKCRAFT

carried on the business within.

“They had been highly prospered, this firm, and their business had assumed an importance that few would have supposed, from any evidence that presented itself to public notice, and at the time when the senior partner departed this life they had amassed a handsome competence.

“Shortly before his death, Mr. Drood had endeavoured to persuade his partner to assume the guardianship of his only child, Edwin, and they had many interviews concerning the subject; but Mr. Peckcraft always declared that he was not competent to take such a great responsibility upon him, and kindly but firmly declined.

“There being no other friend that he felt at liberty to call upon, and no relative but the younger brother of his deceased wife, Mr. Drood left the guardianship of his boy with his brother-in-law, John Jasper, and, so far as was known, the trust had been faithfully performed up to the time when the young man so mysteriously disappeared.

“Mr. Peckcraft, like a great many other gentlemen who live bachelors, was very particular to rise at five o’clock the year round, and prided himself very

much on his ability to follow this rule. His lodgings were in Silver Square, and he had occupied them for many years, partly on account of his strong dislike to a change of whatever he had been accustomed to, and partly because the lady with whom he lived was a person who, like him, did not believe in the 'Rolling Stone' business. This lady was known as Miss Keep, and a very precise and prim maiden lady she was indeed.

"If Miss Keep should be aroused at any time of the night, and should be asked where the dust brush was to be found, she would tell you to step into the basement, and behind the door you would see a row of hooks, and on the third hook from the door you would find the brush. No matter what the article, there was a place for it, and it could always be found there, night or day, when not in use.

"As we were saying, Mr. Peckcraft arose the year round at five o'clock, and, in the recollection of Miss Keep, he had never deviated from that habit except on one occasion. He had been suffering the night before with a violent toothache, and had recourse to laudanum to quiet the pain. The pain was quieted, and so was Mr. Peckcraft, for he did not waken the next morning till nearly an hour after his usual time, and when, on referring to his watch, he found that such was the case, he very deliberately put himself back into bed again, and remained there until five o'clock the next morning, thereby nearly frightening Miss Keep out of her seven senses until he had explained the cause to her through the keyhole, just as the two servants were on the point of bursting in his door by command of their mistress.

"Miss Keep is rather tall and very slim. She has what was probably intended for a blue eye, but the blueing material must have got very low, and the consequence is that we cannot better describe its colour than by saying it was milky blue. She wears her hair pressed tight to her temples in the form of a half-circle, and an artist with his brush could not carry the curve with a more perfect line. Her chin protrudes to about the same angle with her nose. Add to all this a maiden lady with a great love for poetry, and you behold Miss Keep as she is to-day.

"Mr. Peckcraft has risen and is just finishing his toilet, and if we did not know that he had disrobed the night before, we should suppose that he had not been undressed, from the fact that every article of clothing is arranged the same in every particular as it was the day before, even to the position of his hat. He breakfasts at eight, and spends the intervening time at his store in Chancery Lane.

"He leaves his sitting room now, and on his way down stairs encounters Miss Keep on the landing below (there has not been a morning except one for fifteen years that he has not met her exactly in the same place), to whom he says:—

"'A good morning, Miss Keep.'

"And she returns with a rhyme:—

"'The same to you, with feelings deep.'

"And that is all; she passing on to look after her domestic affairs below stairs, and he passing out into the street.

"Miss Keep is a devotee of the Muses, and especially prides herself on her poetic attainments:—

"As Miss Keep finishes this recital of the Great Moral Pugilist's triumph in the Philanthropic Arena, a very trim-looking servant girl taps at the door, and Miss Keep says:—

"'Mary, my dear,
What takes you here?'

"The good lady never fails to address the two servants in rhyme when opportunity offers, the better to impress them with the idea that their mistress is of a poetical nature, and equal to any emergency in that line; and there are a great many other people who are guilty of equal absurdity, with this exception—that while Miss Keep confines her talent within her domestic circle, and so gets laughed at by a few, the others make theirs to appear in print, and are laughed at by the public.

" 'Please, ma'am,' is the girl's reply, 'Mr. Peckcraft's young man is at the door, and says he has a package as is for the young lady as come with Mr. Peckcraft this morning.'

" 'Well, why did you not take it in,
And let him go away again?'

" 'That's just what I made offer to do, miss, but he said as he was to hand it to the young lady hisself, and so I thought I'd better tell you before showin' of 'im in.'

" 'Miss Bud, my friend, what do you say?
Shall Mary show him in this way?'

" Rosa finds it difficult to suppress the merriment which she feels at hearing Miss Keep indulge in her favourite method of conversation, but controls herself, and with as sober a countenance as she can assume, says she does not object in the least.

" Miss Keep was on the point of issuing a command to that effect, but the servant, feeling that she had had poetry enough to last her for some time, had left directly she heard Rosa's answer, and the result was that a moment thereafter, Mr. Stallop, with his hat in hand, stood bowing at the door in a most graceful manner, and said he hoped he had not intruded upon anybody's sanctity.

" Nobody replying to this, he proceeded to inform them that his employer had entrusted to him a package for Miss Bud; and, feeling the honour which attached to a mission to any young lady, and more especially the young lady in question, and as he had been instructed, furthermore, to see that the package was placed in her hands without delay, he felt in duty bound to deliver it personally, and so return with a happy consciousness of having done his duty.

" So I might go on giving page after page which almost as clearly bear the imprint of Dickens's style as though he had written them himself on earth. Miss Keep, let me say, before dismissing that prim old lady, is one of the most amusingly absurd of Dickens's many absurd characters, and her constant struggle with the Muses keeps the reader in as constant a struggle against his risibilities. She is emphatically a Dickens character, although no more so, perhaps, than others among the new personages who have assumed their places on the stage. In thus confining my selections to the new characters, from the unrevised portion of the book, I have necessarily passed over scenes of great dramatic power, in which the first volume characters participate. A score of passages might be extracted from these in which the style of Dickens appears no less conspicuously.

" Right here, a few minutiae may be very interesting. On examining the manuscript, I found 'traveler' spelled uniformly with two l's, as is the universal practice in England, and only the rare one here. Observe, too, the use of the words 'coals' for coal, the former being the customary English form. Notice the peculiar employment of capital letters, in precisely the form they are to be found in Dickens's works, as when he calls Mr. Grewgious an Angular Man. Remarkable, also, is the familiarity with the geography of London which is noticeable in some of the extracts I have made and in many passages not quoted. Notice the expression that the servant 'had left directly she

heard Rosa's answer,'—a form of speech common in England, but almost unheard of in America. Then observe the sudden change from the past to the present tense, especially in lively narration—a transition of which Dickens was very fond, and notably so in his later works. These and many other little matters which might be mentioned are of slight consequence, perhaps, but it would be on just these sands that a bungling fraud would have stranded. Nevertheless, the fact remains that in the general resemblance of the book to the previous literary work of its alleged author, in the aggregation of the thousand and one things which go to form literary style, and in the shining through all of the indefinable something called genius, must this remarkable book rest its most remarkable claims upon public consideration.

“I came to Brattleboro' expecting to find this decidedly posthumous work a bubble which could be easily blown away. After two days' careful and somewhat critical examination, I go away, I confess, a good deal puzzled. I reject in the first place, as an impossibility—as every one would do after thoroughly investigating the matter—the theory that this manuscript book was written by the young man, Mr. A——. He says he has never read the first volume, and I care not whether he has or no, being fully convinced that he is not capable of writing so much as one page of the second volume. This, of course, is no disparagement; for how many men are capable of doing what Dickens left undone?

“I am driven, then, to accept one of the two conclusions: Either some man of genius is using this individual as a go-between, in order to place an extraordinary work before the public in an extraordinary way, or the book is, as it professes to be, dictated by Dickens himself from the other world. The one supposition is scarcely more astounding than the other. If there is in Vermont a man, heretofore unheard of, who is able to write as Dickens wrote, he surely has no cause to resort to any such device as this. If, on the other hand, Charles Dickens himself, ‘though dead, yet speaketh,’ what shall we next expect? It is but fair to say that, with the fullest opportunity for investigation, I found not the least evidence on any hand of fraud, while the name of the ‘amanuensis,’ were I allowed to give it, would dispel any suggestion of that kind from the minds of every citizen of this place who knows him.

“Whatever may be the true state of the case, the critics are to have more than one opportunity to judge. This, if promises are fulfilled, is to be but the beginning, as the invisible Dickens (who long ago forbade the use of the medium by any spirit except himself), has notified him that he shall require his entire

time, and has even given him the title of a new story, to be begun as soon as the one now on hand is completed, the title being the *Life and Adventures of Bockley Nickleheep*.

"It was Longfellow, I believe, who said:—

"Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power
And the lost clue regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain."

"But if the world, astonished, suddenly behold the window completed in all the beauty and symmetry of the original structure, what then? Is, indeed, 'that wand of magic power' again uplifted?"

LEAVES FROM MY NOTE BOOK.—NOTES OF *SEANCES*.

"When found make a note of."—*Captain Cuttle*.

