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PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF DR. F. W. MONCK'S  
MEDIUMSHIP.

By GEORGE SEXTON, LL.D.

THE extraordinary mediumship of Dr. F. W. Monck, late Baptist Minister at Bristol, has been recently made the subject of numerous newspaper paragraphs, and a score or so of pulpit discourses, and has consequently furnished a topic for conversation amongst some thousands of people, both in these islands, on the Continent of Europe, and in the great Transatlantic land of the West. As a matter of course very much that has been said and written has been unfavourable to the medium, and only calculated to make the world believe that he is an impostor, and a man whose daily practice it is to state what is not true. Still the fact that what is reputed to have happened to him should have produced so great a sensation, shows clearly the extraordinary character of the events in which he was—or is said to have been—the chief actor.

Whether all the phenomena with which I find Dr. Monck's name associated in the public mind really happened, I certainly am not in a position to say. Such matters must be judged of, like all others, by the evidence presented in their favour. It is only fair to say, however, that the most extravagant of these phenomena will certainly appear quite possible to the mind of every person who is acquainted with the extraordinary manifestations of Modern Spiritualism, and especially with those that are *known* to have happened in the presence of the medium in question. That Dr. Monck is one of the most wonderful mediums that have up to the present time arisen amongst us, I have no doubt; and from what I have

myself seen I should consider that he would bear a not unfavourable comparison with the most richly endowed of them all in mediumistic power.

To write a detailed account of all the spiritual phenomena that have happened in connection with the mediumship of Dr. Monck, would occupy more space than could be spared for the purpose in a single number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, and would perhaps after all prove less satisfactory to the reader than a record of that which the writer himself can attest to be true.

The first occasion that I ever saw Dr. Monck was some time in the early part of the summer of last year. My friend, the Rev. F. R. Young, of Swindon, was announced to preach an anniversary sermon at the General Baptist Chapel, in Worship Street, and I formed one of the congregation. Dr. Monck was present, and took, I think, some part in the service. At the close he was introduced to me, and in the course of a day or two he and Mr. Young called at my residence. Up to this time I had not heard of the "Extraordinary Flight of a Christian Minister," as it has since been called, except spoken of in some very vague way as having happened to a minister of the Gospel, whose name was never mentioned. I was therefore somewhat agreeably surprised to find that I was now in the presence of the gentleman who was said to have been so mysteriously conveyed from Bristol to Swindon. Dr. Monck was very reticent on that subject however, and remained so for some time afterwards, as will be remembered by all who have read the report of the Liverpool Conference, on which occasion it was with difficulty that Mr. Young and myself could induce him to speak of his mediumship at all, the more particularly the part that referred to the "Mysterious Flight." We had a long conversation on various topics, and on Spiritualism as a matter of course amongst the rest. This ended in our sitting down at a *séance*, at which there were present most of the members of my family, Mr. Young, Miss Wreford, and Mr. Ogan. A number of manifestations took place unconnected with Dr. Monck, and these over, Mr. Young, Miss Wreford, and myself left the *séance* room and went into my library, situated two stories higher up in the building. Soon after we had left, Dr. Monck became entranced by his guardian spirit Samuel, and a great number of manifestations of a very extraordinary character occurred, one of the most remarkable being the raising the medium up to the ceiling, on which he wrote the name Sam, an inscription that still remains. As the noise produced in the *séance* room on this occasion was something alarming, seeming to us upstairs as though Pandemonium was let loose, I remarked to Mr. Young that I would go down and

put an end to it, by driving away such spirits as could not be a little more quiet in their manifestations—a course of procedure I had resorted to before in the case of other mediums. I had no sooner opened the library door, however, than a voice in the room in which the *séance* was being held was heard exclaiming, in most stentorian tones, “The Doctor is coming down, don’t let him in.” This was repeated four or five times. The reason that I was not to be admitted, I am quite ignorant of up to this day; but the important fact to be borne in mind is this, that no mortal being in the room from which the voice issued could have possibly known of my intention to go downstairs, seeing that I was as yet two stories off, in a part of the house where everthing was still, and therefore presenting a striking contrast to the boisterous sounds mixing with the voice forbidding my entrance. On this occasion some very marvellous phenomena occurred; but, as an account of them was not written down at the time, and as they were to a great extent repeated a short time afterwards, the description of the latter *séance* will answer the purpose of the two. At this second *séance* I was not personally present, although it occurred in my own house. The following account of it has been written by my son Frederick, a lad of 13 years of age:—

A SEANCE WITH THE REV. F. W. MONCK, OF BRISTOL, AT  
DR. SEXTON’S HOUSE.

*Friday, August 22nd.*—There were present besides the medium, Mr. Ogan, my sister, my brother George, and myself, and we all sat down to a large dining table, Mr. Ogan sitting quite close to the medium. We were ordered by the spirits to put out the light, and immediately upon this being done, Mr. Monck’s boots were taken off and thrown upon the table, and no movement was experienced by Mr. Ogan, who, in his position, must have felt any motion on the part of the medium. This was directly followed by a large easy chair being wheeled several feet towards the table, without any of us leaving our seats. Mr. Ogan’s chair was next moved, which he says he is quite certain was not done by the medium or any one else in the room, and at the same moment he felt Mr. Monck slip away from him, who instantly exclaimed, “Get a light,” and upon striking a match, we saw him (Mr. Monck) lying at full length upon the table. After sitting for a short time longer, the lights having been again extinguished, and the medium having resumed his seat at the table, he was entranced by a spirit named Sam, who requested that Mr. Monck might be tied, and produced a piece of cord from his (the medium’s) pocket, which he had brought for that purpose. Mr. Ogan then tied him

hand and foot to the chair in which he was sitting, during which process Sam was laughing and making comical gestures, in order to show how easily he would twist the ropes off. We placed a tambourine and a bell upon the table and again extinguished the lights, and instantly the tambourine was played upon and the bell rung, whereupon we obtained a light and found the medium still entranced, with both his hands and one of his feet free. Sam said that he had not been tied tight enough, and told Mr. Ogan to "have another try," which he accordingly did, tying him in such a manner that he said it was quite impossible for him to untie the cord without help from some quarter, either spiritual or material, and from the latter he could not have received any as will be seen by the following:— As soon as the tying was finished, Sam told us all to go to the far end of the room, which we did, holding each other's hands, so that had any one attempted to move, the rest of us must have been aware of it. Darkness having been again procured, the movements took place as before, the tambourine and bell were knocked about very violently, and on our again striking a light, we found the medium tied apparently in the same manner that Mr. Ogan had fastened him; but owing to a disturbing influence occasioned, Sam said, by some strange spirits entering the room, we were not allowed to go close to the medium to examine the cord, but had to do so from where we then stood, a distance of about three yards and a half from him. Sam said that he had untied Mr. Monck and used his hands to move the things about; and to prove this, when the lights were again out he told Mr. Ogan to hold his hands across the table towards the medium, whose hand instantly took hold of one of them, without making any noise, seeming as though he knew exactly where the hand was, without feeling over the table for it, which Mr. Monck could not possibly have done in consequence of the darkness. Sam then shouted out, "Now then, five of you!" We heard a knocking of string on the table, and something was thrown across the room, which turned out to be the cord with which the medium had been tied. All Mr. Ogan's knots (a considerable number) had been taken out, and the cord was tied its whole length with 52 tight knots. Sam explained that when he said "Now then, five of you!" he was asking five spirits to help him to tie the cord. A few slight movements of the table were the only other phenomena obtained.

FREDERICK MAURICE SEXTON.

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Dr. Monck has been again and again, in my presence, lifted from the floor and floated about the room. One of the most

extraordinary facts that has occurred in connection with his mediumship, however, is the obtaining music from an accordion whilst fastened in such a manner that it is rendered impossible for it to open. This wonderful manifestation appears to have taken place first at Bristol, and an account of it has been given by Mr. Beattie, in a rather lengthy letter, in the *Bristol Daily Post*. The following extract bears upon the question:—

“On sitting down the room was partially dark. Moving of a large table and other common things soon took place. As evening set in the room became dark. Gas was lighted, and I was told to take a cord and tie an accordion. I took the instrument and so fixed it that the bellows could not move the sixteenth of an inch; I made it that the cord could not be touched without my knowing it. The medium was in a complete trance all the while, and we held hands. The instrument then moved about and sounded *long* notes. I was bewildered and completely puzzled; I at once *thought* these sounds might be made by another instrument or a mouth reed. But I was soon sunk deeper in difficulty, for the instrument was brought to me by the medium (still in a trance); I fully examined it, twisted a portion of the cord round my hand and held it fast, while with the other hand I manipulated the keys, it answering fully to my fingering. Here I will not say what must or what must not have taken place, but certainly that which gave the sensation and appearance of rigidity was, under some influence, converted into the very opposite, namely, that of elasticity.”

Having heard of this very marvellous manifestation, I was exceedingly anxious to see it, although I did not mention my wish to anyone. The fact is—I may as well admit it—I could not altogether get rid of the suspicion that either another accordion, quite free from cords, was employed on the occasion, or that, by an elastic tube placed in the medium's mouth, he had contrived, by some means, to blow into the fastened instrument. These suspicions I kept to myself, and waited patiently for an opportunity when I should be able to prove their truth or dispel them for ever. Fortunately, I had not to wait very long. In the early part of August last I went to Swindon to preach the anniversary sermons in my friend Young's church, and on this occasion I again met Dr. Monck, who came over to speak at a tea meeting to be held in the church on the Saturday evening—a sort of preliminary gathering to the Sabbath anniversary services. On the Sunday evening, I should think about ten o'clock, whilst sitting in Mr. Young's house, in company with himself, the members of his family, Dr. Monck, and my son George, the conversation—as was very natural—took the direction of Spiritualism, and I then spoke of

the extraordinary accordion manifestation, and said I should like to see it. Some one of the party proposed a *séance*, to which the rest agreed. We had been sitting at the table but a very short time, when Sam—the guardian spirit before referred to—expressed a wish that we should sit again on the following morning, as it was then too late at night for us to go on with the *séance*, the medium having to go some distance to sleep. We inquired at what hour on the following morning we should sit. The reply was, “Any time you please.” “Eleven o’clock,” I remarked. “That will do very well,” said Sam. “Eleven o’clock then let it be,” we cried; and eleven o’clock was agreed upon. “One thing more,” said Sam. “I should like on that occasion for Dr. Sexton to search the medium, so as to make quite sure that he has nothing whatever concealed about him.” I was particularly struck with this remark, as I had never breathed a word of my suspicions to any living being. Of course I agreed to the proposition most gladly.

On the following morning we all met at Mr. Young’s residence as agreed on, and preparation was made for the *séance*. The room in which it was to be held was darkened as far as it was possible to shut out the light, by hanging up cloths of various kinds at the windows, a means that is never very effectual at any time of the year and least of all on a bright day in August. The semi-darkness thus obtained left quite enough light in the room for us to see each other and perceive all that was taking place. The persons present on this occasion were Dr. Monck, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Harben (Mr. Young’s daughter), Mrs. Wreford, Miss Wreford, my son George and myself. There was a small bed room immediately adjacent to the partially darkened drawing room in which the sitters had assembled, and a door leading from one to the other. Into this smaller room I took the medium, and here he divested himself of all his clothing in my presence. I carefully examined every article of apparel that he had worn, and removed from his pockets their entire contents, not leaving behind a single thing of the most insignificant character, such as a key or a piece of paper. This done, he again dressed himself and walked before me into the *séance* room. We now all took our seats at the table. Not long had we to wait for manifestations. Dr. Monck very speedily became entranced, and Samuel informed us of his presence. After some manifestations of a comparatively unimportant character, sounds were heard issuing from the accordion which had been securely tied up with cords previous to the commencement of the *séance*. During the time that this was going on the medium was walking about the room at the back of our chairs with the musical instrument in his hands, or

perhaps it would be more correct to say in his arms, for he appeared to be hugging it close to his chest. Thinking that possibly the cords might have been removed or loosened by some means, I said, "Sam, will you kindly pass that accordion to me as soon after it has ceased playing as possible; I do not stipulate the time, but do it as quickly as you can?" The reply was, "Certainly, Doctor." More musical sounds were heard, and, the very instant they ceased, the instrument was thrust into my hands. I inspected it very carefully and found that the cord was still there, knots and seals all intact. "Does that satisfy you?" Sam inquired. I replied, "Yes." "But," said he, "you shall have a better test than that;" and, so saying, he passed the accordion to me and requested me to hold the bottom part of it with one of my hands. I did so, keeping my fore-finger on the brass valve underneath, to make sure that it did not open to admit any air—the cords I could, of course, feel most distinctly the while. Sounds now issued from the instrument as before; and, in truth, a sort of melody was played, though it must be confessed that the spirit by whom it was accomplished could not be considered a very proficient musician. Nevertheless the fact remains that notes were produced whilst the accordion was tied so as to render it impossible for the bellows to open, and with my fore-finger placed in such a position as to prevent the valve from moving. The spirit now requested me to place my other hand in such a position that my fingers could feel the keys. This I did, and, to my astonishment, I found that when I pressed the keys down, just as I should have done had I been playing on the instrument, the notes came out most audibly, corresponding to the keys touched by my fingers. I must say that I look upon this as so extraordinary a manifestation that it has been seldom equalled, perhaps never excelled.

