

THE Spiritual Magazine.

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SPIRITUAL MONITION.

THAT we are surrounded by a world of unseen intelligent influence, is a truth which though it may very generally meet with formal acknowledgment is constantly and vividly realised only by the few ; yet there are times when some personal experience brings this conviction home, for a time at least, to most of us, even to those who, ordinarily, are least susceptible to any other impressions than those derived immediately through the bodily sense. It may be a dream, a vision, a forewarning, a deliverance from imminent peril, or some overmastering impulse for which we cannot account, but which urges us onward with silent force to a given end, and conquers our reluctant will. Examples of this abound in literature, especially in the literature of biography. Two or three instances may be given in illustration ; and these may perhaps revive the memory of some kindred experience of the reader, or which has occurred in his immediate circle. Whence come these mysterious monitions, these secret impulses which so stir the spirit's inner deeps, urging us to take the instant way, and guiding us as by an instinct or a providence to ends which we feel are not ours, and by means we have not chosen, and which the results show are not the product and delusion of a morbid fancy or a heated brain? Do they not indicate that—

A Hades
Flows deep on all sides,
With its infinite tides
About and around us?

That a powerful will can so act upon the sympathetic and susceptible mind of another person as to make it for the time altogether subject to its influence, controlling thought, feeling and action, has been shown again and again in thousands of

instances in private and in public. No outward communication is needed, the secret, unspoken thought alone is itself sufficient. What is this but a spiritual influence? And is that influence likely to be less potent when the will is no longer impeded and enfeebled by bodily conditions and limitations, and mind can come into immediate relation with mind,—

“Spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost.”

If spirits can act, as we now know they do, upon material things around us, how much more can they act upon that spiritual nature in us which is kindred to their own:—

“Impressions on the mind usually present themselves to our notice as purely subjective in their character. The urgency of them, and the result when they are obeyed, may, indeed, suggest the inquiry, whether there has not been some agency at work outside the mind, as the objective source or cause of them; but the work is wrought so secretly, that the hand of the worker is not usually betrayed. Providential impulses spring up within the mind as if they originated in it, like a fountain which bubbles up, as if its waters were the independent product of the ground, when we know that they have come by secret passages from the clouds and from the ocean. But there are not wanting well authenticated instances, where the objective source of a supernatural impression is more or less distinctly indicated; and sight or sound, or feeling, bears witness that it proceeded from a being other than self.”

As an illustration of this truth we present an article which appeared in *All the Year Round* under the title of—

“A LUCKY PRESENTIMENT.

“About six years ago a remarkable case was tried at the Criminal Court, in the county of Cork. The writer wishes to pledge himself at the outset to the literal authenticity of the narrative, which he heard from the lips of the late eminent Queen’s Counsel, George Bennett, at the time a junior in the Munster Court, and himself an eye-witness and attentive listener at the trial.

“On a fine summer evening, when the rustic hour of supper was approaching, there arrived at the door of a comfortable thatched cabin, of large dimensions, such as the class of persons known in Ireland as ‘strong farmers’ usually inhabit, a stranger dressed in the then peasant costume, corduroy shorts, frieze coat, caubeen and brogues, and with a black-thorn stick in his hand. The wayfarer entered, with the usual salutation, “God save all here,” and asked if this was not Dennis Macarthy’s house. The women who were in the cabin told him it was, and

invited him civilly to sit down, 'and take an air of the fire ;' and with this invitation he complied, entertaining his new acquaintances the while with such news as he had collected while on his journey. The man was dark featured, of middle stature, and of square and powerful build.

"In a little while Dennis Macarthy, returning from his fields, entered the cabin door, and the stranger introduced himself as his cousin, Phil Ryan, from Cappaghmore, in the county of Limerick, and told him what had brought him to that distant part of the world. His business was to say certain prayers, according to Irish usage, over the grave of a common kinsman of both, who had died two or three weeks before, and was buried in the neighbouring graveyard. Macarthy received his cousin, although he had never seen his face before, with the customary cordiality of clanship, and told him he must sup and sleep in his house that night, and eat his breakfast there before setting out in the morning on his homeward journey. To all this the stranger consented, and then, as he was unacquainted with the situation of the graveyard, he asked Macarthy, if it was not far off, to show him the way to it, and point out the grave of their cousin. Macarthy readily consented, and, as the potatoes were not quite boiled, it was agreed that they should set out at once, and return in time for supper.

"In the south of Ireland burial places, probably of immense antiquity, containing no vestige of a sacred building, rudely fenced with a loose stone wall, lichen stained and often partly overgrown with ivy, with perhaps two or three hawthorns, and an ancient ash tree growing within them, are frequently to be met with. Possibly these small and solitary enclosures were dedicated to the same funeral uses long before the dawn of Christianity broke upon the island. A wild and narrow track, perhaps as ancient as the place of sepulture itself, crossing, at a short distance from Macarthy's cabin, the comparatively modern main road, leads over a little rising ground to the burial-place, which lies in the lap of a lonely hollow, seldom disturbed by the sound of human tread or voice, or rattle of cart-wheel. Macarthy and the stranger walked up the ancient and silent by-road, until they reached the hollow I have mentioned. There, under the shadow of an old, twisted thorn-tree, a stile crosses the loose wall of the burial-ground. At this stile they came to a pause.

"'Go on,' said Macarthy. 'Go you first,' replied the stranger.

"'Go first yourself,' said the farmer, a little peremptorily, making a stand, he did not know why, upon the point of precedence. 'Arra, man ; go on, can't ye, and don't be botherin'. What are ye afeard of?' insisted Ryan.

“‘Now, I tell you what it is; I don’t understand you, nor what you’re at; but devil a foot I’ll go over the wall till you go over it first,” said Macarthy, doggedly. The man laughed, and looked angry. ‘To be sure, I’ll go over it first, if that’ll please ye; and what does it matter who’s first or who’s last?’ he answered, surlily. ‘But you’re the biggest omadhoun I ever set eyes on.’ And, speaking to this effect, he crossed the stile, followed by Macarthy, who pointed out the grave; and forthwith the stranger kneeled beside it, according to Irish custom, and began to tell his beads and say his prayers—an observance which usually lasts about a quarter of an hour.

“When the prayers were ended, the farmer and Ryan, now quite good friends again, returned to the farmhouse, where the stranger had his supper with the family; and in the morning, after eating his breakfast, he took his leave, and set out on his homeward journey. Irish ideas of hospitality in the peasant ranks make it a matter of obligation upon the host to accompany his guest for a part of the way. Macarthy, in compliance with this courteous custom, set out with the stranger, and about a mile away from his house they entered a little village, where he shook hands with his guest, and bade him farewell. But his visitor would not part without testifying his gratitude, according to the custom of the country, by treating his kinsman to some drink, which he insisted on doing in the village public house, the door of which stood open close by them. Macarthy accordingly went in with him. They sat down at a table, and the stranger, having ascertained what his companion liked best, ordered a pot of porter, making some excuse for not partaking himself.

“When Macarthy raised the pewter pot to his lips, a sudden pain, which he afterwards described more particularly, in the back of his neck, compelled him to put it down untasted. The stranger urged him to drink, and, without explaining the cause of his hesitation, he a second time raised the vessel to his mouth. Precisely the same thing occurred again. Once more the stranger expostulated, and pressed him more vehemently to drink; and again he tried it, but with exactly the same result.

“‘What ails ye? and why don’t you drink your liquor? Don’t you like it?’ the stranger demanded. ‘I don’t like it,’ answered Macarthy, getting up, ‘and I don’t like you nor your ways, and in God’s name, I’ll have nothing more, good or bad, to say to you.’ ‘To the devil I pitch you and it,’ said the stranger, breaking into undisguised fury, and at the same time, through the open door, he flung the contents of the pewter pot upon the road. Without another word, in this temper, the

unknown cousin strode out of the door, and walked on his way, leaving the farmer in a state of perturbation and suspicion. Happening to look into the pewter pot, which had contained the porter just thrown out, he saw a white sediment at the bottom of it. He and the publican put their heads together over it, but could make nothing of this deposit. It so happened, however, that the physician was in attendance at the dispensary, only a few yards away, and to him they submitted the white powder that lay in the bottom of the measure. It proved to be arsenic. The mud upon the road where the porter had fallen was also examined, and some of the same deposit was found upon it. Upon these facts and the short information sworn by Macarthy, a neighbouring magistrate at once issued his warrant, with which the police pursued the miscreant, who, without apprehension of his purpose having been discovered, was pursuing his journey quite at his ease. He was arrested, and duly committed to prison.

“The animus and purpose of the heinous enterprise came afterwards to light. The pretended cousin, whose real name was Mara, had been bribed to put Macarthy to death by a person interested in the termination of a lease in which Macarthy was the last life. The attempt to poison was only a resource in reserve. The primary plan, and that relied upon with good reason, was of a totally different kind. Under the pretext I have mentioned, Macarthy was to have been induced to accompany Mara to the lonely graveyard, the position of which, and the stile by which it was entered, were familiar to him. He was to have allowed Macarthy to cross the stile first, and following him closely as he descended it at the other side, he was, from above, to have dealt him, with his heavy loaded stick, such a blow upon the head as must have felled him to the ground, and as he lay stunned in the graveyard, he would have easily despatched him. The sounds of violence in that sequestered place no ear could have heard, and no human aid would have interfered to prevent the consummation of his atrocious purpose. The women, who, in the large, barn-like room, were attending to the preparations for supper at its further end, had caught nothing of the conversation of the two men who stood near the door. The effect of this might very improbably have been that no one would have known in what direction their walk had lain, or could have conjectured where the body of Macarthy, if he had been murdered, was concealed. It might have lain under the wall of that rude cemetery undiscovered until the next funeral brought people into its solitary enclosure.

“At this point all turned upon the presentiment which had so mysteriously determined Macarthy, without any motive of

which he was conscious, against going over the stile before him. Macarthy was too powerful a man to have been assailed on fair terms, with a reasonable chance of the intending assassin's success.

"When the trial was over, Mr. Bennett, my informant, who, though not in the case, and a very junior barrister at the time, had listened to the trial with deep interest, found an opportunity of speaking to the prosecutor, and asking him some questions upon the most extraordinary point in the strange occurrence deposed to. What passed was to the following effect:—

" 'You state that you were prevented from drinking the porter by a pain in the back of your neck. Did that pain affect all the back of your neck? and if not, to what part of your neck was it confined?' 'It was in one spot only, close under the skull, on the backbone.'

" 'Was it a severe pain?' 'The worst I ever felt.'

" 'Had you ever had the same pain before?' 'Never had any pain like it before or since.'

" 'Can you give me any idea of what the pain was like?' 'It covered about the size of the top of a man's finger pressed hard against the neck, and it felt like a red-hot bullet.'

" 'Did the pain last long?' 'It came whenever I raised the porter toward my mouth, and stopped so soon as I set the vessel down again; and I could not drink or hold the vessel up while it lasted.'

"Some persons will account upon natural, though complicated, theories, for the mental and physical impressions which, they may suppose, resulted in this sensation, and in the consequent escape of the prosecutor, Macarthy, from a deep-laid scheme of murder. Others will see nearly insuperable difficulties in the way of such an explanation. It is, in any case, one of the most remarkable instances of justice satisfied and life saved by mysterious premonition that I have ever met with. The hired assassin was convicted, and, although his intention had been defeated, his crime was then, I believe, a capital one. The wretch who employed him was, also, if I remember rightly, convicted and punished.

"I relate this story with a very exact recollection of the terms in which it was told to me, and with a conscientious anxiety to reproduce the narrative accurately. It is extraordinary enough, I think, to merit being rescued from oblivion."

A striking incident, related by the late Dr. Guthrie, may be cited in further illustration of the same principle. It is given by him in the *Sunday Magazine* for April, 1870.

HOW THE MADIAI WERE RESCUED.

It will be remembered that the Madias were thrown into prison at Florence in 1848 for reading the Bible and having religious meetings in their house. Dr. Guthrie says:—

“The deliverance of the Madias from their prison is not the least interesting, and by much the most marvellous part of the story. Its full and true history has never yet, I think, been published. I heard it first from Dr. Frazer, and afterwards from the signora's own lips. It is well fitted to encourage God's people to commit their way to Him who works by many or by few, never to despond, still less to despair; ‘casting all their care upon him, for He careth for them.’

“When the Protestant world had its eyes turned on the Madias and their fellow-sufferers, and when, while prayers were offered up by many families and churches also, to move heaven, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Roden, Sir Culling Eardley, Colonel Tronchin, and such men, were moving earth on their behalf, there was living in London a man who was by birth a German, and by business a livery stable-keeper, a respectable man in his own calling. He had a devout and pious woman for his wife. One morning, as she rose from her bed, she heard—and here, to say the least of it, it is a very marvellous circumstance—a voice saying, ‘Plead for the Madias.’ She started and looked round; but found herself alone in the bedroom. None had entered or left it. She was amazed, as well she might be—struck indeed with awe. . . .

