

THE  
Spiritual Magazine.

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APRIL, 1873.

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ALBERT BENNET WHITING.\*

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THERE are few biographies containing experiences so strange and romantic as are to be found in the lives of some of those persons who are called spiritual mediums. In these days of science and steam such experiences as are recorded in the book before us must appear to solid men of Boston, where it is published, as incredible as a fairy tale. And yet there are scores—probably hundreds—of persons in their midst who could testify to like facts in their own personal history. The age of marvel and miracle is not dead, but is ever with us, if we will only open our eyes to see and our hearts to receive the wonder and the mystery that lies around.

These *Golden Memories of an Earnest Life*, garnered in the heart of a loving and devoted sister, and here presented to the reader, are a tribute of sisterly affection to the memory of one not only dear to home and a large circle of personal friends, but who was an earnest, able, indefatigable, and efficient worker for humanity. Though his sun went down while it was yet day, he had, during his brief sojourn of 35 years on earth, learned more, taught more, lived more than many who attain the full period of threescore years and ten. This volume is dedicated "To the Spiritualists of America, whose cause he served through life, and with his latest strength; to the music-loving world that claimed his fellowship; to the friends who loved him; and to the lovers of free thought and free speech everywhere, this brief memorial-record, the life-story of a firm and consistent

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\* *Golden Memories of an Earnest Life. A Biography of A. B. Whiting, together with Selections from his Poetical Compositions and Prose Writings.* Compiled by his Sister, R. AUGUSTA WHITING; Introduction by the Rev. J. M. PEEBLES. Boston: WILLIAM WHITE & COMPANY.

advocate of the science, philosophy, and religion of Spiritualism ; a tuneful soul, a faithful friend, and resolute defender of principle under all circumstances, is most respectfully dedicated by the author."

This dedication may serve as an index to the character of the man—his tastes, talents, and life-work. As the biography is not likely to fall into the hands of many of our readers, we shall freely quote from it those passages which we deem will most deeply interest the reader. But in the first instance, it may be desirable to present an outline of the external facts of his personal history, and which we give in the words of an obituary notice of him which appeared in a local journal of September 8, 1871:—

"The people of Albion were surprised and pained to learn of the sudden death, by rupture of a blood-vessel, or of the heart itself, on Monday afternoon, of A. B. Whiting. Mr. W. had been in feeble health for some time, but was able to be about, and attended the Spiritualist Grove Meeting the day before, on which occasion he spoke briefly, but not in any laboured effort. He was a man of strict integrity and fine intellectual attainments. As a lecturer and advocate of the faith of the Spiritualists he was widely known, and exerted a great influence. His funeral was attended by citizens generally, and by friends from other places. Remarks were made by Miss S. Johnson and Parker Pillsbury. The following sketch of the life of Mr. Whiting has been furnished us.

"He was born, December 14, 1835, in Plymouth County, Mass., where he received his education, graduating at East Bridgewater Academy. He was carefully educated, but never entered upon a classical course. As a boy at school he was remarkable for his facility in mastering his studies. Endowed with a wonderful memory, he seemed to acquire by intuition, and, what is singular in one who learns so readily, he seldom forgot anything. His delicate health never permitted him to indulge in the rude sports of boys, for which he manifested no inclination. He rather sought the society of those older than himself, in whose conversation he appeared to delight, but seldom took part. He seemed always to live in the world of thought, and not of action.

"He came to Brooklyn in this state, with his parents and sister, in 1853, where he lived, doing what labour his health would permit upon the farm of his father. In 1860 he removed to Albion with his mother and sister, his father having died, which place he made his residence up to the time of his death.

"He began his career as a public speaker at the early age of eighteen, advocating the cause of Spiritualism, to which he devoted the best energies of seventeen years of his life. His

energy and perseverance were untiring, and he died with 'harness on his back.'

"Notwithstanding the unpopularity of his fath, he won 'golden opinions from all sorts of people,' and commanded the respect and esteem of all who knew him. Amidst the fierce assaults of vituperation and calumny he was never known to swerve from the right or falter in his course.

"His death has left a deep void in the ranks of those with whom he was identified, which cannot be easily filled.

"His memory will be ever loved and respected by those whose privilege it was to know him. He was widely known, having delivered addresses in nearly every large city in the Union. And many there are throughout the land who will be sincere mourners at the sad news of his death.

"In the private walks of life he was an exemplary man. His honesty and integrity were the common remark of all. 'He was the stainless, spotless man,' one who would 'speak no slander—no, nor listen to it.'

'We have lost him; he is gone.  
We know him now; all narrow jealousies  
Are silent, and we see him as he moved,—  
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,  
With what sublime repression of himself,  
And in what limits, and how tenderly.  
. . . . And through all this tract of years  
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,  
Before a thousand peering littlenesses.'

We now turn to his spiritual experiences, to the manifestations of the inner life, and his connection with the cause to which the best years of his life were devoted; which he loved so earnestly, and served so well. His spiritual gifts seem to have been an inheritance, and were very early manifested, as is evident from the following account of—

#### HIS EXPERIENCES IN CHILDHOOD.

"He early exhibited a wonderful memory, and startled his mother by learning to point out certain letters on the heading of a newspaper before he could speak their names. But, more alarming than all, he saw people and scenes not visible to other eyes. As soon as he could speak he talked about 'the people,' as he called them, and continued to see these spiritual beings all through his childhood. Sometimes, at night especially, his room would seem full of them, and he could hear them converse with each other about him, and on various subjects. Of course, when he spoke of these things he was told to *hush*, that there was 'no one there,' that it was vapours, or something the matter with his eyes or brain. His mother, more patient with his oddities

than others, would say, 'Never mind the people; you will get over such sights when you get older. I used to see just such things when I was a child.' This was small consolation, for he loved his ethereal friends, and never feared them, and firmly refused to disbelieve in their identity, having the same consciousness of, and faith in, their care and protection as he felt toward that of his parents. His extreme delicacy of physical constitution caused his parents great anxiety, and the best physicians gave it as their opinion that he could live but a few years, on account of his immense head and slim body. One eccentric old doctor said that he 'would like to have him live, to see what he would make,' but that it was 'impossible for him to see his twelfth year.'

"When the child would overhear such remarks, the persons making them not supposing he would understand their purport, it made him very angry, and he would say, 'I *will* live, for *the people* say so.' One instance I will relate: He had just been examined by a celebrated physician, who proceeded to tell his parents, in the usual dogmatic way that the child 'could not possibly live to grow up, and was liable to drop off at any time,' when he startled the wise M.D. by exclaiming, 'Dr. —, I will live to visit your grave, for the man in the grey cloak [a spirit] says so, and he knows.' (This physician died about fifteen years later, and the prophecy was fulfilled.) This is only one of many similar incidents which attended his early childhood."

#### TEMPORARY WITHDRAWAL OF THE CLAIRVOYANT GIFT.— CONSEQUENT SCEPTICISM.

"Up to the age of twelve, Albert Bennet continued to see and converse with the ethereal beings spoken of in the last chapter, though he learned to keep his own counsel, and ceased to try to convince others of their reality. Soon after reaching his twelfth year he was prostrated by an attack of lung fever, with threatened congestion; and all the wise ones said, 'Lo! the time has come which we foretold.' The struggle was long and desperate, but life and destiny conquered at last, and, after well nigh passing the limits of the shadowy valley, he awoke on earth; but the strange gifts of his childhood had departed. Of his sensations at this time and subsequently I shall quote his own words in describing them to a friend. He said, 'An indefinable loneliness came over me, and in time I grew to look upon the past second-sight as a delusion, pleasant, but gone for ever. I thought I saw the correctness of my friends' assertion,—that it was a shadow on the eye or mind,—and I seemed to myself to have grown immeasurably older by its removal. For six

years to a day I saw nothing of a spiritual character; for that six years I believed death to be an eternal sleep, and thought of it only with a shudder.' ”

RETURN OF THE OPEN VISION—INTRODUCTION TO SPIRITUALISM—WONDERFUL MEDIUMISTIC EXPERIENCES—DEBUT AS A PUBLIC LECTURER AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.

“ In the early fall, a lady, who had called several times, broached the subject of spiritual circles, said there was one in the place of which she was a member, and invited our father and mother to attend. The latter excused herself on the ground of ill health. The lady thereupon stated that at a recent meeting of their circle, a lady medium present, while under control, had told them that there was a medium in our family. She was informed that it was a mistake, but still urged attendance upon the circle ‘just to see what would come of it,’ and finally asked if, as mother was unable to go out, it would be agreeable to have the circle held *there* at some time. To this mother consented readily, as the members, few in number, were most of them known to her as persons of unexceptionable character and standing in society. The appointed evening came, and with it the party, as arranged. The medium above spoken of—an elderly lady, and a fine healing and test medium, as was afterwards proved—was among the first to arrive. She was a total stranger to all the family, but no sooner had she entered the house than she walked directly up to my brother, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, said, ‘This is the one of whom I spoke.’ She then went on in the most explicit language to predict his future career, which prediction, both as regards the phases of his mediumship and his public life, has been literally verified; although, I think, not one of the persons present really believed it at the time, including the medium herself. He, certainly, was anything but credulous, and never spoke of the matter afterwards except to laugh at it, and think the ‘prophetess’ a queer person. Nothing occurred to change his scepticism until the following January, when, suddenly and without warning, the spirit-sight, the lost gift of his childhood, returned to him. Of the manner and circumstances of this return I shall give his own account, as preserved in his journal.

“ “ On the night of the 21st of January, 1854, I was suddenly awakened by four persons, bearing the appearance of Indians, who stood before me as distinctly as any persons I ever saw in my life. My room was brilliantly illuminated, although the night was very dark; I rubbed my eyes and half arose, to be sure I was awake; but there they stood, until I had time to

look at each one in detail, and compare and note the points of difference in their appearance and accoutrements. At length one of them—a chief of gigantic stature—approached my bedside, and addressed me as follows: “Child of earth, take back the inheritance of your ancestors, the gifts of your childhood! We are spirits; we will give you health, and a knowledge of spiritual life and intercourse. Other spirits will make you an instrument in their hands to proclaim this knowledge to the world. Tell what you have seen.”

“The speaker then returned to his place with the other three, and they all departed together, taking with them the light they had brought.

“The solitude and darkness of a winter’s night was again around me, and, as if to render the scene more impressive, an old wooden clock—which is older than I am—struck twelve three times, at intervals of a few minutes. I disobeyed their injunction, and told no one what I had seen. They came again the next night, and the next, and for ten consecutive nights, the same four always, and the same one of the four acting as spokesman. Still I told no one. It had become a source of annoyance to me, for I feared I was really becoming insane. Finally, the tenth night I said to them, somewhat pettishly, “If you *are* spirits, why can’t you bring some one whom I will know, instead of Indians altogether?” “It shall be as you desire,” was the reply.

“The next night, when they came, to my surprise and gratification, my little brother, who had been dead, as I thought, for several years, appeared plainly before me, and spoke to me, saying, “It is indeed true that spirits exist and communicate. It is my pleasure to return, giving my testimony to sustain what has been told you. I live, and am happy; your brother still in love, truth, and reality.”

“He also charged me, as had the others, to tell what I had seen; but, when morning came, I could not make up my mind to do so. The next night my visitors did not appear, nor the next, and so on for several nights, until I had begun to think perhaps it was a delusion after all, and rejoice that I had not exposed myself to ridicule by telling of it. About two weeks after these appearances ceased, one night about sunset, as I was walking out with my father, I saw what I supposed to be a genuine Indian, of flesh and blood, standing by the fence at the roadside. The idea that it was a spirit, or one of the same apparitions I had seen in my room, did not occur to me, as they had only appeared in the night-time, and had so long ceased altogether. So I innocently remarked to father, “See that Indian! What can he be doing there?” He looked, “Why,”

said he, "what do you mean? There is nobody there." "There is!" I replied positively.

"So we both walked towards the place where he stood; but, as we approached, my Indian rose into the air and vanished, laughing as he went. They had adopted this *ruse* to bring me out, and make me tell what I had seen, for, of course, I had to explain to father, and tell him what I had witnessed before. "Well," said he, "it is very strange! Come back into the house, and request them to come again when we are all present."

"As soon as we had seated ourselves, a spirit appeared whom I did not know. I saw him, though none of the rest did, which was a great mystery to me. I described him, and as soon as I had done so, my father said, "That is your grandfather Whiting—my father."

"Now, I had never seen my grandfather on earth, nor was there a portrait of him extant. I also saw at that time several others that I knew, and ever since have seen them more or less every day. I can say that I *know* spirits exist; and in their existence and communion I behold the glorious fact, the soul-stirring realisation, that I, too, am to live eternally. They tell me that this opened vision will never wholly leave me again, and that the changes through which I was passing—mentally and physically—made it necessary that it should be withdrawn during those six years.'