The most wonderful phase of Dr. Monck's mediumship perhaps is his power of clairaudience. He seems to hear voices whenever spirits are seen either by himself or by other mediums present, and very frequently when they are not visible to any one. The voices generally tell the names of the spirits from whom they come, and in this respect, therefore, a test of identity is given of marvellous accuracy. I have seen this power displayed by Dr. Monck some scores of times. A few instances, however, may suffice. On one occasion he and I had agreed to spend the evening with the editor of this Magazine, and accordingly went to his residence for the purpose. We had hardly entered the house, when Dr. Monck described a little boy of about eight or nine years of age, so real in appearance that he actually at first mistook him for a child still in the flesh.

“Now,” said he, “it is on the chair, apparently playing; now it has fallen off, and is on the carpet; now it is struggling, as though in pain, and now it is dead. The name is Harry Shorter. Have you lost a child of that age?” he enquired of Mr. Shorter. “No,” was the reply; “but I know who it is.” We were then informed (what was perfectly unknown previously to both Dr. Monck and myself) that a nephew of Mr. Shorter’s, of about the age named, had been drowned whilst at play; and what was more wonderful still, the name had been accurately given.

Some short time since Dr. Monck and I were dining with Mrs. Mackdougall-Gregory, at her residence, and there were present, besides two or three well-known Spiritualists, some persons of an extremely sceptical turn of mind with regard to spiritual phenomena. During the dinner Dr. Monck frequently suddenly called out so-and-so is here, mentioning a name, in most cases new to every person present with the exception of one, and by that one recognised at once as belonging to a departed relative or friend. This happened so often that in the course of the evening some twenty-six names were thus given, each of them recognised by some one present—several times by one of the sceptics—as the name of a loved one who had departed to the spirit spheres. In every case the name was given with the most perfect accuracy—as all who were present can testify—and yet they were frequently very uncommon ones, such as it would have been perfectly impossible to hit upon by guessing. Nor could the medium have been previously acquainted with them, since they often referred to members of the family of some one present, that he had never seen before, and whose name was totally unlike that of the spirit-visitor. I mention this particular evening at Mrs. Mackdougall-Gregory’s—although by no means the only one on which the same kind of phenomena were observed—because a larger number of names were given on that occasion than at any other time, and also because some most interesting manifestations of a different character took place in connection with Dr. Monck’s mediumship, which those who were present will well recollect.

This power of clair-audience I have seen displayed by Dr. Monck, again and again, in the houses of total strangers to himself, and thorough sceptics of the truth of Spiritualism; and in every case—I think without a single exception—the names have been most accurately given. I look upon this phase of mediumship as being of a most important character, since it gets rid of a great difficulty that we so frequently have to contend with, *viz.*, that of the means of identifying the spirits when they communicate.

It was my intention to have given several other illustrations



of the wondrous mediumship of Dr. Monck, but I find I have already occupied a great amount of valuable space, so will bring these somewhat rambling remarks to a close with a quotation from the great poem of Dr. Kenealy :—

The sky, the space, the air that circles us  
Is filled with spirits ; some as fair as light,  
And some as dark as darkness.

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The mob ignore them, for the mob are slaves  
To sensuals ; but the spiritual see and feel them.

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## THE TRUE THEORY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC APPARITIONS.

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THE article of Mr. Herbert Noyes, quoted in the last number of the Magazine from the *Pioneer of Progress*, on the "Roman Catholic Visions and Apparitions," is quite correct in putting these on the same basis as those of Spiritualism in general. They are the visions of Catholic mediums, or apparitions enabled to present themselves by mediumistic influence. The papal assumption which denounces un-Catholic Spiritualism bluntly as from the devil, canonizes the Catholic mediums as saints, and their manifestations as holy revelations for the good of the Church. Mr. Noyes, however, omits the most essential feature and essential object of these ultramontane manifestations. They are, undoubtedly, the operations of fanatic popish spirits, who are from that side of existence joining in the great fight going on upon this side for the maintenance of the now fast decaying delusions and despotisms of Popery under the spreading light of education and the free spirit of modern inquiry. They are, no doubt, more than that. These ardent spirits from the depths of the invisible are inciting the priests here to the warfare, and joining rabidly in the fray. The editor of the *Spiritual Magazine*, at the conclusion of that article, well observed, that "this is but one of many illustrations that might be given of the way in which Spiritualism presents a clear and rational explanation of facts denied by so-called Rationalists on the one hand, and perverted by superstition and priestcraft on the other." (*Spiritual Magazine*, p. 84.) Let us direct a little attention to the ultramontane side of the question.

No fact is better established by Spiritualism than that spirits, and especially those of strong and demonstrative natures, carry with them all their habits, feelings, and aspirations ; and

that they linger on the confines of this world, and endeavour, through mediumship, to continue their warfares for favourite ideas, systems, and enterprises. Kaulbach has well exemplified this in his great picture of the Battle of the Huns, in which the spirits of the slain, on both sides, are seen to rise and continue the conflict furiously in the air. In the great popular insurrection, some years ago, in Madagascar, against the Christians, the infuriated mob marched on, declaring that the late Queen Ranavalana was at their head leading them on to exterminate the Christians, who were overturning the native religion.

In fact all old religions projected their spirit-influences into their supplanting systems. Ammianus Marcellinus says that the gods appeared to and conversed with Julian the Apostate, thus confirming him irrevocably in the conviction of the existence of the mythologic deities. When the people worshipped those gods, and believed in Jupiter, Apollo, Minerva, and the rest of them, spirits assumed their shapes and attributes, and appeared such in dreams, and spoke as such in oracles. Still more, the spirits that inhabited woods and wilds, occasionally made themselves flittingly visible in clairvoyant moments to the lonely haunters there, and hence the faith in Pan, Silenus, fauns, satyrs, and the more agreeable forms of nymphs, naiads, dryads, and the like.

They learned to use material voices, as spirits do now, and hence—

The airy tongues which syllabled men's names.

In every different country they came, not only as the chief gods, but in the guise of dwellers in forest and mountain, conforming to the faith of the region. Persia had its Sylphs and Gnomes; Scandinavia its Valkyriar and Necks; Germany its Dwargs and Kobolds; Scotland and England their Brównies and Good-fellows. All was not fable, nor mere imagination; it was, in part, revelation from the inner world of the spiritual forms of Nature, projected on the clairvoyant eye, and probably more intensely so in the moribund crisis of departing faiths.

There is no doubt that all fanatics, of whatever kind—all filled with the spirit of domination—conquerors, priests, propounders of new philosophies and creeds—all who have created division, passionate discord, and great delusions—still continue their particular frenzies, and seize on mediumship to enable them still to make the earth the battle-ground of their ambitions and the Golgotha of their incendiary fury. The melancholy spectacle of to-day, in which so many of the kingdoms of the earth are lent to princely factions, by contending creeds and dynasties, by swarms of pretenders—imperial, royal, republican, and hierarchial—is not the work simply of the present discrowned

heads, of the fallen Pope, the outcast Jesuits and unhoused monks and nuns ;—it is that of the past hordes of the anarchists, deluders and butchers of mankind ; of the Nimrods, Alexanders, Cæsars, Alarics, Attilas, Ghengis Khans, Charlemagnes, and Charles's of many realms and ages, bigoted and sanguinary Ferdinands, Alvas, Wallensteins, Tilleys, and Napolcons ; the triple-crowned Hildebrands, maniacal Loyolas, massacring Dominics, and the whole light and liberty-hating hordes of priests, monks and inquisitors, all are mixed in the horrible carnival of death and political chaos which astonishes the philosophical and scientific daylight of the end of nineteenth century. As there never was so gigantic a system of fraud, forgery and despotism as that of Rome, which establishing itself in the dark ages, extended its dominion over the souls of men and over the proudest thrones of kings, has dared even to face the highest noon sun of civilization, and still holds some millions of men in the combined bonds of ignorance, hate, superstition, and priestly insolence, so is and must be desperate the resistance of the hierarchical conspirators, the apostles of human negation and spiritual slavery, when the peoples and even their rulers begin to kick against the base imposture of fifteen centuries.

Any one who has acquainted himself with the so-called Jesuit Moral Theology as it is to be found in the great work of the great Doctor and champion of Jesuitism, Don Alfonso Liguori, and in the *Compendium* of this moral, or more properly, most immoral theology of Moulett, both of which are text-books of all Roman Catholic colleges, will not wonder at the reckless fury and the audacious lying with which the Ultramontanes are everywhere in arms against all civil governments. Of this unabashed mendacity there is no greater example than Archbishop Manning, who belies Scripture and history as if all the world were not familiar with them, and denounces all the assertors of freedom of opinion, and exposers of the sink of Vatican iniquity, as if Rome, its spirit and its deeds, were not as well-known as the dome of St. Paul's.

Certainly no such Satanic system of logic was ever invented, much less published, by any body of men. A system openly taught, and openly vindicated : a system which sanctions and defends every possible fraud, crime, and villany—rape, murder, perjury, seduction, robbery, disloyalty, and treason. You may defraud the Customs, bribe judges, pervert justice, take your master's money privately, in fact do what you like, only be as careful as possible to avoid a scandal. A maxim constantly in Jesuit mouths is, "*Si non caste saltem caute.*" Combine this with the principle of implicit obedience to spiritual superiors

demanding of every Catholic, and that with the new dogma of infallibility of the Pope, and you have a system in which nothing is sacred but superstition, and under which no person's property is safe. What the Pope orders, being infallible, must be obeyed at any cost. What he commands the cardinal and bishop, the cardinal and bishop must command the priest, and the priest to every soul under his care. By such a system the war on all national civil supremacy is now animated, on this system it is conducted, and by the law of implicit obedience becomes a law more fatal and determinate than any law of Medes and Persians.

But how does this apply, you will say, to the Roman Catholic visions and apparitions? That we shall see anon. But no man can see it thoroughly who does not fully understand what is meant by the moral theology of Liguori and Moulett. Let us note these a little more closely. The *Theologia Moralis* of Don Alfonso Liguori was last published at Ancona, from the press of Guiseppe Aurelio, in 1844. It consists of six volumes of eight hundred pages each. As this is not very accessible to the general public, the Rev. J. P. Moulett, ancient professor of moral philosophy, condensed the huge mass of the true "doctrine of devils" into a *Compendium*, which is sold at No. 11, Cathedral Square, Strasburg, by the bookseller Draht. I am particular in pointing out this because it costs only a few francs, and any one can thus satisfy himself that I am propagating no fables, but a sober and most sorrowful truth. The *Compendium* of Moulett is the quintessence of Dr. Liguori, as the huge work of Liguori is the depository of all the diabolical sophisms of the whole race of Jesuit doctors who preceded him. Both these works are in Latin, however. And let no one suppose that these works stand on the mere responsibility of their authors, and are or can be disowned by the Roman Church. No, they are acknowledged by the infallible Pope, and stamped with his now unquestionable and unerring authority. Pope Pius VII. beatified Liguori on the 15th September, 1816; Gregory XVI. placed him on the list of Saints in 1839, and Pius IX. created him doctor of the church in 1871, and by a separate encyclical ordered his book to be taught in all Catholic colleges and schools. Moulett has now made the principles of this work accessible to everyone. It may be truly called the "Devil's Manual."

As I have said, there is no crime, treason, rebellion, murder or sensuality that it does not sanction, and which the Vatican by sanctioning it does not sanction. At page 17 of the *Compendium*, Vol. 2, is asserted that the Church of Rome and all its clergy are exempt from the jurisdiction of any evil law in

any country. This is plain. According to the Jesuits the Church of Rome is supreme and absolute over all powers on earth; and where it is not allowed to be supreme in both Church and State, it is suffering the most impious oppression. This is the grand dogma which they are now daringly endeavouring to fight out with Germany, Switzerland, Italy, France and Spain, luckily a day or two too late.

These books equally assert the violation of any oath, the venality of public justice, theft, violation of women, procuration of abortion, and mental equivocation to be perfectly right and justifiable. At p. 38 of the *Compendium* it is declared that if violence be offered to a young woman, and her violater threatens her with instant death if she makes any alarm, and she to save her life suffers dishonour, she is to be rightly held not to have resisted.

If, says Dr. Liguori, in libro vi., tractato vi., on Matrimony, a man seduces a woman, or any number of women, under promise of marriage, or if he have promised most sacredly to marry a woman under any circumstances, he can perfectly free himself from both the oath and its responsibility by becoming a monk or priest, as the oath of celibacy extinguishes every other oath opposed to it, and leaves the man innocent as a lamb, and pure as the babe just baptized.