“Without settling any more than I attempt to do how the voice came to her, this good woman in London resolved to obey it. However, before she could do anything in the matter, the tide of business set in, and occupied all the day. On retiring to bed at night, conscience upbraided her for the neglect of what she was now inclined to regard as a special message from Heaven. She could not sleep, explaining to her husband, on his asking her if she was ill, the reason of her restlessness. He treated the matter lightly; and seeking to persuade her that it was all a delusion, and the voice she heard but a trick of fancy, he asked, ‘What have you or I to do with the Madias?’ However, like the importunate woman of the parable, she prevailed at last, not only getting his attention, but securing his services.

“He had been a coachman to the Prince of Moskwa, a grandson I suppose of Marshal Ney, and such satisfaction had he given, that his master, when he left his service, promised to grant him afterwards any favour he could. Of this his wife reminded her husband and got him to apply to the Prince on behalf of the Madias. The Prince was astonished at such an application coming from his old coachman, asking in his turn,

‘What have you or I to do with the Madiai?’ However, he yielded to their entreaties, giving them a letter of introduction to one who had great influence with Napoleon. I do not remember whether this person was, or was not, the French Ambassador, but he resided at that time in London. The wife of the livery-stable keeper waited on him, having by perseverance, and a resolution not to be daunted, fought her way to the great man’s presence. She was met with the old question, ‘What had he or the emperor to do with the Madiai?’ He would certainly not ask Napoleon to interfere with the Grand Duke in the matter. But with the strange voice in her ear, and strong faith in her heart, denied the woman would not be. With God’s blessing, importunity once more carried the day. He applied to the Emperor; the Emperor applied to the Duke; and the telegraph flashed the news to London, ‘The Madiai are free!’ Thus in God’s wonderful Providence, neither the churches, nor the great men of the earth, but an obscure woman, like the angel of God who delivered Peter, brought them out of prison and of bonds.”

One of the best known instances of spiritual monition and guidance is that of the—

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF JOHN BUNYAN.

I have given a full account of Bunyan’s spiritual experiences in a former volume (Vol. IV., page 443), but the following incident is in this connection specially worthy of attention:—

“It is said that many Baptist congregations in Bedfordshire owe their origin to John Bunyan’s midnight preachings during the twelve years that he was a prisoner in Bedford Gaol. He was allowed an extraordinary degree of liberty, and one time went as far as London on a visit to his friends. On another occasion he had been permitted by the gaoler to go out and visit his family, with whom he intended to remain for the night, but at a very late hour he felt so uneasy that he went back to prison. Meanwhile information had been given to a neighbouring clerical magistrate, that there was a strong suspicion of Bunyan’s having got out of prison; and at midnight this magistrate despatched a messenger to the gaol for the purpose of detecting and exposing the laxity of the keeper. On his arrival the following pointed dialogue took place between messenger and keeper:—‘Are all the prisoners safe?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Is John Bunyan safe?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Let me see him?’ The precious article demanded was immediately produced, and the disappointed witness went away to make his report to his master accordingly. The gaoler said afterwards, with a touch of humour, to Bunyan, ‘You may go

out when you will, for you know much better when to return than I can tell you.' ”

There would seem to be little in common between the illustrious author of the *Pilgrim's Progress* and his recent travestier in the *Earthward Pilgrimage*, yet this apostle of Doubt and Know-nothingism, while repudiating spiritual agency and even spiritual existence, except as a possibility, relates an instance in his own experience which apparently, at least, confirms it.

AN EXPERIENCE OF MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Mr. Conway is the son of a Virginian slave owner, but educated at Harvard University, and coming in contact with the freer sentiment of the Northern States, he became an ardent Abolitionist. Before the war broke out, he had been addressed with the question from some negroes in and around his old home in Virginia, “How can we get free?” and had promised them that if he should ever meet any of them in Cincinnati, where he resided, he would do his best to place them beyond the reach of danger. When General McDowell unfurled the stars and stripes over Falmouth, every slave of that region, his father's included, was soon under it—asking for freedom! With this introduction, we leave Mr. Conway to tell his own touching story. He says:—

“Having some reason to believe that Falmouth would soon be evacuated by our troops, and that these negroes might fall again into the hands of slavery, in which case their punishment would, I knew, be terrible, I resolved to go to Falmouth and bring them away.

“Having procured a pass into the military lines, I arranged to start on a certain morning at daybreak. The night preceding the day fixed for our departure—for the Rev. Mr. Channing, now Chaplain to the House of Representatives, had determined to accompany me—witnessed the most terrible storm which I have ever seen. It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and when the storm was at its height, that I was seized with one of those controlling impulses of which I had often read but never myself felt before. I felt impelled to go that night about five miles or more to the suburbs of Georgetown, to see an old negro whom I had known in boyhood. Some vague impression that he could tell me something to facilitate my search down in Virginia after the contrabands may have mingled with this impulse; at any rate, so strong was it, that no protest from friends or fury of the tempest could restrain me from going. No hackman could be persuaded to go, and so I started off through the storm and mud on foot. I arrived, drenched, at my old

negro's shanty near midnight, and found in his cellar the entire band of my father's negroes, who had arrived about ten minutes before me. Thus I was saved the danger and expense of going down into Stafford County.

"They were a sad-looking set. Every rag on them was wet. They looked as if they thought that Nature had taken sides against them, and the elements turned blood-hounds to pursue and yelp after them. Through a long and weary way of about sixty miles they had dragged themselves and their little ones, their beds and chests. Each family had three or four young children, and nearly every mother a babe at her breast. To me they seemed a first arrival of Israelites, who had come through the sea parted by the wand of God, their garments wet with its spray. Silent and gloomy they sat, trying to hush their children to sleep or quiet. They were all packed in one small cellar, over which the thunder crashed with alarming proximity.

"Think how these poor people must have felt, launched thus suddenly upon the great, and to them always unfriendly, world! They knew not how near was the one person out of the millions of the North who would take any special interest in their fate. They had never known a white face which was not that of a master. They had never been beyond the little neighbourhood in which they were born—had never seen cities, railways, steamers;—these, with the whole North-land, were as much a vision to them as the eternal fields arrayed in living green for which they had so long sighted and sung. The terrible storm, the natural misgiving as to the step they had taken, the fearful doubt as to the destiny which awaited them and their children—all combined to make them sit together and weep in silence.

"Many years had parted me from them; but when I entered, all knew me on the instant. The old woman who had nursed me when I was a child sprang forward and folded me in her arms as if I were still an infant. They pressed around with their children, and clung to me as to a lifeboat in their storm. Far into the night we sat together; and they listened with glistening eyes as I told them of the region to which I meant to take them, where never should they

'feel oppression,
Never hear of war again.'

"But, for all the gladness of this night, my troubles had scarcely begun. It was yet a question whether negroes situated like these were free to go to the North; and Baltimore was yet a terrible Cerberus to negroes escaping from the South. For every negro taken over them the railroads exacted bonds of \$3,000 with security, for fear they might be sued by some one for

taking off his slave. And there was still a formidable mob in Baltimore for any Abolitionist. General Wadsworth, then military governor of the district, was ready to see me safely on the road to Baltimore, but could not guarantee me transit through that city, which was under Major-General Wool, a good but infirm old man, who would never cut through red tape. At Washington I found that the mere mention of a negro made the President nervous, and frightened some others of his cabinet much more. The negro has for a long time been the touchstone of every man's courage in America, though not so much now as then, when a formidable opposition to the Administration was being organised an account of its interference with slavery. Though my father was a rebel, there was no machinery yet by which the title of his slaves to freedom could be perfected. As I was going about from one to another trying to obtain authority to take these negroes—between forty and fifty in number—to the North-West, I felt something like the minstrel who brought to King Arthur's court the mantle which, because it would cover only the virtuous, destroyed the reputations of so many fair ladies and lords, and even that of Guinevere herself. My dark mantle shrivelled perceptibly on all, from the President down, excepting one: Mr. Chase gave me such a letter to General Wool as authorised him to grant me military protection through Baltimore. The exasperation of the pro-slavery mob of that city was so well known, that many friends advised me not to try to take so many negroes through its streets to manumit them. A consultation was held at Senator Sumner's Room, where an officer suggested that the only safe mode would be to tie the negroes into a chain-gang, and, lash in hand, make a show of driving them through the city; 'in which case,' he declared, 'all Baltimore will be on its knees to you.'

"At last we started out from Washington, a large concourse of people, chiefly contrabands, attending us. But the terrors came upon us when we were set down presently in the streets of Baltimore, with a small world of baggage, and nearly three miles from the station from which we had to start for Pennsylvania. There were no arrangements to take any but white people from station to station. As I have said, there were over forty of us, and the sensation we made was immediate; we were instantly surrounded by the hundreds of free negroes who live about the station at Baltimore, and who were in a moment so mixed up with ours, especially the children, that I could not distinguish them; and, indeed, I have since had an impression that Baltimore is chiefly populated with negro children under ten. For a moment there was danger that I should receive violence at the hands of these negroes; for there had been lately

many rumours of slaveholders hurrying their slaves out of the district to Maryland, to evade the new Act of Emancipation in the district. It was evident that the crowd of negroes thought that I was certainly the owner of these contrabands, and perhaps was defrauding them of their freedom; and they muttered and hissed around me like so many black snakes, and impeded all my efforts. But some signs passed from my contrabands to them, which changed all this in an instant; the black snakes disappeared, and in their places stood a large number of co-operators, who in a brief space of time had taken us, with our baggage, into waggons, and were making with us a triumphal procession across the city. But this procession was too triumphal for my nerves; it excited attention in every street, and when we alighted at the other station we had an ugly crowd of low whites to encounter.

"Alas, we had to wait here three mortal hours before the train started! I took the negroes into the regular waiting room, so completely had I forgotten the custom of Slave States; of course the railroad officials came and drove us angrily out. I asked for *some* room; they had 'no room for niggers.' I offered to pay for one, but could not get it. I asked to be permitted to take them into a carriage, but was told that the gate to the train would not be unlocked for two hours. Meanwhile we were in the street, and the crowd of low whites was increasing every moment; and they saw, by the delight of the blacks, that it was an Abolition movement. Uglier and uglier they became, glaring upon me, and annoying the negroes under my protection in every conceivable way, until I could scarcely restrain the men from resisting. I implored the negroes to be patient, and pointed out to the police the threatening aspect of affairs; but they sneeringly said it was my own affair, not theirs, and that I must take the consequences. Nevertheless, I had a bit of paper in my pocket which would have brought every bayonet in Baltimore to my aid, had it been needed; and I declared that I was resolved to take the negroes through, though it should bring the guns of Fort Mc Henry upon the city. Which very imposing sentence, emphatically delivered, had an evident effect upon the leaders of the crowd. Yet they persisted in worrying the negroes; and if I interfered, it was to be cursed as 'a d—d Abolitionist, who had brought on the war.'

"At length, much to my relief, the ticket-agent appeared at his window. I saw that he was, as were the other officers of the company, very angry at the presence of the negroes; he was otherwise a fine-looking fellow. He turned into a dark flint as I approached; and when I asked the price of tickets, he said

angrily, 'I can't let those negroes go on this road at any price.' I knew, of course, that he would have to let them go, but I knew also that he could make things very uncomfortable for me. I simply presented my military order to this very disagreeable and handsome agent, and he began to read it. He had read but two or three words of it, when he looked up with astonishment, and said, 'The paper says these are your father's slaves?' 'They are,' I replied. 'Why, sir, you could sell them in Baltimore for fifty thousand dollars.' 'Possibly,' I replied. Whereupon (moved probably by supposing that I was making a greater sacrifice than was the case) the young man's face was unsheathed, and he said, 'By God, you shall have every car on this road, if you want it, and take the negroes where you please!' Then, having sold me the tickets, he gave his ticket-selling to a subordinate, and went out to secure us a car to ourselves; and from that moment, though the imprecations around us went on, our way was made smooth.

"It was about eight in the evening when we started, and we were to travel all night. I observed that the negroes would neither talk nor sleep. They had put their children to sleep, but were themselves holding a silent watch. They were yet in a Slave State; and every railroad-station at which the train paused was a possible danger to them. At last, when the name of a certain wooding-up station was called out, I observed that every eye danced, every tongue was loosened; and after some singing, they all dropped off to sleep. It was not until next day that I learned that the station which had wrought such a transformation upon them was the dividing line between the Slave and the Free States. How they knew it, I cannot divine; it was not even a village; but there the shadow of slavery ended, and they knew or felt it."