"After that, the Indians came to him every night, and would throw him into a kind of semi-conscious trance, and make him exercise for the benefit of his health, putting him through many singular forms of exercise. When it became warm weather, in the ensuing May and June, they would sometimes make him get up and go out of doors in the middle of the night. I will quote from the journal one incident of many.

"Last night they put me in an unconscious trance, and took me to the river. The first I knew, I found myself in father's large row-boat, out in the middle of the stream. I was astonished, thought it must be a dream, until one of my Indian friends appeared, and said, "I brought you here; reach out and pluck a lily; put it in your pocket." I did as directed. "Now," said he, "row the boat ashore." "I can't," said I, "I never rowed a bit in my life." "I'll help you," said he.

"So I made the attempt, and succeeded very well. When I had got the boat ashore I again lost consciousness, and when I awoke it was morning, and I was in bed as usual. "Well," thought I, rubbing my eyes, "I have had a queer dream." Then I remembered the lily, and going to my pocket drew it out still wet."

"His health gradually improved, and finding that these

Indian spirits were doing for him what no earthly power could do, he gave himself up to their treatment. After a time other spirits controlled him, some to speak, some to write, others to sing; giving a great variety of tests.

“When he wrote it was wholly mechanical, with one hand as well as the other, and sometimes both at once. Frequently, too, the writing would be upside down to him, or reversed, so that it was necessary to hold it before a glass to read it. He preserved in one small blank book upwards of twenty different handwritings, and seven different languages, and carried it with him after he began to travel, until all the languages had been tested by persons capable of deciding as to their genuineness. He understood, at that time, only three languages, and one of those imperfectly. (This writing gift wholly left him soon after he began to lecture.) He was sometimes quite violently controlled, lifted in the air and moved from one part of the house to another, but never injured in the least. At one time, I remember, he was taken up from a reclining position on a lounge, carried across two rooms, and deposited upon another lounge, without once touching the floor, a distance of at least thirty-five feet. This was in broad daylight, in presence of our mother and myself. It was done very quickly,—quicker, I think, than he could have run the distance. It was also entirely unsought and unexpected, as were all the manifestations of a similar character that ever took place with him. Indeed, they seldom happened at all, unless to assist him in difficulty, or remove him from danger; but *power* was never lacking in such time of need.

“Of course the report of his remarkable gifts drew crowds of visitors, some of whom were actuated by curiosity, and some driven by the natural longing of bereft hearts for tidings from the other side. To many of both classes the most satisfactory tests were given, so that it often happened that those who came to laugh remained to pray for more light from the beautiful beyond. To multiply instances would be tedious and unprofitable. Thousands of similar ones are taking place all over the country to-day, though then comparatively rare. The test was generally threefold. Where the person inquiring was a total stranger, and not introduced by name, the spirit, or spirits, who appeared with him, would call him by name, state their own names and relationship, and give some reminiscence of their life or death to confirm their identity. To this was sometimes added a few words of advice concerning private business, or an allusion to circumstances known only to the person addressed, or to facts *not known* to him or her at the time, but afterward ascertained. He continued to give such tests up to the time of his advent as a public lecturer; but after that, though he saw just the same,



he rarely got any communication direct, except from his own circle and personal friends.

“ About six months after he first saw the Indians, he was first controlled by the Italian spirit, Farini, who caused him to speak and sing in Italian as well as English. His development and physical training went on for a year longer, at the expiration of which time his health was firmly established. He had spoken some to public audiences in places near home, where an interest had sprung up; but now came his definite entrance upon public labours.

“ *Extract from Journal, July, 1855.*—‘ The other night Farini appeared to me, saying, “ On the 15th day of August approaching, you must begin your work.” I pondered upon it. What can it mean? thought I. Last night he came again. “ Prepare to fulfil your destiny!” were his words. “ Let me know my destiny,” said I in return.

“ ‘ Then he lifted the veil that obscured the future, revealing to me my future as a public lecturer, the day I should start, the mode of travelling, the direction necessary for me to take, and many other particulars. Feeling that the power which had restored me to health was at least entitled to respect, I signified my willingness to obey his directions.’ ”

On the 15th of August, 1855, he left home with the firm determination of fulfilling the wishes of his spirit guides. His success as a public lecturer more than equalled the promises they had made him. Much of the biography consists of accounts of lecturing engagements, public speeches and discussions, notes of persons and places on his journeyings, and other matters necessary to the record, but which we omit, as they would be of little interest to the English reader.\*

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\* In connection with his first lecturing tour we find the following anecdote incidentally related:—

A MEDIUM GETS WRITING ON THE ARM.

“ Returning again to Waukegan, he was accompanied thence to Chicago by a party of friends, among whom was that remarkable medium, Mrs. Seymour, since gone home to the spirit-world. The phase of her mediumship that attracted most attention was the appearance of writing upon the arm, often the name of some spirit entirely unknown to her. This test was given by her in public during his lectures in Chicago, the letters remaining plain and distinct until nearly all the large audience had time to pass by and examine them.”

We quote this incident, as it confirms the evidence given to the Committee of the London Dialectical Society (see *Report of the Committee*, page 181) by Mr. Manuel Eyre, who witnessed the writing on the arm of this lady. This phase of manifestation was repeatedly witnessed in London, a few years ago, through the mediumship of Mr. Charles Foster, and of which instances are given by Dr. Ashburner in his *Notes and Studies on the Philosophy of Animal Magnetism and Spiritualism*, and quoted in the *Spiritual Magazine*, No. 12, Vol. II., N.S.

In November, 1859, he was attacked with congestion of the lungs, and the following night to all appearance died. Until almost morning he lay in a death-like trance, but not unconscious, as it seemed. In his *Journal* he gives the following relation of his sensations in—

#### THE DEATH TRANCE.

“ I was a spirit with immortal beings. I could see my body as it lay upon the bed, cold and lifeless. I thought of my mother and sister at home, dependent upon me ; of their deep sorrow when they should hear of my departure. The spirits around me were conversing together. Some said, ‘ Let him stay with us ! ’ Others said, ‘ No ! let him go back to earth and fulfil his destiny.’ Then my guardian spirit said, ‘ He shall return to earth.’ I recognised, among those around, the tall Indian chief—one of the first four spirits who appeared to me—and a number of others whom I knew ; but soon one approached whom I had never seen—a man of venerable and majestic aspect. He was attended by a numerous company of spirits, and eagerly greeted, as if expected, with the request, ‘ Aid us to restore to earth this wandering mortal.’ I saw a green and yellow light fall upon my dead body, and I knew no more till I awoke in the form. I was cold and stiff, and could not move for a long time ; but gradually warmth and feeling returned, and the next day I arose and told my astonished friends that I was going home. They said I could not possibly live to get there, and, indeed, gave me no hope of recovery if I remained. I knew I *must* go ; so I coolly replied, ‘ Well, I won’t die here,’ and started on Thursday morning. I arrived at Niagara Falls Friday, where I found my old friend, Judge Manchester—formerly of Providence—and in his excellent family rested until Monday. Then, though even more feeble, and against the wishes of my kind host, I continued my journey, and reached home the Tuesday following, more dead than alive.”

#### THE NEW SPIRIT-GUIDE.

“ The venerable spirit, spoken of in the preceding chapter as first seen by him on the night of his death-trance at Putman, Conn., continued to visit him, and at times would control him to tell perfect strangers their history past and present, and to a great extent the future also, giving sometimes important advice, which, when followed, invariably accomplished the result foretold. Many whom his clear sight has relieved from danger or difficulty, in different parts of the country, during the last twelve years, will remember with gratitude the ‘ Old Man.’ This was the name by which he was known, at his own request,

as his real name was difficult of pronunciation. He was an Egyptian by birth, educated in Persia in all the learning of the Magi, was versed in the mysteries of spirit-communion, and hence called by the church a magician, and on one of his visits to Rome was imprisoned by the command of the reigning pope, and doomed to the flames, for dealing in magic and forbidden arts. But the powerful spirits that surrounded him opened his prison doors, and he escaped to Persia, where he departed this life at the age of 120. He is known to history as 'The Old Man of the Mountain'—the last chief of that title; but his history is little known, and what has been preserved is distorted by the pens of his enemies—the church historians. He lived on earth in the twelfth century and beginning of the thirteenth. He spoke and wrote, not only Egyptian and Persian, but Arabic, Greek, Latin, and Old French. He spoke English quite imperfectly at first, and always with a peculiar guttural accent, and never wrote it. He often made himself visible, not only to mediums, but to those who never saw any other spirit. Of his power of reading persons, he said, 'I can read their past and present like an open book, and from the tendencies and circumstances there revealed, the character of the person, and other data and relations, I can forecast the future much as you would calculate and solve a mathematical problem, and with the same accuracy. I do not claim infallibility. An error may occur in the figures of the most practised mathematician; so there may in mine, but with about the same infrequency. I never say anything positively of which I am not as certain as I am that figures cannot lie.' "

His spirit-guides, and especially "the old man," seem to have ever watched over him with the most anxious care, counselling him in difficulties, and preserving him from perils, accidents, and on more than one occasion from death. Once when unintentionally in the act of swallowing poison, his arm was arrested, and he was warned of the deadly nature of the draught. Here is another case of his being--

#### SAVED FROM DEATH BY SPIRIT-WARNING.

"As I was going on board the steamer, Farini appeared to me, and said, 'Do not go upon that boat; go over and take the steamer *Mississippi*, by way of Detroit.' I did so. In the night he again came to me, saying, 'The reason I told you to come by this boat is this—the *Northern Indiana* will be burned to-morrow.' The next day, about ten o'clock, the two boats being about seven miles apart, the *Northern Indiana* was discovered to be on fire. I was the first to see it, for I was

expecting it, relying upon the information I had received. About fifty lives were lost, the balance being rescued by our boat. The scene was heart-rending in the extreme. Thus was my life preserved from the most imminent danger by a spirit, and I arrived home in safety on the 17th of July, after an absence of four months."

Here is a curious instance from his *Journal*, in which the spirits were literally as a lamp unto his feet, and a light unto his path. He calls it quaintly—

#### THE SPIRIT-LANTERN.

"I started from home late in the afternoon to walk to the station—nearly five miles distant—in time for the evening train. It had been a beautiful day, but when I had gone about half the distance, heavy clouds suddenly gathered in the sky. It began to rain, and grew dark as pitch. I was obliged to go entirely by sense of feeling, until there arose before me—out of the ground apparently—a pale blue light, about the size of a common lantern. It lighted a place large enough for me to walk, and kept the same distance in advance till I got to Napoleon Village, then burst and disappeared. I was still half a mile from the station. 'What shall I do?' thought I, 'without my spirit lantern.' A voice answered, 'You will see in due time.' The next I knew, I was standing on the railroad, about two rods from the depôt door. I went in, and discovered, to my astonishment, that I was *not wet*, except the outside of my boots and bottoms of my pants, and that I had traversed the entire distance in five minutes less than an hour. I did not feel any inconvenience from weariness, and took no cold."

#### SPIRIT-PICTURES IN AMBROTYPE, IN 1864.

While in Massachusetts in May, 1864, at a place named Chicopree, he had a little experience in the then comparatively new phenomena of spirit-pictures, concerning which, from a letter written home by him at the time the following extract is given:—

"I was sitting for an ambrotype here the other day, and a beautiful little compass appeared on the plate, though there was nothing to take it from. I sat again another day, and the plate was covered with images, more or less perfect, and two small faces, one in profile and quite well defined, the other about the size of a gold half-dollar, immediately above my head. The latter has on a turban, and is found perfect when examined through a microscope. Both of them I recognise as members of the band of Persian spirits who accompany the 'Old Man.' The

artist is a young man, just married, and his wife and relatives are all opposed to Spiritualism; but these phantom pictures have haunted him by spells for over a year, and he can't get rid of them. He says they are more apt to come for mediums than any one else. He has a beautiful one of Miss Lizzie Doten, with a spirit beside her; and the Davenports have one, taken here, upon which the fifth hand is as plainly visible as their own."

## SPIRIT-FORESIGHT.

In the last week of June, 1871, only a few weeks before his death, at the close of a lecture engagement at Milford, we are told:—

"Before leaving for home he received a peculiar test of spirit-foresight. An old physician, whom he had known in earth-life, and whose funeral he had attended many years previously, conversed with him through the mediumship of Mrs. McCain, and, after giving him other advice with regard to his health, said, 'You must give up speaking entirely for at least six months, or you cannot possibly regain your health. You ought not to address an audience again; but you will be called upon soon to attend the funeral of an old friend, which you will feel compelled to do, though at great peril to yourself.'