Now after an exposition like this, we may fairly be justified in putting no faith in any story of holy apparition however elaborately put forward on a pretended basis of actual fact. And if we do it not—if we admit that there may be such visions and manifestations, we do it on the open ground that manifestations of spirit-power are no particular privilege or charter of popery; they are common to the race, and are attended by all the varieties, good and bad, that attend spirits, both in and out of the body. Even assuring ourselves of the fact of these Catholic manifestations, we are no nearer the *truth*, for this system of popish fraud originated in the spirit-world with the Father of Lies, who was a murderer from the beginning. This spirit of fraud is incessantly emanating from the hells to earth; it returns to the invisible with every disembodied fanatic, and again works backward to earth with ever accumulating force, so that even when we get the truth of fact from them, we get the fraud of the spirit too.

To the old man of the Vatican, who, in the hands of the Jesuits, has been the consummator of this system, there could be no words so appropriately addressed; I do not say in his personal, but his official capacity at the hour of death; or those of the prophet Isaiah:—"Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even

all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, 'Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us?' Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols;\* the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning; how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thy heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north:† I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They that shall see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying—Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms?"—Chap. xiv., 9—16.

It is the evident "fall," the evident "cutting down" of this man exalted into a god; this "bringing down" of the monster fetish of the ages, by the intelligence of the present times, that has called forth not only the audacity of bishops and archbishops to override the temporal powers and constitutions of the earth; which has not only excited the ignorant and besotted portions of the peoples of France and Spain, to assist legitimist rebellion against the established governments; but has called forth all the route of pilgrims, seers of visions, and of apparitions of "Mothers of God" in all their finery, with the display of sacred hearts, and their substitution for the hearts of Neros. But people say, "And do you Spiritualists call in question these miracles, having so many miracles of your own?" No, we do not, as I have said, doubt some of them, though we might very well doubt anything advanced by Roman priests with their openly manifested relics of pretended saints; their farce of the blood of St. Januarius, their winking and nodding virgins with the sordid trade that is made of them. We believe the fraud is not all on one side. There is fraud enough and to spare amongst the priests, but still, no doubt, there are real visions and apparitions of so-called but not real Madonnas.

As we have said, the popish fanatics and propogandists out of the body are as eagerly at work to prop the falling systems, to keep up the ancient delusions of the fanatics and the propogandists in the body. There may have been real manifestations

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\* This is curious. There is no such noise made by any church, as by the Church of Rome, at its musical masses and other ceremonies, with its viols and other instruments, as well as vocally.

† This is again curious. St. Peter's and the Vatican are not on the north of Rome, but in the side of the north.

at Lourdes as well as at Paray-le-Monial, for there are genuine Catholic as well as genuine Protestant mediums; and to these may and probably do appear spirits transfigured and arrayed as Saints and Madonnas, and even as Christs, for the audacity of popery is not readily daunted even by blasphemy.

We certainly would not put faith in the identity of many spirits who influence Protestant mediums, and we certainly would not give evidence to spirits, whatever shapes or names they might assume, who came to reverse the course of the ages; to hurl us back from free mind and enquiry into the frozen night of the middle ages. To put us under the feet of divine-right kings and priests who arrogate the authority to open or shut heaven at their own will, and *at a price*. To reduce us from independent minded beings into machines without a will and almost without a soul. In fact, to degrade us from men into beasts for monks and Jesuits to ride.

On the other hand, it would be a false and unsound rule to treat all spiritual manifestations as spurious and feigned because they are of Catholic growth. Spiritual developments are the exclusive right of no profession, of no religion, of no school, no church, they are the property of the race. We know that Catholic saints have been, in some cases, perhaps many, genuine saints, and have wrought what are called miracles, have done grand deeds of healing. The devotional mind in Catholicism has a free scope for *faith*, if it have no other free scope. It is in faith that Catholic devotees excel the professors of materialistic Protestantism. We don't forget the genuine piety, and the real mediumistic element of a St. Francis of Assissi, a St. Catherine of Sienna, a Madame Guion, or a Curé d'Ars. What we protest against, and ought zealously to guard against, is that these offsprings of real piety, and the real creative spirit of faith in Catholics shall not be seized on by Jesuit conspirators against mankind, and converted into weapons of social desolation. The grand and infallible criterion of the true in Spiritualism, Catholic or Protestant, is the rule of Christ—"By their fruits ye shall know them."

When we see manifestations, the character and essence of which are to free and ennoble human nature, to promote love, and light, and liberty, to make men and women better and truer in all their social and political relations, then we know, and everyone knows, that they are from the true source; but when we see that they tend only backwards on the highway of nations and of life, when they lead only to the cast-off rubbish and rags of the darkest times, when they lead to the childish inanities of pilgrimages and penances, and to the cultivation of filth and vermin, such as the recently made Saint Labrè was

canonized for: when they do this instead of awakening intelligence, inspiriting duty, and refining and exalting the whole moral constitution, when they become the direct engines and artillery of the rampant Jesuitry of to-day, and are inclined to unsettle all nations, to uproot all progress, and to put the necks of mankind once more under the hoofs of cardinals and popes, we know too, equally, whence they come. They may be very *real* manifestations, but they are, at the same time, very false ones—real in fact, false in spirit and kind.

In fact the great battle of Armageddon seems to have commenced: the terrible shaking of the monster deception of the ages at Rome, appears to have startled from their comparative repose, not only the papal hordes and anarchs on earth, but in the invisible. There seems to be a gathering of the papal clans in the infinite regions. For one priest, one bigot, one inquisitor here, there are tens of thousands there. There are the gatherings of the ages: there all the mighty spiritual despots, who set their feet on the necks of the Barbarossas, who made the Emperor Henry wait shivering for four days in the Castle-court of Canossa, who, like Pope Adrian IV., made kings hold their bridles and walk bare-headed at their stirrups. All the Alvas, the Torquinadas, the Dominics, armed with scourges, daggers, and crosses of fire, are up and in arms, and are breathing the hot air of their infernoes into the breasts of the 9,112 Jesuits of the census of 1873, and the hosts of the Ultramontanes. The battle is not simply here, it is on both sides the veil, and on that side ten-thousand-fold more fierce and impetuous than on this.

No doubt, therefore, we shall have yet more plentifully, visions, holy apparitions, and miracles of spirit power. We need not deny their genuineness—we have only to apply to them the rule of the Saviour, “by their fruits shall ye know them.” If they produce only what they are producing now—they may be genuine—they are not divine. Whilst the popish manifestations only go to perpetuate ignorance, base submission to priestly authority, and rebellion against social order and progressive knowledge, the manifestations of Potestant Spiritualism, which the Catholic priests kindly say are all from the devil, will, I do hope and trust, shame the devil and their direct tendency to love, truth, and a more brave and ennobled humanity. Grapes do not grow on thorns, nor figs on thistles; and bearing these clear facts in mind, we may accept Catholic miracles so-called, without accepting the base uses that the papal re-actionists of to-day would make of them. “But the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance.”—Gal. v., 22.



We have only to apply these criteria of the true spirit to the same domineering and factious priests and Legitimists, who are trumpeting abroad the Alacoque visions and the Madonna of Lourdes, for the purposes of Church and State slavery, to know whence they come. They bear, in fact, all the marks of the Beast, not of the lowly Saviour. "Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips; whose mouth is full of curses and bitterness; their feet are swift to shed blood; destruction and misery are in their ways; and the ways of peace have they not found. There is no fear of God before their eyes." (Romans, iii., 13—18.) It is useless to dispute whether the inspiration of such people be genuine; their acts stamp on them clearly as the sun the *nature* of the controlling spirits. To their own master, whoever he be, let them stand or fall.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

Rome, Feb. 5, 1874.

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#### A LETTER WRITTEN AND POSTED BY A SPIRIT.

Mrs. HOLLIS is an American medium now in London, and as we hear from several friends, giving good test *séances*. It was through her mediumship that many of those experiences were obtained, related by the Rev. Dr. Watson, of Tennessee, in *The Clock Struck One*, a book to which Judge Edmonds refers as having made a deep impression in favour of Spiritualism, and the chief means of its recent extensive diffusion in the Southern States of America. Dr. Wolfe, who is mentioned in Mr. Plimpton's letter, has also related his experiences with her. The following letter of Mrs. Jackson (widow of the late J. W. Jackson) appears in the *Medium* of February 6th:—

" 3, Torrington Street.

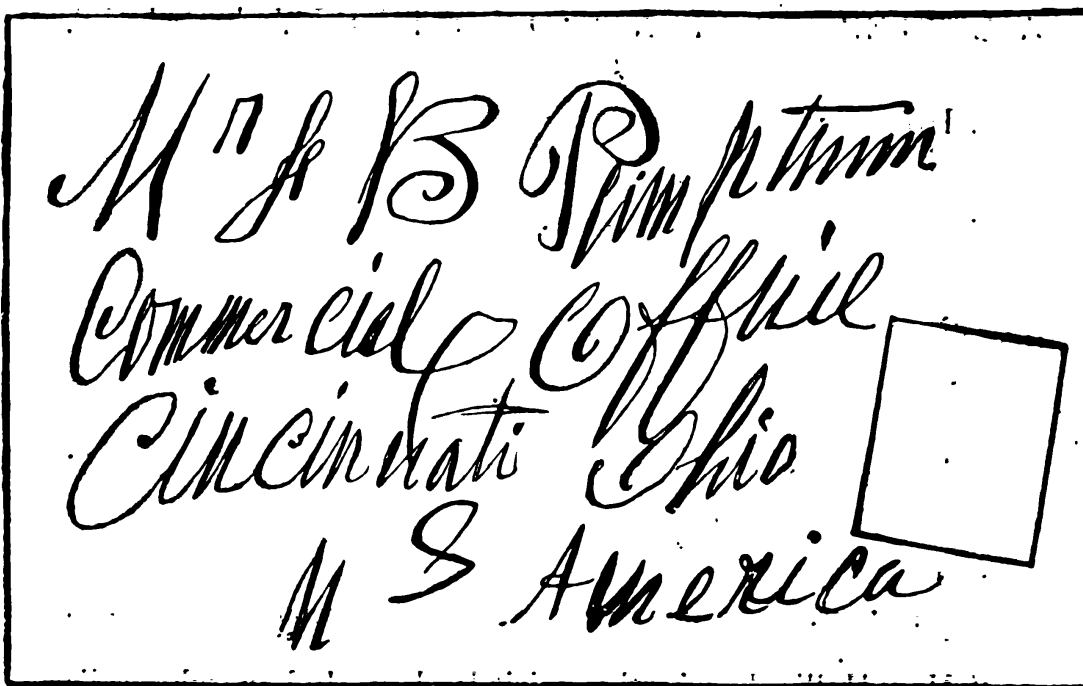
" Sir,—An amusing incident in spiritual manifestations has occurred at Mrs. Hollis's rooms, that is too good to be lost to investigators.

" Mrs. Hollis has in the spirit-land an Indian who calls himself Ski. He shows great fondness for his friends, which he manifests by making them presents or writing to them. About four weeks since he had his picture taken with his medium, at Mr. Hudson's studio. The proof picture was sent home for approval—a stereoscopic one. She placed it on her table, and in a short time a lady called to whom she wished to show it.

She turned to the table for the picture, and could not find it. We made a most thorough search, but no picture could be found. At night, in the dark *séance*, old Ski came and said he had taken his picture and sent it to Mr. Plimpton, of Cincinnati, America, who is one of the editors of the *Daily Commercial*, of that city. I asked, 'How could you get it in an envelope, as it was too long?' He replied in his broken English, that he had cut it in half, and had written a letter, directed his envelope and put a stamp on it, and mailed it in the iron box at the street corner. Although all his former statements had all along proved true, we paid but little attention to this most extraordinary one. This morning, however, the American mail brought a letter from Mr. Plimpton, saying he had received a letter and photograph from Ski, and enclosed the envelope directed by the old Indian, to show his penmanship, which I send to you as a curiosity. I am fully convinced that this occurred outside of any knowledge or action of the medium.

"E. B. JACKSON."

We have had the address on the envelope engraved, an exact representation of which we here give:—



The editor of the *Medium* adds:—

"After receiving Mrs. Jackson's letter we called upon Mrs. Hollis, who handed us Mr. Plimpton's letter. That gentleman is one of the editors of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, and as a journalist and gentleman of honour is well known and highly respected throughout America. We make the following extract

from his letter, dated January 20th, 1874, the date on the envelope of Ski's letter being London, December 23rd, 1873. It may be here observed that as soon as the portrait was missed and Ski had reported what had become of it, Mrs. Hollis wrote to Mr. Plimpton, requesting him to let her know if any such letter reached him. He says:—

“It was my purpose to have written you immediately on the receipt of your letter inquiring about the stereoscopic picture. The same mail that brought your note also brought Ski's letter. I enclose you the envelope of it requesting its return, for it is, in its way, quite a curiosity, and goes to the completeness of the transaction. The letters arrived just as I was leaving for Columbus, where I was detained several days, and this is my first leisure opportunity to write.

“I was not able to make out all that the old chief wrote, but I have the sense of all that is important in the letter. He says the picture is “no good,” and that he will get a better one at the next sitting, and will send one to me and one to Dr. Wolfe, the receipt of whose book he acknowledges. He also says he has been to see me at my house, and could “no get 'em to go way” (alluding to some spirits). He also says you are having big manifestations. This is the substance of his communication, written in his large sprawling hand, and covering two sides of a sheet of news print. You will perceive when he took pen in hand to address the letter how cramped his handwriting became. I do not think it will be Ski's or my duty in the spirit-land to give lessons in penmanship, though we may be required to take a few.

