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ESSAYS AND REVIEWS.*—REV. BADEN POWELL.

It does not need a striking title to bring a book into notice! What could be quieter than "Essays and Reviews," and yet what could there be more noise about? Nor does it seem that fame depends on writing something that has not been written before; for scarce one of the reputed heresies of this volume might not be found in books which Mr. Chapman has published year after year. Nor does even fame depend on writing something one has never written before. The writers in this volume who have given most offence are Jowett, Powell, and Williams, and their papers contain nothing which may not be found in books and sermons, under their names, with which the theological world has long been familiar. No, fame is something beyond the reach of art to secure; it is not to be bought or won by any means one can calculate. Shakspeare and Milton glide from the outer to the inner world, and their generation wist not what manner of men they are. Swedenborg dreams dreams, and sees visions, and prints and publishes incessantly, giving books away gratis, and seeking notice with all his might, but the world will not even attend to be either amused or surprised. And here we have a volume of Essays and Reviews, containing nothing new or extraordinary, and the whole bench of bishops with one voice condemns it, and the clergy set up such shrieks of horror that the great world pauses in its course to see what is the matter. The uproar over this book was never anticipated by its authors; had some one told that its publication would prove a loss they would have believed far more readily such a prophecy, than the truth that it should run through seven editions and its title be for a time a household word in England. The state of the Church itself is the cause of such opinions as it now stands aghast at. It is the fruitful mother of such progeny, and is destined to have many of such children.

* *Essays and Reviews*, by Frederick Temple, D.D., Rowland Williams, D.D., Baden Powell, M.A., H. B. Wilson, B.D., C. W. Goodwin, M.A., Mark Pattison, B.D., and Benjamin Jowett, M.A. London, J. W. Parker & Son, 1860.

Dr. Temple's essay on "The Education of the World" whilst it forms a most appropriate introduction to the volume is in itself very harmless. Mr. Mark Pattison's on "The Tendencies of Religious Thought in England from 1688 to 1750" is a brilliant and well-informed essay which Macaulay might have been glad to own, and, except for its company, is as innocent as Dr. Temple's. Mr. Goodwin is not a clergyman, but a barrister, and his paper is mainly to prove that all attempts hitherto made by Buckland, Chalmers, Hugh Miller, Pratt, and a host of others, to harmonise Genesis with geology, are failures. The Rev. H. B. Wilson's paper on "The National Church," in its broad liberality has proved especially offensive to narrow churchmen. He advocates national inclusion in the Church, and not that process of exclusion by creeds which is the lust of sectaries. He seems to point to the day when the Church of England will be the Church of the people of England, and when all religious opinions shall find room and representation in the Church, just as political opinions do in the Parliament of England. Dr. Williams's article on "Bunsen's Biblical Researches" is written with a sympathy for Baron Bunsen's opinions and with a dashing freedom of utterance which must be quite shocking to timid and tight-laced orthodoxy. Professor Jowett's paper on "the Interpretation of Scripture," whilst it is written with all the freedom of Dr. Williams', has a tender and serious earnestness breathing throughout, a spirit of reverent seeking and worship of truth, which awaken in us a deep and sincere regard for its author; it is written too with great care, and in the purest and most correct English, containing some passages which alike in their beauty of thought and verbal cadence tempt one to read and re-read, and ask one's friends to listen.

A theological criticism of these Essays and Reviews, whatever may be our sense of their merits or their shortcomings, is beyond our province. Their authors have given us their open minds, and we can meet their confidence with nothing but kindness and respect. If they are wrong, they, by their candour, put it in the power of wiser men to set them right; if they are right, they have done their duty in striving to make others happy and free in the truth with themselves. With sincerity we are in a sure way of progress, for by sincerity alone can we ever know how and where to help one another. With secrecy and pretence, on the other hand, improvement is hopeless. Let us then be careful above all things to encourage free and open speech, and to remove every hindrance, every terror, that lie between the inmost mind and the outmost world! The crime of our authors in the eyes of many of their critics seems to be not in their having doubts, but in their publishing them. There are others who are shrieking "Heresy! heresy!" over the book, who are orthodox as parrots

might be orthodox, "who never doubt, because they never think," whose faith is verbal, who have never felt what it is to know the truth in themselves for themselves. And what a sight it is to see this pert, shallow orthodoxy set itself up as a judge over those brave, seeking, striving souls! There is, however, even a worse set than these "accusers of the brethren" who hiss condemnation of heresy, not that they hate error, but that they delight to persecute and accuse; zealous against error, but with no love of truth, luxuriating in scandal, magnifying faults, spreading alarms, exaggerating dangers; without any sorrow that wrong should exist, but delighted that it gives them occasion to tear and to worry heretics. The heart in which Christ lives is in incessant strife against sin and error, but with pain and sorrow; is very pitiful and tender, and weeps while it resists. In that fierce, scoffing, pitiless cry of many theologians against these seven essayists and reviewers Christ has no part.

The characteristic spirit of the volume is what is, however, called rationalism, which is coming to a head now in the Church of England, after it has pretty nearly worked itself out among the free-thinkers of Chapman-dom. In Germany this rationalism has completed the circle, and has nearly got back into faith again. Eighteen years ago, as we find it mentioned in Mr. Howitt's book on Germany, the Germans said that England would come to this state when it was philosophical enough. So now we suppose that we are becoming philosophical enough to reject the historic evidences of 4000 years, and to emancipate the heart from all but geometrical visitations of God's laws. The discovery after all is not a great one, but is rather in an inverse ratio; for after long discussion by bishops and convocations, and by essayists and reviewers, it will still be found that Christendom is not so great a mistake after all, and that even if it were, the soul will seek some better haven than the small world of matter and of mind which is here presented.

Such ideas and negations as those of Baden Powell, in his essay, come from an intolerance of mystery, a belief that the universe is compassed by our science; that *our* experience is *all* experience, and that whatsoever is recorded in the Bible or elsewhere, transcending that experience, is incapable of proof, is repugnant to reason, and is in fact incredible. All the essayists and reviewers are not alike filled with this conceit, and some give way to it at one time and not at others; but all this Sadducean spirit is stronger than in the late Rev. Baden Powell, Savilian professor at Oxford, and who contributes the essay, "On the Study of the Evidences of Christianity." Professor Powell as a Clergyman was by his office bound to the Bible; but the miraculous element which transfuses that book was to him a constant trouble, and it was

the business of his life by all means at his command to soften down, to reduce, and if it might be, to eliminate from the Bible everything which his science and experience did not include among the possible. The miracles he seems to have felt as excrescences on Christianity; for the life and teaching of Jesus Christ he had a sincere regard, but "the mighty works he wrought" only bred in him doubt and suspicion, and to disconnect them from his Gospel and to prove them non-essential to it was his constant aim. By his profession he was called to the belief and defence of what he disliked and disbelieved, and which under other conditions he would no doubt have more openly repelled and disowned. In his essay we see the heart of the man struggling into freedom, striving to break a yoke very heavy for him to bear. In this incredulity, Professor Powell far exceeds his comrades, yet his spirit is only their spirit *à l'outrance*. This incredulity to facts as yet outside their experience we do not bring as a special charge against our essayists and reviewers: we all too much share it with them. We are all too ready to say that what we have never seen is impossible, and that those who relate wonders are either deceivers or deceived; and thousands of most orthodox Christians who are ready to swear and die in attestation of every wonder narrated in Scripture, are as ready with as vehement assertion, to maintain the untruth of every wonder outside of Scripture. Their hard sceptical spirit, we take it, would in its arrogance deny Scripture wonders likewise, were it not for the repute these wonders have in the world, and for the sanction they have had in every day of their Christian breeding. It is of this spirit of the Sadducee, of which Professor Powell is the representative, in mildness, pertinacity, and learning, that we would now in some few words treat.

When it is said that a fact is doubted or denied, *because we have never seen its like*, every one sees that an insufficient reason is adduced for disbelief. But how prone we are to disbelieve, yea, how constantly we deny, on no better grounds. There is an aloe which flowers once in a hundred years. Had we such an aloe in our garden flowerless through a long lifetime, would we not be ready to attest that it was a plant that never did flower, and never could there? The oft-told story of the King of Siam, who laughed to scorn a visitor who told him that in northern climes water turned to ice, over which his elephants might walk, again illustrates the case. We are amused with his conceit, yet had we been in his place, or among his courtiers, should we not have laughed too?

Argument against miracles on such grounds is obviously fallacious; and though continually unconsciously adopted, is seldom consciously defended. "Yet," says Powell, "the multi-

plication of such instances to confound scepticism is useless, because such instances, however wonderful and anomalous at first sight, are yet in process of time discovered to be in subordination to some fixed physical law from which there can be no deviation." Here Professor Powell only evades the question; and shifts back and intensifies the arrogance of the Siamese King, who laughed when told of water turned to ice. He says, "All facts may be brought under dominion of some fixed physical law, and thereby become credible." He does not credit the miracles of the Bible, because he does not believe they can be ranked under any fixed physical law. But herein do we not find a vast increase of presumption in Powell over the Siamese? Who is Professor Powell that he should say that miracles are incredible, because he knows of no law under which they may be classed? Did he know all laws? And unless he did, what are we to think of that cold-blooded conceit with which he classes the works of the Lord Christ, sacred and shrined in the heart of humanity, among old wives' fables?

The fixity, order, and method of physical laws are Powell's stronghold, and to it he retreats on every occasion. That there is a routine in nature, and from that routine that there never is, there never was, and never can be any departure, seems to have been an idea which possessed his mind to the exclusion of all others; through this essay, and through all his writings, it is the one weary strain, sung in a thin passionless voice, monotonous as the perpetual croaking of frogs. Void of imagination, weak or deficient in the higher faculties of the soul—Powell was about the last man in the world to deal with any living biblical question. An excellent professor of geometry, no doubt, but for mercy's sake, let such a man not presume to criticise history, psalm, song, drama—anything in which the heart of man or woman, or living flesh and blood has part.

After all, too, what is this weary cant about law, law; known, broad, fixed, physical laws, under which all men and things are chained! What is a law? Is it not merely the observed recurrence of a certain order of similar facts or events; no more, no less; and this legal bug-a-boo is what Powell and others use to frighten us into dropping our Bibles! A new order of observed facts is a new law, and a single fact once observed might never again recur to observation, and then that would be a law by itself. It is quite possible that a miracle should take place once and never be repeated; and as Powell and others of that ilk had not any facts to match—therefore, say they, that miracle never took place, and it is straightway voted impossible and incredible. Thank God! common human nature, simple human faith, is wiser than all this philosophy falsely so called.

Shut up within this brazen circle of dogmatism, Professor Powell, one afternoon, came across Spiritualism. A professor, learned as himself in his own specialty, related to him, a few months before his death, the wonders he had himself witnessed in a then recent spiritual *séance* with Mr. Squire, and how he had seen a table rise from the floor and remain suspended in the air while he passed his hands under its feet. How also direct writing had been done in his presence. Professor Powell was amazed beyond measure; and admitted that were the facts so, a dreadful rent would be made in his philosophy. He desired strongly to see the facts for himself, and had his life been spared he would shortly have been gratified. As it was he offered to his brother professor that, if he would give a statement with his name of what he had seen, he would insert his letter verbatim in the next edition of these very *Essays and Reviews*. What a wretched system of doctrine that is which is at the mercy of facts like these, and whose entrance therein works such utter ruin and destruction in the negative philosophy of a lifetime.

Professor Powell, much as he thought and wrote concerning the miracles of the Bible, never seems to have apprehended their causes, purpose, and conditions. He speaks of them as at "variance with nature and law, with the order of nature," and so on. This talk, as we have said, is to us mere dreary jargon. Who are we, that we should say what could and what could not happen? Let us observe, as Professor Powell did not, by whom miracles have been performed, what were the conditions of their performance, and whether our own experience is not full of hints of their possibility and probability.

In a word, Professor Powell was a materialist. The physical world was to him all in all, and within what he called physical laws, he thought were included all the phenomena of life. Such is not the teaching of the Scriptures, such is not our faith. Man is a spirit in a body; and unless that is allowed the Bible cannot be understood — and until that is proved untrue, the Bible is at its heart untouched.

Now all the miracles of our Saviour were connected first with Himself, springing from His spirit, acting on the spirits of others, and thence descending into bodily and physical effects. Professor Powell read the Bible as a book of natural philosophy; the miracles were to him records of reputed experiments in physics, which, as neither he nor others could repeat, were deemed impossible. But the miracles were nothing like this. They demanded in their transactions a divine life in the soul of the operator, and an answering spirit in those operated on. Thus cures were wrought, the dead were raised, lunatics delivered from devils, bread and fish created, the tempest was stilled, and the

sea was walked upon. Our Lord's spirit of love and wisdom is to us the miracle of miracles; and that that spirit wrought in nature the wonders recounted by the Evangelists seems to us most reasonable and easy of credence. Yet even He required in those in whom He wrought His cures an answering spirit of faith. Need we quote some of His words to that effect? as for instance, "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole;" and to another, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt; and her daughter was made whole even from that hour." When he cured the blind men, he asked, "Believe ye that I am able to do this? They said unto him, yea Lord: then touched he their eyes, saying, according to your faith be it unto you." Then the father of the poor lunatic child was told, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth: and straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."* It will be remembered, too, that for His disciples unsuccessful in healing, he gave them as reason, "Because of your unbelief: for verily, I say unto you, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you; and that in his own country it is recorded, "He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief."†

Such is the Bible account of miracles, or to use philosophic language, such their law and conditions; but to all this the Rev. Baden Powell was utterly oblivious. The law and conditions of miracles, as set forth in the Scriptures, he seems never to have studied or apprehended in the slightest degree. Why, any good woman who reads her Bible, could tell us far more about miracles, and the power to work them, than this grand Oxford Professor! Truly, the simple may take courage and fear not the learned. As of old, wisdom seems hid from the wise and prudent. To prove the miracles impossible, Powell was bound to show that the conditions, on which the power to work them was given, were impossible; or, that these conditions having been fulfilled, the promised effects were not forthcoming. This he never dreamt of doing, but kept grinding his logical wheel to the tune of "fixed invariable laws; laws physical, broad and self-sustaining; laws never broken, never transcended," and so on; all which had no relation whatever to the real question of miracles. The miracles of the Bible always involved spirit as their cause; and the existence of spirit, Powell either tacitly

* Matt. ix. 22.—xv. 28.—ix. 28, 29.—Mark, ix. 23, 24.