"He had been at home but a few days when a messenger came to announce the death of Mrs. Hiram Hammond, of Onondaga, Mich., she having left the especial request that her funeral sermon should be preached by A. B. Whiting. Twelve years before, she had asked and received his promise to perform for her that service, should he survive her, and he felt that he must redeem that promise if it were possible. He resolved to go, but, though the distance was short, he did not dare attempt to go alone; so I went with him. The distance was about thirty-five miles by rail, and we went the evening before the day appointed for the funeral, the first Sunday of July."

## LAST PUBLIC ADDRESS.

Only the day before his last on earth, as already noticed, he attended a Grove Meeting of Spiritualists. He had signified that even if he could attend he would be unable to speak. He rode there in the afternoon, and was, of course eagerly welcomed, and was requested most earnestly to "Just say a few words to the friends assembled." His biographer says:—

"To our surprise, he consented, and impelled, as it seemed, by an irresistible impulse, extended his remarks to an eloquent and comprehensive address, occupying about twenty minutes in rapid delivery, and closing with an improvisation upon the subject, 'Tis only a Question of Time.' The power and pathos of

that last address, that farewell poem, will never be forgotten by those who listened to his voice that day. Many were moved to tears; for his words were pervaded by a prophetic undertone, touched by the shadow of the coming change. Had he stood up with the deliberate intent of taking thus his farewell of the spiritual rostrum, he could not have chosen better the words or the occasion. He was much exhausted by the effort, though he spoke with all the vigour and apparent ease which were so eminently characteristic of him as a public speaker."

#### SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

In conclusion, we present his own statement on this subject, as embodied in a paper prepared by him, at the request of Emma Hardinge, in 1867. After speaking of his early possession of the open vision, its temporary withdrawal, and final return, he says:—

"From that day to this—over thirteen years—I have not been twenty-four hours at once without this opened vision; and I am assured that this gift will never wholly leave me again, and that the changes through which I was passing, mentally and physically, made it necessary that it should be taken from me for the six years. Generally speaking, the possession of this gift is productive of far more pleasure than pain, but there are times when I see so many, and they come in such crowds, that it produces a temporary annoyance—a sort of pressure upon the sight: then my kind guardian will draw something like a veil between me and them, and they are shut from my sight for the time being.

"Since I have been a public lecturer I rarely get any communication direct from any, except my own circle and personal friends. The mass of spirits that I see make no more impression upon me than the crowds I would meet in Broadway, New York, at mid-day. I recognise my friends, and pass on. I see, not only the dead, but the living also, in places where their bodies are not. This, however, is not a constant gift; nor do I see these as clearly as those who have left the earthly-mould. I used sometimes to get the two confounded, and mistake the living for the dead, and *vice versâ*. I think such mistakes on the part of mediums lead to many cases of mistaken identity and miscalled falsehood on the part of spirits. Now I rarely mistake the double for a departed spirit. . . .

"It is now thirteen years since I have followed this changing life, under the guidance of true and faithful guides, who have never deceived or misled me in the slightest degree. During these thirteen years I have seen all phases of spirit-control and demonstration of which I have ever heard, and recognise each as filling its appropriate sphere. I am not one of those who

would wish to pull up the ladder on which I have ascended, or decry any form of mediumship, however humble; nor do I, like some, hold to the vain belief that I have reached, or ever shall reach, a condition so exalted as to be above or beyond the assistance and inspiration of my spirit-friends.

“My manner of speaking is wholly inspirational. I rarely know beforehand what I am to say, or even the particular theme upon which to treat, but am fully conscious of what I say at the time it is spoken, and my remembrance thereof is about the same that I would have of another’s discourse to which I had listened. Under whatever circumstances, or upon whatever theme I may speak, I recognise the same support. It has never failed me in a single instance. It has been to me an educator, bringing forward historical facts unknown to me previous to their utterance, but, when sought out, found uniformly correct in substance, and sometimes verbatim—philosophy of which in my youth I was ignorant, and language that, of myself, I was incapable of using. These were among the—to me—strange things of my early experience. Now they are part of myself in mind, and matters of every-day life in reality, as well as form and expression.

“I have thus obtained a good, thorough education without the routine of study or the prestige of collegiate honour. Connected with my speaking has been the gift of improvisation upon almost any given subject. Probably, in my lecturing career I have composed extemporaneous poems upon more than two thousand occasions. Last winter I kept account of the number of the different themes improvised upon in a space including November and December, 1866, and the result was forty-two; which, I think, would be a fair average for the last twelve years.”

#### THE MYSTIC TIE—MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

Between the subject of these *Memoirs* and his sister—the compiler of this biography—there existed, from childhood, a mystic tie, concerning which we quote her own statement, as it presents an instance of peculiar interest to the student of Psychology. When about eleven years of age, a little favourite brother sickened and died, with a tact and thoughtfulness far beyond his years Albert strove to divert and console his stricken parents, and when the only sister called in vain for her vanished playmate he was her surest comforter:—

“In this fellowship of sorrow there first began to be developed between the two children that peculiar and mysterious bond of sympathy, which, though probably inherent in their mental constitutions, became more strikingly noticeable in later

years—a sort of mystic sixth sense, by which the one was enabled to understand the thoughts and feelings of the other when the causes of those thoughts and feelings were beyond cognizance by any ordinary method, and by which any strong emotion or desire of the *one* was inevitably transmitted to the *other*, even at a distance. It is proper to observe, that a tie in some respects similar also existed between the children and their mother, as regards the transmission of any extraordinary mental agitation. I do not pretend to explain or furnish a reason for these singular facts. Such instances have been known to exist in the case of twins, and have furnished much food for speculation, with, I believe, little definite result. We can call it mental telegraphy; we can say that the similarity of mental structure, which subsists between minds under certain circumstances, may link them together by an ethereal wire, across which may flash messages from soul to soul; yet the mysterious laws which govern the existence, or non-existence, of this intercommunion are a sealed book, and the angel who shall break the seals hath not yet appeared.

“ Suffice it to say, that the mental relationship between this brother and sister was doubtless the same in kind as that alluded to as sometimes existing between twins, and traceable to the same unknown law; for, despite the nine years’ difference in age, the resemblance in mental organization was in most points complete and minute, becoming, however, more strikingly apparent, even to themselves, as added years made the disparity of age less noticeable. This correspondence grew to be so exact, that, when both had arrived at years of maturity, each could count with the utmost certainty upon the opinions and feelings of the other upon any given subject, knowing that, the same data being furnished, they invariably reached identical conclusions. It should not be understood, however, that, with all this generally minute resemblance, there were *no* points of difference to determine for each mind a separate and distinct individuality. These differences, though few, were well defined, and seemed so arranged that the aptitudes which were lacking in one were possessed by the other in unusual degree; thus making, in these respects, the one mind the complement of the other, and increasing their mutual dependence.

“ That between two thus bound by the very law of their being there should exist the most unreserved confidence, the most unquestioning faith, is natural, and in the nature of things inevitable; for, while perfect *love* casteth out all fear, perfect KNOWLEDGE destroys the possibility of doubt, distrust, or misunderstanding.

“ I have thought it best to give this explanation here, and in



this general way, rather than more particularly, and in the order of time in which we came to understand these things, for this reason—that, while the peculiar relationship described as existing between my brother and myself necessarily exerted a powerful influence, permeating the lives of both, yet this influence was so subtle in its character as to defy any attempt to measure its extent or define its limits. Hence only generalization is possible.

“As children we, of course, did not know that there was anything exceptional in the perfect sympathy which we instinctively realised, but supposed the same to exist equally between all brothers and sisters. In this view I regarded with most sincere pity those little girls who were not blessed with a ‘big brother,’ while *he* looked no less compassionately upon those unfortunate boys who had no ‘little sister.’ When observation taught us the fallacy of this belief, we concluded, next, that it was because we were only two that we loved each other more; but when, to our astonishment and horror, we learned that there was not invariably harmony even between two,—that *this* was not the bond of peace,—we were puzzled indeed.

“We were told that ‘good little children should *always* agree,’ and in the light of that teaching were forced to conclude that ‘good little children’ were not so plenty as they might be, and, I dare say, regarded that fact as highly complimentary to ourselves. Yet we could not but see that those who made the most constant effort to be kind and forbearing, if not always successful, were more worthy of praise than we were, to whom no effort was necessary. Thus the unsolved problem still haunted us, and would not be dismissed, until time and investigation, throwing light into the dark recesses of mental science, had shown us that our unanimity, and the inharmony we saw, rested alike upon inexorable law, and, consequently, was neither creditable nor discreditable to either. We could only rejoice that we had been so blessed.

“As years rolled on, and we comprehended, more and more, that the experiences which were so familiar to us were in some respects unique, and belonged to a class of unexplained phenomena, occurring only in rare and exceptional instances, we devoted much mutual thought to the endeavour to unveil, if possible, the hidden workings of the mysterious law that united us; to discover what was the force which caused and regulated the transmission of thought and its method of operation.

“Without attempting to enter into a critical disquisition on the subject, I will briefly state the principal facts that we were able to glean. In the first place we discovered that it was not so often the isolated thought or emotion that was conveyed, as

that the mental state of the one was reflected, or photographed, upon the mind of the other, from which the causes of that mental state were readily inferred, and with almost invariable accuracy. We next sought to decide whether the power of transmitting these impressions was due to, or dependent upon, an effort of the will; and found that, while the exertion of the will might deepen the effect, and in the case of others might be indispensable, that, as between ourselves, the message was transmitted, not only without any volition on our part, but sometimes *in spite of* our will to the contrary (as when one would wish to withhold from the other the knowledge of trouble or sickness); and that the vividness of the impression sent would be in exact proportion to the strength of the cause in the mind of the involuntary sender. But we also discovered that two causes might interfere to modify the vividness of the impression received: first, any unusual pre-occupation or agitation on the part of the receiver; and second, the intervention of a powerful supra-mundane will. In the first case the impression received was liable to be confused and indistinct, and in the second case it might be diminished in strength to such a degree as to be almost imperceptible, but *never* totally interrupted or destroyed. These facts, ascertained by repeated experiment, place these peculiar phenomena so evidently within the dominion of law, albeit a law not fully understood, that it were folly to question their existence, or ascribe them to coincidence or fancy. On the contrary, their actuality has been so abundantly proven to my mental consciousness,—so fully realised,—that, were all other proofs of immortality swept away, I could fearlessly rest my hope—my knowledge—of continued life and love beyond the grave on this: that, from beyond the shadowy veil that divides the visible from the invisible world, the twin-soul still responds to mine as clearly and unmistakeably as of old. Thus the mystic bond, which triumphed over distance and outward circumstances here, is still our solace, and, unchanged by death, reveals at once its own eternal nature and the soul's immortal life."

From our copious extracts it will be seen that the style of the narrative is admirably clear, simple, and concise, and the writer is evidently careful to be accurate in her statements; but, in passing, we may be permitted to point out, as a slight error, that the editorship of this Magazine is attributed to a gentleman whose only connection with it has been that of a contributor. The mistake is quite unimportant, we only notice it that he may not be saddled with the responsibility of our shortcomings.

To this *résumé* of her brother's life and labours the authoress appends upwards of eighty pages of his songs, poems, and written poetical improvisations, and the abstract of a lecture by him on "The Real and the Ideal." We think it would have been better to have reserved these for inclusion (or a selection from them) in the forthcoming collection of compositions which he has left, and which his sister announces she contemplates arranging for publication as soon as time will permit.

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## PROTOPLASM AND BIOPLASM.

By Professor HEMAN LINCOLN, D.D.

DISCOVERIES in science follow each other so rapidly that the positions taken by the masters are subject to frequent change. Not many months ago Professor Huxley created an unusual excitement in the public mind by his famous lecture on "Protoplasm." He made the startling assertion that the physical basis of life is the same in vegetables and animals and men; that the vegetable eliminates the cell, as the germ of life, from inorganic matter, and the cell, thus formed, builds up all the structures of the animate world; that the higher grades of organization are only improved methods of arranging the molecular elements of the cell; and consciousness is only a function of nervous matter, when that matter has attained a certain organization. Indeed, the learned professor did not shrink from the conclusion that "our thoughts are the expression of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena."

The lecture seemed to most hearers and readers an eloquent statement and defence of materialism, and a denial of all knowledge of mind or of spiritual forces. The lecturer disclaimed the rightfulness of this interpretation, and in a subsequent lecture on Descartes, maintained that consciousness is the primary source of all knowledge; and that the study of Nature, like the study of mind, must begin with its testimony. To impeach its veracity is to deny the possibility of science as of metaphysics.