SPIRIT-SIGHT.—CRYSTAL VISION.—SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS.

ON August 27th, I was favoured with a visit from the Rev. F. W. Monck, and Dr. Sexton. Immediately on entering the house, Mr. Monck gave me the name and correctly described the appearance, age, and mode of death of a little nephew to whom I was greatly attached, who was drowned eight years ago. He said he heard the name. The death-scene was re-enacted before him so vividly that in describing it as it proceeded, he seemed astonished that I could not also see it. The child to him was so objective, that he put out his hand expecting it to be palpable to the touch as to him it was to sight, and he excitedly checked me lest I should step upon it. In the course of the evening my brother came in, and Mr. Monck again saw the child, climbing upon his father's knees, and my sister-in-law also sensibly felt its presence.

I showed Dr. Sexton the shell of the cocoa-nut I had brought me at a *séance* with Mrs. Guppy some time since, as described in a former number of this Magazine, and which I had made into a case for a crystal. Dr. Sexton looked into the crystal, and soon a vision in it appeared to him: A face, which he described as very beautiful; the hand of the spirit was resting on a book; it was opened by her; it was the Bible. It opened at the 5th chapter of Matthew, and she with her finger pointed to the verse, "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted." Mr. Monck took this verse as the text of his discourse at Cavendish Rooms the following Sunday.

On the 1st of September I went with my sister as usual on the first of the month, to Mr. Hudson's studio, 177, Holloway Road, to see if we could obtain a spirit-photograph. On the first two plates there was no spirit-figure. We then interposed a table between us, and placed on it a Bible which was in the room. When the plate was developed a beautiful face appeared between us, over the table; the hands of the spirit were crossed upon the Bible, and behind me was the appearance of a mountain. We did not recognize the face, but I could not help associating the picture with Dr. Sexton's vision—with the beautiful face, and the text from the Sermon on the Mount. On meeting Dr. Sexton a few days after, at the Spiritual Institute, my sister, who was with me, showed him the printed photograph, and he instantly recognized the face as wonderfully like that he saw in the crystal.

A SEANCE WITH MRS. GUPPY.

Séance, August 31, 1873, at 1, Morland Villas, Highbury Hill Park.—Present: The Prince de la Paix, Colonel Greek, M.I.C.E., 56, Hereford Street, Brompton; his secretary, M. Prosgynski; Mr. Ford, Secretary of the Dialectical Society; Mr. Volkman, a member of the Dialectical Society; Mr. Henderson, photographer, King William Street; Mr. and Miss Shorter, 23, Russell Road, Holloway; Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, 155, Palmer Terrace, Holloway Road; Mr. and Mrs. W. Wallace, 105, Islip Street, Kentish Town; Miss Mann, Mr. and Mrs. Guppy.

We sat round the table with doors closed and joined hands. On the lights being extinguished raps were heard on the table. Questions were replied to sometimes by raps, sometimes by loud notes on the piano about three feet outside the circle, once for no, thrice for yes. We were then told that we might ask for anything to be brought that was in the house or garden. We severally asked accordingly, and on a light being struck, the following articles were found on the table, or in its immediate vicinity: A what-not from the farther end of the room, the table cover from another part of the room, a large bird-cage with two birds in it from the mantel-piece, a sheet of music from the piano, a piece of embroidery and a photograph from the adjoining parlour, three billiard balls from the billiard-room on the first floor, a vegetable marrow, an apple, a sunflower, and a branch of elderberry from the garden. A shawl from a room on the first floor was thrown to Mrs. Fisher, who had asked the spirits to bring her something to throw over her neck, as she felt a little cold.

While these things were being brought the large piano was removed from against the wall and placed close against the sitters; a spirit-voice was audible, but too faint for the words to be distinctly heard. Several of the company were touched and patted by hands; a hand was placed on my head, and mesmerised me from the back of the head downwards, the touch being more soft and delicate than any I had ever experienced. On my thanking the spirit for this mark of kindly attention, I was patted caressingly on the head and shoulders. Mr. Volkman had asked for a cat to be brought, but there was no cat in the house, and this request was not complied with. While, however, we were sitting round the table, conversing cheerfully in the full light of two gas-burners, Mrs. Guppy gave a sudden scream, and we found a kitten placed on her shoulder. The little creature was handled by us all; she felt warm, and seemed quite comfortable, and not at all frightened. It was found to belong to Mrs. Fisher, and had been brought from her house, about a quarter-of-a-mile distant.

Some flowers had been asked for, but were not brought; when, however, we were taking our departure, some of the gentlemen could not find their hats, and on searching they were found in the billiard room, and a quantity of flowers placed inside them. These are the facts; I make no comment on them. They were witnessed, and can be attested by all who were present.

T. S.

ANOTHER SEANCE WITH MRS. GUPPY.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Sir,—I send you a short account of a very remarkable *séance* at which I was present on the 4th instant; it occurred at Mrs. Guppy's, under her mediumship, and was attended by Mrs. General Ramsay, Miss Houghton, Miss Mann, Mr. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Guppy, and myself. After seeing to the perfect security of doors and windows, we sat down to the table, extinguished the lights, and, in obedience to our spirit friends, frictionized the floor with our feet to get up power. We were told by them to wish for two of four things—fruit, flowers, roots or vegetables. We were then requested to invite Mr. Tawse and Mr. Trail Taylor* (both of whom happened to be then at play in the billiard room); to effect this arrangement a light was struck, when, to our surprise, we found a small table standing in the centre of the large *séance* one at which we sat, and on it a dish of pears, beautifully garnished with dwarf nasturtiums,

* Misprinted "Mr. Isaiah Taylor" in Mrs. Fisher's letter in our last number.

while on the large table we found seven pounds weight of plums, and six pounds' weight of fine grapes, and twelve pounds of pears, most tastefully garnished with leaves and flowers, and a dessert plate placed before each of our party. In addition to these gifts we had also a quantity of asters and a profusion of lovely roses, large enough in quantity to afford a nosegay for each of us.

We were then told to extinguish the light again, and find our way into the adjoining room, this we did, when, to our utter astonishment, we found that all the fruits had found their way there before us. We again sat down in the dark, with doors and windows secured as before, when very soon what appeared to be some kind of singing bird was gently placed in Miss Houghton's hand, when, for fear of injuring it, a light was struck, and it was found to be a canary—one of a pair inhabiting a cage in the next room,—this was returned to its mate, and we continued our *séance*, when within a minute or two both canary birds were brought into the room in a small cage (not their own), with a request that Miss Houghton should accept them and take them home with her, which she joyfully did, esteeming it, I doubt not, a delightful omen. A sunflower was then put into Mrs. Ramsay's hand,—this had a specific meaning, as like herself, it always looked to the source of light.

We were then told by the spirit Katie that she would do what no conjuror could do, *viz.*, bring a horse into the room. *Knowing what Katie had done in the carrying of weight, and carrying it safely too*, we felt rather alarmed with our prospect, when to our relief the promised horse arrived, and proved to be Master 'Tommy Guppy's wooden nag from the garden walk.

A portion of our *séance* was enlivened by the production of beautiful and distinct spirit-lights.

The plums and grapes placed before us, as stated, had been purchased for a birthday anniversary about to be held, but their arrival at Mr. Guppy's was not known to anyone in the circle.

Palmer's Terrace, Holloway Road. MARGARET FISHER.

CONCERNING CONJURORS.—Speaking of some performances he had witnessed of M. Houdin, Mr. R. D. Owen, in his *Footfalls*, makes an observation which will apply to the conjurors who are now trying to throw dust into the eyes of the public. Mr. Owen says:—"But this was in his own theatre, with months or years to prepare its hidden machinery and manufacture its magical apparatus, with the practice of a long lifetime, too, to perfect his sleight of hand. There is little analogy between such professional performances and phenomena presenting themselves spontaneously, or at least without calculated preparation in the privacy of a dwelling house, or in the open air, often to persons who neither expect nor desire them." Spirit-manifestations of the most powerful kind are frequently obtained through the mediumship of mere children.

AN ULTRAMONTANE VIEW OF SPIRITUALISM
SIXTEEN YEARS AGO.IV.

[THE theory of which an account is given in this article, is thoughtful and ingenious; as it must be admitted are also the arguments here urged against it. We apprehend the truth is that too little is known of man's original and primitive condition to make it a safe basis of any theory.—ED. *S.M.*]

“The new doctrine, which as we stated at the end of the preceding article had been brought forward by an excellent periodical of Germany, with a view to explain naturally by magnetism the phenomena of the tables and of the spirits, is so original and so closely connected with our subject, that even apart from the quality of the authors of that periodical, for whom we entertain a great esteem, it may well deserve our attention, and we shall give a short account of it, and state our own opinion about it. It is contained in some articles which the *Historico-political News*, of Munich, published in May and June, 1856. According to the author of these articles the recent wonders of American Spiritualism in the majority of instances do not depart from the boundaries of the natural order, although they touch its extreme limits, when it borders upon the supernatural. That if modern science cannot give any account of these things, and because she cannot persists obstinately in denying the truth of the facts, this shows either that she is false or imperfect—that is to say, that in the interpretation of the laws of nature she is at fault, either through error in regarding them in a very different light from the real one, or through ignorance, in not having yet arrived at discovering those sovereign laws, in which the key to all the phenomena is to be found. To remedy this defect of science, therefore, the author invites her to raise herself with him above pure matter into the region of spirit, exhibits to her the intimate connection which exists between the visible material world and the invisible one of pure intelligence, and hence hints to her in what manner those singular phenomena may be understood which she has been in vain labouring to explain with her old doctrines.