† Matt. xvii. 20,—xiii. 58.

ignored or never apprehended. Miracles were to him simply impossible feats in physics. His talk was great and incessant concerning inductive philosophy, a philosophy reverent towards facts, and springing out of facts. But the facts of the miracles he never weighed or encountered. What avail, then, his criticisms, except to serve as instructive warnings of philosophic folly?

With the influence of the mind or spirit over the body we are all more or less familiar. We know how joy, or sorrow, or excitement suspends appetite; how broken hearts, and anxious hearts, are the death of many. Said a physician, the other day, "Your friend died from fever, but I should have saved him if it had not been for his ceaseless anxiety about his business." How many such cases could doctors relate! Men's bodies are killed from without, struck from the side of matter; but often too from within, struck from the side of spirit. Good news have revived many a sickly body; bad news turned health to disease; frightful news have struck the ear that received them deaf, and turned raven hair to gray in a night. A sudden call to effort has caused an invalid to start from his couch and leave there his ailments; moved by love and terror, a weak woman has found her limbs nerved with the strength of Samson, and made fit for deeds, before impossible. Now in all these experiences, and with the idea of their culmination in the Christ-man, have we not hints of the possibility of many of those acts of our Lord and his Apostles which we call miracles? and which we are distinctly told were conditioned in and related to the spirits, and thence to the bodies of the actors and the recipients. We have only to conceive that influence of the mind or spirit over the body, which we witness continually in the ordinary course of life, widened and intensified, to render the miracles of the Gospel easily credible.

Then, too, we have, pointing in the same direction, the facts of mesmerism, and those statements of the power of spirit over matter, which the pages of this magazine, and thousands in England and America attest. The truth is that miracles have never ceased; we have them in the Primitive Church, in the Roman Catholic Church, among Jesuits and Jansenists, in the Protestant Church among Camisards and Covenanters, Wesleyans, Irvingites, and Mormons; in every church, except the Anglican Protestant. Miracles are promised, in the Bible, to faith, and wherever faith has been, miracles have been—and miracles in proportion to the degree of faith. Where there is no faith there are no miracles; and if it were true that the age of miracles is past, it would only prove that faith had died out of men. The promise of the power of working miracles to faith was absolute; our Lord said, "These signs shall follow them that believe:—in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall

“speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.” And the Apostle James tells us, “The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.”* Nay, more, the promise of our Lord is, that greater works than he wrought should his faithful disciples do: here are His words—“Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father.”†

Whoever has tried God by faith has never found God fail him; God is to him even as his faith. Muller, in his Orphan House at Bristol, gives us but a glimpse of the wonders that are possible to any man who by faith makes himself at one with the Omnipotent.

Poor Professor Baden Powell talks of invariable law, and so we will talk of it too. Spiritualism, as we understand it, is a search into this higher and invariable law, and it appears to us as the only solvent for all these honest materialist thoughts and gropings after reality. Only change the philosophic meaning of the word natural, and see that all facts, physical and spiritual, are orderly and under the God of order, and Baden Powell might have been at peace with his Bible. There is an invariable law of faith, an invariable law of miracles; set faith out in answer to God, and God will answer faith, as surely as steel flies to the magnet and as water seeks its level; surely as arithmetic, as two and two make four; sure beyond our best-known certainty. There is indeed order in the universe, and an order deeper than our dreams; for there is a spirit above matter and greater than nature, and a God above spirit, to whom spirit and matter are alike subject, and whose power becomes our power when by faith we seek Him aright.



On Monday, March 18th, Mr. William Carpenter gave a Lecture at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on “The Phenomena of Spirit Manifestations.” The lecture, which had evidently been prepared with great care, was well delivered, and was listened to throughout with earnest attention. At its conclusion, Mr. Carpenter intimated that he should go further into the subject in future lectures which he proposed to deliver.

* Mark xvi. 17, 18. James v. 15, 16.

† John xiv. 12.

THE LATE PROFESSOR HARE.

By JUDGE EDMONDS.

WE have received from Judge Edmonds the following new and interesting remarks and reminiscences of this eminent chemist and philosopher, of whom we gave a short notice in our last number.

New York, February 12th, 1861.

In answer to your request for a sketch of Dr. Hare, I endorse you an extract from the *American Cyclopædia*, now in process of publication. To which I add the following:—

In the summer of 1854, I was very ill for a long time, and while at a friend's house near Boston, I received a letter from Dr. Hare, expressing a wish to see me on the subject of Spiritualism. I appointed him to visit me as soon as I returned home, which he did, and spent several days with me. I had never seen him before, and knew him only by reputation as a man of science. He was then a mere novice in Spiritualism, but he was investigating it with the same care and scrutiny that he would display on any proposition in science. And his examinations were different from mine. He investigated as a natural philosopher, and I as a lawyer, but we both arrived at the same result. And what was singular was, that we had both of us gone into the investigation of what we thought was a humbug, and which we were confident we could detect and expose. And this without any preconcert between us, and without either knowing the purpose of the other.

He had, however, an additional incentive. He told me that he had been all his life long, an enemy to the Christian religion, a denier of the possibility of revelation, and a disbeliever in God, or in our immortality. He told me that he had gone so far as to collate and publish offensive extracts from the Bible, in order to impeach the validity of the so-called revelation, and that he would put down this which also claimed to be a revelation. He was very earnest and honest and simple-minded, but searching and clear-headed in his investigations. He was fearless in saying what he believed, and expressed to me a good many times the wish, that men of science would investigate the subject, and it seemed strange to him that they could not be prevailed upon to do so.

On one occasion, when the American Scientific Association met at Albany, he persisted in bringing the subject before them, and he urged them to examine it. They treated him very rudely, and if it had not been for the interference of Agassiz, they

would not have heard what he had to say. Agassiz prevailed upon them, from regard to his age and high character, to hear him, but that was all they would or did do. He renewed the effort once afterwards at Saratoga, and met with similar treatment. He gave the result of his examinations to the world in a book, written with great candour and acuteness, but which had but little circulation outside the circle of Spiritualists. The profits of the work, with his wonted liberality, he gave to his medium, a female in straightened circumstances.

I saw him frequently after our first interview, and I often laboured in concert with him. The last interview I had with him lives in my memory with intense interest. He called on me, and complained that in my correspondence with the Chancellor of South Carolina—published as Nos. 4 and 5 of my Tracts—I had represented him as having been an infidel. I had said of him, "Thus Dr. Hare has all his life long been an honest, sincere, but inveterate disbeliever in the Christian religion. Late in life Spiritualism comes to him, and in a short time works in his mind the conviction of the existence of a God and of his own immortality. So far his spirit teachers have already gone with him. But he still denies revelation," &c. In reply to his complaints, I told him that I had imbibed my impressions from his own mouth. He said it was true, that he had been so once, but that he was so no longer. His sister, who had been dead many years had, he said, come to him, and so thoroughly identified herself to him as to convince him it was she, and that she still lived. He had reasoned thus: "If she lives, I shall live also, and there is an immortality, and if an immortality, there must be—there is, a God." "But," said he, "Judge, I do not stop there, I believe in Revelation—and in a Revelation through Jesus of Nazareth. I am a Christian!"

How was I struck! Here was a strong man, with a clear and vigorous intellect, and a mind practised in searching investigations, who had lived threescore years and ten in scorn of the religion of the world around him, made a Christian by the much-despised spirit-rapping and table-tippings. That evening, I attended one of our public meetings with him. We both addressed it, and he made a public avowal of his belief in the Revelations of the Bible, and in the Christian religion.

I never saw him again. He was shortly afterwards taken ill and died, but I have heard from him since his death several times. The most remarkable of those occasions was about a year ago. I received a letter from the State of Maine, from a person who was an entire stranger to me, and not very well educated, who wrote me that a spirit had come to him, representing himself to be Dr. Hare, and requesting him to write to me, mentioning some things,

which my correspondent detailed at length. The man said he knew nothing of the matters he was writing about, and doubted if it was Dr. Hare. The interesting feature was, that what the man wrote to me, was an accurate statement of a part of my conversation with him at our last interview, and which was known only to Dr. Hare and me. He was an excellent man, and all who knew him, loved him for his purity, simplicity, and candour. With all his talent and learning, he was very childlike in everything, and his courage was of the most natural kind, and arose from the mere fact that he did not know what it was to conceal or disguise the truth. To speak it right out just as he understood it, was as natural to him as it was to breathe.

Yours ever,

To the Editor.

J. W. EDMONDS.

(From the *American Cyclopædia*.)

"HARE (ROBERT).—An American chemist and physicist, born in Philadelphia, January 17, 1781, died there May 15, 1858. His father, an English emigrant, settled in Philadelphia, and married an American lady. He established there an extensive brewery, and his son in early life managed the business. His tastes, however, led him away to scientific pursuits. He attended the course of lectures on chemistry and physical sciences, and before he was 20 years of age, he joined the Chemical Society of Philadelphia. At this early age, he communicated to the society a description of his first and most important scientific invention—the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe; which he then called the hydrostatic blowpipe, and which was afterwards named by Professor Silliman the compound blowpipe.

"His memoir, published in 1801, appeared the next year in *Tillock's Philosophical Magazine* (London), and also in the *Annales de Chimie* (1st series, vol. XLV). At this period the subject of combustion was very imperfectly understood, and even Lavoisier, who had discovered that heat sufficiently intense to fuse alumina, might be obtained by directing a jet of oxygen on charcoal, and who had burned the elements of water together to produce this fluid, failed to discover that by this union of hydrogen and oxygen in combustion the most intense heat known, might be obtained. By means of this apparatus, Dr. Hare was the first to render lime, magnesia, iridium, and platinum fusible in any considerable quantity, and he is perhaps the only one who has obtained calcium in a pure metallic state, and strontium without an alloy of mercury. In addition to these discoveries, Dr. Hare first announced that steam is not condensible when combined in equal parts with the vapour of carbon. For the invention of

the blowpipe, Dr. Hare received the Rumford medal from the American Academy at Boston.

"In 1818, Dr. Hare was appointed Professor of Chemistry in the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania, and continued in this office till his resignation in 1847. His course of instruction was marked by the originality of his experiments, and of the apparatus he employed. His instruments, often designed, and sometimes made by himself, were furnished in the greatest profusion, and always of large dimensions and of the most perfect plans: no expense or personal labour was spared to render every piece of apparatus as complete as possible. The great collection which he accumulated, he bestowed on the Smithsonian Institution, of which he was one of the few life members.

"One of the most useful small instruments of his invention, is that called the valve cock or gallows screw, by means of which perfectly air-tight communication is made between cavities in separate pieces of apparatus. To his zeal and skill in devising and constructing improved forms of the voltaic pile, American chemists are indebted for the distinguished success they attained in applying the intense powers of extended series of voltaic couples long in advance of the general use of similar combinations in Europe. In 1816, he invented the calorimeter, a form of battery, by which a large amount of heat is produced with little intensity. The perfection of these forms of apparatus was acknowledged by Faraday in 1835, who adopted them in preference to any he could devise. (*Experimental Researches*, 1124, 1132). It was with these batteries that the first application of voltaic electricity to blasting under water was made. This was in 1831, and the experiments were made under the direction of Dr. Hare. Numerous papers were contributed by him to scientific journals. The catalogue of these in the index (50th vol.) of the *American Journal of Science*, occupies nearly five columns, and many more are found in the succeeding volumes of the second series. A considerable portion are controversial, and stamp the author as a strong original thinker and a combatant by no means easy to vanquish. In the earliest volumes of this journal he established his claims as the original discoverer of the blowpipe, and presented descriptions of his galvanic batteries. In later volumes of the same work are his letters to Berzelius, Liebig, Faraday, and others. In vol. I. of the second series, 1847, are two papers, in which he attempts to refute the reasoning of Liebig in favour of the salt radical theory.

"The attention of Dr. Hare was not exclusively directed to scientific subjects. He sometimes entered with interest into the discussion of important political and financial questions, and occasionally indulged in poetical compositions. He was a frequent

speaker at meetings of scientific men; and in conversation, especially when it assumed an argumentative character, he discoursed with great ability. His external features were in harmony with the strength and massiveness of his intellectual qualities. His frame was powerful and remarkable for its muscular development, and his head was large and finely formed. During the last few years of his life, while most of his faculties retained their original vigour, others either through the effects of age or long-continued application appear to have been somewhat weakened. In this condition he was induced to attend one of the exhibitions of what is called a medium, and having received as he thought correct replies to questions, of which no one knew the answers but himself, he became a believer in spiritual manifestations, and with his characteristic fearlessness in advocating what he considered to be truth, he lectured and published on the subject. In domestic life, he was noted for his kindness and amiability, though often abstracted and abrupt in manner. He was a firm friend, of strict integrity, a lover of his race and of his country.

“ Besides his papers communicated to scientific journals, he published in 1810 a *Brief View of the Policy and Resources of the United States*; in 1836, a work on *Chemical Apparatus and Manifestations*; a revised edition of *Henry's Elements of Experimental Chemistry*, in 2 vols.; and also a *Compendium of the Course of Chemical Instruction in the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania*.”

[The cyclopædist was no doubt true to his instincts in speaking of the *weakened faculties* of this great good man, when he after long and scientific observations and analysis came to the belief of the fact of spiritual life. Is it not enough that a man should have grown gray in scientific infidelity, and have attained to the full age of humanity, before by these *weakened faculties* he was enabled to believe in immortality, and in God? Pity that the faculties of cyclopædist do not weaken or, perhaps, rather soften and melt in the same direction. We, on the contrary, regard this happy, this blessed period of his age, as a proof of the true vigour and life of his intellect, no less than of his heart.—ED.]