The Professor's theory, unfolded with a glamour of style and illustration that fascinated, where it failed to convince, gave no solution of the problem of life: its mysteries were left unexplained. Why this protoplasm, identical in substance, takes on the form of scales in the fish, of feathers in the bird, of hair in the quadruped, he could not explain. Why it endows the eagle with keenness of vision, the hound with sharpness of scent, and man with power of thought, eluded the analysis of the microscope or the laboratory. Every thoughtful man felt that no real progress

was made, in saying that the physical basis of life is the same in all the forms of animate Nature, or in calling that basis protoplasm, so long as the forces that mould its manifold shapes, and manifest themselves in instinct and in mind, are left unexplained. The *basis* of life is of small importance; the *life itself* is the secret that baffles. It is not the casket, but the jewel, we are struggling to understand.

But the microscope has detected a new element in the physical basis of life, which takes from Prof. Huxley's theory even its apparent value. The cell does not become the basis of life until life has first entered and changed it. Animal structures are built up not from protoplasm, but from bioplasm. The organs and processes of life draw their food not from raw material, but from material which life has already shaped and prepared for use. This is the newest and most interesting discovery in physiology. Careful observation with the microscope discovers in the blood two kinds of minute corpuscles—the one colourless, the other of a yellowish-red hue. The latter greatly outnumber the former. But the former seem to be living substance, the first manifestation of life, by which the raw material, the albumen digested from the food, is changed into the organized material which builds up the body. As an able writer in the Edinburgh Review says, these corpuscles are seen "insinuating themselves into and through the finest slits and pores, by first pushing forward the minutest perceivable finger or feeler of their substance into the available chink, and then bringing after the feeler all of the rest of the corpuscular mass in the same attenuated way." These corpuscles have the power of spontaneous motion, of growth and enlargement, and of changing raw material into formed material, which builds up the body, and supplies its waste. The writer in the Edinburgh Review adds:—"The most intelligent modern physiologists seem to be pretty well satisfied that it is a fundamental law of living economy, that 'formative material' must pass through the ordeal of becoming itself 'living substance' before it can by any possibility be 'formed substance;' and that this virtually is the reason why the 'formed substance' of organized structures cannot be produced by any unliving agency."

If these latest results of observation are accepted, it is evident that the secret of life baffles alike experiment and study. Life precedes power of organization, and must first permeate the raw material before this can assume a condition adapted to the nourishment and growth of the body. In other words, there is no physical basis of life until life has created the basis. Protoplasm is of no service until life has converted it into bioplasm.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHY.

IT is gratifying to find that the reckless imputations of *mala fides*, against Spirit-photographs in London has found no support in any Spiritualist journal. The liability is strictly "limited" to the one in which it originally appeared; and as the discussion advanced, and the facts were better understood, our contemporaries and Spiritualists generally became more firm and decided in support of those who had been unjustly inculpated. The discussion has now happily advanced from the stage of denunciation to that of philosophical inquiry. In our January number we presented an article on the philosophy of spirit-photography from our thoughtful correspondent, Mr. John Beattie, in which he stated the conclusions he had arrived at from his own observations and experiments. These will, no doubt, receive that consideration to which they are so well entitled, even should they not be altogether confirmed by other and further investigations.

At present, with our imperfect knowledge, all theories on this subject, must, we opine, be regarded as tentative only. We need more facts, more experimental investigation, and more time, with fuller discussion, before any theory can be accepted as final, and an adequate explanation of all the facts of the case. While spirit-photographs (like spirit-drawings) have a certain generic character, those obtained by each operator are in some respects distinctive; and the conclusions to be drawn from experiments in one studio may not be altogether the same that may legitimately be drawn from experiments in another; and even one series of experiments by the same photographer, and with the same medium, may correct and modify the conclusions drawn from those which have preceded it. We require to collate and compare carefully these several experiments at different times and places, with all their attendant circumstances, and to gather in this way a large and varied body of carefully observed and conducted experiments, before any comprehensive induction can be safely drawn from them.

From his own observations and experiments, Mr. Beattie conceives that instead of photographs of spirits we have only photographs *by* spirits. He combats the notion that the actual spirit can be photographed; and he asks, "Is there any proof that in the production of these pictures any other than physical conditions have had play?" "Are the photographs called spiritual not as purely physical as any others thrown off from purely physical substance, the form of that substance having been given by intelligent beings outside of it, and

moulded into shape for their purpose?" And again, he inquires, "Are the photographs any other than material resemblances, moulded by spiritual beings, of substances capable when condensed of throwing off energy very actively?" He says of the spirit-photographs generally, "I have seen a large number of them which I believe to be genuine, but in no case have I seen them indicating the free play of true life."

Now it is highly probable that there is some truth in this view, but it is fairly open to question whether it presents the whole truth. Some of the figures reflected on the photographic plate may possibly be moulded out of some plastic substance invisible to common sight—call it psychic substance, or by any other name. The figures on the photographs obtained by Mr. Beattie, and some others would favour this view. But is it not probable that spirit-photographs, like spirit-faces, are not all to be explained on any one hypothesis—that the *modus operandi* differs in different cases? Some of the spirit-forms and faces seen at *séances* are statuesque, and seem as though fashioned by a spirit-artist, out of some unknown plastic substance; others are mobile, having the free play of life, the kindling eye, the warm touch, the speaking voice with its modulations of tone indicative of subject, character and personal identity; the same variety obtains in spirit-photographs. Some are stiff and mechanical, resembling a draped lay figure rather than a living person. These have suggested the idea of being a "make up," which on Mr. Beattie's hypothesis they may be, though not of the mortal operator, but of the spirit-artist. But, even here, how can it be truly said that they are purely physical? It is not questioned by Mr. Beattie that they are genuine. How is it, then, that a figure appears on the plate, standing by your side, and yet of which in broad daylight there is no visible counterpart? Here is a human figure clearly defined, and in some cases apparently opaque. If dependent on purely physical conditions, how is it that it is there at all, there being nothing visibly present to be reflected on the plate? The difficulty is increased when we come to those recognised as portraits of the departed; and which in form, feature and expression, are as life-like as the mortal sitter. Here is the portrait of a well-known and well-remembered relative, identified not only by the writer, but by other relatives who were daily with her. She is looking straight into our eyes, and yet neither we, nor a lady present, nor the photographer could see anything. If then these portraits are only material resemblances, then, at least there must be matter or substance invisible yet capable of reflecting light; and to many it will appear evident that "other than physical conditions have had play."

But is it not true that we are dealing with a phase of spirit-manifestation which like every other that we know is dependent on conditions partly physical, partly mental or spiritual, especially in relation to the medium? Does not bodily health, mental serenity or disturbance, joy or grief, religious emotion, or intense feeling of any kind, measurably and to a considerable extent effect the results obtained? That the spirit in its own pure essence can be photographed we are not prepared to affirm. We know, and probably can only know, of spirit through its manifestation in form, but there seems good reason to conclude that the spirit in form is, sometimes at least, really and personally present when its portrait is taken. This Magazine records instances in which spirits have attended by appointment with the sitters, and had their photographs taken at the time and place indicated, though no intimation had been given to the photographer. Again, spirits seen at circles have been readily identified as those which appear on photographs, and the spirits have shown themselves in the attitudes they have been taken in, and have named the sitters on whose plates they have appeared. Clairvoyants who have been present when spirit-photographs were taken have seen the spirits and correctly described them, and pointed out the position relative to the sitter where they would appear on the plate; and mediums have felt the peculiar influence they experience when spirits are present in their immediate sphere. The proper conclusion from these and other considerations would seem to be that we have both photographs *by* spirits, and photographs *of* spirits. The one view does not necessarily exclude the other, but may serve to supplement it. We write not to provoke controversy, but in the hope to elicit the well-considered opinions on this subject of other qualified investigators.

We know too little of the laws and conditions which govern the production of these photographs, to speak of them with that absolute confidence shown by those who in this matter we think are more bold than wise; but the facts already ascertained seem clearly to point to the conclusion that these laws and conditions are both physical and spiritual, and if we are to distil them out, we must do so in the true spirit of science, by careful induction not from a few experiments alone, but by taking into account the whole body of facts bearing on the question, free from partiality, prejudice or passion; collating and comparing the varied experiences of different investigators, and seeking light from the operators on the other side, and who we may fairly presume are better informed on the matter than ourselves.

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## CONJURING TRICKS.

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Two professional conjurors, named Maskelyne and Cook, have for some years been giving performances together chiefly in imitation of the Davenport Brothers. Their entertainment has lately been revived, with some additions, at the Crystal Palace, where they have exhibited various tricks of their art which puzzle the uninitiated. We have no wish to detract from the merit of their amusing performances, which are a successful combination of mechanical ingenuity and successful legerdemain. Spirit manifestations have nothing to do with the arts of the prestidigitateur, and it is only ignorance or disingenuousness which would confound them. Houdin, Bosco, and others of their most eminent practitioners have frankly admitted that the phenomena of mediumship and clairvoyance they have witnessed they are unable to explain; and that, under the same conditions, they could do nothing.\* We have no concern with the means by which conjuring tricks are effected; but, as the press has lately resorted to its old device of throwing dust into the eyes of the public, by professing to regard the Crystal Palace entertainment as an exposure of Spiritualism—and we regret to say, among others,

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\* *Le Messager*, of Liege, contains in three consecutive numbers accounts of *séances* held in the presence of Robert Houdin; of his astonishment, and his final admission of marvels not within the range of his capacities as a legerdemain professor. Robert Houdin had a world-wide reputation, and so thoroughly master was he of the art of deception, that, when the members of the French Academy were asked to look into the phenomena of Spiritualism, they silenced all appeals in that direction by referring to Houdin. He had been in Algiers just previous to my arrival there, and had bewildered both Kabyl and Moor. The wild Tuarigs had carried his name far into the desert, for he had been invited by Marshal Randon to exhibit before them. They said to the Marshal, "Why do you war with gun and sabre, when you have such men among you as Houdin, who, by his black art, could sweep us all from the earth?" M. Houdin, in his *séances* with M. Alexis, when in a sonnambulic state, was deeply moved at what he heard and saw. Perfectly blindfolded, M. Alexis picked out cards designated, read documents that were hidden from every one's view, visited distant places, told by a lock of hair the age of M. Houdin's son at the time it was taken from the boy's head, and told him he was at that moment being very seriously betrayed by one whom he trusted as a friend. Nearly everything could be verified on the spot; but the latter assertion required time, and time showed that his friend, at the time specified, had robbed him of ten thousand francs. M. Houdin finally wrote: "I came from this exhibition as much astonished as it is possible to be, and persuaded entirely of the impossibility that hazard or *adresse* could ever produce such marvellous results." What will the *savans* of the Academy now say?

See also the account of a *séance* Houdin had with Mr. D. D. Home, given in Home's *Incidents of my Life*; and in regard to Signor Bosco, the letter of Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope in the *Report of the Committee of the Dialectical Society*. Similar admissions might be quoted as to the Davenport manifestations; but as to these we must be content here to refer the reader to Nichols's *Lives of the Brothers Davenport*, and to the accounts of them we have given in former volumes, more especially our number for November, 1864.



by so respectable a journal as the *Daily News*—we shall here, once for all (for we do not care to again occupy our space with such matters), present what seems the sufficient explanation of the clever deceptions alluded to, and which are said to be by far the best of their kind.

Mr. Hans Traill, in a letter to the *Medium*, after describing the performance of Maskelyne and Cook, at the Crystal Palace, and a similar entertainment called "Proteus; or, We are here, yet not here," given a few years ago at the Polytechnic, proceeds:—

From this description it will be seen that the Maskelyne and Cook mystery is of a precisely similar nature to that of the "Proteus" of the Polytechnic. The details of the plot are different, the principle of action is similar. The latter trick was effected in the following manner.—Closely fitting in each side of the cabinet was a door, hinged at the back; each of the two was papered on the outer side, the same as the back of the cabinet, so that when they were folded back in the suitable recesses provided for them in the sides, they really formed the sides. But the other side of each door, that side which was not seen, was formed of silvered plate-glass, and when the doors were pulled out from the side recesses they met together against the central post already spoken of, forming an angle of ninety degrees, or a right angle. When a person seated in front now looked into the cabinet, it was impossible for him to discover that any alteration had taken place in its internal arrangement, for the surface of the mirrors, being at an angle to the spectator, could not be seen, but by their agency was shown each *side* of the cabinet, which was papered the same as the back. According to a well-known law in optics, the sides thus reflected appeared to the spectator to be as far behind the mirrors as they were distant from their surfaces, and thus what *appeared* to be the back of the cabinet, and which one had the evidence of his eyes to warrant him in believing to be several feet behind the junction of the two mirrors, was in reality but the sides.

To understand this, let a person place a mirror obliquely before him, and he will see in it those objects on one side of him.