“We shall now briefly state the most salient points and characteristic features of this new theory. The nature of man, in the original perfection in which God created it and placed it in Paradise, was endowed with faculties of a very much more splendid character than it possesses now since the corruption of

sin : hence, if we wish to know the genuine and natural condition of man, we should not study it as it is, but as it was, in the happy springtime of its integrity and innocence. The spirit of man at that time, not having yet become the slave of the senses, experienced an almost absolute authority and lordship over matter; not only were the members of his own body obedient to his will, but so also were external bodies, without the need of contact and material impulse, the spirit moving them spiritually, as it moves spiritually the nerves and muscles of its organism. The power of sight naturally extended itself very far beyond the field of organic vision, penetrating by second sight so as to see occult and distant objects where the eye did not reach. The soul at that time occupying the lofty grade which in the scale of beings belongs to it, and standing as it were on the confines of the two worlds, whilst on the one hand she exerted her empire over the material world, on the other hand she freely communicated with the world of pure spirits, who found the access to her always easy, and manifested themselves to her spontaneously—sometimes with internal voices, sometimes with external signs. But sin producing disorder in the whole of man's nature despoiled it also of these gifts: which, though they are not entirely extinguished or radically destroyed, do nevertheless remain in a dormant and ruined condition. Not that they may not at least in part be sometimes re-acquired: and this takes place whenever the soul of man, through whatever cause it may be, discharging itself as it were from its bondage to matter, approaches again to that state of liberty or rather lordship which it had at first; and returning to its true and pristine nature, takes up again its natural facilities and laws of operation.

“The causes which are able to produce this reintegration in men are two in number: the supernatural and the natural exaltation (*ascesi*). Of the first we have luminous examples in the saints, in whom the thaumaturgic power was at least in a great part and indirectly the natural effect of eminent sanctity. Since in them the excellence of virtue by sublimating nature towards the integrity of its original condition, restored to it naturally that command over matter, that dominion over the elements, and over the beasts, that clearness of second sight, that easy commerce with pure spirits which were gifts naturally belonging to that condition. By this are explained (always naturally) not indeed all the miracles which are related of them, and particularly the most illustrious—such as the raising of the dead, and the instantaneous cures of inveterate diseases, and others of this sort, in which they acted through an extraordinary and quite supernatural grace—but so many other more common and frequent marvels, which on account of their being in them

habitual, and as it were continual, show that they were almost become natural to their sanctity, or, rather, natural effects of humanity elevated in them by the supernatural grace of sanctity to its pristine excellency. The natural or mystical "exaltation" (*ascesi*) is very much less efficacious, but, however, it also is able to give back to man some part of those faculties which he possessed in Paradise, but which he lost with his first nature. It consists in various practices which tend to exalt mind above matter, and to render its action more free and vigorous; such as, for instance, chastity, fasting, solitude, contemplation, the profound concentration of the intellectual faculties, and of the will upon an object, and others like these. There were not a few illustrious examples of this "exaltation" among the heathen, as for example, Apollonius, Tianeus, Iamblicus, Plotinus, Proclus, and others of the neo-Platonic school, who were remarkable for the wonders which they performed; and, making all due allowance for historical exaggeration, what there was in them of really wonderful was the natural effect of nature being, so to speak, in the philosophers "transhumanated" by means of the exercises we have alluded to.

"Now to an entirely similar cause we must equally ascribe the marvellous power of the magnetisers and the mediums in our own day. It is the result of a natural exaltation, the practices of which are exactly that concentrated energy of will, that profound attention, that isolation of the mind from everything else, that power of command in the soul, that living faith in magnetism, and others of this sort, which are requisite as principal conditions for magnetising with efficacy. Magnetism, is not, then, only a special force, but a new state, in which the whole of man, with his forces and faculties, is sublimated above the vulgar condition of nature, and made to approach to that original excellency which he possessed in Paradise. In this new state he does not operate according to ordinary physical laws, but in obedience to the primitive laws of his nature in her virgin and incorrupt state, and he re-acquires (although but in part, and for a short time only) the marvellous gifts and faculties of this condition. The most remarkable of these are—first, the faculty of seeing to a distance without the aid of organs, and through opaque bodies, the wonderful result of which faculty we see in the lucid somnambulists, after magnetism has been induced in them by the fascinating influence of the magnetiser. Secondly, the faculty of working at a distance, that is, by the command of the will alone, without the aid of organs, whether it be upon living bodies, as happens when a person magnetises another, without in any way touching him, or making the magnetic passes upon him; or whether it be on inert bodies, as are the tables which

the mediums set in motion at their pleasure. Thirdly, the faculty of communicating with pure spirits, as are the souls of the departed, or the angels or demons.

"If we should wish to enter more minutely into the mode of operating of this faculty, we must penetrate into the most profound secrets of the life and nature of the world, the mystery of which will always perhaps remain inaccessible to man whilst he is journeying in this life. Nevertheless the two following considerations will assist us to form some conception of it. The first is this, that the subject and the object (that is to say, the man who operates and the external objects about which he operates; *e.g.*, a table which moves,) are not two terms so distinct and opposite as they are commonly supposed to be; but they have a very near connection the one with the other, a reciprocal influence which unites them with the harmony of the universal unity. For all things in this world are connected together, not only by extrinsic relations of neighbourhood, contiguity and the like, but by the most intimate bonds of mutual in-existence so to speak: hence it is impossible that any modification whatever should take place in the subject, without a corresponding sympathy on the part of the object, and *vice versa*. Every affection of the human microcosm is immediately reflected in the macrocosm and in all its parts, in the same manner as in the human body the affection of one member is participated in and felt by all the other members on account of the vital unity which unites them. Hence it arises that the action of the subject upon the object can take place not only by visible and external contact and in virtue of such contact, but even and that indeed chiefly by intimate and invisible influence, in virtue of their mutual and substantial in-existence. For this it is sufficient that the subject or man produce within himself that action corresponding to the effect which he wishes to obtain, and then that he direct and send on this action to the object, placing himself in the needful relationship with it.

"Such is the true law of nature, through which these faculties of seeing and operating at a distance, so far from being contrary to the natural order, are wonderfully conformable to it. That common manner which we have of moving bodies by contact must be said to be a departure from this order: and this obtains in us because we are ignorant of the true nature of things, and because we are ignorant we do not practise those conditions, otherwise so easy and simple, which are requisite for the effect. This then is enough to enable us to understand in some manner how the two first faculties above mentioned operate. As to the third, which has reference to the commerce of spirits, we may just take notice that the world of spirits is not at all divided or

distant from our own, nay, it penetrates it and intimately passes into it; and it is concealed from us only because our soul buried as it is in matter, is not capable of feeling its presence or receiving its communications. But when the soul arrives at the power of unfettering herself though but a little, and by purifying herself re-acquires that clearness which naturally belongs to her (which can be done by the natural exaltation of magnetism), the spiritual world will immediately manifest itself to her, as we see in fact to be the case in the American necromancy. And this is an entirely natural thing, if by nature we understand not the present and ordinary condition of fallen man, but the primordial state of man in his integrity, restored partially in his physical faculties, by magnetism. Take notice, however, in the first place, that although the majority of the facts adapt themselves to a merely natural explanation, there are still some which seem to require a preternatural cause, that is an immediate demoniacal intervention; and, secondly, we must take notice that the facts themselves which are *per se* natural, may be and are perhaps caused very frequently by preternatural agents whose power not only equals but greatly surpasses that of man.

"Such is briefly the new theory proposed by the Bavarian periodical in order to explain in a natural way the wonders of the tables and spirits, and at the same time those of animal magnetism, which have a common origin with the first. And it cannot be denied that if it were as true as it is ingenious it would be quite adequate to the object in view (which the former theories are not), inasmuch as it embraces in its fulness all the phenomena, and leaves none of them unexplained: especially if we consider the two circumstances which we drew attention to last of all. But if we must say freely what we think about this theory, and be it said with the permission of this excellent author, it seems to us to be anything but true regarded even simply as an hypothesis, not to mention it as a theory. It lacks solid proofs for being a theory; for those few and uncertain analogies or likenesses upon which it is founded are rather shadows than bodies of solid argument, and we might adduce such a number of others of great weight on the opposite side as would entirely conquer them. Then to be accepted as a hypothesis it ought at least to have nothing repugnant to it in the order of already known and certain truths. Now we find here too many circumstances which are repugnant to this order. And to cite a few of them: in the first place, the view which is here taken of human nature and of its faculties in the primitive condition, is quite contrary to that which sound philosophy and theology teach upon this subject. According to sound theology man did not lose by sin anything at all of what he possessed

originally in the purely natural order, and his nature does not at all differ now as to its peculiar faculties from what it was in the first creation. Sin did not rob it of any natural faculty, but only of those gifts which were gratuitously added; and of this some were strictly supernatural, as *e.g.*, sanctifying grace; others were preternatural only because they perfected nature in its own order although they were not due to it; and such are immortality, immunity from pain, integrity or the subjection of the sensuality to reason, and other such like gifts. Of this double order of good things Redemption restored to man the first and most precious, but not the second, though of less value: our Divine Redeemer thus ordering it in the wisdom of His economy; but both the one and the other class of gifts as they were given to man by grace and taken away by sin, so it was impossible that they could be restored to him in any other way than by the grace of Him who redeemed him from sin.