From this account which we have taken from his *Testimonies concerning Slavery*, published 1865, it is evident that the freedom and safety of these forty poor negroes hinged upon the "controlling impulse" which seized the author, and which he had never experienced before. But for this—may we not call it spiritual monition—they would in all probability have been re-captured, and their fate would have been, indeed, terrible!

Spiritual monition frequently takes the form of forewarning or presentiment of impending calamity or death, either to the subject of it or to some person closely associated by sympathy and affection. Sometimes the presentiment is connected with a visible form presented either in the sleeping or the waking state, before or about the time of death of the relative or friend. In

illustration of the former, we cite the subjoined extract from a letter in a recent American journal as an instance of—

PRESENTIMENT AND APPARITIONS IN DREAM.

“The following facts I can attest as having occurred within my own experience. At the risk of being deemed obtrusive or indelicate, I shall write the names of persons that give point to the facts in full.

“On the 12th day of October, 1838, I was united in wedlock with Miss Frances Minturn (now deceased), daughter of the late Jonas Minturn, of New York City. In about a week after we took passage (accompanied by two of my own sisters) in the packet-ship *Quebec*, Captain Hibbard, for London, where we arrived, *viâ* Portsmouth, in about 20 days. Rowland R. Minturn, the eldest brother of my wife, to whom she and all the other members of the family were, not without manifold reasons, idolatrously attached, accompanied us to Sandy Hook, where he left to return with the pilot, apparently in good health and spirits. After passing a few days in London we proceeded to Paris (*via* Dover and Boulogne), where we stayed about a month, when I purchased a carriage in which we travelled post to Rome by way of Lyons, Marseilles, Toulon, Nice, the Maritime Alps, and Genoa.

“Although we were in constant receipt of letters from home bearing cheerful tidings, my wife expressed fears, even before we left Paris, that we should hear unpleasant news from her relatives in New York. As we journeyed on her forebodings increased, although all the letters that were forwarded by our bankers were of the most satisfactory character. By the time we had passed the mountainous region and descended into the valley of the Rhine, her morbid feelings became so intensified that she ceased to take interest in the beauties that were constantly presenting themselves. It was in vain I represented to her that every letter we had received from home was full of cheering news. Her spirits became more and more depressed, and, by the time we reached the Alps I became so affected myself, through sympathy or some unexplainable cause, that I could not get rid of a very unpleasant feeling of doubt in regard to home matters. Her family consisted of a mother, four brothers, and four sisters, but about this time her forebodings seemed to take more definite shape and centre on her brother Rowland. The night we arrived at Genoa, on suddenly awakening, I found her sitting upright in bed, sobbing bitterly. On asking her why she wept, she told me that her brother Rowland had just appeared to her in a dream, looking pale and deathlike. Although ill at ease myself on the subject, I en-

deavoured to persuade my wife that the dream was caused by her own excited imagination. She finally became more composed, and I fell asleep, but only to be awakened again by similar tearful lamentations, while she vehemently affirmed that her brother Rowland must be dead, as he had again appeared to her, looking as he did before, with one hand raised and pointing toward heaven. After this fearful night it was difficult to induce my wife even to look out of the carriage window at any of the admirable works of art or nature with which Italy abounds.

"On our arrival at Rome we took rooms at the Russian Hotel, and engaged a hack or carriage and a suitable driver for a month, that we might visit the objects of interest in and around the city. My wife accompanied us in our daily drives, in one or two instances, but took no note of the objects of general interest, and feeling that the sacrifice was painful to her, we forbore pressing her to accompany us. As her feelings became more and more morbid, I generally declined accompanying my sisters in their drives, and remained at home.

"On my awaking one morning I found my wife again weeping, when, in answer to my enquiries, she told me that her brother Rowland had just appeared to her again, looking all pale and deathlike, with his finger pointing upward, as he did at Genoa. For some particular reason I accompanied my sisters that day on the accustomed drive. On our return my wife was sitting on a sofa, looking even more distressed than usual, and pointed to a letter lying on the table, that had been left by the postman. I hastily broke the seal, and, catching a glimpse of the signature, joyfully exclaimed, "Why, Fanny, it is from your brother Rowland!" But, in turning to its commencement, I soon found that it conveyed the tidings of that brother's sudden and unexpected death, announced by his cousin, the late Robert B. Minturn, the similarity of whose signature had for a moment misled me.

"THOMAS R. HAZARD.

"Vaucluse, R. I., Jan. 24th."

In this case the apparition was seen only in dream, and by a single person, and in confirmation of the presentiment, and immediately after the death of the beloved brother, but before news of it had been received. In our next example the apparition was seen some considerable time before death, by the whole family, and in broad daylight.

ALICE CAREY.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for March last contains an account of the two sisters, Alice and Phoebe Carey, so favourably and widely known to the lovers of poetry, especially in their native

country, America. From this notice we quote the following passage:—

“They were the daughters of a farmer in Southern Ohio, and their lives up to womanhood were spent in the seclusion of a country neighbourhood and amidst the cares and toils of a farm-house. But the spring of a finer and higher life was in them, and they turned naturally and resistlessly toward literature. Their father was a man of delicate instincts, and their mother a woman of uncommon mind and character; but their conditions were as unpromising as might be: they were poor, in a new country, with little schooling, remote from books, daughters of a large family. They were, however, not merely people of great native sensibility, but there was a religious strain in them which as to creed took the most generous and hopeful form, and on another side shaded into a sad spirituality. As the girls grew up, a dark means of education came to them in the frequent deaths in the family, and the poetry of Alice took a permanent cast from the gloomy thoughts and experiences of her early days; it sang of graves and for ever yearned for the lost. Her dead dwelt with her; the whole family had a touch of the seer even in childhood; and in her latest years she told the story of one of those strange occurrences which those who like may discard as idle illusions.

“‘ Well, the new house was just finished, but we had not moved into it. There had been a violent shower; father had come home from the field, and everybody had come in out of the rain. I think it was about four in the afternoon, when the storm ceased and the sun shone out. The new house stood on the edge of a ravine, and the sun was shining full upon it, when some one in the family called out and asked how Rhoda and Lucy came to be over in the new house, and the door open. Upon this all the rest of the family rushed to the front door, and there, across the ravine, in the open door of the new house, stood Rhoda with Lucy in her arms. Some one said, “She must have come from the sugar camp, and has taken shelter there with Lucy from the rain.” Upon this another called out, “Rhoda!” but she did not answer. While we were gazing and talking and calling, Rhoda herself came downstairs, where she had left Lucy fast asleep, and stood with us while we all saw, in the full blaze of the sun, the woman with the child in her arms slowly sink, sink, sink into the ground, until she disappeared from sight. Then a great silence fell upon us all. In our hearts we all believed it to be a warning of sorrow—of what, we knew not. When Rhoda and Lucy both died, then we knew. Rhoda died the next autumn, November 11; Lucy, a month later, December 10, 1833. Father went directly over to the house and out into the

road, but no human being, and not even a track, could be seen. Lucy has been seen many times since by different members of the family, in the same house, always in a red frock, like one she was very fond of wearing.'"

But though presentiment and premonition—whatever form they may take—generally have reference to some person related by consanguinity or affection, it is not invariably so. As an illustration of this, I give the following facts in relation to—

THE FATE OF MAJOR ANDRÉ.

All readers of the history of the War of American Independence must be familiar with the sad story of the brave, gentle, and accomplished, but unfortunate Major André, whose tragic and undeserved fate, so terrible, sudden and ignominious, together with his high character and estimable qualities, excite the deepest sympathy. It may, however, not be so generally known that there were mysterious, apparently supernatural, intimations and foreshadowings of the terrible tragedy that was to be enacted. Two singular visions, seen at different times and by different persons, one before he left England, another after the British army had evacuated Philadelphia, are said to have pointed out with unusual plainness the doom he was to meet. Mr. Sargent tell the stories as follows,* and affirms that they are better authenticated than in many cases of the kind. The first belongs to the time of his early life in England; when he was on a visit to a friend:—

"During his stay, we are told, Miss Seward had made arrangements to take him to see and be introduced to her friends Cunningham and Newton, both gentlemen of a poetical turn. On the night preceding the day appointed for her appearance, Mr. Cunningham dreamed that he was alone in a great forest. Presently he perceived a horseman approaching at great speed; but as he drew near to the spot where the dreamer imagined himself to stand, three men suddenly sprang from their concealment among the bushes, seized on the rider, and bore him away. The captive's countenance was visible; its interesting appearance, and the singularity of the incident, left an unpleasant feeling on Mr. Cunningham's mind as he awoke. But, soon falling to sleep again, he was visited by a second vision even more troubling than the first. He found himself one of a vast multitude met near a great city; and, while all were gazing, a man, whom he recognised as the same person that had just been captured in the forest, was brought forth and hanged upon a

* *Life of Major John André, Adjutant-General of the British Army in America.* By WINTHROP SARGENT. New York: APPLETON & Co., 1871.

gibbet. These dreams were repeated the following morning to Mr. Newton; and when, a little after, Miss Seward made her appearance with André, Mr. Cunningham at once knew him to be the unhappy stranger whom he had seen stopped and hanged."

The scene of the second vision was the grounds of a house near Philadelphia, visited successively by the British and American staffs:—

"Two ladies of the family of my informant, who had known André, were on their way hither to dine with Washington and some other American officers, where André and his comrades had often feasted before. As they passed through the groves of cedars and catalpas that surrounded the mansion, they perceived simultaneously a corpse dangling from a limb, clad as a British officer, which presently, as they drew nearer, swung around as though by a natural torsion of the rope. The face was then visible, calm, and stiff as in death; but they immediately recognised it as Captain André's. On approaching the spot the illusion vanished. At dinner they did not conceal their adventure, but related it with a faith that provoked the polite ridicule of Washington, to the extent at last of hearty laughter at their credulity; a circumstance especially remarked by one of them, who never previously had seen him laugh. Many years later, when he was President, this lady again dined with Washington at Philadelphia, and took occasion, she says, to remind him of his mirth. He was much disturbed, she said, and bade her never to refer to the subject to him more; that it was a matter he would not recur to, since it had already greatly troubled and perplexed him. The narrator of this tale, it may be added, was a lady of distinguished mental endowments, well versed even in Hebrew and Greek studies; while her comrade was daughter and sister of two of the first medical men of their day."

The reader need hardly be reminded how these visions were only too truly and fatally realised. The traitor Arnold, who would have betrayed the cause of his country, escaped the popular vengeance, which wreaked its fury on poor André, who had fallen into the power of his enemies. He was hanged on the charge of being a spy, which he certainly was not; and because General Clinton refused to give up Arnold, who had taken refuge within the British lines.

I have occupied so much space with these examples, that I must leave the further illustration of the subject to another article.

T. S.

DIRECT SPIRIT-WRITING.*

[Our Obituary records the departure to the higher life of the late Baron Guldenstubbé. Some of our readers may remember that he visited England, and attended the Convention of Spiritualists in London in 1867, when those who attended had the pleasure of making his personal acquaintance, and were charmed with his frankness and urbanity. He freely distributed a little book he had translated into English, under the title of *Thoughts from beyond the Tomb*, consisting of 134 brief communications—moral and religious epigrams—obtained by direct spirit-writing through the mediumship of himself and his sister Julia. The principal work, however, for which he is known in connection with Spiritualism is the book of which the title is given below, and which excited considerable attention in his own country and on the Continent at the time of its publication. No translation of it into English has been made, but an excellent abstract of it was given by Mr. W. M. Wilkinson in the *British Spiritual Telegraph* for August, 1858. As both the book and the article in question are alike unknown to the majority of English Spiritualists, a reproduction of the latter we have thought would be instructive and opportune. Since the Baron's work appeared he has, we understand, had much further interesting experience in both direct spirit-writings and spirit-drawings; but we have not met with any published account of them. We hope some friend who is conversant with these later experiences will oblige us and our readers by a brief relation of them, so that an account may be brought down as nearly as possible to the present time.—ED. S. M.]

"Where all is so wonderful, it is perhaps difficult correctly to draw distinctions, as to the exact amount of wonder with which each development is to be received; but there is little doubt that direct spirit-writing would be a greater puzzle to the sceptic, and to the so-called learned mind, than table-rapping, or the more common method of medium writing or drawing through human hands. For instance, if either proved or admitted, it at once and finally displaces the learned lucubrations of the physiologists and the philosophers, those very clever persons, who after having been driven out of their first stronghold of absolute denial of the facts, have betaken themselves to the invention of such words as 'automatic action of the brain,' 'unconscious cerebration,' and 'the reflex action of the mind.' These mere forms of words, in which, to put them at the highest, the learned have mistaken the instrument by which the phenomena are produced for the spirit which but makes use of the *autos* of man as the instrument, it would at once be admitted would not account for phenomena produced out of, and entirely apart from, the bodily organs of the human fleshly man.