The trick, therefore, was conducted in the following way:—The mirrored and secret doors being folded back, inspection was invited, and the cabinet was seen to be empty. But when it was required to make a person disappear, it was only necessary that, as soon as the outer door of the cabinet was closed, he or she should step to the back and unfold both secret doors. On the outer door being re-opened, the cabinet is seen to be empty, as the spectators can see to its very back, the back that they see being, however, in reality only the sides. Several persons may thus be concealed behind the reflecting-doors, and the cabinet still appears to be empty.

I have been at some pains to explain this trick, because the cabinet of Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook, and, indeed, *every* cabinet of this kind, must be constructed on similar principles. In the case of the gorilla cabinet a shelf was placed across it horizontally, so that when the devourer was lying at ease in the lower division, the poor devoured victim was hiding behind the diagonally-placed mirror in the upper portion.

The tricks of instantaneously getting out of the stocks in which they were locked hands and feet; of one of them being apparently transferred from one place, or even barrel, to another; the feat of one of them getting inside of a chest, which was in a few minutes found to be locked, sewed up in pack-sheet, and afterwards corded over—these, with other similar "phenomena," I could readily explain, were it desirable; but I abstain from doing so, for the pages of a serial devoted to Spiritualism is scarcely the place to discuss even the means by which spiritual-phenomena can be imitated, more especially as the very clever performances of the gentlemen named above were never, at least in the Crystal Palace, stated by them to have the remotest connection with Spiritualism; and I, for one, know that they spoke the truth.

Another correspondent writes :—

“As an eye-witness of two entertainments given by Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook at the Crystal Palace, some time ago, allow me to correct an error as to the examination of the cabinets they perform with. On these occasions two cabinets were used, one of which I was allowed to examine. The other contained the reflectors referred to by another of your correspondents. The cabinet I examined contained a moveable floor over two hollow square blocks of wood (about five or six inches square), which rested on trestles. Into the blocks were packed some wearing apparel. The said wearing apparel was subsequently used in their entertainment.”

Mr. Traill, in the letter from which we have quoted, does not, for sufficient reasons, enter into the explanation of the remaining portion of these conjuring tricks, but the omission is well supplied by the following letter, which appeared in the *Times* of January 6th, 1873 :—

*To the Editor of the “Times.”*

Sir,—A public *viva voce* discussion has just been held between an eminent Spiritualist and an equally eminent “unbeliever,” and in the course of debate the latter described a marvellous feat which he had seen performed by a conjuror named Maskelyne. A large wooden box, inclosed in a canvas cover and corded, was placed upon a platform, in which there was no trap; a light screen was set up around the box and the conjuror, and the man actually transferred himself into the box, leaving it covered with the wrapper, and tightly bound in all directions by the knotted cord, as it was before. The speaker said that he, with three other persons from the audience, untied the cord, removed the canvas cover, opened the box-lid, and found Maskelyne inside. “I do not know how the feat was done,” he added, “but it beats the spirits into fits.”

Now, it appears to me that this confession of being unable to fathom the mystery of that surprising and baffling trick is a weakness on the part of the professed exposor of Spiritualism; for a man, without sufficient invention to account for any feat of legerdemain, is not qualified to detect supposed secrets of the “mediums.” Without entering into details, which would require a diagram, I may suggest to anybody’s common sense what is the explanation of the wonderful box-trick. A little reflection will show that if the conjuror had first to loosen a portion of the cord, next to open the canvas cover, and then to open the box, in order to get inside, he must, of necessity, have re-fastened those parts in the reverse order of succession when shutting himself up. Thus, when once inside the box, he first tied the cord, next secured the strings of the canvas wrapper, and then closed the box. Of course the box-lid was shut, or neither the cord nor the wrapper would have tightly fitted in their proper form; but a portion of the box, made to open inwards, was that finally shut? Anyone who knows how conjurors’ boxes are constructed, to deceive inspection, by means of veneers which look like real dove-tail joints, by screw heads without screws, and nail heads without nails belonging to them, will perceive how an end or side, or part of an end or side, could be moveable without being discovered to be so.

I suppose that it would be quite possible to perform a still more complicated trick on the same principle of completing the outer shell first, building up one inclosure within another, and finishing with the innermost box or envelope.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN ALGERNON CLARKE.

The Salisbury Hotel, Fleet Street.

Since the foregoing was compiled, some further explanations of these and other tricks in the Crystal Palace entertainment, illustrated by diagrams, have appeared in the *Spiritualist* of March 15th, but we abstain from entering into the subject at any greater length, as we have already given more space to this burlesque of spirit-manifestations than it deserves.

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### THE SCIENTIFIC TEST OF PRAYER.

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[Our American cousins have certainly learnt the art of "putting" things. We have read half-a-dozen elaborate articles in reply to the scheme of Dr. Tyndall's friend for teaching the value of prayer, but we do not think that in any one of them the absurdity of the proposal has been shown so forcibly as in the following "Letter to the Editor of the *Contemporary Review*—by One of the Unprayed for." It appears in a recent number of the *New York Independent*.]

SIR,— I have hired one of the nurses to write a word for me in frantic appeal to the public. I am one of those unfortunate creatures deposited for the time being in the hospital ward that is to be shut out from prayer.

I understand there are some doubts about the management of the world, and a Mr. Tyndall has brought the Lord to his judgment-seat. Will God appear? That's the question. Will He take any sort of notice of this here meddling? Anyhow, I protest against being used in this experiment. I can't help feeling shaky about it. You see, to be under fire at Balaklava was where you could see the guns; and though I left a leg down there, I'd rather go in again than to lie here a whole week thinking about Dathan and Abiram and Lot's wife and all the rest of the blasphemers.

You see the doctors came along one morning with a Professor Tyndall. And he says, says he, "Now, my man, we are going to have an experiment—the greatest experiment that was ever tried; and we want you boys in this ward to help us. We have found out a great many strange things lately, and have about used up the world and the universe; and now we are going to see if there is any God. And, to do this, we want to turn on all the head of prayer we can to Ward 10, and shut it off for one week from Ward 11. And then you see what a lovely test it will be. If all the patients in No. 10 are well, and all of you in No. 11 are dead, or pretty near, we shall be sure there is a God, and praying a good thing. But, if you are as well off as the other boys, we shall tell the world to stop praying altogether. Now isn't that grand? Doesn't it stir your enthusiasm, my dear

fellow?" "But," said I, very humbly, "suppose—suppose it should go right, Professor; wouldn't it go wrong for *me*? And, if it goes wrong, it will surely be wrong for me."

But he showed me how grand a thing it was to be a martyr to science; and, seeing I had but one arm and one leg, and was half a martyr to my country, I agreed to give t'other half to science. I have here a written document that, in case of disaster, my bones (that's what's left) shall not be touched by the doctors nor strung on wires, but decently buried; and no matter how it goes, they will say three masses for my soul. But here comes in the difficulty. Good Lord, sir, I can't help praying. I've prayed more in the last two days than in all my life before. Never thought much about it when I had a chance any minute; but to be cut off from God and just shut into outer darkness for a whole week, I'd liefer be Daniel in the den, and stand a chance of asking to have the lions kept off. It's hotter, this is, than the furnace where they put Shadrach. Why, sir, I'm suffering infernal tortures, and the week hasn't begun yet. I think, indeed, the way to convert the whole world would be to just try this experiment on one continent at a time. Keep it up for a good year, and the continent where prayer is shut off will come off so religious the devil will stand no chance. But sir, another difficulty troubles me. My, dear, old, devoted mother writes that she will not come into the arrangement at all. "What! my son," she says, "shall I, who have prayed for you every day of your life—shall I stop now, just when you most need prayers? I will do nothing of the sort; and to please these heathen, too! I shall pray for you every minute of that wicked week, and shall not be able to sleep for my prayers." So you see that our ward is likely to get the most prayers, after all; and the best ones, too. This bothers me. I have promised these men not to pray myself, and to come honestly into the arrangement; and yet I can't find it in my heart to ask my mother not to pray for me. John, over in the next cot—he's a Catholic, too, he says this arrangement is leaky any way. Who's going to stop the Virgin Mary and all the saints from praying for us? He thinks the Lord never turns to right nor left, anymore than a railroad engine running on rails. Seems to me the Lord has not laid down so many rails to run on, but he fills everything and is the life of all things, and is "one God and Father over all and through all and in all." Anyway, that's what the Bible says.

But I don't exactly know what these men are at. Do they mean to pray for the absolute total health of No. 10? Are they going to ask that the patients be just cured of one disease, or be made perfectly whole? But, sir, I never prayed for none of these things. I never thought of asking God to work miracles for me;

and, if anybody else did, more's the pity. I did ask the Lord, if He thought it best, to cure me. And I didn't expect He'd speak right out with yes or no; only I thought He'd speak in His own way. I have asked Him lots of questions in my life, and says I: "Lord, *I'd* like it so and so. But I don't know very much about it, and you do; and if you think as I do I shall be glad." And, sir, it always does me good to talk with God. It makes me kindlier and patienter like, and troubles are not near so heavy. And nobody can fool me out of this, that a man's house goes a deal pleasanter when it goes with prayer. I don't pray for a new arm and leg, sir; because it stands to reason, if prayer would bring such things to pass, it would just establish our wills instead of God's will, and everybody would pray for himself and become a Christian just to get favours, and so all would be hypocrites. If this business could come to line and plummet, it would spoil the whole thing. Isn't it better to have to always keep in "not my will but Thine be done, O father." I pray, too, because it does me good to pray. It makes me easier to say, "I thank you," even if things come to me regular ways, and not special. I work for what I get; but I get God's things, and I like to own it. And, when he puts out the night lights, I always like to do to Him as my boy did to me—nestle up. And, sir, maybe I'm wrong; but hearing these men talking has made my head very busy. And thinks I: See here, if I want to help a friend a thousand miles away, I've a deal of confidence I can reach him by material forces, and I go by cars or I speak by the wires. Now, if God's Spirit fills all things, why can't I reach my friend by spirit forces just as easily? I believe I can. I pray for them as I work for them. And I think I can reach them a deal quicker through God than through iron and wood. There is nothing keeps my heart so full of my friends as praying for them. "Is prayer a power?" says the Professor, as he talked over me. Says I: "Yes, sir. It's a power backward on me, and I guess it's a power forward." "All matter," says he, "attracts all matter; and every atom has a power on every other atom, all through the universe." Says I: "Maybe it's so with all spirits. Maybe prayer is a force. Why does not all spirit affect all spirit, and so man influence the Infinite Spirit?"

Well, sir, this has been a powerful week to me, and that prayerless week will be an awful power. But my consolation is, I don't believe the Almighty will come to the court. Such prayers are no power.

But why not experiment on Dr. Tyndall himself and some of his friends? Let him set himself up for a week for folk to pray that he may be sick. Why not, as well as to leave us poor

fellows to stay sick? How do you think he would feel if he thought all the world was just downright earnest to give him a cot and make him comfortable in a hospital? I reckon he'd think it was a chemical test before the week was out. Maybe the Lord has some special reasonings for answering that prayer. But I can't help thinking that He will take care of us.

Your humble Servant,

WM. GRAY.

### A SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION IN ANSWER TO THE ENQUIRY—"WHERE IS THE SPIRIT- WORLD?"

I QUESTIONED the spirit, "Where is the spirit-world?" And the spirit answered—"Here. We dwell not in some far-off sphere hanging in the lone depths of space, neither do we wander, as some believe, without a local habitation, homeless in the wide wilderness of the air. Our world is your world; we are dwellers upon earth with the children of men."

"Then," said the spirit, "You have dreamed. But listen, and the truth shall be unfolded unto you. There are two worlds, a world within a world, and these two are one. Of the world in which you live, you know nothing. That which you call your world, is but a uniform system of constant appearances, which result from the relations which your senses bear to the real things about you. That which is real is unseen, that which exists is invisible. The seen is an appearance, the unseen and unknown are the truly existing. The mind is unseen, and is only known by the effects it produces; this you will understand; but when I tell you that the same thing is equally true of a stone or a tree, you will not comprehend me. Come, let us analyze the origin of your idea of a tree."

"It is derived from your senses; and how from your senses? In no other way than by the effect which the tree produces on your senses. But what is the cause of that effect? You will say the tree; and there lies the error in your philosophy. It is not the tree, it is the relation which your senses bear to the tree. Change that relation by modifying the senses, and the effects produced on them by the tree will change also, but from those effects your idea of the tree is likewise altered.

"What is the table on which you write? It resists your touch; you cannot move your hand freely among its particles, it is solid, it is impenetrable. But does not this idea of solidity

arise solely from the relation which the density of your hand bears to the density of the table? Change that relation. Were your bodily organization composed of matter as rare and refined as the invisible fluids, would not this idea of solidity vanish? A wall of brass affords no resistance to the passage of caloric, and were your bodily organization as rare in substance, it would be as easy for you to pass through such a wall as now through the air. How then could the idea of its solidity be conveyed to your senses? And yet the wall of brass would still be the same as before. You are changed, but not the wall. But the change in you, by reversing all your relations to the wall, has changed all your ideas of the wall, therefore the wall itself appears to be changed.