"This being the case, then, what must be said of those magnetic faculties of seeing and operating at a distance, and without the help of corporal organs, upon external matter, which our author attributes to man in his original state? Were they preternatural faculties? But if so, independently of the utter silence of revelation upon this point, which alone could give us any account of it, they could never be re-acquired in our present state by any power of natural "exaltation." Were they natural faculties? But if so, they would not be lost, and man would be in possession of them at the present day in a state not a whit less sound and vigorous than are those natural faculties of motion, speech, sight, and so many others. But these faculties are so far from being natural that they do the rather contradict the very essence of human nature, which is a compound of spirit and of organic matter, and as such always requires (that is, in every condition, since essence can never be changed) that the soul in operating upon the material world should make use of bodily organs of which the Creator has given to her for this purpose, vitally united to her for this purpose, and for this purpose essentially distinguished from other external substances. To believe that the case is otherwise is to render these organs superfluous, it is to compare the soul whilst she is still "in the way" here below, to pure spirits, altogether throwing nature into confusion, and disturbing the natural order and harmony of the creation. Nay, our soul as regards the natural power of moving bodies, differs so much from pure spirits, that as St. Thomas teaches, not only is she unable in the present life to move immediately any other than her own body, but even after being separated by death from her own body she remains inapt, *per se*, to move any body at all. Add to this, that as operating

at a distance taken strictly is an absurdity, neither can pure spirits, nor can the human soul immediately move anybody unless they be substantially present to it. Therefore, if the soul should wish to move an external object without the intervention of organs, it would be requisite that she should deliver herself from the prison of her organs and expand the presence of her substance in it also. Now this is opposed to the individual unity of the human compound and to the nature of the soul as far as she is the "substantial form" of the body (*forma substantialis*), since that unity and nature demand that, of two principles which are compounded and vitally united, one be not at all separated from the other, nor that the vivifying form should diffuse itself outside of the vivified matter.

"Besides these grave faults, by which the above cited hypothesis vitiates the whole of anthropology, there are others no less serious, which make us repudiate it. For example, that mutual indwelling or in-existence of the object in the subject, that intimate connection and reciprocal sympathy of all with all, of the microcosm with the macrocosm, exemplified in the vital sympathy, which the parts of one and the same being have together, though it may mean in the author's mind nothing more perhaps than the universal harmony of beings, seems to us, nevertheless, both on account of the forms in which it is expressed and the consequences which he draws from it, to encroach very near upon some semipanthestic error of a sort of universal life. Then, again, that mixing up of sacred and profane, of supernatural and natural, attributing to sanctity which is something quite divine, and to certain practices of natural 'exaltation,' marvellous effects of the same order (although in different degree): that placing in the same category of a more or less perfect elevation towards a paradisiacal nature the saints and the pagan workers of wonders and modern magnetisers; that attributing to a merely natural 'exaltation' the power of acquiring certain endowments lost by sin, these and other features of the same class, which appear throughout the whole system, seem to us to belong too much to that rationalistic naturalism which tends to confound heaven and earth in one chaotic mass, where religion and reason alike undergo destruction.

"Finally, if the theory of which we are speaking were true, it would follow that to practise this natural "exaltation" after the fashion of the magnetisers and mediums would not only be lawful but laudable even to a good Catholic; for what is there more praiseworthy than to aspire after the pristine integrity and excellence of man in his state of innocence? Now we do not know how far this consequence is conformable to the maxims and

to the spirit of the Church, which although she has not as yet pronounced any absolute condemnation of the practices of American Neospiritualism and of Zoomagnetism, nevertheless, far from commending and promoting them, she has always shown herself to hold them in very strong suspicion and diffidence, speaking by the mouth of the bishops and of the Roman congregations. So much the more so as in the practices of Neospiritualism the necromantic commerce with certain spirits of a very ambiguous and dangerous nature, to say the least, holds a foremost rank. It is very true that the author of this theory himself warns us of the danger which such practices incur of diabolical illusions and of superstition : but if this shows, as it does, his good faith, on the other hand it makes the evil character of his system more apparent. About which that which we have already said must suffice : since our object was not to give a complete and critical analysis of it, which would require a much longer treatise, but only to state sufficient reason on our part for rejecting it."

TRANCE AND ITS SUGGESTIONS.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

IN the June number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, Mr. Beamish gave a short but interesting notice of *Memorials of a Quiet Life*,—that is, of the life of Mrs. Augustus Hare. Thoroughly according with Mr. Beamish in his estimate of this work, I wish he had carried out the fact of the trances mentioned to the conclusion to which trance from natural causes corroborated by trance from mesmeric action legitimately leads. In the next article in the same number of the Magazine, namely, my article on Madame Milton, the Roman clairvoyante, I have referred to some of the important deductions to be drawn from mesmeric clairvoyance in support of the truths of Spiritualism. Natural trance and induced trance throw a splendid light on each other, and establish some psychic positions on the most solid and unassailable basis. It is not every day that we obtain cases of natural trance at once so well authenticated as those of Mrs. Hare, and at the same time authenticated from a quarter and a class of life so little likely to meet with cavil or denial. It will, therefore, be well to supplement Mr. Beamish's observations by a further reference to these volumes, and, by connecting these thus happily circumstanced relations of recent trance in a sphere of

unquestioned intelligence and acknowledged weight with the known phenomena of mesmeric clairvoyance, give them additional force and importance.

In these *Memorials of a Quiet Life*, by Augustus J. C. Hare, author of *Walks in Rome*, we find opinions supposed to be peculiar to Spiritualists, but which are so universal amongst all religious people, of all creeds, that you can scarcely open a book without encountering them. The lady whose quiet life these two thick volumes published by Strahan and Co., Ludgate Hill, relate, was the aunt, but also adoptive mother of the author. We shall, therefore, speak of them as mother and son, in which character, from adoption and habit, they always speak of themselves. Maria Hare, *né* Leycester, the daughter of the Rev. Oswald Leycester, of Stoke, in Cheshire, was the wife of the Rev. Augustus Hare, of Alton-Barnes, in Wiltshire, the brother of Archdeacon Julius Hare, of Hurstmonceaux, in Sussex. These two brothers were remarkably learned and able men. Besides their classical learning, they were familiar with the languages and literature of Italy, France, and Germany, having lived as children and youths with their parents in those countries. They were partly educated by the celebrated Don Emmanuele Aponte, and Cardinal Mezzofanti, the greatest linguist of any age, as well as by the gifted Signorina Tambroni, their mother's devoted friend.

Julius and Augustus Hare were the authors of the well-known *Guesses at Truth*, which have passed through many editions. The families of both Hare and Leycester were especially Church of England clerical families, and extensively allied to the superior clergy and aristocracy. Mrs. Augustus Hare's family was connected by marriage with the Derbys, and the Lords Stanley of Alderley, and consequently with Bishop Stanley of Norwich, and his son, the present Dean of Westminster. The Hares were descended from Bishop Hare, and their mother was a daughter of Bishop Shipley of St. Asaph. They were the nephews of Lady Jones, the wife of Sir William Jones, the celebrated Orientalist, and were intimate friends of Bishop Heber; of Maurice, of the Temple Church, by his sister's marriage to Julius Hare; Trench, Archbishop of Dublin; Landor; John Sterling; the present Archbishop Manning, who before his going over to Rome was co-archdeacon with Julius Hare; Dr. Arnold; Whewell; Worsley, the translator of *Homer*; Baron Bunsen, Thirlwall, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Carlyle, were all sworn brothers of this circle of learning and genius. They were near relatives to Lady Penrhyn, of Penrhyn Castle. In fact, by their education, their alliances, their travels, and free intercourse with the superior and most intelligent classes, they might

be taken as very good representatives of the ideas and beliefs existing and circulating there.

Well, in these popular volumes, already past through five editions, we find various phenomena of a perfectly spiritual stamp, stated with as much faith and ready acceptance as they could be by professed Spiritualists. There are cases of apparitions, avowals of the truth of inspiration in men of genius, and a most remarkable relation of trances into which Mrs. Hare fell, in her later days, and which are given in the fullest and most graphic manner by the the author as eye-witness.

