

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1873.

LETTER OF MR. HOWITT ON THE NATIONAL
ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Dietenheim, Bruneck, Tyrol,
October 19th, 1873.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your circular, dated October 13th, inviting me, amongst others, to co-operate in drawing up a constitution for a “National Association of Spiritualists,” and to act upon the Council, I have just received on the eve of our returning to our winter residence in Rome. As you wish, however, for a prompt reply, I give it you at once. I regret, as far as my real regard for you and others engaged in this design is concerned, that I cannot comply with your wishes.

For nearly twenty years I have been an avowed asserter of the truth and the infinite benefits of Spiritualism; and during the whole of this long period, I have seen with increasing wonder, the amazing, the unexampled manner in which it has marched forward and prospered; overturning all opposition and opponents; regardless of all obstacles; insensible, as it seemed, to all contempt, persecution, misrepresentation and slanders. Like the sun, like the wind, like the ocean, it has rushed on with a force steady, sublime, irresistible; godlike in its strength; godlike in its calm; godlike in its victorious essence; advancing, conquering, and to conquer. How often have I been reminded by its resistless march, of the words addressed by the Psalmist to the future Messiah: “Gird on Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O Most Mighty, with Thy Glory and Thy Majesty; and in Thy Majesty ride prosperously, because of truth, and meekness, and righteousness; and Thy right hand shall teach Thee terrible things. Thine arrows are sharp in the hearts of the King’s enemies, whereby the people fall before Thee.”

And were these amazing spiritual conquests effected through the means of National or other Associations? Was it necessary for men to combine, and counsel, and struggle for these superbly accomplished ends? There were no such combinations, there were no general associations of Spiritualists. The progress was the sole work of the Great Invisible Spirit, calling forth from individual hearts and intellects the necessary thoughts and actions, as the sun calls forth the flowers and the harvests of earth. Has this spiritual form failed? Are there any signs of its decadence? I am not aware of it.

There is no other fact of spiritual diffusion that can be compared with it. Christianity itself, with its most marvellous conquests, equalled not the rapidity and the extent of its expansion. It has convinced its many millions; it has flown with wings of lightning over both the old and the new worlds, of which the early Christians knew nothing. Over the vast Americas, over India, over Australia and New Zealand. It has scattered round the globe the heavenly seed of wonder, of conviction, and revived the sublime faith of the immortality of our race.

And is it this unparalleled, this evidently divine afflatus that you are intending to encourage, direct and protect? Is it this most grand and imperial fact of history that you are now intending to take under your care? Do you imagine, can any man imagine, that you can add fresh force to this power; that you can enlighten its friends and restrain its enemies, more than it has done through its invisible autonomy; and that the zeal and spirit of a mortal corporate body can add to its operations the elements of a more decided success?

Can you give fresh wings to the wind? Fresh impulse to the tides of ocean? Add fresh speed and brilliancy to the light? But Spiritualism is light, the light of the universe. It is the wind of God's spirit; it is the ocean of God's power. It is as clear as the sun that it is one of those sublime elements that no hand but that of its Creator can wield: that needs no conductors or associations of men to advance it to its ends. I say, can any set of men have been so unobservant as now to suppose that they can give the least accession of force and victory to its career of 20 years in which it has rushed in like an archangel, triumphing, not by favour, by human cares or plans, by human aid or wisdom, but in direct opposition to all the forces and intellectual subtleties of humanity. Its aliment, its strength, its glory, have been the sneers and the malice of the wise and religious, the learned and scientific. Like Mithridates, it has lived on poisons. In vain have the churches banned it as demoniac: in vain has science pretended to dissect and expose it:

in vain has the press a thousand times announced that it was detected as a base fraud and annihilated. To-day it stands up before the face of its enemies more robust, more ethereal, more gigantic and ubiquitous than ever! Like the angel in the Apocalypse its feet are on the land and the seas; its outstretched wings overshadow the poles!

So far myself from thinking of coming in aid, banded with others, to the rescue or the triumphs of this mightiest fact of history, I do not even ask myself whether I am satisfied with its progress. I can only follow with admiration and thankfulness to God its career of glorious energy and victory of development. Never shall my hand be outstretched to destroy that Ark of the Covenant held infallible by the Divinity within.

My friend, I have no fear of any enemy of Spiritualism. I have no fear of its slanderers or distorters. I have none of any injury from the press, or pulpit, or scientific tribune; but I have a serious fear of its friends!

Are we then come to the day of combinations and associations for the advancement of Spiritualism? Believe me, that the day of combinations on any great religious or psychological cause is the fountain of its troubles. The day of combinations is the day of divisions. It is not I who say it, it is history. Spiritualism is a Theocracy. By theocratic power and government it has hitherto prevailed, and has it shown any sign of decadence or defect? No; Spiritualism is still in supremest theocratic action.

Well; the Jewish government was a Theocracy. Men thought they could govern better by a monarchy, and God gave them a monarchy with—a warning. The temporal government immediately clove the nation asunder, and out of the yawning cleft rose civil wars, national disasters, superstitions, and ruinous dispersions. Christianity was a Theocracy, and went forth an astonishment and a world's salvation. But from the moment that there were associations to stimulate and protect it; when they set up presbyteries, synods, and councils, there came contentions, heartburnings, persecutions, and oppressions that shivered the Church of Christ into atoms, and have kept it thus to this day.

Out of this construction arose the great Satanic parody of Christianity—Popery; which has drenched the world in the blood of independent believers; which has introduced spiritual despotism and spiritual serfdom, delusions, inquisitions, suppression of the Bible, national massacres, and at this day is convulsively endeavouring to bring back our civilization to the chaos of the middle ages, and the darkness of death.

From the shadow of this spiritual nightmare, Protestantism under Wickliffe, Cobham, and the Lollards, would have restored

Christianity to its divine unity through freedom of conscience : but again, a " National Association " of king, lords, and bishops checked its opening march, and through the compulsion of a State Church, and the inevitable resistance of Dissent, severed Christianity into a hundred fragments, in which it yet remains.

God forbid that Spiritualism should undergo these afflictions from the combination of its friends. Yet it probably will. These things begin with the best intentions, but they speedily run into the most melancholy results. The first framers of associations may be earnest, self-sacrificing devoted men ; but are soon succeeded or superseded by men of a different stamp ; men of selfish ambition ; who seize on organization as a means of ruling ; hence come assumptions, dictations, creeds—the iron-boots and thumb-screws of spiritual domination.

And here I would ask by what authority do you propose to establish your " National Association ? " An election by every individual, independent Spiritualist in the kingdom ? By anything short of this, a corporation styling itself a National Association would simply be a national usurpation.

For my part, so far from assisting in any such design, as an individual I enter my solemn protest against it, and my solemn warning of evil that, sooner or later, will assuredly spring from it. Those who do not approve of such a public machinery will dissent and oppose, and here you have at once a second box of Pandora, probably more prolific of mischief than the first.

For my part, I thank God most heartily and gratefully that I have lived in the glorious time of the persecution and contempt of this Church of the latter ages, whilst the ambitious have had no desire to set themselves aloft in it : but have allowed it to go on in its own divine strength ; and I for one shall stand clear of any attempt to supplement what cannot be supplemented. I desire to dictate to no one, and will accept no dictation. My only desire is to stand my time as a private soldier in the ranks of that countless universal host, visible and invisible, which is now marching with victory on its banner over a free earth.

My remarks do not apply to any local associations. In the conduct of worship, of schools for children, for lectures, and for the management of the private affairs of such local unions. These work on the natural plane for natural purposes, but associations aiming at a national character for the direction and advancement of Spiritualism, are plainly stepping into the government of that movement which of all that has appeared since the rise of Christianity, bears upon it the most unmistakable marks of the government and direction of the ever-present God. At present, Spiritualism the world over, stands free and independent. No man, or set of men can claim any right to say

to another, "Do this, or do it not." Every soul which has embraced the great truth stands an equal in power and privilege before the great, unseen, immortal King, who palpably Himself directs the movement of the infinite hosts who are marching forward in perpetual victory; who have done such unexampled wonders, and will do still greater, still more glorious ones, if men do not rashly and impatiently break the divine unity of action by an interference against which all history protests.

Summarily and finally,—if it be true, and no one can deny it, that Spiritualism, through its whole career, has maintained and disseminated itself infinitely beyond what all combined human powers could have done, then to establish National Associations to maintain and disseminate it is clearly unnecessary and uncalled for. If it be true, which it is equally so, that the dissensions and disruptions of all great spiritual bodies have sprung out of the attempts to incorporate them, then to attempt to incorporate Spiritualism in National Associations is not only unnecessary but mischievous. If it be true that it is the peculiar glory and privilege of Spiritualism, as its greatest advocates have always contended, that it has always been as free and universal as the air we breathe; that it is the common property of all lands, peoples, and faith, without distinction; that it has never surrendered its œcumenical unity, nor narrowed itself to a sect;—then, to endeavour to enclose it in partial boundaries, and with partial cognomen, is at once to strip it of this exclusive glory and privilege, and reduce it to the level of other sects, parties, and professions. It is to dim this renewed Covenant of God with man, to blot this great Charter of Immortality with localism, and to inflict upon it a wound of so fatal a magnitude that no lover of it ought for a moment to contemplate, much less to perpetrate.

With these solemn convictions, I pray God to enlighten you and all that are moving with you in this matter, and I remain,

My dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM HOWITT.

To Thomas Everitt, Esq.,

As President, *pro tem.*, of The National
Association of Spiritualists.

SURELY TRUE.—The Rev. George J. Proctor, successor to the Rev. T. T. Lynch, at Mornington Church, thus concludes a sermon referring to Mr. Stratten, deceased: "Gathered to the fathers, he lives with them, as they live with God; now to watch the conflict of the ages, and with deep interest to trace the triumphs of goodness on earth. And this is surely true, that, if they live, they are stirred with human feelings and sympathies, which will lead them to be helpful to us in various ways."

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

MORE MANIFESTATIONS OF PSYCHIC FORCE.

SEANCE at 1, Morland Villas, Highbury Hill Park, October 23. Present: Professor Aksakoff, Mr. Serjeant Cox, Mr. Volkman, Mr. and Miss Shorter, Miss Ingram, Miss Houghton, Mrs. Fisher, and Mr. and Mrs. Guppy. We sat for about half-an-hour, the door locked, all hands joined, and light extinguished; during which several objects were thrown upon the table. On lighting the gas, these were found to consist of a stone, a knitting-needle, a potatoe, a turnip, a carrot, a Spanish onion, thirteen dahlias, six apples, three pears, four walnuts, two almonds, twelve mussel-plums, a lemon, three gold fishes, a water-mussel, a lobster, two eels, and a knife and fork. The dahlias were wet with the rain which had just fallen; the fishes were all alive; the gold fishes and the mussel were brought from an aquarium in an adjoining room; the rest of the things were not in the house or grounds. A stone had been asked for by Miss Houghton, and the one brought was wet and soiled, as if picked up from the street. One of the eels was placed around the neck of Mrs. Guppy, and the other was drawn over the face of Mrs. Fisher, and the screaming which followed led to the gas being lit, and brought the *séance* to an end. Mr. Volkman had asked for a vegetable marrow, and after the *séance* was over, and we had risen from our chairs, a large marrow fell at our feet in view of all present, and in full gaslight.

Just before the *séance* began, at the suggestion of Mrs. Guppy, the room was carefully searched, so that it can be certified, from thorough examination of the room and its contents, that these things were not then in it.

During the *séance*, questions were responded to by raps. There was a peculiar violent, churning motion of the table, and a heavy pounding on it, as if with a large, powerful hand. A low, whispering voice was heard, but the words were inaudible.