“The stereoscopic picture has been cut in two, and I think trimmed at the edges, though of that I am not certain, since it was but a sample, and the artist may have pasted the views to a card just big enough to receive them. I adjusted them into a good instrument, which brought out Ski's features more distinctly than they show when looked at with the unassisted eye. Ski has held his head forward, showing the features very handsomely, and his prominent nose very decidedly, but the other features are not distinct, especially the eye. I notice that there does not seem to have been any materialisation of the legs below the hem of his frock. It is a very interesting picture, and one we all prize. Will you be good enough to give my personal thanks to Ski for his attentive kindness.

“As a proof that Ski did address the envelope we have facsimiled, it may be stated that this spirit writes in a similar hand on a slate when required. We visited Mrs. Hollis on Tuesday to have a specimen done before our eyes, but that lady was too ill to sit. She gets writing done by the spirits direct, at any

time in daylight, by holding a slate with a little bit of pencil on it under a table in the shade, caused by the cover hanging down the sides. In this way we have got messages signed in the exact handwriting of the person who thus purported to communicate from the spirit-world. The handwriting to which we allude is also very peculiar, so that the test was complete and satisfactory. Mrs. Hollis has done and is doing very much for the promotion of Spiritualism.

In the next number of the *Medium*, the editor gives a *fac-simile* of direct spirit-writing, professedly by this Indian spirit, obtained at a *séance* with Mrs. Hollis, in presence of himself and other witnesses. The chirography corresponds with that of the *fac-simile* above given.

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## SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

By THOMAS BREVIOR.

THE REV. SAMUEL NOBLE AND THE REV. JOHN CLOWES.

A SOMEWHAT bitter *animus* to Spiritualism has of late years been shown by the little sect which, making the revelations of Swedenborg—the great spiritual medium and seer—into a finality, has arrogated to itself the title of “The Lord’s New Church.” And this has led to the secession from the Swedenborgian camp of the nobler spirits who had been brought together by their common interest in the writings of the great Swedish philosopher and theologian. This narrow sectarianism and jealousy of new truths and fresh evidence of the future life transmitted through other and later mediæ, was not entertained either by Swedenborg himself or his earlier and truer disciples, who were guided by purer lights, and in some instances were also, like their master, spirit-mediums. The introductory essay to *Swedenborg’s Heaven and Hell*, by the Rev. Thomas Hartley, but for its length, might well be reprinted in this Magazine. Dr. Wilkinson, the translator of Swedenborg; and his most-gifted disciple, was one of the first to hail the new light of Spiritualism, as was also William White, his most complete biographer and expositor. *The Intellectual Repository* (the organ of the Swedenborgians) at one time eagerly welcomed all new evidence of spiritual agency, as confirming Swedenborg’s disclosures. *Noble’s Appeal* (a work which, as Mr. White truly says,

occupies in Swedenborgian literature a similar place to that of *Barclay's Apology* among the Quakers) abounds with illustrations of Spiritualism. Dr. Wilkinson wrote *Improvisations from the Spirit*, a volume of poems avowedly given him by spiritual impression; and both the Rev. Samuel Noble and the Rev. John Clowes—another of the early pillars of the “New Church”—were spirit-mediums.

Mr. Noble, though discountenancing the manifestations, suspecting them to be of evil origin, was yet in the latter years of his life an unwilling evidence to their truth. One day a lady of his congregation calling upon him rapped at his room door for entrance. She received no reply. Then she rapped again, and still no reply; a third time she rapped, and then he called “Come in.” “Why, Mr. Noble,” she said, “did you not hear me knocking before?” “Oh, yes,” he answered, but I am so troubled with knockings in my room, that I did not pay any attention, never thinking it was you.”

From the following letter by Mr. Clowes, addressed to Mr. Hindmarsh in 1799, and published in the *Intellectual Repository and New Jerusalem Magazine*, for May, 1832, we learn that he enjoyed a close and sensible communion with spirits for a considerable period:—

“Dear Sir,—The report which you have heard concerning my answer to the Abbé Barruel is not true, according to the manner in which you relate it; for there was no *visible* appearance of any angel or spirit on the occasion. There *was*, however, *sensibly* experienced an invisible dictate from some spirit or other in the first place *suggesting to write the answer*, and this with such an over-ruling power, that though I had previously in my own mind discarded every thought of writing, pleading infirmity both of mind and body, I could now no longer withstand the influence, and every difficulty and excuse was removed. In the *next place*, there was observed, during almost the whole time of writing, a sensible dictate from spirits at my first waking in the morning, attended with inexpressible delight, and exciting by their presence such a holy awe, that I was frequently constrained to rise in bed, and acknowledge with humble gratitude their kind offices. On these occasions also many thoughts were suggested for the work of the following day, and in this sense I had little to do but to act as an *amanuensis*, being *sensibly convinced* that what I wrote was from others, and not from myself. This I have frequently experienced in the writing of sermons, many of which have been thus dictated throughout by spirits, when I have chanced to awake in the night.

“This you may depend upon as a true statement of the subject of your enquiries.

“I remain, with all respect, and best prayers for your welfare,

“Your ever affectionate;

“J. CLOWES.”

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MADAME GUION.

Some years ago we published in this Magazine (Vol. III., p. 529) an account of the remarkable experiences of Madame Guion, her supernatural dreams, presentiments, inward voices, internal respiration, interior illumination, and spiritual influx, and her silent converse by interior communication with those with whom she was in intimate sympathy. We also alluded to the method by which, as she herself explains, some of her compositions were written. Under the title of *The Mystical Sense of the Sacred Scriptures*, a translation into English, by Thomas Watson Duncan, has just appeared of her work on *The Books of the Old and New Testament, with Explanations and Reflections regarding the Interior Life*. This volume comprises Genesis—Deuteronomy. It is prefaced with the following “advertisement:”—

“The original French edition of this work was published in 20 small octavo volumes, at Cologne, in the years 1713-15. That it has not hitherto appeared in an English dress is a matter of no small astonishment when we consider the remarkably eventful life of its pious author, the great merits of the work itself, and the peculiar method of its production. In that wonderful book, her Autobiography, Madame Guion thus writes:—

“Thou wast not content to make me speak, my God! Thou didst move me moreover to write the Holy Scripture. It had been sometime since I had read at all, not finding in myself any void to be filled, but, on the contrary, rather too much fulness. When I began to read the Holy Scripture, it was given me to write the passage I read, and instantly thereon its explication. Whilst writing the passage I had not the least thought of the explication, but, immediately that it was written, I was impelled to explain it, writing with inconceivable swiftness. Before I wrote I knew not what I was going to write, and I saw that I was writing things that I had never known; I was illumined to see that I had in me treasures of wisdom and knowledge I had not even known of. Had I written? I remembered nothing whatever of what I had penned, and neither the ideas nor figures remained to me. I could not make use of any part of it for the help of souls; but

our Lord gave me at the time I spoke to them, without any study or reflection of mine, all that was needful for them.

“ Thus our Lord made me go on with the explication of the whole of the Sacred Scriptures. I had no other book but the Bible, and never made use of any but that, without even seeking for anything. When, in writing upon the Old Testament, I made use of passages of the New to support what I had said, it was without seeking for them, but they were given me along with the explication; and the same with the New Testament, I therein made use of passages of the Old, and they were given me in like manner, without my seeking for anything. I had no time to write except in the night, for I found it necessary to speak the whole day, without any reliance on myself (no more for speaking than for writing), and without being any more concerned about my health or life than of myself. I had only one or two hours' sleep every night, and with that I had the fever almost every day, generally a fourth part. And yet I continued writing without inconvenience, without caring whether I lived or died. He, to whom I belonged without reserve, did with me all that He pleased, without my mixing myself with His work. Thou didst quicken me Thyself, O my God! and to me so entire a dependence and obedience to Thy will was necessary, that Thou wouldst not suffer the least movement of nature. Did the least thing enter therein, Thou didst punish it, and it fell immediately.

“ Thou didst make me write with so much purity, that I was obliged to leave off and begin again as Thou wast pleased. Thou didst try me in every way; all at once Thou didst make me write, then cease immediately, and then resume. When I wrote during the day, I was suddenly interrupted, and often left words half-finished, and Thou didst give me afterwards what Thou pleasedst. What I wrote was not in my head; that part was kept free. I was so disengaged from what I wrote that it was, as it were, strange to me. If I gave way to reflection I was punished for it, my writing was stopped immediately, and I stood still until I was enlightened from above. All the faults in my writings come from my not being accustomed to God's operation, being often unfaithful therein, and believing I did well to continue writing when I had time, without feeling the immediate impulse of the Spirit, because I had been ordered to finish the work; so that it is easy to see some places clear and consistent, and others which have neither taste nor unction. I have left them such as they are, so that the difference may be seen between the Spirit of God, and the human and natural spirit. Yet I am ready, however, if ordered, to adjust them according to my present light. . . . .

“ I still continued writing with inconceivable rapidity, for the hand could scarce follow fast enough the Spirit which dictated; and through the whole progress of so long a work, I never changed my manner nor made use of any other book than the Bible itself. The transcriber, whatever diligence he used, could not copy in five days what I wrote in one night. Whatever is good in it comes from Thee alone, O my God! whatever is otherwise, from myself—I mean from my infidelity, and from the mixture that I have unwittingly made of my own impurity with Thy pure and chaste doctrine. At the beginning I committed many faults, not being yet trained to the working of the Spirit of God that made me write. For He made me cease writing when I had time, and could do so conveniently, and when I seemed to be greatly in want of sleep, it was then He made me write. When I wrote during the day, it was with continual interruptions, for I had not time to eat, on account of the great number of people that came to me; I was obliged to leave everything when it was required of me; and, to crown all, the girl that served me in the state I before spoke of, without any reason, came suddenly to interrupt me, just as it was her humour. I often left the sense half finished, without being concerned whether what I wrote was connected or not. The parts that may be defective, are so only because sometimes I wished to write when I had time; and it was not grace that was the source then. If these places were frequent it would be pitiable. At last I accustomed myself, by degrees, to follow God's manner, and not my own.

“ I wrote the Canticles in a day and a half, and received visits besides. The rapidity with which I wrote was so great, that my arm swelled up and became quite rigid. During the night it caused me extreme pain, and I did not think I could write any longer. There appeared to me, as I slept, a soul in purgatory, who pressed me to ask her deliverance from my Divine Spouse. I did so, and she seemed to me to be immediately delivered. I said to her, If it is true that thou art delivered, heal my arm; and it was instantly healed, and in a fit state for writing.

“ Here I may add to what I have said about my writings, that a considerable part of the book of Judges happened by some means to be lost. Being desired to render that book complete, I wrote over again the places lost. Afterwards, when the people were about leaving the house, they were found. My former and latter explications, on comparison, were found to be perfectly conformable to each other, which greatly surprised persons of knowledge and merit, who attested the truth of it.

“ This work, then, born in the Augean stable of a great



apostacy, hated or neglected for nearly two centuries by the so-called Christian Churches, we recognise as of celestial origin, and seek to rescue from unmerited obscurity. The translator of the present volume has been led, from the exceptional nature of the work, and the peculiarities of the author's French, to aim at a literal, rather than a classical translation."

It would be foreign to our purpose to offer any critical notice of this work, but we may remark, that by the "mystical sense" of Scripture, our author only means what Swedenborg would call "the spiritual or internal sense of the Word;" and it may be interesting to the students of Swedenborg to compare with his exposition that of Madame Guion, written more than half a century before. The author's Preface is affixed to the work, as well as her subsequent addition to the Preface, and this additional Preface it may not be wholly out of place here to quote:—

The Holy Scriptures possess an infinite depth and many different senses. The great men of learning have clung to the *literal* and other senses; but no one has undertaken, that I know of, to explain *the mystical sense or interior*, at least entirely. It is this that our Lord has caused me to explain here for the use of souls who desire with all their hearts to enter not only into the exterior of Christianity, but to participate in the most profound grace of the Christian, which is the *interior*. I am obliged to declare that I have done nothing but lend my hand to Him who conducted me inwardly; so that whatever is good therein, must be entirely attributed to Him; if there is anything that cannot be considered such, I have unwittingly mixed my false lights with those of the Holy Spirit. I beg the reader, however, not to adhere scrupulously to the letter, and to be persuaded that there will be many things that he will not understand, since they will surpass his experience; let him not judge of them on that account; but, making use of the first means given him, let him labour with all his might to enter into perfect love, into a spirit of faith, and a total *abandon* to the conduct of Jesus Christ, and then he will soon experience the things he is ignorant of at present. The more he believes in the all power of God and his love for men, the more he lets himself be conducted to God by a blind *abandon*, the more he will love purely; the more also will he be enlightened as to the truths that are contained in the mystical sense of the Divine Scriptures. He will discover then with infinite joy that all these experiences are there described in a manner simple, yet clear; he will find himself happy in meeting a guide to pass over the Red Sea and the frightsome desert that follows; but he will not comprehend his perfect felicity until he be arrived at the promised land, where all his past labours will appear to him but dreams. Transported with so great a happiness, he will not believe it to have been too dearly bought by all the troubles he has borne, even though he should have suffered many far greater.

