

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

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SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.—A BIRD'S-EYE
RETROSPECT OF 1873.

AT no time during the past quarter of a century has Spiritualism been the subject of so much general and respectful attention and serious inquiry in this country, as in the year that has just closed. It will be remembered that in the last days of 1872, and the first days of 1873, an extended correspondence was carried on in the *Times* newspaper growing out of a long and ably written article in leading type, by the *Times*' Own Commissioner, and which testified to the genuineness of many of the phenomena recorded in these pages, and which the writer confessed himself unable to explain. This testimony, confirmed by many correspondents of the *Times*, and notably by Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, produced a profound impression on the public mind, and the whole Press of the country, as is their wont, followed in the wake of the leading journal; and throughout the year Spiritualism has been a prominent subject of discussion in the public press. This result has been aided by other causes, and especially by the many and able lectures of Dr. Sexton and Dr. Monck,—the former having been particularly useful in exposing the impudent pretensions of the conjurors, who, with their tricks and apparatus, counterfeited, as well as they were able, some of the manifestations, which had no such aids; and the latter gentleman, uniting in himself the functions of both lecturer and medium, has, in every locality where he has recently been, invited the reporters of the local journals to a *séance*, on condition that they fairly reported what they witnessed; and hence in the South and West of England, the Press has spread far and wide a knowledge of the facts witnessed by their own representatives, and which they were neither able to deny nor to explain. Nor in this connection must we omit to mention the arduous labours of

Mr. J. J. Morse, whose spirit-guides have, through him, given three or four lectures weekly,—sometimes to an audience of nearly a thousand persons, chiefly in the North of England and beyond the Tweed.

Some idea of the interest Spiritualism is evoking may be formed from the fact that the *Report of the Committee of the Dialectical Society* has attained a sale of four thousand copies,—while the cheap periodical literature of Spiritualism has, in this country, reached a sale altogether unprecedented.

In the Metropolis there has been unwonted activity. The Spiritual Institute has, during the past year, circulated a mass of Spiritualist literature all over the world, larger than in any previous year; and its correspondence has become so extensive, that a clerk has had to be engaged expressly to conduct it. A series of Conferences, at the old Conference Rooms in Gower Street, has been conducted with marked success, and been well reported in the newspapers. The same rooms are now occupied by Mrs. Tappan, with a course of lectures, given in trance, on Science and Spiritualism, with replies to questions from the audience. This gifted lady at St. George's Hall, and now at The Royal Music Hall, has, on Sunday evenings, drawn together larger audiences than were ever before assembled in the Metropolis, to hear an exposition of Spiritualism. *The Christian World* thus speaks of the first oration:—

Last Sunday evening an immense crowd had assembled in St. George's Hall, double or treble that which was ever got together in the same building on the occasion of any of the lectures of the Christian Evidence Society. Not even when the chair was taken by a lord, or the lecturer was the highest and proudest of ecclesiastical dignitaries, was there anything like the gathering attracted thither by the announcement that an oration was to be given, under spirit influence, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, inspirational speaker, from the United States, and all this was the result of very little in the way of advertising, and may be accepted as a proof of the enormous floating population in London of a Sunday night—a population the chapels do not get, nor the churches either; but which is to be had, and taught, and impressed if you go the right way to work. At this time of year, London, especially the west-end, is proverbially empty; and yet at St. George's Hall there was a dense crowd, and a large number had to stand almost all the while. It must be noted also that the male element greatly preponderated, and that the general feeling at the end of the service was one of approbation and esteem. It may be a silly public that met Mrs. Cora Tappan; but it was as well dressed and as intelligent-looking as that to be seen inside any church, and it came there as to a church. The service of Sunday night claimed to be that of the Spiritual Church, the Church of the future—the Church we are almost all of us looking for—the Church which some of those in these days of revived mediævalism scarce ever hope to realise while in the tabernacle of the flesh.

Everywhere throughout London societies and circles are in existence, and new ones are being formed for the investigation and for the diffusion of Spiritualism, while the older societies are extending the sphere of their operations. Thus, the St. John's Association of Spiritualists (the oldest existing society of the

kind in London) has, during the past year, taken a new and more commodious hall for Sunday Evening Services. Farther East, we hear of other associations, of which "The Spiritual Evidence Society," for the obtainment of evidence by its own members, without resort to professional mediums, is, we believe, the chief. On the other side of the Thames, we hear of circles at Blackfriars, Brixton, Walworth and Camberwell. From the wilds of Hackney and Highbury, the *Daily Telegraph* Commissioner followed the manifestations to the saloons of the West, where, at several mansions near Hyde Park, *séances* are regularly held. Here, too, is the Psychopathic Institution, conducted by Mr. Ashman, who during the past year has had more than sixteen hundred patients under his healing treatment; and here too is the flourishing Association of Spiritualists at Marylebone, which organised the successful social gathering at Willesden, reported so fully in the *Daily Telegraph*. Here too, in Pimlico, is the latest society of which we have heard:—"The Spiritual Pioneers," formed to promote the delivery of free lectures, the free circulation of tracts, and the establishment of free lending libraries. Northward, we have reports of societies and circles at King's Cross, Camden Town, Kentish Town, Holloway, Highbury, Islington, Balls Pond, and lastly, to complete our London circuit, the earnest, active "Dalston Association of Enquirers into Spiritualism," which, as we learn from its prospectus, was formed on the 15th of September, 1870. Its purposes are the collection of facts, through its own circle, or circles, so as to form a basis for honest opinion, and by various means to induce others to give the matter careful enquiry, before judging of the manifestations of modern Spiritualism. Ordinary experimental *séances* are held weekly, on Thursday evenings, at 8 p.m., to which members are admitted, as well as members of similar associations.

Similar associations are to be found in most of our provincial towns, some of them much larger, and exercising greater influence in their several localities than those in London. In the North especially, they are numerous; and across the border, particularly in Edinburgh and Glasgow, are also societies of Spiritualists. That in Glasgow is large, active and influential, and has been long established. In Birmingham efforts are being made for the establishment of a Spiritual Institute for the Midland Counties, and a series of Sunday evening services have been commenced. Similar services are held by Spiritualists in most of the principal towns, and are generally well attended, and week evening meetings and lectures are also frequent.

Our readers will remember that a Conference of Spiritualists was held at Liverpool in the Autumn, consisting of delegates from

about forty societies, at which it was resolved to form a National Association of Spiritualists; and a committee was appointed which has carefully elaborated a constitution and code of rules, and secured the co-operation of a number of ladies and gentlemen to act as its council. Whether such an association is desirable is a question on which we do not here enter, but that such a step has been taken is at least an evidence of the progress and stability of the movement of Spiritualism in England.

NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1874.

THE ordinary course of our spiritual education, is one which replaces the thought of time by the thought of eternity. In order to strengthen ourselves and others in doing well and wisely, we say, "Live for the world which does not perish, and not for the world which passes away;" do right because life and hope are eternal—seek the very highest, and be sure that the search will not be vain, for it will be crowned with a success hereafter it cannot look for here. Why then pause to mark especially the passage of that time, forgetfulness of which, in the thought of eternity, is the measure of spiritual progress?

The one crying need of life is plainly, indeed, the acquirement of the ability to live as if the present moment were, not a spot in eternal life, nor a door leading to such life, but as if it were eternal life itself. For what reason then do men watch over the dying hours of the old year, and welcome with the ringing of bells and with songs the year new born—why do they thus mark conspicuously—emphasize a special epoch in the passage of time? Surely, I must answer, no work of God can be vain; and as therefore we are born into a world of Time—a world of breakfast and dinner hours; of railway trains and business appointments; of sun rising and setting; of weeks and months, winter and summer, and increasing and waning years,—as we are clothed in a cloak of time, so the nature and fashion of the pattern, and the make of that cloak, should not be unnoted by us, seeing that our Father fashions it and casts it about us. If time forms truly but the framework in which our being is set, we must still not omit to recognise, however, and observe it; for assuredly if the spirit be divine, so also is the framework which holds the spirit.

"Honour thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," says that grey-headed book endowed with an eternal youth; that

book, full of commandments and counsel, addressed to a people whose peculiar characteristics were external obedience, rather than internal, a capacity to represent heavenly things in an external social organism, rather than in an organism, the outgrowth of an inner spiritual nature. I do not say that those of us who have earthly parents to honour, are not to honour them as father and mother; but I would ask—Is there no higher spiritual obedience which this honouring typifies? Have we not all, old and young, a father and a mother that we are bound to honour for ever? While for a father, whom we ever can and ever must honour, we have our Father in heaven, the Great Creative Spirit, have we in no similar sense a mother whom we should alike honour?

We speak of Mother Church; and in a real sense, that gathering of wise thoughts and good words in which the Spirit of God in us finds life and guidance, finds a true embodiment, a true outer expression—is the Mother of men; while God is their Father. But this Church is the Mother of the new man, of man re-born, re-created, turned from selfish thoughts to unselfish. The body of these wise maxims and true, is Mother to him, who, with clear brow and open purpose, sees the heavenward road before him; a road rugged and hard to climb, but clear and distinct, being the road of self, forgotten, lost, in the service of God and man.

The real Church is Mother of the new-born man. Is there no Mother we all acknowledge? Is there no Mother whom, not man alone but all nature confesses?—no Mother who allies us with the animal creation; with the monkey, the beast, the bird; with trees and rocks; with nature animate and inanimate? Is there no universal Mother?

We speak of Mother Earth; and is not God the Father, and earth—the world of matter—Mother of all creation? We are a compound of body and soul; of a life or spirit within, and a body without, which gives that spirit a local habitation and a name. If we have fatherly characteristics in the incomprehensible spirit or life within, we have also motherly characteristics in the body without, which affiliates us visibly with all creation. If, in like manner we find in the world outside us, the spirit, or invisible life, which connects that world with the Great Spirit; we find there also the material form and shape, which connecting it with the great Mother and ourselves, makes it visible and approachable by us.

When we thus think of ourselves and of our great Father and Mother, the outstretching of our hands toward eternity, the endeavour to live every moment as if that moment were eternal life, is an endeavour to absorb into ourselves the characteristics

of our Spiritual Father. If in any such endeavour we begin to look with despite upon the characteristics we inherit from our Mother Earth—those clogs and ties of a material life—we are quickly brought back to reason. Our body has its health and sickness to which we must attend; meal times return, and cannot be wholly neglected; the sun rises and sets, and we must obey its calls; weeks pass away and years: trains run, appointments recur, and no stretching after eternity will allow us to neglect either the time-table or the watch. The very field, indeed, in which heavenly aspirations find work and occupation, is the field of space and time, of earth and the world. The heavenly man, lives, like the godly spirit, encased and clothed in material conditions, which his very aspirations lead him to reduce, with effort, into divine order. If we must honour the Father for the holy spirit of life, we must honour the Mother for the field of labour in which that spirit can act.

If God be a Spirit who is to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, the material world demands of us another species of service, but one no less stringent. In honouring the Father whom we fear, we cannot, if we would, neglect to honour the Mother also, who seeming at first a mere obedient registrar of the Father's will, shows herself in her earthquakes, her storms, her visible powers—those good servants, but bad masters—ready to compel from us a study different in kind—a study which should be servant to the former study, but one no less intense and engrossing.

In the observance, therefore, of this passing season, let us see ourselves paying tribute to the form and fashion of the cloak God casts round our being,—to the characteristics with which He endows the material world,—to that side of our nature which makes all creation brotherly;—let us behold ourselves paying special tribute to Mother Earth, who gives us sunshine and rain, and stars, and all things visible;—to Mother Earth, who, if the Father gives us the heavenly spirit, herself finds for us the field of heavenly labour. And thus, when we stretch our hands toward our Father in the endeavour to imbibe the infinite and invisible, let us feel that neither to-day, nor at any time, we can or will neglect the other half of the old commandment, which, like a peal of the bells we shall shortly hear rising over houses, hills and trees, comes to us across the mountains and valleys, the rivers and seas of Time; and pours down from the heaven above, those well-known notes, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

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REMARKABLE SEANCES.

SOME time ago I gave an account of some *séances* which I thought ought not to be lost. There are others which I wish to preserve, and amongst them the following:—

One evening, at our family *séance*, two old servants of mine presented themselves—that is, gave their names. These were old men who had left this life thirty or nearly thirty years ago, and during that time had on no occasion announced themselves. I was, therefore, curious to know what was their motive for coming now. They said that simply it seemed a long time since they had seen anything of us, and a friendly feeling had drawn them to pay us a visit. One of these had been a man of a good deal of originality of character. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and wore the old Quaker costume of the most uncompromising character; a drab suit, a collarless coat, and a remarkably large hat. His language was equally plain. He maintained the *thee* and *thou* in their fullest integrity, and would as soon have thought of dealing in contraband as in compliment. In short, he was a specimen of the strictest orthodoxy of the old Quaker school—that is, in person, manner, and speech. In doctrine—though he denied this—his orthodoxy singularly failed, for he had become a Swedenborgian, and a preacher amongst the Swedenborgians. It was at a period when I myself knew very little of the history or theology of Swedenborg, and regarded the accounts one heard of Swedenborg pretending to enter the spirit-world, and to walk about amongst and converse with the angels, as only another addition to the already long list of human follies and extravagances. William, however, maintained that not only was the whole matter of fact, but what was more astounding, and has to this day continued to be amongst the most incredible of assertions, that Swedenborgism and Quakerism were one and the same thing. I suppose he meant that both religions were based on spiritual insight and inspiration.