October 28th.—A *séance* this evening, at 155, Holloway Road. Present: M. Proszynski, Mr. Robert Cooper, of Eastbourne, Mr. Larcombe, Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Guppy, Mr. and Miss Shorter, Miss Brown, Miss Hardy, and two other ladies—twelve in all. We were closely wedged together around a square table, and sat with the light extinguished, hands joined, and the room door locked. Raps were at once heard; and, on calling the alphabet, and in answer to questions, we were told

all to wish for something to be brought—anything growing. Accordingly, we severally asked for grass, and different kinds of flowers and fruit. In two or three minutes, various articles were heard to fall upon the table, and others were thrown into our laps, and I felt a wreath deftly placed on my head. On a light being struck, there was on the table and in its immediate vicinity several pieces of newly-cut turf, probably as much as would fill half-a-bushel, eight apples, two pears, two Brazil nuts, six rosebuds, about twenty pompons, and two chrysanthemums. Four sitters, beside myself, were each decorated with a wreath. I took mine home. It was a wreath of ivy, with trail, and interwoven with three dahlias, two rosebuds, and six pompons.*

On the light being extinguished, we almost immediately saw the curtains of the window drawn aside, and the blind drawn up—all being seated, and hands joined as before. Then, a dark figure was seen outside the window; the face that of a female—the hair hanging over each side of the face: it seemed to come through the window into the room. Two of the ladies who sat nearest the window felt it pass them, and it then seemed to melt

* The wreath that had been placed on my head was exhibited at the public *soirée* to Mr. Morse, at the Cavendish Rooms, the following evening, and excited much interest. It has since been photographed, by Mr. Hudson, 177, Holloway Road, of whom copies can be obtained, price 1s., coloured 2s. 6d.

November 1st.—I accompanied my sister to Mr. Hudson's, for spirit photographs. For the first picture my sister sat alone; on the plate there appears, to the right of her, a well-defined female figure, the face in profile, and the head encircled with a wreath, like the one with which I had been favoured three evenings before. For the second picture I sat alone; on the plate, close before me, is a large eel, the tail reaching to the top of the picture, and the head as close as possible to my face without touching it. For the third picture we sat together, but a little apart; on this plate is a figure, apparently the same as that on the first plate, but with full face, and the head, as before, encircled with a wreath.

For these pictures we chose our own position, and examined each plate before the picture was taken, and which we found quite clean. They are evidently photographic memorials of the manifestations above described. It will be remembered that in the October number of this Magazine, page 452, I described a similar memorial of a vision seen by Dr. Sexton in the crystal, at my house, a few evenings before.

Such experiences have not been altogether peculiar. For example—Mr. John Ward, of The Retreat, Haverstock Hill, in company with a friend, visited Mr. Hudson's studio, to sit for a spirit photograph; they were introduced by Miss Houghton, who acted as medium. Here is her endorsement on the back of the photograph in my possession:—

"*April 17th, 1873.*—On first seeing this negative, we were much puzzled to make out what the manifestation could be; but at length discovered that it was the head of an *immense* animal; and Mr. Ward wondered whether it was as a response to a question he had put on the previous evening, at a *séance*, as to whether animals have a future existence, and the affirmative answer had led to much talk on the subject. Both Mr. Ward and Mr. Chew seem to be looking at some other creature advancing towards them, which casts a strong shadow on the back-ground; what we see seems to be of the nature of a proboscis. Can scientific men explain them?"

away. These ladies screamed, and were so agitated that a light was struck to enable them to leave the room, as they begged to be permitted to do. We then sat again in darkness for a few minutes, when the same figure re-appeared, but less distinctly than before. I then went with Mr. Cooper, Miss Shorter, and Mrs. Guppy into the garden. We found there was only a narrow sill to the window, which was about six feet from the ground, and with no means of access to it.

A discussion on Spiritualism was held at South Place Chapel, Finsbury, October 29th and November 13th. After the discussion on the first of these evenings, the minister, the Rev. Moncure D. Conway, said he would be glad if I could place him in the way of seeing some of the manifestations, as he was very desirous of entering into a thorough investigation of them. I undertook to give him what aid I could, and on the following morning waited on Mrs. Guppy, who, with her usual good nature, consented to give Mr. Conway a *séance*, leaving all arrangements to myself. A *séance* was arranged for the following Thursday (November 6th), and it was agreed that at the end of the *séance* a paper should be drawn up, and signed by all present, stating whatever might take place at the *séance*, and that the same should be read by Mr. Conway at the adjourned discussion, November 13th. On the evening appointed, Mr. Conway came with his friend, Professor Clifford. Other gentlemen were present, who also, like them, had not sat before in circle with Mrs. Guppy, who was not in good health. There were other unfavourable conditions, and the *séance* was not so good as is usual with *séances* through her mediumship. The following paper was drawn up by Mr. Conway, and read by him at the adjourned discussion, as agreed upon:—

MR. CONWAY'S REPORT.

1, *Morland Villas, November 4th, 1873.*—The company consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Guppy, Mr. and Miss Shorter, Miss Horten, Mrs. Fisher, Mr. William Tebb, Mr. J. G. Crawford, Professor Clifford, Mr. M. D. Conway, and Mr. Volkman. The room was carefully examined by Professor Clifford, Mr. Crawford and Mr. Conway, who were able to find in it nothing suspicious. The table was a pedestal, one on three castors, 4-feet circular top, the top detached and set on. Mrs. Guppy sat between Professor Clifford and Mr. Conway, who held her hands, and were satisfied that neither her hands or feet moved away from theirs during the occurrence of any of the incidents. The door was locked by Mr. Crawford, and the key given to Mr. Conway.

After all were seated, Mr. Conway was appointed chairman of the *séance*. Then there was a question asked by some person, whether the light should be lowered. There were three gentle taps, which were taken to mean "Yes," and the light was put completely out. All present were then called on to wish for certain things to be brought in. Mr. Conway wished for a large bandbox; others wished for various articles; among others, Mrs. Fisher wished for sausages, and Mrs. Guppy for a roast potato. There were cast on the table a

herring, an onion, a lady's hat,* a piece of billiard chalk, a baked half of a potato, a carrot, a nail, and a string of six sausages.

After that, Mrs. Fisher complained that her chair was withdrawn from under her. At Mrs. Guppy's request the chair was thrown on the table, forcibly, over her husband's head, who said that it struck him. The chair was a heavy parlour chair, with hair seat. Two card baskets, from another table in the room, were thrown on the table.

When this had occurred, there were raps, supposed to be a call for the alphabet. Further, three raps replied to the question whether Mr. Conway should repeat the alphabet. Mr. Conway did so, and there were raps at the letters T. E. A. After that the letters were rapped out in a confused way. It was asked whether it was meant that we should go to tea. There were three raps.

The table moved up and down, not leaving the floor. The motion was a lowering on the side of Professor Clifford and Mr. Tebb. There was a proposal to hold the tips of fingers only on the table, and the table turned around a few inches, under these circumstances.

On re-assembling Miss Horton was absent. Nothing occurred except raps, understood as meaning that nothing further would happen.

After two of the ladies, Mrs. Fisher and Miss Horton had left—being compelled to go—the rest of the company all said that, when the things were thrown on the table, they were holding the connection with each other's hands.

M. D. CONWAY.	SAML. GUPPY.
W. K. CLIFFORD.	WM. VOLCKMAN.
J. G. CRAWFORD.	EMMA SHORTER.
WM. TEBB.	THOMAS SHORTER.
ELIZTH. GUPPY.	

Mr. Conway said he considered the evidence of this *séance* worthless, as the objects thrown on the table were not large enough to preclude the possibility of their being concealed. They might all have been put into a pocket.†

The evidence, too, as to contact being kept by all present was incomplete, as two of the sitters having left before the paper was drawn up, their testimony was wanting. He disavowed all intention of casting any suspicion by these remarks on any person at the *séance*, most of the company, indeed, being personally known to him. He only pointed out these facts to show how inconclusive was the evidence of this *séance*.

At the conclusion of Mr. Conway's speech, Mr. Volkman rose, and said, that in anticipation of the line of remark taken by the previous speaker, he had written to the two ladies

* This hat belonged to Miss Shorter, and had been left by her in a room on the floor above immediately before the *séance* began. It was a felt hat, with a feather and a flower, with the trail hanging. As was noticed at the time, neither the hat, nor its trimmings were in the least tumbled or disarranged.—T. S.

† It would have required a very capacious pocket to contain all the articles enumerated in Mr. Conway's report, and it is doing injustice to his own powers of observation, and to those of his friend, Professor Clifford, to suppose that such a large and well-stored wallet could have escaped their lynx-eyed scrutiny. Mr. Conway did not attempt to explain how, with all hands joined, these things could have been taken out of the pocket—had they been there—and thrown on the table. An ingenious gentleman, however, in the course of the debate, supplied the omission, stating, that with a little practice it could be done with the feet. That, indeed, would be a feat.—T. S.

who, in consequence of the lateness of the hour, had been unable to wait the drawing up of the report; and their replies to his inquiry whether they had kept contact unbroken supplied the missing link to complete the chain of evidence. Mr. Volkman then read their depositions, which we here subjoin:—

I beg to state, in reference to the *séance* held at Mr. Guppy's house on Thursday evening, Nov. 6th, 1873, that during all the manifestations which then occurred my hands were held by Mr. Guppy on one side, and Miss Houghton on the other; and, in particular, I wish to state, that both my hands were so in custody during the placing of my chair upon the table.

MARGARET FISHER.

With reference to the *séance* held at Mrs. Guppy's on Thursday evening, November 6th, I beg to state that during the manifestations Mr. Conway (the chairman) held one hand, and with the other I held Mrs. Fisher's, and still retained it fast at the time her chair was placed on the table.

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

“As to the objects cast on the table not being large enough,” said Mr. Volkman, “I was present at a *séance* with Mrs. Guppy, on Thursday, October 16th. The same conditions were observed as described in the report read by Mr. Conway. I myself requested that a sunflower might be brought. I did not know the moment before I asked what I should ask for. In less than ten seconds a large sunflower plant, from the garden at the back of the house, was thrown on the table, with about a bushel of mould attached to the roots. It measured over seven feet in length. I hope that it was large enough to satisfy Mr. Conway. I simply state the fact, I do not attempt to explain it.”*

The debate, which excited great interest, and was well attended, was again adjourned to Thursday, December 11th, when the discussion will be opened by Mr. Thomas Shorter.

T. S.

“UNRECOGNIZED SENSES,” OR SPIRITUAL SENSES, WHICH?

By EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

It must have occurred to many students of spiritual science besides myself, to observe how completely the demonstrations of spiritual power and being explain the mysteries of phenomenal action which transpire in our own natures, as well as those which are being enacted around us. The direct warnings of danger, or prophecies of good, which come to us “with a voice,” in apparition, vision, or irresistible impression, we who are

* There were present at this *séance*:—Captain and Mrs. Frazer, Mrs. Ramsay (widow of General Ramsay) Miss Ramsay, Mrs. Wiseman, Miss Houghton, Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Guppy, and Mr. Volkman.

Spiritualists may naturally enough attribute to the agency of dear and gracious ministering spirits, whose watch and ward over us enable them to discern the shadows that intercept our paths, but which are invisible to our mortal eyes.

But there is another class of occult phenomena belonging to most persons' experience, which does not call for nor seem to imply the agency of an outside power. Thus I speak of those indescribable monitions which guide us to a set of actions for which we cannot reasonably account, but which in the least as in the greatest events of our lives, "turn out for the best," and incite us to join issue with the poet who says, "We are wiser than we know." To me it seems that we are possessed of a dual nature, the one side of which takes cognizance of external objects, and reasons from observation, memory, judgment and custom; whilst the other and veiled side of our being acts, observes and prompts to action solely from within, and that in so subtle yet forcible a method, that we find ourselves moving under its impulse without the slightest idea of why or wherefore, or for what reason we are adopting the special line of conduct we pursue.