I pray the reader also to note, that of so great a people that came out of the land of Egypt, there arrived only two persons into the promised land. How comes this? from want of courage, regretting unceasingly that they had left. If they had been courageous and faithful, only a few months would have been necessary to arrive there; but murmuring and despondency made them remain on the road 40 years. It happens as much thus to persons whom God desires to conduct by the interior. They regret, not the onions of Egypt, but the sensible sweetnesses when they are desired to walk in a purer and barer road; they do not wish so delicate a food as manna, they desire something more sensible; they revolt against their Conductor, and, far from profiting by the goodness of God, they raise His anger and kindle His fury; so that they make for themselves an

extremely long road, and turn round about the mountain; if they advance one step, they fall back four, and the greater part do not arrive at the promised end by their own fault.

Let us take courage, my dear brethren, let us endeavour to reach the goal without ever being discouraged by the difficulties we find on our way. We have a sure Guide, who is this *cloud* during the day, which concealing from us the brightness of the sun, leads us the more surely; we have during the darkest night of faith the *pillar of fire*, which guides us also. What is this *pillar of fire*, if not sacred love, which becomes the more glowing as faith appears the more obscure and dark? Let us be content with this hidden *manna* of the interior, which will nourish us much better than the grosser meats that our senses so ardently desire. Let us choose the mystic *tomb* and not that of *concupiscence*.

Besides all these beautiful figures which the Old Testament proffers us to conduct us into the interior, Jesus Christ has come himself to show us a real and a sure road. It is no longer mysterious and admirable figures, it is a living model, it is the words of truth; Jesus Christ is the *way* by which we must walk, He is the *truth* that instructs us, the *life* that animates us; He has given us in reality what our ancient fathers had but in figure. If, nevertheless, they followed the road of the *interior*, how much more ought Christians to walk therein who have so palpable an example in the whole life of Jesus Christ. He teaches us nothing else in the Gospel, as we shall see. It can be said that the *interior* is the spirit of the Gospel, as outward practices are its letter. The apostles continued to teach it to us by their examples and writings. Let us walk then in this way, so pure, so simple, so sure, though we may not feel the assurance, and we shall walk according to the will of God.

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#### MARGARET FULLER.

In Memoirs of Margaret Fuller (Countess Ossoli), by R. W. Emerson, W. H. Channing, and others, under the head "Arcana," are related the following curious particulars concerning her:—

"It was soon evident that there was somewhat a little pagan about her, and that she had some faith, more or less distinct in a fate, and in a guardian genius; that her fancy or her pride had played with her religion. She had a taste for gems, ciphers, talismans, omens, coincidences, and birthdays. She had a special love for the planet Jupiter, and a belief that the month of September was inauspicious to her. She never forgot that her name, Margarita, signified a pearl. "When I first met with the name Lelia," she said, "I knew from the very look and sound it was mine; I knew that it meant night—night, which brings out stars as sorrow brings out truths." Sortilege she valued. She tried *sortes biblicæ*, and her hits were memorable. I think each new book which interested her, she was disposed to put to this test, and know if it had somewhat personal to say to her. As happens to such persons, these guesses were justified by the event. She chose carbuncle for her own stone, and when a dear friend was to give her a gem, this was the one selected. She valued what she had somewhere read, that carbuncles are male and female. The female casts

out light, the male has his within himself. 'Mine,' she said, 'is the male;' and she was wont to put on her carbuncle, a bracelet, or some selected gem to write letters to certain friends. One of her friends she coupled with the onyx, another in a decided way with the amethyst. She learned that the ancients esteemed this gem a talisman to dispel intoxication—to give good thoughts and understanding. (The Greek meaning is *antidote against intoxication*.) She characterized her friends by these stones. Coincidences, good and bad, *contretemps*, seals, ciphers, mottoes, omens, anniversaries, names, dreams, are all of a certain importance to her. Her letters are often dated on some marked anniversary of her own, or of her correspondent's character. She signalized saints' days, 'All Souls' and 'All Saints,' by poems, which had for her a mystical value. She remarked a pre-established harmony in the names of her personal friends, as well as of her historical favourites: that of Emanuel for Swedenborg, and Rosencranz for the head of the Rosicrucians.

"'If Christian Rosencranz,' she said, 'is not a made name, the genius of the age interfered in the baptismal rite, as in the cases of the archangels of art, Michael and Raphael, and in giving the name of Emanuel to the Captain of the New Jerusalem. *Sub rosa cruz*, I think, is the true derivation, and not the chemical one, generation, corruption, etc.' In this spirit she soon surrounded herself with a little mythology of her own. She had a series of anniversaries, which she kept. Her seal-ring of the flying Mercury had its legend. She chose the *Listrum* for her emblem, and had it carefully drawn with a view to its being engraved on a gem. And I know not how many verses and legends came recommended to her by this symbolism. Her dreams, of course, partook of this symmetry. The same dream returns to her periodically, annually, and punctual to its night. One dream she marks in her journal as repeated for the fourth time:—

"'In C., I at last distinctly recognized the figure of the early vision, whom I found after I left A., who led me on the bridge, towards the city, glittering in sunset; but, midway, the bridge went under water. I have often seen in her face that it was she, but refused to believe it.'"

The writer, after stating his belief that there "was something abnormal in those obscure habits and necessities which we denote by the word temperament," and adding other particulars concerning her, continues:—

"It were long to tell her peculiarities. Her childhood was full of presentiments. She was then a somnambulist. She was subject to attacks of delirium, and, later, perceived that she had

spectral illusions. When she was twelve, she had a determination of blood to the head. 'My parents,' she said, 'were much mortified to see the fineness of my complexion destroyed. My own vanity was for a time severely wounded; but I recovered, and made up my mind to be bright and ugly.'

"She was all her lifetime the victim of disease and pain. She read and wrote in bed, and believed that she could understand anything better when she was ill. Pain acted like a girdle, to give tension to her powers. A lady who was with her one day during a terrible attack of nervous headache, which made Margaret totally helpless, assured me that Margaret was yet in the finest vein of humour, and kept those who were assisting her in a strange, painful excitement, between laughing and crying, by perpetual brilliant sallies. There were other peculiarities of habit and power. When she turned her head on one side, she alleged she had second-sight, like St. Francis. These traits or predispositions made her a willing listener to all the uncertain science of mesmerism and its goblin brood, which have been rife in recent years.

"She had seen many persons, and had entire confidence in her own discrimination of characters. She saw and foresaw all in her first interview. She had certainly made her own selections with great precision, and had not been disappointed. When pressed for a reason, she replied in one instance, 'I have no good reason to give for what I think of —.'"

With these peculiarities of temperament and character she felt strongly interested in Kerner's *Seeress of Prevorst*, of which in her *Summer on the Lakes* she gives an extended abstract, interspersed with her own reflections. Here is an extract from it:—

The most interesting of these facts, to me, are her impressions from minerals and plants. Her impressions coincide with many ancient superstitions.

The hazel woke her immediately and gave her more power, therefore the witch with her hazel wand probably found herself superior to those around her. We may also mention, in reference to witchcraft, that Dr. K. asserts that, in certain moods of mind, she had no weight, but was upborne upon water, like cork, thus confirming the propriety and justice of our forefather's ordeal for witchcraft!

The laurel produced on her the highest magnetic effect, therefore the Sybils had good reason for wearing it on their brows.

"The laurel had on her, as on most sleep-wakers, a distinguishing magnetic effect. We thus see why the priestess at Delphi, previous to uttering her oracles, shook a laurel tree, and then seated herself on a tripod covered with laurel boughs. In the temple of Æsculapius, and others, the laurel was used to excite sleep and dreams."

From grapes she declared she received impressions which corresponded with those caused by the wines made from them. Many kinds were given her, one after the other, by the person who raised them, and who gives a certificate as to the accuracy of her impressions, and his belief that she could not have derived them from any cause but that of the touch.

She prescribed vegetable substances to be used in her machine (as a kind of vapour bath), and with good results to herself.

She enjoyed contact with minerals, deriving from those she liked a sense of concentrated life. Her impressions of the precious stones corresponded with many superstitions of the ancients, which led to the preference of certain gems for amulets, on which they had engraved talismanic figures.

Many of her untaught notions remind us of other seers of a larger scope. She, too, receives this life as one link in a long chain; and thinks that immediately after death, the meaning of the past life will appear to us as one word. . . . Certainly, I think he would be dull, who could see no meaning or beauty in the history of the forester's daughter of Prevorst. She lived but nine-and-twenty years, yet in that time had traversed a larger portion of the field of thought than all her race before, in their many and long lives. . . . Do not blame me that I have written so much about Germany and Hades, while you were looking for news of the West.

Concerning spirit intercourse, she writes:—

As to the power of holding intercourse with spirits emancipated from our present sphere, we see no reason why it should not exist; and do some reason why it should rarely be developed, but none why it should not sometimes. These spirits are, we all believe, existent somehow; and there seems to be no good reason why a person in spiritual nearness to them, whom such intercourse cannot agitate or engross so that he cannot walk steadily in his present path, should not enjoy it when of use to him.

I do not cite these passages as of evidential value in regard to Spiritualism, but as curious psychological experiences of a woman of singular force and character and originality of thought. However strange and fantastic some of her ideas may seem, they at least illustrate the deep sympathy of the human spirit with, and its earnest reachings toward, that invisible world with which our life is so intimately blended.

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## SPIRITS, SPIRITUALISTS, AND THE GOVERNMENTS OF FRANCE.

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### PART II.

THOMAS MARTIN OF GALLARDON.

IN the beginning of the year 1816, in the midst of Voltarian scepticism, and during the reign of a thoroughly sceptical king, Louis XVIII., a rumour became rife that a peasant at Beance had received mysterious revelations by means of a supernatural voice, that he had endeavoured to communicate them to the king, according to the orders he had received, and had succeeded. That the king, in spite of his disbelief in apparitions, and everything supernatural, had been much moved by Martin's revelations, and had desired that he should be well cared for. No one knew the nature of the information given, as the interview had been strictly private.

Consequently all kinds of reports became current, and a pamphlet was even published on the subject—entitled *An Account of the Events which occurred to Thomas Martin, a labourer, at Gallardon, in the early part of 1816, by Louis Silvy, Magistrate*. The object of this little work was evidently not to explain to the public Martin's secret confidences, but to satisfy, as far as possible, the universal curiosity. The author had taken every pains to make himself acquainted with the life of the young man, had visited amongst other places a mad asylum where he had been for a time confined, and closely questioned the doctors as to his state of mind. The following are the facts given in the pamphlet, in Michaud's biography, and later information collected on the subject :

On the 15th January, 1816, as Martin was manuring his field, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, a man suddenly appeared to him, of medium height, and slight figure, with a thin pale face, wearing a light coat reaching almost to his heels, a tall hat, and shoes tied with strings. He said to him in a sweet voice—

“ You must go and find the king, and tell him that he and the princes are in imminent personal danger ; that some ill-disposed persons are endeavouring to overturn the government, and that several letters have already circulated in certain provinces on this subject ; that he must be very cautious and particularly watchful of his police in all towns, but especially in the capital. Tell him, also, to keep the Lord's Day holy. It is at present almost unknown to many of his subjects. All public works should cease on that day ; that solemn prayers may be offered up for the conversion of the people, and that they may repent ; and that he should abolish those revels so prevalent before Lent. If he neglects all these things, France will see great misfortunes. The king should act towards his people as a father towards his children, and when punishment is needed, he should punish a few as an example to all. If he does not do as he is desired, it will cause his ruin.”

Such were, according to the pamphlet, the words of the stranger to Thomas Martin ; but if they are strictly correct, and if the mysterious visitor intended more than to act on the workman's religious feelings, does not appear. Possibly he wished to induce Martin to go to Paris, determining to tell him more before his interview with the king. Martin, with truly rustic simplicity, answered the stranger thus—

“ Why do you not seek some one else to execute such a commission, or you who seem to know so much about it, why do you not go the king yourself? Why apply to a poor man like me?”

"No," answered the stranger, "you must go. Pay attention to all I say to you; and you will do what I command you."

After these words, spoken with authority, it seemed as though his feet raised themselves up in the air; his head bent, and his body collapsed, vanishing suddenly into thin air. Martin seriously alarmed, tried to escape, and return home, but he could not. Against his will he seemed forced to remain in the field, and his work, which in a usual way would have taken about two hours to accomplish, was finished in half that time, which added not a little to his wonder. On his return home he confided to his mother what had occurred, and the two sought the parish priest to ask him what these strange facts could mean. The priest reassured them, advising Martin to eat, drink, and sleep well, to work as usual, and not to give way to his imagination. Martin persisted that he had not done so, and three similar apparitions in the same week proved to him that he had not been dreaming. The last of these took place in church. As he entered and was taking the holy water, he saw the stranger, who stationed himself outside his seat during the service, to which he listened with a devout air. He had no hat either on his head or in his hands, but when he left the church with Martin he perceived he wore a hat as before. The stranger followed him to his house, and then suddenly facing him said—"Execute your commission; do what I bid you, for you will have no peace until you have accomplished it."

