

# The Spiritualist,

AND JOURNAL OF PSYCHOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

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## EXORCISM.

In the early days of the Church of England, the clergy were authorised to exorcise evil spirits, but they rarely, if ever, made use of the power. Perhaps this arose from want of belief in the efficacy of the rite, the signs and wonders appertaining to spiritual gifts having died away as ecclesiasticism became a material and worldly power. Yet human beings sometimes have their freedom interfered with by spirits of a low order, and by the mesmeric operation of bringing the beneficent will-power of several individuals to bear upon a sufferer at once, the unseen persecuting intelligence may sometimes be driven off. Prayer probably adds to this mesmeric power, by temporarily raising the spiritual state of the exorcists, thereby enabling higher spirits than usual to get near them, and to act within the sphere of their influence. It might have been supposed that when low spirits have been afflicting a sensitive for some years, they would return from sheer force of habit directly the influence of the exorcists was once again away from the patient, but in the following case the act of exorcism proved a permanent remedy for the evil. The case is known as that of

### "THE YATTON DEMONIAK."

In the year 1788 considerable interest was excited throughout the county of Somerset by the extraordinary case of one George Lukins, who was said to have been possessed of evil spirits for nearly eighteen years. The subject was at first treated as an impostor, but much controversy and sceptical dispute arising, several illiberal *ex parte* statements appeared in the *Bristol Gazette* and *Bath Chronicle*. At length the evidence and circumstances were collected by the Rev. Joseph Easterbrook, the vicar of Temple Church, Bristol, of which the following narrative is the substance :—

On Saturday, May 31st, 1788, Mrs. Sarah Baber called on me, acquainting me that she had just returned from a visit to Yatton, in the county of Somerset, where she had found a poor man afflicted with an extraordinary malady. She said his name was George Lukins; that he had fits daily during her stay at Yatton, in which he sang and screamed in various sounds, some of which did not resemble the modifications of a human voice; that he cursed and swore in a most tremendous manner while in his fits, and declared that doctors could do him no service. She likewise said that she could take upon her to affirm that he had been subject to fits of a very uncommon nature for the last eighteen years, for the cure of which he had been placed for a considerable time under the care of Mr. Smith, an eminent surgeon of Wrington, who administered all the assistance in his power without effect; many other medical gentlemen,

she said, had in like manner tried to help him, but in vain. Most of the people about Yatton then conceived him to be bewitched; but latterly he had himself declared that he was possessed of seven devils, and that nothing would avail but the united prayers of seven clergymen, who could ask deliverance for him in faith. But seven could not be procured in that neighbourhood to meet his ideas and try the experiment; she therefore earnestly requested me to go to Yatton to see him.

I consented that George Lukins should be brought to me, little expecting that an attention to his pitiable case would have produced such a torrent of opposition and illiberal abuse upon the parties concerned in his relief.

In compliance with my promise to Mrs. Baber, I applied to such of the clergy of the Established Church as I conceived to be most cordial in co-operating in benevolent acts—namely, to the Rev. Mr. Symes, rector of St. Werburgh's; the Rev. Dr. Robins, precentor of the Cathedral; and the Rev. Mr. Brown, rector of Portishead, requesting that these gentlemen would with me attend a meeting for prayer in behalf of this object of commiseration; but though they acknowledged it as their opinion that this was a supernatural affliction, I could not prevail upon them to join with me in this attempt to relieve him. And as these gentlemen rejected my application, it appeared to me that there was no rational ground of hope for more success with those of my brethren, who were less disposed to admit the doctrine of the influence of good and evil spirits.

The more frequently I saw and heard of the misery which George Lukins experienced the more I pitied him, and being unwilling to dismiss him from Bristol till some effort had been made for his recovery, I next desired certain persons in connection with the Rev. Mr. Wesley to attend a prayer meeting on his account, to which request they readily acceded. Accordingly a meeting was appointed on Friday morning, the 13th of June, at eleven o'clock. And as the most horrible noises usually proceeded from him in his fits, it was suggested that the vestry room of Temple Church, which is bounded by the churchyard, was the most retired place that could be found in Temple parish; and for that reason that situation was preferred to any other, it being our design to conduct this business with as much secrecy as possible. But we soon found that our design in this respect was rendered abortive, for on Wednesday evening, the 11th of June, there was published in the *Bristol Gazette* an ingenious letter from the *Bath Chronicle*, from which the following is an extract:—

“About eighteen years ago, George Lukins, going about the neighbourhood with other young fellows acting Christmas plays and mummeries, suddenly fell down senseless, and was with great difficulty recovered. When he came to himself the account he gave was that he seemed at the moment of his fall to have received a violent blow from the hand of some person who, as he thought, was allowed thus to punish him for acting a part in the play. From that moment he has been subject, at uncertain and different periods, to fits of a most singular and dreadful nature. The first symptom is a powerful agitation of the right hand, to which succeed terrible distortions of the countenance. The influence of the fit has then commenced. He declares in a roaring voice that he is the devil, who, with many horrid execrations, summons about him certain persons devoted to his will, and commands them to torture this unhappy patient with all the diabolical means in their power. The sup-

posed demon then directs his servants to sing. Accordingly the patient sings in a different voice a jovial hunting song, which, having received the approbation of the *foul fiend*, is succeeded by a song in a female voice, very delicately expressed; and this is followed, at the particular injunction of the demon, by a pastoral song in the form of a dialogue, sung by, and in the real character of, the patient himself. After a pause and more violent distortions, he again personates the demon, and sings, in a hoarse, frightful voice, another hunting song. But in all these songs, whenever any expressions of goodness, benevolence, or innocence occurs in the original, it is regularly changed to another of its opposite meaning; neither can the patient bear to hear any good words whatever, nor any expression relating to the Church, during the influence of his fit, but is exasperated by them into blasphemy and outrage. Neither can he speak or write any expressions of this tendency whilst the subsequent weakness of his fits is upon him, but is driven to madness by their mention. Having performed the songs, he continues to personate the demon, and derides the attempts which the patient has been making to get out of his power, that he will persecute and torment him more and more to the end of his life, and that all the efforts of parsons and physicians shall prove fruitless. An *inverted Te Deum* is then sung in the alternate voices of a man and woman, who, with much profaneness, thank the demon for having given them power over the patient, which they will continue to exercise as long as he lives. The demon then concludes the ceremony by declaring his unalterable resolution to punish him for ever; and after barking fiercely, and interspersing many assertions of his own diabolical dignity, the fit subsides into the same strong agitation of the hand that introduced it, and the patient recovers from its influence utterly weakened and exhausted. At certain periods of the fit he is so violent that an assistant is always obliged to be at hand to restrain him from committing some injury on himself, though to the spectators he is perfectly harmless. He understands all that is said and done during his fits, and will even reply sometimes to questions asked him. He is under the influence of these paroxysms generally near an hour, during which time his eyes are fast closed. Sometimes he fancies himself changed into the form of an animal, when he assumes all the motions and sounds that are peculiar to it. From the execrations he utters it may be presumed that he is, or was, of an abandoned and profligate character; but the reverse is the truth. He was ever of a remarkably innocent and inoffensive disposition. Every method that the variety of persons who have come to see him have suggested—every effort of some very ingenious gentlemen of the faculty who applied their serious attention to his case, has been long ago and recently exerted without success; and some years ago he was sent to St. George's Hospital, where he remained about twenty weeks, and was pronounced incurable. The emaciated and exhausted figure that he presents, the number of years that he has been subject to this malady, and the prospect of want and distress that lies before him through being thus disabled from following his business, all preclude the suspicion of imposture. His life is become a series of intense anxiety.

“W. R. W.”

“Wrighton, June 5, 1788.”