Having been urged to add to the already recorded marvels of the age some particulars of my own strange and exceptional experiences, I have been accustomed from time to time to jot down memoranda of incidents which may serve the future biographer or autobiographer, as the case may be, for reference; and in glancing over these papers, I am continually struck with the evidences of a spiritual eye located somewhere in or about me, I know not which, looking out from the depths of an uncomprehended being, and taking cognizance of the hidden parts of the life-scheme, with a wisdom, foresight and prescience that confound and amaze me. This power is nothing we can command, or even rely upon. It comes and goes like the wind, which blows "where it listeth." It oscillates, too, between certainty and uncertainty; at other times it is positive and imperative. It has insisted, to me especially, upon the value of first impressions in judging of character.

Faces the most uncomely and manners wholly unattractive have been scrutinized by this inner self with the speed of a lightning's flash, and pronounced "Very good," although every external indication was to the contrary.

Forms and manners the most prepossessing imaginable have been pierced to their hidden depths by this secret monitor, and detestable qualities have thus been brought to light, revealing themselves at first only in the shape of "unaccountable antipathies." My experiences in judging character thus at first sight are so constant that I have ceased to regard them as

a speciality, that is, unless I *disregard* the silent impressions to which I have alluded. As the results, in that case, are invariable, sometimes leading to injurious mistakes, I have learned to believe that the rule of life should be, with myself at least, never to neglect or run counter to them. I cannot now recall one case in which these monitions, when strong enough to be recognized, have led me astray, or deceived me in respect to character.

Some of my most intimate friends in New York will remember, to this day, how I was once visited by a certain party of strangers, from whom the domestic brought up to my room cards with the request that I would give the callers an interview. The names on those cards were then wholly unknown to me, but their very touch inspired me with such feelings of horror and aversion that I hastily put them from me and declined to receive the visitors. The lady in whose house I was a guest was surprised and somewhat offended at my conduct, and herself descended to apologize for my non-attendance. For the space of nearly an hour my good hostess entertained the party in question, after which she returned to me with a glowing account of her interview, and an assurance that I could greatly benefit the cause of Spiritualism and myself by accompanying her—as she had promised I should—to a meeting with the aforesaid visitors. Notwithstanding the fact that this meeting was represented by my friend in the most favourable light, that I was required to consider myself more than *honoured* by being invited to attend it—and that I repeat deliberately—the parties were entirely unknown to me, except through my friend's highly flattering representations, the impression produced by the touch of those cards, and the contact of their sphere was so purely hateful and full of prescient horror, that I could not and would not disobey that impression, and, although a serious difference ensued between myself and my kind and friendly entertainer, on account of my obstinacy, I persisted in it, and both my friend and myself are now living in the day when we recognize that the darkest demons that ever beset humanity wrote their impressions of woe and malignity on those tell-tale cards.

This is but one of many similar instances in which the spirit within has proved itself wiser than the spirit which looks only on the surface of things. I know well that every creature that lives shares with me, more or less, something of this intuitive perceptive faculty. I know also that many worthy Spiritualists attribute the whole array of these occult powers, whether within or without ourselves, to the direct intervention of kind spirit-friends, but I am disposed, from a long and carefully-conducted series of observations, to believe that much of this silent world of interior wisdom is resident in our own

spiritual natures, and that, where these are receptive to influx from without, they are also susceptible of expressing the higher powers and perceptions of the spirit from within; in a word that, as our chrysalitic and material natures contain within them the psyche which is endowed with such a vast range of new powers when freed from the body, so there are conditions when some of these powers can be and are exhibited unconsciously and involuntarily in certain individuals, and at certain times and seasons, whilst we yet inhabit the body. I find, I say, many evidences of this in my own experience, in that of my friends and acquaintances, whilst records of the same are scattered throughout the literature of all ages and climes. A very striking example has recently been brought to my notice in a book sent to me for review, entitled *Blindness and the Blind*. It is written by an English gentleman, Mr. Hanlus Levy, who, though blind from his infancy, has been carefully educated, and in his interesting volume of experiences and philosophy, manifests a considerable amount of original thought, as well as high mental culture.

A gentleman well acquainted with Mr. Levy, and familiar with the remarkable phenomena which he himself describes as "a mere idiosyncrasy of his physical bereavement," affirms that he believes him to be endowed with clairvoyant or *spiritual sight*, and that what he calls "facial perception" is nothing more than an awakening of those interior powers which so often become manifest as the external recedes from view; as in the case of the sleep-walker or magnetic subject, the closing up of the outer avenues of sense invariably externalizes the inner and higher perceptions of the soul.

How exquisitely does the poet typify this truth in attributing to the blind Milton the following lines:

"On my bended knees
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown,
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone."

Mr. Levy describes his own sensations in the following terms:

"Whether within a house or in the open air, whether walking or standing still, I can tell, although quite blind, when I am opposite an object, and can perceive whether it be tall or short, slender or bulky. I can also detect whether it be a solitary object or a continuous fence, whether it be a close fence or composed of open rails, and often whether it be a wooden fence, a brick or stone wall, or a quick-set hedge. I cannot usually perceive objects if much lower than my shoulder, but sometimes very low objects can be detected. This may depend on the

nature of the objects, or on some abnormal state of the atmosphere. The currents of air can have nothing to do with this power, as the state of the wind does not directly affect it; The sense of hearing has nothing to do with it, as when snow lies thickly on the ground objects are more distinct, although the footfall cannot be heard. I seem to perceive objects through the skin of my face, and to have the impression immediately transmitted to my brain. The only part of my body possessing this power is my face; this I have ascertained from suitable experiments. Stopping my ears does not interfere with it, but covering my face with a thick veil destroys it altogether. None of the five senses have anything to do with the existence of this power and the circumstances above named induce me to call this unrecognized sense by the name of 'Facial Perception.'"

Mr. Levy goes on to state that this power "of seeing with the face" is diminished by a fog, but not by ordinary darkness. At one time his friends allege that he could correctly describe a cloud passing over the horizon, but that he has of late years lost this power.

He quotes the cases of several of his acquaintances amongst the blind who have possessed the same faculty, as well as other points of remarkable perception enjoyed by himself, also that his singular lucidity varied at different periods of life, and as in his own case, certain phases of it were at times withdrawn.

All who have ever studied the characteristics of clairvoyance and magnetic lucidity, will see in this very phenomenon of variableness a correspondence of states which cannot be mistaken.

That the clear sight of the soul depends measurably on the physical integrity of the instrument through which it operates, is just as certain as that the power of vision to the astronomer depends upon the perfectness of the glass which he employs. The only point of difference in this analogy is, that whilst the powers of the telescope remain stationary and fixed, those of the physical instrument are dependent upon conditions which alternate and vary with every advancing hour, day, month, and year. Herein then lies the secret of these apparently capricious changes, and herein also is to be found the confirmation of our theory, that the remarkable development of inner sight attributed by Mr. Levy and his friends to "facial perception," or "unrecognized senses," deserve the latter cognomen only in as much as the existence and action of our *spiritual senses* have not as yet been recognized by the accomplished writer and his associates.

How wonderfully helpful this awakening of interior power has been, in the case under consideration, we may gather from the following paragraph, in which Mr. Levy describes what

others, conscious of the mediumistic source of his power will at once understand and appreciate. He says:

“When passing along a street I can distinguish shops from private houses, and even point out the doors and windows, &c., and this whether the doors be shut or open. When a window consists of one entire sheet of glass, it is more difficult to discover than one composed of a number of small panes. From this it would appear that glass is a bad conductor of sensation, or at any rate of the sensation specially connected with this sense. When objects below the face are perceived, the sensation seems to come in an oblique line from the object to the upper part of the face. While walking with a friend in Forest Lane, Stratford, I said, pointing to a fence which separated the road from a field, ‘These rails are not quite as high as my shoulder.’ He looked at them, and said they were higher. We, however, measured, and found them about three inches lower than my shoulder. At the time of making this observation I was about four feet from the rails. Certainly, in this instance, facial perception was more accurate than sight. When the lower part of a fence is brickwork and the upper part rails the fact can be detected, and the line where the two meet easily be perceived. Irregularities in height and projections, and indentations in walls can also be discovered.”

This open recognition of the soul’s triumphant conquest over the disabilities of matter, is but another evidence how utterly abroad and at sea scientists become when striving to gauge the profound depths of Spiritualism by the limitations of materialism.

When will earth’s *savans* raise their eyes from dust and ashes to the heavens that control them, and seek amongst the sublime heights of the spirit for the clue which alone can guide us amidst the mazy labyrinths of creation?—*Banner of Light*.

In connection with the foregoing article we may fitly present the following, which we take from the *New York Times* of August 10th:—

SEEING THE INVISIBLE.

“Some of the Chicago people have gone wild over the performances of a young man from Iowa, named J. R. Brown, who can, it is gravely asserted, see or read the unuttered thoughts of others. The *Journal* remarks that, ‘this is a startling statement, but it is indubitably a fact,’ and it narrates his exploits thus:—‘We had the pleasure yesterday afternoon, of a visit from Mr. J. R. Brown, of Red Oak, Iowa, the young man endowed with the wonderful power of seeing the invisible, Among his exhibitions were the following, which were repeated several times,

until every person present was thoroughly convinced that there was no humbugging in the matter: He directed a gentleman to think of some object in a distant part of the building, and taking the gentleman's left hand, placed it upon his own forehead, and after a number of vacillating movements, started out through the door of the room in which they were. With few deviations he traversed the various passages, never tripping or stumbling against chairs or tables, and going through doorways without a bump, straight to the object. Again, a number of alphabetical letters were distributed in different parts of the room, when he told a gentleman to call to mind the town in which he was born; then, being blindfolded, he took hold of the person's hand and led him to the several letters, spelling the name of the place. Next he told one present to think of a friend in the city, and where he lived. This being done, after a little hesitation, he pointed in the exact direction. He also accomplished the still more difficult task of telling what a gentleman was thinking about, by taking hold of the hand of a third party stationed between them, together with many more exhibitions of his power equally as wonderful. Mr. Brown himself is not aware of the cause of the means producing these results. He says that when the subject's hand is placed against his head rays of lambent light appear to emanate from all sides of his brain, following, as he supposes, the thoughts of the other person. When an object is selected to be pointed out, the mind of the subject being directed to it, an unusual line of light appears, and this he follows steadily, which always leads him to the object. The size of this light varies with the size of the object. He states that up to his sixth year he was unaware of his singular gift. At that period, when playing with other children, he found that contact with them produced in him peculiar sensations, sometimes pain; that in a dark room sparks of what seemed to be fire would fly from the ends of his fingers if his hands were brought suddenly together. His mother used frequently to remark oddities about him, and often spoke of them. Eight years ago he was led to experiment by the accidental passage of a companion's hand across his forehead, resulting in a psychic sympathy between their minds. Shortly after he arrived at results similar to those detailed in the trials above mentioned. Mr. Brown is about twenty-one years of age, and of rather more than ordinary general intelligence, and is a native of St. Louis. His home at present is in Red Oak, Iowa, where he has been engaged in some mechanical pursuit with his brother. He is accompanied by Mr. M. R. Kelly, formerly School Superintendent of Cedar County, Iowa.'"