At page 186, volume ii., the Archdeacon Julius Hare, in combating the materialistic views of Strauss, not only maintained the reality of Biblical inspiration, but extends it to the profane writers of genius, instancing it in Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, Raphael, Phidias, &c.

But we will go at once to the trances of Mrs. Hare, as by far the most curious and important of the subjects to which we have referred. In the latter part of her life her health grew delicate, and she and her son made repeated journeys to the continent, and especially to Italy, where the winter residence always produced the most invigorating effects,—effects, in truth, most wonderful. In the autumn of 1864-5, after many such residences abroad, they went to the South of France, and arrived in the depth of winter at Pau, and were located in the Hotel Victoria. This was the occasion more particularly referred to by Mr. Beamish. Mrs. Hare was very ill indeed on reaching this place. “I was struck,” says her son, “by a strange look in her face when she fell asleep and touched her. Her hands were quite cold. I moved her arm in terror; it fell lifeless. I raised her head; it fell forward.

“Our kind cousin, Sir Alexander Taylor arrived: she was apparently lifeless, and we were chafing her hands. Very soon her expression became radiant, one smile succeeded another. Complete beatitude lasted with the same entire unconsciousness for *sixty hours*. I felt the more certain that it was the end, because she seemed already in spirit to have passed the everlasting gates. After sixty hours she spoke, but her mind was still wandering amid green pastures, where she was still gathering the loveliest flowers, and where she heard the angels singing to her. She said that her brother and sister, who had ‘gone before,’ had been with her whilst she was absent from us.

“Soon after she fell into a second and deeper trance, which lasted a *hundred and twelve hours*, and was succeeded by delirium, and then by a third trance, which lasted *twenty-six hours* of absolute rigidity, icy coldness, neither the pulse nor the heart beating, nor any breath; an entire appearance of death. Then,

from the gates of the grave, God gave my mother back to me." (p. 425, Vol. II).

A little further on, Mr. Hare, referring to this trance state, says:—"February 26,—It is still the same; we are still watching in the hundred and twelfth hour of her second trance, during which she has taken no nourishment whatever."

Mr. Hare was obliged to keep her door locked, as he knew that, from the habit of rapid burial both in France and Italy, the people of the house would have insisted that she was absolutely dead, and would have compelled her burial. He describes his strange state of mind as thus he watched through long nights with the apparent dead; as he hovered, he says, "over the pillow on which she lay, bound as by enchantment. Now comes before me the death-bed scene of St. Vincent de Paul, when, the watchers lamenting together over his perpetual stupor, his voice suddenly said: 'It is but the brother that goes before the sister.' Then, as the shadow lightened in morning, Norman Macleod's story, of how he was watching by the death-bed of his beloved one, in an old German city, and grief was sinking into despair, when, loud and solemn at three o'clock in the morning, echoed the voice of the old German watchman, giving the hours in the patriarchal way: 'Put your trust in the *Divine Three*; after the dark hour cometh the break of day.'"

There is something weird and stoical in the persistent waiting and watching of the affectionate son, night after night, with locked doors by the apparent corpse; his instinct of affection assuring him that she lived, spite of all the stern attributes of death, the fixed rigidity, the icy coldness, the total absence of breath or pulse; sitting, as he says, in the red firelight, and thinking of her hymn, so awfully solemn and real:—

It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house;
When fires burn burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed:
Though you sleep, tired out on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch
In the dark room,
For it may be at midnight
I may come!

"Then, at two in the morning," he says, "my mother has been sitting up in bed, listening to sweet voices, which have been singing to her, but they were no earthly voices which she heard. At ten o'clock the same morning, she declared that she saw

Ruth Harmer,—a good, sweet girl she used to visit, who died at Hurstmonceaux,—standing by her bedside. ‘It is Ruth Harmer,—look at Ruth Harmer!’ But it was not with a voice of terror, it was rather like the Apostolic question, ‘Who are these arrayed in white robes, and whence do they come?’ ”

On February 26th, he continues his diary :—“She has fallen into a third and deeper trance than the others, and is perfectly rigid. The shadows are closing around us, and I feel that we are in the immediate presence of the Unseen, and that the good Ruth Harmer is only one of the many angels watching over my mother. Years ago she told me that, when dying, she wished her favourite hymn—

“ ‘How bright those glorious spirits shine!’ ”

“to be sung by her bedside. Was it these words that she heard the angels singing to her? How strange the scenes I have so often imagined should be in a strange country, and the only relatives near having been strangers before!”

Yet, after all this, Mrs. Hare did not die. The nurse had gone away, saying all was certainly over. Then she began to recover warmth, to move and speak, and she became well enough for them to travel on to Biarritz. Nay, they returned home to England; and in November of the same year, 1865, they set out again for Italy, and, passing the winter in Rome, returned over the Splugen, and visited the Bunsens in Germany—then home once more. Again, in the autumn of 1866, they made another journey into the South of France, visited the abode of the celebrated Curé d’Ars—of whom we gave an account in this Magazine (Vol. 4, original series p. 97)—returned once more home; and, still another time, in October, 1867, reached Italy, spent the winter, as before, in Rome, where she became so ill that it was a miracle that they could achieve the return to England. In her worst state, in Rome, the doctors left her as about to expire. She said the heavens seemed opening above her, and a beautiful white dove floated down towards her.

“From that time,” says her biographer, “her pain had all gone. She remained with us: she struggled for breath, but said, ‘I am so happy—oh, so happy! All I wish for on earth—all I wish for in heaven!’ Since Tuesday morning, she has scarcely ceased praying, generally aloud, and cheering and blessing us with wise and holy words. Several times she has seen beautiful gardens of flowers which never fade,—last night the white dove hovering over her. It has been a passing from one rapture to another; from one holy vision to another. She saw other departed friends.”

The reader imagines this was certainly the end. By no

means—doctors, nurses, friends, herself, had believed it the finish, but nothing of the kind. She recovered with that most wonderful vitality which she possessed; returned to England in the spring, and to her house at Holmhurst, above Hastings. Again in October, 1869, she made another journey into Germany, and thence to Italy; nearly perished in a great flood at Pisa; wintered in Rome; reached England again in May, 1870, and really died at home in November of that year, aged 72.

The first suggestion which the account of these extraordinary trances originates, is the extreme danger of such persons being buried alive in that state, especially in countries like France and Italy, where the breath once out of the body, it is hurried away as promptly as possible to the earth. The Germans, a more cautious race, have long instituted their remedy against this catastrophe, by consigning the corpse in any dubious case to the dead-house in the cemetery, where, by a thimble on one finger connected by a wire, a bell would be rung on the slightest motion of the body, which lies in an open coffin, a watchman being on the premises day and night. In France and Italy, on the contrary, the great object is to be rid of the dead body as quickly as possible. Mrs. Hare, in her second trance continued four days and nights, and sixteen hours, and might have been buried twice over; and certainly owed the preservation of her life at the time to the care of her son in keeping the door locked, and preventing the actual knowledge in the inn of what the proprietors would have insisted was her death.

The Italians have a horror of the dead, inherited from their ancestors, who, up to their conversion to Christianity, had only the gloomy, desolate ideas of the mythologic underworld, Charon and his boat, Cerberus, Rhadamanthus, and a sort of pale, airy existence, as Shades, always bewailing the lost light of the upper day. They burnt the body to be rid of all reminder of death. The Italians, the moment the life ceases, show the same impatience of the presence of the dead: they seem to regard with horror and disgust the corpse of the dearest relative or friend, and wish it out of the house with all speed. The warmth of the climate adds strength to this feeling, and the funeral generally takes place the day after death. Sooner than that, if possible, the corpse is despatched to a church, whence it is conveyed by the ecclesiastics, and any friends who wish to accompany it, to the cemetery.

This would seem to afford a little delay for the chance of ascertaining the real death of the person; but it in truth affords very little, for the coffin is screwed down, is placed on a catafalque, covered with a pall, and surrounded by lighted tapers.

In the night, a person awaking from a trance, and being thus shut up, would be suffocated before once, in a hundred cases, any watching or more probably sleeping beadle or sacristan would become aware of any noise in the coffin. If they did hear such a thing, they would certainly fly in wild terror out of the church, and leave the unfortunate reviver to his or her fate. Even did such a marvellous thing take place that the watchers had presence of mind to perceive the real truth, the awakened person would be suffocated long enough before a carpenter with his screw-driver could be brought to unloosen the coffin lid.

In no country, after the many cases of continued trance, ought a corpse to be interred until a medical man has certified the positive evidence of decomposition having commenced. In Italy, now that it has, at last, relieved itself of the long nightmare of the papal temporal power, it is most imperative that, amongst the many reforms required, they should institute a reform of the precipitate mode of burial, and adopt the system of the Germans.