THE ROMAN MIRACLES.

THE lives of the Catholic Saints will in these days be found to contain much matter of interest, for with the light which is now being thrown on subjects hitherto mysterious, we are far more capable of rightly appreciating those strange monoideists, so revered in former ages, and to whom their church stands so largely indebted. We now are able to see that ignorant and fanatical as they doubtless were, it has been a mistake to condemn them as mere crazy visionaries, and to assume that they were in reality viewed as such by an astute priesthood, affecting to honour them because finding in them fit instruments wherewith to promote the objects of Rome and of their order.

They may be now recognised as mediums, more or less powerful, some highly so. We read that they were sometimes raised from the ground and suspended in the air, that luminous appearances in various forms were seen around them, that they worked marvellous cures, had visions of spiritual things, were addressed by voices not of earth—in a word that many spiritual and psychological phenomena of the same nature as those of the present day were manifested through them.

After making every allowance for exaggeration and incorrectness of statement, we may reasonably conclude that their marvels had a basis in truth, however that truth was misapprehended; and that they fell into an error common to mankind both of that day and of this—that of mistaking the merely ultramundane for the Divine. There is no doubt that they sincerely believed themselves to be recipients of heavenly favors, and that their directors and superiors with equal sincerity entertained the same idea. Their relation to the Church seems to have been that of gifted children towards an august and revered parent, who cherishing and applauding them required in return implicit obedience, and the most entire conformity to her views.

So long as the alleged occurrence of such marvels as those recorded of these children of the Church of Rome was confined to an unenlightened and distant period, it required the unquestioning faith of the devout Catholic to credit them. It is widely different in the present day, when each supposed miracle has its parallel, authenticated by the testimony of trustworthy living witnesses.

The life of St. Teresa is one of those of the Roman Catholic hagiology most abounding in instances of the supernatural. Her own account of her elevation in the air, testified by many eye-witnesses, is a fact as to which we can have no doubt. Having said that in raptures her soul was carried away so that she could not stop it, she adds: "Sometimes my whole body was carried

with it so as to be raised from the ground, though this was seldom. When I had a mind to resist these raptures, there seemed to me somewhat of so mighty a force under my feet which raised me up, that I know not what to compare it to, all my resistance availed little." In conclusion, she says: "I confess it produced in me a great fear (which at first was extreme) to see that a massy body should be thus raised up from the earth—for though it be *the spirit which draws it after it*, and though it be done with great sweetness and delight, yet are our senses not thereby lost."*

In speaking of her raptures, she says that words could not express the heavenly sweetness and felicity which at such times overcame her, causing her body to lose its strength, and to faint away. "Many great secrets of the Kingdom of Heaven," says her biographer, "were then shown to her, at which she remained amazed, and was ever after moved entirely to despise all things below; but she found it impossible to give any description of the least part of what she saw, the brightness of the sun being mean and obscure in comparison of that light which no human imagination can paint to itself, nor any of the other things which she then understood, and that with a sovereign delight, all the senses enjoying a superior degree of sweetness which cannot be declared."†

Such accounts recal forcibly the experiences of some persons during the mesmeric trance. There are those who on awakening from that state bitterly lament having been, as they express it, recalled to earth after having left the body, and begun to taste ethereal joys.

A perusal of the descriptions in the lives of the saints, of the spiritual phenomena, enhances the interest belonging to works of mediæval art. Certain representations originating in pictures of the early schools—representations looked upon in later times as merely fanciful and conventional conceptions of the supernatural, now appear as truthful copies of exceptional aspects of nature. In the middle ages, painters of that mystic school of which the spirituality was so ardent and profound, had doubtless gazed on brows encircled with the halo, on forms round which a radiance was diffused. Nor can we think it unlikely that in the cloistered seclusion in which some of these artists lived and worked, visions may at times have appeared before their eyes, of which the divine loveliness of their masterpieces may be but the reflection.

V.

* *The Lives of the Fathers Martyrs, and other principal Saints, compiled from Original Monuments and other Authentic Records*; by the Rev. Alban Butler, vol. x., p. 329.

† *Ibid*, p. 332, vol. x.

“SENSORIAL VISION,” AND VISION THROUGH THE SPIRITUAL EYE.

PERSONS writing, lecturing, or discussing in society, the phenomena of Spiritualism, disregard in most instances, probably from want of knowledge, all those varied, yet kindred branches of this vast subject, which do not come under the terms “spirit-rapping” or “table-turning.”

“Spirit-rapping” and “table-turning,” although curious and note-worthy manifestations of spirit-power, are recognised by those who have been led step by step into a deeper knowledge of these things, to be only some of the earlier and more obvious links in the chain of spiritual agencies.

Our readers will, however, comprehend under the term Spiritualism, the study of the infinite variety of the powers possessed by “the spiritual man”—powers latent in every human being, though dormant in the majority. Doubtless, the idea of a *spiritual body* dwelling within the natural body has become to our readers, not only familiar as an interesting theory, but in numerous instances, through individual experience, an ascertained fact. To such it is known that, as well as the natural eye, man possesses a spiritual eye; as well as the natural ear, a spiritual ear; as well as the natural senses of taste and smell, spiritual senses of taste and smell; as well as the natural sense of touch, the spiritual sense of touch; also, that these faculties of the spiritual body co-existing with the external senses, can be, and very frequently are sublimated into keener powers of perception and intenser vitality even than those exercised by the external body.

Through this wonderful and exquisitely subtle organism, it is the firm faith, nay, rather the positive knowledge of the Spiritualist, that man is linked with the world of spirit—a world only invisible to the external eye, but of absolute *objective* reality to the spiritual perceptions when these are once unfolded.

The knowledge of this dual nature of humanity is no new discovery. The experience of the whole human race, in every age, and in every clime, bears testimony to this great truth. Every mythology and theology proclaim it in varied forms, with myriad tongues through allegory and pregnant fable. The Divine Word enunciates it in its burning and sacred pages. It is a powerful key, unlocking a thousand gates of mystery in the psychological history of the world; a key to decypher the mystic hieroglyphics and runes inscribed in the world’s literature by prophet and poet, from the earliest to the latest era.

The gradual unfolding of these latent faculties, is at the present day progressing with a rapidity, incredible to the multitude. Recognition of these spiritual senses, and through them of the invisible world, is an experience now permeating society. It is confined to no particular age or sex, social position, religious creed, geographical wealth, or physical conformation. It is to be met with at every turn by the candid enquirer, when once his attention has been aroused to the extreme and subtle vitality of this leaven, which already has commenced its work "with power."

Perhaps nowhere does the Spiritualist meet with facts more fully confirming his belief, than in that world of "science, falsely so called," which will generally oppose his theories with ridicule, and treat his experiences with scorn. If judiciously drawn into conversation, persons antagonistic to or entirely ignorant of what is termed Spiritualism in its fullest sense, will yield in their relation of singular phenomena and "puzzling experiences" the most valuable information, frequently filling up many a wanting link in the chain of evidence.

In September, 1858, Sir J. F. W. Herschel delivered before the Philosophical and Literary Society at Leeds, a lecture upon what he terms "sensorial vision." This lecture was printed "by order of the President and Council of that Institution, in compliance with an unanimous resolution at a general meeting of its members." Perusing this interesting lecture, a person acquainted with the remarkable phenomena of interior or spirit vision, recognises with pleasure that one of the earliest links in the chain has been noticed by so high a scientific authority as Sir John Herschel. Although unaware of the spiritual origin of the phenomena, and possibly inclined to ignore the possibility of such origin, Sir John having himself experienced certain puzzling instances of what he designates "sensorial vision," sets about in a calm philosophic spirit to investigate them, and arrives so far upon his road towards truth, as to satisfy himself that these remarkable "involuntary productions of visual impression" are highly worthy of observation, and belong rather to the realm of "psychology" than to that of "physiology."

His experiences will be familiar to many of our readers, and will, together with the calm spirit of investigation which inspires his lecture, be hailed with gratitude, as possibly indicating the dawn of a day when science shall cease to regard such enquiry as a condescension.

We will, however, give our readers Sir John's remarks and experiences, in his own words. Having cursorily referred to the phenomenon of "ocular spectra," produced by strong light on the retina, the observation of which first directed Sir John's attention

to the other class of phenomena, which he terms "sensorial vision," he says:—

I fancy it is no very uncommon thing for persons in the dark and with their eyes closed to see, or seem to see, faces or landscapes. I believe I am as little visionary as most people, but the former case very frequently happens to myself. The faces present themselves involuntarily, are always shadowy and indistinct in outline—for the most part unpleasing, though not hideous, expressive of no violent emotions, and succeeding one another at short intervals of time, as if melting into each other. Sometimes ten or a dozen appear in succession, and have always, on each separate occasion, something of a general resemblance of expression or some peculiarity of feature and physiognomy. Landscapes present themselves much more rarely, but more distinctly, and on the few occasions I remember have been highly picturesque and pleasing, with a certain but very limited power of varying them by the effort of the will, which is not the case with the other sorts of impressions. Of course I now speak of waking impressions, in health, and under no kind of excitement. When the two latter conditions are absent, numerous instances are on record of both voluntary and involuntary impressions of this kind, and singular as some of the facts may appear, I am quite prepared, from my own experience on two several occasions, to receive such accounts with much indulgence.

But it is not to phenomena of this kind that I am about specially to direct your attention. The human features have nothing abstract in their forms, and they are so intimately connected with our mental impressions, that the associative principle may very easily find in casual and irregular patches of unequal darkness, caused by slight local pressure on the retina, the physiognomic exponent of our mental state. Even landscape scenery to me habitually moved by the aspects of nature in association with feeling, may be considered as in the same predicament. There is nothing definite or structural in its forms, which are arbitrary to any extent, and composed of parts having no regular or symmetrical relations. It is perfectly conceivable that the imagination may interpret forms in themselves indefinite, as the conventional expressions of realities not limited to precise rules of form. We all know how easy it is to imagine faces in casual blots, or to see pictures in the fire. But no such explanation applies to the class of phenomena now in question, which consist in the involuntary production of visual impressions, into which geometrical regularity of form enters as the leading character, and that under circumstances, which altogether preclude any explanation, drawn from a possible regularity of structure in the retina of the optic nerve.

I was sitting one morning very quietly at my breakfast-table, doing nothing and thinking of nothing, when I was startled by a singular shadowy appearance at the outside corner of the field of vision of the left eye. It gradually advanced into the field of view, and then appeared to be a pattern in straight-lined angular forms, very much in general aspect like the drawing of a fortification, with salient and re-entering angles, bastions, and ravelins, with some suspicion of faint lines of colour between the dark lines. The impression was very strong: *equally so with the eyes open or closed*, and it appeared to advance slowly from out of the corner till it spread all over the visual area and passed across to the right side,—where it disappeared. I cannot say how long it lasted, but it must have been a minute or two. I was a little alarmed, looking on it as the precursor of some disorder of the eyes, but no ill consequence followed. Several years afterwards the same thing occurred, and I recognised, not indeed the same precise form, but the same general character—the fortification outline, the dark and bright lines, and the steady progressive advance from left to right. I have mentioned this to several persons, but have only met with one to whom it has occurred. This was a lady of my acquaintance, who assured me that she had often experienced a similar affection, and that it was always followed by a violent headache, which was not the case with me.

I come now to cases of perfect symmetry and geometrical regularity. The most ordinary class of patterns of this sort, I find to be formed *only in darkness, and if the darkness be complete, equally with open as with closed eyes*. The forms

are not modified by slight pressure, but their degree of visibility is much and capriciously varied by that cause. They are very frequent. In the great majority of instances the pattern presented is that of a lattice work; the larger axis is horizontal. The lines are sometimes dark on a lighter ground, and sometimes the reverse. Occasionally, at their intersections appears a small, close, and apparently complex piece of pattern-work; but always too indistinctly seen to be well made out. The lattice pattern, if constant, and if always upright, might be explained by the habit of looking fixedly at a lattice window, with a view to noting the order of succession of colours in the ocular spectra, which this mode of viewing them shows finely. Occasionally, however, the latticed pattern is replaced by a rectangular one, and within the rectangles occurs, in some cases, a filling in of a smaller lattice-pattern, or of a sort of lozenge of filagree work, of which it is impossible to seize the precise form, but which is evidently the same in all the rectangles. Occasionally too, but much more rarely, complex and coloured patterns like those of a carpet appear—but not of any carpet remembered or lately seen—and in two or three instances when this has been the case, the pattern has not remained constant, but has kept changing from instant to instant, hardly giving time to appreciate its symmetry and regularity before being replaced by another; that other, however, not being a sudden transition to something totally different, but rather a variation of the former.

Hitherto I have mentioned only rectilinear forms. I come now to circular ones. Having had to submit to a surgical operation, I was put under the blessed influence of chloroform. The indication by which I knew when it had taken effect consisted in a kind of dazzle in the eyes, immediately followed by the appearance of a very beautiful and perfectly regular and symmetrical "Turk's-cap" pattern formed by the mutual intersection of a great number of circles outside of a tangent to a central one. It lasted long enough for me steadily to contemplate it so as to seize the full impression of its perfect regularity, and to be aware of its consisting of exceedingly delicate lines, which seemed, however, to be not single, but close assemblages of coloured lines not unlike the delicate coloured fringes formed along the shadows of objects by very minute pencils of light. The whole exhibition lasted, so far as I could judge, hardly more than a few seconds; and I should observe that I never lost my consciousness of being awake, and in full possession of my mind, though quite insensible to what was going on. I spoke, but the words I am told I uttered, had no relation to what I know I meant to say.

After a considerable interval of time it became necessary to undergo another operation, which was also performed under chloroform; but this time the dose was less powerful, or differently administered. Again the "Turk's-cap" pattern presented itself on the first impression, which I watched with much curiosity, but it did not seem quite complete, nor was it identical with the former. In the intersections of the circles with each other, I could perceive small lozenge-shaped forms or minute patterns, but not clearly enough to make them well out. On both these occasions the patterns were far more lively and conspicuous than the dim and shadowy forms before spoken of, and probably belong to quite a different class of phenomena.