The other, whose name also was William, and whom, therefore, we may call William the Second, was more of a politician than a theologian, and had been a martyr to his politics. Both were well-meaning old men, and I naturally supposed that in the course of thirty years they must both have attained a comfortable position, at least in the intermediate regions. I was much surprised, therefore, to hear them say that their progress had been but slow. They said, however, that they were very comfortable and contented, but had not

risen very much. The cause of this they did not assign, nor did I like to enquire. I merely reminded the old Swedenborgian preacher of his frequent remark that the spirit was the real man, and that when he cast off his body he should cast off his asthma, which was a great torment to him here, and that he should find delightful breathing on the heavenly plains. I asked him if he found this as he had anticipated, and he said Yes, it was quite true, but that unfortunately he did not often get there. Still, he did not complain; neither of them complained; they knew that they were going on, and should in time arrive there.

“But,” said they, “if you would know a miserable man, it is James A——.” This was a tradesman in a considerable business, who lived near us at the time they spoke of. He was a man of dissipated habits, and a dishonest selfishness. He had a smile that never inspired confidence, and really was as insincere as he seemed. This man had treated a sister and niece in a most barbarous and unfeeling manner. “Well, this man,” said our two visitants, who knew his character well, “is one of the most miserable wretches we know. He is in the depth of poverty. His clothes, till lately, were of rags of the filthiest description, and his habits are those of a confirmed drunkard. They have been obliged to put him in the workhouse—and here it is really a *work-house*, not as often on earth are such, a place of useless idleness. Here he is compelled to keep clean, work, and to be temperate, to his great torment. His condition, however, would be infinitely worse, but for the cares and prayers of the sister and niece whom he turned out of doors: yet if he had any suspicion that they in any way influenced his condition, he would be furious.”

This was to me, a very curious revelation. This man was not at all in my mind. I am not aware that I had thought of him for years. The introduction of his name and condition was entirely that of these unexpected visitors, yet it was such as you might naturally have expected from the man's previous character, and the statement that there were workhouses in the spirit-world, and that they are places of real labour and reformation, was so completely in accord with the assertions of Swedenborg, as to be very striking and indicative of their truth.

A SEANCE, WITH PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Some years ago, I was at a *séance* at the house of Mr. S. C. Hall. There were present, Mr. Home, Emma Hardinge and her mother, Mrs. Howitt, and myself. It was a summer evening, and we sate together in the sobered daylight. We were in

the drawing room, having very tall windows, or rather, one large window divided by pilasters into three. The blinds were drawn up, but there were light muslin curtains, with others, and, I think, coloured curtains behind them, let down. We were sitting round the drawing-room table, at some distance from the window, when the blinds began to descend of themselves, and came down quite as if let down by some person, as, no doubt, they were, but by some person invisible. One,—the blind to our right hand—did not descend, but there was an agitating of it as if some one were endeavouring to let it down and that the roller did not act. Miss Hardinge said, “I see a hand endeavouring to draw back the spring of the roller, but it does not succeed. There is some obstruction—shall *we* try to do it?” There were three raps on the table, intimating assent, and some one rose, and let down that blind. Then, the heavy, embroidered cover of the table began to rise in the centre, as if some one had taken it up by a thumb and finger, and it was drawn up till it appeared like a tent pitched upon the table. Having remained there some time, it was lifted quite away above our heads, and was carried through the air, and deposited in the other half of the drawing room, of which the folding doors were open.

This was a striking demonstration, and would have puzzled any one of the incredulous or suspicious class to account for, as there were no wires or machinery to effect the operation. On the table cover being brought back, there was found in its centre the pinched-up crease, as of a thumb and finger, where it had been raised and carried away. Whose thumb and finger were those? Certainly, none of ours, all of which were on the table,—neither were any of us endowed with the wonderful faculty of stretching one of our hands to the ceiling, along which the elevated centre of the table-cover had been drawn. But still more wonderful movements were commencing.

Suddenly, we saw one of the light muslin curtains lifted at the bottom, as by unseen hands, and advance towards us steadily, regularly—without any agitation or flutter. On it came, tight, and fully expanded, and was borne over the heads of that part of the company seated with their backs to the window. I was sitting opposite, and as the curtain stretched itself over the heads of our opposite friends, enclosing them as in a tent, and spread its extremity on the table before me, I put my hand upon it, and found it to move, as if resting on something solid or inflated like a balloon. No sooner was this curtain thus stretched out, than the two others, right and left of it went exactly through the same process, their ends being laid over each other on the table, but with the greatest skill and regularity. This was

wonderful enough, but now the under curtains began to move, the centre one first, and it was carried in the same regular and extended manner,—with a motion more like a growing out into the room than a being carried out—so silently, gently, and progressively was it done, being carried quite under the front curtains upon the table without even seeming in the least to disturb them. The whole of the three under curtains were then stretched, and remained thus some time, every one having the opportunity of feeling them, and wondering at their tense firmness and even elasticity. After a time, these curtains were again withdrawn in the same order, and with the same perfectly smooth and steady motion, and returned to their places, as before. There were other curious manifestations and communications at that *séance*, but I record these as perfectly unique, so far as my experience has gone.

IMPOSTORS' SPIRITS.

They who imagine that none but good spirits communicate, are soon undeceived. Many who have accepted Spiritualism in this fond belief, have been so disgusted, as to renounce and abjure it altogether as the work of the devil. This is a gross mistake, and probably is the result for which the lying spirit has laboured. To drive fresh enquirers out of a path where so much spiritual knowledge and strength are to be derived, must be a great triumph to the spiritual enemy. And why should we suppose that Spiritualism should be exempt from the evils of this evil state, more than anything else? Religion is liable to a thousand delusions. Nothing has been subject to more impositions, corruptions, and interested mystifications, than Christianity, the supreme truth and glory of revelation. There were numbers of false prophets, that is, false mediums, amongst the few true prophets of Israel. We are even told that a false spirit was sent out from God to mislead the false prophets, and to misguide an unfaithful king. Does any one think that a sufficient reason for abandoning Christianity; for Christianity, in its turn, was also beset by false spirits and mediums, inspired of Python? No, all influences here are liable to invasion by evil, and it is our duty to pray for the guidance of truth, and use our best intellectual efforts to discuss it, and to reject the false. The only wonder is, if we remember what shoals of evil, degraded, malign spirits, full of mischief and the love of it, are every day pouring from this earth into the intermediate states, that *séances* are not more, infinitely more, molested by them than they are. Let any one look along the street of any populous town, and see

what hundreds of persons are there, that we should feel horrified at admitting to our counsels, or opening our doors much less our hearts to, and we may conceive the dangers of such interference from persons of the same grade and character, who surround us without our being able to see them.

“If that be the case,” I hear a dozen voices say, “we had better let *séances* alone.” Perhaps you had. Certainly, if you are not prepared to run the gauntlet of evil as you do even in this life, you ought not to open your doors to spiritual communications. But if you would really learn the truth, you must pass the jungles and haunted depths of error. The road to heaven still lies by the gates of hell. And to the stout-hearted, to those who are really anxious to escape from the barren, cheerless, comfortless condition of scepticism, who wish to know really that there is life and immortality beyond the grave, the reunion with all that we have loved and lost here, it is worth undergoing a few struggles, and even of defeats and deceits from the degraded spirits who haunt our path whether we are conscious or unconscious of it. In fact, the very falsest spirits are compelled to prove to you the most important of all truths, that of the immortality of the soul. If a spirit comes and tells you about persons and things that you are not thinking of, the fact that you have had such a message is an unquestionable proof of the existence and presence of the spirit who told it. The lie will discover and thus refute itself—the grand fact of which you are in need and in great need, the existence of individual spirits, remains for ever. So far as this grand truth is concerned, the depraved spirit has defeated his own object; has established the position that you have anxiously sought. You know that the human spirit exists for ever, and once on that rock, you can rest and be thankful.

In fact, all beginners in Spiritualism should expect the attacks and insinuations of mischievous spirits, and should make it a rule not to believe a message till it has otherwise proved its truth. As you proceed, seeking by prayer for guidance and protection from false spirits, their attempts will gradually decrease both in frequency and power. We may rely upon it that the good spirits interested in us will exert themselves as our guards and protectors. Under no other supposition can we imagine that spiritual *séances* can be conducted with the little degree of mischief that they are. In a while communicators perceive the difference betwixt the presence of evil and good spirits. There is something disagreeable about the presence of the evil and false, and cordial and encouraging about the presence of the good. Having detected the lying spirits often in their messages, we have found them become more and more

vague in making them wordy, and coming to no definite conclusion, from an obvious consciousness that a clear assertion of a lie would lead to their detection. It may be set down also as a positive fact that all flattering spirits are liars. They who come and tell you that you have a great mission in the world, that you are to do something unexampled for spiritual truth, &c., are undoubtedly the messengers of delusion. The communications of true spirits are clear, direct, and sound in religious and moral sentiment. There is, however, often a subtle speciousness about false communications, and at others a frank assertion of a gross falsehood that may deceive you when you are not cautious, or do not keep close to the Divine Spirit in prayer. The spirit of prayer is the spirit that at length most effectually banishes the insidious intruders. It is an atmosphere in which they cannot long exist, but are compelled to fly. Besides, once convinced that your faith in Spiritualism is unassailable, they learn that their trouble with you would be thrown away.

Yet before this, they often in the early stages of intercourse make desperate resistance to the good spirits around you. We have had most determined struggles of this kind. We have found a message coming pleasantly and rationally through the Indicator, when all at once there has been a stop, a difficulty, an endeavour to go on, and as though an endeavour to contradict. The Indicator has been swayed forcibly in the wrong direction, and sometimes made to shoot away across the table. There was evidently opposition, and violent opposition. Our spirit-friends have managed with much difficulty to say, "Hostile spirits!—let us pray for their dispersion." Sometimes we have succeeded, and the communication has gone on satisfactorily. At others, the opposition has been continued doggedly, and our friends have said, "We had better give up for to-day; we see hosts of other hostile spirits approaching." We have closed the *séance*, saying, "Well, you intrusive spirits, you think you have a triumph; but don't you see that your very opposition proves the greatest and most important truths, that of spirit-life, and that there is something divine and good for you to oppose?" We have had this state of obstinate interference and resistance continued for weeks, but we have been told to have patience, and all this would be put down, and so we found it. After a certain period we experienced no more of it.

But during this militant and unconfirmed period, the astounding falsehoods told us would have disgusted many; but like Leon Fâvre, Consul-General of France, when they gave him in Mexico news from home all untrue, and then when he persisted in his *séances* gave him news as true and amazing, so we went

on and were rewarded. I will, however, give the narrative of a case in which, after our invisible friends had given us some remarkable facts relating to a death abroad, the false spirits, at one *séance*, succeeded, by our incaution, in passing themselves off as the true, and then laughed at us.

A gentleman in a distant colony wrote to us, saying that he was an inquirer into Spiritualism, and asked us if at our private *séance* we could obtain any particulars of the death of a son that he had lost. He was careful to give us no guiding clue to the solution of the mystery. We enquired of our friends, giving them the name of the missing person. At our next *séance*, they informed us they had discovered the spirit of this youth, and learnt from him that he had committed suicide up the country. At another *séance*, spirits, purporting to be our friends, returned to the subject, and gave us a message from the son to the father and other members and connections of the family. We candidly sent all these particulars to the father. As the time of the return mail from that colony was approaching, some spirits came to our *séance*, and exulted over us, saying,—“The mail from such a place is coming, and brings a pretty exposure of false intelligence for you.” At the same time, a friend, who had long had remarkable clairvoyant visions of facts, wrote to us, saying,—“What is amiss? I see a ship approaching, with a black pennon, and a dark cloud over your house.” We were apprehensive that this might denote some news of death amongst our friends or relations abroad; but the same mocking spirit continued to exult over us, saying,—“A fine story you sent out; a pretty message is coming for you!” The mail arrived, and brought a letter from the gentleman who had inquired respecting his son, saying, the mode of his son’s death was, probably, not untrue, but that the second message was evidently fictitious, for it spoke of a sister who did not exist, and of connections which were baseless.