And he disappeared, but Martin never saw him vanish again as he had done on the first occasion. The members of his family who had accompanied him to church, were asked if they had seen nothing of what had occurred, to which they replied, that they had neither seen nor heard anything; but by those who are initiated in these phenomena, and the spiritual laws which govern them, this will be very easily understood, for spirits never manifest themselves more fully than their missions require, and all organizations are not fitted to perceive or to hear them. Their presence might involve danger to some excitable natures, and others are not gifted with those moral qualities necessary for the fulfilment of such missions. Perhaps Martin was one of those men with a singular mediumistic organization especially suited to the accomplishment of the wonderful deeds which he was the means of executing, and no doubt for that reason the spirit chose him out of all the inhabitants of France. On the 24th of January a mass was celebrated at Gallardon at Martin's request. In his simple Catholic faith he implored the help of Divine grace to enlighten him as to the truth of the apparition, for he considered himself victim of some witchcraft. He was present at it with all his family, and on his return home, as he

was going up to the loft to get some corn, he met the stranger, who said to him in a determined voice, and addressing him in the second person for the only time—"Do what I command thee, it is quite time."

The priest, at last convinced of his parishioner's good faith, and not daring to make himself judge in so important an affair, sent him with a letter to the Bishop of Versailles, in whose diocese he was. The Bishop, having seen and questioned Martin, and observed his perfect simplicity and honesty, charged him to ask the stranger, in his name, who he was, and who sent him. In the meantime he thought it advisable to inform the head of the police of the circumstances.

Three days after this interview the stranger again appeared to Martin, who was somewhat relieved at having confided in the bishop, and said to him—"Your commission is well begun, but those in whose hands you have placed it are not busying themselves about it. I was present, though invisible, when you made your declaration. He told you to ask me my name and from whom I come. He who employs me is above me." And he pointed upwards.

Martin answered, "But why address yourself to me to execute such a commission, who am but a poor peasant, when there are so many clever people in the world?"

"It is," answered the stranger, "to confound pride. Take care that you do not become proud of what you have heard and seen. Be honest. Be present at the services of the church on Sundays and holidays. Avoid drinking houses, where all kinds of iniquities are perpetrated, and wicked converse held."

Martin's conduct was in accordance with all this, for as he himself said, his piety consisted in carrying out God's and the church's commandments. During the month of February the spirit appeared several times. Martin was told that he would be conducted to the king, and that secret things would be made known to him just before he was admitted to the royal presence. On one occasion the stranger said to him—"Hasten your commission. Those who have it now in hand are puffed up with pride. France is in a state of frenzy. You will appear before scepticism and confound it!"

And the spirit added, as though with a view to excite his listener—"If what I ask is not done, the greater part of the nation will perish, and France will be a prey to all misfortunes, and a mark of horror and scorn to all nations."

All these apparitions were very annoying to the labourer, and like the prophet Jonah he thought for a time of flying from his country and home, deserting his wife and four children. He told no one of his intention, but one day as he was going up to



thresh corn, the stranger appeared, and reproached him for the thought, saying, "You could not have gone far, for you must accomplish your destiny."

Soon after, the *Prefêt* of the Department of Eure-et-Loire, the Comte de Breteuil, received an order to see and examine Martin, who was made acquainted with this fact the evening before it took place, by the spirit, who commanded him to make a full declaration. The *Prefêt* threatened to cast Martin in irons into prison for daring to make such revelations; but he answered—"I only tell the truth."

The Comte de Breteuil, astonished at so much assurance, mingled with simplicity, determined to hand him over to the head of the police in Paris. He was dispatched the next morning with a lieutenant of the *gendarmerie*, André by name, and arrived in Paris the same night. The next day, as he was being taken to the police office, the stranger appeared to him in the yard, and advised him to answer all questions without fear. He was then taken before the Duke de Decayes, who examined him very narrowly, and pretended at first, in order to disconcert him, that the person who had appeared to him had just been arrested. "And how did you manage to seize him?" asked Martin, "for he disappears like lightning."

The Duke then endeavoured to ascertain if Martin was using means to extort money from the king; but he answered, "Riches are compatible with pride, and do not agree with virtue. All that is necessary is to have enough to live upon. He who practises virtue is God's friend, and he that is proud is the friend of devils."

That evening on his return home, the stranger, said to have been arrested, appeared to him, telling him that the ministers could have no power over him, and that it was high time the king was made acquainted with the facts. The *gendarme* was absent at the time, but on his return Martin repeated to him what he had just heard, and André hurried off to inform the police of this latter fact, while the labourer calmly retired to rest and slept. On his awakening he had another vision, announcing to him that Dr. Pinel would come on that day to examine if his brain were not deranged; "but those who send him are far more mad than you."

At three o'clock the doctor came and conversed for some time with him. A second visit from the same doctor was subsequently announced to him, during which Martin told him everything connected with the apparition.

"If there is nothing more the matter with you than that," said the doctor, "we will soon cure you." "But I am not ill," answered Martin. "I sleep, eat, and drink well."

"That's true," said André, "he does sleep well, for I do not sleep at all by night, and I hear him snore."

Nevertheless the doctor departed, fully convinced that his brain was deranged. In these days our sceptics would declare that a morbid state of the nervous system accounted for everything. In all cases, purely material, science has fallen short of the grand phenomena of pneumatology.

Martin's constancy began to be shaken. Was he always to submit thus to the guidance of an unknown spirit, which, perchance, might cause him to risk the danger of imprisonment, or confinement in a lunatic asylum? He was thus reflecting, on the 10th of March, when the spirit appeared, determined to impress him even more vividly, and to use his religious faith for this purpose, to render him still more submissive, and heroically disposed to suffer. The spirit told him that he made use of him, an uneducated peasant, to humble the pride of the learned, and convince the incredulous. He then added, "I wished my name to remain unknown, but since unbelief is so strong, I must disclose it to you. I am the angel Raphael, and I have received the power to strike France with every kind of plague."

The good villager was seized with fear and trembling on hearing these words, and informed the gendarme, as before, of this new revelation; and he, much surprised by all these wonders, felt a strong wish to be present at the next celestial manifestation. The wished-for opportunity soon occurred. On the 12th of March, about seven o'clock in the evening, as Martin was dressing, the angel appeared near the window, and announced that if his instructions were not followed several French towns would be destroyed; that no stone should be left untouched, and that the kingdom should be convulsed by every kind of calamity and misery. Martin at once hastened to inform the officer that the angel was there, and had spoken to him. André leaped out of bed, and ran to the spot, extending his arms and feeling everywhere, without seeing or discovering anything. Martin remarked that during the search, the angel continually changed places, as if to avoid being touched. The gendarme, astonished at neither seeing nor hearing what the peasant saw or heard, exclaimed, "Even if I cannot see, I ought to hear."

If the officer had understood the laws governing the manifestations of spiritual phenomena, he would have known that most usually spirits can be perceived and heard alone by those who are gifted with the susceptible nature which we are accustomed to term "mediumistic," or through participation with them in their magnetic condition.

The same day, at ten o'clock, Martin had another apparition,

and the angel told him inquiries were about to be made concerning him. He at once informed his brother by a letter, which reached Gallardon on the 14th. A ministerial despatch was addressed to the Prefêt on the 15th, who instantly wrote to the Curé, at Gallardon, who received the letter on the 16th, thus confirming all particulars of the angel's prediction. The ministerial despatch and Martin's letter were sent later to Dr. Pinel and Dr. Bayor Collard, intact, to confirm the truth of the statement, and were placed by them among the documents at the Royal Hospital, at Charenton.

On the 13th Martin was warned that his companion was about to quit him, and return to his department, while he would be conducted to a house, and detained there. He was taken to the asylum at Charenton and confined there, in consequence of the statement made by Dr. Pinel, and had to submit to a fresh interrogation the same day. This was a severe trial for a poor man, who was but the submissive and devoted instrument of another will. Without the assurance received by him that the controlling power was that of an Archangel, his courage would have failed; and Raphael did not abandon him, but whispered words of comfort and support during his trial. On the morning of the 15th, the angel again appeared, and as the medical men continued to regard Martin as a visionary, the angel told him, "It is only doctors of theology, initiated in the history of all the phenomena of apparitions and the communications of spirits, who can understand the seriousness of the revelations made through you; let them be consulted, and they will recognise the stamp of truth; but if they will not believe that which is predicted, place your confidence in God, and be assured no harm shall befall you. Peace be upon you, be not troubled."

The medical report mentions that although Martin had always enjoyed perfect mental tranquillity after this last apparition, he appeared to be filled with even a greater degree of internal peace and tranquillity; also, that the simple man, not knowing the meaning of doctor of theology mentioned by the angel, inquired an explanation of the word from the superintendent of the house.

During the three weeks of his detention at Charenton, Martin had several other visions that proved to him that the future, and even the thoughts of men, were known to the angel. This strengthened him, even more, in the conviction that these extraordinary revelations emanated from a Divine source.

The spirit told him that if he were detained in that house, it was to examine into his state of health and mind, but that no doctor could discover any disease. In fact they could not find any complaint in body or mind, and all was set down to hallu-

ination. The report, at last, reached the Court, of the extraordinary manifestations constantly occurring, and the Archbishop of Rheims, Grand Almoner of France, made known the medical reports, and M. de Montmorency and M. La Rochefoucauld, visited Martin, and declared him to be a man of sense and probity.

The report also of the *Prefêt d'Eure-et-Loire*, of Martin and his family being excellent, the king, curious to see him, determined to send for Martin.

On the 2nd of April he was taken from the Royal Asylum, and conducted to the Tuileries, dressed in his brown gaiters and every-day clothes. Raphael appeared to him in the minister's cabinet. It was the twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth appearance and the last. He said, "You are about to be presented to the king, and you will be alone with him. Have no care or fear for what you have to say. The words shall be put into your mouth."

Effectively Martin declared that before he entered the presence of the king, he knew not what he had to say to him, yet he had no hesitation or difficulty in speaking from first to last in the long interview that took place between them.

When introduced into the royal presence, the king desired all to leave the room. The subsequent confidences of the king and the peasant relate, that having saluted his majesty, and inquired for his health, Martin briefly related the apparitions he had seen, and the mission he had received from an unknown in the name of the Most High, as a proof of the truth of the facts. Martin recalled to the king peculiar circumstances that had occurred during his youth and his exile. The words came to him, even as the angel had promised, without effort or thought, and it appeared as though some one were speaking through his mouth. The king was much surprised, and exclaimed, "Oh, my God, it is indeed true!" and he added, "Those facts were only known to God, myself, and now to you. Promise me inviolable secrecy."

The relation of these circumstances was printed the same year, consequently under the king's sanction, testifying that Martin was neither silly nor mad, and that he had communicated things unknown to any save God, the king, and himself; also, that the facility of speaking had ceased as soon as he had fulfilled his mission.

In 1839, in republishing this narrative, the author adds—  
"That the king replied to the *Duchesse de Berri*, during breakfast, before several witnesses, on her questioning about Martin,"  
"That he was a very honest man, and had given good advice, by which he hoped to profit."

The only account of this interview, then allowed to be published, says that—"Martin, after alluding to the vicissitudes of the king's life, predicted new misfortunes if the king did not commit acts of great intolerance, and force the incredulous to return to the bosom of the Church, to observe the Sabbath day; and to suppress the excesses of the fête days; that if this were not done France would once more be smitten with new calamities, and cities destroyed. 'Sire, you are too kind (Martin is supposed to have said), your excessive leniency will conduct you to disastrous results, if you do not apply a remedy. In order to succeed, you must have a strict police, and make some example which will awe the people who betray you.'"

Such is the substance of the revelations made by the peasant, according to the only publication permitted at that time. The interview took place without any witness being present, however; the king placed Martin under an obligation, by settling an annuity upon him from his privy purse, and having thus secured his silence, merely stated, "That revelations had been made to him of things unknown to any save God and himself, and that good advice had also been tendered, of which he hoped to profit."

How, then, could the author give a correct statement of that which occurred in a private interview between the peasant and the king? This report is therefore most dubious.

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## NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

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### DR. SEXTON AMONG THE SECULARISTS.

On Sunday evening, February 22nd, Dr. Sexton gave a lecture at the head-quarters of the Secularists, the Hall of Science, Old Street, City Road, on "The Theories invented by Non-Spiritualists to account for Spiritualism Unscientific and Unsatisfactory." The large Hall was densely crowded by Dr. Sexton's former associates and admirers, who had so often heard him from that platform as the champion of Secularism, about 1,500 persons being present. He now appeared there for the first time as an advocate of Spiritualism, and (with the exception of two or three noisy interruptions) was listened to with respectful attention by the large audience he addressed. At the close of the lecture, Mr. G. W. Foote (a Secularist champion), had a slight skirmish with the lecturer, and challenged him to a formal debate on the question; and upon the Secularists present

unanimously accepting him by show of hands as their representation, Dr. Sexton promptly accepted the challenge. It was arranged that the discussion should be held in the same place on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, March 24th and 26th, at 8.30 p.m.