"Since that time," Sir J. F. W. Herschel continues, "circular forms have presented themselves spontaneously (of the shadowy and obscure class) on three occasions, one of them quite recently. . . . All these phenomena were, however, much fainter than the chloroform exhibitions, and of the order of lattice patterns. Now the question at once presents itself: What were these Geometrical Spectra—and how and in what department of the bodily and mental economy do they originate? *They are evidently not dreams. The mind is not dormant, but active and conscious of the direction of its thoughts, whilst these things obtrude themselves on notice, and by calling attention to them direct the train of thought into a channel it would not have taken of itself.* Retinal impressions they can hardly be, for what is to determine the incidence of pressure, or the arrival of vibrations from without upon a geometrically-devised pattern on the retinal surface, rather than on its general ground. . . . Where does the pattern itself, or its prototype in the intellect, originate? *Certainly not in any action consciously exerted by the mind, for both the particular pattern to be formed and the time of its appearance are*

not merely beyond our will and control, but beyond our knowledge. If it be true that the conception of a regular geometrical pattern implies the exercise of thought and intelligence, it would almost seem that in such cases as those above adduced we have evidence of a *thought, an intelligence, working within our own organization distinct from that of our own personality.* Perhaps it may be suggested that there is a kaleidoscopic power in the sensorium to form regular patterns by the symmetrical combination of casual elements, and most assuredly wonders may be worked in this way. But the question still recurs in another form: *How is it that we are utterly unconscious of the possession of such a power, utterly unable voluntarily to exert it, and only aware of its being exerted at times, and in a manner we have absolutely no part in except as spectators of the exhibition of its results."*

Sir John Herschel observes that he has mentioned his experience to several persons, and that only in one instance—that of a lady of his acquaintance—did he meet with similar phenomena. We have been personally familiar with this and its kindred phenomena for some years, have mentioned them to many persons, to relatives, intimate friends and acquaintance, and can enumerate not less than twenty individuals who are familiar with them in many singular grades of development. Two of these have obligingly offered memoranda of their experience.

Those portions of Sir J. Herschel's lecture which are given in italics as pointing out characteristics always met with in spiritual vision will be corroborated by the following communication from a lady, whom we will describe as Mrs. W. Her experience is given in her own words:—

I communicate with pleasure a few memoranda of visions which have been seen by me at various times. With reference to my experience of the unfolding of this faculty of spiritual sight, I would observe that although for years I have been partially sensible of what we now know to be vision through the spiritual eye, albeit in a transient and rudimentary form, the fuller and conscious possession of this power first developed itself within the last six years, and then very gradually—simultaneously however with spiritual hearing and spiritual perception of flavours and odours.

For a considerable time I was accustomed to perceive spiritual objects vaguely, and as if traced in grey outlines. Gradually these indistinct objects became clearer and glowed with intense light and colour. Never have I been able to call forth these interesting living moving pictures by any effort of the will. Frequently I have greatly desired their presence, but never when desired have they made their appearance. Only when my mind has been turned in other directions and my will has been entirely passive have I been visited by them.

The earlier tableaux were usually landscapes, such as from early childhood I had frequently, much to my enjoyment, beheld in dreams, but they were colourless and very transient. Sometimes only portions of a landscape would be seen, a rocky piece of ground for instance, with tree roots covered with moss, and twisted picturesquely amongst stones and tall beautiful fern. These pictures resembled nature seen as in a photograph, that is to say, in light and shade, but as if alive, for the leaves would be fluttered by the wind, little birds would come and fly through the wood, &c.; and everything would be animated, but colourless. Thus also for some time was it the case with many curious objects, almost indescribable in their whimsical combinations of forms and textures, sometimes portions of architecture or decorative ornament, intricate damask patterns, &c. Curious heads and faces began also to present themselves, and then as suddenly vanish. I can recal very clearly a whole procession of strange men and boys appearing and walking past, every face was individual and perfectly human, yet nevertheless each countenance had an indescribable strangeness about it. These men and boys were all very miserably attired in clothes of

the humblest kind, many of them as if they were paupers belonging to a work-house. With much curiosity I watched them mounting a staircase by slow degrees. At first I was accustomed to see these visions with closed eyes, but when perfectly wide awake, and conscious of external things. Gradually I began to discover that I saw these tableaux *with my eyes wide open* if I were in a dark room. Only once, and at a later period have I beheld spiritual objects with open eyes in broad day-light. I then saw the room in which I was and its furniture as background to the spiritual objects presented. Usually, and up to the present time, I am accustomed to see these curious things, either *in the day-time with closed eyes shaded from the light, or in the darkness with closed or open eyes as the case may be.* Invariably, however, the vision is spontaneous, and can in no way that I am aware of be induced by will.

Having, perhaps for six months, been accustomed to see these pictures in grey, unexpectedly one afternoon I saw in colour a winter landscape, hills and valleys, covered with deep and hardly frozen snow, a glowing crimson sunrise flaming above the hills. A vast lilliputian army of variously attired soldiers suddenly appeared marching across the snowy landscape beneath the crimson dawn. A second fairy army encountered them, and a terrific conflict ensued.

This was about five years ago, and was the first time when in the broad day I beheld these tableaux. The first time that I had seen them in colour, and the first time also that one picture had developed into a second. Since this period I have almost invariably seen them in colour, and as it were illumined by their own intense light, also their power of development out of each other has continued, until they have become in fact "dissolving views." It is impossible to convey to those unacquainted with these phenomena an idea of the brilliant light, colour, movement, and intense vitality of forms thus presented before the eyes. Occasionally it is as though a window opened suddenly in the darkness, and you gazed through it into a region of light and active vitality, where every possible object animate and inanimate might be beheld. It is noteworthy that whilst observing these varied scenes and objects, the mind regards them as beautiful and curious *natural* realities. Only later, when the picture has disappeared, flashes the consciousness upon you that what you have beheld was spiritual, and spiritually discerned.

In course of time I was led to comprehend that each vision was a pictured parable, and contained an inexhaustible variety of instruction: also, I had reason to regard them as a very sacred gift from God. To discover the meaning of these parables conveyed in symbols, was always intellectually interesting, but not always easy. Sometimes the explanation was conveyed, whilst the tablet passed before the eyesight, through the sense of spiritual hearing. Not infrequently the explanation was not given until months after the vision, and when in fact the vision was all but forgotten. There have been many instances in which no interpretation whatsoever has been granted. When I became acquainted with the writings of Swedenborg, some two years after the time when my spiritual vision first developed itself, I was enabled to discover through Swedenborg's "Doctrine of Correspondence," the meaning of many of the symbols which had been shown me. I have used his works in fact as a dictionary upon various occasions.

Here are a few of the picture-parable to which I have referred:—

1858.—Whilst in Wales, the spiritual vision not very strong within me, possibly owing to the natural vision being occupied by the beautiful objects around us; I had presented, however, as in a living tableau:—

A rough grey stone tower in the process of erection. Scaffolding raised around it, and workmen busily at work upon the scaffolding.

A pure white Parian vase, and within it a bouquet of exquisite and delicately tinted exotic flowers, several of which were orchids.

Saw myself standing upon the centre of a bridge, which spanned a stream. The bridge was very peculiar, the parapet on either hand being formed of one entire unbroken stone.

Saw a female figure walking across a green meadow. She was clothed in ragged and dusty garments. I could only clearly see the lower portion of the

figure. I was on this occasion sensible of the faculty of *hearing* as well as sight, an *interior* voice communicating audibly that this vision typified the condition of the human soul in the world at large when dwelling only in external worship.

January, 1859.—I saw a series of small visions upon waking in the morning during two or three weeks. The following are some of them:—

A field of oats in full ear and ripe, with a venerable head with long hair, and a very long beard, reminding me of the expression "The Ancient of Days," gazing down from heaven upon the waving grain.

A door opened and a female figure, bearing a water-can filled with water, entered a room where stood an empty pitcher. The woman poured the water out of her can into the pitcher, until it was not only full, but the water ran over, and sank into the carpet upon which the pitcher stood. The voice of the Spirit spoke these words upon the disappearance of the tableau, "I will send my handmaid with Divine Truth, and she shall fill the vessel prepared for my service, and not alone shall truth be given in full measure, but it shall run over and saturate even the unthankful soul."

A number of small packets, carefully wrapt up in paper, were placed in my hand, and were observed by the spiritual eye. The words spoken—"Gifts for thee; purchased by trial."

A number of large new copper coins, which I saw taken up by a hand and counted.

A number of scarlet leather-bound volumes, not unlike almanacks, shown me and passed one by one before my eyes, the voice saying "The books of the years of man's life entrusted to the hands of God."

The most exquisite spiritual perception through the ear, of a trumpet call; the melody ravishing in its sweetness. A melody that, though sounding from afar, appeared still to proceed as from within the very centre of the soul. Only those, who have experienced spiritual perception, can comprehend these sensations. I simply heard the sound; still it conveyed the idea of early summer morning, dew, sunshine, opal colouring of heaven, and waving green leaves, fragrant blossoms, and dewy grass. The voice of the Spirit spoke these words, "The trumpet call of the Last Judgment."

Various foods and wine brought to me, placed in my mouth by invisible hands, and tasted by my tongue. Amongst these foods was honey, which was not, however, placed within my mouth, though I desired to taste it. Butter, bread, cakes of various delicate kinds, fruits, and roasted meats were amongst the food, and sometimes fish.

About this time a friend with whom I was accustomed to converse upon religious and spiritual subjects, began to behold similar visions of representative objects. At first she could not understand what these things meant. Bread and wine especially were frequently presented thus before her. She was quite unconscious that I was accustomed to receive spiritual communication in this manner, and mentioned her new experience to me with much surprise. These objects appeared suddenly and unexpectedly, and then as suddenly vanished.

February, 1859.—One morning there was presented in vision a blank drawing-book; the pages were turned over by an invisible hand. The spirit-voice observed: "Thou dost not perceive the figure upon the first page of this book, but I will describe it to thee. A female figure is seated mourning; her head is bent very low; her hands are clasped together in dull grief. She mourns over the loss of her child—her child called 'External Life.' Above the woman's hair glitters a golden star; upon the woman's hands are rich gems, but she does not perceive them, she only mourns." Upon the second page appears the same woman. She is filled with deep joy and thanksgiving, for God has given into her charge a small organ: it is of celestial origin; its pipes are of gold, and its ornaments are of lustrous blue enamel. The woman kneels offering the organ to her Maker, her eyes stream with tears of holy joy.

Christmas, 1859.—Several shrubs shewn me in a garden, in various stages of decay. Here and there amidst the dead twigs and branches still lingered a green leaf or bough. They were such objects as no careful gardener would leave standing. Whilst observing these dead objects they passed away,

and in their place I beheld a large orange tree growing near a fountain. It was a vigorous tree, much larger than any of the dying shrubs, and I observed that it grew upon the spot formerly occupied by them. There were, however, neither buds, flowers, nor fruit upon the tree. The voice of the Spirit said solemnly: "Thou hast beheld a representation of the condition of the churches at the present day. They are dead or dying. This orange tree signifies the spiritual church of the Lord. But as yet it has borne neither flowers nor fruit."

The picture changing, I beheld a filthy kennel, the impure water flowing down a dirty wide street. This water rolled heavily along, leaving filthy straw and refuse vegetable matter behind stranded on the muddy stones. Whilst watching these things with disgust, fresh, pure water began to flow, and the stones became transformed into the pure rocks of a mountain torrent, the water dashing and sparkling over them in cheerful glee. Again the voice of the Spirit observed: "Thou hast beheld a parable of Adulterated Truth flowing through 'the great city of Babylon.' But water of Living Truth shall flow forth from 'the Living Rock—Christ.'"

Upon waking in the morning, I heard with the spirit-ear a bell ringing. In vision I perceived the gate of my father's garden open as if of its own accord, and a singular procession of birds, tall as human beings, enter. Their expression was singularly human, and still they were birds—some tall, some short, some middle-sized; they were of various colours: eagles, ostriches, ducks, swans, jackdaws, barn-door fowls, &c. With great gravity they walked towards the house. I observed that each bird had something wrong or deformed about him. This one had an ugly hump upon his back, of a colour quite inappropriate to the rest of his plumage; that one a huge "topping," which he appeared greatly to pride himself upon, spite of its being a complete disfigurement to his otherwise well-shaped head; whilst another had a huge hump sticking out of his neck. "These are guests which Love sends unto his servants," spoke the voice of the Spirit in explanation of this singular and grotesque procession. "Receive them in the name of Love. You will have to aid them in the removal of those ugly and useless appendages with which they have disfigured themselves. Perform this office with much care and patience. These ugly false things are neither ugly nor evil in the sight of their unfortunate possessors. Remember that you yourselves have equally beloved deformities which Love alone will remove, through your loving and patient removal of your neighbour's deformities."

I beheld a small circular exquisitely furnished apartment. I appeared to stand within its centre. There was neither door nor window, but its domed ceiling seemed to open up into heaven itself. Resplendent light poured down into the apartment, flooding it with ineffable glory. Every portion of the room was light and filled with fragrant warmth. The light was neither as the light of the sun, nor yet of a lamp. It was only to be described by the word "illumination." Intense silence brooded over the room—a sense of entirest secrecy. No explanation of the vision was given at the time. After a year or more, when walking alone in the country, and when I had forgotten this spiritual tableau, the spirit-voice reminded me of it, and observed: "That little room is the secret chamber of the human heart, wherein God listens to the thoughts of man."