On demanding of our invisible friends how they could have given us this false information, they demanded to know to what information we alluded? and, on being told, declared that no such message had proceeded from them. At the same time, repeating what they *had* given; the truth of which they still asserted. We had, in the second message, been the dupes of mischievous spirits, and of our own want of caution, and these spirits were so elated by their temporary success that they were in great haste to laugh at us for believing their fiction. This is an instance of the necessity of withholding our belief in spirit-messages till we have tested them by other means: and every person receiving such messages will have serious lessons of the necessity of this caution. We have repeatedly had most positive

communications made to us, regarding persons and things, that we knew at the time were opposed to the facts in our possession. In a word, the same, and indeed greater, need of the verification of such messages exists, as in verifying those which we daily receive from people in the body. To reject all because some are false would be to reject intelligence which sometimes, on due inquiry, is found to be of the highest importance. On the other hand, by comparing the different links of a long chain of communications, we arrive at clear proofs of the truth of many things communicated, and of the trustworthiness of the communicators. As a whole, the facts communicated to us spiritually have been invaluable; but, far beyond this, the sound advice and religious enlightenment, and inculcations of the truth of Christianity, and of the goodness and ever-watchful providence of God derived from Spiritualism, have been to us infinitely more instructive, soul-strengthening, and confirmative of immortal life and truth than all other sources of faith, intelligence, and wisdom, put together.

POSSESSION.

I once, and once only, saw a case of possession. At a dinner at a friend's house, there were present D. D. Home, Emma Hardinge, her mother, myself and daughter, and a physician from a great provincial town. This last gentleman had been persuaded, I believe, two years ago that he was possessed by a spirit [that endeavoured to control his actions, and constantly opposed the free and natural course of his thoughts: endeavouring to force him to write prescriptions contrary to his own knowledge and intention. On hearing this, Home said, "I will expel the spirit." Emma Hardinge, who sat next to Home, said, "Can you?" He replied, "I can."

Immediately after dinner, and before rising from table, Home arose and put his hands on the shoulders of the gentleman who thought himself possessed, and willed the expulsion of the spirit. He had not done this long, when Miss Hardinge started up in great excitement, and turning to Home, said, "What are you doing? Away! Avaunt! leave me." "I am doing nothing to you," said Home quietly, but Miss Hardinge exclaimed, more wildly and vehemently, "Wretch! keep away from me! Away! Away!" And with all the excitement of feature and manner of a Delphic priestess of the Oracle, seemed to be fighting off an invisible enemy. Suddenly, she darted away into a corner of the room, and cried out, "Help me! help, defend me!" This was in the most terrible excitement, and her mother cried out to me to go to her assistance. But she

resolutely rejected all attempts at aid, or of touching her, cried more furiously, "Spirit, fiend! Avaunt!" And then burst into a violent fit of weeping and lamenting. It was obvious that the spirit had quitted the physician, and was trying to take possession of her.

Home went to her and endeavoured to soothe her, when she sunk, like one dying, upon the ground in the corner. Home sat down by her, and listening to words that she was muttering faintly, said, "She is speaking Russian." She continued some time in a trance-like state, moaning as in distress, but at length revived somewhat, seemed more like herself, and was taken by the ladies to the drawing room. No sooner was she gone, than Home, in a strange trance-like state, with his eyes closed, began to approach the physician. Some one said, "The spirit is now in Home, and endeavouring through him to get back to that gentleman." Others joined in this opinion, and advised the physician to fly, and keep out of the way, which he did, quitting the house and concealing himself somewhere in the grounds. Home, as if not noticing his departure, approached the chair this gentleman had left, and seated himself in it. On hearing music in the drawing room, he started up, went thither, and soon after seated himself at the piano, and played himself. The spirit made no further attempt on Miss Hardinge, and the gentleman believed that he had quitted him, but on seeing him a few days afterwards, he said that the ejection was but temporary. He had found his way back to him, and was as troublesome as ever. Of the subsequent history of this gentleman I am ignorant. The scene at that dinner-table, however, remains in my memory as one of the most singular and startling that I have ever witnessed.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE LATE ANTOINE JOSEPH WIERTZ.

ON the 18th of June, 1865, at Brussels, died Antoine Joseph Wiertz, a painter, sculptor, and writer upon art, of unusual power, and possessed of marked individuality. His genius may be described as resembling that of Rubens, of our English Blake (the spirit-seer), and of our English Haydon. He possessed the vigorous power of design and of grouping of Rubens—if not the full splendour of his colouring—the supernatural tendencies and somewhat of the fantastical imagination of William Blake—and to the fullest extent the indomitable ambition, energy, self-confident, combative nature, and command of language

of Haydon. Add to which, he possessed a grim sarcastic humour peculiar to himself. In his nature he combined certain elements of the highest art, yet failed to take rank as a painter of the first class, although his works teem with grand and original thought, and are wrought out with power and knowledge. Taking his works as a whole, you are oppressed by mannerism, and miss the charm of individuality and delicate shades of expression, especially in the countenances of his women, which appear not unfrequently rather masks of faces than faces themselves. Nevertheless, you cannot carefully have studied the works of this singular artist without pronouncing them the remarkable products of an extraordinary mind, and to the student of psychology both the life and the works of this man furnish interesting and curious material for thought.

Wiertz was born in 1806, at Dinant-on-the-Meuse, and was the only child of a man who was a soldier, then became a tailor, and afterwards a *gendarme*. The father of Wiertz was a great lover of liberty and of the fine arts; an original thinker; and all the actions of his life prove him to have been of a specially bold and independent nature. The marked characteristics of the father appear to have come forth again in the son, even intensified. Of the mother we hear little. The father early recognised the artistic genius of his son, and fostered it with much pride and care, providing the child with materials for his study of drawing, and with musical instruments. He very early treated his son rather as a friend than as a child, and developed to the utmost of his power the independence, courage, and stoical tenderness of his son, and as the young tree was thus early trained and bent, so did it continue to grow. Wiertz's earliest artistic performances were first a sculptured frog, which so greatly resembled nature as to astonish all who beheld it, and two sign-boards for village inns, upon which he had depicted a black and a white horse. By the age of fourteen Antoine Wiertz had attained to the stature of a man, and already a black beard showed itself upon his chin. *At this time, says one of his biographers, he was haunted night after night by the apparition of a luminous figure of a man wrapt in a cloak, and wearing upon his head a broad-brimmed Spanish hat; in his hand he always carried a banner, upon which glowed in letters of fire the word "Antwerp." He believed that this figure was the spirit of the great painter of his country, Peter Paul Rubens, who thus commanded him to go to Antwerp, his birth-place, and the city specially embellished by the works of his great genius.*

To Antwerp, forthwith, hastened young Wiertz, assisted thither by the kindness of a gentleman who had originally taken a lively interest in him, through his admiration of the curiously

sculptured frog. In Antwerp he commenced his artistic studies in earnest, working as it were, under the wing of his tutelary spirit. It was, in truth, as though a portion of the mantle of Rubens—if not the whole of it—had fallen upon the young student—that is to say, his power of drawing and grouping, his power of using the pencil—but *not* the splendour of his colouring. Nevertheless, the forms are more refined in contour, and the whole of Wiertz's pictures are more spiritual in character than those of the great Flemish master. In Antwerp the young student hired an attic, and there worked night and day at his studies with an inconceivable ardour. He led the life of a recluse, mixing little with his fellow-students of the Academy—the school of which he industriously attended, and, between his studies of anatomy and painting, used to enliven himself by music, the wild and extraordinary strains from his violin frequently attracting groups of listeners in the street below. His father and his patron dying shortly after the period when young Wiertz commenced his studies in Antwerp, the young man was henceforth left entirely to his own resources. With inconceivable energy and patience he gradually worked on, supported by a very small pension from the State, and completing a large Homeric picture at Rome—whither he had been sent as the “laureate student”—he was, in course of a few years, regarded in Belgium and France as a rising genius of an unusually eccentric and combative individuality. He never married, but led a consistently frugal and studious life; and being assisted by a small pension from the State, and provided with a piece of ground near to the beautiful Zoological Gardens, on the outskirts of Brussels, there built a large and singularly arranged studio. This studio, on the exterior, resembles one of the ruined temples at Pæstum, and is overhung with masses of ivy and Virginian creeper, which in Autumn render the building as brilliant in colour as a picture fresh from the hands of a Rubens. The interior contains a few dwelling rooms where the artist resided, and an ante-room to the long and lofty studio itself. In this hall, either painted upon its white-washed walls, or hung upon them, are the whole of the works of Wiertz, now bequeathed by himself to the Belgian nation. He never painted for money, nor did he part with any of his pictures. Receiving support from the State, to the State did he—by his will—consecrate the result of his genius, the entire labour of his life. At the time of his death, Wiertz was contemplating considerable additions to his studio. Sketches for a new series of works, which were to embellish the new buildings to be erected, are contained, together with numerous other designs, in the ante-room of the studio.

The studio of Wiertz is one of the "lions" of Brussels, and as such is much visited by strangers, and indeed every year the concourse of visitors becomes greater. Having passed through the ante-room which contains various cartoons—all more or less of a spiritual character—you enter a lofty hall lighted from above. Groups of sculpture, modelled by Wiertz, are arranged at intervals down the centre of the room. Upon the walls hang two rows of his pictures. Those above, many of them colossal in size, the lower tier smaller, and more domestic in character, but equally filled with a fantastic spirit, reminding you not unfrequently of some novel by Balzac, in which weird horror upon horror is crowded with an equally unsparing hand. Combat is there unceasing—struggles of life and death, ghastly spectacles of varied sufferings and woe, masses of figures blended together, dying or dead—there is perplexity and flight, brooding woe, starvation, despair, and suicide—a kaleidoscope of human misery, mental and physical, with gleams of supernal beauty flashing fitfully athwart the gloomy horrors.

The pictures are very numerous, far too numerous to be catalogued here; but as a specimen of their tendency and nature, we will describe three as possibly interesting to the readers of this Magazine.

There is a picture, entitled, "The Genius of War," typified under the figure of Napoleon Buonaparte, represented as in hell. He stands, the well-known figure in its white coat, with the cocked hat drawn down over its brows; arms folded tightly on the breast; keen profile sharply set, and bent downwards; lips compressed with dire pain; the countenance livid as that of a corpse, but animated with an undying consciousness. Round him, proceeding forth out of his very vitals, are thin curling, lurid, or livid flames; here and there is a nimbus formed by his fiery suffering. Surrounding him, and pressing upon him in his outward impassiveness, is an infuriated, lamenting crowd—desolated widows and orphans, and parents bereaved of their children, bearing in their hands the reeking members of their beloved murdered ones; phantoms cursing him to his face, and proffering to him, to drink, a streaming cup of blood.

The horrors of this "Mad-War Planet" could scarcely be more strongly depicted than in this truly appalling picture. Our inspired painter vouchsafes us a prophecy of a more sane and benignant age, however, in some future period of human progress.—"The Last Cannon" and "The Present, regarded by the Men of the Future," may be taken as specimens of the highest spiritual teaching amongst the works of Wiertz, and, together with the "Genius of War," should give his memory a

place of honour in the hearts of all who recognize the artist as a labourer for human progress through the inspiration of Divine love and wisdom. Imagine a vast foreground representing a battle-field stretching away as far as the eye can reach, grey in the twilight of coming dawn. There is a prostrate crowd of men and horses, dead and dying,—of cannon and broken swords, torn banners and mangled agony. Above the twilight rises a glory as of a great aurora, and through it shine forth the colossal forms of beneficent genii. There, foremost, is a large, round-armed, calm-browed, gold and purple clad spirit, bearing aloft a cannon, which she rends asunder with ease, great as that with which a child breaks in twain a last year's dead hemlock stalk. This is the Genius* of Civilization destroying the Last Cannon. Behind her, side by side, rise other beneficent forms—male and female—the Titans of the New Age, Wisdom, Science, Labour, Industry, Agriculture, with brows wreathed with the olive, the vine, and corn of an ampler world, and with large hands bearing abundant blessings for the dawning age of the New Humanity. "The Things of the Past regarded by the Men of the Future" are thus represented:—Small things, resembling the toys of a Lilliputian infant, are held in the palm of a mighty hand, over which, smiling through parting clouds, are seen three radiant bent faces of a man, of a woman, and of a child. With surprise, and yet mingled pity and amazement, they contemplate these small curiosities, which are a cannon, a sceptre, and an arch of triumph. To the Titans of a Future Age, the artist would tell us, that the ambitions of kings and conquerors will necessarily appear as the silly games of children of a past generation,—only, with one great difference, namely:—that they will not have been harmless games.

We will conclude our sketch of the works of Wiertz by an account of the origin of one amongst various eccentric and startling pictures painted by him upon the white-washed walls of the studio, or placed behind screens which cut off its corners—pictures intended by him as "*petites surprises*" for the visitors who come unexpected upon them. A childish fancy, in truth, are these grotesque and astonishing subjects—but which nevertheless, are in harmony with the eccentric nature of the man. Some of them reflect a side of the painter's nature, and of his art, which we only refer to as an element in

* It must be a new Genius of a *new* civilization to do this,—not, assuredly, the Genius of our *present* civilization but, as another seer has sung:—

"Genius shall march with a sublimer step,
And strike its fires of coruscating life
Into new models of supremest beauty,
Fresh as young planets from the vast Unknown."
Howitt's Mad-War Planet.

the complex spirit of his life—a life of the most startling extremes. The one in question, however, is innocent enough. It represents a break in the wall, and through it are seen, looking in upon you, the head and shoulders of a grim Calabrian brigand, who presents his loaded carabine. Wiertz gives, in a letter written from Rome, an account of the origin of this picture.