“Imagine two beings, each possessed of a material body, human in form, that of the one as dense in substance as your own, but that of the other composed of matter as rare and refined as the invisible fluids. Now the ideas which these two beings would entertain of a mountain would be exactly opposite. To the one it would be solid and impenetrable, presenting an impassable obstacle to his approach; the other could walk through it with ease. Each would have (what man foolishly imagines to be) the highest evidence of the truth of his individual idea—the evidence of his senses. But of the really existing mountain neither would have any correct idea at all. The actual mountain is unseen by both; each perceives but the phantom which results from the peculiar relations which his individual organism bears to it.

“Is it not now plain to you that all material things are as invisible and unknown as mind is, and are, like it, only appreciated by the effects produced by them upon the senses, and through the senses on the soul? The character of those effects is determined by the relation of the senses to the thing, and from the character of the effect the idea of the thing springs. It follows, that in order to change this world into another, it is not necessary to remodel it, but only to modify or add to the senses of those who dwell therein, thus changing the world's relation to their material organism. Let the only change in the body be one of density. Suppose your spirit clothed in a body as rare as the invisible fluids, how strange and unfamiliar would this world appear! A multitude of invisible things would be seen, and many objects now seen would vanish. That which now, ponderous and dense, prohibits your advance, would part before you like the liquid air, and the air itself which, invisible and rare, now almost eludes your senses, would appear more gross and material than the waters. You could walk through space, as now upon the solid earth, and into the bowels of the

earth dive, as into the sea. If in addition to a change in the density of your material parts the senses were modified in kind and increased in number, how much more wonderful would be the result! Both your imagination and analysis will fall powerless in the attempt to trace the effects of so stupendous a change. Death wrought such a change in me. But, bear in mind, it was a change in me only—a change of appearances in things only, resulting from the changed relations of my senses to them. There was no change in things themselves, yet, clothed with a multitude of new appearances, to recognise them by their former supposed properties was impossible. I said when I began, that what you call your world was but a uniform system of appearances, resulting from the relations which your senses bear to things about you. Do not these words now seem to embody a great truth? Is it not also plain to you, that 'place' is nothing—relation of sense to thing, all? 'Place' is only identified by its constant or unchanging features, its present appearance, which corresponds with its remembered appearance. Suppose that as you now sit, such a change in your bodily organization as I have hinted should in an instant take place. Do you not see that you would in a moment be as really in another world as if transported to the most distant of the orbs that cluster in the milky way? And yet you would still continue to occupy the same place, the same abstract portion of space, that you now do. And, moreover, nothing about you would be changed in fact, but in appearance and seeming properties only.

"I have now to mention but one single fact, in order to render the words with which I began, We dwell upon earth with the children of men, for there is a world within a world, and these two are one, as plain and clear as the noon-day sun. And this fact is a fact already known to you—a fact which one of old, being influenced of the spirit, wrote down in these words:

" 'But some will say, How are the dead raised up? And with what body do they come? Fool, that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat or some other. But God (hath ordained) it a body, as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. All flesh is not the same flesh, but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial, but the glory of the celestial is one, and of the terrestrial is another. The sun hath one glory and the moon hath another, and there is another glory unto the stars. And one star differeth from another in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness,



it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.'

"This covers the only supposition made in the whole course of this communication.

"All spirits have a spiritual body—a body, to you, inconceivably rare and refined. It is not only possessed of senses, like your own, so perfect to exceed human imagination, but also enjoys many others of a higher sort which cannot be described to you. I have said to you there are two worlds—a world within a world; this was to attain simplicity of argumentation. There are not two but seven, and these seven are one, for there are seven orders of spirits and seven spheres, and these seven are one. Each of those and those therein are normally invisible to those who dwell in the others; but there is a communication between the spirits of each even as there is a communication between me and thee who art in the rudimental sphere, which is the entrance unto the seven, albeit that communication in the other six hath a different manner and form. FAREWELL."

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## TWO REMARKABLE NARRATIVES BY THE LATE DR. LEIFCHILD.

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THE late Dr. Leifchild was one of the most respected and popular Nonconformist ministers in London. In a former volume (Vol. IV., page 328), we quoted from *Passages in the Life of Dr. Leifchild*, by his Son, some striking instances of spiritual manifestation and agency.

In a volume by Dr. Leifchild, entitled *Remarkable Facts Illustrative of Scripture*, he gives this narrative.

### A LIFE SAVED.

Dr. Leifchild says:—"The following incident was related to me by the individual who was concerned in it—a brother minister in the neighbourhood of London. He was a man of great intelligence, courage, and piety, and prompt to acts of benevolence and mercy.

"A young relative of his having been ordered to Margate for her health, and finding no one else able to accompany her, he undertook that duty himself, and stayed with her for some time at that place. On one occasion, having retired to rest as usual, some time after midnight, or rather very early in the morning, he was startled out of his slumbers by the sound of a

voice pronouncing, as if close to his ear, in a loud tone—‘Ramsgate! Ramsgate!’ He endeavoured to discover the quarter from which it came, and to account for it, but in vain. Again it was repeated, in a tone that seemed to him to summon him to that town. He rose, and still the call was renewed. It was useless to think of recovering sleep after this event, which impressed his mind deeply; and he, therefore, in a leisurely manner dressed himself and prepared to comply with the mysterious summons. As soon as convenient he departed for Ramsgate, and arrived there without any definite aim. He repaired to the beach, and sauntered along musing upon the extraordinary cause which had moved him, and half blaming himself for having yielded to an impulse which, as he then in the full daylight conceived, might have misled him. Yet he still remembered the solemnity and loudness of the voice that came to him through the darkness.

“He was now unexpectedly accosted by a friend of long standing, whose invitation to join his family at dinner he complied with, and repaired with him to a house situated upon an adjoining eminence, and fronting the sea. In the afternoon he parted with his host, and strolled out to amuse his leisure upon the beach, which was nearly in front of his friend’s house. There he contemplated the receding tide, and came upon a retired spot where several youths were preparing to bathe. Amongst those who went into the sea, he observed one venturing further than the others to the distant waves, which he seemed to buffet with evident pleasure and comfort. While watching him, however, he saw the youth suddenly succumb to a stronger wave than the preceding ones; nor did he re-appear, as my friend anxiously looked for and expected him. He was horrified at the sight; and, keeping his eye steadily fixed upon the precise point where the youth had gone down, he hastened to his companions, and enquiring for the most expert swimmer amongst them, directed him most earnestly and encouragingly to the spot, and besought him to attempt the rescue of his friend. His request was complied with, and the noble lad plunged into the sea, and swam as directed till he arrived at the exact place which was indicated. He then boldly dived, and with great difficulty brought up the body and conveyed it to the shore, where it lay, unhappily, to all appearance destitute of life.

“The minister now secured, as speedily as possible, a private room, to which he conveyed the senseless body. He then devoted himself with all his strength and judgment to the labour of restoring suspended animation. He had formerly listened to a recital of the various means suitable to be employed for this purpose, and he employed them all according to his

ability. He used continual friction; he breathed into the youth's mouth, and left nothing untried which he thought would conduce to the anxiously desired result. For a long time, however, no success appeared to crown his labours; and some of the few bystanders who had at first proffered assistance, discouraged farther efforts, by pronouncing them to be hopeless. My friend himself now began to fear this opinion was too well founded; yet his spirit was strong within him, and the impulse he felt to renewed exertions was uncontrollable. Again and again did he assiduously operate, and at length he perceived faint tokens of life begin to manifest themselves. Still he was in sad suspense, for his own strength was failing him; but he persisted once more, and now, not without more evident signs that life was slowly returning—slowly, very slowly—almost doubtfully; but yet, at last, certainly.

“A warm bath was now instantly procured, and accelerated the returning animation. Nor was it long before the speech of the youth came back to him; and, after a slight convulsion, he fell into a profound slumber. My friend watched beside him with unspeakable interest while he slept. When at last he awoke, he seemed like one beside himself—impatiently asking where he was, who he was, who was near him, and how he came there. It seemed as if a veil of oblivion had fallen upon him from the moment of his disappearance in the sea to that of his returning consciousness. He was gently and gradually informed of what had taken place; when, in spite of all entreaties, he was so overcome with emotions of gratitude to him who had thus determinately persisted in recovering him, that he sprang from the bed, and threw himself at his feet, exclaiming, ‘Oh! my more than father!’ In that one moment, my friend was recompensed for all, and returned to Margate, to recount his adventure.

“At the ensuing annual meeting of the Royal Humane Society, this philanthropic man, whose benevolent assiduity had become known, was invited to be present. He described to me, as I myself cannot describe, the tide of emotions which flooded his soul, when, at a certain stage of the proceedings, the doors of the large room in which they were assembled were suddenly opened, a procession began to enter, and slowly passed along the lines of the company. Each constituent of this procession was a human being who had been rescued from a watery grave and restored to life, at least instrumentally, by the exertions of a fellow-creature.

“As the procession moved along, my friend scanned it carefully, and at length his heart beat violently, when he saw the youth he had restored approaching him, animated, and anxiously

peering into every countenance as he passed. When at last the eye of the young man caught that of his restorer, his emotions were too powerful to be restrained. He broke from the rank, fell at his feet, and embraced his deliverer from death, with a fervour that kindled the sympathies and visibly affected the hearts of all the spectators. Soon the chief officers of the institution summoned my friend to the chair, and publicly presented to him an annual medal of the Society, adding to it their united and hearty acknowledgments of his successful services.

“Often during his after life did my friend thank God that he had yielded to the impulse that had mysteriously summoned him to that special act of benevolence.”

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#### A WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE FROM DEATH.

In the same work Dr. Leifchild has preserved the following extract from a letter written to him by a Christian friend:—

“When, travelling on the borders of Italy, we arrived, one evening at the town of C——, from whence we were to proceed on our journey at nine o'clock the next morning, on rising, the first thing we heard was, that a young man in the military service, having been guilty of a misdemeanour, was to suffer the penalty of death for his offence at nine o'clock that morning. The thought rushed into my mind—how dreadful that this young man should be thus precipitated into eternity, perhaps wholly unprepared! I became greatly agitated, and I could ill control my feelings. The instant I could leave the breakfast table, I retired to a secluded chamber, and locked myself in, and there, in earnest prayer, I felt compelled to plead and wrestle for the salvation of the doomed soldier. The burden of my petition was, that if he were not prepared to enter the presence of his Judge, his death might be averted, and time be given him for repentance.

“I continued upon my knees thus agonized in prayer, till in a moment I heard the sound of a discharged volley of guns. It vibrated through my heart; my lips were closed; my prayer was stopped, and in a few minutes I was obliged, agitated as I was, to hurry down to join my friends, who were just starting to leave the town. We were quickly beyond its precincts, and heard no more of the awful catastrophe of that morning. Having been for some time past severely exercised on spiritual things, I had been led to form the resolution not to read any of the public papers that came in my way, their topics ill according with the state of my mind at that time.

“I adhered to this resolution until about two months after, when in a distant town I one morning, almost unconsciously,

took up a paper, and the first thing that caught my eye was the account of an extraordinary event which occurred at the town of C——, namely, that a young soldier, having been sentenced to death, was accordingly brought out for execution in the usual manner by the hands of his comrades, twenty-four of whom were, at a given signal, to fire at his heart. The signal was given, the guns were discharged, but to the amazement of all, every bullet missed its aim! The volley had been fired, but he stood unhurt; and so extraordinary, and even miraculous, was his escape considered, that his pardon was instantly granted, and he was permitted to live. His subsequent history remains unknown.”

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### BARON BUNSEN'S IDEAS ON SPIRITUALISM.

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IN *A Memoir of Baron Bunsen*, edited by the Baroness, published by Longman, 1868, Bunsen says, in a letter to a friend, dated November 12th, 1856,—“Apparitions in the common sense I consider an utter absurdity; but that one spirit in the great and eventful moments of the inner life (for instance, at the moment of expiring) may gaze in upon another, is a certain fact. That is the Scotch second sight. An anecdote in Niebuhr's life of his father, the traveller, is remarkable. These things take place most commonly in the unspiritual (?) condition of mere nature, for instance, in dreams or somnambulism; but what is possible in the state of nature must be so also further and higher.”

Dr. M'Cosh, in his volume entitled *The Supernatural in relation to the Natural*, says of Bunsen,—“He was a firm believer in mesmerism and clairvoyance, and was apt to connect them with the inspirations of the writers of the Bible.”