"Baron Guldenstubbé then has done battle against the phan-

* *La Réalité des Esprits et le Phénomène merveilleux de leur Ecriture directe démontrées.* Par LE BARON L. DE GULDENSTUBBE. PARIS: A. FRANK, Rue Richelieu, 67. 1857. This was written fifteen years ago. Many well-authenticated instances of direct spirit-writing have occurred in England, some of which have been related in this and other journals. We understand that Mr. Everitt is preparing for publication a volume concerning direct spirit-writings through the mediumship of Mrs. Everitt, some on subjects and in languages wholly unknown to her.—ED. S. M.

tasm of 'unconscious cerebration,' by publishing his very interesting book, not only recording a great number of instances in which these phenomena have been produced, but giving a series of 67 lithographed *fac-simile* copies of the writing and other figures traced upon the paper, a description of which and of the circumstances of their production we will give in the author's words.

"After a short account of his previous experience of rapping, clairvoyance, and magnetism, he proceeds:—

"'Being always for some intelligent and palpable proof of the substantial reality of the supernatural world, to demonstrate by irrefragable facts the immortality of the soul, the author never ceased to address his fervent prayers to God that infallible means might be provided to restore the belief in the immortality of the soul, that eternal base of religion.

"'One day—it was the 1st of August, 1856—the idea came into the author's mind to try if the spirits could write direct without the intervention of a medium; knowing the direct and marvellous writing of the Decalogue, as given by Moses, and the as direct and marvellous writing at Belshazzar's feast as described by Daniel, and having also heard of the modern mysteries at Stratford in America, where illegible and strange characters had been found traced on paper, apparently not through mediums, the author wished to ascertain the reality of a phenomenon of which *the consequence would be immense if it were proved to exist*. He therefore put a piece of blank letter paper in a small box which he locked and of which he kept the key, without communicating the experiment to any one. He waited during twelve days, in vain, without finding any trace of the pencil on the paper, but what was his astonishment, when on the 13th of August he remarked certain mysterious characters traced on the paper. Ten times during that ever memorable day he repeated the same experiment, putting into the box a new sheet of paper about each half hour, and every time the experiment was crowned with complete success.

"'On the 14th of August he made twenty other experiments, *leaving the box open, but not losing sight of it*, and it was then that the author saw that the words and characters in the Esthonian language, No. 21, formed themselves or were put upon the paper *without any movement of the pencil*. Since that time the author, seeing that the pencil was not wanted, ceased to place it on the paper, and he then simply put a piece of white paper on the table beside him, or on the pedestals of antique statues, on sarcophagi urns, &c., at the Louvre, the Cathedral of St. Denis, the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, &c., or in the different cemeteries of Paris.'

"After having thus demonstrated the reality of the phenomenon of direct writing by more than 30 experiments, the author wished to show the miraculous power to others, and he addressed himself to the Count D'Ourches, who, on the 16th of August, in the author's lodgings, saw it for the first time, but only after trying six unsuccessful experiments.

"The Count, knowing that the author had not even the more ordinary gift of medium writing, and doubting within himself as to the quality of the spirit producing the previous writings for the author, because of the failure of the first six experiments in the Count's presence, determined to adopt the criterion of the apostle John and for that purpose wrote down on a piece of paper the 2nd verse of the 4th chapter of the 1st Epistle, "Hereby know we the spirit of God. Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God," and placed beside it on the table a piece of black paper.

"At the end of ten minutes, writing and initials, which were recognized by the author as those of a deceased friend, were written, in the presence of the Count D'Ourches, on the paper as follows: 'Je confess Jésus en chair.—A. G.' *I confess Jesus in the flesh.—A. G.* Since that time the Count has seen, more than forty times, the wonderful phenomenon of direct writing at his own house, at the author's, at the Louvre, the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, on the sarcophagus of St. Genevieve, and on the banks above the monuments of Pascal and Racine, in the Cemetery of Montmartre, &c.

"In the month of October the Count obtained, *without the concurrence of the author*, many direct writings, one of them being a letter from his mother deceased more than 20 years.

"Most of the direct writings appear as if done with the pencil, with the exception of about twenty long letters in the handwritings of the parents of deceased friends of the author, and which *are written in blue or black ink*.

"At the end of the book are the 67 fac-simile copies of the writings to which the author refers, each of them numbered, and at page 78 he gives a short account of the circumstances under which each was produced, and names the person who attests the phenomenon as an eye-witness. The author refers to the following, who have been eye-witnesses, and most of whom have been present at many of the experiments, and says they are only a few out of more than 50 persons who have themselves brought the paper on which the experiments were tried.

"M. Ravené, Sen., of Berlin, the Prince Leonide de Galitzin, of Moscow, Prince S. Metschersky, Dr. Georgii, the disciple of the illustrious Ling, now living in London, Colonel Toutcheff, Dr. Bowron of Paris, M. Kiorboé, a distinguished

artist at Paris, residing 43, Rue de Chemin de Versailles, Colonel Kollman of Paris, Baron de Voigts-Rhetz, and Baron d'Uexkroll.'

The following are a few of the descriptions of these remarkable writings:—'No. 6. Initials of the name of St. Genevieve traced on her sarcophagus Aug. 24th, in the presence of Count D'Ourches, who himself furnished the white paper, in order to obviate the absurd objection of chemically prepared papers.'

"'No. 9.—Writing in lapidary Latin, traced the 28th of Aug. at the Louvre, near the statue of Julius Cæsar.' This is the signature, 'Julius Cæsar,' in large characters.

"'No. 10.—Writing in ancient lapidary Greek, traced the 28th of Aug. near the small statue of Euripides at the Louvre.

"'Nos. 11, 12, 13.—Egyptian hieroglyphics traced near the sarcophagus of Ramesis III., in the Egyptian Hall at the Louvre.

"'No. 17.—Initials of Mary Stuart, traced near the column of her husband Francis II., in the Cathedral of St. Denis, the 7th September.

"'No. 19.—The first writing in English, with the initials of Mary Stuart, traced near the same column the 9th of Sept.' This consists of a cross, with the words, 'I am the life,' &c.

"'No. 24.—Long letter in lapidary Latin, traced near the statue of Augustus, in the hall of the Roman Emperors, in the presence of the Baron Voigts-Rhetz, the 20th Sept.

"'No. 25.—A letter in verse, written and signed by Juvenal, near the pretended statue of Demosthenes, in the presence of the Count D'Ourches and the Baron de Rhetz, the 26th Sept.

"'No. 31.—A strange Greek writing, signed "Johannes Apostolos," traced in the presence of General the Baron Bréwern, the Count D'Ourches, and M. Ravené, the 26th Oct.

"'No. 32.—Greek writing, signed by St. Paul, and traced the same evening, in the presence of the same.

"'No. 46.—A Latin letter, signed Mar. T. Cicero, in the presence of Gen. Baron Bréwern, Dec. 26th, in the author's lodgings. This marvellous writing was traced in a packet of paper *quite new and sealed by the manufacturer—in a word, in a quire just as it came from the shop.*

"'No. 47.—Greek writing, signed Platon, and traced in the same packet the same evening.

"'No. 48.—Figure, traced *in the same closed packet.* The Count D'Ourches and the Marquis de Planty were invited to come this evening to assist as eye-witnesses, but did not come, and the author and the General waited for them till midnight. About that hour the furniture began to make the sound of cracking all over the room, the medium sat down to the piano, and

we were told to put on a small table the packet of letter paper which was quite new and wrapped in yellow paper and sealed by the maker, just as it came from the shop. At the end of a quarter of an hour the Gen. Baron Bréwern opened the packet and found, *first the Greek writing signed Plato, then the Latin writing signed by Cicero; a third sheet of paper contained the figure No. 48, and the fourth paper contained a writing in English, signed by Spenser.*

“No. 62.—Writing in Italian, traced in the presence of Baron Bréwern, the 16th of February, 1857.

“No. 63.—Letter from the parent of the author, written in German, the 20th of Feb.; many friends of the deceased have recognised the handwriting, which is traced in blue ink.

“No. 67.—A writing in lapidary Latin, traced on a visiting card of the Baron Uexkroll, who was an eye-witness, the 10th of May, 1857, near the urn of Francis the First, at St. Denis.’

“No. 27, which I reserve to the last, is described as ‘a Greek writing traced in the presence of Prof. Georgii, disciple of the illustrious Ling, of the Count D’Ourches and the Baron de Rhetz, the 4th of October, in the author’s lodgings.’ This writing consists of the verse, ‘Oh, death, where is thy sting, oh, Hades, where is thy victory,’ and, in the preface, the author acknowledges his obligation to Professor Georgii for lending it to him in order that he might publish the fac-simile.

“I mention this circumstance thus prominently because, although I did not doubt the truthfulness of the author’s statements, yet two friends who have swallowed the camel of previous well ascertained facts, began to strain at the gnat thus presented to them, and thought that it required personal inquiry into the truth of the narration. It happened then that Professor Georgii is a valued friend, of several years standing, of the writer, and is known to a large circle of friends in London, as a person of high character and great attainments, and on the 10th of July, 1858, I paid him an early visit, and, with an apology for any seeming doubt, asked if what was stated of him was true. He not only affirmed it all, but gave the highest character of the author, who has been many years known to him as a religious, intelligent, and talented man. He also showed me the original paper with the verse written in Greek characters, and of which I found the lithograph was a fac-simile, and it is now in my possession. He also gave me the description of what was done in his presence as follows:—A quire of several sheets of paper was on the table, and he examined it to see that there was no writing on it. In a few minutes he took it up, and found the Greek characters, not on the outside sheet, but on one of the inner sheets, *and the force on the paper had been so great that*

the impression of the characters could be read on four or five of the sheets under it. The writing appears as if made in pencil.

"I dare say this will take the breath out of some readers, but I cannot help that. I am not able to doubt on such evidence. There is no room for delusion, for Professor Georgii tells me the characters were not there when he first saw the paper, and that it was not afterwards out of his sight till he found the words written upon it.

"Oh, philosophy! You know there is no room for this fact in your mind, and I know what havoc it would play with you, if you were to take it in. Professor Georgii lives, not in the Valley of Diamonds, but at No. 102, Piccadilly, and on the day last named appeared to be in a sound state of mind and body."

AN ULTRAMONTANE VIEW OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM SIXTEEN YEARS AGO.

[*The Weekly Register*, a London Roman Catholic journal, April 10—June 13, 1857, contains a series of articles on Spiritualism under the head of "Modern Necromancy," translated from the *Civita Cattolica*, an ultramontane journal. They are written with marked ability, but attracted little attention in England, where the subject at that time excited but feeble interest; and as they are all but unknown to English Spiritualists, we propose to reproduce them as, both for argumentative value and for historical purposes, deserving a place in the records of Spiritualism. It will be seen that their writer's object is twofold; first, to repel the prevalent materialism of the time, by showing that the facts of Spiritualism are supernatural; secondly, that they proceed from spirits evil and diabolical. The last proposition is sought to be made out, first, by a careful selection of such instances, and of such instances only, as are suitable to its purpose; and secondly, by showing that the teachings of spirits—or rather of some spirits—conflict with the teachings and authority of the infallible Church. Now, as Spiritualists recognise the agency of both good and evil spirits, the proving of the one half of their thesis cannot amount to a disproof of the other half. It would need to be shown not only that some spirits are evil, and their teachings false and pernicious, but that this applies to all communicating spirits; and this is not even attempted. As the writer in a subsequent article contends, "the hypothesis only which explains all the facts is to be admitted as the true and adequate cause of the necromantic phenomena;" and this

essential condition is certainly not fulfilled by the hypothesis of diabolism. The attempt to prove a general principle by particular instances without adequate reference to others of a contrary kind, is an old Jesuitical trick, which the Jesuits at Stonyhurst (by whom we understand these articles were translated) have not forgotten. The *suppressio veri* in this matter is equivalent to the *suggestio falsi*. That all spirits do not recognise the authority of the Papal Church nor subscribe to all its doctrines is true. The same objection is respectively urged by Mormons, Swedenborgians, Irvingites, and other sects, as well as by Romanists, though with less consistency by the Protestant sects, who do not profess infallibility. The spiritual universe is not tethered to a priesthood, nor does it utter only the mere *Shibboleth* of a sect. It is as universal as humanity, and hence transcends the narrow limitations of church authority and tradition, and the temporary forms of human opinion. Romanism, indeed, is represented in modern Spiritualism, but only as are other forms of religious faith. This, indeed, is the grievance each complains of. It would exclude all teachings from the spirit-world as well as this, but those of its own sect; and as the spirit-world will not adopt this programme its communications are set down as disorderly and diabolical. Happily, the more charitable and enlightened views of the spirit-world are fast pervading this. Some orthodox Protestants affirm that the spirits may be silenced at or banished from the spirit-circle by adjuration, in the name of the Holy Trinity, but what will they say to the like efficacy in holy water, crucifixes, and rosaries? The members of the Greek Church go a step further, and drive away demons by the aid of sacred pictures. Powerful magnetisers, with strong will, often cast out disorderly spirits without resorting to any of these means, which, when employed, are not always successful.—ED. S. M.]