“One evening,” he says, “I was walking at a short distance from the city walls. I contemplated the glorious sun gilding the woods and mountains; the calmness which reigned around was only interrupted by the sweet song of the birds saluting the last rays of Phœbus. The silence of the scene, the flowers, and the soft verdure which bent beneath my feet, all invited me to taste the sweetness of repose, when suddenly I felt myself seized by the collar, and a voice of thunder cried to me, ‘Stop! Thy purse or thy life!’ I turned round with precipitation, and beheld with terror the muzzle of a carabine directed against my breast. ‘I am no Englishman,’ I cried; ‘I am a poor painter, I have never any money in my pocket except for my models. And as you appear to be an excellent model of a ruffian, do me the pleasure of standing where you are for an instant, and my money will not be lost!’ The brigand smiled, and appeared to enjoy my proposal. I began to sketch, but I had scarcely commenced, when the wretch flung himself with fury upon me; whereupon, I returned him a terrible blow with my fist, and seized his weapon, which he sought to wrest from my hand. Three times we struggled together. I stumbled, he escaped. I threw myself once more upon him, seizing him by the middle of his body—when, what was my surprise to find myself simply grasping the pillows of my bed! It was eight o’clock in the morning. I had slept well—and, as you see, *dreamed equally well!* I woke up much surprised, and determined to paint the portrait of this brigand.” The first study of this dream-brigand was made at Rome, subsequently it was repainted as we have seen it upon the walls of the studio.

Wiertz breathed his last in a small room contiguous to the studio. Of his last hours, his friend and biographer, Dr. Watteau, gives the following account:—“Wiertz died of gangrene. Strange to say, as the cold of death seized upon his body by slow degrees, he experienced a sensation of intense burning. *At intervals he was a prey to various kinds of visions. Some horrible, others sweet and mysterious. Suddenly he would behold heaps of corpses rise around his bed, and he would close his eyes to remove the fearful impression. At another time his eyes would follow the action of some strange drama, which was being enacted before him, and he would call for weapons wherewith to drive away these intruders. Then being laid to repose upon his pillow, he*

would exclaim, 'Oh, what a glorious horizon! What beautiful and gentle countenances! How mournful they are! How they weep! How much they love me! Give me my palette and brushes—quick—give me them! What pictures I shall create! Oh, I will even vanquish Raphael himself!' Then he would appear to take his palette upon his left hand, whilst with the right he would trace outlines upon the air—smiling the while sweetly upon the visions around him." Shortly after this, Wiertz breathed his last.

These visions of the dying painter are of import to those who hold, with Swedenborg, that the spirit being "the real man," death is but the casting off of the old garment—"the mortal weed"—and the revelation thereby of the real nature and yet more vividly real spiritual body—that the "real man" is possessed of all his affections and desires, and finds himself surrounded by a *substantial* (although spiritual) world, wherein to act, to love, and to desire—and that too in only a more intensified manner, the bodily frame no longer restraining the action of the spirit.

Believing this, does it not seem truly that, at this moment of the painter's translation from one condition of being to another, all the elements of his life were embodied in palpitating forms around him—pressing upon him, in awful waves of spirit, ready to engulf him in fierce evolutions of intensified being? Does it not appear as though the revolting forms of dissolution and decay, similar to the fantastically grim fancies which peopled his imagination in his morbid moods, had become now palpably present—clothed in exhalations from his own moribund condition, and were waiting to envelope him in their morbid mountains of despair? Yet, the brighter element of his existence is equally near to him—"the right hand of God" is revealed through the mighty beings who tend upon him, pity and Divine love streaming from their sublime countenances, whilst fitful glimpses of the grandeur of the spiritual land float around him. Is not here truly hell contending for him upon the very threshold of the Kingdom of God.

Who can imagine how much more clearly, how much more intensified, how much more vividly these beings and these scenes of new sublimity would reveal themselves to his vision when his spirit-eyes had become fully clear-seeing, having sloughed off the eyes of flesh? Let us hope that his bold and ever-aspiring nature would, waking into the dawn of the new day behold, still gloriously emblazoned before him, his favourite motto upon earth, now filled with a yet more vital significance—*"Progress each day, that the Present may eternally correct the Past!"*

A. M. H. W.

INSTANTANEOUS TRANSFERENCE OF A SCEPTICAL
GENTLEMAN FROM WITHIN A LOCKED ROOM, TO
A DISTANCE OF ONE MILE AND A HALF.*

[We take the following from the *Medium* of December 5th. It is now no secret that "Mr. Blank"—the subject of the remarkable experience related—is Mr. Henderson, Photographer, of King William Street, City. The well-known antecedents of this gentleman in regard to Spiritualism require this publication of his name as a guarantee of his *bonâ fides* in the matter. This makes the chain of testimony complete, for it must be presumed that he subscribes to the truth of this relation, as no retraction of it by him has appeared.—Ed. S.M.]

To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph."

Nov. 14th, 1873.

"Sir,—The object of this communication is to place on record an event of most remarkable character, which occurred on the 2nd inst., when a gentleman—making one of our party at a *séance*—was transferred, *unconsciously as he alleges*, from within a sitting room, duly locked, and with windows closed and shutters bolted, to a distance of one mile and a half, under the circumstances herein detailed and testified to by the writers of this letter.

"Before however entering upon particulars it is desirable to advert to a somewhat similar circumstance that took place on June 3rd, 1871, upon which occasion Mrs. Guppy, the famous medium, so called, was alleged to have been conveyed instantaneously from within her breakfast parlour at Highbury (where she was engaged making up her housekeeping accounts) to a locked room at 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, where she was suddenly found, in a state of trance or unconsciousness, upon a table around which ten persons were sitting for the investigation of alleged spiritual phenomena in the presence of Messrs. Herne and Williams, the widely known professional mediums. A minute and circumstantial report of this event appeared in the current spiritual journals, as well as in several newspapers, attesting not only her unexpected arrival but also the fact, amongst many others, that she held in her hand her housekeeping book and pen with the ink still liquid,—such report being signed by all present at the *séance* in question, *viz.*:—N. Hagger, 46, Moorgate Street; Caroline Edmiston, Beckenham; C. E. Edwards, Kilburn Square, Kilburn; Henry Morris, Mount Trafford, Eccles, near Manchester; Elizabeth Guppy, 1, Morland Villas, Highbury Hill Park, N.; Ernest Edwards,

* This Report was offered to the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Standard*, and the *Daily News*, but was refused by those journals.

Kilburn Square, Kilburn; Henry Clifford Smith, 38, Ennis Road, Stroud Green; H. B. Husk, 26, Sandwich Street, W.C.; Charles E. Williams, 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.; F. Herne, 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.; W. H. Harrison, Wilmin Villa, Chaucer Road, S.E. Three members of this party (as a deputation) to fully test the circumstance and to prevent collusion, escorted Mrs. Guppy home, and took the testimony of Mr. Guppy and Miss Neyland to the fact of Mrs. Guppy's presence in her home at Highbury, immediately preceding her appearance at Lamb's Conduit Street.

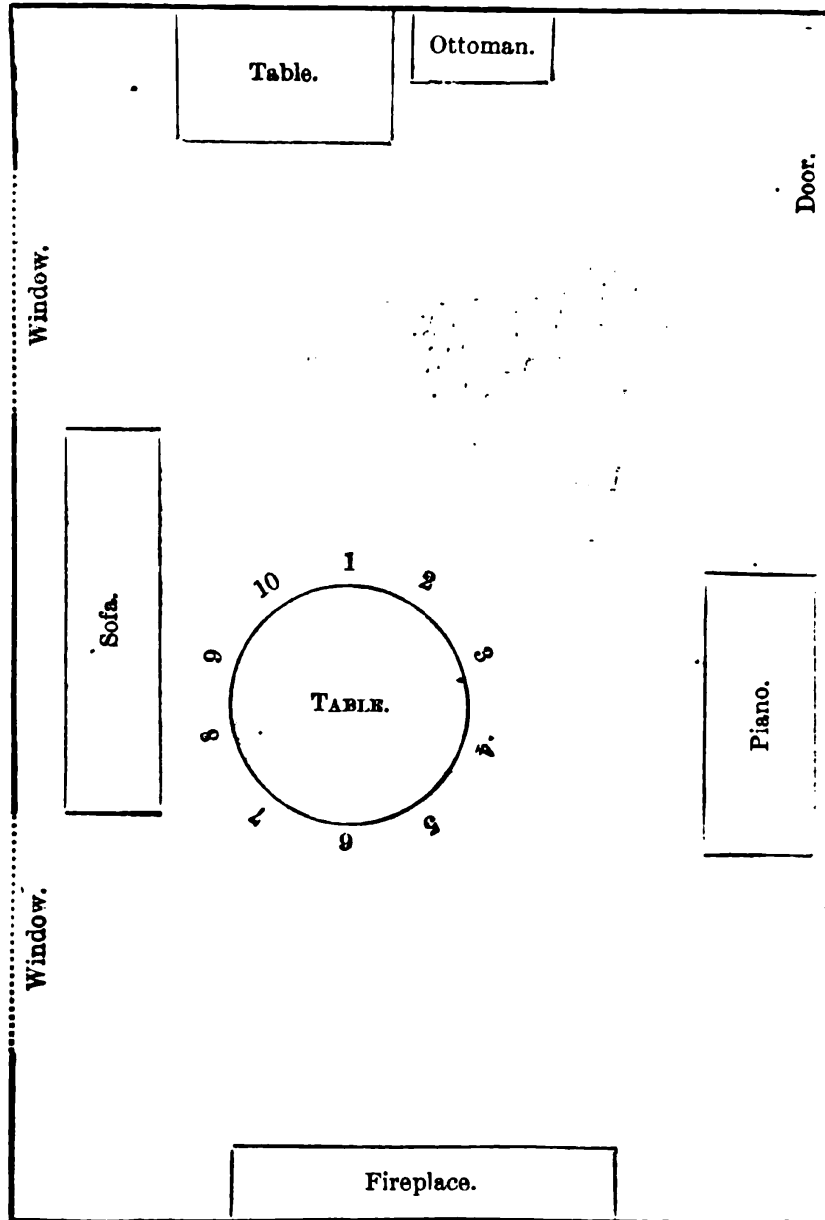
"It is well nigh needless to add that despite such attestation and the plenitude of details the report was received with considerable derision and incredulity; but notwithstanding a probable repetition of such ridicule and in full anticipation of the utmost scepticism the undersigned deem it simply their duty to give publicity to the following facts, not only on account of their essential strangeness, but because of the corroboration they afford to the occurrence of two years ago thus briefly recalled to notice. We therefore offer the following

"RECORD OF A SEANCE.

held without pre-arrangement or appointment in the sitting-room of Mr. Guppy's house, 1 Morland Villas, Highbury, on the night of November 2nd, 1873, commencing at ten minutes to ten o'clock:—present Mr. and Mrs. Guppy and eight visitors as follows, Colonel Greck, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Messrs. Proszynski, Volckman and Larkam, also a lady and gentleman (husband and wife) who for private and commercial reasons wish their names suppressed and who for the purpose of this communication will be named Mr. and Mrs. Blank. After the door of the sitting-room had been locked on the inside, the key being left in the lock, and after the room had been further secured and darkened by the closing and fastening of the windows and shutters thereof directions were received by raps to change the positions of the sitters, (all of whom were seated around the table each touching his or her neighbour's hands,) and to thoroughly close the curtains above the shutters. To so adjust the curtains the gas was re-lit, and in two or three minutes was a second time extinguished, the sitters being arranged in the order shown on the following diagram.

"All hands having been again joined various members of the party in obedience to further raps—directing the sitters to wish for something—expressed their desires as follows:—Mrs. Guppy that some one might be carried out of the room; Mr. Fisher for some cigarettes, five of which were brought; Mrs. Fisher for some pencils, three of which were brought; Mr. Guppy for

some grapes, a bunch being brought as also were some walnuts presumably at the request of Mr. Volckman for fruit. After these events, which occurred while all present were holding



1 Mr. Blank.
2 Mrs. Fisher.
3 Mr. Larkam.
4 Mrs. Guppy.
5 Mr. Volckman.

6 Mrs. Blank.
7 Mr. Guppy.
8 Mr. Proszynski.
9 Colonel Greck.
10 Mr. Fisher.

hands, a very violent rocking of the table commenced and was continued for some little while, during which time chairs were removed from under two of the visitors (Mrs. Fisher and Mr. Blank), and were heard to be moving about the room. By

reason of the violent movements of the somewhat cumbrous table we had much difficulty in maintaining an unbroken circle, and some of us now and again momentarily lost hold of each other's hands. We had kept up however an animated conversation when to the general surprise both the voice and hands of Mr. Blank were suddenly missed, he having ceased to answer us notwithstanding our repeated calls to him. Whereupon a light was struck, and revealed the fact that no Mr. Blank was in the room. More than ten minutes could not have elapsed since the last time the gas had been extinguished to the moment of discovering Mr. Blank's absence,—while from first to last we estimate the sitting as of twenty minutes' duration.