This letter attracted the notice of the citizens; and it having been made known that a prayer meeting on Friday morning was to be held in the vestry room of Temple Church for the man who was the subject of that letter, a considerable number of people planted themselves upon the walls of the vestry room, and heard part

of the prayers, the singing, the conversation, and the wonderful sounds which proceeded from George Lukins, and carried some account of these circumstances to a printer, who instantly despatched papers upon the subject through the streets of Bristol and its vicinage. Similar papers were shortly carried through the streets of Bath and London, and through many other parts of the country; so that, contrary to our design, the affair was in this manner brought before the public.

On Friday morning, June 13, fourteen gentlemen, accompanied by George Lukins, met at the vestry room at Temple Church at eleven o'clock to pray for the relief of this afflicted man, when the following ceremony took place:—

1. They began singing a hymn, on which the man was immediately thrown into strange agitations (very different from his usual seizures); his face was variously distorted, and his whole body strongly convulsed. His right hand and arm then began to shake with violence, and, after some violent throes, he spake in a deep, hoarse, hollow voice, *personating an invisible agent*, calling the man to an account, and upbraiding him as a fool for bringing that silly company together: said it was to no purpose, and swore "by his infernal den" that he would never quit his hold of him, but would torment him a thousand times worse for making this vain attempt.

2. He then began to sing in his usual manner (*still personating some invisible agent*), blaspheming, boasted of his power, and vowed eternal vengeance on the miserable object, and on those present for daring to oppose him, and commanded his "faithful and obedient servants" to appear and take their stations.

3. He then spoke in a female voice, expressive of scorn and derision, and demanded to know why the fool had brought such a company there? And swore "by the devil" that he would not quit his hold of him, and bid defiance to and cursed all who should attempt to rescue the miserable object from them. He then sung, in the same female voice, a love song, at the conclusion of which he was violently tortured, and repeated most horrible imprecations.

4. Another invisible agent came forth, assuming a different voice, but his manner much the same as the preceding one. A kind of dialogue was then sung in a hoarse and soft voice alternately, at the conclusion of which, as before, the man was thrown into violent agonies, and blasphemed in a manner too dreadful to be expressed.

5. He then personated, and said, "I am the great devil," and after much boasting of his power, and bidding defiance to all his opposers, sung a kind of hunting song, at the conclusion of which he was most violently tortured, so that it was with difficulty that too strong men could hold him (though he is but a small man, and very weak in constitution). Sometimes he would set up a hideous laugh, and at other times bark in a manner indescribably horrid.

6. After this he summoned all the infernals to appear and drive the company away; and while the ministers were engaged in fervent prayer he sung a *Te Deum* to the devil in different voices, saying, "We praise thee, O devil; we acknowledge thee to be the supreme governor," &c., &c.

7. When the noise was so great as to obstruct the company proceeding in prayer, they sang together a hymn suitable to the occasion. Whilst they were in prayer, the voice which personated the great devil bid them defiance, cursing and vowing dreadful vengeance on all present. One in the company commanded him in the name of the great Jehovah to declare his name? To which he replied, "I am the devil." The same person

then charged him in the name of Jehovah to declare why he tormented the man? To which he made answer, "That I may show my power against men."

8. The poor man still remained in great agonies and torture, and prayer was continued for his deliverance. A clergyman present desired him to endeavour to speak the name of "Jesus," and several times repeated it to him, at all of which he replied "Devil." During this attempt a small, faint voice was heard saying, "Why don't you adjure?" On which the clergyman commanded, in the name of Jesus, and in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the evil spirit to depart from the man, which he repeated several times, when a voice was heard to say, "Must I give up my power?" and this was followed by dreadful howlings. Soon after another voice, as if with astonishment, said, "Our master has deceived us." The clergyman still continuing to repeat the adjuration, a voice was heard to say, "Where shall we go?" and the reply was, "To hell, thine own infernal den, and return no more to torment this man." On this the man's agitations and distortions were stronger than ever, attended with the most dreadful howling that can be conceived. But as soon as this conflict was over he said, in his own natural voice, "Blessed Jesus!" became quite serene, immediately praised God for his deliverance, and, kneeling down, said the Lord's Prayer, and returned his most devout thanks to all who were present.

The meeting broke up a little before one o'clock, having lasted near two hours, and the man went away entirely delivered, and has had no return of the disorder since.

Mr. Easterbrook then proceeds to give a variety of well-authenticated documents substantiating the whole of the above circumstantial narrative.

Lukins was visited by several persons of distinction, all of whom bore testimony to the foregoing circumstances. The extravagance of his language and his blasphemous ravings were appalling.

Several pamphlets were published on the subject, but the narrative of Mr. Easterbrook is in every respect supported by authorities of unquestionable veracity, and recommended by its perspicuous and intelligible details.

#### EVENINGS WITH THE INDWELLERS OF THE WORLD OF SPIRITS.\*

BY FREDERICK HOCKLEY.

In presenting the following paper for the consideration of our brethren of the Rosicrucian College, I am, at the risk of seeming tedious, compelled to make some prefatory remarks about this apparition—which came unsought and undesired—that I may render the narrative intelligible, and show, moreover, how earnestly and strenuously the earth-bound spirits among the departed strive to enter into communion with mortals, now that the veil which of old could only be penetrated by the adept after a long and laborious formulæ has, by the widespread practice of animal magnetism, been effectually rent in twain.

After thirty years' desultory working with crystals and mirrors, I had in 1854, under spiritual instructions, prepared and consecrated a large mirror, dedicated to a spirit known to me as the C.A., for the purpose of receiving visions and responses to metaphysical questions proposed by myself and friends. To this object I devoted my Tuesday evenings, and on these occasions was very re-

\* A paper read at a meeting of the Bristol Rosicrucian College.

luctant to receive spiritual communications from other sources. But on Tuesday, the 30th December, 1856, a friend sent to me a small rock crystal for the purpose of identifying it, also a much larger crystal purchased by Captain Morriison at Lady Blessington's sale. Zadkiel, in his Almanac 18—, gave an account of the visions seen therein, illustrated with woodcuts. The crystals formed pendants to a chandelier destroyed at the Tuileries during the Revolution of 1830, and shortly after that event these pendants were offered to me by a lapidary in London.

The small crystal being on the table without any intention on my part of using it that evening, my seeress casually taking it up, observed, "The crystal is clouded," and immediately the vision appeared, as related in the following paper, transcribed precisely as written in my diary.

Being at the time especially engaged in receiving from the C.A. a translation of his *Essay upon Metaphysical and Spiritual Philosophy* (which I hope to get printed this winter), I could ill spare the time, but consented to receive *The Monk's MS.* at every convenient opportunity. The MS. duly appeared in the mirror prepared for its reception, and my seeress copied it first in pencil, and afterwards in colours. Unhappily, my seeress's health, and her subsequent death, precluded her from copying more than a small portion of the work, and we had no further verbal communications with the monk than appears in this paper.

The monk appeared afterwards to another seeress I then had, and offered to continue the MS. and enable her to copy it. He also appeared very unexpectedly to Mrs. Britten—then Emma Hardinge—in a large mirror I had opened for her to look at, and afterwards in the small mirror I had prepared originally to receive his book, but, not having my crystal books here, I do not remember what took place.

I exceedingly regret that I am unable to be with you and produce the book, which I have at last had bound; but I hope soon to be in Bristol and bring the monk's MS. and some other articles which may prove interesting to our members, and, till then, I have the pleasure of remaining, most fraternally yours,

QUANTI EST LAPERE, 8°.

Croydon, 30th December, 1856.

Vol. II., page 128.

A friend having presented me with a small crystal, which this evening arrived and was lying upon the table, and had not been charged, my seeress, Miss Emma Leigh, taking it up, said—

"It is thick—there is a vision in it.

"There's a pair of compasses and a square. Now the compasses are opening; now there is a point on each end of the square, which has turned sideways. A book has come underneath—a thick book, bound in rough calf, with thick bands up the back; now there's a man's face, very thin, dark, straight hair quite black, come inside the compasses, and a thin, very thin hand placed upon the book.