In reference to the above observation of Dr. M'Cosh, Baron Bunsen's widow says:—

“He would not close his eyes to the evidence of facts, which he had had peculiar opportunity of ascertaining, but only endeavoured to divest them of the immense amount of deception and unfounded conjecture and false imaginings which encompass the existence of a healing power in the human system, depending on the human will. He was deeply grateful to the vigorous hand, the firm resolve, and untiring perseverance of Count S. Czapany in restoring the long paralyzed limbs of his beloved daughter to full activity, and her frame to its natural health, and thanked God for the good gift granted to man; protesting against the view which would attribute the work of healing to

evil powers. The two sets of facts (belonging to the magnetic gift, only because that gift may be the producing cause)—one, the faculty of second sight (whether spontaneous or the effect of magnetism), to perceive transactions far removed in time and space, the other the possibility of healing disturbances in the physical system by the inherent power of a human hand and will—he held fast as realities which he had been allowed the means of recognising as such: and that being the case, he felt it not to be irreverent, in his historical investigations of the Bible, to assert the possibility of the use of powers inherent in man to produce results often classed with the preternatural.”

In a letter from Bunsen to his wife, October 22nd, 1858, he tells her of the words of a dying woman to her husband, a friend of Bunsen's. The husband told Bunsen that he had said to his wife “‘The Lord can save,’ which she altered into ‘The Lord *has* saved,’ and thus she proceeded, retaining consciousness to the last, and saying ever and again, ‘*I am dead, I live in God.*’ I said to him, ‘Those are the utterances *not* of a soul departing, but of one already entered into life eternal, yet returning for a moment.’”

In a letter of April 3rd, 1859, Bunsen says:—

“My philosophical thoughts have received a new impulse from the chapters on the *Latter Days*. Neither this doctrine, nor that of personal immortality, can well be proved against Pantheists and Deists without accepting the much contemned hypothesis which has been laughed at by Hegel, and rejected by dogmatisers, of the plurality of worlds, as dwellings of rational spirits, above, and perhaps also below the standard of this our earth's inhabitants. The line taken by Leibnitz must here be resumed. The Gospel presupposes a plurality of worlds.”

In a letter dated November 29th, 1859, he writes:—

“What recollections I have in this house of the relief so wonderfully experienced!” A note tells us that this was “the restoration of Emilia, by the hands of Count Czapany, in 1854.” Her daughter was healed by the laying on of hands, and had been before crippled from her childhood.

There is something very touching and exalting in the words of the dying man:—

“He repeated, as though he had not made impression enough before: ‘Love, love—we have loved each other—live in the love of God, and we shall be united again! In the love of God we shall live on for ever and ever! We shall meet again, I am *sure of that!* Love—God is love—love eternal!’ Never again were his words so clear and connected; although often, throughout the remaining days of his life, single expressions denoted the undercurrent of thought. ‘The Eternal—the Eter-

nal—strive after the Eternal. Man, the human being, must become a sacrifice to the Holy One.'

"My *Church of the Future* and *Ignatius* have both been written under an irresistible impression from within. . . . My axiom, 'Christ is deified by his unique and unapproached sanctity,' they denounce as heretical. . . . To me it is quite clear that the entire theological doctrine of Grace, as opposed to free agency, is a theological error and confusion; as incorrect as its opposite, but not a whit more true. Christology can never be rightly established, without a due development of the wholly neglected doctrine of the Spirit. For the Spirit of God is the power which reveals and realises God in the community of believers, constituting the mystery of spiritual unity which through successive generations is preserved in the multitude of individual souls. . . . The new birth, however, is slow and difficult. Christ must and will become living flesh and blood nationally as He did humanely—as He is becoming in the community of believers. Universal priesthood, instead of the former exclusive order; works of love, instead of professions of faith; belief in God within as (*i. e.* Christ) with such awe and humility as can alone preserve Him to our souls—that is the Religion and Church of the future. All besides must fall, and is already spiritually annihilated. The Bible remains as the consecrated centre of the world's history, from the standing point of the individual consciousness of God. In England everything except the moral principle in the form of the fear of God, is deathlike."

W. R. T.

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## NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

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### SPIRITUALISM AMONG THE SECULARISTS.

SPIRITUALISM is creating quite a flutter in the camp of the Secularists. They are bringing their biggest guns into action against it all along the line, making plenty of noise and smoke, but with no other noticeable result than that of exciting public enquiry as to what all this pother can be about. In London, their leader, Mr. Bradlaugh, recently debated the subject in public with Mr. Burns, and it has been announced that their ex-leader and founder, Mr. Holyoake (who some time ago wrote such a petulant letter in this Magazine), is about to hold a public discussion on the question at Bradford with Dr. Sexton, who has just been lecturing to large audiences of his old associates, the Secularists of Glasgow, and publicly debating with them.

They seem to have formed an alliance with their old enemies, "the Saints" against the new heresy as dangerous to both; and Mr. Beattie has been giving an exposition of Spiritualism to the Secularists of Bristol, and successfully defending it against all comers, drawing unwonted audiences. Spiritualism has drawn its chief accessions and some of its best advocates from the ranks of the Secularists. It appeals to them by their own favourite method of reasoning—the logic of facts: it supplies those plain, palpable and present evidences of spirit-life which they require, and which their old antagonists have been unable to furnish. Could they but forego their mania for mere wrangling till they have by fair and as far as possible unprejudiced investigation ascertained what the facts really are in regard to Spiritualism, the discussion with them we are satisfied would soon be virtually at an end.

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#### SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS.

The first spirit-photographs in London were taken by Mr. Hudson, at his studio, 177, Holloway Road, March 4th, 1872. In the year now completed, about one hundred recognised spirit-portraits have been taken by him, and the success so achieved has stimulated experiments in various quarters; and in other parts of London, at Kingston-on-Thames, Bristol, Cardiff, at Vienna and other places on the Continent, successful results have been obtained. As an example of recognised spirit-portraits taken by Mr. Hudson, we cite the following testimony of Dr. Sexton:—

TO THE EDITOR.—Sir,—On calling, last week, at the residence of my friend Mr. Henry Smith, I was particularly struck, whilst waiting in the dining-room by myself, by a *carte-de-visite* that was standing on the mantelshelf. The picture represented Mr. Smith, sitting in an arm-chair, looking at, perhaps conversing with, his son, a child of six or seven years of age; whilst standing up on the other side of him was a figure, which no one who had known the original personally—as I had done—could fail to recognise in a moment as a good portrait of Mr. Smith's father, who left earth-life about a year ago. The features were most marked, and the dress—consisting of a long dressing-gown and a black skull cap—unmistakable. Whilst examining this picture it never for an instant occurred to me that it was a spirit-photograph. When Mr. Smith entered the room I drew his attention to it, remarking that it was a very good likeness of his father. He immediately inquired of me, somewhat abruptly, what I knew about it, alluding to the circumstances under which it had been taken. I replied that I knew nothing whatever of its history. He then informed me that he had gone to Mr. Hudson's for the purpose of getting, if possible, a spirit-photograph of his late wife, and, having had a sitting, this was the result. Mr. Hudson did not know Mr. Smith, sen., in life, and I believe was not at all aware that he had departed to the "summer-land." The likeness is one of the most accurate that I have seen.

Yours fraternally,

GEO. SEXTON.

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## A STRANGE PHENOMENON AT ECCLESTON.

Our Chorley correspondent writes :—

“Bank House, Eccleston, in which two respectable ladies with their niece reside, has been the scene several times during the past fortnight of a most singular phenomenon, the inmates having been subjected to some occult influence, which is at once unaccountable and annoying. Whilst sitting quietly in the house, the inmates have been frequently alarmed—sometimes two or three times a day—by the descent of showers of water, apparently from the ceiling. These showers have drenched them, flooding the floor and covering the furniture with water, rendering the house almost uninhabitable. The shower lasts for a few minutes only, and comes down in a mysterious manner. A few days since a number of men were engaged to examine the premises; the roof was thoroughly tested, so also were the bedroom floors, but no sign of water could be discovered to account for the unwonted visitation. The ceiling remains quite dry. The showers descended after the examination of the premises just the same as before. The unusual visitation soon got talked about, and numbers of people have inspected the premises; some who expressed a desire to witness the downpour were gratified, and got thoroughly drenched for their Thomasonian temerity. The water comes straight down from the ceiling, and shows not the slightest indication of its being thrown into the apartment. So singular is the affair that people have concluded that it is some spiritual influence, and is a sort of judgment upon the good ladies of the house for some dereliction, who, naturally enough, are much affrighted.”—*“Preston Herald,” February 15, 1873.*

## A WRITING MEDIUM OF FOUR YEARS OLD.

Judge Edmonds states that in his voluminous correspondence on Spiritualism, many experiences of a deeply interesting kind are confided to him. The following extract from a letter of one of his correspondents is an example :—

“Some twenty years ago, a friend of mine in this city, the father of some children, among whom were three girls, the eldest about fourteen years, engaged in what was called ‘table-tippings,’ and thence in spirit-writing. He invited me to attend. I did so. Being of an investigating turn of mind—educated to the bar—I went and studied every phase of the phenomena. I bent all my mind—summoned every energy to the severe task. The writing astounded me. Finally a little child, who had never learned the first letter of the alphabet, not more than four years old, who had just lost its mother, being present, one of the girls

remarked, 'May be little Mary's mother will write to her?' I deemed this almost a sacrilegious interference with the lately departed mother, and the infliction of a wrong upon the yet unconscious situation of the little orphan. However, it was decided that the medium should ask the question if little Mary's mother would communicate with her? The question was asked, and an answer returned in writing, 'Yes.' This aroused me. I then directed that the question should be asked, 'Who shall hold the pen?' The answer was given, 'Little Mary herself.' I placed music books in a chair. Mary being too small to over-reach the table, I had to raise her seat. I placed the pen in her little hand, showing her how to hold it, and I believe it was the first time she had ever had a pen in her hand. I requested the medium to say that little Mary was ready. And immediately her tiny hand began to write—a pretty, neat lady's hand—and wrote out the following:—

" 'My dear little daughter Mary, be a good child. Pray to your Heavenly Father, and try to meet your mother in heaven. She is always watching over and praying for you.'

" This so startled me that I quit, and did not go again. How wrong this was I am now instructed to believe. But I permitted the great and paramount subject measurably to pass out of my mind, but the sentence then and there written can never be effaced. It was lodged there in memory, to bring forth fruits in after years—fruits, I hope, meet for sincere and acceptable repentance."

[The writer then goes on to say that about a year ago—nineteen years after this incident—he was again drawn to look into the matter, and has since then been favoured with many interesting manifestations in a circle to which he now belongs, and in which he is continuing his investigations.]

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## Notices of Books.

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### BIBLICAL PSYCHOLOGY.\*

IN this work, which shows considerable learning and research, the author traces mythological, classical and popular psychology, and compares these and other "ideal theories" with what he conceives to be "Biblical Psychology," which, he tells us, "treats man as we find him, a concrete being endued by his

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\* *Biblical Psychology*. In Four Parts. By the late JONATHAN LANGSTAFF FORSTER. Edited by his Son, HENRY L. FORSTER. London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and Co.

spiritual consubstantiality with subjective as well as objective spontaneity, enabling him to arrange his ideas or cognitions in relation to the several moral and scientific subjects which for the time engage his attention." Our author's style is somewhat obscure and diffuse, the above being as clear and concise a statement as we can find of his general views, which seems to be that the Bible considers man as a consubstantial being, the word translated "soul" being simply the synonyme for a breathing personality, and applicable to lower creatures as well as to man; hence (if we understand him right) he denies the existence of soul as a separate entity and an intermediate state, but considers that as life is due to the action of the Divine Spirit upon and within our physical organism, so in the future it will be in regard to our spiritual or "resurrection body," that is the body we are to have at the general resurrection on the Second Advent.

Without at present entering into any discussion of this theory, we may point to an erroneous assumption which underlies this, as it does most theories of Biblical Psychology. It seems to be assumed that the Bible from first to last presents a complete consistent harmonious system; the same in all its different books, though written by many authors, for different purposes, and at various times, extending over a period of about two thousand years; during all which time there was no growth of thought, no development of ideas within the Hebrew mind, and no modification of them from without; at least, none of which any trace is to be found in the teachings of the Old and New Testament. Now this is manifestly not the case. The Psychology of early Jewish times is not the same which prevailed after the Babylonian Captivity. The Psychology of the Pentateuch is not that of the Gospels; and there is a wide difference and discrepancy between the Psychology of Ecclesiastes and that of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. Even if we take those books of Scripture written at nearly the same period we find marked differences between them. Of the demonology of the synoptics we find no traces in the Fourth Gospel, or in the Pauline Epistles. Jewish Prophets, Evangelists, and Apostles, as well as "Jewish Rabbis," were, what our author calls, "deeply tainted with the superstitions of the surrounding heathen;" though, perhaps, not so deeply as the majority of their countrymen. They could not escape the influence of the age in which they lived, and traces of it are plainly visible in the writings they have left. If this is overlooked or not adequately taken into account, we plunge into hopeless confusion. What should we think if in writing on the Psychology of Classical Literature, we were to confound the teachings of Plato and Aristotle, the Stoics and Epicureans,

treating of them indifferently, without distinction. There can be scarcely the beginning of a true understanding of Biblical Psychology until we study the Bible not only in its collective character as a whole—a record of the traditions, laws, institutions, history, and religious thought and life of the Hebrew people under so many centuries of vicissitude; but also in its component parts, in its several books, separately, or grouped together in the order of time, so that it may be studied chronologically as well as theologically, and by the side-lights cast upon it by the history and ideas of neighbouring nations, and thus trace the growth and development of those religious and psychological ideas and influences which have exercised so great a sway, and whose power is still unspent.