“All eyes turned instinctively to the door and it was at once observed that the table covering placed at its foot, to exclude the light, was undisturbed although the door opens *into* the room. The handle of the door was then tried but only to assure the party that the door was still locked, the key being found in the lock in the inside of the room as left at the commencement of the *séance*. The windows also were found closed and the shutters thereof duly fastened to the satisfaction of all present. The house and garden were then searched, but the only further discovery made was that Mr. Blank's great coat and hat were also missing, but not his umbrella. Mrs. Blank shortly after this search, and fearing to lose the last train, took her leave at about half-past ten o'clock and about fifteen or twenty minutes after her husband's disappearance, taking his umbrella with her. The remainder of the party then stood at the table in the light, and were informed by raps that Mr. Blank was a considerable distance off, had been carried away, and would not be seen by us again that evening. It is necessary here to add that the room in question contains no means of egress or entrance other than the door, the chimney and the windows, and is devoid of lengthy curtains, cupboard or other means of concealment. Its walls were papered throughout some three months ago, and its floor is covered over the entire area with a carpet (nailed down at the edges in the ordinary manner), upon which again are two pieces of druggeting also firmly nailed down and presenting no traces of recent disturbance. It must also be stated that the door of the room could not have been opened during the *séance* without detection through the letting in of light;—for the room door faces the street door which has glass panels, and the nearly full moon was affording considerable light notwithstanding the cloudy and wet weather prevailing on the night in question.

“So far we have concisely stated our own experiences as confined to the sitting room at Highbury. We now proceed to

record the statement we have received from Mr. Blank, as made by him, partially by letter and afterwards in full detail to the various members of the *séance* individually and collectively. This statement (given to us by Mr. Blank, under promise that we should not divulge his name in any report we might publish), is briefly as follows:—

“That Mr. Blank has a full remembrance of the *séance* above recorded, his *last* impression of it being the violent rocking of the table. That his *next* impression was one of semi-consciousness, in which condition he felt himself as rolling from off the roof, his left hand tightly grasping something. That in a dazed and confused state, he then found himself on his feet in a paved yard, surrounded by walls and outhouses. That he tried a door which opened into a stable where was a horse. That on trying another door, he was assailed by cries of ‘Police,’ that voices from a window or roof above him then accosted him asking ‘Who he was? What he did there?’ &c. That he replied by asking, ‘Who are you? Where am I? I’m not drunk,’ and so on. That his voice was then recognized by the persons to whom he was speaking, who immediately addressed him by name, and let him into the house by way of the yard door. That he then found himself in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Stokes and family (recent acquaintances of his) in their house at No. 29, Kingsdown Road, Holloway. That the family had just finished supper, the time being five minutes after ten o’clock, or thereabouts. That during supper he had been a subject of their conversation. That as soon as he had sufficiently recovered himself from his nervous condition he told them of the *séance* at Highbury, and that he was wholly unconscious of how he got into their premises. That they examined his clothes, and found them free from such moisture as might reasonably have been expected on such a rainy night, his boots, except *under* the soles thereof, being soiled by dry mud only, and presenting no traces of recent walking or running. That his face, however, was pallid and covered with perspiration. That his breathing was not unusually rapid. That a stain of reddish-brown paint was found on his left hand. That he had on his great coat and hat. That he made inquiries for his umbrella, which could not be found. That he was informed by Mr. Stokes’ stable-boy that the distance between Highbury and Kingsdown Road was two miles. That after staying a short time to refresh himself he departed, and by cab and tram car reached his home, where he found his wife had arrived about half-an-hour previously and in a state of much alarm.

“This statement Mr. Blank consistently maintains, especially and repeatedly emphasising the fact *that as to his transit*

from within the sitting room at Highbury to within the stable yard at Kingsdown Road he has not the smallest knowledge or reminiscence. But the writers of this letter, desiring to judge for themselves, sought direct testimony to all such parts of Mr. Blank's statement as it was possible for Mr. Stokes and his family to verify or contradict. Accordingly three of the sitters paid an early visit, without appointment, to 29, Kingsdown Road, were received by Mr. and Mrs. Stokes, and were permitted to examine the stable yard and surroundings of Mr. Blank's arrival. The house—which they estimate as one mile and a half from the house at Highbury—is a corner one, and its stable yard abuts a side street running out of Kingsdown Road, being enclosed on the street side by a brick wall, varying from six to eight feet high, and on the other sides by the adjoining houses and their gardens. The stable roof may easily be reached from the street door steps, is about nine feet high at the eaves, and adjoins the roof of another house about seven feet high at the eaves, both roofs being skirted by a metal gutter painted in a reddish brown colour. The sum total of their inquiries amounts to the corroboration in all essential particulars of Mr. Blank's statement as above rendered, and to which they are enabled to add Mr. Stokes' assurance that he tried and found his yard gate to be duly locked at the time of the discovery of Mr. Blank on his premises. In confirmation of these particulars and of Mr. Blank's statement in general, and also as an emphatic declaration by Mr. Stokes and family of *no collusion* between themselves and Mr. Blank or any other person whatever in this matter, we have the pleasure to be able here to append the names of nine witnesses signed by themselves) being all the persons who have any direct knowledge of Mr. Blank's arrival and discovery as above detailed) *viz.* :—

" JOINER STOKES.	" EDWARD BULLOCK (<i>stable-boy</i>).
" ALICE STOKES.	" EMMA COTTON (<i>servant</i>).
" LIZZIE STOKES.	" WILLIAM MANNION.
" KATE STOKES.	" CHARLOTTE MANNION (<i>per</i>
" FLORENCE STOKES.	<i>W. M., her husband</i>).

" All of No. 29, Kingsdown Road.

" Beyond these nine witnesses no adults were in the house ; but two children, the one two and a half years and the other five and a half years old, were in bed. We are also informed that Mr. Stokes and family are investigators of the phenomena alleged to be spiritual, and occasionally hold *séances* at which curious manifestations sometimes occur. They had not, however, been sitting on the evening in question, are not profes-

sional mediums or employers of public mediums, but rely for mediumship, so called, upon their own family circle.

“In thus faithfully recording the salient feature of this strange occurrence we (the writers of this report) have no wish to obtrude, or give prominence to, any theory of our own in explanation, but would merely venture such comments as naturally arise out of this event, especially as taken in connection with the alleged transference of Mrs. Guppy on June 3rd, 1871. On that occasion the solution most favoured by many—who did not give themselves the trouble to enquire of the highly respectable witnesses—was that of ‘trickery by professional mediums from interested motives.’ But such explanation entirely left out of account the fact that Mrs. Guppy, the real principal in the matter, is not a professional medium at all, and by social position is removed far above the operation of any such motive. Moreover, Mrs. Guppy had and has a reputation as a medium which is of European extent, and includes the testimony of hundreds of persons of unimpeachable integrity in the best English and Continental society,—society which would not continue to receive any one addicted to purposed deception. Whatever the ‘professional medium’ solution may be worth it will not avail, however, as explaining Mr. Blank’s ‘transference,’ for none of the parties to the *séance* at Highbury, or witnesses at Kingsdown Road, are professional mediums in any sense,—while Mr. Blank not only makes no pretension to mediumship, so called, but is notorious amongst his friends as a great sceptic concerning the phenomena so frequently alleged to be of spiritual origin.

“It is worthy of notice in this connection that the evidence as to the ‘departure’ of Mrs. Guppy on her ærial flight was considered weak—at any rate numerically—it comprising beyond her own statement the testimony of Mr. Guppy and Miss Neyland only. But in the case of Mr. Blank the fact of ‘departure’ is a matter testified by nine witnesses besides himself. As a feature of likeness, however, between the two events we have in each case the fact of so-called mediumship, in some form or other, as present at both the ‘departure’ and ‘arrival’ points of the journeys.

“The theory that Mr. Blank has himself played a practical joke, and duped several long known friends, will doubtless be raised by many of your readers. We therefore urge attention to such further particulars as will aid those whose minds take that direction. First, then, on any theory of deception by Mr. Blank (and apart from his emphatic disclaimer of trickery), we would assert his absolute necessity for accomplices both inside and outside of the room as indispensable to the successful

performance of such a conjuring feat. For in an incredibly short space of time he must have eluded the adjoining sitters, have got out of the totally dark room without allowing a ray of light to enter, have relocked the door, leaving the key in the lock upon the *inside*, and have replaced the cloth *inside* at the foot of the door. So far however as accomplices *inside* of the room are concerned, we for ourselves entirely reject that explanation. All the sitters in question are well known to each other and to Mr. Blank, and have frequently sat in *séance* before, together and with other visitors; we are thoroughly assured of each other's good faith, and can answer the one for the other—and for Mrs. Blank—as not having during the sitting for a moment quitted the table,—which was nine or ten feet from the door. In regard to the *outside* of the room we have the testimony of Mrs. Guppy's servants, *immediately* sought and obtained, that they knew nothing whatever of the matter and had no cognisance of the fact, mode, or manner of Mr. Blank's departure from the house. The only other persons known to be in the house were the baby and a child but four years old, at that time in bed. Beyond this we are unable to venture any assertion as to *outside* accomplices (if any), and therefore put forward the fact of 'time' as of the most importance,—apart from Mr. Blank's repeated assertion of his absolute unconsciousness of his transit.

“On the question of 'time' it must be borne in mind that the clocks and watches of private houses and individuals are not regulated with railway accuracy, and that we did not foresee or immediately realize that 'time' would be an element of so much importance in the *séance*. But it is remarkable that Mr. Stokes makes the arrival of Mr. Blank at Kingsdown Road to be about five minutes *earlier* than our estimated time of his departure from Highbury. Such a discrepancy, while easily accounted for as a difference between watches, *minimises* rather than otherwise the interval necessary to Mr. Blank for his performance of the distance either by horse, cab, or running. In any case the haste necessary to such a performance, in face of the sloppy roads and wet weather of that night, must have left some traces of dirt. But such traces, on the testimony of Mr. Stokes and family, were not to be found on Mr. Blank, his boots especially being free from other than dry mud and only damp on the under part of the soles—a circumstance of considerable importance taken in connection with the distance of Moreland Villas from the cab thoroughfare; while the use of a vehicle at all is difficult to reconcile with the fact of perspiration on Mr. Blank's face; and further, the *séance* itself being unpremeditated well nigh excludes the probability of that

previous preparation obviously necessary on the part of Mr. Blank for the successful performance of a practical joke involving so much elaboration and such rapid exertion.

“But all those (and they are many) who like ourselves have the pleasure of Mr. Blank’s acquaintance know him to be uncompromising in his endeavours to expose imposture. Indeed there is no more interesting feature of this case than that the ‘transference’ now recorded is not that of an acknowledged or alleged medium, as in former instances, but has occurred to a gentleman making no mediumistic claims and avowedly sceptical concerning the manifestations alleged to take place at *séances*. We cannot therefore (for ourselves) entertain the theory of “practical joking by Mr. Blank” without attributing to him an untruthfulness of which we sincerely believe him incapable; to say nothing of hospitality abused and the bad taste involved. And in this case it must be remembered that Mr. Blank was not dealing directly with “Spiritualism” or with thick and thin partisans thereof, but with several friends who own no higher relation to the subject than that of investigators, and who are entitled, as much as he is, to that social, professional and mercantile consideration he claims for himself. (*Vide 3rd paragraph.*)

“It will occur to many that this event is not one of mere ‘weight-carrying,’ but involves the passing of solid matter through solid matter, thus further complicating the case in favour of scepticism. To this we reply that however incredible the fact of solid matter passing through solid matter may appear, to persons who have not investigated the phenomena in question, it is none the less one of the best attested and, for years past, one of the most frequently occurring manifestations in the mediumship of Mrs. Guppy. As illustrating this feature of the case we are permitted to add for the further bewilderment of your readers that within the last month two other very remarkable *séances* have taken place at which some of us were present. At the first of these one of the undersigned visitors asked for a sunflower—a momentary wish on his part, and one he certainly had not previously disclosed. Almost immediately a whole sunflower plant over six feet high was placed on the table, together with about half a bushel of mould about its roots. At the second sitting some forty articles were brought, including (among fruit, flowers, and vegetables) two living gold fish, a live lobster, and two living eels—one of which, to the no small alarm and annoyance of Mrs. Guppy, was placed around her neck. On both occasions the party sat under test conditions, the door and windows fastened, and *all* present holding hands. The difference between bringing a sunflower plant into a closed

and bolted room, and taking out Mr. Blank—a gentleman of over fifteen stone weight—is little more than that of degree, and equally needs the explanation which we hope some of your intelligent readers may be able to afford.

“ We are, yours truly,

“ P. GRECK,* 66, Hereford Road, Bayswater.

“ FELIX PROSZYNSKI, 56, Hereford Road, Bayswater.

“ WILLIAM VOLCKMAN, 12, King Edward Road, N.E.

“ MARGARET FISHER, 155, Palmer Terrace, Holloway Road.

“ EDWARD FISHER, 155, Palmer Terrace, Holloway Road.

“ ARTHUR LARKAM, 32, Tollington Road.

“ SAMUEL GUPPY, 1, Morland Villas, Highbury Hill Park.