"Now the face has come from the inside of the compasses to a small space outside. The hand has opened the book—the book is very beautiful inside; it looks like a picture. There are two figures with wings on each side of a little oval. In the middle of the oval appear words or figures beautifully coloured."

This remained some time, and as the hour for using the C.A. mirror was at hand, I tried to dismiss the vision, but it remained. I then placed the crystal in my cabinet.

At 8 p.m. I invoked, as usual, the C.A. in his mirror,

and the action lasted till a few minutes to ten, when the C.A. left.

10 p.m.—Immediately Emma took up the crystal, she observed—

"It is still clouded. The book is there open, and the man's face and shoulders. He has held his hand up, and the book has opened just in the same place. It looks very richly illuminated in gold and colours; there is an arch at the top, and one angel is standing upon a crushed ball. Now there are clouds of different colours coming up under the other figure at the bottom—white, like smoke, then purple, blue, pink, and golden coloured, which covers all up to their wings.

"In the oval the reading is not in English or like letters; it is large enough to be read. Two or three of the letters look like ducks with their heads under water."

Emma then copied the contents of the oval, and when finished she said—

"Now a little slip of paper has come underneath the title-page with these words on it (9438 p.):

C H A L D E E  
M A G I  
S A C R I

Now the man is looking at you."

I asked, "Are these words a translation of the contents of the oval?" and he nodded his head. The figure then pointed to my papers upon the table, and I asked if I should make the title-page of my *Arcana Magica* similar, at which he again nodded. I then asked when he would appear again. He then pointed to the clock on the mantelpiece, and turned his finger round a number of times. I asked him if he meant this day week. He nodded and departed.

10.20 p.m. .

4th Jan., 1857.

1 p.m.

Emma and I were conversing without meaning to invoke, when E. proposed inspecting the crystal, and upon taking it up it immediately clouded without our invoking, and she said—

"Now the book's coming—it comes in very slowly, from the right to the left. Now it has opened one fly-leaf and then the title. The colour of the paper is like your old MS.'s—the drawings are very beautiful. The light which comes from the top makes the figure on the left (of the title) all of a golden light. The other figure is altogether darker."

I then requested that the characters on the title-page might be deciphered, when she remarked—

"Now the leaf is turning over—the title is blank. At the back there is a formal pattern for the border of the next leaf, and reading in the middle. Those letters are all beautifully done in colours, but no gold. Thus, in amber, green, and red (in capital):

S P I R I T S  
O F T H E  
S U N , M O O N , A N D S T A R S :  
T H E I R  
T A L I S M A N S  
A N D  
P O W E R S .  
T E C I M O .

Now that leaf has turned over on this side. There's the radiant spirit standing full face in a circle. The bottom of the circle hides the lower part of the figure, and underneath the circle is an oval. Now there's a round ball under the oval, divided into four parts; now there is a rod on one side, and three bright lines of colour—purple, green, and yellow—and on the small



oval are the same characters as in the oval of the title. On the other side there is nothing but reading, and the same border as round the title."

As the book in the crystal was only about two inches long, the reading was necessarily too small to peruse, so I took my oval mirror out of the cabinet, and requested Unian to transfer the vision from the crystal into the mirror, that the seer might read it, for, although extremely distinct and beautifully executed, it was too small to read. The vision, however, did not pass into the mirror, and upon handing Emma a magnifying glass it enlarged the characters, but rendered them less distinct. There appeared to be about two dozen lines upon the page.

I then requested the spirit of the crystal either to transfer the vision or send in the words one by one, and Emma remarked—"There is an attempt at something like reading coming under the book in very straggling letters.

9440.—"The book would be shown plainly in an un consecrated mirror or crystal."

I asked, "Shall it be a plain glass or silvered mirror?"

9442.—"Tuesday. Like that, but un consecrated."

"I am engaged on Tuesdays. Cannot it be on some other day?"

9443.—"Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday—Noon."

"Then we will inspect on Sunday at noon."

Now it is gone, and the book is gone.

1.45 p.m.

Having duly prepared a mirror, on the following Sunday Emma inspected the mirror.

Jan. 11, 1857.

*Un consecrated Mirror.*

1.45 p.m.

The seeress immediately said, "Here's the man who had the book. He has on a brown stuff dress, close round the waist, straight black hair, black eyes, very thin, sallow complexion, his head shaved on the top. He has something like a hood hanging down the back of his dress."

"May I ask your name?"

9511.—"I have no name now."

"What was your name when on earth?"

9512.—"D. P."

"Have you anything to communicate to us before you furnish us with the MS.?"

9513.—"Yes. I made the book you have seen when I was alive. I was a Spaniard by birth, and was received early into the Catholic Church. I took the vows, and was a priest. I became acquainted with many secrets, and read many of the old Spanish manuscripts of the ancient magicians. Such a study was prohibited, but not less desired by me. I had much time, and little to occupy it, and I was devoted with my whole heart and soul to seeking into hidden things. At last my greatest wishes were fulfilled, and I saw beings disembodied.

"I was uneducated in the ways of the world, but brought up to be conversant with horrors. I was hardened by sights of penance and sufferings, and I was constantly employed in hypocrisy and deceit—my calling obliged me to be so. I saw and conversed with spirits to whom these things were hateful. By them I was persuaded, and I believe helped, to flee from the Brotherhood that would have persecuted me to death.

"I continued my communion with these spirits. I knew not, except from what they told me, their nature or office. I called them only with intense desire, and they left me when they pleased. I knew of no exorcism—those that I believed to be good then I know now to be different. I went away from the convent, and left the country with my book but half completed, and that I

treasured more than my life, and, my spirit companions still attending me, I travelled to Rome. I was introduced by them into the society of the Rosierucians, some of whom I cannot believe even now were human. If they were they had attained powers that man ought not to possess, for they did things that, callous as I was, and so well acquainted with sights earthly and ghostly, made me tremble with fear, and to believe that they had the working of the universe. At that place my book was completed. I sought the same powers that they possess. I learned nearly every form that they went through, every ceremony that was used at their meetings.

"I returned, I knew not why—impelled, perhaps, by spirits, careless of my temporal safety—to the town that I had fled from. It was at the time of the Inquisition. With my magic secrets and my talismans of powers, some harmless, and others involving destruction, I performed many marvels before persons, who gave me up to its 'Justice.'

"I should have been more careful, for I might have saved myself even then, but I relied on the aid that had been given to me before. I did wonders that could not be reconciled with the action of nature. It was evident to all that I did them by the aid of spirits, but I did not know any more than they the nature or the quality of those who helped me.

"I was tried for being possessed by the devil, and for practising black magic. I attempted to deny it, and I solemnly swear that I did not on that occasion, when I knew the sentence would be death, use one word that I knew to be untrue. I would not compromise my dignity sufficiently to evade them or their questions; and when I denied their accusations it was with a sincere conviction of their falsehood. Every spirit that I had seen was of a pleasing form. I believed that the Enemy of Man was otherwise. The communication that I had with them tended to make me better than I should have been, or rather than I was, without their agency being sought. The knowledge they gave me, though startling and wonderful, was I believed innocent, for they in their charms and talismans did not mention him by any of the names known to me in all my reading of black magic. I had never used a 'sacrifice,' and on my conscience I could affirm that I had never used it for the purpose of injury to any living creature. I had never done with it one particle of the injury which they did with it every hour in their dungeons."

Expecting I should be shortly disturbed, I requested the monk to appear at another time to continue his narration, when he replied—

"I will be as concise as possible. I have not much to say. I was tried and condemned to death by judges hearing only one side; but before death was allowed me—the greatest blessing they could give—I was cruelly tortured, for they had a desire to possess the secrets for which I was punished, and out of the poor wretches they tortured they obtained secrets for which they might have as justly been punished themselves. I had many such companions in the prison, and not until twenty-three days after the sentence did the end come that I had looked forward to and longed for with such agonised delight.