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#### A CHAIR OF SPIRITUALISM.

A proposition has been presented to the Assembly of the Spanish Republic, to establish a "Chair of Spiritualism" in the Spanish Universities, and the idea is sustained by learned and influential men, such as the eloquent Navarette, the Deputies Lopez and Corchado, and B. de Lugo, Marquis de la Floride.

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#### THE "TIMES'" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT ON SPIRITUALISM IN SAVAGE TRIBES.

The *Times* of February 23rd has a letter from its Special Correspondent at Ashantee, from which we quote the following:—

"Like people who frequent *séances*, the natives of Africa are in constant intercourse with, as they suppose, the beings of another world. Both classes of thinkers interpret phenomena which they do not understand as being caused by invisible powers. In both cases the same familiarity exists between the believer and the phantom of his brain. Your London Spiritualist is equalled by the Fantee, who, when he takes up his gourd of palm wine, throws a little on the ground and tells his tutelary god to take a drink. Scepticism is unknown in savage life; a man may neglect the gods, refuse to give them sacrifices, or even defy their power, but he never ceases to believe in their existence; and if he has a sickness or misfortune he at once imputes it to the offended deities, makes them presents, and prays them to forgive him. The African has a theology, but no religion. He believes in certain gods who have power over him; he attributes to them a human disposition; he regards them precisely as tyrannical chieftains or kings. He will tell you that some of them are good, but not all good, for they can be offended; and some of them are bad, but not all bad, for their malignant temper can be propitiated. Pure devil-worship exists only in the plains of Babylon; but the Africans so far worship the principle of evil that they offer up more prayers and sacrifices to the bad gods than to the good ones, just as they would pay more tribute to a tyrant than to a benevolent King. As a subject, the African savage has no loyalty; he pays taxes simply from fear; and so

it is with his religion. But, as with a higher race, the holy and virtuous sentiment of loyalty is exalted to the religious sentiment, so the cardinal virtue of the savage—domestic affection—extends beyond the limits of life and the visible world. Among civilized nations we find examples of maternal and filial love which cannot be surpassed, but it would be incorrect to say that with us relations always love one another. In savage life it is very different; the members of the same family, or even of the same clan, are united by a strange fidelity. To others they may be treacherous, dishonest, barbarous, but to one another they are affectionate and true. The African loves those who belong to his family, and this affection does not perish with the life of those on whom it is bestowed. When a man dies he is often buried in the house where he was accustomed to dwell. His relatives do not think of him as a worm-eaten body, but as an ærial soul that flits around them and keeps them company. Often they set aside something for him to eat, or a bowl of palm wine; for they believe that the food has a soul or essence of which the spirit partakes while the body of the food decays, just as the body of the man decays. If you tell an African—in an attempt to disturb so simple and pleasing a faith—that the souls of the dead are far away, he will shake his head and smile with superior wisdom, and tell you of visions he has seen in the night, and of sounds that have fallen on his ears. Besides, does he not know that the loved ones are around him? Does he not *feel* that they are there? He suffers not any solitude, for when he has no human companion the spirits of the dead are by his side, and he sings to them of his sorrows and his joys. Such is the religion of the savage—not the mercenary worship of the gods, but the love of his kinsmen that are dead, his faith in their presence, and his constant communion with their shades, and his tender offerings.”

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#### SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY IN PARIS.

M. Leymarie, editor of the *Revue Spirite*, gives some interesting particulars concerning the recent development of spirit photography in Paris. He says:—

“For the last seven months M. Buguet, 5, Boulevard Montmartre, Paris, has been obtaining spirit-photographs. About ten out of twenty have been recognised as likenesses of relations or friends who have disappeared from earth, while the appearance of their beloved features shows they still exist as the same individuals. I have taken many people who did not believe in the existence of spirits to M. Buguet, yet who have been able to carry away with them a proof of the existence of

those looked upon as dead for ever, thus acquiring the consolation of knowing that all is not over after this life of trial. I have also taken men of science who, having taken their own plates, have been present at the entire operation of development, and yet spirit-portraits have been obtained. M. Buguet became a spirit-photographer in 1866. Every night he had extraordinary visions; he, however, paid no attention to them, till one day he was greatly surprised to find an unaccountable appearance on the plate while photographing a person. A friend to whom he showed it saw immediately what it was, and explained to M. Buguet that it was evident that he was a medium, and that he had only to continue taking portraits when he would become a good spirit-photographer, and such has proved to be the case."

Some of these photographs brought over from Paris by Mr. Gledstones, seem equal to any that have been taken either in this country or in America.

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#### SPIRITUALISM AGAIN AMONG THE ANTHROPOLOGISTS.

The Anthropologists' Society of London have during the past month again had Spiritualism under discussion. Mr. George Harris, F.S.A., read a Paper on "Certain Tests adopted to determine the Truth of Supernatural Phenomena." The two chief points clearly brought out in this discussion were, first, that Spiritualism as a branch of anthropological education has been sadly neglected by Anthropologists; and secondly, that some few of the more intelligent among them are beginning to have a dim perception of this fact; and that after all it is possible that man may have a spiritual nature, which does not die with the physical body, and that if this can be experimentally proved, as some few millions of people assert, the matter may be worth the investigation even of so august a body as the London Society of Anthropologists, the authority of which is deemed so great that its decision, whatever it may be, will once for all settle the matter. Perhaps Anthropology has no better living representative than the learned gentleman who is thus reported:—

Dr. C. Carter Blake said that he was thankful for the Paper, because it fulfilled the pledge made in the President's opening Address, of giving a fair hearing to all scientific questions; and, indeed, the Society was giving gentlemen who believed in Spiritualism a fair method by which they could bring forth their arguments—that Paper, he was told, being but the first of a series. He could not agree with his friend Professor Leitner. They ought to enable witnesses to bring forth their evidence, and if Spiritualists chose to bring forward their bill of indictment, and to bring forth their witnesses, the Society would be glad to cross-examine them, and Mr. Harris had pointed out certain rules by which their statements might be tested. If some of those gentlemen who have the power of presenting some of the spiritualistic phenomena would only



bring them before the Society, or before certain members of the Society, and would submit to a series of tests, he thought that good results would arise, and he hoped that no Spiritualist would feel offended at the nature of some of the tests which might be proposed, for there had been a tendency to avoid some of the severer tests which it might be desirable to apply. These things ought to be worked out by a psychological committee, and then the matter might once for all be settled. He did not think that such a term as "spirit" should be used, while they were unable to give any precise definition; at the same time he did not think that the idea of the existence of man apart from the visible body should be regarded as an absurdity; such philosophy would set aside the researches of Dr. W. B. Richardson, and men like him. He was glad that the subject of Spiritualism had come up for discussion, and he hoped that Spiritualists would come before them to have the matter investigated; they would have a fair field, and no favour. He wished that Professor Leitner had told them that evening something about the curious psychological phenomena which had been witnessed in Thibet. He thought that the subject was a great one, and might occupy the attention of the Society for three or four years, if it were dealt with in a business-like and scientific manner; the tests should be carried on with the same fairness as in the experiments of Dr. Bastian and Dr. Terrier, and if the witnesses of spiritual phenomena differed no more than the witnesses of the experiments of the two doctors just named, he did not wonder that there were many contradictions in Spiritualism.

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"LONDON SOCIETY" ON MODERN MYSTERIES.

It is rare to find a popular magazine telling the honest truth about Spiritualism, and making its readers acquainted with what is taking place around them in regard to its "Modern Mysteries." In our last number we had the great pleasure of quoting "Notes of an Investigation into the Phenomena called Spiritual," by William Crookes, F.R.S., in which all the phenomena with which, for fifteen years, we have been presenting our readers are attested by him, after years of careful observation and record, with all the authority due to his high position and eminent services to the cause of science. We have now the satisfaction of directing attention to an article in the last number of *London Society*, on "Modern Mysteries," by Henry Dumphrey, Barrister, of the Temple, in which he records his experiences in Spiritualism; and, as a consequence of his investigations, avows his full conviction of the truth and spirit origin of these "Modern Mysteries." The character of the article may be inferred from the following passage:—

"It was difficult for me to give in to the idea that solid objects could be conveyed, invisibly, through closed doors, or that heavy furniture could be moved without the interposition of hands. Philosophers will say these things are absolutely impossible; nevertheless, it is absolutely certain that they do occur. Thousands of persons can attest the fact. I have met in the houses of private friends, as witnesses of these phenomena, persons whose testimony would go for a good deal in a court of justice. They have included peers, Members of Parliament,

diplomats of the highest rank, judges, barristers, physicians, clergymen, members of learned societies, chemists, engineers, journalists, and thinkers of all sorts of degrees. They have suggested, and carried into effect, tests of the most rigid and satisfactory character. The media (all non-professional) have been searched before and after *séances*. The precaution has even been taken of providing them, unexpectedly, with other apparel. They have been tied; they have been sealed; they have been secured in every cunning and dexterous manner that ingenuity could devise, but no deception has been discovered and no imposture brought to light. Neither was there any motive for imposture. No fee or reward of any kind depended upon the success or non-success of the manifestations.

“It would seem, then, that the time has come for directing public opinion to these extraordinary occurrences. There may be, after all, nothing novel in them. They may be as old as the Witch of Endor; but, whether new or antiquated, it is desirable that their existence should be admitted, and that the delusion should be dispelled that the limits of scientific knowledge have been reached.”

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#### MR. SERJEANT COX ON GHOST-SEEING.

In his work on psychic force, Mr. Cox states that “the depositions of 1,000 persons, that each had separately seen a ghost, would be no proof of the existence of ghosts, because it is not only possible; but probable that what each believed he beheld was merely a mental impression. But if two persons of credit declare that they saw the same ghost at the same moment, the argument assumes another complexion, because of the improbability that a similar image should be self-formed in two minds at the same moment.” In the case of Lady D. Townshend, mentioned in the *Spiritual Magazine* for 1860, the figure was seen, at least, upon one occasion, by two persons at the same time—so as to enable them to identify it with its portrait in the house. In the case of the figure seen in the kitchen by Mr. Grantley Berkeley and his brother, at Cranford, the vision was seen by two persons at the same time. Other instances of such corroborative evidence might be cited. In the case of the figure seen by Captain Marryatt and a Mr. Lascelles—when the former fired a pistol, the ball of which passed through the figure—(see *Owen's Footfalls*) this double vision occurred. As to Lady D. T. it was stated, in the *Times*, recently, that there is a full-length portrait of her, at Strawberry Hill, where Mr. Horace Walpole, her nephew,

resided. In an octavo anonymous *History of Norfolk* (A.D. 1829) reference is made to two other portraits of her—one at Rainham and another at Houghton. Mr. Spicer alleges that two persons heard distinctly, at the same time, the rustling of a dress and tapping of footsteps, in the case of the Corridor Ghost, at a house in Somersetshire, after their seeing the door at the end of the passage open without human aid. In this case, also, it merits notice, that a deaf and dumb child was perturbed visibly, while passing along the passage with its nurse, when the latter heard the well-known rustle and light, tapping foot-step of this invisible being. It is possible that the child may have been a medium, and thus affected; but the fact is remarkable, if it was so or not.

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## ARTICLES BROUGHT BY SPIRITS UNDER TEST CONDITIONS.

Mr. H. Billing writes:—

“On Saturday, the 31st January, I attended a *séance* at Mr. Williams’s, 61, Lamb’s Conduit Street, and during the first part of the sitting (before the materialisation) Mr. Williams asked John King if he would try and bring him the article that Mr. S. Guppy (of No. 1, Morland Villas, Highbury Hill Park) had put in his pocket before he (Mr. Williams) had left him that evening. John said he would try, and presently returned and said he had sent Peter for it. In about three minutes Peter returned, and called to me telling me to hold out my hand. I did so, and I had put into it a small Chinese teapot, and then a small shell, the article that Mr. Guppy had put in his inside pocket, in a garment worn under an overcoat, from whence the shell was taken by the spirit. Peter told me to take them to Mr. Guppy on Sunday evening. I did so, and both Mr. and Mrs. Guppy distinctly say that the shell was in Mr. Guppy’s possession after Mr. Williams had left them, and they were more surprised to find that the spirits had taken the teapot out of the drawing-room. Now, during the whole of the sitting Mr. Williams’s hands and the others at the table and the outside circle were all joined, so it was an impossibility for Mr. Williams, or anyone present, to put them in my hand.

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## SPIRITUALISM IN SUSSEX.