A recent number of the *Chicago Tribune* relates some experiments made with Mr. Brown in the office of that journal, and in presence of half a dozen assembled editors, all of which were uniformly successful. One of these we subjoin as an example of the rest. "We were informed that if any person would go to another part of the building and deposit any article whatsoever in a secret place, Mr. Brown, being blindfolded, would take the person by the hand and lead him directly to the place, the only condition being that the person depositing the article should keep his mind intently fixed upon it. One of the gentlemen of the *Tribune* thereupon went into an adjoining room, closed the door, and placed a coin inside a volume of the *Poland Credit Mobilier* report and covered this volume with several other books. Returning, Mr. Brown having a handkerchief tightly bound over his eyes, took this gentleman by the left hand, held the hand for a moment against his own (Mr. Brown's) head, and then walked against the door of the adjoining room. The door being opened, he marched against one of the glass doors of a bookcase, having a dozen or more similar openings. This door being opened, he placed the hand of the gentleman who had secreted the coin on the *Poland Credit Mobilier* report, and said, 'There it is.' He did not claim to know *what* the thing was, but he knew where the place was."

STRANGE FOOTSTEPS.*

THE authors of this work make it clear that they have no sympathy with Spiritualism. It is dangerous and liable to abuse; as though the same might not be said of nearly everything that is good in the world. It is difficult to identify spirits who communicate with us; a fact of which Spiritualists are fully aware, and which should always be taken into careful account. We are reminded that this intervention of spirits alone does not cover all the ground occupied by Divine Providence: as though Spiritualists thus limited the action of Divine Providence. Finally, we are told that "outside the sphere of Nature we should have direct familiar dealing with none other than the Lord of Nature; forgetting that the example of prophets, apostles, and of Christ himself, teach a different lesson. But though reprehending the practice of Spiritualism, they so en-

* *Strange Footsteps; or, Thoughts on the Providence of God. Illustrated by Incidents New and Old.* By REVS. C. and H. KENDALL. London: GEO. LAMB, Sutton Street, Commercial Road, East; BEMROSE & SON, 51, Paternoster Row; and Derby. 1871.

force it in principle, and illustrate it by incidents new and old, that it seems evident that but for the force of narrow theological prejudice our authors might at once register themselves on the roll of Christian Spiritualists. At all events their book presents arguments and facts which the Christian Spiritualist will know how to turn to good account. They set out with telling us:—

“The subject of the volume is the Providence of God, whether general or special. We regard these two spheres of Providential operation as departments of one great whole, and as distinct rather in our thought than in reality. We have, therefore, chosen to consider them in unison.

“There are ‘Strange Footsteps’ around our human dwelling, which a material philosophy fails to trace or to identify. There is an element of the Supernatural and the Divine in life and in history.

“One great use of special interpositions of Providence is, that they serve as specimens of its general operations. They call attention to a class of neglected facts with which, in spirit and meaning, they correspond, if not in outward form. For one instance of a special Providence, there are ten thousand acts of a general Providence directed towards precisely the same object, and having on them the same marks of design. Yet instances of a special Providence are sufficiently numerous to deserve and to demand for it a distinct place in our regard.”

“There is a distinction which it is important to notice between a general and a particular Providence; and again, between a general and a special Providence. By a general as opposed to a particular Providence, we mean that which deals with things as a whole, and presides over classes and orders of beings. By a particular Providence, we mean that which extends to details and takes care of individual creatures. When we distinguish between a general and a special Providence, the distinction refers not so much to the objects of the Divine care, as to the kind of care exercised over them; which indeed may be always the same, but to our apprehension has its regular and its peculiar, its ordinary and its extraordinary manifestations. In this distinction, we mean by a general Providence that supervision of the world as a whole, whose end is to secure the general welfare or the general Divine intention; and that exercise of Divine fore-thought which has instituted great, comprehensive laws for calling into being, sustaining, governing, and removing His creatures, according to which certain natural causes invariably produce certain effects: whereas a special Providence not only secures special ends, but also involves the idea of supernatural operation. Its essential element is the immediate exercise of the Divine will, whether

by way of command or of permission; and whether the instrumentality employed be the forces of material nature, or disembodied spirits, or aught else."

Many of the incidents given in illustration of these views are apt and forcible, and rest on respectable authority; it must, however, be admitted that others are a little overstrained, and that though they may be true they look very apocryphal and have a strong Methodist Magazine and Religious Tract Society flavour, which does not much recommend them to the general reader though they may be well adapted to the class to whom the work seems more particularly addressed. With many of the better attested experiences of special Providence and answers to prayer of spiritual interposition and guidance by inward monition and uncontrollable impression, by voices, visions, dreams, and other modes of ministration here cited our readers are already familiar. One or two of the more thoughtful passages in the work will suffice to exemplify the Christian Spiritualism of our authors.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE AND NATURAL LAWS.

"In asserting a special Providence, that is to say, a Providence which contains an element of the supernatural and the Divine brought to bear on the lives of men, our authors are aware that they place themselves in a position simply contemptible to a powerful section of the intelligent and scientific world, who think that the supernatural in human affairs is an idle dream of the past. The researches of science have ascertained the existence of law in every direction; the most irregular phenomena, such as comets and earthquakes, plagues and storms, are now proved to be just as much under its dominion as the solid rocks. Natural law is universal. There is no satisfactory evidence that ever within the limits of history it has been suspended. It is a reflection on the constancy of God to suppose that He will allow the order He has established to be violated.

"What answer have we to make? Why, first, it is freely admitted that law, though not natural law, is universal; and that there is no such thing as the violation of law in the ways and works of God. The supernatural is just as much in harmony with it as the natural; miracles as much as ordinary occurrences; the acts of spirits disembodied as much as those of men in the flesh. It is not to be supposed that God in effecting a supernatural interposition works without means or proceeds contrary to law. All that we are warranted in saying, is that He is stronger than we are, that He uses means which to us are not available, and laws of which we are ignorant. There is one great law, however, which we can clearly see embraces both

ordinary and miraculous events, and enables us to include them in the same category. Dr. Bushnell, in 'Nature and the Supernatural,' has made an important contribution to this part of theological science by expounding and exhibiting in various lights the power of the will to originate fresh chains of causation, fresh successions of cause and effect. There are certain forces now at work in nature, which, if let alone, will produce a certain result. But it is the prerogative of will to play into nature a fresh force, and to divert the pre-existing ones from the channel they are pursuing. Men are always interfering in this way with the course of nature. The principle is the same when God interferes, and a miracle is wrought. It was no more a violation or suspension of law when an angel rolled away the stone from the sepulchre of Jesus, than it was when men rolled away the stone from the tomb of Lazarus. It was the law of the stone to lie still if not disturbed and compelled to move by an extraneous force. In each case another and stronger law was brought to bear on its immobility. Volition overcame gravitation. In the one case volition employed an arm composed of bone and muscle, and constituting a mechanical lever; in the other, it employed we know not what; but we do not for a moment suppose that it employed nothing at all.

"Secondly.—Since all things that are done at all are admitted to be done by law, and the whole universè of being and acting to be under the dominion of law, the next question is as to the size of the universe. Is it small or great? Is it limited to what we call natural, or does it include something supernatural? And if there be something supernatural, does it ever mix as an element in combination with the natural on this terrestrial sphere? The presumption arising from past discoveries effected by science itself, is in favour of the wider universe and the unlimited variety of elements. For, at one time, the stars were thought to be small globes of fire, situated only a few miles above the ground: but astronomy has proved them to be immense worlds, revolving at inconceivable distances from our earth, and among astronomers to-day it is almost counted a heresy to suppose they are all uninhabited.
Once it was supposed that Asia, Africa, and Europe, comprised the habitable globe. Columbus pushed over the Atlantic, and found another continent inhabited by other races of plants and animals. Once a drop of water was supposed to be a drop of water and nothing more. The microscope showed it be a city in miniature, tenanted by a million living creatures. Once the existence of electricity was unknown; now it is ascertained to pervade all bodies and to be powerful in proportion to its subtilty. Once the material elements were reckoned up at four—air, earth,

fire and water; now their number is swelled to about seventy, and we cannot tell where it will stop. The advance of science and the progress of discovery are simply the opening up, and linking on to the domain already won, fresh realms of existence, fresh orders of being, fresh classes of laws. To attempt then to fix any limit, and to say we will believe in the things that are natural but not in those that are supernatural, is absurd in the light of past discovery.

“ Thirdly.—When the *savans* and *literati* ask for *facts* to prove that supernatural influences are actually at work in the world in which we live, the question causes us a mischievous triumph, for we hear a clamour of voices proceeding from their own side of the hedge, calling them disagreeable names for presuming to deny the activity of the supernatural. The Spiritualists are chiefly composed of men who are of a sceptical order, or whose sympathies are progressive and scientific. In their ranks they number literary men, artists, mathematicians, electricians; they boast that they have found a scientific bridge right over into the spiritual world; that the existence of spirits is as demonstrable as the existence of any material substance; that intercourse with them is a common privilege. We leave the antagonist classes of literary and scientific men—those who have a spirit-phobia and those who have a spirit-mania—to settle between themselves the science of the question; while we take the liberty to pursue the middle path prescribed by the Bible, and maintain the reasonableness of special interpositions of Providence, direct answers to prayer, and a Divine care over every individual, however insignificant. The swinging of the pendulum beats time; the compromises of political parties effect political progress; and in this matter of the supernatural, we are persuaded that the truth will be found to lie between the violent extremes of Materialists on the one hand and Spiritualists on the other.”

Our authors again remark:—

“ It may be said that all events are effects of pre-existing causes, and that these causes, when they are traced up, will be found to be natural: that the laws of nature are inviolable: that they will not be broken to save any man's life, however valuable; their maintenance being of infinitely greater consequence than the preservation of any one individual. Pope, in his ‘ Essay on Man,’ puts into beautiful language a quiet sarcasm on the belief in a special Providence. He asks—

‘ When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease as you go by?
Or some old temple nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?’

His question implies, and as good as asserts, that gravitation will

not cease, either for you or for anybody else—either for a beggar or a king; either for a sinner or a saint. There is something very narrow in such an assertion. Gravitation is not the only force in the universe. There are many material forces besides gravitation; and who shall say that the Being who has them all under His control, cannot play off one of these material forces against another, so as to counteract it, and effect some special object which He has in view? This is a thing which even man can do, within his own little sphere; melting ice with heat; propelling great vessels against wind and tide by means of steam; changing chemical states with a current of electricity; stopping the course of a rivulet with his embankments, and creating a smooth lake at the entrance of his harbours by a breakwater which opposes immoveable stone to the fury of the ocean billows. Miracle is not the cutting of the connection between cause and effect. It is the insertion of a fresh cause; and, by it, the production of a different effect. It is not the violation of the laws of nature; it is only the overcoming of one law by means of another which is stronger.

“But there are intellectual and spiritual forces in the universe which are subtler, yet grander and more commanding than those which are material. There are minds as well as bodies; there is a power of passion, a force of instinct, an energy of will; there are spirits disembodied, there are natives of other spheres besides this tiny planet. These spiritual forces may be employed to keep a man alive, when, if left to the mercy of mere material causes, he would infallibly perish.

“To take the case supposed by the poet Pope, it has been conclusively argued by the Rev. Richard Watson, in his sermon, ‘On Providence,’ that the man who is about to pass underneath ‘the loose mountain that trembles from on high,’ would be saved from harm if somehow he was led to take his journey five minutes earlier or five minutes later than he intended, so as to pass the point of danger before or after the catastrophe; a little expedition or a little delay would secure his safety, without interfering in the slightest degree with the law of gravitation. The man may wait till the mountain has fallen, or push on so as to pass the spot before the fall takes place, and all the reason he may have for waiting or for pushing on, shall be some secret, unaccountable impression made upon his mind.”

That the Providence of God is signally manifested in answer to prayer has ever been one of the deepest convictions of the human heart, and especially of pious minds in all ages. They have held with Tennyson, that—

“More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.”