"I had been told that there was an after life, and realised it sufficiently peacefully, if not happily, to make me bear with apparent composure the afflictions of my enemies. Up to this time I managed to keep my book undiscovered. I had sewn it in the mattress I had lain upon the first night, and that only after my imprisonment. With my teeth I had unripped, and with a nail found in the wall I put the thread in again, and made it appear the same as before; and when this mattress was taken away from me I may safely say that it caused me more pain,

more uneasiness and anxiety than their inflictions or my doom—I was so fearful they should have the power I was so soon to lose.

“I was to be burned, and the night before it was customary to allow the prisoners the indulgence of a bed and a meal. Imagine my joy at that hour when my mattress was brought back. I picked out my book and concealed it in my dress until the last moment came, and then, with despairing energy, when that was no longer of avail, I clasped it in my hands and determined that it should be burned with me. I thought not so much of myself as of that, and I went to the stake as firm, perhaps, as the frailty of the flesh would allow a mortal to do. Many of us were burned, and to this circumstance, or to those again interposing who were not of earth, I must owe the preservation of my book from the sight, up to this time, of the officials around me. It was not until a moment or two before my execution that they attempted to grasp it. The chains that they had put on my hands I had bound round my book, and I held it as tight as the will of a man nerved by death can, and I hurried quickly into the very flames to get it out of their reach. I succeeded, and I saw it in flames when only the soles of my feet were scorched. As the flames went on consuming me my senses left, delirium came on, and I believed that I raved. My passing from life into immortality—from time into eternity—was certainly a fearful one. When my spirit was released, and I was again whole as I am now—when I started into being, the same as life, yet how changed—I found my book with me, and myself surrounded by those who had so often been my companions on earth.”

Just as I was about to be interrupted, the monk said:

“I will continue it with your permission when you have more time.”

2 p.m.—Action ended and the monk left.

18th Jan., 1857.

2.15 p.m.

*Unconsecrated Mirror.*

Called the monk, and the seeress instantly remarked, “He is here as before.”

“I was burnt in 1693, in the summer, and I have not now progressed beyond the state I then found myself in. I had mistaken the appearance of the spirits that came to me upon earth. I had given myself up to their guidance without inquiring to what order they belonged, and I found, when it was too late, that I had been encouraging and communing with the planetary spirits, and not with those who can direct and counsel. I believed from the information I received—information from those who visited me—that the planets were the abode of men after death: that they formed the different degrees and modes of happiness, that some were evil and some good, and that the greatest felicity was enjoyed by those who were allowed to enter the sun. They never said one word to me of the spheres. I did not know that there was a short and direct mode by which I could obtain truth and profit by it everlastingly. I know now that I had the power of exercising and dispelling them if they were not what they represented themselves to be, the only spirits of the universe.

“I know now that I might have inquired of them, and that they would have been bound to answer me rightly; but while receiving them, and trusting implicitly to them, I lost sight of the Being who could alone rule them, and of the name by which, were they falsehood itself in their nature, they would be defeated and subdued. This was caused by my connection with the Catholic religion. I no more believed the doctrines I professed, the sanctity of vows that I took, than I did in my competency to give

absolution for money, or my efficiency in obtaining the intercession of saints that I ridiculed.

“I was soon after death aware of my sin, and had a consciousness of all my offences, with a knowledge of the right, and a desire to obtain it, and through it peace and rest. I have remained as I died, and I am told that it is to the mercy of the Providence that I blasphemed upon earth I owe even this my present position, sorrowful and earth-bound as it is. They tell me that my sufferings on earth, and my death by the hands of another, prevented me from living a sufficient time to be repentant, even if I had been convinced of my errors—that such a conviction might have come before my natural life had closed, when the Giver of it alone thought fit, and, therefore, the punishment that I might have expected with justice, had I died a natural death, was transmitted to those who caused my death; that they, when they deprived me of life, took upon themselves the whole burthen of my spirit and made me neutral, neither receiving increased happiness nor any punishment, save my own conscience, and as I sinned through error in my intercourse with spirits I am not punished for that, because I believed them to be the highest. Those for whom I mistook them look upon me with pleasure and with pity, and they do all that is possible to keep me from falling a step lower. By their aid I shall be able to rise gradually to a better state of existence. But there is one thing that I want out of my possession, that I want to see back in reality upon earth before I can rest—the book that I have treasured at all times more than my life; and at the last, when I am well aware that my thoughts should have been directed to a far different subject, it was my only aim to take it with me, and if I could not do that, to keep it from those who destroyed me.

“From that time to this I have incessantly wandered about trying to bring that book back into form before I lose sight of the earth. My only wish is to see it in material form as it was then, that the secrets which caused me such trouble to collect should not be lost when I was dead even to memory. I have tried to show it to men. So wild have been my endeavours that I have even presented it to them while asleep. They have dreamed of it, and I—oh, how hard have I tried to make it intelligible to them when waking has dispelled the illusion from their minds. I have sought other modes. I have tried to present it through writing mediums, but they have other spirits that, low as I am, I would not dare to mingle with or be near, for I shun their presence with as much abhorrence as I look with pleasure to the light which comes from those I trust may help me. They assure me that the more free I can keep my mind from the thoughts of earth, from the memory of the past, and turn them to things above me, the readier I may hope for assistance.”

The monk here paused, and, mentioning to him some similar cases from Jung Stilling's *Theory of Pneumatology*, I earnestly exhorted him to pray for assistance and pardon. He replied:

“But I cannot pray sufficiently for him to do so. More, I must show with my whole being that I am changed in turning my thoughts from earth to heaven. I must ask with humility by my actions as well as by my voice for His grace.”

I explained that although my time was fully occupied, yet, having received my G.S.'s permission, I would receive his book as often as possible, and, placing the title my seeress had copied, I asked if he could see it, and if the characters were correct.

“The figures are the same; the spiritual characters are the same.

“It is the talisman of the sun, as I thought when I



made it the highest that might be made. It is a key to the language of all spirits, and their talismans that dwell there.\*

"That is, there is only one class of spirits, although numerous individuals. Each has a power peculiarly his own, which is felt in or influences the material world. This power is obtained and kept up by a talisman, which each possesses separately from the other, and made up of different characters. These characters make a language that consists, I may say, of twenty-four letters of the different modes of expression. These letters are joined and shortened—in the separate talismans it is so. There are conjunctions of characters that look to the uninitiated of quite a different description from the — language of their originals. The one from which all their expressions are taken is the Talisman of the Sun, the one great talisman that belongs to their abode; their language you will see in my book.

"I have long been desirous of penetrating the mysteries of the — order of R.C. Will you give me the formula, or does your book contain it?"

"It does."

"As I have now one hour to spare, shall we commence with a page of chapter — of your MS.?"

"I have not got it with me."

"If I devote next Friday evening to it will you bring the book with you?"

"Yes I will."

"May I ask your age when you thus suffered under the tender mercies of the Holy Apostolic Inquisition?"

"Forty-three. The many years that I have passed since have made me no older. I would that the horrid religion which I professed, and which destroyed me, was swept away from the earth, that its priesthood were extinguished, and the poor deluded wretches that drag after them in their misery were made partakers of the mercy of Him they blasphemed."

"Do you know anything in your present state of the famous writer upon occult philosophy, Henry Cornelius Agrippa, who died in —, and published this work (R. Russell's translation of the three books, quarto 16)?"

"He is not in my state; he has gone on far above me. He was a Christian and a student, that was all; I a believer and follower."

"Do you suppose that he did not practise magic as well as study it?"

"He inquired into it before he could give that work (pointing to the book then on the table). He had a strong tendency to Spiritualism, and used available means to elucidate apparent mysteries, but he always undertook the search with a deep reverence and a firm reliance on the Almighty, and a determination to let nothing that passed between him and spirits, be they what they might, should interpose between his own being and his Maker, and never to do aught at their instigation other than his own heart and conscience told him to be consistent with the laws of his Maker manifesting themselves in his being."