A second suggestion, induced by such well-authenticated cases of trance, is the light which trance produced by mesmeric action has thrown on the trance state arising from natural but still very dimly understood causes. The generality of people, and especially medical men, have treated the visions seen by persons on their death-beds, or in actual trance, as hallucinations arising from the excited and disordered condition of the brain and nervous system at such a crisis. All the appearances of angels, or spirits of old friends, at such times, the hearing of heavenly music, seeing beautiful flowers, seeming to converse with celestial beings, and receiving from them actual messages, they have regarded only as phantasms, generated in the sick brain from the impressions of past teaching, past devotion, past long-cherished imagination, and affectionate desires.

Mesmeric trance has overthrown all these specious theories, by the actual realities belonging to everyday life, otherwise not ascertainable at the moment, which it has continually revealed, and does continually reveal; knowledge of things passing at a distance, often at an enormous distance; revelations of things hidden or lost, and the perception of the interior structure and functions of the body; the action of disease there, and the prescription of the appropriate remedies. These thus demonstrated facts give consistency to the images presented in natural trance, and, by analogy, establish the angels, views of the spirit world, sight and scent of flowers, beautiful scenes, the hearing of celestial music, and the conversations of the departed, as realities—not mere phantasms, but realities, positive as the most substantial objects around us. The clairvoyance evoked by the

abnormal action of obsessing spirits, such as in the demoniacs of Morsine, are likewise correlative proofs of the revelations in trance being substantial realities. The revelations of Swedenborg of things in the inner world, confirmed by immediate proofs in the outer; his revelation of the fire at Gottenberg, confirmed by the subsequent post, are further guarantees of the truth and not the mere *seeming* of the things witnessed in trance. These are all substantial gains to psychology; noble, invaluable fruits of Mesmerism and Spiritualism, which the progress of these sciences will undoubtedly confirm and extend, and thus fortify our consolations in the moments of social bereavement, and in the approach of death, adding fresh foundations and fresh buoyancy to our faith in the revelations of the eternal Gospel.

Such phenomena as were exhibited in the trances of Mrs. Hare, are, in fact, directest proofs of the immortality of the soul. By causes that we can perceive through their action, but cannot, in the slightest degree, explain, that body which physiologists have boldly asserted gives life and agency to the mind solely by organization, in these cases is struck with all the phenomena of death. Its motive power, its vital force and warmth, its flexibility, its internal relation to internal or external stimulus, are all destroyed for the time. It is locked up in icy durance, in utter inertia. To all intents it is dead. But its death does not in the least produce death of the power within. Mind, intellect, imagination, live untouched; and thus at once topples down the fiction of life as the result of organization. The organization is paralyzed; the life is more free than ever; the body is imprisoned, the soul, maintaining its own force and identity, is enfranchised; the servant is prostrated, hopelessly and helplessly, and, for the time, is dead; the lord rises, asserts his independent status, and expands and mingles with and exults in the infinite and imperishable.

For what was the mysterious phenomena of trance ordained by the Creator? Was it not in reality as a palpable demonstration of immortality—palpable and obvious to man in all periods of his progress? Was it not worth a thousand arguments? Was it not a self-evident truth? The very impressions of the inner world brought back, where the outer semblance of death had been most perfect, were calculated to convince the most rude uncultured intellect that there was a something that disdained the trammels of the body that invested it. Probably nothing more than this has tended to keep alive in the most savage nations the fixed and irrepressible assurance of the imperishable soul.

There is another suggestion that arises in contemplating the singular and solemn phenomenon of trance, and that is in

regard to the wonderful and, by human science, inexplicable link of the soul to the body. Clairvoyants speak of a fine and as it were silver cord that is visible when a spirit issues temporarily under mesmeric action from the body, but is not actually released from it, such release being death.

Whatever may be this cord or link of binding union betwixt matter and spirit, it is one of the most subtle and profound mysteries of our nature. What is it that can bind for a time, incorporate with, and subject the immortal essence, the great thinking, aspiring, never-resting power to the material body? Can the acutest physiologist or psychologist tell us? Can any of their apparatus lay hold on this marvellous agent? It is as far from their grasp as an object in *Georgium Sidus*. It defies not only the seizure of the keenest understanding, but of the most ethereal imagination. Every one carries the secret in his own bosom and frame; it is always with him, sleeping or waking, travelling or at home, but it is a guest more invisible, if possible, than his own soul. As our old riddle says of smoke, "There is a house full and a parlour full, yet we cannot catch a dishful." It is an enigma infinitely more subtle than the one which the Sphinx propounded to *Œdipus*. Six thousand years have the learned and unlearned, the scientific and metaphysical, been groping after it, and are not an atom nearer to its solution. And yet our physiologists flatter themselves that they have delved pretty deeply into God's arcana.

The marvel of the imprisonment of spirit in matter during our natural life is made far more astonishing by the proof now so often given that spirits out of the body make little or nothing of matter; pass and re-pass through it as freely as light through glass; convey under their influence solid material substances through other solid material substances without difficulty or trace of their transit. They continually bring into rooms securely closed all sorts of material things, fruit, flowers, and many other often very ponderous objects. We are assured that living persons are borne through walls and ceilings, and returned without violence, and almost the consciousness of the fact. The Spiritual journals are full of such details, made and certified as sober truths by numbers of most trustworthy persons. And yet the human spirit, for an appointed time, is as fast locked to matter as if it were matter itself, and not an entity having as much power over matter in general as a man has over the most plastic substance that he holds in his hand. How is this, ye learned physiologists? Tell us, for you pride yourselves on your knowledge of matter. Tell us; to deny the fact will not avail you, for it is patent and public, and even becoming commonplace amongst thousands of men as

sagacious and competent as yourselves in all questions of fact. Ah! There are a few things yet in the department of physics that God withholds from your cognizance.

A property of this mysterious power, link, law, or whatever it is, for after all, it is probably only the *ipse dixit* of Deity, "Be it so," and it is—firm as the eternal rocks or the eternal heavens—a property that shows itself in trance, when many others of the material properties of our system fail, or at least, lie dormant, is that of preserving the mortal body invulnerable to all assailants of its purity and integrality. The chemical forces of nature, ever alive, ever active, are all hungrily waiting to demolish this "fearfully and wonderfully made" material tenement of ours. The moment the spirit inhabitant walks out, they spring in tiger-like, and begin to decompose, disintegrate, and reduce it to its primitive elements—dust. As if these forces looked with indignation on earth exalted to the similitude of a god, made the royal vesture of a regal and immortal being, they pounce upon it fiercely, and devour, degrade, and destroy its form, fashion and functions, as with an ineffable delight. But so long as the immortal tenant is there, it defies all their assaults, and this invisible link, or law, that binds it to its material investment, maintains that investment inviolably intact. It is a talisman that is omnipotent against all the antagonisms of outer nature. It reigns triumphant in its silent, inscrutable existence, like a god in his inmost shrine. Whilst all other powers and faculties lie prostrate, and as it were extinct, in some degrees of trance this power is potent as ever, and not a taint of decay can approach the body. Till it voluntarily resigns its throne to death, all is safe. Man cannot himself break this bodiless ligature to body except by suicide.

Such are a few of the suggestions springing from the phenomenon of trance. Solemn and startling as it is, we must number it amongst our blessings, for it is a revelation of the unseen forces and heritages of our being. Sleep is called the half-brother of Death, and every morning we thank God, or should do, for the inestimable gift. But Death has another half-brother—Trance, which, even more nearly allied to him, seems in some cases all but identical; but even in its stern and appalling form, we must hail it, and thank God for it as a blessing of no ordinary grade, for out of it spring evidences of the indwelling man, and of the world on the ever-present edge of which he walks blindfolded by the flesh. To Trance, natural or induced, we are ever and anon indebted for insights into our real nature, and for presentations of truths and marvels by which we are surrounded, that our normal everyday condition in its most lucid moments can never bestow upon us. Thanks

for this train of reflection to Mrs. Augustus Hare's very interesting subjections to this phenomenon, certainly amongst the most remarkable of their kind.

The facts regarding apparitions in these volumes, are these. Marcus Hare says that when the *Crocodile* sailed from Sydney, they left one of the crew in hospital there, with a dog that was much attached to him. On they sailed, and no one thought any more of the man, till one night the sentinel came to the officer on watch, while they were off Van Dieman's Land,—“Very strange, sir, but M—— has just walked up the gangway; and his dog with him!” Then came one of the seamen,—“A curious thing has happened, sir; I saw M—— just now standing between these two guns.” The seaman said nothing about the dog, and there had been no communication between him and the sentinel. This became the common talk of the ship, and they found at their arrival at Sydney again, that the man had been buried the evening he was seen; and, what is a curious coincidence, the dog had been missing at the time for two or three days. This last fact was mentioned by Colonel Lindsay, in whose hospital the seaman had died, and who came on board to enquire into the story, it had been so much talked of.—Devonport, May, 1832.

Mrs. Marcus Hare, in a letter to Mrs. Augustus Hare, the subject of these Memoirs, dated at Rockend, their place of residence in Devonshire, speaking of the death of an old villager, adds,—“It is a singular fact, of which there are so many instances, that the first question his daughter Anne asked when she came over from Torquay in the middle of the night, was, ‘What hour did he die?’ For her brother Edward had come down from the bakehouse, that afternoon, white as a sheet, saying to them, ‘Our father is gone, for I have just seen him pass me.’ It was exactly the very moment he died.”