Similar in character to the "picture parable," communicated by Mrs. W——, are the following visions seen by Mr. O——, a gentleman residing in Gloucestershire. They have been kindly forwarded for insertion in this article, by Miss S——, referred to in the following narrative:—

"Mr. O——, had never throughout his life seen any visions, remarkable or otherwise, until he came to P——, October 3rd, 1859. About a fortnight after this time he began to see in the night, or early in the morning, and always when quite dark, gleams of light entering his bed-room windows. He did not at first take much notice of them, but sometimes attributed them to

the shining of a watchman's lantern directed upon his window, and sometimes to lightning.

"Mr. O——, frequently saw the light flashing in through the window. At length one night it settled as though upon the wall, and took the form of a rose, and afterwards of large stars of various shapes. One night it assumed the appearance of two angels with trumpets inside a bright tablet 'all bright and beautiful.' The night that this vision appeared, Mr. O—— had retired to rest in rather an unhappy mood, but a wonderfully consoling feeling came with it, and he experienced most sweet and happy sensations. He was greatly comforted and peaceful whilst receiving it, and after its departure. It only continued a second or two, and then vanished.

"A week afterwards a bright tablet appeared, and within it the face of a child kissing a kitten. Many times figures would appear, but too dim to be distinguished. In March, he saw, surrounded by a circle of light, the profile of 'a very well-featured woman.' He soon recognised his mother in the face, and exclaimed, 'My mother, my mother,' with great joy; but it quickly vanished.

"The next morning (by morning you must always understand quite early before daylight) he saw in a beautiful tablet, a very handsome elderly lady, dressed very richly and neatly, with a bonnet on, apparently in walking costume. She was like all the rest of these visions formed of light, bright and refulgent looking.

"A night or two afterwards appeared a pretty dog with a boy. A light then appeared to him like a window, though the outlines were not strongly marked. This went out and returned again four times. The first three times only about half a minute at once. Mr. O—— lay four or five minutes thinking and wondering what meaning the three appearances had, and whether it might be that he had only three years or three months to live. It then returned once more, and he sat up in bed and watched it for nearly a minute before it faded away.

"April 3rd.—A bright light as if there were an opening in the dark, and in this inner bright apartment was part of the face of a man, the forehead and eyes and part of the nose visible, very prominent eyes and large, looking steadily at Mr. O——. It soon retired.

"April 4th.—The face and bust of a lady, with two little children kissing each other. She smiling upon them. They looked very pretty. A little after this, the upper part of the head of a man, which Mr. O—— recognised from the hair and forehead, to be that of a friend lately deceased.

"July 27th.—A hand pointing downwards. This first appeared as a bright phosphorescent light on the wall, beside Mr. O——'s

bed, in which gradually the hand became revealed. Presently a head appeared, belonging to the hand of an elderly man, with a small grayish beard, and small thin features. He looked at Mr. O—— with a pale, solemn countenance. In a few moments the whole vision faded away. Mr. O—— had an awe-struck feeling upon him that made him tremble, and at the same time rather a pleasant sensation of warmth. A scroll with hieroglyphic-looking writing upon it.

“September 28th.—A piece of ornament, but not distinct, through the surrounding halo of which the pattern of the paper upon the wall of the room could be seen.

“December 12th.—A bird with out-stretched wings feeding its young in a nest.

“December 13th.—Two animal’s heads like leopards.

“December 15th.—A loud knocking heard by Miss S—— in her room, waking both her and Mr. O—— from a sound sleep.

“December 16th.—A noise of bells ringing; heard also by Miss O——. An angel with a bright baby which afterwards turned into flowers. Also a stag’s head with large antlers.

“December 18th.—A number of indistinct figures and two doves billing.

“December 20th.—Several faces of men, women, and children.

“January 1st, 1861.—A large skull, from the top of which a child’s head gradually emerged, and afterwards wings to the head.

“January 3rd.—A cherub and a child. Mr. O—— has seen many more visions than these, especially animals, but he has omitted to note them down.

“One night about a month ago he had a picture shown him of a most beautiful landscape. It was as if an opening were made in the darkness, through which he viewed a bright and glorious country, indescribably lovely, with meadows and fields, trees, &c. One man was walking in it, and one animal—a cow. The brightest sunshine was over everything. One peculiarity of these bright visions is, that frequently they light up the various articles in the room as though it were day-light. When they disappear everything is dark again.

“Mr. O—— generally sees them on first opening his eyes. I think their light must awaken him; but he is not aware whether it is so or not. He imagines the visions to be brought by some dead friend who wishes to converse with and comfort him; and he says that they have had a soothing effect upon his mind.

“I have mentioned the noises also, because we both feel that they have some unearthly origin. The rapping was very peculiar. They are not the only mysterious sounds we have heard since we came here.”

Probably this class of symbolic tableaux may belong to that species of spiritual teaching repeatedly referred to by the Swedish seer in his works on "Representative Speech." In the first volume of the *Arcana Cœlestia*, when relating his experience regarding "the speech of spirits and angels" he observes: "The speech of angelic spirits is incomprehensible; suffice it, therefore, to speak of it briefly, and only of their representative speech. In this the subject itself is exhibited *representatively*, in a wonderful manner, which is abstracted from the objects of sense, and is varied in numberless ways by the most pleasing and beautiful representatives. By virtue of influx from the Lord, all things generally and individually are, as it were, alive. Every particular subject is thus exhibited, and this by continual series."

With reference to a very remarkable experience of angelic communication given through a representative picture, the Rev. T. L. Harris also observes, in *The Wisdom of Angels*: "I then realized that thoughts are things; that spirits speak in correspondences; and consequently, that while I had endeavoured to express certain ideas in language far more sublimely, the same ideas had been represented in visible and splendid Paradaical images. Each idea that I had sung appeared represented by a form, and the whole poem thus appeared dramatized in sublime pictures."

In a curious book entitled *The Sanctuary of Spiritualism, a Study of the Human Soul*," by L. A. Cahagnet, a M. Gaspart gives the following account of his experience under the influence of hashish, which throws some light upon the subject of spiritual vision, and upon the theory of thought being objective in the spiritual world, and transforming itself into pictures with marvellous rapidity and in endless succession. M. Gaspart says:—

Ideas have a body: that, to me, has become palpable; I saw them too perfectly not to be certain of it. Each idea is represented by the reunion and concurrence of a certain number of objects which form an allegory. But the choice of these objects is so happy, and their arrangement so harmonised, that the spirit, which observes and judges them as they pass by, cannot mistake their meaning. A picture composed more or less of emblematic objects forms one idea. From this idea flows another, represented by a fresh picture. The first picture which is the first idea, gives birth, therefore to a long series of ideas, that is of tableaux. It is the collection of these ideas that forms reasoning, the argument, until the arrival of the last idea, which is the conclusion, the judgment. One cannot express the rapidity with which this multitude of ideas passes before the eyes of the spirit, for frequently the conclusion touches closely upon the premises, yet is separated therefrom by hundreds of pictures. In the natural state we do not remark the train of ideas we pass through, and which we put in motion, to arrive at the consequences of a syllogism; we sometimes reach it at a single bound, and yet it occasions considerable labour in our brain—a labour figuratively represented by a great number of pictures, none of which escape our spiritual eyes. They were dazzling as the sun, and although passing with the rapidity of an arrow, our spirit (which might justly be called the understanding) has time

to see them all, both as a whole and in their details; to analyse them; then to classify and make a summary of them which it transmits to speech without any suspicion of the operations in which it has been employed.

“ W.”

I recollect well when this two-fold consciousness, in my own case, began to return,—and how strange it seemed to me that I could converse with a friend in my room, hear him with the natural ear, behold him with the natural eye—look out through the windows upon the natural landscape and see the sights of the heavens above, the reflections of natural light on hill and valley, the waving, whispering trees and flowers, the whole panorama of objects that diversified the outward scene,—and then, at the same time, yet in a totally different plane of vision, see persons who were just as visible to the inner eye, as these things and objects were to the outward eye. I recollect well the novelty of the fresh experience—hearing my friend in the natural world conversing, and then, without passing from that state in which I could distinguish the language of the natural voice, hearing the spiritual language—hearing, perhaps, some angelic spirit who was near me, conversing with a friend or addressing himself directly to my own organs.—*Rev. T. L. Harris.*

SPIRITUAL DYNAMICS.

WE extract the following interesting test from a number of the *Shekinah* for July 1853, which has been recently sent us along with other early journalistic specimens of Spiritualism. We shall have to notice these literary efforts in an early number. Meantime we commend this test fact to our readers as one that might be retried here for the benefit of our friends the sceptics, and might even be of service to some of the authors of *Essays and Reviews*, who are inquiring into the relations between matter and spirit.

“MECHANICAL TEST OF SPIRITUAL FORCE.—Persons who are most familiar with the spiritual manifestations are aware that tables, or other articles of furniture, are sometimes made apparently very light or very heavy by an invisible agency which they claim to be spiritual. A query, however, has arisen in some minds, as to whether the apparently increased or diminished weight of the article subjected to the experiment is not owing to some *psychological* influence exerted upon the person who lifts, or attempts to lift it. The writer, in company with some friends, recently tested this question in a manner which leaves no doubt as to its correct answer. A circle of ladies and gentlemen being convened at my house, two of the ladies, who were mediums for ‘tippings,’ placed their fingers lightly upon a writing-table, peculiarly constructed with a block and pillar, which the spirits soon threw over upon the floor. The spirits then were requested to make the block, or foot end of it, ‘heavy,’ while the fingers of the mediums were resting lightly against the top of the table, then turned nearly in a vertical

position, and in such a manner that the mediums could not, by pressure, add anything of consequence to the weight of the foot-block. Each person in the room then tried to lift the *foot end* of the table; they all succeeded easily except one lady, who could not raise it from the floor except when the spirits permitted her.

“To ascertain beyond doubt whether the table was really heavier to her than it was to others, or whether contact with it abstracted from her muscular strength, as by a psychological process, I procured a spring scale, capable of weighing twenty-four pounds, and hooked it under the foot-block of the table as it lay upon the floor. Then taking the ring or handle of the scale, a gentleman lifted the foot of the table from the floor by the hook, when it was observed that it weighed *just twelve pounds*. The lady before mentioned then took the ring of the scale, and lifted it precisely in the same manner as did the gentleman, raised the foot of the table about an inch clear from the floor, when the index of the scale showed a weight of *twenty-two pounds*, or a small fraction less! After this was carefully observed by the persons in the room, the scale was given again into the hands of the gentleman, when the weight indicated was twelve pounds as before. It was again changed to the hand of the lady, when the weight again became twenty-two pounds, as in the previous trial. And so it was changed backward and forward between the lady and gentleman for several times, until there could possibly remain no longer any doubt as to the difference of the weight. The party adopted the unanimous conclusion, in which the reader will doubtless concur, that that inanimate scale could not *lie*, nor even be *psychologised*; and the invisible force stood thus irrefutably established by a mechanical test. “F.”

THE MYSTIC CRAYON DRAWINGS.

A NEW PHASE OF MEDIUMSHIP.

WE extract from the New York *Herald of Progress*, edited by Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis, the accounts which follow of certain Spirit-drawings executed through the mediumship of Mrs. E. J. French of New York. The first account is given in the words of Dr. Hallock, addressed to the New York Spiritual Conference, and the certificate at the end of it is signed by him and by several of the best known and most respected of our friends in New York. The account, therefore, may be regarded as entirely authentic, and the investigation may be received as having been made by those of all others the most competent to the task. We shall be glad to

receive further accounts of this curious development of spiritual force, which we regard as one more chapter in the book of spiritual influx, and which however little its meaning and value may be recognized as yet, will before long be found to be an important stone for building up a true theory of inspiration.

Dr. Hallock's statement is as follows :—

“ On Thursday evening, the 22nd Nov. last, he met by invitation a party of ladies and gentlemen at the residence of Mrs. E. J. French, at No. 8, Fourth Avenue, to witness certain alleged manifestations on the part of spirits, in the art of drawing in crayon, or, more strictly speaking, in black lead pencil. A little after eight o'clock Mrs. French left the room in which the party was assembled, and took her seat on a lounge in a small bedroom adjoining. Mrs. F. did not leave this seat during the occurrence of what follows. Soon after taking it she appeared to be entranced, and remained so throughout, the eyes open, fixed and staring. She requested Dr. Hallock and Prof. Brittan to examine the room. They found upon the bed opposite to where she was seated a portfolio closed with tape strings, and a bottle said to contain wine to be used in the experiment, the drawing paper to be used for the pictures being in the portfolio. This portfolio and bottle we were requested not to touch. Several lead pencils and two pieces of india rubber were upon the bed, but no drawings nor drawing paper were found in the room. After this search Mr. Culbertson was requested by Mrs. French to take the portfolio into the room occupied by her guests, to open it, and to hand her the contents. It contained common drawing paper. Six sheets of different sizes were taken from Mr. Culbertson by Mrs. French and laid upon a table which had been just previously placed before her. She then called for some pins, and, taking a strip of paper five or six inches in length, she placed one end parallel with the edge of the drawing paper and pinned the other end with three or more pins to it. This done, one of the party was requested by name to take the sheet with the slip of paper pinned on it to let the company examine it to their perfect satisfaction, to retain the narrow slip of paper with the pins sticking in it, in his own possession and to return the drawing paper to her. This was done with all the six sheets, the pins in each case differing in number and position, and each sheet being handed to a different individual, the object being to identify the drawing paper by means of the pins which remained in the slips, fitting the holes in the drawing paper, corresponding to the number upon the slip, both drawing paper and slips being numbered from one to six inclusive. When these sheets had all been examined and returned to Mrs. French, Mr. Culbertson handed her the wine. She then laid a sheet of the drawing paper upon the table, poured upon it a

quantity of the wine sufficient to wet the entire surface, and then with the palm of her hand spread the wine all over it. This was done to each of the sheets in succession, the whole party looking on. Next commenced the process of drying. She took these sheets one by one, rolled them up, blew through them, and waved them gently through the air. During this process, which occupied but a very few minutes, she requested the light to be turned partially down, as its full glow, she said, interfered with the process. It is proper to state here that during the process of drawing, one of the sheets about to be used, she said, had become too dry; so she called for the bottle of wine (simple grape juice and sugar, by authority of taste—a production of New England,) wetted the sheet over again, and dried it as before. When the drawing was about to commence, the light was restored and the party requested to take seats near the open door of the room where she sat, Mr. Gurney, Prof. Brittan, Dr. Warner, and Dr. Hallock being within six feet of her and all the rest being in full view.