"Did you know in the spirit world Joseph Balsamo, commonly called Count Cagliostro, who, like yourself, died under the pious and tender care of the Holy Inquisition in the Castle of St. Angelo, at Rome, in 1798, just a century after your death?"

"I know he did. He was in my state—indeed, worse than mine, more degraded than I am, for he had made sacrifices to his gods, and yet he's gone on before me;

I saw him leave this place and go on before me whilst I remain. I have seen murderers leave it."

"I have often conversed with Cagliostro in my mirrors. Although a spirit, he held materialistic views. His appearances at first were very painful, but he has progressed onwards to happiness, and I hope it will be the same with you ere long; but you must pray for mercy."

"I may be forgiven by mercy, if not by justice."

"Did you know Guiseppe Francisco Borri, the Milanese, the author of *La chiave del Gabinetto*?"

"Yes, I knew him in my life."

"I always understood that Romish priests who underwent the purifying by fire were first strangled at the stake?"

"There were some instances of it, but it was not a rule. It is left to the option of the supreme judge the mode of execution. If he had a purpose to effect he might do so, but not from mercy, for that was never a part of his nature. But whenever the torture of 'the nails' was inflicted it was perfect evidence that the extreme would be gone into, and, instead of the fire being kindled after I was bound, it was made first, and I was then put in, and, if necessary, an iron framework would have been thrown over me."

"Surely the men who could inflict with fiendish pleasure such torments upon their fellow-creatures, however erring, cannot now be at rest?"

"No; I tell you the sins of their victims are visited on their own heads, and they are expiating their own offences and their victims' in the worst of all states that can befall spirits—in burning themselves in the fires that they have kindled for their victims."

"Then there we will leave them."

The monk continued:

"Besides other means of torture they drove splinters of iron, like fine nails, into the fleshy parts of the soles of my feet, a dozen in each at first, and then removed everything from my dungeon that I could either sit or lie upon. Standing or walking was insupportable. My hands were bound. The damp floor was moist and slimy, with vermin. I was in perfect darkness, except when the light came that was to go with me to punishment, and was only dragged into full light to answer the repeated questions of the Ruler, and then dazzled and blinded with light, and voices, and curses, and the agony of walking, I was turned back into the dungeon for three-and-twenty days. But it is enough; you would be revolted at the horrors in detail."

"Yours was indeed a shocking end. But let me ask if I, by again bringing into the material world your manuscript, and leaving it behind me when I die, might not thereby lead some future possessor into evils which he might otherwise have escaped?"

"If a right use were made of it the work would only tend to enlighten and instruct."

"When I complete your manuscript I shall put this narrative at the commencement as well as an introductory warning against its abuse."

"It is not for the making of that book I am punished, but for the reliance I placed upon the spirits there treated of, and far more for the sins of my profession. They constitute my guilt."

"Do you know anything of this MS.—*The Key of Rabbi Solomon on Magic Telesms*?"

"Will you place it closer? I do know the characters. They were copied originally from some of the Rosicrucian works. There are some private libraries and manuscripts in Rome now which are kept quite secret from strangers to the order; they are full of the most curious seals and descriptions of spirits and spirit-places in their own lan-

\* The sun, so far as its physical aspects are concerned, consists largely of gaseous and molten metals, in a state of incessant disturbance, but Mr. Hockley gives this narrative as he received it.—ED.

guage. You will find in my book the means of reading these. Each planet had a separate one."

"I know nothing of the means of communication between spirits of a higher state, or whether their modes of expression are the same. May I ask how you became aware of my seer's faculty of spirit seeing, and my practice of invoking them?"

Px. 9,534, vol. xi.—"You have seen so many spirits that it is well-known that you are able to communicate with them. Were you to throw it open to all who would come there would be many and of different grades availing themselves of it, I was not prevented from appearing, therefore I may say I was allowed to do so. Higher spirits would not deprive me of the chance of making myself happier when they knew I had the desire to do so. They would not close every portal against me and make me an outcast from every one."

"Then on Sunday evening I will await your appearance." And my seer remarked, "Now he has turned round and walked away."

18th January, 1857.—3.45 p.m.

#### "BETWEEN THE LIGHTS."

A WORK with the above title, by "Lisette Earle," has just been published by Messrs. Remington and Co. Without any mention of Spiritualism the work is full of its principles and its facts. It is manifestly written by an authoress who at some period of life has known sorrow, and thought broadly and deeply about things spiritual and the causes of human happiness and human woe. *Between the Lights* is the best work of fiction of the kind we have seen for a long time, and it is so true psychologically that it is difficult to assume that some of the spiritual experiences narrated therein are not real ones.

The following quotation is from a tale in it, entitled "The Hermit:"—

"Do not jest, Mildred," she said; "I have indeed heard, thought, and felt what I shall never forget."

"A dream, Kathleen?" I questioned. "Surely you have nothing worse to tell than some weird dream?"

"Perhaps it was a dream," she murmured, "and yet I was not asleep."

"Tell me, Kathleen; I am all anxiety to know."

"Mildred, I am not superstitious, and attach but little importance to dreams; yet last night, a little past midnight, I was awakened by a gentle tapping at my casement. I listened, comparing the sounds to a bird's beak striking the glass. Thinking it might be a little fledgling fallen from its resting-place in the eaves, I hastened to open the window, and, by the moonlight, sought for it all around, but could not find anything, and so returned to my bed again. Presently the same low tapping began again; this time there seemed a friendliness in the little raps, and, falling as they did upon the glass, a ring in them that sounded like notes from a musical instrument.

"Soon the sweet little sounds died away, and perfect stillness reigned within and without; not a breath of wind stirred the leaves, and a quiet as of death fell upon me. I listened for my own breathing, but could perceive no sound. And yet it was not sleep; I was awake, and my senses were acute as I lay listening, for I knew not what. In a second or two I heard the tones of a voice, at first in murmurs and at a distance, coming, as it were, from over the hills; then nearer, in my room, by my side, clearly and distinctly: it was the

voice of Geoffrey Monkton, and on my ears fell these words:—

"How long the night seems! I am waiting for the morning. How dark the night seems, and so cold!

"What is the matter with me? I have had a long sleep; an unusually long night this has been, and I am waiting for the morning. Oh, it is cold, and I am chill as though I had lost something; yet what have I to lose?"

"I look for the morning. What has morning to do with me, or I with the morning? Shall I go and warm myself in the sun of to-morrow when it comes? No, I will not. Why should I suffer pain, or voluntarily look upon pain? I know it is so, and I have resolved to look upon it no longer. Yet I am waiting for the morning.

"What strange sensations pass over me. Surely it is better to be in the dark, if the sun throws light, and forces me to see suffering and pain.

"It is coming. I feel it is coming. A great light is coming, and I fear it. I am like a blind man going under the operation of having his eyes opened. Am I prepared?"

"There is the first star! I am glad it does not break all at once upon me. I can put it from me no longer; friend or foe, messenger of mercy or monster of evil, the thing that men call Death confronts me. I am slipping away! Where, oh, where?"

"I am growing nervous. A childish feeling of fear comes upon me. Am I afraid to die? For years and years I have walked alone, asking no advice, taking no help, refusing to mix with my fellows. Having never seen the image of God reflected as I desired, I lived without Him, and lived in my own world; strong enough to do without aid. Now I find myself in this dark hour, before the new morning, putting forth my hand in the darkness for help, asking to be guided. I have a contempt for myself. I despise this weakness, and yet—oh, how shall I guide me?"

"Hark, a voice! Strange word to my ears! Strange sound, yet I listen for it again. There it is—it sounds from afar, but I hear it. 'Friend!' I wonder if he is sincere? I called no man friend. I never believed in friendship; yet it sounds pleasant, and there is a ring in it that seems truthful.