“ ELIZABETH GUPPY, 1, Morland Villas, Highbury Hill Park.

“ P.S.—This record has been read by Mr. and Mrs. Blank, and is forwarded for publication with their full cognisance.”

A REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE.

BEFORE relating a remarkable incident during the journey of the celebrated Christopher Crellius, as it is found in the papers of his son Samuel Crellius, we may say by way of introduction, that about two hundred years ago, the whole of the Unitarians were expelled from that unhappy country, Poland. About three hundred years ago, Unitarianism took root in Poland, and flourished for nearly a century. Churches, colleges, and schools, and also printing establishments were founded, and used for the general purposes of education, and the Reformed and Unitarian religion. Many of the nobility of Poland, and her most worthy and learned men for a time sustained the cause in that country. But the Jesuits gained the ascendant. The King and government of Poland became less tolerant. The star of freedom declined, and the banner of religious liberty became furled in that country long before any Russian reigned there. The Unitarians became subject to State prosecutions. The churches and colleges were closed, the printing establishments and schools were demolished, the ministers and professors were stigmatised and banished, and an order was issued by the government that every

* In the margin of the proof which he was asked to sign, Colonel Greck appended to his name and that of Mr. Proszynski the remark, ‘ We bear witness to the part of that stated above, which happened in our presence at Mr. Guppy’s house, on November 2nd.’ [*Communicated.*]

Unitarian in Poland must change his religion or leave the country at once; and a noble and honourable band of men, women, and children, from babyhood to patriarchal years, left their fields white for harvest, their rich orchards, and fattened flocks, their fatherland, all their property and homes, and wandered away to seek a home, in some strange land, rather than desert their convictions and their God. Among this undaunted and holy band of confessors was the celebrated Christopher Crellius, who came over to England. His son Samuel narrates this wonderful escape of his father in the *Monthly Repository*, page 633, of 1816.

“Samuel Crellius wishes happiness to H. V. O.

“I will to gratify your desire communicate to you in writing the remarkable event which you listened to with pleasure:—When my father, Christopher Crellius, with other Unitarians, was driven from Poland, in the year 1666, he became acquainted in London, with a pious woman, who was instructed by John Biddle, and was called Stuckey. This woman spoke to my father in this manner—‘You, my dear Crellius! wander now an exile, and in poverty—a widower—burthened with four children; give me two of these, a son and a daughter, in England, and I will take care of their education.’ My father thanked her cordially, and promised to consider it. When returned to Silesia, he consulted his friends on the subject, and departed with his eldest son and daughter in the year 1668 from Breslau, through Poland towards Dantzic, to embark from there to Holland, and so to England. This voyage my father undertook with his own waggon and horses. His driver was the pious Paul Sagosky, from whom I heard an account of the event in Brandenburg, Prussia, the year 1704, when he was far advanced in age.

“It was afternoon, the sun declining to the west, when my father, only twelve Polish miles from Dantzic, reached a tavern in which he resolved to tarry that night, because he saw before him a large wood, which he could not pass through by daylight, and he deemed it unadvisable to enter it towards night, uncertain if he should find another house, and moreover, was not well acquainted with the road. They stopped then at the tavern, and brought the waggon into a large stable, and fastened the horses to the manger. The landlady—her husband being from home—received them with civility. She gave orders to take the baggage from the waggon, and bring it into the inner room, where she invited my father with the children to the table. Meanwhile, the driver, when he had fed the horses, explored the spacious stable, not forgetting to scrutinize with careful anxiety every corner, because the taverns in Poland, at such a distance from cities and villages as this was, are seldom a safe refuge for

travellers, and there is always apprehensions of robbers and murderers. In this search he discovered in one corner of the stable a large heap of straw, of which he moved a part with a stick, when he perceived that this straw covered a large hole which emitted an offensive smell, while the straw was tainted with blood. On this he directly returned to the inner room, mentioned to my father in secret what he had seen, and saying that he doubted not that the landlord was a robber and a murderer.

“ My father left the room directly, and having verified the fact, ordered directly to bring the baggage again on the waggon, and harness the horses.

“ When the landlady observed these preparations, she showed her surprise, and dissuaded my father to proceed on his journey through such a large wood, in a cold night, with two young children, and engaged that she would endeavour to render his stay as comfortable as it was in her power; but he replied, that something very interesting had struck his mind, which rendered it impossible for him to remain there, and compelled him to proceed on. He thanked her for her civilities, went with his children into the waggon, and departed.

“ When they were arrived in the wood, they met the landlord driving home a load of wood, who accosted my father, ‘ Sir,’ said he, ‘ I beg of you, what moves you to enter this wood, so large and extensive, and cut in two or three cross roads, in the fall of the evening; at the approach of night, I doubt not that you will lose the right road, and remain in the wood during the night. You endanger your health, and that of these young children is in jeopardy; return with me to my tavern, there you may refresh yourself and your horses, spend the night comfortably, and continue your journey in the morning.’ My father answered that he was obliged to proceed on his journey, however unpleasant it was. The landlord urged his entreaties with greater importunity, and approaching my father’s waggon, and taking hold of it, he renewed to dissuade a further process, with a lowered brow and a grim countenance, and insisted that they should, and must return; on which my father ordered the driver to lay his whip over the horses, to disengage himself from the dangerous man, in which he succeeded.

“ Then they proceeded on. My father, sitting in the waggon, sent up his prayers in an audible voice unto his God, as was his usual custom in his travels, and recommended himself and those dear to him, in this perilous situation to his providential care, in which devotion he was accompanied by the driver and his two children. Meanwhile the sun was set, and increasing darkness prevailed; they lost the road, entered a deep swamp, in which

soon the waggon stuck, the horses being too fatigued to draw it out again. My father and the driver jumped from the waggon in the mud, strengthened every nerve, and animated the horses with words and the whip, but all in vain; the waggon could not be stirred one single inch. My father became apprehensive that he must pass the night in that dreary spot, and that he or his driver should be compelled to leave the wood next morning and search for assistance, in the nearest village, without even a prospect of success; meanwhile nothing was left him but silent ejaculations to his God.

“After having covered his children as well as he could, and secured them against a rigorous cold night, he walked to a little distance from his waggon, and employed himself in sending up his prayers to his God, when he saw a man of small stature, in a grey or whitish coat, with a stick in his hand, approaching him. After mutual salutations, the man asked my father what he did there, and why he travelled in the night, and especially through such a wood. My father explained to him the whole, and begged him to assist him and his driver to try once more, if, with his assistance, they might draw the waggon and horses from the mire of that swamp, and bring them into the right road. ‘I will try,’ said he, ‘if I can effect something;’ upon which he approached the waggon, and placed his stick under the fore wheels, and appeared to lift these a little; the same he did to the back wheels, and then put his hand to the waggon to draw it, with my father and the driver, out of the mire. He called at the same instant to the horses, which, without any apparent difficulty, left the swamp, and drew the waggon upon solid ground. After this the stranger conducted them into the right road, from which they had wandered, and told them to keep now that road, and neither deviate from it, to the right or left. ‘And when,’ said he, ‘thou shalt arrive at the end of this wood, you will discover at some distance a light in one of the nearest houses of the village, which you must pass. In that house lives a pious man, who, although it is so late, will receive you civilly, and give you lodgings for the night.’ My father cordially thanked this man for his assistance and instructions, and when he turned his face from him to put his hand in his pocket and offer him some money, he had disappeared. My father looked towards him and saw nobody. He looked all around, and even searched awhile for him, but could not find him again; then he called, with a loud voice, ‘Where art thou, my friend? Return, I pray thee, towards me, I have yet something to say;’ but he received no answer, neither saw he his deliverer again. Surprised and astonished, he waited yet a long while, ascended his waggon, and thanked God for this favour. They arrived in

safety through the wood, and saw a light in that house of which the stranger had spoken. My father knocked softly at the window, upon which the master of the house opened it, and looked out to see who was there. My father asked him if he could give him lodgings? He replied, by asking how they came so late, and why they proceeded on their journey after midnight, not far from day-break? My father developed the reason in a few words, and was then amicably received. When at table, my father gave him a more circumstantial account, and asked him if he had ever seen, or known such a man as he who conducted him to the right road in the wood, and of whose countenance and clothes he gave a description. He answered that he knew not such a man, but that he knew very well that the tavern at the other side of the wood was no safe place for travellers. After a while, he looked accidentally to one of the corners of the room not far from the table, where he saw some books on a bench. Taking one of these, and looking into it, he saw it was a book of a Polish Unitarian. This curiosity alarmed the master of the house; but, as soon as my father perceived this, he said to him, 'Keep good courage, friend, I shall not bring you into any difficulty for that book, neither inform against you for heresy, and, to give you more confidence in this assurance, I must tell you that I too am a Unitarian.' Then he told him his name, which by fame was known to his landlord, who, now full of joy, was delighted to receive such a guest in his house. My father adored the ways of God's providence in bringing him to this place. This man was a linen weaver, who, when the Unitarians were banished from Poland, remained here for several years hidden through the favour of a nobleman, the lord of his village, and liberal-minded in religion. He would not permit my father to start next day, but persuaded him to tarry with him a few days more, and treated my father, with his children and the driver and horses, very hospitably.

"There are more examples of a particular Providence in regard to Polish Unitarians, of which I lately told you some, and it would be a desirable thing if all these had been directly recorded by those who could bear witness to them."

A CANDID ADMISSION.—The *Catholic World* for November has a thoughtful article headed "Spiritualism," which opens with the candid admission,—"It can hardly be denied that the question of Spiritualism is forcing itself every year more and more upon the public attention, and that a belief in the reality of its phenomena, and, as almost a necessary consequence, a suspicion of their at least partially preternatural character, is on the increase among honest and intelligent persons."

THE DISCUSSION AT SOUTH PLACE CHAPEL.— EVIDENCE OF SPIRIT-IDENTITY.

IN the recent debate on Spiritualism at South Place Chapel, Finsbury, some interesting and valuable facts in evidence of spirit-identity were given, which we think worth placing on record.

EVIDENCE OBTAINED BY MR. STEPHENS THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MISS LOTTIE FOWLER.

Mr. Stephens said:—"In my investigation of Spiritualism I did not go to paid mediums, but at one of my first *séances* the messages told me things which had really occurred in the past, and which were not known at the time to myself. I at first thought this might be clairvoyance. I had several *séances* with Miss Lottie Fowler, and had about half-a-dozen tests given me each evening. When I first met her, she had never heard my name before; she had just arrived from America, and I was a stranger to her. She came up to me in the trance state, and said, 'William wishes to speak to you.' I replied, 'Who's he?' she said, 'He is a brother of yours.' I replied, 'I never had a brother William.' I thought she was guessing, so I questioned her on the point, but she stuck fast to her text. She gave the circumstances of his death, and the date of his death, which was said to have occurred eight years before I was born. I then remembered that I had been told of a brother who died about the time stated, so I went to a surviving brother, and asked him questions on the subject. I then discovered that not only were all the particulars true which Miss Fowler had told me, but that she had revealed more facts to me than were known to my surviving brother. Now this could not have been thought-reading, for when she made the revelation I was thinking of another brother. Moreover, she told me things not in my mind. Another time Miss Fowler came to me at Ball's Pond, and in the trance she gave me the name of a friend of mine; the name was John Williams, and she said that a scaffolding had just fallen on him and killed him. John Williams was then in New York, and I could scarcely believe the revelation, but a fortnight afterwards a letter came from America proving that she had stated the truth."

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP WHATELEY.

Mr. Herbert Noyes, after relating some cases, especially of a cure of blindness, effected through mesmerism, by his uncle, the late Archbishop Whately, said, "I hold in my hand a letter from

Mrs. H. Senior, an intimate friend of his Grace's, who writes:—
 'In the year 1864, a few days before the death of my brother-in-law, Mr. Nassau Senior, I had a *séance* with Mrs. A——, during which I had this message from my (spirit) husband, "Tell Nassau that the White Bear comes to him." When I asked who is the White Bear? I was told that it was the pet name of the late Archbishop of Dublin when he was at Oxford. When I returned home I told my brother-in-law; but his memory was failing, and he did not seem to remember it, though his wife did. But, anxious for a further test, I wrote to Dr. Hind, late Bishop of Norwich, who I knew had been one of the Archbishop's most intimate friends at Oxford, asking if he remembered this name. Instead of writing, he came to me, and taking me by both hands, said, 'Oh, Mrs. Senior, I cannot tell you the memories your note has aroused. Yes, he was called the "White Bear," and I was called "Black Sam;" and when I walked with him in the Quadrangle, they used to say, "There goes Black Sam and his White Bear."' I considered this the most perfect test of (spirit) identity I had ever received."

Mr. Noyes added that Mrs. H. Senior was a sister-in-law of Mr. Nassau Senior, and on most intimate terms with Archbishop Whately, who listened with the greatest interest to all her experiences in Spiritualism, and entirely believed in them, accepting her testimony, because he was able to judge of her capacity for observation, as he would have accepted it on any other subject.

A SPIRIT REPEATS, THROUGH A STRANGER, HER LAST WORDS.