But they have generally rested content with this conviction, and but seldom cared to enquire into the means employed, or the laws which here underlie the administration of the Divine economy; and for want of a better understanding of this in our own day; men of science and men of faith seem often irreconcilably opposed to one another. We believe this conflict would soon cease, if the principle of spiritual agency in human affairs, and the interaction of a higher world with its supermundane laws and forces were more generally appreciated. This view finds support and illustration in the work before us, as will be seen by the following passage on—

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

“ In estimating the power of prayer, we must take into account a certain mysterious influence which our minds are able to radiate towards other minds; an influence which in earnest prayer must become particularly active. Innumerable facts go to show the possibility of persons influencing each other at great distances, and especially when one of them is passing through danger or trouble. The most familiar form in which this strange power is detected is that curious coincidence which happens every day, that when one is talking or thinking about a person, he suddenly makes his appearance. This occurs so often that it can hardly be accidental. There must be some distinct force at work, that has its law as certain and as normal as the magnetic attraction by which the needle turns to the pole. This force, when taken up in prayer, must give one person advantage over another for good.

“ Then, again, we must remember in accounting for the power of prayer, that we are surrounded by a spiritual world which is co-extensive with the material. It is a vast silent sea, on whose shores we are ever treading. We think it a shadowy realm; but, in reality, ours is the land of shadows. The true substance is invisible. ‘The things that are not seen are eternal.’ Beautiful glimpses of this glorious inner universe are given us in Scripture; as, when the chariot and horses of fire are seen bearing away the prophet Elijah into the heavens; and when, as the scales fall from the eyes of Elisha’s servant, he sees the mountain full of horses of fire and chariots of fire, come for the defence of his master; and when again, as Daniel begins to pray, a messenger is despatched from the heavenly world, and caused to fly swiftly, being withstood by a hostile spirit, is helped by the friendly Michael. We are taught that spiritual beings are possessed of amazing strength; that they are guardians to the children of men; that they minister to the heirs of salvation. We see them in sacred history, on various occasions, helping

the good, and hindering the bad; lodging all night beneath Lot's hospitable roof, and rewarding his kindness to strangers by rescuing him from the impending ruin of the vile city where he dwelt; waking Elijah, under a juniper tree, to a repast baked on a fire of coals; bringing the destructive simoom of the desert over the army of Sennacherib; speaking a few consolatory words to the Apostles on Mount Olivet, as they strain their eyes in vain to catch another glimpse of their ascending Lord. The existence of this great spiritual world, where the intensest force is, and where the greatest number of intelligent beings dwell, throws a flood of light on the means by which prayer on behalf of others—and especially prayer for their temporal welfare—may be answered."

Prayer is the expression of the soul's need, and cannot be rooted out, but the age in which we live is unfriendly to its exercise. Men believe in instruments they can handle, in causes they can set in motion, and watch with their eyes; but prayer is an instrument of which they can see only one end, the other end dips into the invisible world, and works concealed from human view; and, because they cannot follow it throughout, they are tempted to regard it as an old superstition, or a piece of fine sentiment.

"Yet there it is, a mighty instrument for good, which no discoveries, no inventions, will be able to supersede. When chemistry finds out something more suitable for the lungs than air, or optics something better adapted to the eyes than light, men may begin to think of a substitute for prayer. What does it do for us? What good ends is it the means of achieving? It subdues our pride; it trains us to trust in a higher power; it awakens in us a consciousness of the Divine presence; it elevates our aspirations above the region of the visible and transitory; it obtains for us pardon of our trespasses, consolation in sorrow, guidance in perplexity, strength against temptation; it fills us with God's own spirit; it gains us help for this world, and for the next. It is commended to us by Christ, and by the uniform testimony of Scripture, as the way to win the highest blessings; and from Abel, whose prayer went up with the smoke of an accepted sacrifice, down to our own times, those who have used it the most diligently have found it the most effectual."

Our authors cite many striking and homely examples of direct and manifest answer to prayer—even for temporal needs—generally effected by a sudden and unaccountable, yet irresistible mental impression urging to make the opportune visit, give the timely help, or do the needful act. The Orphan Houses established by Franké in Germany, and by Müller in England, are examples on a large scale, and the best known.

The same end may be attained by other forms of psychological influence—as, for example, by visions of the night, in which scenes and persons may be vividly presented, and the course of action to be taken clearly indicated. In former numbers we have given many instances of this, and here is one furnished by our authors, in which, in dire necessity, relief was brought about by—

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

“Some fourteen or fifteen years ago, Mr. J. O. Chapman and Mr. John Green, both of Cleethorpes, being Primitive Methodist Local Preachers, were planned one Sunday to preach, at two and six o'clock, at Wold-Newton, which was then included in the Grimsby circuit. We give the following circumstances, which transpired in connection with this appointment, in the words of Mr. Chapman. He related them to us several years ago; but, at our request, the Rev. C. Ross recently spoke to him afresh upon the subject, took down the narrative from his own lips, and read over to him what he had written. The narrative is as follows:—

“On the Saturday night previous to going to preach, I went to bed and dreamed I saw a poor afflicted man, in want of bread, standing at the four cross lanes in Waltham, going out to Wold-Newton, and that I was to relieve him with a pound. I awoke and thought it a strange dream. I fell asleep again, and dreamed a second time that I saw the man still standing there, and that I was to give him a pound. I awoke, and fell asleep, and dreamed a third time the same thing. When I awoke the third time. I said to myself—“Well, my Lord, if it be Thy will that I should give this man a pound, I will do so, if it be the last pound I have in the world, if the man be there in the morning when I go to my appointment.” There could be no mistake; I saw the man, his dress and features, distinctly. In the morning, before going to my appointment, I told my wife to go and fetch me a pound. Being Sunday, she asked me what I wanted with a sovereign. I did not tell her then, but promised to tell her when I came from my appointment. She then fetched me the pound.

“I then yoked my own trap, called of my companion, and we started on our journey. When we came within a mile of the cross lanes, I said to my companion—“When we get to the cross lanes there will be a poor afflicted man standing there, in want of bread, and I shall give him a pound.” I then told him why I should do so; that I last night dreamed three times that I should see this man standing there, and that I was to give him a pound. My companion said—“If there be such a

man as you describe when we get to the place, I will give him all I have with me, which is two shillings and sixpence." As we neared the place, I wondered if the man would be there. But, to my great astonishment, when turning the corner, where we could see him, there was the very man standing whom I had seen in my dream. When we reached him, I pulled up, and asked him what he was doing there? He said he had come out to get away from his wife and children, for they were crying for bread, and he had nothing to give them. I then put the pound into his hand, and my companion gave him his two shillings and sixpence. The poor man was overjoyed, and said—"There, I have now got as much as will last me my life;" and in a few days—I think the very same week—he died. I did not know the man then, but afterwards found it was Brother R. Collinson, of Waltham, then a Primitive Methodist Local Preacher. He had been ill for a long time, and his affliction had reduced him to abject poverty."

There are many persons who have a strong antipathy to Mesmerism, or at least to anything which bears that name. Some of those people who practise the art are aware of this weakness, and gain a large and lucrative practice—not as mesmerists, of course, but as "medical rubbers," in which capacity they are welcomed. Something like this, but more so, prevails in some circles in regard to Spiritualism. They are shocked at the name of it; and as to any book in its favour, they would hardly touch it with a pair of tongs. Give, however, the book a religious title, take your examples from Scripture and the testimony of godly ministers and pious journals; deal roundly in well-worn religious phrases, and never mention Spiritualism except in way of deprecation and protest, and you may cram your book with Spiritualism from beginning to end, and it will be swallowed with as much relish as the babe sucks mother's milk.

Something like this is the case with the work before us. It is, no doubt, all in good faith, and this treatment may be proper enough for babes in grace and in understanding, but if Mesmerism is all diabolical, as some divines have told us (and they have said the same of Spiritualism) we do not see how it ceases to be diabolical, and becomes divine, by calling it "medical rubbing."

We can, however, only thank our authors for their many examples of *Strange Footsteps*, evidence of a Divine Providence making man a special object of love and care, and employing so largely the ministry of angels to that gracious end,—a universal and unfailing ministry for which we cannot be too grateful, and the proofs of which at this day are so abundant. These may, indeed be regarded as *Strange Footsteps, or Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World.*

T. S.

A SÉANCE WITH MISS COOK,

Held at the residence of J. C. Luxmoore, Esq., 16, Gloucester Square, Hyde Park, November 18th, 1873.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

THE Séance was given in the large drawing room in which an ordinary fire was kept burning throughout the evening. The small drawing room, separated by sliding doors, was appropriated as a cabinet, and a dark curtain was hung between the open panels, by which all light was excluded. A lamp was placed on the table of the audience room where there was a fire, and at no time was it dark; it was not in fact what is called "a dark séance." The fourteen ladies and gentleman who formed a horseshoe circle in front of the cabinet could see each other the whole evening. A low chair was placed in the cabinet, upon which Miss Cook, the medium, was seated, and Mr. Luxmoore invited Mr. B., of Manchester, and myself to witness the tying and securing of Miss Cook. Her hands were first tied together with a piece of tape, the ends of which were sewn and sealed with wax, and then the tape was passed round her waist and tightly knotted and sewn and sealed again. The tape was then passed through a staple in the floor, leaving a slack of about a foot, and there knotted again, which restrained Miss Cook from standing up to her full height, and then the same piece of tape was brought into the room in which we were seated, nearly up to our feet, where it remained undisturbed to the last.

In this way the most satisfactory proof was given that whoever the figure of Katey may be, *it was not Miss Cook*, who lay during the whole séance, as we had proved to us by the undisturbed line of tape, and by Mrs. Honeywood being invited to enter the cabinet by the spirit the instant she, Katey disappeared; which Mrs. Honeywood did, and there she saw Miss Florence Cook asleep, leaning over nearly to the floor,—the ties on her hands and waist sealed as they had been left at the commencement of the sitting, from which, as soon as she awoke, she was relieved by cutting them.

Here we all saw within an instant or two, this young girl recovering from her trance, *dressed in black*, wearing *stockings and spring boots*, having just lost sight of Katey, the spirit, who was clothed *in pure white garments*, and *whose feet were naked*. It is several months since I was invited to the first

and only *séance* I had previously had with Miss Florence Cook, and what I then witnessed assured me of her entire integrity and that of her family, and at the request of the Editor of the *Spiritualist* I recorded my impressions of that evening in his journal; and now, after a second *séance* with Miss Cook, at the residence of a private gentleman, where I have witnessed phenomena of a similar but much more extraordinary character, I am confirmed in my first impressions.

So many accounts have been already given of the materialised spirit-form appearing in tangible shape, that I cannot hope to do more than add my testimony in this journal *to the fact*, and as one of the many facts (at first denied even by Spiritualists), which I have ventured to place on record in the last 20 years, *I say this is a fact which admits of no explanation by psychic force or any recognised force*, and with these facts we must now deal.

In the first instance, the medium on this occasion was tied with tape, as I have before said, by Mr. Luxmoore, in the most thorough and complete manner, and left *alone* in darkness in the small room which served the purpose of an ordinary cabinet. The members forming the circle were requested to join hands, not to sing as it is usual to do to establish harmony, for there were no sceptics present, nor were they restricted to silence, but conversation continued until our attention was attracted to the cabinet by the sound of two voices there, the one being that of the medium just before she was entranced, and the other that of Katey, the spirit or "double" of the medium.

And here permit me to break the narrative to interpose some observations on this question of the "Double"—the "Wraith" of the Scotch—the "Döppelgänger" of the Germans, a recognised psychological fact.

In the *Spiritual Magazine*, Vol. VI., 1865, pp. 125—7, I gave some instances connected with the Davenports and others of these appearances which have tended to deceive ordinary observers, and I said in conclusion, "the theory which I now venture to suggest is, that many manifestations which Spiritualists are accustomed to attribute to the spirits of the departed, are in truth, effected by the medium's own double," and I have now in this exhibition of a materialised spirit-form *realised* that extraordinary fact, and it is to be hoped that some of the philosophic minds which are now engaged in the study of Spiritualism will follow up this train of thought if possible to a logical conclusion.