“Laying one of the sheets of drawing paper upon the table before her, and placing several lead pencils between her fingers, she requested that when she said ‘*time*,’ as many as chose should examine their watches, with a special injunction, jocularly expressed, that Dr. Hallock should keep *his* eyes particularly upon her, which he very readily promised to do, and *did* throughout.

“All being ready, Mrs. French called out ‘*time*.’ Then was seen a rapid move of the hand, and, for a moment or so, of both hands, accompanied by a sound as of pencils rapidly marking upon paper, and then both pencils and paper were thrown, as by a spasm, to some distance from the table upon the floor. The time occupied was twenty-one seconds. The picture is a bouquet of flowers, consisting of hyacinths, lilies, tulips, &c. “No. 2 is also a group of flowers, but the kind cannot be stated here, the picture having been given away, and this statement is made from the facts before him, and not from memory. The time used was twenty seconds. “No. 3 is a very beautiful bunch of grapes, with stem, leaves and tendrils, all complete. The time, occupied in the drawing was twenty-one seconds. “No. 4 is a stem and leaves, with five distinct representations of full-grown fruit attached. The fruit resembles apricots, but the leaves in structure though not in shape, look more like some of the ferns. When all was arranged for the drawing of this picture, (No. 4 of the series,) Mrs. French asked in how long a time they (the party) would have it done? Some answered ten seconds, and others less, while some said take you own time. “Well,” said Mrs. French “I am going to talk while this picture is being drawn. When I say *one*, look at your watches; when I stop counting, the

picture will be finished. Now ! One, two, three, four," and then the picture, as described, was done. Time, four seconds. "No. 5 represents a stem from a gooseberry bush. On it are twelve beautifully drawn gooseberries, represented as in the green state, with blossoms and leaves to match ; and also a partial background of leaf belonging to some other order. This picture was presented by Mrs. French, while in the trance, to Mr. Buckmaster, of Pittsburgh, Pa., as a token from his spirit daughter, promised him on a previous occasion. The time was twelve seconds. No. 6 which may be considered the *chef d'œuvre* of the series, is a drawing, nine by fourteen inches in dimensions, consisting of flowers and foliage, in white, upon a shaded background—this is to say, they are the natural color of the drawing paper, their outlines being distinctly marked in pencil, and the interstices coloured, with the lead nicely shaded. In all, save two other drawings produced in like manner on a former occasion, the reverse of this appears, viz., the drawings are in pencil, upon a white ground. In the centre of this group of flowers, and springing from the lower margin of the drawing, is a hand holding an open book. This book measures one inch and a quarter by three quarters. Its corners are not exactly right angles, but what is very curious, the pin holes, corresponding to the pins in the narrow slip of paper which he held in possession, marked the extreme dimensions or four corners of the book. At the top of the left-hand page is written Galatians vi, and then follows the first six and a part of the sixteenth verses of that chapter, covering nearly the entire of both pages, in characters mostly legible in a good light to the naked eye, and all readable with a common magnifier. This writing contains over one hundred words fairly written. The time occupied in the production of this was thirteen seconds. When it had been examined and the paper upon which it was drawn identified, Mrs. French (still entranced) invited such of the party as felt willing, to testify under their own signatures to what they had witnessed. The following is a copy of the certification written at the time upon the blank margin of the picture :—

"Executed in thirteen seconds, in our sight, by Mrs. French, on the 22d of November, 1860, at No. 8, Fourth Avenue.

"John F. Gray, Robert T. Hallock, L. S. Warner, I. Gurney, Mrs. S. M. Dimon, S. H. Le Fever, T. Culbertson, Mrs. E. Merwin, Mrs. A. House, S. B. Brittan, Mrs. E. G. Warner, F. E. O'Connor, Beloit, Wis., N. Buckmaster, Pittsburgh, M. L. French."

The *Herald of Progress*, of the 26th February last, contains further and more precise observations of this new phase of spirit manifestation which will be found to answer all the necessities of the most accurate testing. We should be glad if one or more of the drawings could be forwarded for inspection in this country, if we might ask for such a favor:—

“We have lately witnessed again the mysterious drawings through the mediumship of Mrs. French. Whatever there was of the marvellous and inexplicable in those described in previous numbers of the *Herald*, seems to be much increased in the cases we have recently observed, though the conditions under which the sketching has been performed appear to preclude all possible explanation, except through the intervention of spirits. The process by which the pictures were produced, in the instances hitherto reported in this journal, was substantially as follows: In a fully-lighted room, in the presence of many observers, common drawing-paper has been handed to the medium, cut in such a manner as to give a large sheet with a counterpart check. The checks being given to the company, the several sheets have been taken by the medium, openly washed in some acid liquid, dried by rolling, wiping, and breathing upon them; and, by holding pencils over them, or by inserting in them, when rolled, bits of paper blackened with crayons, pictures have been produced of exquisite taste and delicacy, within the space of a few seconds. These pictures can be erased by a rubber, are evidently substantially made of crayon lead, and are most of them such as would require the labour of hours by a skilful artist. How are they produced? The friends of the medium say, that by some unknown process of chemistry, the substance of the lead pencils is suddenly precipitated upon sketches already limned by spirit artists, in such a way as to *bring out* the pictures by some art similar to that of our ordinary photography. The gradual development of her mediumship in this direction, which has been continued now nearly a year, and her incapacity to sketch in her normal capacity, confirms them in this belief. On the other hand, the staggering nature of the phenomena has suggested to the sceptical, particularly those who have heard of, but never witnessed the drawings, simpler hypotheses. They may be reduced to two. The first is, that the pictures being drawn, previous to the sitting, the blank sheets prepared in the presence of the company have been dexterously withdrawn, and the finished pictures substituted by sleight-of-hand. A careful study of the method in which the sittings have been conducted, as before reported in the *Herald*, should suffice, as we think, to put an end to that supposition.

“The other supposition is, that the pictures, being sketched

by the medium in some invisible chemical, previous to the sitting, were brought out by washing the paper in acid liquids. To this hypothesis it should be a sufficient answer, *that the pictures do not enter into the body of the paper*, and that several have been produced, moreover, upon an unexpected call, after the paper had been washed with the acid solution.

“Well, to meet both these objections efficiently, a public sitting was given by the medium at Clinton Hall, on the evening of January 23rd, to which the spectators were admitted by ticket. The gentlemen and ladies present numbered seventy-four. The sitting commenced about half-past eight. On a raised platform at one end of the room, which was well lighted with gas, the medium occupied a common settee; before her was a table, which permitted most of her person to be seen, as also the vacant space on her seat to the right and left hand. At one end of the settee stood a desk, but just within reach. The audience occupied seats in front of the platform. Soon after order was established, a committee of three was appointed by the audience to go out into the street and purchase paper, for the avowed purpose, as stated by a gentleman in behalf of the medium, to preclude all possibility of any sketching upon it by her with invisible fluids, or any exchange of pictures already drawn for blank sheets. The committee went out and purchased several sheets upon which they *secretly inscribed their names with sympathetic ink*. These sheets were handed to the medium at twenty minutes to nine, who, upon taking them, remarked to the members of the committee, from whom they were received: ‘We shall cut off all your marks!’

“Water was next drawn from the hydrant in the corner of the room, and handed to the medium, who took it and washed several of the sheets, wiping them and laying them one upon another. She next commenced cutting them, as she had promised to do, till she had reduced several to a quarter of their original dimensions. Paper checks were now attached to many of them, with a number of pins to each check.

“These small drawing sheets with their checks were passed to the members of the committee to examine and return, though the checks were to be kept. The cutting, washing, drying, and checking the sheets occupied a wearisome fifty minutes, or till half-past nine. All things being now ready, at a given signal the time was called for the first picture, which was produced in two seconds, the only visible agency in its production being the thrusting of a piece of paper, blackened with crayon lead, into the rolled sheet. The picture No. 1 is a lake scene, with two boats, hills, &c. In a similar way were produced No. 2, in four seconds—a bouquet of flowers with the head of a child, this

latter being asked for by some one present. No. 3, in four seconds—a bunch of flowers, with a bird and nest, a basket and butterfly. Nos. 4 and 5, together, in four seconds—No. 4 being a bunch of grapes, with leaves, stems, &c., and No. 5 being two hens with flowers. No. 6 came out in two seconds—it is a beautiful vase of flowers, with birds. Much time was lost in the examination of the pictures by the company, so that it was ten minutes past ten before the last one was delivered. The pictures are mostly admirable as artistic efforts, as has been already mentioned. The sheets were hardly a moment out of sight of those sitting nearest the medium; and the pin marks on the pictured sheets corresponded exactly to those on the checks.

“After the drawing was finished, a few animated remarks by the medium on the object of such manifestations, to wit: the awakening of men to a consciousness of their immortal destiny, very appropriately closed the sitting.

“Another sitting followed the foregoing at the medium’s rooms, No. 8, Fourth Avenue, on Friday evening, Jan. 25th. At this, thirty-three gentlemen and ladies were present.

“The medium sat upon a sofa, in the open door of a small room connected with a full-lighted parlor, in which the company were seated. This small room with the sofa, had been previously examined by members of the party, to see if it contained paper or pictures. Before the medium stood a small table with a marble top, and containing no drawer. At a quarter past eight a committee, chosen by those present, selected at random, from a roll of fifteen drawing-sheets, purchased a few hours before, two sheets at random, and laid them before the medium. These were taken by her and cut into eight smaller sheets before all, washed with water, wiped, rolled in small rolls, and laid in a folded towel upon the table, from which table they were not for an instant removed till they passed into the hands of the spectators. The period occupied in washing, wiping, rolling, and drying, however, was long. Bits of the sheets, as in the previous sittings, were blackened with the pencils and laid upon one end of the table, near, in contact with which, sat several of the company. A few minutes before the first picture was produced, one of these blackened pieces was taken by a member of the committee sitting nearest the medium and this he was to hold constantly in his hand. The first blank sheet was then given to him to open, to see if it contained any picture, and to close again immediately. Upon a signal given, he was to thrust his *crayoned* bit of paper into the rolled sheet, and then time was to be noted. At this juncture, those sitting immediately around the table were called to suggest subjects. The holder of the crayoned paper suggested “*instruments of music, with music;*” another suggested a goat’s

head with flowers. Upon the giving of the signal, the crayoned paper was thrust into the rolled sheet, and after the lapse of three seconds, the sheet was opened, and found to contain a bouquet of flowers, in the midst of which was depicted the head of an Angola goat, without horns. When examined by one of the committee, five or seven minutes before the picture came out, the sheet was perfectly blank. Moreover, though his fingers were very much blackened by holding the crayoned paper, *it left no marks inside the rolled sheet where they ought not to be!*

“A similar process was pursued with sheet No. 2, it being examined by one of the committee, to see if it was perfectly blank. In four seconds a beautiful bouquet of flowers appeared upon it. On No. 3 appeared, in three seconds, various kinds of fruit, (some of which was cut) with a bird. No. 4 was produced in four seconds, under like conditions—it is a picture of old-fashioned instruments of music, with an open book, in which are written musical notes. This picture was alike a surprise and a gratification to the member of the committee who called for it. No. 5 was produced in four seconds; it is a bouquet of flowers and leaves, from which a bird seems to have just been frightened by a dog, the head of which, inverted, peers out from among the foliage. No other pictures were brought out this evening. They varied in dimensions, as on Wednesday evening, from an area of two inches square to four, and were, as usual, beautifully executed. The gentleman who called for the head of the goat, seems to be of the impression that his will operated, to some extent, mesmerically in producing that feature of the picture. At least, he seemed to entertain no doubt of the entire good faith and *involuntary* agency of the medium. He had been present only at the sitting of the preceding Wednesday, and has had no opportunity to witness similar manifestations before, as his business requires him to be absent in Europe much of the year. Want of space compels us to omit many incidental details connected with the production of these pictures, which would increase the interest of the statement. Under all the circumstances, we must confess to a belief in the intervention of spirits, in manifestations in which intelligence makes use of agencies unknown to man.”

[Why may not this phase of mediumship be tried in this country? So far as our experience goes, it is not likely to be confined either to time or place, but only to state and to conditions, one great element of which is, strong human endeavour with receptivity.—ED.]

INDIVIDUALITY OR ORGANIZATION?

By JUDGE EDMONDS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—In your letter of the 21st January, you make a remark or two, which I desire to notice. You say you have a "strong belief that the subject is now so widely and deeply spread, that it is becoming a power which will have great results, and at no long day, *although there is no organization:*" and you think "there must be something wanting in the literature of Spiritualism that its organs should be so short lived."

When the reality of spiritual intercourse began to dawn upon me, I at once said, If this is true, it must be for all mankind, and not for any particular people; and if it comes with us in America, it must and will shew itself elsewhere. Its end and aim must be universal, and its manifestations and instrumentalities will be seen everywhere: and it will not be right to attempt to give it any form—Christian, Mahomedan, or Boodish—that would make it unacceptable to any. Still I thought that concentrated action would be serviceable—and it was attempted, but in vain. Over and over again, here and elsewhere in the United States, efforts at organization have been made—and some of them in a spirit of wisdom and freedom that removed all reasonable objection here among us—but every such effort has failed. So with the Press and every effort to get up a periodical devoted to the subject, almost all have failed; though some of them have been conducted with ability far superior to that displayed on many of the successful periodicals of the day.