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#### A TWENTY YEARS' MISSIONARY.\*

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IN the pamphlet named below, Mr. Spear gives a *résumé* of his missionary travels and labours under spirit-direction during a period of twenty years. He tells us: "In pursuing my missionary labours, I have been in 29 of the States and Territories of the American Union; have travelled extensively in England; have been in Wales, Scotland, Ireland, France, the Canadas, and Central America. Under (spirit) commission, I have visited England from the United States twice, and been sent to Paris four times. . . . Although I have been called to travel hundreds of thousands of miles in my native land and foreign countries, yet, at the termination of my labours, I can truly say that all my needs, if not all my wants, have been seasonably supplied. Sometimes they have seemed to come in ways impinging on the miraculous, and occasionally in answer to prayer." From the instances given by Mr. Spear in illustration we select the following:—

"While on our first mission to England, we engaged rooms near Regent's Park. One week we had not the means to pay our rent. Among strangers, as we then were, we knew of nothing to do but to *pray*. We knelt by our bedside, and asked for the aid we needed. Our prayer was answered in the following remarkable manner: A lady, Mrs. McDougal Gregory, drove to our door, and entering our apartment, said, 'I never make calls on Sunday, but this morning, although Sunday, I felt I must come to you, without knowing

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\* *Twenty Years on the Wing*. By JOHN MURRAY SPEAR. Boston: WHITE and Co.

the purpose for which I have come.' Neither Mrs. Spear nor myself said a word to her of our pressing needs. But on rising to leave, she said, in a tender, affectionate tone, 'You are far away from your native land, among strangers, and as there is war in your country, perhaps you do not receive remittances as often as you need them.' She then placed in Mrs. Spear's hand the amount needed to pay our rent. Dear woman, she knew not of the faith and trust in God and the invisibles with which she, by her words and deeds was inspiring us. Neither did she know that she had been sent in answer to our prayer on that dark and cloudy Sunday morning."

Hundreds of lectures and addresses have been given by Mr. Spear in the entranced state, many of them of a scientific cast, on subjects entirely beyond his personal knowledge. Here is an instance given by him:—

"I will narrate a singular mission to Hamilton College, New York. I was informed that it was in contemplation to give through me a series of twelve papers on Geology, a subject on which I have not read, and in which, to this day, I take but little interest, my mind being of a moral, social, religious, and philanthropic cast, rather than scientific. I was directed to go to Clinton, where the above named college is. Arriving there, I made the acquaintance of Professor Avery, a liberal-minded and large-hearted gentleman. Informing him of the strange mission on which I was sent, he inquired if I had a programme of the proposed course. I placed the outline in his hand which had previously been given me. Critically inspecting it, he asked how long I was in writing it; I answered, about 20 minutes. Evincing surprise at my reply, he remarked that the subjects proposed to be treated of were very important. He then desired to be informed what aid I needed to enable me to do the proposed work. I replied, I had been instructed to obtain, if possible, a room in the college building, and to secure the use of its cabinet. The Professor kindly assured me I should have the assistance I had named, and further said he would hear the discourses, adding, that he had lectured on geology ten years, and was orthodox on that subject. Before I was prepared, however, to commence the discourses, the Professor was thrown from his carriage, and his ankle being sprained, he was unable to walk. He then kindly invited me to occupy his private dwelling, and offered a suitable room for the delivery of lectures. Accepting his generous offer, two gentlemen (Dr. Abel Underhill and Thaddeus S. Sheldon) reported the lectures as they were delivered. The minerals needed to illustrate the several subjects discoursed of were brought from the college, and inspected while my eyes were closed. The

Professor heard all that was said, and carefully observed all that was done. When I had finished my work, and had returned to my normal state, I inquired of him what I had been doing. His reply much surprised me. Said he, 'You have taken up geology just were the books stop. You have not contradicted what they teach, but have presented finer thoughts, some of which have been hinted at by a few English geologists, but are not considered orthodox.' And he added, with a pleasant smile, 'I shall teach some things you have said, but shall not tell where I obtained them.' "

The *Educator*, a volume of 680 pages, is only a portion of the spiritual communications thus given to Mr. Spear, and purporting to proceed from a society of spirits associated for beneficent purposes, who appointed Mr. Spear their agent and communicator, and through him designating other persons to carry out certain purposes in furtherance of their plans for human improvement. This trust, with their consent, Mr. Spear now resigns into other hands to carry on the work. Prefixed to Mr. Spear's narrative is a preface by Allen Putnam. A brief memoir of Mr. Spear will be found in the *Spiritual Magazine*, Vol. V., page 344, first series.

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## Correspondence.

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### THE DEATH-TRANCE AND WAKE.

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

SIR,—It is not of much consequence to whom Mr. Froude might have referred, but I rather think it was to myself and to a case of mine.—Miss Martineau being his informant. The case occurred ten years before that of Mr. Crosland's, but was also that of a young lady, a remarkable clairvoyant, and afterwards the wife of a celebrated London physician, and mother of a healthy family. She was a patient of Dr. Elliotson, who had been treating her mesmerically for some time, on account of a strangely depressed nervous condition, arising from a sudden shock to the system. In fact, in a fit of temper, her father had given her a blow. She got no better under Elliotson's hands, and, indeed, was becoming much worse. When in her clairvoyant state she said that I was the only one who could save her, she having only once seen me at a distance in a drawing room, though no doubt she had heard of my reputation as a powerful mesmerizer. I should say, that at the time she was in love with and was engaged to the gentleman she afterwards married. Now, Dr. Elliotson was of a very violent and jealous disposition, and could not bear the idea of parting with his favourite mesmeric patient and clairvoyant, so never applied to me until matters became worse and worse; and at the last extremity he sent to beseech me to come to him instantly on a matter of life and death. I went, and found the young lady lying on her bed, apparently dead, and supposed to be so both by Dr. Elliotson (so well versed in such matters) and by her father

and mother, and others of the family standing in a group apart. As I entered Elliotson exclaimed, "Oh, Atkinson, she is dead, I fear; but, for God's sake, try what you can do—there is just a possibility of life not being extinct." Well, I did what occurred to me; but, after half-an-hour, all seemed of no use, she became only more cold and rigid; and I said, "It is of no use, she must be gone;" and was going to leave her, when I heard a voice, from a distant part of the room behind me, where there was no one, distinctly say, "Go on, go on." I did so, and after awhile signs of life began to appear, and the result was that she recovered. But we found it necessary to keep her in a mesmeric state, or she would relapse into the same death-like trance; and she was kept in the mesmeric state—not in sleep, but as a mesmeric somnambule—for seven months; Elliotson and I taking it in turn to be with her night and day; and during all which time she was unable to retain either food or liquid; and it was the clear belief of three physicians, who watched the case, besides Elliotson, that she had not retained any food during the whole of that period, but must have been nourished by the influence and through the vitality communicated by her mesmerizers; indeed, in attempting to swallow, not only did the food return, but accompanied by a quantity of blood.

I believe there are plenty of instances of persons laid-out for dead who have yet survived, and many, no doubt, have been buried in that apparent dead state, whilst only in a trance; and there have been persons, like one Mr. Townshend, who could "die at will." That is, go into a state for a time exhibiting no signs of life; and we have the accounts of certain Indians who would fall into the trance and permit themselves to be buried for months. Now, the facts concerning the lower animals ought to make us less sceptical as regards the possibility to human nature under extraordinary and special conditions. The sleep of the dormouse; the frog, with closed mouth, for nine months in the mud; the toad, entombed for centuries in the rock; and what more marvellous than the trance-like state of the grub in the chrysalis, its transmutation, and ultimate glorious development and release as the beautiful butterfly—that pretty emblem of "the soul"—though itself the most ephemeral of living things.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

*P.S.*—In Miss Martineau's letter to me, on "*Man, Nature, and Development*" (p. 43), is the following most interesting account of a trance-fit. She says:—"Then came Sir Charles Bell's grand discovery about the nerves; his detection of the different structure and function of the motory and sensory nerves—a mighty discovery in itself, but yet greater for its suggestive value. Here is one kind of nerve for sensation, by which the cataleptic patient may feel, while wholly unable to move; and another kind for motion, by which a patient may be frightfully convulsed without feeling anything. A friend of mine, who told me all about it, was in the first of these states—her sentience acute, while wholly incapable of motion; and she had a somewhat narrow escape from being buried alive. The most curious thing is, that she concluded herself to be dead. She was in a state of exhaustion after severe illness. A peculiar sensation ran through her. Her mother stooped over her bed, and then, as the patient heard, told the sister, who was by the fire, that all was over. While hearing their grief, and feeling their warm tears on her face, the patient could not open her eyes or mouth, or stir a finger; and she concluded this to be death. It did occur to her to wonder how long this would last—how many ages she should lie thus in the grave; but she does not remember feeling any painful alarm about this. Yet, when, in the afternoon, her mother began swathing her in the sheet, from the feet upwards, she extremely disliked the idea of her head being thus muffled up; and, as the sheet came higher and higher, she made a desperate effort, and opened her eyes—sending her mother back from the bed, with a start of astonishment. She was still so full of the idea which had moved her, that she struggled on till she said, 'Don't smother me;' though by that time the entreaty had become unnecessary. Now, the discovery being made that one set of nerves relates to sensation and another to motion, what so probable as that one portion of the brain is appropriate to sensation, and another to motion? You have detected these portions, have you

not? Tell me as much as you can about it, before going on to report of the functions of the cerebrum," &c. But, for the account of these discoveries, that so simply and so clearly account for so much in physiology, I must refer to the work itself.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

Oriental Club, London.

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

SIR,—A very unwise and unwarrantable use has been made of Mrs. Acworth's name in the *Spiritual Magazine* for this month. Unwise, because made in connection with a statement the truth of which only he who makes it can vouch for; unwarrantable, because made without her leave. There are those who have the grace to use their gifts and talents as not in the world's, but their great Task-Master's eye—who "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame." Mrs. Acworth is one of these; and she would rather have her own work praise her than words of mine for any good that she has done. So her blush was of something besides surprise on finding her name brought before the public, and made to associate itself with an event, the truth of which now there is no one living to confirm, and which, to give it any value, would require to be testified to, not by one, but many witnesses.

I write this from no disloyalty to truth. I have taken part in too many of her battles to know any other fear, I trust, than of giving her enemies occasion to blaspheme; and I owe too much to Spiritualism not to try to do my poor best to show forth its praise, not merely with my lips, but a life grown zealous for its honour—which may suffer more from the indiscretion of its friends than the puny malice of its foes. Spiritualism may suffer from statements made to do it honour; it cannot from the babblings of a vain philosophy, nor the oppositions of science—falsely so called.

By inserting this letter in your next April number you will oblige

Your obedient servant,

18, Albert Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W.,  
March 3, 1873.

E. ACWORTH.

*P.S.*—It is the judgment and taste that are called in question by this letter, and not the truthfulness of the writer.

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### THE LATE PROFESSOR DE MORGAN.

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

SIR,—In the article on "Spiritualism at Melbourne," in the current number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, a Mr. David Blair is reported to have said, "That Professor De Morgan had stated that the evidences in favour of Spiritualism were miserably insufficient."

Although Mr. Blair's mis-statements are sufficiently disproved by the writer of the article, I am unwilling to allow the misrepresentation of Mr. De Morgan's words and meaning to go uncorrected. The only place in which the words "miserably insufficient" occur in his writings, in reference to Spiritualism, is in the preface to *From Matter to Spirit*. His words are:—"The physical explanations which I have seen are easy, but miserably insufficient; the spiritual hypothesis is sufficient, but ponderously difficult. Time and thought will decide, the second asking the first for more results of trial."—Preface, p. 6.

All Spiritualists—even those who have studied the subject most and longest—find the spirit hypothesis "ponderously difficult," though its sufficiency, when understood, may be relied on. Time and thought are deciding rapidly in its favour, as the results of experiment increase in number. Mr. De Morgan's words are not falsified.

SOPHIA DE MORGAN.