The evidence which establishes the question of the "double" in this particular instance is, I think, conclusive. As soon as the medium became entranced the figure of Katey glided, somewhat

timidly at first, into the lighted room in which we were all seated, and she presented the exact features of Miss Cook. It was not, as I have said, Miss Cook bodily, for she was asleep, dressed in black, behind the folds of the curtain. Katey's voice, though much lower in tone, and her graceful manner, are like the medium's. Her conversation and her knowledge of persons are the same, and some of the expressions which I heard her utter were, in emphasis and words, exactly those of Miss Cook. I know that it is said that the spirit's face is somewhat larger than the medium's, and her height, as I observed by the measurement on that evening, is a couple of inches taller; but these points, I am told, vary, and do not disturb the main question, for I do not imagine that any "double" is moulded in exact counterpart of the original, and the question will still remain, What is the "double," how does it take shape and form, and how are we to know a "double" from any independent spirit?

Now to resume a brief narrative of what occurred.

The figure of Katey entered the room, and I observed that she was clad in a loose white dress tied in at the waist, having long sleeves, terminating at the wrists (a previous likeness which I have seen show her arms bare from the shoulders) with a close hood on her head, long lappets hanging over her shoulders, and her hair closely banded.

She at once saluted each of us in turn. "How do you do, Mr. Coleman? How is Miss Deekens?" (my step-daughter, known to Miss Cook) and paused to ask the name of the only stranger in the room, whom Miss Cook did not know. Mr. Luxmoore sat close to the division between the two rooms, within reach of the lamp, which stood upon a table by his side, and which he regulated by turning it up or down by the direction of the spirit.

I had asked some questions from Katey, and as from the centre where I was first placed I could not see very clearly, she said I might break the circle, and invited me to a seat next to Mr. Luxmoore, which greatly facilitated my means of observation, and as several incidents were elicited by asking questions in a kindly manner, I venture to say to those who conduct these *séances* that investigators should not be too strictly enjoined to wait for the spirit to take the initiative.

I asked if she had shoes and stockings on. She said, No! and at once drew aside her dress, and showed us that her feet were naked; and, to satisfy all, she raised one foot on to the knee of Mrs. Corner in the most natural manner, and said, "Now you can all see that I have bare feet, can't you?"

Mr. Bielfield, who was present, brought with him a very nicely painted picture in oil of Katey, taken from a photo-

graph, which seemed to give much pleasure to Miss Cook, who thanked him several times. This picture was lying on the table, and Katey asked if she might look at it, and at once took it up with both hands, and after gazing on it for a moment, exclaimed, "Why, this is me!" and, pressing it to her breast, she said, "I am so much obliged to you! I am so much obliged to you, Mr. Bielfield, I am so much obliged to you!" (Precisely the same expressions used in my hearing by Miss Cook to Mr. Bielfield, with the portrait in her hands).

There were several sheets of writing paper and pencils on this table, and I asked her if she would be good enough to write something for me. "Yes, I will," and extending her hand behind the curtain, she brought out one of the drawing room chairs and sat down upon it. A sheet of paper and a lead pencil were then handed to her, and she asked me what she should write. I said, "I am engaged in getting up a testimonial to Judge Edmonds, perhaps you have something to say to him?" Upon this she raised one knee and commenced writing; but finding the position uncomfortable, she asked for something hard "to rest the paper upon." This being supplied, she wrote off the following letter:—

"My dear Friend,—You have asked me to write a few words to you. I wish you every success with regard to Judge Edmonds' testimonial. He is a good man and an earnest worker. Give him my affectionate greeting. I know him well, although he does not know me. My power is going, so with every good wish,

"I am, your sincere friend,

"Katey King,

"*Properly* ANNIE MORGAN."

The letter was handed back to me, and I read it aloud, and then said to her, "I see you have not addressed it;" she took it back and deliberately folded it upon her knee and wrote on the back—Mr. Coleman. I then asked her to give one of the ladies a kiss, which she did, and to let us hear if she could make a sound by stamping with her feet, which she also did.

Finally I requested her to let me feel the texture of her dress, and she complied by coming round past the back of Mr. Luxmoore's chair side-ways, as there was barely room to pass, and holding up the dress to me I took it with both hands and pulled it and it was to all appearance in substance as if it were made of strong white calico. She then passed round the circle and shook hands by gently touching the hands of each. Both her hands and her face throughout the *séance* were of a perfectly natural colour, the reverse of pallid, her cheeks were red and

hands decidedly so; in fact, her whole appearance was that of a gentle and graceful young woman. She stooped down to pick up two sheets of paper which were in her way whilst crossing the room and stepped aside to lay them on the table. This completed the impression which all must have felt that we had been for an hour and a half holding intercourse with an intelligent living woman, who glided, rather than walked about, and who showed by her constant watchfulness of the medium that *there* was the tie to which she was bound. Katey in fact seemed from her constant anxiety about the condition of the medium to feel that if she moved or woke up, her (the spirit's) own existence so to speak would be at an end.

The disappearance of Katey when Mrs. Honeywood entered the cabinet I have already described, and when Miss Cook awoke she resumed her wonted cheerfulness without appearing in the least distressed. It was altogether a marvellous exhibition, suggesting serious reflections, well worthy of earnest investigation by all thoughtful enquirers engaged in psychological studies.

GHOSTS AT HOLLAND HOUSE.

THE Princess Marie Lichtenstein, adopted daughter of the present Lady Holland, has compiled and published a very interesting and well-written history of Holland House, in which she has brought together with much taste and evident appreciation of her very rich material, biographical sketches and anecdotes of the long array of distinguished persons—historical, aristocratic, literary, artistic, and otherwise—connected with this unique old mansion. She refers to two ghost legends as connected with Holland House.

An ancient manor-house belonging to a Sir William Cope formerly stood, it is believed, where stands now Holland House, and probably, it would seem, was incorporated in the present mansion. Sir William Cope's daughter and heiress, Isabel, was married to Sir Henry Rich, created in 1622 Baron Kensington, and sent to Spain by James I., to assist in negotiating a marriage between Prince Charles and the Infanta, and made Earl of Holland in 1624. "It was he," the Princess tells us, "who added to the building its wings and arcades; and more than this, he employed the best artists of the time in decorating the interior."

Clarendon describes him as "a very handsome man, of a lovely and winning presence, and gentle conversation." He

played a conspicuous part during the reign of Charles I. and the commencement of the struggle with the Parliament. Having stood in high favour with Queen Henrietta, he fell, however, under suspicion of disloyalty, which was confirmed by his lending Holland House for a meeting between Fairfax and certain disaffected members of Parliament. The year following, however, having rejoined the Royalists, he was taken in arms at St. Neots, and having been imprisoned in Warwick Castle, he was condemned to death, and beheaded in March, 1648-9, in Palace Yard. Warburton, in a note to Clarendon's History, says, "He lived like a knave and died like a fool. He appeared on the scaffold dressed in a white satin waistcoat and a white satin cap with silver lace. After some divine conference with a clergyman and an affectionate leave-taking with a friend, he turned to the executioner and said, 'Here, my friend, let my clothes and my body alone; there is £10 for thee; that is better than my clothes; I am sure of it. And when you take up my head do not take off my cap.'" He appears, however, even by Warburton's account, to have died with much firmness, and his head was severed by one blow from his body.

This Lord Holland, the first of his name, and the chief builder of Holland House, is, the Princess Lichtenstein tells us, believed to yet haunt one room of the splendid old mansion. "The gilt room is said to be tenanted by the solitary ghost of its first lord, who, according to tradition, issues forth at midnight from behind a secret door, and walks slowly through the scenes of former triumphs with his head in his hand. To add to this mystery, there is a tale of three spots of blood on one side of the recess whence he issues—three spots which can never be effaced."

In the grounds of Holland House is "the Green Lane," formerly called "Nightingale Lane," so long as nightingales frequented it. "It is," says the Princess, "a long avenue, like an immense gallery arched with trees and carpeted with grass, the distant light at the end softening down into that misty blue so peculiar to dear England." This avenue is the scene of a "spiritual experience," chronicled by Aubrey in his *Miscellanies*, and which is as follows:—

"The beautiful Lady Diana Rich, daughter to the Earl of Holland, as she was walking in her father's garden at Kensington, to take the air before dinner, about 11 o'clock, being then very well, met with her own apparition, habit and everything, as in a looking-glass. About a month after she died of small-pox. And 'tis said that her sister, the Lady Isabella Thinne, saw the like of herself also before she died. This account I had from a person of honour."

“A third sister, Mary, was married to the Earl of Breadalbane,” we are informed, “and it has been recorded that she also, not long after her marriage, had some such warning of her approaching dissolution. And so the old tradition has remained—and who would wish it removed? Belonging to past times, it should be respected. But whether we respect tradition or not, it is a received fact, that whenever the mistress of Holland House meets herself, Death is hovering about her.”

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

SPIRITUALISM IN BRISTOL, EASTBOURNE, AND BRIGHTON.

ON the evenings of October 20th and 21st Dr. Monck gave two lectures on Spiritualism at the large hall, Broadmead, Bristol, estimated to hold 1500 people, and which was well filled. Dr. Monck invited the reporters to a *séance*, and the reporters from three of the local journals attended, and gave very fair reports of the *séance* in the respective newspapers they represented, the shortest of which, in the *Western Daily Press* of November 1st, occupies a column. Dr. Monck intends, at all his lectures, to adopt this plan of inviting the reporters of the local press to a *séance*, on condition that they fairly report the *séance* to their respective journals. Dr. Monck re-delivered his lectures in Bristol, by request, the following week.

A correspondent in Bristol writes to us:—

“We are just beginning to make a new start in Spiritualism in Bristol. Since we have had Dr. Monck as a medium a large amount of interest has been excited. Some correspondence on the subject, which appeared in our local papers intensified this feeling, and the lectures recently given here by Dr. Monck have still further tended to promote enquiry;—in fact, we are inundated with enquiries and applications for admission to our *séances*, &c., so that I think the time is now ripe for attempting some kind of organisation, so as to concentrate our forces and direct them into some profitable channel. I should be glad to see some Sunday services connected with our movement, and I think we must attempt it.”

Mr. Robert Cooper, of Eastbourne, writes us:—

“Dr. Monck has been stirring the people up here and at Brighton; column upon column have appeared in the papers, and it only wants following up to produce a good result.”

SUDDEN DEATH OF A SPIRITUALIST.

The *Daily News* of November 17th has the following:—

APPALLING DEATH OF A SPIRIT MEDIUM.

Birmingham, Sunday Night.

This evening, at the Athenæum Assembly Rooms, Temple-row, a Spiritualistic service was being held, and in the course of it a medium named Benjamin Hawkes, a toy dealer of New-street, in this town, addressed the meeting. He spoke for fully half an hour, appearing to be in his usual health, and then he described with startling vividity a *séance* in which the Apostle Peter had manifested himself to the assembled Spiritists. Peter had clasped hands with him, and he (Hawkes) felt the close pressure of the Apostle's grasp. From this he argued that it was quite possible to understand how Thomas of Didymus thrust his hand into the side of "the Personification of Divine Love." The instant these last words were out of the speaker's mouth he fell back on a chair behind him. There was great excitement, for the meeting believed Hawkes was under strong "spirit-control." A few seconds elapsed, and a surgeon came up to the medium, and found him dead. The meeting broke up in wild confusion. Perhaps a more exciting scene never occurred than the death of this man, with the wild words of his fervent belief fresh on his lips.