A keen interest in Spiritualism has recently been awakened in Sussex. Lectures in its favour have been given in Eastbourne, Brighton, and adjoining places by Dr. Sexton, Dr. Monck, and still more recently by Mrs. Tappan; while the Rev. J. Martin

has delivered two discourses in Brighton, relegating the modern mystery to that personage who is the universal clerical solvent of all mysteries, and with whose character and doings they appear to be always on such intimate terms. A circle of Spiritualists has been formed in Brighton, and columns of correspondence has appeared in the leading county journals. The following tract, by "T. S.", which first appeared in the *Sussex Daily News*, has been widely circulated:—

*Is Spiritualism Diabolical or Divine?*

In the book of Samuel we read—"He that is now called a prophet, was beforetime called a seer," that is, one who had the gift of spiritual vision. Moses exclaimed—"Would God all the Lord's people were prophets!" and in the prophet Joel we read—"And it shall come to pass that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams and your young men shall see visions; and also upon the servants and upon the handmaidens in those days will I pour out my Spirit." Jesus promised his disciples—"The works that I do shall ye do also, and greater works than these." And he added—"Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world!" St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Corinthians writes—"Now concerning spiritual gifts I would not have you ignorant;" and among these spiritual gifts he enumerates—"The gift of healing," "the speaking in divers tongues," "the interpretation of tongues," and "the discerning of spirits;" and he exhorts his readers—"Add to your faith, knowledge." The Spiritualists are a class of people who obey this Apostolic injunction. They add to their faith, knowledge. They know that all the spiritual gifts spoken of in Scripture are exercised to-day in our midst by persons who formerly would have been called prophets or seers, but who are now called spiritual mediums. We regret to find that some of the clergy and teachers of religion, who should have been the first to welcome this divine truth, have preached sermons and written tracts misrepresenting it, and denouncing it as diabolical, just as the Jews of old said of Christ—"He hath a devil!" Is Spiritualism diabolical or divine? We appeal to the test of the Master—Jesus. He hath told—us "Every tree is known by its fruits. A good tree cannot bear evil fruit; neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit; wherefore by their fruit ye shall know them." Spiritualism has convinced many of the truth of the Scriptures, and of the reality of the Future Life. It has converted many an infidel. Many a sceptic, secularist, and atheist, has through its means become an avowed Christian. Many a mourner suffering under bereavement has derived from it strength and consolation. Judge, then, the tree by its fruits. Are these fruits good or evil? We speak as unto wise men; judge ye. Do you ask, "Is there any warrant or authority in Scripture for communion with departed spirits?" We unhesitatingly answer, yes! It is sanctioned by the example of prophets, apostles, and of Christ Himself. Thus the prophet Daniel held communion with the angel Gabriel, who is also spoken of by him as "the man Gabriel," thereby showing him to have been a departed human spirit. The Apostle John received visions and revelations from an angel, who declared to him, "I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren the prophets;" and Jesus held converse with two departed human spirits, "which were Moses and Elias;" and this in presence of His disciples, whom he had taken with Him to be witnesses to all time of the high example thus presented. What higher sanction can we require? What higher sanction is possible? It is only the abuse, the corruption, the perversion to evil ends of this great privilege of spiritual communion which the Scriptures condemn, and all true Spiritualists join in that condemnation. Do not suffer yourselves to be misled. Be not the victims of prejudice and priestcraft, but exercise the reason and common sense God has given you, and search the Scriptures for yourselves to see whether these things are so.

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## WINDOW-PANE PICTURES.

Mr. Hudson Tuttle writes in the *Banner of Light* of January 3rd:—

“Recently I heard that one of these pictures had appeared on the window in the residence of Mr. Milton Laughlin, of Berlin, Ohio, and it was represented as being so vivid and unmistakable that my curiosity was aroused, and the more with the legend connected therewith, which will presently be narrated. This legend seemed to connect the picture with design, and gave an interest to it which it would not otherwise possess. We were received by Mr. L. in a cordial manner, and found several others present, examining the picture, among whom was Mr. H. Hoak, the well-known agriculturist, enthusiastic, as usual, and unabashed by ghostly paintings or ghosts themselves. There it was on the lower right-hand corner pane of the lower window. Mr. Laughlin adjusted the lamp, and when we gained the right angle all exclaimed, “It is Mr. Tucker!” There were the exceedingly characteristic features, the sharp nose, the small and contracted mouth, the thick white beard, the short and snowy hair. Not on the glass as a picture, but as an intangible shadow behind the glass, looking in upon us! That glass, in the day-time, is the clearest in the window, for it is washed and scrubbed and rinsed, to wash away, if possible, the picture; but, when night throws a black back-ground against it, the light shines on the before invisible face. It is not drawn with sharp lines, and light and shade well defined, and they who expect to find these will be disappointed. It resembles a dim daguerreotype. The bright surface of the glass reflects the light, and only in one position can the picture be seen. Then it is a shadow defined and undefined, yet, as a whole, unmistakable and impressive.

“On repairing to the sitting-room, Mrs. Laughlin narrated the circumstances connected with the appearance, which I have spoken of as the legend. Mr. Hardin A. Tucker was well and favourably known in this vicinity as one of the pioneer inhabitants, and an upright, honest, intelligent man. He accepted the doctrines of Spiritualism, and was, as usual with him when he had come to a conclusion, fixed and unswerving in his belief. Shortly previous to his death, in conversation with Mrs. L., who is opposed to what she honestly considers a delusion into which many good people are misled, he said that it was useless for them to argue longer, but he should soon discover the truthfulness of his belief, and if he found it possible he would return and compel her to believe.

“Said Mrs. Laughlin, ‘As I was sitting in the kitchen one

evening, in last April, alone, a sudden impulse made me look up at the window. There I saw the face of Mr. Tucker looking at me. I was terribly frightened, and yet I continued to look. I should think I steadily looked at him for half-an-hour. When I moved it grew indistinct, and I gained courage to take the lamp and leave the room.'"

Faint iridescent pictures, also, have appeared on the window-panes of Mrs. Andrews' house, Moravia, U.S., and have been examined by Mr. Robert Dale Owen.

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## Correspondence.

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### NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

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

SIR,—I shall feel much obliged if you can find room for the enclosed letter in the forthcoming number of the *Spiritual Magazine*.

E. ACWORTH.

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*To the Honorary Secretary of the Provisional Committee of the British National Association of Spiritualists.*

DEAR SIR,—I am kindly invited to take a seat upon your Council. This honour I respectfully decline. I endorse every word Mr. Howitt wrote, when foregoing a like invitation. But, had he never written a word, I should have my own sufficient reasons for refusing to be a member of your Association. I hold that truth establishes itself. But, when it is established, forsooth, then establishments are formed to take it up, which do it, alas, far greater harm than good. And the grander the truth, the more harm. Thus we have religion as established by law, instead of law as established by religion. And, instead of "the Christ that is to be," we get Christianity—commonly so called—making frantic appeal to the law of the land—of which it is part and parcel, we are told—as to whether the upholstery of certain Church-upholders and the kinds of priestly posture (I had almost said imposture), so strictly practised by our posture-making clergy—be largely, or not, part and parcel of itself. This is what the Established Religion of England has come to in the 19th century of what we term the *Christian Era*! And are we now to have Spiritualism, as established by your Association, giving rise to what should be as alien from it as Mantua and Mischief-making are from Christianity? Divisions among Spiritualists, I fear there are already; and your organization, if history be true, will only serve to increase them.

In short, every great truth has its Calvary. That of Spiritualism some of us have shared; but we have not found that corporate bodies have dealt with Spiritualism in any other way than to crucify and bury it. Yours, of course, only means it well. Still I cannot but doubt of your Association having anything to do with its Easter Day. And so, thanking your Committee for the honour it would do me, but which I dare not venture to accept,

I am, yours faithfully,

Elfinward, Hayward's Heath,  
Feb. 18th, 1874.

E. ACWORTH.

## JUDAS THE BETRAYER.

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

SIR,—At the present time, when so great a repugnance is felt to the idea of punishment being inflicted in the next life for the deeds done during the present, and so much controversy respecting the true nature of our Lord Jesus Christ, I have thought that the following experience which has occurred to myself might be interesting to some of your readers and might perhaps induce some among them to throw light on a subject which cannot fail to possess a deep interest for all Christian Spiritualists. I was sitting alone in my room one morning last summer, about 10 o'clock a.m.,—I was musing with closed eyes, which is rather a habit of mine, when suddenly a shadowy figure floated up to me, remaining stationary when at a short distance. The head and face were alone distinct and solid-looking, the rest of the form being like a cloud. The extraordinary appearance of this Being—whom I felt to be a man—amazed me. There was not the least particle of hair on either his face or head, the shape of which (the head) was very remarkable. This was sufficiently strange, and gave him an unusual aspect. But there was another peculiarity about him which riveted my gaze:—from under his nostrils to his chin, I saw a thin black line, it did not touch his skin, but seemed fixed at the distance of half an inch from it; it was round and something thicker than a pencil, and apparently formed of black vapour, it had a pulsating, flickering motion—never remaining still, and formed with the horizontal line of the lips a perfect similitude of a cross. His countenance was manly, the features good; his forehead was broad, his nose aquiline, his lips full, but not thick, his eyes were large and of a bright dark brown, but their expression I shall never forget. He fixed them upon mine with a wild, pleading, agonized expression that thrilled through me; they were like the eyes of some hunted wretch, who driven to the last extremity, after a long flight from his pursuers sees one last chance for life, and feels, if it fails, all is lost. I could not withdraw my eyes from his gaze. I could not imagine the meaning of the strange mark on his face, when suddenly I heard a voice say to my inner perception, "Ever since the Crucifixion I have ceaselessly wandered."—"In the name of God," I replied, "whose crucifixion do you mean; is it your own, or that of some other person?"—Immediately I beheld written on the air over his head, "Jesus of Nazareth." The wretched spirit then gave me another wild, pleading, agonized look, and slowly vanished.

This extraordinary apparition made a deep impression on my mind, and I watched anxiously for his return. Surely, thought I, it can't be possible that, after all, there is truth in the old legend of the Wandering Jew. However, a few weeks passed, and as I saw nothing further of the spirit, I gave up thinking of him. At the end of this time, I attended a *séance* in Dublin. Every one of the company, including the medium, were perfect strangers to me, except the host. The medium is a trance-speaker, and sometimes sees the spirits that are present; him I had never seen before. Shortly after the *séance* had begun, the medium became entranced, and under the control of the spirit of a dignitary of the Protestant Church, who during his life was eminent for his scientific and literary attainments, as also for his estimable and Christian qualities, and whose identity has been satisfactorily established, as I understand. The medium stretched out his arm, and exclaimed in much surprise and pity: "Who is this; who is this wretched, degraded spirit? He comes along dragging a heavy cross. He is sinking under the weight of it! How can he drag it along? it is bearing him down to the ground. And yet, heavy as it is, he has dragged it along for nearly two thousand years. How can he endure the weight of it? Ever since the day of his atrocious, his fearful crime, he has been obliged to drag it with him everywhere. Look on him—look on that mark on his face—the fearful symbol of his crime! all spirits seeing it fly from him, and thus he is condemned to solitude. He wanders from place to place. He frequents circles, and tries to speak, but cannot. That is part of his punishment. He has followed someone to the circle to-night; it is Mrs. P.," the medium then pointed to me. "He has spoken to her before."

I sat listening in the greatest astonishment, as I have said. Every one in the

room were entire strangers to me, the host excepted, and the circumstance I have mentioned I had not related to any person, one of my daughters excepted, and it was quite impossible for her to have repeated it, as she was unknown to all there. I sat still, and, as the medium went on, a gentleman next me asked me if there was any truth in what he was saying. I answered in a whisper just in a few words telling of the strange appearance of the spirit, but saying I forgot when it occurred. At once the medium wrote on a piece of paper stating the day of the week and the date of the month when I had seen the spirit. Even then I did not remember, but on my return home I found both correct, as I had entered them in a note-book at the time. The medium then went on to state that the spirit was "Judas the Betrayer," and such he called himself throughout. I fear making this too long, so shall only state that the spirit continued to come, and many things were related of interest as to the nature of the man called "Judas the Betrayer," which I shall be happy to relate, with your permission, if this letter creates an interest in the minds of any of your readers.

Since that time I was one day partially entranced when Judas addressed me, and told me many things respecting his life and the time of his death. These things, I regret to say, I forgot when aroused, except one, of which I maintain a confused remembrance. I think he said that he had one son whom he confided to the care of a priest previous to his death. Now, is there any tradition of his having had a child and so disposing of it? Among other things communicated by the spirit of Judas, I was told that Christ was about to make his second advent, at which time he (Judas) expects his pardon and deliverance.

May I further ask you to insert these words, which came to me with some curious accompaniments. I have reason to think they are ancient Irish. Perhaps some person may be able and willing to translate them. They are as follows:—*Gairus, gracht* or *grach, an or na, cruachan, Donocht* or *Donoch, grana, cruacha.*

EMILY PALMER.

The Grange, Lucan Co., Dublin, Ireland.

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## HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

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### S P R I N G.

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The seasons as they circle round,  
 Alternate blessings bring ;  
 For Winter pale, with homely joys,  
 Now comes the blue-eyed Spring ;

With fresh green grass, the tender flower,  
 The budding hawthorn tree,  
 The blooming hedges white with May,  
 The cowslip on the lea.

A burning bush on every hand—  
 Yet unconsumed—we see ;  
 God's glory stands revealéd now,  
 An open mystery !

Oh, fair are all the works of God !  
 As we their beauties scan,  
 Let songs of grateful praise ascend  
 From every soul of man.

T. S.