To what shall we ascribe these cognate failures? Surely not to a falling off in the number of believers—for we are increasing marvellously every day, until we are counted, in this country alone, by millions. Not to any diminution in the interest which the subject excites, for we behold that interest constantly augmenting, and men of character, education, and ability, enrolling themselves in our ranks. Not to fear of the world's condemnation of it, for we have survived that in its severest form, and lived to see our belief tolerated and in many localities actually popular. In the meantime the cause is moving on and spreading throughout the whole earth. My own observation alone tells me this, besides information from others. Men have been to see me from the four quarters of the earth, of different nations and languages. Letters come to me from Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. I hear of manifestations among the Indians on the Rocky Mountains, the slaves at the South, the Arabs in Northern Africa—the natives of the isles of the Pacific. I have

heard of my own publications being found on the Himalaya Mountains, in Japan, and among the whalers in the North Seas. I behold Spiritualism in the churches—Catholic and Protestant—and that so strongly existing there, that the priesthood have been obliged to recognise and tolerate it, and some even to use it. The pulpit has stilled its denunciations, and the Press has learned to acknowledge its reality; and now, day by day, numbers are added of those who shall be saved. And yet no organization of our adherents can be successful, no concentration of our power be permitted? If this movement had been of a human device, the human means of organization and concentration would long since have been in full operation. But if it is Divine in its origin, it needs no such mortal appliances, but each soul shall move in its own orbit around the great centre of the system—forming part, indeed, of a harmonious whole, but preserving its own independent individuality to the end.

I have often, within the last six or seven years, reasoned with the spirits with whom I have been in communion, in regard to the plan of their operations—have well understood what it was, and have from time to time been instructed wherein I could aid in the work. Evils which afflicted the past and retarded the progress of truth in the olden time, they were determined now to avoid. Man's proneness to worship objects palpable to the senses, rather than the invisible Creator of a boundless universe, should no longer be indulged with the opportunity of deifying the instrument rather than the Divine influence. This movement was not, therefore, confined to one instrument, but was confided to many, and they of every conceivable grade of society, so as to render the worshiping of them too absurd to be thought of for a moment. It has therefore been a cardinal principle with the spirits to let no one man have an undue prominence over his fellow: and we have none such, and are not to have. No Mahomet, or Luther, or Wesley is to be found in our ranks to interpose their imperfections between us and a direct reception by us of the Truth from the same source whence they claimed to obtain it. No one man shall stand in our midst like Moses, clothing his commands with the formula, "Thus saith the Lord." But each shall work out his own salvation: to each shall be accorded the liberty of doing so in his own way; and each shall be taught to worship the Lord God and none other.

There was another evil which the spirits were determined to avoid, and that was one which would surely flow from organization. In every organization there must be some minds to lead, guide, and govern—and hence would arise inevitably an oligarchy among us. So it would be with any publication well grounded and permanently established: its controlling mind would surely

lead, guide, and govern the masses. There is such a proneness in man to save himself the trouble of thinking for himself—such a disposition to indulge a mental indolence, by accepting a faith ready made for him, that the designing in all ages have taken the advantage to enslave and benight him. Hence the churches, which have done such immense good in speeding man upward, have been shorn of much of their power and their usefulness to advance him still farther; and from this cause the Church now has become, as the Jewish Church became 1800 years ago, an instrument rather of man's retardation, than of his advancement. Had this matter in which we are engaged been of human origin, it would have been easy to have formed a hierarchy among us. There are enough among us who could be tempted with the prospect of power; and the constant demand we hear for something certain, definite, reliable, from the spirits, shows us that there are enough ready to yield to the temptation of having somebody to think for them. And I know of nothing short of Divine wisdom that could have prevented these elements, so rife as they are among us, from producing the same results which have been seen since the world began, to spring from the same causes. I confess that when these designs were revealed to me, I could hardly conceive it possible to escape the consequences which the whole history of the race seemed to declare were inevitable: and I have watched the movement with great interest to see if the purpose would be carried out. I think now, from the success which has attended the effort thus far, that it can. God grant that it may! For there is no tyranny so debasing as that of mind over mind—no bondage so destructive to human progress, as the mental. Your own poet has nobly said:—

He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free.

And when any human device, be the pretence what it may, stands in the way of the advent of the truth to each mind, according to its own capacity to receive it, its direct tendency is to enslave, and to retard, if not to debase the immortal spirit of God that is within us. The High and Holy Ones who are dealing with us now see this, and seeing, they are determined to avoid. Hence all seems chaos in our ranks; yet we are moving forward with a harmony of action that is marvellous in its existence and in its results. While the uninstructed mind can behold in the firmament nought but wild confusion of the stars, the astronomer can see, pervading it all, that order which is Heaven's first law. So we, who look beneath the surface of this movement, can see a scheme—a plan wisely devised and steadily executed.

Organized public meetings are rare among us; but private circles, "where two or three are gathered together in His name,"

are everywhere. In this city, amid our 40,000 or 50,000 Spiritualists, it is hard work to keep up a weekly meeting of 400 or 500; yet private circles are numerous, and every day. To keep up a periodical devoted chiefly to our cause is very difficult, yet almost all the newspapers are open to us, and the general literature of the day and the arts and sciences are redolent with the principles which Spiritualism teaches. The pulpits are ostensibly closed to us, but they are nevertheless pouring out our doctrines to their people and vitalizing Christianity under our unseen but pervading influence. Everywhere throughout the whole earth the manifestations of the spirit presence are of the same general character. The variations are slight, but the agreement in characteristics is found everywhere. This is true both of the physical and mental manifestations, and it is frequently found that where they show themselves for the first time, and to those who have never witnessed or never heard of them before, they are of the same general character, and demonstrate their origin to be in one general purpose. The truths taught by the manifestations have the same general character everywhere. Varied as they must be, and as they are, by the character and temperament of the spirit communing and the mortal holding the communion, they yet all agree in the main features of the teachings. The two great features are to show to man how intimately, in his mortal life, he is connected with the spirit-world, and to reveal to him what is that world into which all are yet to be ushered. And on these points will be found everywhere a substantial agreement of revelation, be the discord in the teaching on science, philosophy, or doctrine, what it may.

There is then, in the movement, concentration of action, though not of our handywork—there is organization, though not of mortal fashioning; and we can well afford to dispense with any of our own contrivances. Let it not, however, be understood that there is nothing for us to do—nothing in which we can act in concert with each other. There is indeed much for all of us to do, both singly and together. But the first great work which each has to accomplish is with himself; for until each has interwoven into himself, as part of his very being, the great truths now being revealed to him from beyond the grave, he is not fitted to participate in the mighty movement which is stirring up the human soul from its deepest depths. The revelation addresses itself to the senses; but it will not do to treat it merely as matter of curiosity or sensuous gratification—it addresses the understanding; but it will not do to deal with it merely as a philosophy. It speaks to the heart, and to the spark of divinity that is planted there, and there is but one response that can spring from the heart—and that is devotion. It is the Spirit of God communing

with its offspring—of righteousness and the judgment to come—and that is religion. Everywhere, in every form and in every language, it is uttering the same sentiments—telling us of the future, and teaching us how to meet it. No mere human concert could have done as much in attaining this end as has been already accomplished in the last decade; and who is there that will not say of the work, surely,

The hand that made it is Divine ?

Truly yours,

J. W. EDMONDS.

THE DEATH-BLOW TO AMERICAN SLAVERY THROUGH SPIRITUALISM.

The following letter was addressed by Mr. Howitt to the *Preston Guardian*, as a fitting close to his correspondence with the Romish Priest, and the Swedenborgian, whose strange union was so prematurely broken in upon by Mr. Howitt's previous letters:—

To the Editor of the "Preston Guardian."

Sir,—As a splendid top-stone to my late correspondence on the subject of Spiritualism, I hasten to put you in possession of a fact—UNDOUBTEDLY THE GREATEST FACT OF MODERN TIMES—which has just reached me. In a letter just received by a friend of mine from Judge Edmonds of the United States, he says that Spiritualism has done, and is doing a mighty work for which, as yet, it has not obtained credit. All the world knows that the Anti-Slavery party in the United States has now beaten the Slavery party; has achieved the appointment of Mr. Lincoln an Anti-Slavery President; and that the Slave States in their wrath have seceded. This is the beginning of God's judgment on that accursed institution, which converts men into beasts of burden, into the property of villains; which converts women into the slaves of lust; which causes men, calling themselves Christian, to sell their own children, and ministers of the Gospel, so-called, to quote Scripture for it. All the world knows that this infernal institution thus upsets all the principles of religion and morality; thus corrupts the very foundations of all virtue, of all faith and law; thus puts a lying spirit into the mouths of preachers, and whips and chains into the hands of remorseless men; thus makes these monsters of the Slave States burn negroes alive if they attempt to rebel against this hideous Anti-Christian system—but all the world does not know that it is Spiritualism which has put the axe

to the very root of this diabolical abomination. But hear what Judge Edmonds says: he says, that some years ago when he resigned his Judgeship, he determined to make a tour, and lecture on Spiritualism. That he went from the East coast to the Mississippi, and far and wide North and South. That he saw then, by his observation of Spiritualism and Spiritualists, that they were destined to turn the balance against Slavery, for that *every man, whatever were his previous character, or principles, or politics, the moment he became a Spiritualist, became the natural enemy of Slavery.* That the progress of Spiritualism has steadily confirmed this conviction. That some time ago he thought they were numerous enough to turn the balance, and carry an Anti-Slavery President—that they tried and *nearly* succeeded; that now that they have about three millions of Spiritualists in the States, every man and woman of whom is opposed to Slavery, the experiment has been tried again, and succeeded! “I know what I am saying,” says the Judge: “they are true Spiritualists,” he says, “which have turned the balance, and that as Spiritualism progresses, it will utterly root out Slavery from America.”

Sir, after such a fact, we need no longer descend to argument. That fact alone puts the question beyond all argument. Whilst shallow conventionalists, and petrified scientific men in this country, like so many toads in a mud wall, think there is no world beyond their little dirty wall, and deny the very phenomena of Spiritualism—whilst Papists and sham Swedenborgians refer its phenomena to the devil, those phenomena, in the hand of God, are marching in a sublime silence, overturning the stoutest bulwarks of evil, putting fire to the most pestilential jungles of devilism, and shaking out from their fancied security the violators of all human rights; and that when all other means have failed.

The stone cut out of the mountain without hands is rolling over the oppressors, and the cavillers, and the demigiants, and leaving them confounded in their shame and humiliation. If we are to know—as Christ has appointed—things by their fruits, here are the fruits of Spiritualism. Let those who think Spiritualism imposture, or proceeding from the devil, produce, since the first promulgation of Christianity, one result so divinely affiliating itself as this. Let Popery, now shivering all the world over amidst its ruins, and the ruins of nations which it has dragged down with it; let Pseudo-Swedenborgianism, amid its premature fruits and dogmatism; let Science, with its one eye directed to the earth, leap and bestir themselves. Let them produce some fruit like this; or let them put their mouths into the dust and keep silence in their shame.

Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM HOWITT.

January 21st, 1861.

A REMARKABLE POEM.

The following striking poem was recited by Miss Lizzie Doten, a spiritual trance speaker, of America, at the close of a recent lecture in Boston. She professed to give it impromptu, so far as she was concerned, and to speak under the direct influence of the spirit of Edgar A. Poe. Whatever may be the truth about its production, the poem is in several respects a remarkable one. Miss Doten is apparently incapable of originating such a poem. If it was written for her by some one else, and merely committed to memory and recited by her, the poem is nevertheless wonderful as a reproduction of the singular music and alliteration of Poe's style, and as manifesting the same intensity of feeling. Whoever wrote the poem must have been exceedingly familiar with Poe, and deeply in sympathy with his spirit. But if Miss Doten is honest, and the poem originated as she says it did, it is unquestionably the most astonishing thing that Spiritualism has produced. It does not follow, necessarily, in that case, that Poe himself made the poem—although we are asked to believe a great many spiritual things on less cogent evidence—but it is in any view of it that may be taken, a very singular and mysterious production. There is in the second verse an allusion to a previous poem that purported to come from the spirit of Poe, which was published several years since, and attracted much attention, but the following poem is of a higher order and much more like Poe than the other.—*Springfield Republican*, U. S.

From the throne of life eternal,
From the home of love supernal,
Where the angel feet make music over all the starry floor—
Mortals, I have come to meet you,
Come with words of peace to greet you,
And to tell you of the glory that is mine for evermore.

Once before I found a mortal
Waiting at the heavenly portal—
Waiting but to catch some echo from that ever-opening door;
Then I seized his quickened being,
And through all his inward seeing,
Caused my burning inspiration in a fiery flood to pour!

Now I come more meekly human,
And the weak lips of a woman,
Touch with fire from off the altar, not with burnings as of yore;
But in holy love descending,
With her chastened being blending,
I would fill your souls with music from the bright celestial shore.

As one heart yearns for another,
As a child turns to its mother,
From the golden gates of glory turn I to the earth once more,
Where I drained the cup of sadness,
Where my soul was stung to madness,
And life's bitter, burning billows swept my burdened being o'er.

Here the harpies and the ravens,
Human vampires—sordid cravens,
Preyed upon my soul and substance till I writhed in anguish sore;
Life and I then seemed mismated,
For I felt accursed and fated,
Like a restless, wrathful spirit, wandering on the Stygian shore.

Tortured by a nameless yearning,
Like a frost-fire, freezing, burning,
Did the purple, pulsing life-tide through its fevered channels pour,
Till the golden bowl—Life's token—
Into shining shards was broken,
And my chained and chafing spirit leapt from out its prison door.

But while living, striving, dying,
 Never did my soul cease crying ;
 " Ye who guide the fates and furies, give ! oh, give me, I implore,
 From the myriad hosts of nations—
 From the countless constellations,
 One pure spirit that can love me—one that I, too, can adore !"
 Through this fervent aspiration
 Found my fainting soul salvation,
 For, from out its blackened fire crypts, did my quickened spirit soar ;
 And my beautiful ideal—
 Not too saintly to be real—
 Burst more brightly on my vision than the fancy-formed Lenore.
 'Mid the surging seas she found me,
 With the billows breaking round me,
 And my saddened, sinking spirit in her arms of love upbore ;
 Like a lone one, weak and weary,
 Wandering in the midnight dreary,
 On her sinless, saintly bosom, brought me to the heavenly shore.
 Like the breath of blossoms blending,
 Like the prayers of saints ascending,
 Like the rainbow's seven-hued glory, blend *our* souls for evermore.
 Earthly love and lust enslaved me,
 But divinest love hath saved me,
 And I know now, first and only, how to love and to adore.
 Oh, my mortal friends and brothers !
 We are each and all another's,
 And the soul that gives most freely from its treasure hath the more.
 Would you lose your life, you find it ;
 And in giving love, you bind it,
 Like an amulet of safety, to your heart for evermore.