This paragraph, with its sensation heading, has gone the round of the papers. What the facts of the case really are, will be seen from the following statement:—

As chairman of the meeting I called upon our friend Mr. Hawkes, a well-known tradesman of this town, to address the meeting. He began by relating his experiences at my own house, eight years ago, then referred to his more recent experiences in London; to his having seen and felt the embodied spirits. He said that he had taken hold of the hand of a spirit, and the spirit had grasped his; that he had talked with them, as "I do with you;" that on one occasion the spirit Peter, with a light in his hand, held his face quite closely to "mine," and said, "Do you see me now?" and "nobody can describe the thrill that ran through me on that occasion. He grasped my hand, and I the spirit's." After a few more remarks of a startling character to the sceptics, he said, "and we shall know and see more soon." He added "that Jesus, the personification of love, would soon be more appreciated and more closely followed." These were about his last words. He then fell back upon the seat at my side. I caught him in my arms; he sighed about three times, and appeared to gurgle in the throat as if trying to speak; then all was over, *on this side*. Oh, what a glorious transition was that! To pass away so peacefully, so tranquilly.

The members of the congregation were panic-stricken (as the doctor came in), but they left very quietly indeed, although some three or four ladies fainted. Mr. Hawkes was conveyed to his residence, 13, New Street, and his widow said at once he suffered much from heart disease. Therefore it was not so unexpected.

The inquest I have this day attended to give evidence, and the verdict is "*Died from syncope.*"

AARON FRANKLIN.

100, Suffolk Street, Birmingham, Nov. 18th, 1873.

Mr. Hawkes was in his normal state, and was not addressing the meeting as a trance speaker.

SPIRITUALISM AGAIN AT THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY.

At its meeting, November 19th, Spiritualism was again brought before the Dialectical Society, by Mr. Fox Bourne, in a paper on "The New Superstition," in which the writer, while admitting the essential facts of Spiritualism, thought that a true, natural explanation for them might yet be found; and while

conceding that the religious teaching of Spiritualism at its best was very good, and a great improvement on the orthodox Christianity of the day, he yet contended that, on the whole, Spiritualism had an injurious influence, especially on weak and uneducated minds. Mr. Shorter, Dr. Drysdale, Dr. Sexton, and Mr. Jeffrey took part in the discussion which ensued, and excited a deep interest. The room was inconveniently crowded, and the debate was adjourned to Wednesday, December 3rd.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD COMPLETED.

In our October number we quoted from the *Springfield Daily Union* a full account of the circumstances under which the fragment of this work, written by Charles Dickens, was being completed, professedly by its author, through the mediumship of a Mr. James, an American mechanic in the village of Brattleborough, Vermont. The account was accompanied by copious extracts from the unpublished manuscript. The work is now completed and published. There are forty-three chapters in the whole work, which embrace that portion of it written prior to the decease of the great author, making one complete volume of about 488 pages. It has been favourably noticed by the American press. The first edition of 10,000 copies was sold in advance of the press.

SPIRITUAL PHOTOGRAPHY PREDICTED BY SPIRITS IN 1856.

At a recent meeting in connection with the London Conferences, in Gower Street, Mr. Slater, optician, of 136, Euston Road, in relating some of his early experiences in Spiritualism, said:—"In 1856, Robert Owen, who was accompanied by Lord Brougham, was receiving a spiritual communication by means of raps, at my house—I was arranging some photographic apparatus—and it was rapped out that the time would come when I would take photographs of spirits. Robert Owen remarked that if he were in the spirit-world at that time he would appear on the plate. In May, 1872, I attempted to obtain spirit-photographs. I made numerous experiments, and on one plate there was the face of Robert Owen and also that of Lord Brougham; who, as is well known, was for many years one of Mr. Owen's most intimate friends, and took a deep interest in his public efforts."

A SPIRIT-DRAMA.

A little book has just appeared under the title of *Mind more than Matter*, a spirit-drama. The plot of the drama as indicated by the title, turns upon communion with the spirit-world. Mesmerism and clairvoyance, and the sympathy which knits soul to soul, and even in this world flashes communication from one to the other, are illustrated as are many other truths in this spirit-drama, but we must be content with quoting the following passage, having a reference to the lawfulness of spirit communion. It is part of a conversation between Raolo and Giulia, regarding the wonderful power that he possesses:—

- GIULIA. But is it not unlawful for a man
To seek to bend such spirits to his will?
RAOLO. All power that man possesses comes from God;
And can you think that Providence designed
That man should ever dare forbid himself
The use of any faculties or source
Of power or light, his God's own gift to him?
GIULIA. I cannot think so; that would surely be
To bury borrowed talents in the ground,
Whose usufruct had some day to be paid.
RAOLO. That's Bible-truth; there's a mysterious bond
'Twixt mind and matter; and all grades of life
Are closely linked. The viewless spirit-world,
In which fair Psyche soars on wings of light,
Is really not dissevered from our own
By more than one gradation on the scale:
The chrysalis is but a type of man.
GIULIA. All that you tell me seems but simple truth,
And makes me long to listen and to see:
I fain would know how spirits speak with man.
RAOLO. Through mediums the higher spirits speak
(Trance Mediums, as Hebrew prophets were);
They influence the organ of the brain
By means within the Mesmerist's control,
Where he exerts his will to do the same.
Men call him a magician for his meed,
And deem him leagued with Satan; yet he is,
Just like themselves, a spirit-pilgrim here,
Incarned upon this planet for awhile,
And not denuded wholly of the means
Of intercourse with his own native land,
The spirit-world—the birth-place of the soul!

VISION IN A GLASS OF WATER.

“But I must confess that of all these stories, not one produced on me so startling an effect as what happened at the Countess of Soisson's, niece of Cardinal Mazarin. Her husband was lying ill in Champagne. She was one evening uncertain whether she would or not go to meet him, when an old gentleman of her household offered to summon a spirit which would tell her whether the Count would or not die from this

illness. Madame de Bouillon was present, with M. Vendôme, and the Duke, now Marshal of Villemy.

“This gentleman called into the room a young girl, five years old, and placed in her hand a glass full of very clear water; he then turned round to the company and told them, in an undertone, that a white horse would appear in the glass to mark the Count's death, or else a tiger, which would be a sign of his speedy recovery. He then called to the girl whether she could perceive anything inside the glass. ‘Oh,’ she exclaimed, ‘what a pretty little white horse!’ He repeated the same question five times—the girl always announcing death through different signs; which were whispered by Madame de Bouillon or M. de Vendôme to the old gentleman, without the hearing of the little girl. This case I can vouch for; and Madame de Bouillon and M. Vendôme will repeat it to any one that will hear it.”—*MSS. of the Abbé de Choisy, 1644, 1st Book, chap. vi.*

ASTOUNDING MESMERIC POWER.

A curious case of mesmerism is recorded by the civil surgeon of Hoshungabad. A young woman named Nannee, aged twenty-four was married some twelve years ago; she, however, did not go to her husband's house for two years afterward. After staying with him for eight days she suddenly became insensible, and remained so for two or three days. She was taken back to her mother, and soon got well. Then follows a very remarkable history. During the next four or five years she never entered her husband's house without falling insensible and remaining so. He was very kind and attentive; she liked him, but whenever he came into her presence she at once sank into this state. This went on until she became emaciated and exhausted, and at last her parents applied to the Court for a separate maintenance for her. While she was in Court the husband entered, and she instantly became insensible, and was carried to the hospital, where the case was carefully attended to by Dr. Cullen, in March, this year. While in this state her pulse was even, breathing soft, her body pliant, but she could eat nothing. Experiments were carefully made to see if there was any trick about it. While she was in bed, her husband was muffled up and made to walk through the ward. She said she felt he was near her, and she was by no means well, but had not seen him anywhere about. Next day this experiment was repeated, and she actually became insensible as before. When the husband left the place she recovered. The experiment was tried in all sorts of ways. He was made to pass behind her, and to be near her in a separate

ward, but this had no effect, but whenever he was brought to look on her face, though muffled up, or disguised as a policeman, as a sepoy, and so forth, she was at once influenced. The experiments were continued for about a month, and the conclusion was that the husband unconsciously mesmerized her. The Court came to the conclusion that it was impossible that she could live with him, and a separate allowance was ordered. The husband was asked to try if he could not remove the effect, seeing that he had the power to cause it, but he was quite frightened at the idea of having the power, and could not control it in any way.—*From the "Homeward Mail," of India.*

BIBLE SPIRITUALISM.

The author of "Unorthodox London," and of the articles on "Spirit-Faces" and "Spirit-Forms" in the *Daily Telegraph*, prefaces an account of an "Orthodox Spirit Séance," and a full report of the religious service accompanying it with the following introductory observations:—

"I fancy I hear some benevolent reader, without forfeiting his proverbial character for amiability, enter a preliminary protest against any connection between orthodoxy and the heresy of modern Spiritualism. It is the fashion to suppose that all Spiritualists are of that very advanced Broad Church against which is hurled by good people the awful polysyllable latitudinarianism. There is no sort of difficulty in seeing how this has come to be the case. Spiritualism is tabooed. It is not a thing to be inquired into. It is false; or, if not false, wrong. Some people, with an acrimony that is deliciously illogical, say that it is both false and wrong. But, on the other hand, there are some people who aver that all God's works form proper objects of inquiry. Their creed is so large and undefined, their range of vision so extensive, that they include everything—even modern Spiritualism—in their comprehensive embrace. Adherents of different religious schools approach the subject timidly, and, as it were, like Nicodemus, 'by night;' but these Progressive folks make no secret of it at all: so it has come to be said that a belief in Spiritualism always goes hand in hand with advanced religious opinions. It is only indiscriminating detractors who add the indictment of lax morality.

"But I know a great many persons in every school of religious thought—Roman, Anglican, and Nonconformist—who reason thus:—If we bid men in this way, not doubt, but summarily disbelieve miracles which are alleged to be performed in their midst, and therefore to be subject to the test of their five senses, can we fairly ask them to credit other miracles

whose occurrence, several centuries ago, is only narrated in a book, albeit that book is the Bible?

“Consequently some religious people, more logical than those who stand aloof together, proceed to ‘try the spirits,’ and profess to have proved by their exorcisms that the whole matter is diabolical, and therefore wisely refrain from practising it.

“Others take quite an opposite course. They refuse to believe that God, as a God of mercy, would permit the access of evil spirits, and refuse man the ministry of angels. They believe that, in this respect, as in all others, man is bound to exercise the judgment and the free will which God has given him. They seem to read, in legends of Eden, the theory written down for them, that good and evil spirits have equal access to man, and that his own moral condition determines which shall have supremacy.

“It was my lot to meet with a clergyman of the Church of England who held these views; and the practical outcome of his opinions seemed to me sufficiently curious to form an interesting subject for a paper. After many years’ anxious struggle he accepted the facts of Spiritualism, and assured me that, when he had done so, a new light seemed to enter his mind in the way of interpreting Scripture. ‘I found,’ he said, ‘I had been a Spiritualist all my life without knowing it.’ He determined to read his Bible through again from beginning to end, and to put an asterisk against every case of plain spiritual interference, analogous, as it appeared to him, to what he saw nightly taking place at the spirit-circle. ‘The result was,’ he said, ‘I found every page of my Bible starred over when I had got to the end of my pleasant task.’

“He then resolved to organise a *séance* at his own house, which should be strictly a *religious service*. He would have no sceptics, either Spiritualistic or Religious present. He would have it on Sunday evening, after the day’s duty was over (for he was in full work, with a large parish in his charge), deeming that the influences would then be best. He selected one or two seriously-minded persons to be present with his family, and was polite enough, on one occasion, to invite me to fill a vacant place. The same circle, as far as possible, always met; but sickness caused the interruption in this particular case. The presence of a stranger, no doubt, affected the results on that evening, for it had begun to assume almost the character of a ‘miracle-circle,’ if all I heard was true. It is, however, rather in the light of a religious service than a mere *séance* that I wish to regard what I saw—an evidence how the Spiritualistic movement is being taken up and incorporated into what seemed for a long time the counter current of established religion in England.”