Mr. William Tebb said:—"When in America, I visited New Jersey, and a lady—not a professional medium—went into the trance condition, described my mother's appearance and features, and repeated some verses which I had known her repeat twenty years before. She also said, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil.' These were the last words my mother uttered. This *séance* took place in America, and my mother died in England."

On the third evening of the adjourned debate, Dec. 11th, the discussion was opened by Mr. Thomas Shorter, who pointed out that the facts elicited in this debate, and others to which he referred, admitted of no other explanation than that which Spiritualism presented. At the unanimous request of the meeting Mr. Shorter resumed and concluded his argument. His address, which was received with marked attention, lasted about three quarters of an hour. Mr. Bryan concluded the debate by an able review of the objections to Spiritualism on the previous evenings.

DERVISHES.*

THE Dervishes fill the same place in the East that the Monks did in the West. They have their convents, or Tekkiehs, too, and very numerous these must be, for the author of the book whose title is given below fills thirteen pages with a list of those to be found at Constantinople alone. But the occupants of the Tekkieh, twelve and upwards in each, form only a small section of the community—multitudes of Mussulmans being everywhere affiliated as lay brothers. Many of these institutions are richly endowed, but their inmates fare none the better for it, since the surplus revenues are devoted to the relief of the poor. And their number is perpetually augmenting, for the dervish chiefs have a keen eye to the "spiritual destitution" especially of the metropolitan districts, and, when they consider a Tekkieh needed in any quarter, forthwith they organize the requisite staff, and leaving the rest to Providence and the exertions of these gentlemen, trouble themselves no further in the matter, feeling thoroughly assured of the result.

The origin of the brotherhood is involved in obscurity.

Concerning the peers, or founders of the many orders into which it is divided, Mr. Brown tells many stories that strikingly resemble the saintly legends of Christendom, as, for instance, of the Sheikh Jebawa, who in his day was accustomed to use lively puff adders as cords for his faggots, and who founded the order of serpent-charmers.

The dervish somehow or other manages to make the theology of the Koran harmonize with the following pantheistic opinions—that the outward forms of religion are matters of indifference; that paradise, hell, and the positive dogmas of religion are allegories; that God and nature are identical; that all beings are emanations from the Divinity; that there is no real difference between good and evil; that the soul is confined as in a cage in the body, and if through sin it become incapable of annihilation in the Deity by the process called death, it must undergo metempsychosis until sufficiently purified; and that the great object of the dervish is intense meditation on the Unity, which he calls "Zikr," and which he aids and cultivates in every possible way. This meditation must be so profound and continuous that even in the midst of a crowd, the meditator shall hear no disturbing sound, and that every word spoken, no matter by whom, shall appear the echo of the Zikr. The

* *The Dervishes, or Oriental Spiritualism.* By JOHN P. BROWN, Secretary and Dragoman of the Legation of the United States of America at Constantinople. London: TRUBNER & Co. 1868.

dervish believes that by incessant practice of this Zikr the soul, even in this life, may assimilate itself with God in power as well as in perfection. This state is called "Kuvveh i roohee batinee," which attained, the dervish becomes invested with the most extraordinary powers—prophetic and miraculous. Mr. Brown gives many anecdotes illustrative of this power, which occasionally condescends to produce very ordinary results.

"In my youth," writes a dervish, "I was the inseparable companion of the Said Molana at Herat. It happened one day, as we walked out together, that we fell in with a company who were engaged in a wrestling match. As an experiment, we agreed to aid with our *powers of the will* one of the wrestlers so that he should overcome the other, and after doing so to change our design in favour of the loser. So we stopped, and turning towards the parties, gave the full influence of our united wills to one, and immediately he was enabled to subdue his opponent. As we chose, each in turn conquered the other—whichever we willed to prevail instantly grew the stronger, and thus the power of our wills was clearly manifested." On another occasion a similar pair came upon a mob gathered round a prize fight. "To prevent any of the crowd from passing between and separating us," writes one, "we joined our hands together. One of the combatants was a powerful fellow, while the other was spare and weak, and of course the former had it all his own way. Seeing this, I proposed to my companion to overthrow the stronger man by the force of our wills. He agreed, and accordingly we concentrated our powers upon the weaker party. Immediately a wonderful occurrence took place. The thin spare man seized his giant-like opponent and threw him to the ground with surprising force. The crowd cried out with astonishment as he turned him over on his back and held him down with apparent ease. Nor did any one present except ourselves know the cause. *Seeing that my companion's eyes were much affected by the effort* which he had made, I bade him remark how perfectly successful we had been, and adding that there was no longer any necessity for our remaining here, we walked away." It is impossible to contend with an Arif or knowing person possessed of the power of the will; nor when he is inclined to assist is it necessary that the individual should be a believer. He may even be an infidel, since his faith is not necessary to the performance of the willer's design. After relating several achievements of a celebrated sheikh—relieving a beleaguered city and dispersing an enormous army being among them—Mr. Brown continues to this effect:—Many individuals who oppressed his friends received punishment through the power of this sheikh; some even fell sick and died, or were only restored

to health by openly declaring their penitence and by imploring his intercession with Allah. His spirit even accompanied his friends and enabled him to commune with them at immense distances. His power of affecting the health of those who injured himself or his friends was greatly increased when he was excited by anger, and then his whole frame would be convulsed and his beard moved as if by electricity. Occasionally he exerted his powers in such a manner as to throw individuals into a sort of trance, which deprived them of memory; nor could they emerge from that state until he thought fit to release them. Whenever the details of any cruelty practised on the innocent reached his ears, the sheikh would be strangely affected, so much so that none dared to address him until the paroxysm was over, and on such occasions he never failed to communicate spiritually with the prince who had commanded these cruelties, nor to control him to deal vengeance on the really guilty. Notwithstanding all these eminent powers, this great sheikh is reputed to have spent his last days at Herat in extreme indigence, much slighted by those who had so greatly revered him during the vigour of his spiritual faculties, all fear of which had died out—indeed it is told that these faculties declined with the natural decay of his ordinary strength of mind and body.

Nor is the power of the will limited to merely earthly objects. The practice of the Zikr discloses the spirit world to the devotee, and enables him to arrest and hold converse with angel and jinn, and especially with the Rijal i Ghaib, or unseen men, concerning whom we can scarcely do better than condense and compound the varying descriptions with which Mr. Brown favours us:—Three of this band, called the masters of destiny, the Kutb, or centre, and his two umeva, or faithful, never leave their post on the summit of the Caaba. The remainder wander everywhere over the whole world in obedience to the divine command, completing its circuit in a month. Every morning they return to Mecca, report their proceedings to the Kuth, say their prayers, and set out anew in the direction laid down for the day on the daireh, or guiding circle, which each of them carries, and which is divided into thirty parts. The jurisdiction of these wanderers includes everything human, nor can anything be done until they have decided concerning it. By consulting the tables of the daireh, it is possible to ascertain the direction in which they are going on any particular day, and to look to them for help, which is never refused to the worthy. These Rijal i Ghaib, as the dervish believes, are human beings, still in the body, who have done indeed with common life and its duties, but over whose changeless heads centuries must pass

before the angel of death calls them to union with Allah, and opens their office to others, who are rendered worthy of it by the practice of the Zikr. Nor are the Rijal i Ghaib the only dervishes who have prolonged their lives indefinitely by this means; there are many others still existing, and destined to exist until the close of time, as the Iman Mehdee, but chiefly El Khizr the mysterious, the founder of dervishism, and the instructor of the patriarchs in its mysteries.

To become a dervish it is necessary to be regularly affiliated and to pass through a long and trying ordeal. The ceremonies attending initiation are much the same in all the orders:—we give a summary of those practised by the Bektashees. Having found two sponsors, themselves full-blown dervishes, to introduce him, the aspirant provides a sheep and a sum of money proportionate to his means, and hastens to the Tekkieh on the night appointed. At the door he finds his sponsors, who sacrifice the sheep on the sill. Putting the flesh aside for the feast that is to close the ceremony, they twist a portion of the wool into a cord, which they throw round the neck of the novice, and retain the remainder to be woven into that essential portion of his future costume—the taibend, or belt. Inside the door he finds three others, who, if he intends to take the severer vows, including those of celibacy, strip him altogether—otherwise only to the waist; but in the latter case they take care to remove every mineral substance from about his person. He is now led by the woollen cord into the hall, where he finds the sheikh and twelve brethren seated in a semicircle in front of the Maidan Tash—a stone with twelve angles. His conductors place the aspirant on this stone with his head bent humbly, and his arms crossed on his breast. In this position he repeats certain prescribed prayers after the sheikh. He is then led down and placed kneeling before the latter, who grasps his hands and administers the oaths—including one of secrecy, and thus his novitiate commences. This is in every respect a species of penal servitude—as irksome as fanaticism can make it. Every day a certain number of tedious forms must be observed, many annoying little tasks performed, and a few prayers repeated, from 101 to the very comfortable number of 1,001 times each—while, if the unfortunate murid omit but a single one of his impositions, the novitiate must recommence. At the close of this period—in most cases 1,001 days—he obtains the status of a dervish, and is invested ceremoniously with the costume. The chief articles of this dress are the taj or cap, the khirka or mantle, and the taibend or belt. In addition to these the dervish wears ear-rings called mengoosh, a stone attached to the neck, teslem tash, and another in the girdle, pelenk. Every article is the subject of

many wonderful legends, and has a hundred different mystic significations.

With respect to their ceremonies, we find that each order requires its members to recite certain prayers at fixed hours, in private as well as in common. Some of these are not very lively performances; as, for instance, sitting stock still in a circle until the phrase, "La ilaha ill'Allah," has been repeated 1,001 times. Several orders, however, indulge in practices a little more exciting, and in each of their convents there is a hall devoted to such exercises. This apartment is formed of wood, and has nothing to show in the way of ornament. That side facing Mecca contains a niche with the name of the peer, and some of the "beautiful names of God," of which there are ninety-nine in all, inscribed above it, and a sheep-skin carpet for the sheikh spread in front. As the practices of the Ruffees or Howlers include those of the other sects—the Mevleves, &c.—we give a summary of them from the several different accounts with which Mr. Brown provides us. Each of these exhibitions is divided into five acts, and lasts about three hours. The first act comprises the following items in the order we accord them:—A hymn in honour of the sheikh, the obeisance to the peer—the chanting of the Tekbeer and Fatiha—which are mere introductory matters, and concludes with a vigorous specimen of the real business of the evening, consisting in an incessant yell of "Allah," accompanied by some such elegant contortions as those in which clown and pantaloon delight, and lasting until the actors are out of breath. The second act opens where the other left off, with some slight variation of the motions and additional power in the shrieks. At first, as during the whole of the opening act, the dervishes retain their seats. In ten minutes or so, however, they rise, and without changing places sway violently on one foot from right to left, and alternate the wild scream of "Allah" with the still wilder one "Ya Hoo," but always maintaining admirable time and cadence. After a quarter of an hour at this sharp work, "some of the performers"—as our very circumstantial author informs us—"sigh, others sob, others again perspire great drops." Out of breath, there is a pause, but not a long one, and the third act begins. Now the fun grows furious, the movements quicken, and the yells redouble, one of the older hands taking his place in the centre to reanimate such as flag, and to stimulate all to fiercer exertions. Another pause, and act four begins. It is something like a cannibal dance—the wildest scene of a Feejee carnival. Still retaining their semicircular arrangement, the dervishes jam their shoulders together, and sweep round and round the hall in outrageous hornpipe, diversified with a violent

dash of highland fling, and accompanied by a perfect hurricane of yells. The scene is beyond measure exciting. Even the sheikh, hitherto silent and impassive, catches the contagion, and, joining the circle, emulates the maddest of his disciples. Towards the close of this act some of the older dervishes quit the ranks and take down certain awkward-looking iron tools which hang, along with a number of cutlasses, round the walls. These are heated to a white glow and presented to the sheikh. The whole of the dervishes, mad as March hares, cluster round him, hustling each other for the nearest place. The sheikh prays over the irons, invokes the peer of the order, and, breathing on each, hands them to the dervishes, who struggle and fight for the glowing bars as if they were so many sceptres. In an instant a disorderly mass, leaping, whirling, yelling, and wielding their weapons in all directions, astonishes the hall. They hug the hot irons, "gloat upon them tenderly, lick them, bite them, hold them between their teeth, and end by cooling them in their mouths." Those who are unable to secure iron lay hold of the cutlasses and thrust them furiously into their sides, arms, and legs. The sheikh walks round, surveys the dervishes one by one, breathes upon their wounds, rubs them with saliva, and in twenty-four hours afterwards not even a scar is to be seen; a fact, if fact it be, which proves satisfactorily enough that the Rufaees exercise their madness with very considerable method.

But the dervishes are not mere extravagant fanatics. Some of them display a liberality of sentiment that is not always found in "arifs" of purer opinion. Many of their sayings and much of their writings would do no discredit to the calmest philosophy.—"*Pall Mall Gazette*," *January 10th, 1868.*

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE VILLE DE HAVRE.