Correspondence.

WE have before referred to the manful contest which Mr. T. P. Barkas is waging with the Editor, and all comers, in *The North of England News and Advertiser* of Newcastle. The controversy has been carried on with strength and good feeling for many weeks, Mr. Barkas' last letter being No. 17. As usual with all earnestness, it is not long without results ; and there have been several persons, to our knowledge, who have been attracted by the intelligent advocacy of Mr. Barkas, whose testimony to the facts which he has witnessed and on which he argues in such a philosophic spirit must be received with deep respect in a town in which he is so well known.

As an instance of the value derived from his advocacy of the truth, we give the following interesting letter from Mr. Morgan, published on the 16th of March.

DEAR MR. BARKAS.—It may be interesting to you to know, that for the last two months I have closely investigated the nature and phenomena of Spiritualism

At your recommendation I went to Blackhill on the 2nd of January last, to witness the phenomena of table-turning and rapping under the "mediumship" of Mrs. and Mr. Porteous. We experimented for several hours for three days successively, and Mr. Porteous gave me every opportunity of testing the genuineness of the phenomena presented; the result of which I published in the *Sunderland Times*. My opinion was, after a careful examination of the facts, that the whole of the phenomena were the result of neither trick or collusion, but could be accounted for by natural and mesmeric laws.

I fully proved, that before any movement of the table, &c. took place, that in all cases there was a certain amount of mesmeric influence emanated from the "mediums," and I thought it more rational to conclude that the spirits in the body used this influence, rather than the spirits of the departed, to execute their purposes; but I did not fold my arms in the confident assurance that I had unravelled all the mysteries of the subject. I continued diligently to search after the truth, and brought all my experience of physical and physiological laws to bear on the subject, with the view of corroborating, by experiment, the opinion I had already formed in reference to it. "But vain at best are the imaginations of men."

I was stopped on the very threshold of my inquiry. The first night at home, that I sat at a table with a friend, phenomena were presented, for which I had no means of accounting. William Trotter, a young man, who has been in my employ for nearly three years, can detect by sight and other senses the presence of mesmeric influence, which has been proved to the satisfaction of thousands in different parts of the country.

I put W. Trotter into the sleep-waking state, and wished him to watch the course of the mesmeric currents, and how they affected the table, while Mr.— and I sat with our hands upon it. I would here remark, that I believed, that the table, if it moved at all, would do so by mesmeric agency; so did W. T. So that, mesmerically, the minds of the operator and subject were predisposed to the same theory, and had the result been the effect of hypnotism or electro-psychology, it would have been, according to the dominant impression, viz., mesmeric influence. But, lo! after W. T.— had watched the table with intense interest, for five minutes, towards where my hands were resting, he said that he saw a lady, and, shortly, a second lady appeared, and he ordered the gas to be lowered; then followed some of the most beautiful and interesting phenomena I ever witnessed. He was, by some unseen agency, thrown into a trance, during which he recoiled from my breath and touch, as though they were painful to him, and he was brought out of this state by the same agency. During this *séance*, two or three messages, purporting to come from the world of spirits, were given through W. T.—, which I have only time to refer to. It was soon evident to me that W. T.— had become a trance "medium," and a number of messages, both written and spoken, have been given through him, purporting to come from departed spirits of friends and relations of mine. Having minutely investigated every fact connected with these exhibitions, and, though deeply impressed by them, I endeavoured to class them under the head of clairvoyant revelations, or psychological impressions, and contented myself with what I could not account for, and that further experience would enable me to explain the whole; but fact after fact, more difficult to account for, came in quick succession, and evidence stronger and stronger still was given, for the express purpose, said some unseen intelligent, through W. T.—, "to convince my judgment." On Sunday, February 10th, my own hand was moved by some unseen agent, to draw some stems, leaves, and flowers, and since then my hand, under the same agency, has drawn several plants, which have been pronounced very pretty, though I cannot tell whether they have, or ever had an existence in nature or not; neither can I tell whether they are drawn according to art or not: but this I can affirm, that I never could draw any in my life. Simple as the drawings, which have been produced through me are, I could not, if my existence depended upon it, draw a copy of them without some foreign aid. My hand has also been moved to write two important communications; dating from the spirit world.

Now, such is a brief outline of my experience: what am I to do? Hypnotism, electro-psychology, and automatic cerebration will not account for what I have felt and seen. Still I seek for more convincing evidence, though cautioned

on Sunday night last, by unseen intelligences, not to be too exacting, nor to demand a miracle to convince me of the truth of spiritualism, but to declare myself at once a believer.

You are at liberty to make what use of this you think proper.

I am, in great haste, yours truly,

N. MORGAN.

THE GHOST OF DANTE.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

52, Tyneside Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne,
March 7th, 1861.

SIR,—At the present day, when the mysterious subject of "Apparitions" has again begun to occupy as large a place in our current literature, it occurs to me that the following singular narrative is well worthy of a place in the *Spiritual Magazine*.

I have been rather surprised, considering the celebrity of the author who mentions the circumstance, and the still greater celebrity of the individual whose spirit is there said to have returned to this world, that such writers as Mr. Howitt have not quoted it before. When I say that the ghost who appeared was the immortal Dante, that the seer was his own son, and that the narrator is Boccaccio you will perhaps think my surprise very natural. The apparition of the great founder of Italian poetry, related by the first really important Italian prose writer, surely is worthy the attention of literary men. I append the narrative, translated from the Italian of Boccaccio. It is taken from a biographical notice of Dante, prefixed to an edition of the *Divina Comedia*, published by Gennaro Palma, at Naples, 1827. The narrative begins at the foot of the 70th page of the author's life, and is as follows:—

After alluding to the unavailing efforts put forth by Dante's relatives, and especially by his two sons Jacopo and Piero, to find the thirteen final cantos of the *Comedia*, the author states: "Jacopo and Piero were both sons of Dante, and also accustomed to write verses, and were much importuned by their friends to do their best to finish their father's work, in order that it might not remain in an imperfect state, when Jacopo was surprised by an extraordinary vision (he being far more zealous in the matter than his brother), which not only took the presumptuous notion entirely out of his head, but shewed him where the thirteen cantos were, which they had hitherto vainly endeavoured to find. A worthy citizen of Ravenna, named Pietro Giardino, who had long been a disciple of Dante, related that about eight months after the death of his master, one night, a little before dawn, Jacopo, Dante's son, came to his house, and told him that he had a little before that time seen Dante, his father, in a dream, clothed in shining garments, and with an unusual light shining in his countenance, come to him, and that when he enquired of the apparition if it yet lived, he was answered "Yes, real life, not such as yours." Upon which, he further enquired if he had finished his poem before passing into real life, and if he had finished it, where was the remainder which none of them had been able to find. In reply to which, he received the following answer "Yes, I did finish it." And then it seemed to him that the spirit took him by the hand, and led him to the chamber in which he generally slept when alive, and touching one of the partitions, said, "What you have so much sought for is here;" and after these words it appeared to him that both Dante and the dream vanished. He then stated that he had not been able to rest any longer till he had come to tell him what he had seen, in order that they might go together and search in the place pointed out (which he had firmly fixed in his mind) in order to see whether the information came from a genuine spirit, or was a false delusion. On this account, although the night was not yet spent, he arose and they both went to the place indicated, and there found some hangings fixed to the wall, and having slightly raised them, they saw in the wall an opening, which none of them had ever before seen or known to be there, and in it they found some manuscripts, nearly mouldered and corrupted

by the dampness of the wall, and having gently cleansed them from the mould and read them, they saw that they contained the thirteen cantos so much sought for by them. They then placed them joyfully in the hands Messer Cane della Scala, as the author himself was wont to do, who joined them to the rest of the work, and then the work which had taken so many years to prepare, was at length finished."

It seems to me almost impossible that such a story as this could arise and gain credit if it were not substantially true. At any rate it rests upon authority quite as good as, if not better than, many other stories considered authentic, while the motive for the spirit's appearance is of such an important and interesting character, that it places the narrative far above the ordinary tales of this description.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

G. M. DAWSON.

[We are much obliged to our correspondent for giving us this curious and interesting anecdote, though we do not join in his surprise that it has not already been noticed by Mr. Howitt or any other correspondent. We have not yet by any means ransacked all the archives of Spiritualism, and it is only by extended reading, and the extended kindness of our fellow students, that we can hope to gather even a few of the rich gems which are everywhere to be had for the seeking. Mr. Howitt, in his "Cornfields," at page 501 of the last volume of the Magazine, mentions Dante, Boccaccio, and Ariosto, as all abounding in instances of the inner spiritual life. A translation of this very anecdote of Dante is given in the *Athenæum*, of the 16th March, by W. M. Rosetti, of 45, Upper Albany Street, who asks the editor if there is any authority for the remarkable story besides Boccaccio. We are not aware of any; and Boccaccio, unfortunately like our own Defoe, has somewhat the reputation of romancing, and of laughing in his sleeve. Boccaccio's own biographer, speaking of his *Life of Dante*, says it is written "in aria più di romanzo che di storia," but it may be true for all that, and it is notorious that a number of the cantos of the *Divina Comedia* were missing long after Dante's death.—ED.]

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—One evening in last December, a party of eight met to take tea together, and discuss Spiritualism. After tea it was proposed to have a sitting; Madame Besnon being present, some manifestations were expected. The hostess is a partially developed medium; one of the company is sometimes used as a writing medium. After a short time there were movements of the table: a circular one, four feet in diameter. At first the movements were horizontal. On questions being put, the answers—affirmative and negative—were by vertical movements; the table tilting sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other: once or twice the table jumped, as it were, to emphasise the response. It was thus intimated that the spirits wished to write. On the writing medium holding a pencil, the following came:—"God comfort all! God protect all!" Then a little faster: "You are good children; so keep in the sight of God!" The hostess said, that while the first sentences were being written she could recognise the influence of her mother; and that the last sentence was like the hand-writing of her father—both deceased. In answer to the question, "Shall I put the pencil down?" the writing

was resumed: "My dear William, I am happy that you are here.—R. P. D." This was the writing and signature of the son of the medium, and seemed to be addressed to his cousin, who was present, and to whom he was much attached. Then, after a little pause: "Thomas D. (the medium's father), We are all at hand." Then: "W. T. D." and "H. D., 1836." These were respectively the initials of the uncle and father of William, who said that the latter was a perfect autograph of his father, but could not conceive what the date following it meant.

The writing appeared to have ceased, and Madame B. was passing into the magnetic sleep. The question was again put whether the pencil should be laid aside. The table was moved in the affirmative. "Shall I make a few passes over madame?" asked our writing medium. Again three movements of the table. A few slow passes having been made, similar movements signalled to cease. After a brief pause, the trance-medium slowly rose as another individual, and joining the hands of our writing-medium and his wife, who was seated by his side, addressed them in affecting terms as their son, who was taken from them two years ago. Coming under another influence, she turned to William and addressed him at some length, as his father might have done. Then, as the mother of our hostess and her two brothers, joining their hands, and exhorting them in a pious and affectionate strain, in a manner very characteristic of her: one of the brothers is a widower; him she addressed separately as his wife—deceased about a year—speaking to him lingeringly of her love for him and of their two children, charging him, and asking him to promise, to bring them up in the love of God. To another widower present she spoke in the words of his departed wife's brother, and also in the character of a deceased school companion, giving his name. None of these several particulars could, by any possibility, have been known to the medium. Before she returned to the ordinary state, and after she had ceased to be used to speak to those present, she seemed to gaze about and above her in ecstasy, and burst forth in expressions of delight at the beauty and harmony of scenes invisible to us.

Next morning our writing medium, feeling a movement indicative of writing, held the pen, and expressed a wish that he might know the meaning of the date after the initials of his relative H. D. Instead of this wish being responded to, the following was written:—"God created the earth in hieroglyphical representation of his infinite qualities. The qualities you should live up to are those shown in the life of Jesus the Christ." The medium then repeated his wish: then this came in the well-remembered handwriting of his son:—"My dear father,—The society was arranged by Father D. (his grandfather must be understood), and the proceedings were conducted by me. This prevented confusion, which sometimes arises where many are, even among spirits who are orderly. The sometime Samuel Cooper (a spirit who has communicated once or twice with this medium) was there, and served a useful purpose in moving the table, which we do not. The spirit, Mrs. S., could scarcely write, and her husband helped her: he wrote through you while she sat by and expressed what he should write. I then intimated my presence to my dear cousin William. Then Father D. said we were all at hand, and introduced the other." The medium said: "Thank you, my dear, now may I know the meaning of the date?" H. D. now wrote his name in full, and then: "Repeat with me the Lord's Prayer." This being done: "Thanks; when you sit at the table for communications, repeat it, and spirits will come who love to hear it." After a pause, the writing went on to the effect that 1836 was, in a moral point of view, a memorable year in his existence.

Upon subsequently communicating the explanation to his son William, who had in the meantime been comparing dates and events, he said there was great meaning to him in the reference to that especial year. A sermon could not be more significant; to all, indeed, to whom the particulars were communicated.

Calling upon Madame Besson a few days after, she said she had seen a spirit, the morning after the *séance*, who had entreated another meeting with the same circle. Upon asking her to describe the spirit, she gave an exact description of W. T. D., as he was a short time before his dissolution. His object in the requested meeting was to give certain family explanations; and in making his request he mentioned persons and circumstances as unknown to her as was his physical appearance when on earth.

J. DIXON.