BILL AND JOE.

By O. W. HOLMES.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew—
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail;
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied
prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H. O. N. and LL.D.,
In big brave letters, fair to see—
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!—
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your name to half the
globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless
strain;
You've made the dead past live again;
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and grey—
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys!" That's what it
means—
And shake their heads; they little
know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and
fill

As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was
Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go—
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill;
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you,
Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleas'd our mortal ears,
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering
day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones
say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

AN ATHENIAN FUNERAL MONUMENT.

There has recently been dug up at Athens and placed in the Temple of Theseus a tombstone of the Periclean epoch, or perhaps later, a simple slab of Pentelican marble, carved to commemorate the death of a Greek girl named Ameinocleia. It is a modest and safe judgment to declare that among all our British funeral monuments there is none, not excepting Chantrey's, so lovely, eloquent, and fitting as that little maiden's gravestone. We are all too familiar with the weeping willows, the ridiculous tea-urns, the broken columns, and the other ugly or foolish symbols of sorrow which fill our cathedrals and ceme-

teries. This Athenian undertaker, when he got his order, cut for the family a beautiful bas-relief, simply representing Amcino-cleia, sweet and graceful as she lived, putting forth her sandal to be tied by her favourite slave upon whose head she rests her little hand, with a quiet but smiling look on her fair countenance. In the background stands her father—the undertaker's customer—watching this calm preparation for the long journey which he cannot share. The surpassing beauty of the work cannot be conveyed by description; but the soft and restrained fancy which inspired it is in as sharp a contrast with our dull and troubled handling of such topics as our best memorials are inferior in art to the style of that simple slab.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Correspondence.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER AND SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Perhaps it may interest you to know that my old and esteemed friend, Sir Edwin Landseer, was a believer in some of the facts on which you found your theory of the agency and re-appearance of the "spirits" of the departed. We went together to Lord Houghton's to meet Home, but nothing took place, and Sir Edwin said, "Well, Atkinson, it is very odd, whenever I come to see any of these things nothing occurs!" But a few evenings afterwards something did occur, in the presence of Home, at Mrs. Milner Gibson's. The table rose from the floor, and they made Landseer lay himself down upon it, and it rose again, two feet from the floor; and Landseer maintained the reliable nature of the fact in society on all occasions; but, as with myself and I think with the late Professor De Morgan, he could not see why such a fact as that must be referred to the agency of a spirit. If spirits there be, the living spirits of the persons present must play their part. If we would be scientific, we must distinguish differences in nature and cause, as admonished by Mrs. Hardinge, but neglected by all because of the difficulty and the patience required. Generalisation is all very well, but it must be founded on induction and a sense of true differences. But no doubt the whole subject from a scientific point of view is profoundly difficult, though full of hope in respect to a true science of human and brute nature.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

A WORK OF VALUE TO SPIRITUALISTS IN THE ASHMOLEAN LIBRARY.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Several months ago, I became much interested (as a Spiritualist) in a short biographical article in vol. I. of *Chambers' Book of Days*, published in Edinburgh, 1863. I quote nearly verbatim certain portions of it which seem to me worthy of the attention of your readers; it is on pp. 458 and 459, and headed, "The Rev. Richard Napier, Astrologer and Physician. Died April 1st, 1634."

"The Rev. Richard Napier, though remarkable for piety, was no less

remarkable for his (supposed) skill in astrology. He was instructed in astrology and physic by the celebrated Dr. Forman, who eventually thought so highly of his pupil, that he bequeathed him 'all his rarities and secret manuscripts of what sort soever.'

"'Napier,' says Aubrey, 'was a person of great abstinence, innocence, and piety, and spent two hours every day in family prayer. When a patient or "querent" came to consult him, he immediately retired to his closet for prayer, and was heard as holding conversations with angels and spirits. He asked them questions respecting his patients; in fact, he privately acknowledged that he practised astrology chiefly as the ostensible means of information, while he really depended on his (supposed) communications from spiritual beings. He conversed with the angel Raphael, who told him if the patient were curable or incurable. At some times, upon great occasions, he had conference with Michael, but very rarely. He outwent Dr. Forman in physick and holiness of life.' Lilly, in his autobiography, says, 'I was with him (Napier) in 1632 or 1633, upon occasion; he had me up into his library, being excellently furnished with very choice books; there he prayed almost one hour. He invoked several angels in his prayer, viz., Michael, Gabriel, Uriel, &c.'"

In this article several peculiar and remarkable cures are mentioned as being performed by Dr. Napier; giving them in detail would lengthen my article to too great an extent.

"In 1634, the Earl of Sunderland placed himself for some months under the care of Dr. Napier; the Earl of Bolingbroke and Lord Wentworth also patronised him, and protected him from the interference of magistrates." "'Tis certain," says Aubrey, "he told his own death to a day and hour, and died praying upon his knees, being of a very great age, on April 1st, 1634. His knees were horny with frequent praying. His burial is thus entered in the parish register: 'April 15, 1634. Buried, Mr. Richard Napier, rector, the most renowned physician both of body and soul.'"

His manuscripts, which contained a diary of his practice for 50 years, fell into the hands of Elias Ashmole, who had them bound in several folio volumes, and deposited with his own in the library at Oxford, which bears his name, and where they still remain, together with a portrait of Dr. Napier. Many of the medical recipes in these manuscripts are marked by Dr. Napier as having been given him by the angel Raphael.

The mention made in the above of the "angel Raphael" led me to examine particularly what is said of him in the *Apocrypha*, and I will copy several paragraphs from it also, as a further help towards your comprehending my object in sending you this communication.

The *Apocrypha*, Tobit iii. 17, makes the first mention of Raphael, to the extent that *Raphael was sent to heal Tobit and Sara*. What follows concerning him, I quote verbatim from succeeding chapters and verses.

Tobit, chapter 6:—

"3. Then the angel (Raphael) said unto him, 'Take the fish.' And the young man laid hold of the fish, and drew it to land.

"4. To whom the angel said, 'Open the fish, and take the heart and the liver and the gall, and put them up safely.'

"5. So the young man did as the angel commanded him.

"6. Then the young man (Tobias) said to the angel, 'To what use is the heart and the liver and the gall of the fish?'

"7. And he said unto him, 'Touching the heart and the liver, if a devil or an evil spirit trouble any, we must make a smoke thereof before the man or the woman, and the party shall be no more vexed.'

"8. 'As for the gall, it is good to anoint a man that hath whiteness in his eyes, and he shall be healed.'

Chapter 11:—

"7. 'Then,' said Raphael, 'I know, Tobias, that thy father will open his eyes.'

"8. 'Therefore anoint thou his eyes with gall, and, being pricked therewith, he shall rub, and the whiteness shall fall away, and he shall see thee.'

" 10. Tobit also went forth towards the door, and stumbled ; but his son ran to him,

" 11. And took hold of his father ; and he strake of the gall on his father's eyes, saying, ' Be of good hope, my father.'

" 12. And when his eyes began to smart, he rubbed them ;

" 13. And the whiteness pilled away from the corners of his eyes ; and when he saw his son, he fell upon his neck.

" 14. And he wept, and said, ' Blessed art thou, O God, and blessed is Thy name for ever ; and blessed are all Thine holy angels.'

~ Chapter 12 :—

" 14. ' And now God hath sent me to heal thee and Sara, thy daughter-in-law.

" 15. ' I am Raphael, one of the seven holy angels, which present the prayers of the saints, and which go in and out before the glory of the Holy One.'

" 16. Then they were both troubled, and fell upon their faces : for they feared.

" 17. But he said unto them, ' Fear not, for it shall go well with you ; praise God therefore.

" 18. ' For not of any favour of mine, but by the will of our God I came ; wherefore praise Him for ever.

" 19. ' All these days I did appear unto you ; but I did neither eat nor drink, but ye did see a vision.

" 20. ' Now therefore give God thanks ; for I go up to Him that sent me ; but write all things which are done in a book.'

" 21. And when they arose, they saw him no more.

" 22. Then they confessed the great and wonderful works of God, and how the angel of the Lord had appeared unto them."

We here find, that during the entire period of the Angel Raphael's ministrations, as related, he appeared only in the spiritual or angelic form ; and, through the opening of the spiritual eyes and perceptions of those who beheld and heard him, as is also related of the Rev. R. Napier ; which conditions are familiar to the modern Spiritualist through our mediums and sensitives of the present day.

At the time of reading this portion of the *Apocrypha*, I had an opportunity of testing—personally—to some extent, the prescription as given by Raphael. Although I had not cataract ("whiteness of the eyes"), yet my eyesight was affected in a very peculiar manner, and I had found no benefit from various remedies I had made use of. After reading over what is stated concerning the "gall" of the fish, I concluded that I could find nothing to come nearer the angelic prescription than cod-liver oil. I procured the best to be had, and dropped it from my finger-end on my eyes, every night when I went to bed. My eyes are now quite strong again. My artist-daughter, having strained her eyes, from a too close application to her pleasant employment, was prevailed upon by her father and me to try the oil ; she says :—"Nothing helps me so much as the cod-liver oil when my eyes are tired and seem dry."

These two trifling proofs, which serve to show that there are curative properties in this oil *beyond those already well known*, would be scarcely worthy of notice, were it not for the (to me) immense importance of the possibility that these long-forgotten MSS. preserved in the Ashmolean Library, may contain numerous prescriptions, also advice, instruction, and truths of incalculable value to the world.

The venerable and esteemed William Howitt has made your readers acquainted with the history of two remarkable mediums, who each, as it is related, possessed the privilege accorded by Divine Providence to Dr. Napier, *viz.*, of inter-communication with "the great healer, Raphael." I refer to Mr. Howitt's interesting translation and rendering of portions of the "Communications from the Holy Archangel Raphael, in the year 1855, through the mouth of Crescentia Wolf, *en rapport* with Communications from Blessed Spirits through the hand of Maria Kahlhammer."—*Spiritual Magazine*, p. 496, No. 59,

N.S. I have strong hopes that Mr. Howitt, or some one equally fitted to do so, think it worth while to obtain permission to give to the world the substance, or the entire contents of these MSS., as hundreds of believers in the "New Dispensation" are ready for such instruction *now*, who would have scoffed at like revealings some years ago.

These writings of the Rev. R. Napier have evidently been preserved by Divine care for the *present*.

I am impatient for the confirmation of my hopes regarding these manuscript volumes, that they are attainable and available; and will be soon forthcoming with unrestricted publicity, to be the Heaven-sent messengers of a system of soul and body cure and culture, to a world that is sadly in need of both.

MRS. DR. W. H. MÜLLER.

Zelienople, Butler County, Pennsylvania, U.S.

HYMN FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.
CHRISTMAS.

O, LOVE incarnate, Love divine!
Which trod our earth of sin and shame,
And taught the everlasting name—
"Our Father"—Thine, O Christ! and mine.

To-day we bow before Thy name;
Thy praise in solemn anthem peals
Where worshipper devoutly kneels
In many a consecrated fane.

But have we e'er since Time began,
In soul and life the truth outwrought
Which Thou hast so divinely taught,—
Our Father—God; our Brother—Man!

Our Father—never will we part
With name so true, so dear, so deep;
But constant through all time will keep
It sacred, written on our heart.

Our Father, we would come to Thee
As children, brothers of Thy Son—
Thy well-belovèd—and as one
In love, and trust with Him would be.

In His dear name let discord cease,
And pitying love renew the earth,
And celebrate the Saviour's birth
With glad millennial year of PEACE.

T. S.