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

MRS. CORA L. V. TAPPAN IN LONDON.

MRS. CORA L. V. TAPPAN, of New York, one of the earliest and most effective inspirational speakers of America, is now in London. Her name will be familiar to all readers of the spiritual journals and literature of America; but if any letter of introduction here were needed, no better than the following could be given:—

“Boston, United States of America,
“April 15th, 1873.

“I beg to commend to the good offices of my friends in England generally, and especially to all who take an interest in spiritual studies, my excellent friend Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, of New York.

"We have not, among the women of America, any more enlightened, more judicious, or more eloquent exponent of the principles of what, in modern phrase, is termed Spiritualism, than this lady; and I am sure that those who have thought deeply on the subject will be much gratified by making her acquaintance.

"(Signed) ROBERT DALE OWEN."

A meeting of welcome was given to Mrs. Tappan at the Spiritual Institute, September 5th, when the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "That this meeting extends a warm welcome to Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, so favourably known in America as an inspirational medium for the advocacy of Spiritualism, and expresses hearty satisfaction at the prospect of the movement in this country being assisted by her able services." A committee was formed to give effect to this resolution, by engaging the largest hall to be had in the metropolis for Mrs. Tappan to lecture in; and her first public oration in London was delivered in St. George's Hall, September 21st. Every seat and every inch of standing room was occupied, and numbers were unable to gain admission. The subject was "Spiritualism in Relation to Science and Religion," and the discourse was listened to throughout with respectful and earnest attention. At its close the audience agreed, unanimously, that further facilities should be given to Mrs. Tappan to address the public on the subject of Spiritualism. The *Standard* gave half a column to a report of the oration.

LONDON CONFERENCES ON SPIRITUALISM.

A Series of four Public Conferences on Spiritualism, on successive Wednesday evenings, at Lawson's Rooms, 145, Gower Street, Euston Road, commenced September 17, when the Rev. F. W. Monck delivered an address on the "Phenomenal Phases of Spirit-Power." On the 24th, Dr. Sexton lectured on "Spirit." The rooms were densely packed, and many were unable to gain admission. Mr. Jones lectures, October 1st, on the "Natural, in Harmony with the Supernatural," and the Rev. F. R. Young, will conclude the series, on October 8th, with a discourse on "Ministering Spirits."

It is intended to follow these Conferences with a series of Meetings in each postal district of the Metropolis.

THE DALSTON ASSOCIATION OF INQUIRERS INTO SPIRITUALISM.

This Association held its third anniversary, September 15, at 74, Navarino Road, Dalston. Its president said that many *séances*, with both private and professional mediums, had fully convinced the members that the phenomena elicited could only

be satisfactorily accounted for by spiritual agency. The Association by its meetings, and through the local press, had to a great extent created a favourable impression in regard to Spiritualism in the locality. Speeches were made by Mr. Luxmore, Mr Morse, and Mr. Dumphy, which we regret we have not space to report. The speeches were interspersed with music, song, and recitation. The rooms were well filled by the members and their friends, who passed a very pleasant social evening together.

THE ST. JOHN'S ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

This Association has taken a larger place of meeting—the Goswell Hall, 86, Goswell Road,—for free Sunday evening meetings. The hall, which is capable of seating 300 persons, was opened September 21st, with a lecture by Dr. Sexton, on “The Claims of Spiritualism on Public Attention;” and the Rev. F. W. Monck officiated on Sunday the 28th.

SPIRITUALISM IN GLASGOW.

The *North British Daily Mail*, of September 1st, gives nearly four columns of large type to the report of a trance oration, by “Mr. J. J. Morse, trance medium of London,” on “The Philosophy of Immortality,” delivered in the Trades’ Hall, Glasgow, to an audience of more than 800 persons; and to which above 300 persons had to be refused admission in consequence of the crowded state of the hall.

DR. WILLIAM HITCHMAN ON SPIRITUALISM.

Dr. William Hitchman, F.R.S., President of the Anthropological Society of Liverpool, presided, August 17th, at a public lecture in that town, on “The Philosophy of Spiritualism,” by Dr. George Sexton. After announcing that he was one of the earliest Spiritualists in England, having been so for 20 years, Dr. Hitchman said—“Spiritualism was one of the leading topics of the day, not only in Great Britain, but on the Continent, and in America; it was a subject of debate in the leading academies of France, Italy, Spain, Germany, and Holland, and some of the greatest minds in Europe were at that moment Christian Spiritualists, in consequence of having investigated the psychic phenomena. In the Academy of Sciences at Paris, also those of Vienna, St. Petersburg, Munich, and Rome, they had investigated Spiritualism as they would any other branch of science; the members had tested the subject in their own homes, and concluded that nothing but the spiritual theory would

explain the facts. Spiritualism was one of the greatest truths which God had given to mankind to remove the veil of materialism."

The *New Era* for August, edited by Dr. Sexton, contains a long, eloquent, and philosophical address delivered before the Medical Reform Association at Sheffield, by Dr. Hitchman, in defence of Spiritualism. The *Christian Spiritualist* for September gives a full report of a lecture by Dr. Hitchman, on the "Spirituality of Human Intelligence," delivered in the Theatre of Anthropology, Liverpool.

SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS.—LETTER FROM DR. THOMSON.

The following letter has been received by Mr. Hudson the spirit-photographer, and which we have his permission to publish:—

"4, Worcester Lawn, Clifton, Bristol,
"August 5th, 1873.

"Dear Sir,—As I promised, I write to let you know that the spirit-figure in my photograph has been recognised as a likeness of my mother, who died 44 years ago, when I was born, and as there was no picture of her of any kind, I was unable to trace any resemblance in the photograph. I sent the latter however to her brother, simply asking him to let me know if he recognised in the figure any resemblance to any of my relations who have died, and he has written to say that he recognises in it the likeness of my mother.

"Yours faithfully,
"G. THOMSON.

"P.S.—I should perhaps add that I do not think my uncle knows anything about Spiritualism or spirit-photographs, as he resides in a remote part of Scotland; I infer this too from his remarking 'but I cannot understand how this has been done.'

"I sent a letter to the *Journal of Photography*, but Mr. Taylor put it amongst the answers to correspondents last number.

"We entirely reciprocate the hope expressed by the *Spiritual Magazine* that gentlemen who have done Mr. Hudson, of Holloway, an injustice, will now hasten to make the *amende honorable* for the wrong and injury they have done him."—*The Christian Spiritualist*.

A LIGHT UNKNOWN TO SCIENCE.

About a year ago the spirits John King, Katie, and Peter, who manifest through the mediumship of Herne and Williams, adopted a means of rendering this light more permanent, by rubbing the luminous substance on the palms of their materialised spirit hands, and from thence reflecting it upon bodies,

rendering them visible. More recently John King has found means of consolidating this luminous substance into the form of a cake, which he carries in his hands and uses as a lamp or source of light. This marvellous body is produced and exhibited in the dark, and under strict test conditions. The medium is tied securely in the cabinet, and the sitters occupy positions in the circle outside, holding hands firmly. In a few minutes John King comes to the door of the cabinet, his approach being heralded by rays of light which stream from every fissure. He sometimes walks right out into the circle, holding his lamp up to his face, which he places within a foot of the faces of observers, and thus shows himself distinctly to those who may be present. The light is so strong as to diffuse a phosphorescent glow over the whole company, rendering them all distinctly visible. On other occasions, when the medium, Mr. Williams, is not tied in the cabinet, or when he reclines on a couch behind the sitters, John King will develop his light, walk round the circle with it in his hand, and, holding it over the medium, will show him lying passive in his position, thus testifying to the fact that Mr. Williams has no active share in the production of the phenomena. As to the shape of the light, it is various, sometimes the edge is presented, with a distinct fracture, like a piece of luminous ice about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. At other times the edges are rounded and smoothed off, and the luminous mass appears to be an oval cake, about five-eighths of an inch in thickness, and about six inches long by four inches broad. On other occasions it has been observed to represent a slice cut from the side of a ball, the convex part resting in the spirit's hand, and the flat surface towards the face of the spirit, which is illuminated by the rays proceeding from this peculiar light. In colour it is something like the full moon on a clear evening, though oftentimes with a greenish or yellowish tint. Its rays are remarkably mild, enabling the spectator to perceive objects very clearly, but only at a little distance from the light, so that within a few feet, or outside the circle, objects become indistinct, as in a haze into which the light has not power to penetrate. This luminous substance has been touched by some persons and has been found to be hard. The spirit has also, on a few occasions, struck the table with it, when it made a sound indicating the hardness of the substance. This light soon fails unless John King returns to the cabinet and restores it by contiguity with the medium. The harmony of the circle has much to do with its effulgence. Mr. Fitzgerald, a well-known writer on science, says, in a communication to the *Medium*, that such a light is entirely unknown to science. It is supposed to be derived partly from the

organisms of the medium and others present, and partly from the periphery of the spirits themselves. Clairvoyants say that this power derived from mediumistic persons, is supplemented by a subtle element poured on to the mass by attendant spirits, the confluence of which elements causes a tangible solidification capable of emitting light.