“ Eight years have now elapsed since people began in America to talk about spirits, table-turning, invisible rappings, mediums, manifestations, and necromantic wonders, hitherto unheard of; and the noise and enthusiasm which this sudden appearance of such strange phenomena awakened throughout the States of the Union was so great, that the discovery of a new world, or even the rending asunder of that impenetrable veil which divides the invisible world of pure spirits from our visible world, would have occasioned hardly greater astonishment. From America the report of these things fled quickly into Europe, and this was soon followed up by the curiosity to try by actual experiment the wonders of this modern necromancy, which, with new rites and a mastery of art so much more easy, seemed likely to

surpass the wonders of the ancient by a great deal. This foreign produce came to us by the American steamer *Washington* in 1852, by way of Bremen and Hamburg, and in a short time had invaded all Germany, France, and England, and penetrated even into Italy. Who does not remember the universal commotion which the tables occasioned in all minds, and the sudden faculty which they had developed of turning and dancing, and the endless discussions of the journals and pamphlets and books which undertook to treat of them at length, and the conjectures, judgments, and varied opinions which the learned and unlearned brought forward in order to explain the facts which were happening daily under the eyes of all? But that first ardour diminished and subsided according as the stimulus of novelty gradually lessened, verifying what Lucretius says—

‘ Nil adeo magnum, nec tam mirabile quicquam,
Principio quod non minuant mirarier omnes
Paullatim.’

“ Besides, the oriental question soon began to attract public attention; and the eyes of all Europe, which were first intently fixed upon the mysterious and strange dancings of the tables, were soon turned to the great theatre of the war and to the walls of Sebastopol, under which the bloody dances of Mars were going on. However, the tables never ceased performing their wonders, and occupying the curiosity and marvel of people in public and in private, and much less was there any stoppage to the strife of opinions and judgments with regard to the cause of the new phenomena. These have gone on, and are still continuing in Europe, no less than in America, to show themselves according to all the different phases in which they have been gradually developing themselves, from the first and elementary turning of a light table or of any other body capable of being turned round, to the frenzied dance and violent agitation of bodies of great weight; and from the simple ‘rapping’ at hazard up to the answering questions, by divining with wonderful sagacity the most hidden secrets, and dictating or writing by means of pencils fixed into tripods answers equal to those of the ancient oracles. The same thing has happened with all those phenomena of spirits and tables included in the name of “American Spiritualism,” which took place about a century ago in regard to animal magnetism, with which the recent Spiritualism has no little affinity. These two portents of dark origin and amphibious nature, which seem to belong both to the human and diabolical (and we do not know to which of the two they are most nearly related), after having at their first appearance caused the greatest marvel and noise, have been almost domesticated by continual practice; and having as it were

acquired the peaceful possession of citizenship, they continue to be practised with less *prestige* of novelty and strangeness it is true, but with no less frequency, and with ever-increasing detriment to those who follow them up. From the time of Mesmer to our own, magnetisers and magnetised have never been wanting; and in the same way, from the day that the Misses Fox revealed to the world the mysterious loquacity of the tables and spirits, people have not ceased, either in America or in Europe to interrogate them.

“In America, where everything is turned to the account of money-making, and where, thanks to liberty and Protestantism, religious sects swarm with wonderful fecundity, Spiritualism suddenly became a new mine of wealth and a thriving branch of trade to which many lent themselves; but, at the same time, it took a religious form; and there sprang up the latest sect of the ‘Spiritualists,’ which, increasing rapidly from proselytes taken from the other communions, and amply diffused throughout the Union, is in a more flourishing state now than ever, and has temples and meetings, priests and priestesses, numbering by tens of thousands the ‘mediums’ of both sexes, who have the secret of the new necromantic rites, binds the journals and periodicals which act as preachers of Spiritualism and promulgate for the edification of those who believe in the marvels of the other world which the spirits are pleased to reveal to their worthy mediums. In Europe, with the exception of some privileged places, where the speaking-tables have set up a public school of religion, and continue to make new adepts, they have not, for the most part, gone beyond the boundaries of private cabinets or saloons, where they serve to amuse the curious and afford objects for the study of the philosopher. We spoke, in another place, of the spirits and of the tables, at the time that all Europe was talking about them, and the reports of the American wonders were still recent; but we did not go much beyond those first phenomena which were then more frequent and more known; and, in our reasoning upon them, we sought to adduce those explanations which appeared to us most reasonable, having recourse to causes purely natural and mechanical when they seemed to us sufficient, and hinting at the preternatural to explain some of those more strange effects which had about them a strong mark of diabolic complication.

“We now return to the same argument, and we are forced to do so by knowing that, in some parts of Northern and Central Italy, the manifestations of the so-called spirits, table-turning, and writing tripods, are becoming more and more the fashion, and are turning the heads of many in a vortex of ideas and filling them with tendencies more terrible than at first sight

appeared. Hence, it is our intention to seek to throw a little new light upon this dark matter as far as we can, bringing forward, first of all, the facts, then selecting the explanations which seem the most natural and probable among the great variety which have been put forward, and, finally, inferring from them those practical consequences which will suggest themselves of their own accord from the premises. But as regards the facts, we shall content ourselves with relating some of the most important and best ascertained only, to serve as an example and a basis for the discourse; and in bringing them forward, we do not give greater vouchers for the truth of them than the books and the persons who supply us with them naturally merit. We think that if ever in anything allowance was to be made for imposture, it is so in this, which has to do with the marvellous; not a little also must be put to the account of the desire to make money, and something also to public credulity. But if it would be imprudent to admit all, we think that it would be no less so to reject all, and especially so when the persons who come forward as witnesses are most worthy of credit, as, in fact, are those whom we shall have reason to name.

I.—FACTS RELATED BY M. DE MIRVILLE.

“The Marquis J. Ender de Mirville is well known in France for two important works which he has published upon the spirits, one in 1853, entitled *Du Esprits et de leurs Manifestations Fluidiques*, and addressed to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of Paris; and the other, in 1855, entitled *Question du Esprits, ses Progrès dans la Science Examen de Faits nouveaux et de Publications importantes sur les Tables, les Esprits, et le Sur-naturel*. Both of these books are most entertaining to read, as well on account of the surprising curiosity of the facts related as of the grace and liveliness of style and witticism, and are full of that *esprit* which in France generally makes the fortune of books. But together with the vivacity and gaiety of style, M. de Mirville couples a great solidity of learning and much strength of argument, and in laying down and defending the thesis which forms the substance of his two volumes, he proceeds so frankly and boldly that he does not admit of the least shadow of doubt or tergiversation. According to him, all the phenomena of the tables, as well as those of animal magnetism, to which a great part of the first book is consecrated, are after all diabolical: the true and principal causes being wicked spirits, which, nevertheless, make use of fluids, magnetic, electric, nervous, vital, or however else we may call them, as instruments. ‘Intelligence served by Fluids:’ this is the formula in which he shortly expresses the whole of his theory, which, if it has had ardent

opposers and contradictors—not only in the public journals but in still more voluminous and powerful works, as, for instance, that of the Comte A. de Gasparin—has also had from the beginning, and much more still in proportion to the progress of time and the number of facts, numerous and authoritative approvers, some of whose testimonies and names may be read in the most recent of the two works of M. de Mirville; and, in truth, the author confirms his hypothesis with such strong arguments, that, however strange and absurd it may appear at first sight to some minds, idolators of naturalism, it would, nevertheless, be excessively difficult to combat him, especially if we compare his with the theories proposed by other authors, and confront M. de Mirville's system with those which Gasparin, Chevreul, Babinet, Faraday, and other illustrious men of science have brought forward to explain the mysterious but undeniable facts of the dancing tables.

“ Without, then, vouching for all which Mirville relates or teaches in his works, and without anticipating our opinion concerning the capital knot of the question, we shall bring forward only some of the most remarkable facts narrated by him, preserving for them all those characters of credibility and authenticity which they have in the author's book, so that the reader may form a good judgment about them by himself. 1. We have, first of all, a simple scene of a writing table which took place in Lyons, and is related by M. Delorme, one of the most respectable *chefs d'institution* in that city. ‘ When I arrived,’ says he, ‘ at the house of Madame —, who had invited me, she (herself) and Madame D., had their hands already placed on the little instrument, and Madame — said to me that after the last meeting she had at last succeeded in making the pencil move under the imposition of her hands. The two operators complained of the spirit who wrote under their influence, because he refused to name himself, and for two hours that he was moving about the pencil he did nothing else than scribble flourishes without any construction. Immediately that I was present, the pencil wrote these words, “ I will dominate.” Now, as the two ladies were most jealous of being dominated over, they made use of all the energy of their will in order that the pencil might obey their thought, but it persisted in writing, “ I will dominate; I am the strongest, I am stronger than you.”

“ ‘ At the request of the ladies, who were curious (and curiosity in ladies is not out of place) to know whether my influence would have more effect, I begged of the pencil to write the name of the spirit, and soon we read this answer, “ I am Force.” Then I added. “ Tell me if you are a spirit or fluid, and do not write anything more than one of these two words,

spirit or fluid.' Here the pencil placed itself in rapid motion and wrote a long phrase. As the paper was not large enough to hold it all in one line, every time that the instrument was carried back to left, the pencil, in spite of the ladies, began the phrase again; until another sheet of white paper having been placed under the table, the whole phrase was now able to be written, which said, "I am the link which unites the world of bodies to that of spirits." The ladies could make nothing out of this, and begged me to put some new questions. I demanded the initials of the Christian and surname of a person dear to me, and now a long while absent from me, intending, if I should get an answer, to be informed whether the person were still living, and whether we should one day see each other again. But the pencil declared that I should have no answer, wrote often that it ought not to occupy itself about this; and as the ladies obstinately kept on with all their will in this matter, it wrote with great rapidity, "I am going away far from here, and for ever." In fact, from that moment, the pencil remained immoveable, and did not make any other signs than strokes and marks without names. I was afterwards invited to a new sitting, but I refused, saying to myself, what I have seen is sufficiently clear and positive with regard to the facts; I can have no more doubt about them; and to add others would be useless, because if they succeed they will add nothing to my conviction, and if they do not they will not at all diminish it.'

II.

"Still more strange and capricious are the facts narrated by M. de Sauley, Member of the Institute of France, who from having been from the first professedly incredulous of the magic wonders of the tables, was compelled to become by his own experience the solemn and authoritative attester of them and to seek, in some more recondite order of ideas, some explanation of those phenomena which no mechanical or physical hypothesis has been able to give in anything like a satisfactory manner. From the time that he began his experiments, not only did he obtain the usual movements, and jerkings, and rappings, and writings with pencil from his tables, but a variety and frightful violence of unexpected manifestations. A heavy massive oaken table, which three robust carpenters were pressing with all their might down on the ground: no sooner had M. de Sauley given to it the command to rise up by the simple imposition of his fore-finger, than it darted up with such force as to overthrow the three carpenters on to the ground, and the table itself was broken. The various articles of furniture of the room not only began to dance about, but ran against their master and struck

him so unkindly that he was obliged to barricade himself and fence against them as against an enemy. One of the instruments which was most ready in yielding to the experiments was the stem of a chibouk which M. de Sauley had brought with him from the East. It acted excellently as a divining rod in finding out things which were lost; and when it was held by two consultants by the two extremities, it moved with a prodigious force and velocity, drawing them after it, and carrying them to the spot where the lost objects were, which it showed by striking above them. However, it did not content itself with divining only, but one day, when two children dared to insult those who were carrying the divining wand, it began to threaten them, and to aim such fierce blows against them, that it was requisite to abandon it. At other times, it amused itself by striking upon the china cups, and knocking its master's legs, and shaking off the ashes of his cigar.