WE extract the following from the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, of Dec. 2nd, which gives an account of the sinking of the ship:—

"Mrs. Bininger was the wife of Mr. Bininger of the well-known wine firm in Broad Street. The daughter was saved, and the mother, it is feared, was drowned. Mr. Bininger was among the first at the company's office. He received a despatch containing the news that his daughter was saved and on her way to Paris, but that his wife was lost. He mentioned a curious circumstance: On the evening of the 23rd instant a flower, which his wife had left at his house, moved, and he.

remarked to some friends who were present that he believed that motion indicated that some accident had befallen his wife. His friends tried to dissuade him from the idea, but his mind has ever since been uneasy in regard to the circumstances, and his worst fears have been confirmed. He was grief-stricken beyond measure, and his sorrow was shared by all present."

THE LATE MR. HAWKES, OF BIRMINGHAM.

Concerning Mr. Hawkes, of Birmingham, whose sudden death from syncope, while addressing a public meeting, was noticed in our last number, we take the following from *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper* :—

A crowded meeting of the Birmingham Spiritualists was held on Sunday night at the Athenæum, Birmingham. Special reference was made to the death of Mr. Benjamin Hawkes, a local tradesman, who fell dead on Sunday, the 16th inst., while addressing a meeting in the same place. Mr. John Collier stated that, at a *séance* held at his own house, on Wednesday night, the spirit of Mr. Hawkes appeared and shook him by the hand. He (Mr. Collier) told the spirit that he intended publicly to refer to Mr. Hawkes's passing away, and asked what he wished to tell the Spiritualists of Birmingham and the world at large. The spirit then said, in his own voice, "Tell them I am quite well and happy."

SPIRITUALISM IN QUAKERISM.

As Mr. Howitt has shown, living Quakerism has always abounded in Spiritualism. A correspondent of the *British Friend*, for November last, forwards "the following brief but sublime discourse," delivered by Special West, at a meeting for worship in London, during the time of the Friends' yearly meeting :—

When there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour: when the vocal tribute of Holy, Holy, Holy, and the hallelujahs of sanctified spirits in endless felicity were suspended; their worship continued in awful, holy, solemn, inconceivable silence; it was a rapturous adoration too copious for language to express, a cloud of incense before the throne of immaculate purity and love. May our minds be gathered to it, let our name or profession to religion be what it may, and may we experience this divine communion of saints and deeply ponder God's unbounded love in solemn silence, for there is no power of eloquence can sufficiently acknowledge the obligation and reverence we owe His infinite Majesty, who fills heaven and earth with His glory and goodness; but let us look up unto Him, and wait to be prepared for it, for they that "wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength;" wherein we may experience constant advancement from grace to grace, until we attain the glorious end proposed by this lively, animating salutation, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you always. Amen."

"Special West was a small farmer near Hertford, and it is related by those who were personally acquainted with him, that his capacity in the common affairs of life was rather below than above that which generally belongs to men of his class. His literary education was very limited, but he was a diligent reader of the Holy Scriptures and of the writings of Friends.

"The following anecdote is related of him. Being engaged

in religious labour in Oxfordshire, he believed it his duty to hold a public meeting in the city of Oxford. Divine power seems to have prevailed over the assembly, and Special West was enabled to declare the truth in a remarkable manner. At the close of the meeting, a gentleman connected with the University addressed the Friend by whose invitation he had attended, to this effect, 'You told me he was an unlearned man that had appointed the meeting, but I have been listening to the language of a scholar.' The Friend assured him that which he had said respecting Special West was strictly correct, and that if he would meet him at his house to breakfast the next morning, he would be able to perceive the truth of it himself.

"The gentleman did so, and afterwards acknowledged his conviction that it was not by means of a learned education, but through the gift of God, that his friend had been able to minister with such clearness and power."

EXTRAORDINARY HALLUCINATION.

A singular circumstance came to light in the Bristol Police Court, on Tuesday. Mr. Thomas B. Cumpston, and his wife, Mrs. Ann Martha Cumpston, of Virginia Road, Leeds, were brought up for being disorderly at the Victoria Hotel and with letting off fire-arms. It was stated in evidence by the landlady of the hotel, Mrs. Tongue, that the defendants took an apartment at the hotel, on Monday evening, and retired to rest about twelve o'clock. About four o'clock in the morning she was awoke by loud screams and shouts in their bed room, succeeded by a report of fire-arms. She went down and found that they had both leapt from their bed room into the yard below—a depth of upwards of twelve feet—and then made their way to the railway station opposite. Mr. T. Harker, the night superintendent on the Bristol and Exeter Railway, said the parties rushed into his office, partly dressed, crying out "Murder," and they were in a terrible state of excitement. They told him they had escaped from a den of rogues and thieves, and they had to defend themselves. They were under the impression that someone was following them, and they made him search the waiting room to see there was no one there. Upon his sending for a policeman, Mr. Cumpston was searched, and a revolver and three knives were found upon him. When asked by the magistrate what he had to say in explanation of the matter, Mr. Cumpston, who had an impediment in his speech, said he and his wife had been staying at Clifton; but, intending to proceed to Weston-super-Mare that morning, they came down and engaged a room at the Victoria Hotel,

being near the railway station. They were alarmed at about four o'clock in the morning by terrible noises which they could not explain, and which frightened them very much. The bed seemed to open, and did all sorts of strange things. The floor, too, opened, and they heard voices. They were so terrified that they opened their bed-room window and leapt out. Mrs. Cumpston, also, gave her version of the affair. She said they heard terrible noises at about four o'clock in the morning. The floor seemed to be giving way. It certainly opened, and her husband fell down some distance, and she tried to get him up. What they said was repeated every time they spoke. Being very much frightened she asked her husband to fire off his pistol, which he did, into the ceiling. The noises continuing, they got out of the window, but she did not know how. When they got outside she asked her husband to fire off his pistol again. They then ran up to the railway station. In reply to the Bench, the lady said she did not hear the noises so plainly as her husband. Ultimately, a Mr. Butt, who had been telegraphed for from Gloucester, attended the Court, and in reply to the Bench said the parties occupied a very good position in Leeds. He offered to take proper charge of them if they were handed over to him, which was ultimately done, the defendants being discharged from custody. No explanation can be given of this strange affair, and the belief is that it was an hallucination on the part of the husband.—*The "Times," Dec. 11th, 1873.*

Correspondence.

MR. WILLIAM HOWITT AND THE BRITISH NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Everyone of your readers cannot fail to be powerfully influenced by the able and trenchant letter which you have published from my friend Mr. Howitt. The flame of the "old man eloquent" still burns with undiminished lustre.

From his point of view he has gained an undoubted triumph; but, is his "point of view" the only one from which we ought to regard the plan of forming "A National Association of Spiritualists?" I think I must answer this question in the negative. Let us regard it as practical men of the world.

As I understand the project of this Association, it is not intended to be in the slightest degree "sectarian." It will no more deserve the name of a "sect" than does the Royal Society, the School Board, the Sacred Harmonic Society, the Society for Promoting Emigration, or any other Society which has for its purpose the promoting of the general and practical good of mankind. We must bear in mind that "Spiritualists"—properly so called—are at present under a cloud; and their influence, wide-spread as it undoubtedly is, is attributed by the self-installed social judges and law-givers of the world to the result of a "mental epidemic." We have, as a rule, the Press banded together against

us; and, individually, we are treated with contempt, because we are not organized into a recognized and powerful body. To teach the truth to the poor creatures who write in the newspapers and magazines is surely one piece of work deserving of the highest encouragement and attention, and which ought not to be left to isolated effort.

What Mr. Howitt says about the tendency of all organizations to become corrupt, must be admitted to be a great fact; but it is a fatality attending all human combinations. It is, however, a merciful dispensation that these combinations and organizations do not generally become vicious until they have fulfilled their mission. When they have served their purpose and done their work, Providence wisely and naturally dispenses with a co-operation which has become rotten and useless.

The basis of Spiritualism is the great element of truth in all religions deserving of the name; and I imagine that the office and duty of an Association of Spiritualists will be, for a time, to make this teaching strong and respected, until it can afford to run alone.

NEWTON CROSLAND.

Blackheath, 4th December, 1873.

MRS. HARDINGE ON INSIGHT AND FORESIGHT.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Having mentioned Mrs. Hardinge in my note on Landseer, I should like to say a word on her suggestive article. Those inner promptings are more or less common, and of which Socrates was a notable instance. The sense of the voice prompting I hold to be illusion; as when I have asked clairvoyants how they knew so and so, they have mostly replied, "The voice tells me so;" or, "It tells me so." But what I wish to remark on here is, that the more we study physiology, the closer we find our constitutions linked in with the lower animals; and that the more we observe in respect to the higher and deeper facts of mind, the closer we find ourselves again allied to the lower beings, setting aside Mr. Darwin's untenable mechanical fancy altogether. Yet "we are wiser than we know," or we should not be here to know it, and unless it had been so man could not have developed and maintained himself up to this time; just as it is with the lower animals, each requiring all the instinct that it now has to maintain itself. Hence that instinct should be the accumulation of experiences inherited is simply an impossibility. Mrs. Hardinge seconds her experience of her sympathies and antipathies and prompting impulse as exceptional marvels. But is not our unconscious being the source of our conscious being? Is not the whole physical being instinct with life and with actions adapted—as light from what is dark—to ends? If I stumble I right myself before the conscious mind is yet sensible of it, just as the eye closes at the touch from a speck of dust with the quickness of lightning, and thought and memory, reason and genius, spring from the unconscious self. But what is all this to the sympathy and antipathy of the lower animal? See how each keeps to its own species, though the difference is often so slight; and see with what certainty and nicety they adapt their habitations and select their food, selecting and rejecting with all the certainty of chemical affinities, as when the moth lays its eggs on the plant necessary for the food of its young—and is the marvel the less because it is not human?—is the intuition and the clairvoyance the less wonderful because it is not of man? I had almost said is it less spiritual? Milton represented man's mind as more rational and discursive; the angels more intuitive, then may we not be a little startled to find the extremes in a sense to meet the instinct of the lower animal and the intuition of the angels as given by Milton. Oh! what a grand and deep and large subject this is, and I don't see that it can be looked upon in any other light than that of Spiritualism, for we are dealing with matters that transcend experience and are the very source of experience of this nature, through and through, pregnant with instinct deeper than thought, higher than human wisdom.

Is not the little fly that wings the air as wonderfully and fearfully made as man?—and how we admire and envy its powers of flight—and its instincts, how admirably adapted to all its needs; and in what is the brute and brutal nature that men in their conceit refer to? "He who feels contempt for any living thing

hath faculties he has never used," said the poet Wordsworth, whose whole soul was bent on spiritualising Nature, and so raising the so-called lower world to its true position and dignity, and not to lower man, but to raise him to a true insight and spiritual discernment of the all-pervading spirit and power of Nature. Man, no doubt, has reason and elevated sentiments. The brute has not, even if the animal nature possesses any conscious ideas at all. But if man has a superior nature in some respect, has he not in his excesses and misdeeds, and cruelties and superstition, and the evil antics of the many, an inferior nature, and such as our little fly has not?

Then let us regard all things in nature with reverence and with respect, and no more pronounce on gross matter and brute nature, for spirit is everywhere, and infinite power lie hidden everywhere. Nay, to go low enough for an instance, recognise the beauty of the flower and the delicious flavour in fruit latent in the dung-heap. As the brilliancy of the diamond lies hidden in the dust of the grate, and as the power of Shakespeare rose from the little baby, mewling and puking in its nurse's arms, I confess that I care more about spiritualising life and mind, than about spirits: more about the goodness of life than about the length thereof. But that is very much a matter of temperament. Only assure me of the secure and rational, and moral progress of mankind, and "I would jump the life to come," but with all respect for those who think and feel differently, and whose life, associations, and affections make them do so, whilst I alone may not greatly care for anything I can conceive of in another existence, though here more happy than most men.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

P.S.—In respect to Mrs. Levy, I have known a case very similar, of a lady born blind, but who was also a clairvoyant, and most wonderful to relate she could see in the clairvoyant condition and in her sleep. The case of Mr. Brown is that of thought reading, or rather of brain sympathy, because the consciousness does not travel from brain to brain, but the cerebral concomitant action sets off an action in an intervening spiritual medium, which sets up a similar and corresponding cerebral action, and with the accompanying sense in the sympathising person's brain. The process being the same as in the case of light, and the sympathy as with the responding notes in music, or in magnetic relations and chemical affinities—so with the animal magnetic man.

H. G. A.

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH. THE NEW YEAR.

FATHER, Thy children fain would bring
 A humble song of thanks and praise;
 Our hearts and voices we would raise,
 Thy boundless love our souls would sing.
 Thy goodness fills the circling years;
 And though we wander far and wide,
 Thy leading hand our footsteps guide,
 Thy voice our inward spirit hears.
 Though days and years flit swiftly by,
 And many a loving friend has gone;
 Though changeful Time flows ever on
 To join the great Eternity:
 Yet still we know that Thou art Lord
 Of Time and Death,—that safe in Thee
 Our spirits live; and joyous, free,
 We trust Thy love—Thy surest word. T. S.