Materialised spirit-forms, seen by a light brought by themselves, and which from the description of it seems similar to the above, have also recently been witnessed at Liverpool, as attested by Mr. Edwin Banks, 79, Boundary Lane, Liverpool, in a letter dated September 14th.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES AT THE DEATH OF GOETHE.

The German Spiritualists have a paper in their own language, published at Washington, U.S.A., edited by Dr. P. L. Schücking. It has many scholarly articles by the best German thinkers in America. It is significantly entitled *Der Tafelrunde* (The Round Table). It has an account of some occurrences at the death of the great poet Goethe, never before published; written by an eminent Professor who was an intimate friend to Goethe's family, and an eye-witness to the scenes he describes. His name is withheld, because, like many other believers, he does not desire to become identified with Spiritualism. This account is of such deep interest that we subjoin a translation of the most essential portion.

"As an introduction to this recital, we quote the following from Lewes' *Life of Goethe*:—'The following morning he (Goethe) tried to walk a little up and down the room, but after a turn he found himself too feeble to continue. Reseating himself in an easy chair, he chatted cheerfully with Ottilia on the approaching spring, which would be sure to restore him. He had no idea of his end being so near. It was now observed that his thoughts began to wander incoherently. 'Sec,' he exclaimed, 'the lovely woman's head—with black curls—in splendid colours—a dark background!' Presently he saw a piece of paper on the floor, and asked how they could leave Schiller's letters so carelessly lying about. Then he slept softly, and awakening, asked for the sketches he had just seen. They were sketches in a dream. His speech was becoming less and less distinct. In silent anguish the close, now so surely approaching, was awaited.

It was during these solemn moments that a fearful whistling was heard around the house, sending a thrill of terror to the hearts of those gathered to watch the closing scenes of so marked a life. Thereupon a noise was heard proceeding from the rear of the premises, in the direction of the wood-house. A few of the



most courageous of those present wended their way thither to discover, if possible, the cause of the disturbance. On approaching the wood-house or shed, a splitting of wood was distinctly heard within, though the door was secured by a padlock. This was unlocked and the search began. There were the axe and the wood, everything in order, but the noise had ceased. Scarcely had the door been closed again when the noise was repeated more audibly than before. The investigators were awe-struck by the repetition, and silently returned to the mansion. Upon arriving at the main entrance they experienced another startling manifestation. It seemed as if a whole regiment of troops was marching up and down the great stairway, with a steady and loud tramp and yet not a living soul was to be seen. This noise continued for some time, gradually dying out, and apparently giving place to another occurrence still more marvellous.

"It seemed as if, in a less frequented part of the house, a door, either unknown or long forgotten slowly opened, creaking on its rusty hinges. Then a beautiful female spirit-figure appeared, bearing a lamp burning with a light-blue flame; her features were surrounded by a halo of glory. She gazed calmly upon the terror-stricken witnesses, sang a few stanzas of some angelic melody, and then disappeared; the door closing behind her, presenting the same sealed appearance as before. In solemn silence the observers retraced their footsteps to the chamber of mourning, and there learned that the spirit had returned to God, who gave it. The last words audible were:—'More Light!' The final darkness grew apace, and he whose eternal longings had been for light, gave a parting cry for it as he was passing under the shadow of death.

"Other noises were heard, and many strange sights were seen in various parts of the house by the visitors and members of the family."

The author concludes—"We have stated the facts. . . . We have entered upon no speculation to account for those wonderful occurrences. Many will, doubtless, dispose of the whole matter by calling it an hallucination of the brain, or a delusion of the mind, or what not. To others there would seem to be a very simple and rational explanation, and that is this—That for a wise purpose, as in times past, supernatural manifestations are still given, whose meaning is not intended to be fully discerned, but whose actual occurrence on many occasions is intended as a rebuke to those proud, conceited, and one-sided minds, whose knowledge and belief are limited by themselves to that alone which is appreciated by the bodily senses."

A TOKEN OF RESPECT TO MR. WILLIAM HOWITT.

The following correspondence, which speaks for itself, has been sent us by Mr. Coleman for publication:—

“Upper Norwood, September 11th, 1873.

“My dear Mr. Howitt,—You have been, I believe, already apprised by your daughter, Mrs. Watts, that I have succeeded (in response to my personal applications to a few of your friends) in obtaining the means of purchasing your portrait, which the late Mr. Thomas Heaphy, the artist, considered one of his best efforts; and that I am authorised to present it to Mrs. Howitt by the ladies and gentlemen whose names are appended to an address to yourself, which accompanies the picture.

I content myself by saying that it affords me very sincere pleasure to hand these testimonials of respect and friendship to you and Mrs. Howitt, and, with best wishes to you both,

“I am, my dear Mr. Howitt,

“Very truly yours,

“Wm. Howitt, Esq., Esher.”

“BENJ. COLEMAN.

The following is the address, which is beautifully illuminated and written on parchment, and enclosed in a handsome frame:—

“To MR. WILLIAM HOWITT.

“In testimony of our appreciation of your literary efforts for the best interests of humanity, and for your firm advocacy of a pure and elevating Spiritualism; we, a few of your many friends, have the pleasure of presenting to Mrs. Howitt your Portrait (painted by the late Mr. Thomas Heaphy), as a token of our personal regard for your private worth, and our acknowledgment of the great services you have rendered to all who have come within the sphere of your most useful labours.

“EDWARD ACKWORTH
ANNIE ACKWORTH
CHARLES BLACKBURN
THE COUNTESS OF CAITHNESS
BENJAMIN COLEMAN
LISETTE C. DEEKINS
ALEXANDER L. ELDER
MARY E. ELDER
LISETTE MAKDOUGALL GREGORY
THOMAS GRANT
SAMUEL CARTER HALL
ANNA MARIA HALL
MARY HENNINGS

“CATHERINE HAMILTON
JOHN ENMORE JONES
ALGERNON JOY
ANDREW LEIGHTON
JOHN RIDLEY
ANNIE RIDLEY
GEORGE N. STRAWBRIDGE
ANN STRAWBRIDGE
THOMAS SHORTER
WILLIAM WHITE
JAMES WASON
WILLIAM M. WILKINSON
ELIZABETH WILKINSON.”

“Dietenheim, Bruneck, Tyrol,

“September 15th, 1873.

“My dear Mr. Coleman,—Yours of the 11th instant I received yesterday, and thank you for all your loving care about the portrait of myself, painted by the late Mr. Thomas Heaphy, which you kindly inform me you and a number of our mutual Spiritualistic friends have bought to present to Mrs. Howitt.

Your letter also encloses a copy of a testimonial addressed to me, with the names of the subscribers to the purchase and presentation of the picture. I thank you and them most cordially for the expression of your estimation of such services as I have been able to render to our common cause; and with best wishes,

"I remain, yours faithfully,

"WILLIAM HOWITT."

"Mayr-auf-Hof, Dietenheim, Tyrol,

"September 15th, 1873.

"My dear Mr. Coleman,—Very cordially do I thank you and my other kind friends who have made me the possessor of Mr. Heaphy's portrait of my husband. I feel much touched and complimented by this mark of their friendship and regard, and request that you will have the kindness to convey to them the expression of my sincere and grateful acknowledgments.

"By our son in Australia and his children this portrait of the father and grandfather will be highly esteemed, not only for its intrinsic merits and its value as a family heirloom, but also for the interesting and very gratifying circumstances to which they are indebted for its possession. In conclusion, let me add that both my husband and myself entertained a warm regard for Mr. Heaphy, and it was with sincere regret that we heard of his removal from this life. The occurrence, in which we had the pleasure of seeing him at Esher, for the few sittings requisite for this portrait, will ever be pleasantly remembered by us, as the means of making us better acquainted with a very genial nature and a mind singularly rich in a varied life-experience.

"Accept, dear Mr. Coleman, my sincere regards, and believe me to remain,

"Your obliged friend,

"MARY HOWITT."

"Dear Mr. Coleman.—I know not how to thank you for the very kind interest you have taken in my affairs. The £50 you have been the means of getting me for the portrait of Mr. Howitt, has done me the greatest service.

"It has enabled me to outfit and pay the passage of one of my boys (17 years of age) to Canada, where employment is offered him.

"My youngest girl of 12 will, I believe, be taken in at an excellent school at Tunbridge Wells, The Artists' Orphanage, which was mainly instituted, originally, by the suggestion and energy of my late husband.

"I feel so gratified that it is to you that I am so much indebted, for my husband entertained the highest opinion of you, and regarded you with feelings truly brotherly. I beg you to make known my thanks to all those Ladies and Gentlemen who have so kindly taken part in this transaction; and with best wishes and thanks to yourself,

"Believe me ever, dear Mr. Coleman, your obliged,

"46, Sussex Street, Pimlico,

"September 22nd, 1873."

"ELIZA HEAPHY.