"But, besides the play of power, the instruments gave signs of intelligence no less malignant than profound. The pencil, when asked by M. de Sauley to write, 'I am a dog,' wrote, in Arabic, '*Ana kelb*,' but with the letters the wrong way and upside down, as if to make sport of the interrogator, who did not succeed in reading the answer until the pencil itself suggested to him to set the characters right. And so, at other times, it gave the learned Orientalist similar lessons in Arabic, Coptic, and Hebrew orthography. The same pencil, interrogated on one occasion by some ladies alone, wrote at length, after some hours of silence, certain words, clear enough to read, but which they did not understand, because their thoughts had never been contaminated. Oftentimes the spirit answered by strange figures and odd drawings, and represented himself with a human head, but horned, and with two triangles on the chest—one of them upright, like that which is the symbol of Jehovah, the other reversed, which symbol he himself explained by adding, 'I am a God reversed.' When asked what he did, he made no other answer than in these solemn and sad words—'*Veterem vitam vivo*' (I lead the old life). And almost always he ended his oracles with the word '*engager*,' to which he prefixed, for the sake of clearness, '*veux-tu?*' as if he would say, Will you make a compact with me? These, and many other similar phenomena, continued for several months, in presence of many and various witnesses, until M. de Sauley, now quite convinced of and frightened at the wicked nature of their cause, broke off all connection with the tables and the spirits, and abstained entirely, and advised others to abstain from repeating similar experiments, and at the same time gave to the experiments already made the public and authoritative sanction of his name.

III.

"After Lyons and Paris, let us now pass on to Toulouse, where we shall encounter portents no less extraordinary than the preceding. The historian of them is M. Bénézet, director of the *Gazette de Languedoc*, a man eminent in Toulouse for his learning and good sense, who after having been for a long while, like M. de Sauley, 'railleur impitoyable à l'égard des tables,' was obliged at last to give himself up to the too evident reality of the facts which he had himself established by experiment, and which he published in a work entitled *Des Tables Tournantes et du Panthéisme*. Paris, 1854. The first phenomenon which gave a strong blow to his incredulity was his witnessing a heavy table rotate with a lightness and docility ill reconcilable with the natural inertia of its great mass. Then followed all the usual gambols of the tables and trestles, their raising themselves up and striking with the foot, and writing, answering, and divining. Then followed other movements and passages still more strange, so that the pieces of furniture, without any contact or imposition of hands, were seen upon a simple command to become agitated, moved about, to raise themselves up and again fall down on the ground as if they had been not inert matter, but living and animated bodies. 'On the first days of this new phenomenon,' according to the account of M. Bénézet, 'the little table in order to raise itself up from the ground, was obliged to support itself against the wall, or upon one of us. I saw it several times climb up by little leaps, crawling along my chest, and then, stopping a little, fall down again suddenly with a noise. At other times it seemed to jump up under our fingers, trying to reach the objects which we were presenting to it at a little height above it. Sometimes it even supported itself two or three minutes suspended in the air, approaching our hands and distancing itself from them, and striking gently our fingers, as it were caressing them.'

"One evening, whilst we were conversing with the spirit and the windows were open on account of the heat, a night butterfly entered into our room. "Get up and catch it," said one of us to the spirit, and immediately the table began to dance about in every direction, following exactly all the movements of the butterfly, and making leaps upward to reach it. And it did not cease the play until we had driven out the butterfly, in order that we might go on with our other experiments. But these jokes were soon followed by more grave and frightful symptoms. One day,' proceeds M. Bénézet, 'when the table was in the vein, running about and dancing, one of the spectators fetched a little holy water and sprinkled some upon it. Immediately it

seemed to be seized with convulsions: so great was the force and fury with which it began to storm and beat itself about. Finally it upset, and thus, when overturned, it struck with its head upon the boards, as if it wished to make the holy water fall off from it. After some little while it got up again, and finding the door of the balcony open, it threw itself into it, as if it appeared to wish to get over the parapet and leap down to the ground below. On the day following, as I was terrified at the progress which I had made in the way I had taken so incautiously, I determined on leaving it, and resolved that neither myself nor any of mine should have anything more to do with experiments of this sort. M. and Madame L—— made the same resolution with me. Three days passed over without any other incident, except that when M. and Madame L—— sat down to meals, the table was agitated and gave light blows, as it were in the act of provoking them. They, however, persisted in their good resolution, and abstained from making any interrogations of it.

“ ‘ On the third day, whilst they were at dinner, they felt all of a sudden a smart blow discharged by the table, without the slightest motion of the latter. They looked at one another in astonishment, and having left the dining room, retired into their chamber, but the noise followed them everywhere. When they were come into their apartment, they remained there for some time, without disturbance, and sat reading at a table. When the knockings began again, and as these were felt chiefly under the seat of Madame L——, she bathed her fingers in a little vessel of holy water, which she kept near on purpose to defend her from all fear at night, and sprinkled it under the chair. At that very moment she felt her hand seized hold of and bitten under the second joint of the thumb, and she tried hard to withdraw it. Her husband did not understand what her cries meant; but as soon as he saw upon the reddened and tumid flesh the mark of a double file of teeth, his surprise was very much greater. A little while after, she uttered another shriek and fell back in a swoon with her hand placed upon her right shoulder. Her husband looked everywhere, but could see nothing, and the dress of the lady did not show the slightest disturbance; but when the shoulder was made bare, he found there as it were a bruise as large as a crown piece, and saw some drops of blood. When she was again conscious, she felt herself bitten again in the forearm, and then in the back, though less severely. Nothing else happened that night. In the morning, sixteen hours after the occurrence, I saw the marks of the bites. The injured part of the hand was still red, although the mark of the teeth had disappeared. On the shoulder there was a blackish scar, and the forearm showed the impression of two canine teeth.’ ”

"To these cases we will add a few others in brief, not very dissimilar. At Geneva, in a house where the table turnings were very frequently practised, a pianoforte, which had been up to that time of a most quiet and sluggish character, began suddenly to indulge in the latest whims and follies. It began playing all by itself with a certain deep and musical murmur of unusual tones, then to agitate itself, and to change its place, to raise itself with its two front feet, notwithstanding its own weight of more than 300 kilogrammes, and that which was added by two persons pressing with all their force upon the angles which were raised up; and other similar strange occurrences happened, which continued for two weeks, in the presence of many witnesses, without the possibility of their discovering any visible or natural cause. A house in the neighbourhood of Paris, where they had begun to make experiments on table-turning in September, 1853, was, for a period of two years, infested almost uninterruptedly by noises and prodigies of all sorts, which were attested by several respectable witnesses. There was a pianoforte which was agitated and made hollow sounding noises; a harp played by itself; the door-bells were continually ringing; rappings were heard upon every wall; pieces of furniture, glasses, and earthenware objects were tossed about without being broken, or disappeared from the chambers whilst the doors were shut; if a person, whilst writing at a table, put down his pen or turned his head away for a moment, he found the letters finished or altered; cries and voices were heard in the air, speaking in every tone—in French and English, which sometimes, whilst the domestics were reciting their prayers in common, made responses to every phrase by some impious parody, for instance, instead of 'Our Father which art in Heaven,' they would say, 'Our Father Satan;' instead of 'Thy kingdom come,' they would say, 'Thy kingdom come not,' &c.; and, finally, these things were sometimes succeeded by more serious annoyances of blows and slappings which the persons of the house received from invisible hands. (See pages 60, 61, 92, and 93, Bénézet.)

"One of the parish priests of Paris, after having been for a long while solicited to witness the experiments of a female medium of 18 years of age, who was said to have become very pious and ascetical by her communications with the spirits, went there finally, in company with his first vicar. In fact, the spirit of the table began to hold a most edifying discourse; but, no sooner had the priest (without the knowledge of any one, or even of the young woman herself) placed upon the table a blessed rosary, than the medium was seized with a violent fit of convulsions, which began with a piercing shriek, and by epileptic

spasms, nor could she be brought round again till after the lapse of 20 minutes, and until the rosary was removed from the table; and on this account the spirits and the tables lost all credit in that house from that day forward, notwithstanding the air of sanctimoniousness which they had put on. (See pages 83, 84.)

"The same sort of thing happened to l'Abbé Chevoyan, Vicar of St. Roch, at Paris, who, in the presence of many witnesses, placed upon a speaking trestle a rosary, and then a little crucifix, which awakened in the trestle violent motions and convulsions, so as to resist all the efforts of those who endeavoured to keep it steady, and to shake off from it those abhorred objects. More than this, when the crucifix was brought near to it, as if to be kissed by it, it flew away to the extremity of the rooms, and being held by main force, it became contorted and threw itself down on the ground, seeking to avoid the contact of the hated things. (See page 83.) To this we may add the testimony of M. l'Abbé Bertain, Doctor in Theology, Law, and Medicine, and Grand Vicar of the Archbishop of Paris. He states in his book (*Avis aux Chrétiens sur les Tables Tournantes et Parlantes, par un Ecclésiastique, 1853*) that he has several times been an eye-witness to the following facts, viz., that tables, when demanded openly to answer questions about the person of our blessed Lord Jesus Christ, obstinately refused to do so, and where these demands were insisted upon in an imperative manner, they threw themselves about, rose up, and upset themselves upon the ground; and, a basket, which was animated like them by the spirit, when a book of the Gospels was presented to it, he saw it twist itself about, and wriggle like a snake, and glide away with great rapidity. (See page 64.)

"These mysterious movements are quite of the same character as certain answers given by the tables which we have related above, and with an infinity of others which we might adduce. Of these, however, we shall bring forward only that one which is related by Mirville in his book at page 89. An illustrious member of the Parisian aristocracy, who, on account of his long acquaintance with the tables and spirits was converted from a state of irreligious scepticism in which he had been brought up to the sincere practice of the Catholic religion, held the following dialogue one day with a speaking table:—'Can you explain to us at all the Divine goodness?'—'How can I, considering that it is infinite!' 'It is infinite, and yet do you suffer, O most wretched?'—'Yes, horribly, and for ever.' 'But, as you are so miserable, and God is so good, as you say, suppose you were to try to appease him, who knows

but that——?’—‘Ah, here you ask me another thing quite impossible!’ ‘And why?’—‘He will never pardon me, because I do not will to be pardoned.’ ‘And if God were to offer to annihilate you entirely, would you accept it?’ After a little hesitation, one of the spirits answered, ‘Yes, because being is the only benefit which I now receive from Him; and if I were annihilated, I should owe Him nothing more, and so should be released from every obligation towards Him.’ Another spirit answered to the same question in these words, ‘No; I would not accept annihilation, because——’ and here he gave his reason for this with such subtilty and with such horrible blasphemy that it will be better to spare the ears of our Christian readers. ‘Do you, then,’ he was asked, ‘hate God in despair?’—‘Do I hate? My very name is *hatred*. I hate everything—I hate myself. . . .’

“But let this suffice of the facts related by M. de Mirville, and which happened, for the most part, in France. Many others of the same sort might be collected from Switzerland, Germany, England, Italy, and especially America, if it were not superfluous to our intentions to accumulate instances, as it would be equally superfluous to waste ourselves in minute and scrupulous criticism upon the authenticity of the individual facts, whilst there is now so great a number of respectable witnesses from all parts who agree upon the wonders of the tables, that, although there may have crept in some error or fallacy into this or that circumstance, their general truth must be regarded as substantially established beyond all suspicion; and, so far from doubt about it being the prudent reserve of a wise man, it would rather be a sign of a puerile and silly obstinacy. Instead of adding anything more, it will be sufficient to name the compendious enumeration of the various phenomena which is found in the Memoir presented to the Congress of the United States, towards the end of 1853, by a very large number of American citizens, and which was given in full by the *Ami de la Religion* in its number of January 24, 1854. In this paper, the phenomena are grouped under the four following classes:—

“1. *Mechanical Phenomena*.—The hidden force which produces them, moves, raises, restrains, suspends or changes in different ways the position of many very heavy bodies contrary to the known laws of nature, and whose first or proximate causes have hitherto not been satisfactorily demonstrated to the senses of the thousands of clear-sighted and prudent witnesses under whose eyes they have happened.

“2. *Luminous Phenomena*.—Flashes and dartings of different forms and colours which appear in dark places, and when there was no substance capable of producing light or phosphorescence,

nor any instrument or appearance generating electricity or combustion.

"3. *Acoustic Phenomena*.—Very frequently repeated, and various sorts of sounds, rappings, and mysterious knockings: sounds like those which echo in the workshops of the different mechanical trades; others which resemble the hoarse voices of the winds, the war of the waves and floods, the breaking of masts and ships in tempests; loud detonations like thunderclaps or discharge of artillery, accompanied by violent oscillation of surrounding objects, and sometimes by the quaking of the whole edifice in which they have taken place; harmonious sounds, like the singing of the human voice, and more often like the harmony of various musical instruments; sounds of flute, drum, trumpet, guitar, harp, pianoforte, sometimes united, sometimes alone, sometimes produced without any instrument, and at other times excited in the instruments themselves, but without the touch of any hand or other visible agency.