"Fear not, oh, my friend. Slowly thou art coming to the light. Fear not this breaking of the morning. Put out thy hand; I will guide thee."

"So, like a blind child, I submit, and turn me to the sound. The voice comes nearer to me.

"The sky is studded with stars, and the sun is rising. The night of my death is passed, and I am beginning to live. Oh, for what?"

"I will talk with this friend, and ask him who he is, for my eyes are bandaged. I just feel that the morning is breaking, and the sun is rising, but I see not, for this bandage shuts out and hides me from all that is fair to look upon. Yes, he is my friend. He shall be my counsellor and my guide. He has known me, and I have never recognised him. Self-appointed, sympathising with, and understanding me better than I understood myself and the world; filled with compassion for the torture I inflicted upon myself; his heart burning with a desire to tear the scales from my eyes, and show me things as they are, and not as they seem; so has he followed and watched me all my way. Driven back oftentimes by the blindness and dense darkness that I allowed to gather round, and form itself into a barrier that would not let him show me the light; sometimes turning aside to weep at my refusal of the comfort he brought; yet ever has he followed on, clinging to that part of my nature that sometimes, yea, oftentimes, yearned for the

good and true. He took hold of me in moments when my hungry soul went out for something satisfying, yet not knowing where to find it; so shutting up again and again these channels whence might have come to me this knowledge of the spiritual and the heavenly.

“Oh, poor, blind humanity, would that you knew the help that is at hand; would that you could see the light above, and feel the hands that are outstretched to save.”

“Oh, friend, friend, didst thou not weary in those days, and grow tired of the stupid pupil thou hadst taken upon thee to instruct?—No!”

“Didst thou not wonder at my darkness and stupidity?—Yes!”

“Didst thou never reproach me for my irreligious life, and my vacant place in church?—No.”

“Didst thou follow me into my chamber, and look upon the mental anguish I endured, and hear the great cry that welled up in my heart; Where is God?—Yes.”

“Didst thou note the secret tear that would, in spite of myself, moisten my eye, and cause the wail to go out from me—Oh, suffering humanity?—Yes.”

“Didst thou hear me, when other moods came on me, scoff at the church-going, and mock at the so-called piety that passes current in our land? Didst thou upbraid me then?—No.”

“Then what hast thou to say to me of all these matters?”

“Thou wert born into darkness and ignorance. Thou wert trained falsely, told that thou must believe such and such creed on pain of being excommunicated from the favour of God, and eternally doomed to misery and despair. The divinity that was within thee, the spark of intelligence that would have guided thee aright, hadst thou been left alone, was pressed down, driven back from thy life, compelled to hide itself deep in thy inner soul. Thou wert driven on to live falsely, to profess a belief in that which thou couldst not understand, and which in freedom thou wouldst most certainly have rejected. I pitied thee then, and resolved to be thy guide. Then came thy trials, thy disappointments, making thy heart sore. Thy eyes opened wide to all that was false, to all the misery and wrong-doing that was in the world. Thy mind became warped, thou sawest nothing but husks. Oh, poor brother, could I have reached thee then, just before that great disgust seized upon thee for all things and all men, I might have saved thee many bitter pangs; but thou wert a little too wayward, choosing thy own gloomy way, and so ended thy life in darkness; but thou art come to the light now. Thy friend always—more thy friend to-night than ever. I keep my place at thy side, to walk with thee, to talk with thee; gradually, by slow and safe degrees, to unloose this bandage from thine eyes, and give thee, not bright visions, but glorious realities; not to close thine eyes to evils that are in thy way, but to show thee the remedy; not to throw a covering over vice, but to show thee how thou canst help in uprooting and destroying these noisome weeds that so offend thine eyes. I will tell thee how thou mayest put on the harness with us, and help to remove this crust of ignorance and evil that is so crushing and so heavy on the earth. Little by little shalt thou be taught, as thou art able to bear it, until gradually thine eyes shall become strong enough to see by this new light, and look upon the beauty of things around thee. So will thy heart become delighted with the harmony that prevails. Here the rose blossoms without the fear of evil to destroy it, and here thine hands may press the green and tender leaf without fear of harm.

“Thou must be patient, for thine eyes are tender yet, and thou canst not bear it. Rest awhile. Be a hermit still, and conceal thyself as thou pleasest. Let this that has been given thee to-night be something for thee to reflect upon, until it shall work in thee not only the desire, but the strength to do that which has been accumulating for years, whilst thou hast wasted thy life in a hermit's cell.

“I forbear to carry thee further, and will leave thee for the present.

“There is no curse upon thy head, no angry God to meet, no eternal torment to fear. There are no wolves of the desert, no beasts of prey, for here the people love righteousness, and here the lion lieth down with the lamb, and thou art secure. Then rest, brother, rest. I will call thee “hermit” still, until thou art ashamed of the name, and ask for another.”

### THE IMPENDING DIFFICULTIES IN NEW ZEALAND.

#### THE PROPHECIES OF TE WHITI.

The *Thames Advertiser* of the 21st June—a paper published in New Zealand—reports the following extraordinary speech and prophecies delivered by Te Whiti, at a meeting of natives held at Parihaka. The usual work seems about to be resumed in New Zealand of showing savages the benefits of Christianity by shooting them when they resist the stealing of their land. Te Whiti, who is an orator of repute, and apparently a trance medium, said:—

“I am the man who stopped the rains out of the heaven flooding the lands. I am the man who spoiled the land in the place I choose. If any man molest me I will talk to him with the tongue. That is the weapon with which I will fight for ever. Whoever believes in the evil woman can't be one of my followers. I will cast him out. The time is fast approaching—is even now at hand—when all shall be ended and the heavens shut. All things are enacted now on the earth. All people, nations, and tongues are under my feet. All things are given me, and all men war against me. The heavens will come down. The water will be disturbed and muddy, and you will not see it clear. Four great earthquakes will be in divers places, and men will be shaken, and they will stoop to me. All the saying of the prophets of old are now accomplished. I will rejoice and be exceedingly glad because the end is near. In the old times God and Satan worked good and evil. It is God and I who do all things. The man standing before you now is Satan and God in one. My work is now nearly accomplished. I will not address you any length of time. If any walk in dark places, turn to evil, let him go his evil way. Those who choose the light, let them walk there. Keep what I say in your mind, and cherish it. Don't let it slip from your memory. I have been crying like one sighing in the wilderness, calling sinners to repentance. Come! come to me and be saved. So long as you remain with me no man can harm you. The mighty of the earth laugh at you, because you are poor and lowly-minded, but wait till you see them humble themselves, and bow to your feet.”

Te Whiti continued in this strain for a considerable time, stating that the world belonged to him, and calling himself Jesus Christ, and saying that if the Government were to send a large force to Parihaka, and to take him and to crucify him, that after three days he would rise again. He would not offer resistance to the soldiers when they came, but he would gladly let them crucify him. He also stated that the Government are determined to put surveyors on the plains, but he said he would not fight them. Te Whiti then addressed the newspaper

reporters who were present taking notes of what he was saying, thus :—

“When I speak of land, the survey, the ploughing, and such matters of little consequence, the reporters' pencils fly with the speed of wind; but when I speak of the word of the spirit, they say this is the dream of a madman. They are so intent in accumulating wealth that nothing appears to interest them except what is in some way connected with the acquisition of wealth. The storekeeper who has succeeded in acquiring wealth by short weight and inferior articles, and the numerous ways of picking and stealing known only to the initiated, who steal the land of the Maoris, and acquire flocks of sheep and herds of cattle; the men who would take the bread out of the mouths of the widows and fatherless, and acquire riches by so doing—are all looked upon as gentlemen of property, while the humble seekers after truth are passed by unknown and unheeded. The time is at hand when their goods will rot; their ships will rot in their harbours for want of sailors to work them; the merchants will wring their hands in despair, when they and all their accumulations will melt away like the morning mist before the rising sun.”

#### PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCES DURING A PERIOD OF APPARENT DEATH.

(From the “*Kansas City Times*.”)

Mrs. Diana Powellson, widow of the late Thomas Powellson, resides upon land rented from Mr. William Chick, seven or eight miles south-west of Kansas City. She is forty-one years of age, and the mother of nine children. Up to three years ago she had been a remarkably vigorous woman. On the 1st of August, 1876, a premature labour induced the disease which culminated in what was supposed to be death. At one time, Dr. Thorne, supposing his patient would soon die, remained with her. The pulse was then ranging at 110; the respiration 16 per minute. Cold, clammy perspiration all over the body, eyeballs thrown backward and upward; no action whatever of the diaphragm; she had been blind for several days; things continued in this course without much change until one o'clock in the morning, when she died. The spasms of the neck and hands now relaxed, the head dropped forward upon the breast, the eyelids opened, the eyeballs resumed their normal position, the pupils were dilated, and the film gathered upon the eyes. The woman was dead. A current of electricity passed from the base of the brain to the lower portion of the back failed to revive her. She did, however, finally revive, only to pass through another change called death, finally reviving again.

Our reporter visited the bedside of the lady, in company with Dr. Thorne. Her story is as follows :—

“I have been a professed Christian for many years. Some time in 1877 I joined the Methodist Church South. I am a full believer in Christianity. The statement that I am about to make is stranger to me than it can be to you.

“On the night of my first dying, the more I died the less pain I felt. I was so happy at going (oh! sir, I suffered so much); felt no misery of any kind; pain in the head all gone; it seemed that I lost all consciousness but for a moment; when I came to my senses again I knew I was dead, but everything was very dark to me. I thought I was still blind. I became filled with terror, anticipating the worst. My husband (who died in 1866) soon, however, took hold of me. He told me I was on the wrong road. Others of my departed friends and family did the same. The darkness suddenly vanished. I saw all my friends and millions of others. I saw hills

and valleys, trees and flowers, rivers, seas, lakes, and birds, and heard such music as I cannot describe. The people were not what I expected to see. They were ordinary men and women. Some were bright and beautiful, and others were lean and miserable-looking. I saw their homes. They lived in communities. All were much more beautiful than any we have, but some were not so beautiful as others. I saw many bright spirits, but was very much surprised that they had no wings. My friends led me from the dark place into the light. I did not come through this dark place any more, either in coming back or returning at any time. I saw many meetings or congregations, but did not learn what they were doing. I thought I was at home, but was told that I must return to my body again. My husband told me this. I cried and was very much angered at him, and still am for sending me back. I long to be in that beautiful home that they told me was mine. My husband sent a message to his son and to my children by me.

“Messages were also sent by many others. I was afraid of some spirits, who looked dark and forbidding, while others were so bright, beautiful, and kind. When I was there a large concourse gathered around me. I did not know I should return to earth till I was told so by my husband. He was sixty-seven when he died, though he now looks in the prime of life. My two children were with their father. I was very surprised at this; I had known only one; one child was born dead, prematurely, in August, 1876; it was very rejoiced to see me. I cannot compare it to any age; it differs from earth, but still a small child. I felt all a mother's love for that child, which I did not think I possessed. My boy, one year old, died fifteen years ago; he is now a young man and knew me.

“Spirits do not sing like we do; much nicer. I saw some spirits who looked repulsive and dark. The clothing of all was of the flowing or robe kind. No voice is used by spirits. I understood them more perfectly without words. I read their thoughts; it is more perfect language than ours. They told me to come back to earth for three or four years with my little children who are here, unless I was dissatisfied. I promised to do so.

“I expected to meet Christ, but did not do so. They told me this was why I was in the dark. I know now that I must depend upon myself. We are over there as we are here. We make our own happiness. I did not find any heaven or hell, only life, more perfect and beautiful than this. This is not life at all. What I now relate is as clear to my memory as anything in life can be.

“In dying, after the first time I did not lose consciousness. I seemed to fade from one life into another. I now often see spirits around me, but cannot speak to them or they to me. They show me flowers, which are more beautiful than ours. Spirits told me they had to repent of their sins over there before they could advance. Till they did this they were unhappy. I was much surprised when I first went there at seeing a spirit which I took to be God. And I afterwards supposed it was Jesus Christ, but who was only a bright spirit teaching the others. I saw many such afterwards; they don't seem to belong to the rest at all. Everybody is engaged in learning and growing brighter, so they told me.”

The facts and particulars of this strange death were verified by the people of Rosedale generally. More particularly was the account substantiated by Mrs. Kittie Powellson, sister-in-law to the lady, and Miss R. Powellson, the daughter, Mrs. John Haddock, Mrs. Jas. Willson, Mrs. Callenburger, Mr. Baird, practising

physician in Rosedale, and many others who have been constantly attending her.

Dr. Thorne called in consultation Dr. Halley, of Kansas City, who made a thorough investigation of the case. Dr. Baird has also been a witness of many of the phenomena.

Philadelphia, Pa., July 9, 1879.

### SPIRITUALISM IN DALTON.

(From the "Barrow Herald.")

It is not generally known that the Spiritualists of Dalton have taken a room at 42, Queen-street, for the purpose of holding *séances* and public meetings. The room is simply furnished with a three-legged table and a number of chairs. On Sunday last the room was opened by two public meetings—one in the afternoon and the other in the evening. As we entered on Sunday evening we found a nice little company assembled consisting of from twenty-four to thirty persons, and the proceedings were conducted in a solemn manner. The first hymn sung commenced as follows:—

From realms supernal, fair and bright,  
They of the second birth,  
On holy errands wing their flight  
To every home on earth.

The chairman then rose and delivered an invocation to the Deity, which appeared to us to be as much for the instruction of the audience as in the nature of a prayer. This twofold invocation was to our minds a strange one, inasmuch as it acknowledged the Deity was unsearchable and past finding out, yet went on to assert that they knew His ways and His dealings with mankind, and that they were aware of His attributes, and had assembled to worship Him. Then the invocation became more of the nature of a prayer, the speaker praying for the influence of the spirits and for powers to control the medium who was about to address the meeting. At the conclusion of the invocation, the hymn was sung commencing with

Spirits bright are ever nigh,  
Filling earth and air and sky,  
Bringing truth and joy and love  
From the fount of God above.

Again the singing was capitally done. The chairman then asked anyone in the meeting to name a subject for the medium to discourse upon, saying that the spirit guides who controlled the medium were very many, and that though all spirits had not the same knowledge, the one who knew most about the subject chosen would take possession of the medium, and address the meeting through his organism. No one, however, chose a subject, and therefore the medium selected his own, which was "Spiritualism: What is it?" A tall thin man is Mr. Proctor, the medium, the person who had to do the chief portion of the business. His address was an able one; he was right down thoroughly in earnest, and soon won his hearers' sympathy and riveted their attention. The energy of the speaker was remarkable, and the enthusiasm of his audience eating. It seemed to be a concentration of the religious or spiritual emotions that have at all periods influenced the history of mankind. Call it fanaticism if you like, or bestow on it any other name which you please, but there is no mistaking the fact that the speaker is natural, and undoubtedly firmly convinced that there are truths in Spiritualism which, with an untutored but withal moving eloquence, he preaches in a manner that Oxford and Cambridge theologians might do well to emulate. He leads his hearers by gradual steps up to the subject of immortality, with which his address closed. The chairman then rose, and after again alluding to the spiritual guides or controlling spirits by which he asserted the medium was surrounded, asked any person present to put a question to the medium, which the spirit, who had most knowledge on the subject, would immediately answer through the medium. He pressed for a question as he observed some sceptical friends present. A *septic* present then said he would put one question. Immediately there was a deep silence, when the question put was, "Is immortality worth having?" The question evidently caused surprise, but the medium, after a pause, replied "It is," and then proceeded to explain that there were so many grades or spheres for a poor soul to go through before it entered into the higher order of intelligence, that immortality must certainly be worth having. This doctrine seemed nearly allied to the doctrine of the purgatory of souls. The chairman then made a few remarks on the same subject. A collection

was made for furnishing expenses, and the meeting dispersed after singing the hymn—

Shall we gather at the river.