"4. *Physiological Phenomena*.—The hidden power, which manifests itself in the ways above indicated, also suspends and disturbs very often in a strange manner the regular functions of the vital faculties of man, interrupts sensations, deprives the members of their power of motion, and the fluids of their power of circulation, lowering the temperature of the body or of some of its parts to the cold and rigidity of a corpse; sometimes suspends the respiration for hours and entire days, after which the organic and mental faculties return to their regular course. These phenomena are, however, frequently followed by lasting changes in the mind or incurable maladies; whilst at other times they are succeeded by sudden amelioration, or even entire cures of organic defects and inveterate diseases.

"But these phenomena, like the greater part of those related above, do not go beyond the material or moral order, and on that account they would not suffice to give an adequate idea of all the facts which people refer to the mysteries of the spirits and of the tables, which have not hesitated sometimes even to encroach upon the more sublime regions of religion. Before, however, we set about the explanation of the before-mentioned facts, we must preface it by an account of the novelties and religious extravagances which have been occasioned in Europe by the invasion of the modern American necromancy; and this we shall do in a future article. By this we shall have opened a way to those rational researches which can bring us to a probable solution of facts which are now undoubted, and which might be attended by highly prejudicial results to those who (whether from mere curiosity or malice we know not) so incautiously, at least, engage in this kind of experiments. This must certainly be,

for Italy even, a much more serious matter than at first sight appears; and if there were no other reason, we have been requested to treat of this matter by so many excellent persons in various parts, that we are only sorry to have at last begun to accede to their wishes after no slight delay."

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE LIVERPOOL PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THIS society, since last Christmas, has increased from 40 to 140 members. It has several mediums for healing, trance, and physical manifestations; and one Mr. Thomas Eaves for direct spirit writing, which sometimes comes in letters of gold. He is totally uneducated, yet sometimes sentences in Greek and Latin are given by the spirits, in various kinds of handwriting through his mediumship. The society proposes to hold a National Conference of Spiritualists in Liverpool this summer.

A MISSTATEMENT CORRECTED.

The author of a recent book, *Where are the Dead?* writes to the *Spiritualist*, in correction of one of its misstatements, that he has received a copy of a spirit-photograph from Mr. Henry Smith, of 13, Lincoln Street, Leicester, Licentiate in Dentistry to the Royal College of Surgeons, who went to Mr. Hudson, of 177, Holloway Road, London, photographer, as a perfect stranger, in the hope of obtaining a spirit-photograph of his late wife, and was surprised to find upon the plate a correct likeness of his late father, which has been identified by all his relatives and friends. Mr. Smith says, "I did not get what I asked for, but another portrait which I did not think of."

MR. NEWTON CROSLAND ON "PHILOSOPHICAL METHOD" IN REVIEWING SPIRITUALISM.

Mr. Newton Crosland, in a letter to the *Evening Mail and Telegraph*, of May 24th, concerning a review of his work on *Apparitions* in that journal, thus describes what is called "philosophical method" in reviewing Spiritualism:—

"A, B, and C spare no pains and labour in the careful observation and solution of certain wonderful and miraculous phenomena; and for this investigation A, B, and C possess special opportunities and experience. D, E, and F, who have kept themselves in the ordinary track of thought and life, and entirely aloof from exceptional conditions, immediately try to

prove theoretically that A, B, and C could not have witnessed the incidents they described, or that these observers were entirely mistaken in their interpretation of the phenomena. That is to say, the learnedly ignorant set to work to teach the practically well-informed! This treatment of A, B, and C by D, E, and F, is termed 'philosophical method.'"

We recommend philosophical persons, who review the facts of Spiritualism, to begin by first *viewing* them. When they know a little of what they write about, their lucubrations will deserve respectful consideration.

A SPIRIT-VOICE IN A CHURCH.

The Rev. Freeborn Garretson, in his *Memoirs*, relates the following occurrence:—

"In July, I went into Talbot County, in Maryland, and preached amongst them about a fortnight. In this place I received a very extraordinary relation. For three evenings, successively, the people were much alarmed by an uncommon voice. The last night that it was heard, there were several respectable persons present. The congregation were then engaged in solemn supplication, and they were exhorted to pray mightily. When one of them asked who it was, he received for answer, 'I am a good spirit.'" Again he says, "One day, after preaching, my brother John came, and, looking at me wistfully, said, 'I shall never see you again in this world.' In a few days he was taken ill. The evening before he died, a physician, who was with him, being asked how soon he thought my brother would die, answered, 'He will not stay till the morning.' My brother, overhearing the conversation, cried out, 'Doctor, I shall not go till eight o'clock in the morning.' At eight o'clock he resigned his soul into the hands of the Lord."

DR. SEXTON'S EXPOSURE OF THE CONJURORS AT CAVENDISH ROOMS.

"Dr. Sexton's lecture on Sunday evening fell like a bomb-shell amongst the conjurors. The men who have been so long with impudent effrontery pretending to simulate spiritual phenomena, received such an exposure at the hands of the Doctor as they are not likely soon to forget. Their tricks were all laid bare to the meanest understanding, and their 'wonderful mysteries' reduced to most common-place conjuring tricks. Long before the time for commencing the lecture the Cavendish Rooms were crowded to suffocation, and conspicuous amongst the audience were to be seen Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook, Dr.

Lynn, and others of the conjuring fraternity. The faces of these men were a perfect study as the Doctor went through their tricks one by one, showing how simple they were, and how easy to be performed. When the Maskelyne knot was exhibited by means of which that gentleman ties himself in the cabinet, Mr. Maskelyne and Dr. Lynn rushed to the platform to look at it, whereupon the lecturer said, with a smile on his face, 'Oh, you've seen it often, Mr. Maskelyne.' The roars of laughter and the applause that followed this sally were tremendous. As the secrets of the mysterious cabinet with its suspended mirror, the marvellous box, and other apparatus employed by Maskelyne and Cook, were described, these worthy professors of the art of 'illusion' were white with rage, whilst Dr. Lynn was evidently highly amused, but when his turn came, and the 'blood-writing on the arm' was shown to be nothing more solemn than a little red ink, and the paper reading only a new variation of one of the simplest of all conjuring tricks, then it was Maskelyne and Cook's turn to enjoy the fun and laugh at the discomfiture of Dr. Lynn. It was evident that these gentlemanly 'illusionists' hate each other as heartily as they do the Spiritualists. The only thing wanted to complete this evening's proceedings was the presence of Herr Dobler, whose tricks also shared the same fate. The reception that Dr. Sexton met with was such as has been seldom witnessed in connection with Spiritualism; the applause that again and again greeted him was perfectly deafening. At the close of the lecture Mr. Maskelyne asked to be allowed to say a few words, and permission having been granted, he proceeded to say that he could not enter upon a controversy—first, because it was Sunday night, and secondly, because he would stand no chance, he was aware, 'in a battle of words with the learned Doctor.' He begged to say, however, that he was simply an 'illusionist,' and did not pretend to do more than show tricks of deception. He had been many years perfecting his apparatus, &c., &c. The Doctor was wrong in some of his explanations. On being pressed to state which, he said his table was not lifted with silken cords. He then declared Spiritualism was humbug, and said that he could do all that mediums did, whereupon Dr. Speer called out, 'I offered you twenty pounds to do so in my house; and you have not answered the letter. The only reply that Mr. Maskelyne made to this was that he had answered the letter, although what he had said in the reply he did not state. Another gentleman in the audience shouted out, 'I'll give you a thousand pounds if you can.' Mr. Maskelyne then went on to say that he did not lay claim to be assisted by spirits, and therefore he didn't know why Spiritualists attacked him in this way. To this the Doctor replied that for several

weeks he had had the words "SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS" on his bills and in his advertisements. Mr. Morris said a few words on behalf of Dr. Lynn to the effect that Dr. Lynn was engaged by him, and that no claim was made to spiritual powers, and if there were, he would have nothing to do with him. Dr. Lynn himself made a few remarks, but said nothing to the point. The conjurors were evidently beaten with their own weapons, and they left the hall terribly crestfallen. On Monday, Maskelyne entertained his audience at the Egyptian Hall with a statement that the Spiritualists had attempted to stab him in the dark; that Dr. Sexton had sent some one to break his cabinet; that he was not allowed a hearing at the Cavendish Rooms on Sunday; all of which statements, we need hardly say, were utterly untrue. Dr. Lynn has changed his advertisement, and now admits that there is nothing in his tricks but what a clever man might discover, thereby acknowledging the accuracy of Dr. Sexton's descriptions of them.—*The Medium*, June 20.*

Obituary.

MR. S. CHINNERY, of Paris, sends us the following newspaper obituary:—

"One of our most eminent Spiritualists, the Baron Louis Guldenstubbé, departed this life on the 27th May, at his residence, 29, Rue de Trevisé, Paris, in his 53rd year. The Baron was principally known by his studies and researches in the science of positive and experimental Pneumatology, to which he contributed several valuable works and considerations, amongst which may be especially mentioned his contribution upon direct spirit-writing, *La Réalité des Esprits et le Phénomène Merveilleux de leur Ecriture Directe*, obtained between the mediumship of himself and his sister, the Baroness Guldenstubbé. These experiments rendered him very notorious in Paris at one period, and the police are alleged to have interfered, at the instigation of the Jesuits, to stay the results he obtained from the sepulchral monuments of the city. Of Swedish origin, Baron Guldenstubbé belonged to an ancient Scandinavian family of great historical renown. Two of his ancestors, Knights of the Order of the Grand Templars, and of same name, were burnt alive in 1309, in company with Jacques de

* A full report of this lecture, by Dr. Sexton, may be had of our publisher, price 2d.

Melay, by order of Pope Clement the Fifth. The pedigree of the family shows many illustrious alliances. The Baron Guldenstubbé lived a very retired and sober life, associating with none but sympathisers of his studies. He will ever be affectionately remembered for his noble, gentle, and urbane nature; for his numerous liberal and unassuming charities. He was unmarried, but found a dear companion and aid in the person of his accomplished and erudite sister, the Baroness Guldenstubbé."

Mr. Chinnery has also favoured us with the following original and interesting critical and biographical sketch of our distinguished fellow-labourer:—

"Spiritualism has just lost one of the most illustrious of its exponents. The Baron Louis de Guldenstubbé departed this life, in Paris, on the 27th of May, in his fifty-second year. The Baron was a man of superior order and of great intellectual culture. He was the author of some works of considerable erudition, thus in him were united mediumistic powers of an uncommon order with the qualities of a great writer and deep thinker.

"His private character and reputation were on a par with his intelligence. All who knew him can bear witness to the nobility of his sentiments, as well as to his gifts of education; a rare amiability and an exquisite urbanity; and an exemplary devotion in explaining and promulgating the especial knowledge which much experience had furnished him with.

"Of Swedish origin, the Baron belonged to an ancient Scandinavian family, which gave wives to two of the reigning families in Germany, and at the present day one branch is connected with the highest Swedish nobility.

"But we will only refer to M. de Guldenstubbé in so far as he is concerned with the subject with which this Magazine has to do.

"If it be true, as is sometimes asserted, that the country of one's birth and hereditary descent are not without influence upon mediumistic qualities, the Baron was favoured in both these respects. The mother who gave him birth, in the country of Swedenborg, the mystic Scandinavia, prone to spiritual belief, early initiated him in this kind of reading. When quite young he was remarkable for presentiments and visions.

"M. de Guldenstubbé had completed his early studies in Germany, where, without neglecting the physical sciences, he studied history and philosophy. All the systems of the German school were familiar to him, particularly the school of Kant. But this Rationalism left a great void in his heart, and did not satisfy his aspirations and natural intuitions. Having turned his attention to antiquity, he read with avidity Plato and the

Pythagorean writings and the Oriental philosophers, where he found a more satisfying nourishment for his spiritual wants. The Baron left Germany in 1849 and settled in Paris. People were beginning to talk there of the manifestations which had begun in America. After much study and many experiences in magnetism and somnambulism, and after having discovered in himself great mediumistic power for different kinds of phenomena, he found his exertions finally crowned by the phenomenon, then little known, of *direct spirit-writing*.

"Every one should read the interesting work he published in 1857, under the title of *Direct Writing of Spirits*. A new and enlarged edition of this work has been published in Germany. Both editions contain numerous *fac-similes* of some of the most remarkable writings obtained in many languages and different characters.