The whole service was done decently and in order. The Spiritualists seem to have a calm, steadfast faith, untroubled with the fearful forebodings of other Christians. There are no sighs and groans, no uplifting of hands and eyes, but a peaceful serenity of mind quite pleasing to behold. We departed as great a sinner as before, still unbelieving, but impartial enough to give this brief record of a pleasant evening spent among the Spiritualists of Dalton.

### WHAT IS THE EXPLANATION?

WE find a curious popular superstition two or three times repeated in the Hatton Correspondence.\* It was reported that when Lady Ranelagh, and, again, when her brother, Robert Boyle, lay dying, flames broke out of one of the chimneys of the house, and continued for some time, though no cause could be discovered by those within; and when Dr. Busby departed this life, Lyttelton mentions how he "heard an odd story, that ye people in ye street, when he was expiring, saw flashes and sparks of fire come out of his window, weh made them run into ye house to put it out, but when they were there saw none, nor did they of ye house."

NEXT Friday Mr. William Crookes, F.R.S., will lecture before the British Association, at Sheffield, on "Radiant Matter."

NEXT Monday week Professor E. Ray Lankester will lecture before the British Association, at Sheffield, on "Degeneration."

MRS. WOODFORDE desires us to state that she leaves town on the 18th of this month for Wales, to remain two or three weeks.

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE-BRITEN has left Australia. She reached Dunedin, New Zealand, about the middle of May, and, according to our latest advices, had begun a course of lectures there on Spiritualism, Physiology, and kindred subjects.

MR. BLACKBURN'S EXPERIMENTS.—Mr. Charles Blackburn has asked us to publish the following letter this week:—"9th Aug., 1879. To the Council of the British National Association of Spiritualists. Ladies and Gentlemen,—Please to remove my name from the list of members of your Association. I do not require this to be done from any feeling of antagonism, but because I am carrying on my experiments elsewhere, so do not wish to incur any extra expenses and liabilities.—Very truly yours, CHAS. BLACKBURN, Parkfield, Didsbury. P.S.—I shall send a copy of the above to *The Spiritualist* newspaper."

THE *Leeds Mercury* declares that there is a medical gentleman at Sudbury, near Derby, who has sheep and pigs. Whenever he runs short of provisions he administers chloroform to the animals, and keeps them in an unconscious state for from a week to ten days. After they come out of their coma they are in a better condition than when put into it. Could not some reader of this paper living in the indicated district inform the readers what truth there is in this statement?

THE ARYA SAMAJ.—Dr. Carter Blake writes:—"In justice to the author of the paragraph reporting my lecture in *The Times* of July 12th, which was quoted in *The Spiritualist* of July 18th, I think it only meet to say that I find therein the words 'the Arya Samaj of Bombay.' The omission of these two last words by Zeta (through inadvertence) may lead some to imagine that somebody was present at my lecture under an assumed title. The ancient precedent of the 'grand Panjandrum,' with his little round button atop, may no doubt be cited as a leading case on this point. Of the precise nature of the disputes which appear to have taken place between Mr. Harichandra (Hurrychund) Chintamon and his associates, I am, and wish to remain, entirely ignorant; and I have no power to exclude any person from my Museum lectures 'on public days.' I enclose the original cutting from *The Times*.—C. CARTER BLAKE."

\* Correspondence of the Family of Hatton, being chiefly Letters addressed to Christopher, first Viscount Hatton, A.D. 1601-1704. Edited by E. Maunde Thompson. Printed for the Camden Society. 1878.



## MESMERISM AND ITS PHENOMENA,

OR

## ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

By the late WM. GREGORY, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry at Edinburgh University.

Dedicated by the Author by Permission to His Grace the Duke of Argyll.

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Spiritualist Newspaper Branch Office, 33, British Museum-street, London

## INFORMATION FOR INQUIRERS.

IN thirty years Spiritualism has spread through all the most civilised countries on the globe, until it now has tens of thousands of adherents, and about thirty periodicals. It has also outlived the same popular abuse which at the outset opposed rail-ways, gas, and Galileo's discovery of the rotation of the earth.

The Dialectical Society, under the presidency of Sir John Lubbock, appointed a large committee, which for two years investigated the phenomena occurring in the presence of non-professional mediums, and finally reported that the facts were true, that the raps and other noises governed by intelligence were real, and that solid objects sometimes moved in the presence of mediums without being touched.

Mr. William Crookes, F.R.S., editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, deviser of the radiometer, and discoverer of the new metal thallium, investigated the phenomena of Spiritualism in his own house, and reported them to be true. Mr. A. R. Wallace, Mr. Cromwell Varley, Prof. Zollner, and a great number of intelligent professional men have done the same.

## HOW TO FORM SPIRIT CIRCLES AT HOME.

Inquirers into the phenomena of Spiritualism should begin by forming circles in their own homes, with no Spiritualist or stranger to the family present.

The assertions of a few newspapers, conjurers, and men of science that the alleged phenomena are jugglery are proved to be untrue by the fact that manifestations are readily obtained by private families, with no stranger present, and without deception by any member of the family. At the present time there are only about half a dozen professional mediums for the physical phenomena in all Great Britain, consequently, if these were all tricksters (which they are not), they are so few in number as to be unable to bear out the imposture theory as the foundation of the great movement of modern Spiritualism. Readers should protect themselves against any impostors who may tell them that the phenomena are not real, by trying simple home experiments which cost nothing, thus showing how egregiously those are duped who trust in worthless authorities.

One or more persons possessing medial powers without knowing it are to be found in nearly every household, and about one new circle in three, formed according to the following instructions, obtains the phenomena:—

1. Let arrangements be made that there shall be no interruption for one hour during the sitting of the circle.

2. Let the circle consist of four, five, or six individuals, about the same number of each sex. Sit in subdued light, but sufficient to allow everything to be seen clearly, round an uncovered wooden table, with all the palms of the hands in contact with its top surface. Whether the hands touch each other or not is of little importance. Any table will do.

3. Belief or unbelief has no influence on the manifestations, but an acrid feeling against them is weakening.

4. Before the manifestations begin, it is well to engage in general conversation or in singing, and it is best that neither should be of a frivolous nature.

5. The first symptom of the invisible power at work is often a feeling like a cool wind sweeping over the hands. The first indications will probably be table-tilting or raps.

6. When motions of the table or sounds are produced freely, to avoid confusion let one person only speak; he should talk to the table as to an intelligent being. Let him tell the table that three tilts or raps mean "Yes," one means "No," and two mean "Doubtful," and ask whether the arrangement is understood. If three raps be given in answer, then say, "If I speak the letters of the alphabet slowly, will you signal every time I come to the letter you want, and spell us out a message?" Should three signals be given, set to work on the plan proposed, and from this time an intelligent system of communication is established.

7. Possibly symptoms of other forms of mediumship, such as trance or clairvoyance, may develop; the better class of messages, as judged by their religious and philosophical merits, usually accompany such manifestations rather than the more objective phenomena. After the manifestations are obtained, the observers should not go to the other extreme and give way to an excess of credulity, but should believe no more about them or the contents of messages than they are forced to do by undeniable proof.

8. Should no results be obtained at the first two *séances* because no medium chances to be present, try again with other sitters. A medium is usually an impulsive individual, very sensitive to mesmeric influences.

Mediumship may either be used or abused. Mediums should not lower their strength by sitting more than about twice a week; angular, excitable people, had better avoid the nervous stimulus of mediumship altogether.



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