"The author describes his manner of proceeding, and the successive attempts he made, before he was rewarded by the remarkable results that were little suspected possible. He was eventually able to obtain the direct writing in many places, nearly whenever he desired it. These experiments often had several witnesses of high, social, and scientific rank. The scientific importance of such manifestations, well attested, is seen at a period when all spiritual phenomena were explained by materialistic observers as being produced by the electrical influence of the mediums themselves. Direct writing proves infinitely better the reality of the existence and intervention of the spirits than the raps on the table, or even the movement of furniture without contact. Let us add that the writing is a permanent proof, and not fugitive, like the other phenomena.

"The book, of which we have just spoken, has a second part entitled, *Source du Spiritualisme dans l'Antiquité*. It is a highly interesting work, for in it is shown the sacred traditions of the most ancient people—the Chinese, the Persians, the Jews, &c. This is not the only monument of erudition and criticism which the learned baron has left us. Later he published *La Morale Universelle*, a work showing, by a great number of quotations, that the ancients taught a sublime morality, and that the knowledge of the true God was universal, and as old as the world, and not the privilege only of certain initiated people who had the true religion all to themselves.

"Let us, in conclusion, remember that we have a consolation left us in our grief at losing the Baron, for he has left us his worthy sister. Younger than himself, she is known as the author of several works. Endowed with a cultivated genius, she is, at the same time, an excellent trance medium. She came to France after having finished her education in Germany. Since

1858 she has lived with her brother, the dear companion of his life and the fellow-labourer in his work. She can still by her faculty as medium, and by the variety of her knowledge, be of great service to the cause of Spiritualism."

Correspondence.

THE REFRACTION OF LIGHT THROUGH PSYCHIC AURA.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

DEAR SIR,—In the first place I must premise that I am not one of those who would endeavour to prove true what is manifestly false; secondly, as a rule, I am not fond of literary polemics; I was one of the last to put my pen to paper in defence of the spirit-photographs, and then it was after a series of careful experiments, both at Mr. Hudson's studio, and also at a friend's house, and it is principally upon the results of these latter experiments that I founded my theory of refraction in cases of apparent double exposure. I am quite of opinion that if *all* the apparently spurious photographs which were issued from Mr. Hudson's studio were the result of his own manifestations, he is the stupidest man breathing, inasmuch as the evidence upon the face of them was so palpable that the veriest tyro in the art of photography must recognise them. I cannot, of course, assert that Mr. Hudson never has allowed any spurious pictures to pass out of his hands. To take such a responsibility upon myself would be a great deal too much. I simply maintain that by spirit agency the most indisputable evidences of apparent double exposure can be produced where no such double exposure had been resorted to. Your correspondent calls upon me to support the position I have taken, by producing for his inspection a specimen of such a photograph. To explain in full why I am unable to do so, would now occupy too much space. Suffice it to say that through the agency of a malevolent spirit attached to the house where our experiments were made, who persistently opposed us in all things, notwithstanding all our precautions many valuable plates were destroyed, some being wiped off even whilst we were examining them, others, although placed as we thought beyond the reach of the power, were obliterated or destroyed. I will now proceed to answer the objections made to the letter you quoted in your Magazine. I think if your correspondent had carefully considered the arguments he adduces in

opposition to mine, he would have recognised how little real weight there was in them.

In the first place, referring to a paragraph in my letter, he asks, "Can he conceive of a substance having *any* of the properties of an *aura*, and at the same time having the character of a double-refracting crystal? In all elastic vapour or ether the homogeneous nature of the particles is completely opposed to the law of different degrees of elasticity in different directions, necessary to double refraction." In the first place, I submit that the psychic aura is so little understood that its properties cannot be compared with any known elastic vapour or ether; and secondly, the conditions of spiritual manifestations by means of that aura entirely destroy in many cases its homogeneous character. This needs but little explanation, as it is plain that in close proximity either to the medium or the manifesting spirit it is much denser than in surrounding parts; and I have found by close observation that the aura becomes differently influenced according to the skill of the operating spirit.

I scarcely think it worth alluding to the remarks made with reference to my statement that I had witnessed phenomena in nature, such as the appearance of double images of objects at a distance. Suffice it to say, that conditions of the atmosphere (which by the way is an elastic ether not by any means equal in density in all parts and at all times) occasionally exist which are capable of producing such phenomena as I describe. Your correspondent declares that he does not understand this. Perhaps not; if he did he would probably be better able to understand the arguments he has endeavoured to overthrow. I am aware that there are physiological causes which produce double vision, and I also know that they were not in operation at the time referred to.

Again he says, the theory given in the last paragraph is *equally in error*. This is merely an *ipse dixit*! He says—"Supposing the *aura* interposed to be homogeneous, it would not give a double image; and, if it were not homogeneous, it would either give a displaced or a distorted image; but that would be true not only of spots or marks on the background, but of the sitters likewise." Quite true; and in one of the first photographs I examined which bore those peculiar marks, the aura had been very abundant and had actually extended to such a distance in all directions that it had produced exactly that result.

In the last paragraph of my letter quoted I find he has noticed a mistake in the wording which I am unable to account for. I scarcely fancy it was made in my MS., though in haste it might have been. The word "intercepted" should be read

"interposed." This will explain one of the points that has seemed to bewilder so thoroughly the gentleman whose name I have always considered to be associated with an intimate knowledge of spiritual phenomena. I see there is one more point upon which a slight misunderstanding has arisen. "If the aura were necessary for the spirit's manifestation, how does it act as a refracting medium? since, to manifest itself or to render the spirit manifest, it must act as a radiator and not as a refractor." The answer to this is simply that the *aura* itself, though necessary to the spirit to render itself capable of manifesting, is not required to be manifested, hence does not radiate, but is translucent and acts as a refracting medium, as I have endeavoured to show.

In conclusion, let it be remembered that every law of nature that is discovered (not invented) must have been in active operation before its discovery, although not recognised and not coming within the scope of scientific knowledge. Every day's experience in the study of spiritual phenomena shows the most ordinary observer that there are laws in nature which the spirits have recognised and utilised which up to the present time have not been classed amongst those in our scientific codes. Whether the wisest of us will thoroughly understand them whilst on this plane I much doubt. There will be much to learn hereafter: There is much to be learned here.

We should all aid each other in attaining to that which should be the object of our existence—"a perfect knowledge of truth."

I am, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

H. CLIFFORD SMITH.

PRAYER, POETRY, AND CLAIRVOYANCE.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I must beg to be allowed to assure Mr. Crosland that in the case of the "death-trance" referred to there was no want of praying on my part; heart and soul did I pray continually that I might succeed, and with faith, and hope, and the most earnest and affectionate desire that I might release the poor dear sufferer from her terrible position; not that I believe that any measure of faith would move mountains, or that any other miracle or interference with the eternal laws of nature would occur in response to any prayer of mine, but in the case in question I fervently believed in the efficacy of prayer on myself in favour of the patient, and directly on the patient herself; for in this spiritual life and light I do most earnestly confide, and I believe that it was one cause of my remarkable success as a mesmeriser. For all my heart and soul and physical strength I felt to go with the work, but without any straining or forced effort, which only interferes and absorbs the power in itself, as Spiritualists find in regard to phenomena they produce. But if Mr. Crosland's idea of prayer implies the beseeching of some unknown anthropomorphic being resting in

some unknown spot in space, then his notion of prayer and of the efficacy of prayer and mine are essentially different. If I seek God, it is not in clouds or in the winds, but in my own heart, and there I find the evil spirit too. I fear that Mr. Crosland is not free from superstition; however, if his view is right we may dispense with medicine and the doctor, and leave all to the clergy and our trust in the medicinal efficacy of prayer. Is Mr. Crosland prepared for that?

Now, as Serjeant Cox is very busy just now, and Dr. Carpenter is far away on the wide waters, deep sea dredging, perhaps I may be permitted to reply to the question, "Who gave the information?" In the first place, I object to the form of the question, as it implies a theory that the information must have come from some one. Now, when the patient in the trance referred to continually gave me information of an illness, or accident, or death occurring at a distance, but mostly where there was sympathy or *rapport*, does it necessarily follow that the information must have been conveyed to her by some one else—that she was not herself the seer by a fine intuitive sense called forth in her abnormal condition in what we understand as clairvoyance, a state which probably Dr. Carpenter would not believe in, and which certainly the words Psychic Force does not account for, any more than for ordinary vision or for instincts of animals, or the growth and development of flowers and trees? But in regard to the clairvoyant dream referred to, the common and vulgar interpretation would doubtless be "the visitation of God," which is a very easy and convenient way of accounting for all that is strange and otherwise unaccounted for, since there is overmuch of this taking of God's name in vain and pretended knowledge of His ways, of "that Great First Cause least understood." But all theorists are apt to generalize rather than analyse, so as to distinguish and define and draw their theory within due limits, and Spiritualists are, of course, not more wise and philosophical in respect to their belief than are other folks in regard to theirs. My answer to the question "Who," then, is rather a protest against the assumption in the form of the question.

But another question is asked in respect to the meaning of certain lines by Coleridge, Tennyson, and Longfellow, referred to in page 258-9. Now, surely, no one but a Spiritualist become such a realist—I had almost said materialist—by his belief in the visible and tangible evidence of the spirits of the dead clothed as in this life exhibiting themselves in our midst, could mistake the poetic meaning of the lines in question referring to thought, memory, and imagination, as a fine madness, as Shakespeare would term it, as when he says, "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet are of imagination all compact." But the last four lines quoted have a real and deep significance. The idea originated with Bacon, was taken up by Newton, and is finely expressed by Wordsworth, beginning, "To every form of being is assigned an active principle, howe'er removed from sense and observation," &c.; and the idea is now proclaimed as an ascertained fact by modern science. This is of a spiritual or ethereal medium and power pervading all space and all objects; for instance, when the "waves" of light pass unimpeded through seemingly solid glass, and in which surprising and deep truth science and Spiritualism seem to coalesce. The lines of Longfellow referred to are these—

The spirit-world around this world of sense,
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapours dense,
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

APPARITIONS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—In your review of my little book on *Apparitions*, you have "spotted" the weakest place in my theory intended to account for the spectral appearance of garments, &c.; but I fancy that the debility of my idea arises from the difficulty of conveying clearly and expressively, in ordinary material language,

a true conception of spiritual facts. That which is a living reality to spirit-intuition becomes a dead symbol when translated into mundane phraseology. "The poverty of our tongue" has driven me to seek in such a phrase as "vital photography," the best equivalent I can find to define the process by which what is done on earth is recorded in heaven. In truth, the word "photography" is calculated to convey an unsatisfactory impression; but the addition of "vital" elevates my meaning to the rank of a theory, explanatory of the phenomena with which it deals. The idea of "an animated picture" surely enables us to understand a representation endowed with thought, memory, speech, and movement. It is something more than a resemblance, it is a living effect.

In your number for March, Professor Gunning gave us a very able and interesting article on Spiritualism, which he treated from a scientific and philosophical point of view; but he endeavoured to account for the apparition of garments by a theory which I consider utterly untenable. His view may be thus described:—That as bioligised persons can be made to perceive anything which the mesmeric operator chooses to dictate to them, so a parted spirit may influence the ghost-seer, and make him think that he sees, as a reality, what is only the phantom product of the spirit's will-power. Now the fatal objection to this theory is, that those patients who are thus placed under the abject control of their bioligiser, lose for a time all consciousness of the influence which governs them, and when they return to their senses, they are unable to recollect anything which happened to them in their abnormal state; but the experience of the ghost-seer is entirely different, he is not only conscious of the existence of the apparition that comes to him, but he is able in aftertimes to remember and repeat the particulars of the spiritual incident.

In conclusion, will you permit me to remark that the "Sketches and Adventures," which conclude my work, were placed there for a two-fold purpose—(1) To show to the world that I am not a man with only one idea; and (2) to decoy a class of readers who might be deterred from looking at the book if it did not offer some other temptation to peruse it than that which is most apparent.

Spiritualism, in its highest sense, may be so intimately associated with nearly every study which can occupy the human mind, that any general treatise on the subject must necessarily be rather "discursive."

Yours obediently,

NEWTON CROSLAND.

Blackheath, 6 June, 1873.

Notices of Books.

DR. SEXTON ON GOD AND IMMORTALITY.*

A THOUGHTFUL, earnest, eloquent discourse on a theme of the highest importance, by one who has special claims on the attention of the sceptic and the secularist, to whom this lecture was more especially addressed. It deserves, and will doubtless receive, an extensive circulation.

* *God and Immortality reviewed in Relation to Modern Spiritualism.* A Discourse delivered in the City Hall Saloon, Glasgow. By GEORGE SEXTON, M.A., LL.D., &c. London: J. BURNS.