

to-night"; and he then said his feet were moved about in a strange way, and he was touched more than once. Just before the *séance* began, Mr. Home was called suddenly away to see a man on business, and this rather disturbed him. When the floor was vibrating strongly some one said it could be felt in the next house; and it was proposed that one of us should go in there, and note the time. Raps of approval were given twice; but, somehow, Mr. Home said nothing, and no one went. I forgot to mention that when the sheet of paper was on the table, Mr. Home touching one corner, the other end was lifted up more than an inch, just at the time when Adare felt the cold currents very strongly, as might happen if a bellows were blown near it. The paper was also rather curled up.

No. 6 Séance.

We had a *séance* the other night at Mr. Jencken's, at Norwood. Home went gradually into a trance; his eyes were quite shut; he got up, moved one or two chairs, walked up and down the room, then sat down again and began to speak. Mr. Jencken had been telling us how one of the servants, Mally, was ill, and had been seeing phosphorescent balls of light in her room at night. Home being in a trance, said, "It was Hans made the lights in Mally's rooms; if you all go presently into the next room, he will show them to you. Mally's mother will pass away within, (I forget the exact time mentioned), Mally must not be told this." After a pause, he turned to me and said, "Do not let Daniel leave your house on Saturday, as he wishes to do, because your friend is coming; we want to let you hear music in your room, and we wish Daniel to stay." He then said, "Adare's mother and Caroline are here." After a pause he said again to me, "Daniel will be able to see you from time to time when you are away." After sitting a little time in his chair, in an attitude of prayer, he got up and

walked round the table to me, and stood behind me with his hand raised as in prayer, and then proceeded to make passes over me; I felt nothing. He held his hand out, made a hollow of it as if to hold a fluid, and went through the action of pouring out something upon my head; he then walked behind me, and apparently prayed for some time, then placing his hands upon my shoulders he drew me back towards him and pressed his head firmly against my back; I felt a strong current of heat flow out of his hands into my shoulders, and out of his head into my back. It was very hot indeed. He then went back to his place and sat down, then raising his hands, as if praying, he spoke as follows:—(Mr. Jencken took notes as well as he could of what was said, but as Home spoke rapidly without any stop, it was impossible to put down more than the heads of his address.)

“Father of light, we, thy children, do approach thee in all humble reverence and confidence. We do beseech thee, Father of love, to grant us patience, charity, love, that we may love others who are less fortunate than ourselves. We pray that thou mayest remove the veil that shrouds the eternal life from our sight, and that knowledge not of earth be given us. Grant that we may be purified in heart and body: that we may lay aside our grosser earthly body and existence, and assume the robe of our eternal being. Grant that hope be given us, hope! that is the star that guides us; guides us who know so little of the great world of spirits beyond the grave. (*after a pause*) We, children of God, linger near you, the spirits, guardian angels, hover around you, and guard and aid you in your hour of trial and suffering. To us the spirit-land of higher spheres is like a beautiful planet, luminous, shining forth as our goal—and spheres higher and higher still, brighten as we advance in the vista of everlasting progress. We cannot tell you all we know, for it is the desire of more and more knowledge that impels you onward and upward. As men see a star and desire to know about it, and know that others are beyond it, and

invent instruments, and spend their lives in scientific research and in seeking after truth, so it is with you; it would not be good for you to know all, for there would be no object for improvement and research. We know all your sufferings and shortcomings, and what you have to contend with, for have we not too been mortals, have we not wearied on the roadside, and had our times of agony and doubt; but God, at the evening of our day, brought us home, and called in the weary travellers. God called us into his fold and brought us home, that we may be nearer to thee, O God. Our Father in creating beautiful things on earth, created them for ever and ever, for all eternity, though they may fade to our sight; so beauty, poetry, sunlight, and all that is harmonious are garnered up for ever. Even sound having left the influence of this earth, goes on for ever down the everlasting corridors of space. Thus summer is again and again refined into autumn, toned and softened down, softening down the wintry sky of the future, so too, purer impulses, nobler aspirations, leave their impress for ever upon the waves of eternity—like a wave of sound, the impulse moves on for ever. All of you have to grope your way in the dark paths of life, but we hover near you, carry your minds upwards from earth, whisper to your heart that it may learn to aspire to God. Hope and love are component parts of the Godhead. Truth is God; waves may rise mountains high, but the great beacon truth shines forth over all the waves to guide us, lighting us on our way. From the eternal source goes forth the eternal light to which we aspire. From this great source emanates the small particle of light called our soul, dwelling in this body we live in—The great God who is light itself, for ever light us through all eternity.”

Home now spoke in a language none of us ever heard, then said “Oh, how very wonderful, how extraordinary!” and turning to me, he said “A spirit has been approved to go with you, sent by a higher spirit, one who has charge of your past, your present and your future, your high guardian spirit. He knows the country and has been a chieftain in it. On earth he wore a large cross

of iron round his neck, it is brilliant and shines; he was a good soul on earth, but was in a bad soil, tended by bad gardeners; too bad was the soil to develop his soul. He speaks two languages, he is not far from you. He lived near—Oh, I cannot get the name of the place; no matter, he has been where you are going, and is charged to take care of you. He will save your life on two occasions, you will know his name." Here Home spoke two strange words. I said to Mr. Jencken, "Have you written that down, for I have already forgotten it." Home smiled and said, "You cannot write it down and you cannot remember it, but you will recognize it when the time comes." "Guardian spirits are given to those who go to foreign countries, to guide and aid them, whereby they benefit themselves; charity brings good to those that use it, more charity is gained by charity. Nothing prevents you going, he has breathed on you once, he will again, and once again, when you return, then never more; he will accompany you if nothing occurs to prevent your going; he is very strong." Home now got up, walked round to me, kneeled beside me as in prayer, and again drew me back by the shoulders, and pressed his head against my back, and I felt the same current flow from his forehead as before. Home stood up and said, "He is very strong and tall," and standing there beside me, Home grew, I should say, at least, six inches. Mr. Jencken, who is a taller man than Home, stood beside him, so there could be no mistake about it. Home's natural height is, I believe, 5 feet 10 inches. I should say he grew to 6 feet 4 inches or 6 feet 6 inches. I placed my hands on his feet, and felt that they were fairly level on the ground. He had slippers on, and he said, "Daniel will shew you how it is," and he unbuttoned his coat. He was elongated from his waist upwards, there was a space of, I suppose, 4 inches between his waistcoat and the waistband of his trowsers. He appeared to grow also in breadth and size all over, but there was no way of testing that. He diminished down to his natural size, and said, "Daniel will grow tall again"; he did so, and said, "Daniel's

feet are on the ground," he walked about, and stamped his feet. He returned to his natural size, and sitting down, he said, "Daniel is coming back now, sit down, and do not tell Daniel at once what he has said." In a few seconds he awoke. After sitting a few minutes, he said, "What can it mean, I hear a voice saying 'Go into the next room, go into the next room'?" We all went into the drawing room; it was quite dark. Home sat at the piano, and played a few notes. Mrs. Hennings sat near him; Mrs. Jencken a little way off; Mr. Jencken and I stood near the piano. Soon we observed the light that we had been told we should see. A small luminous ball flitting about, sometimes very brilliant; the chords of the piano were swept, but the keys were not touched. The piano was lifted off the ground about 2 inches. I had my hand underneath, and it was again lifted about 2 inches, and then without any effort, I should say 8 inches higher. It was not tilted, but lifted bodily. We now heard loud raps, the alphabet was called, and "*Good night*" spelled out. Nothing more occurred.

No. 7 Séance.

We had a *séance* at No. 5, Buckingham Gate, the other night. Soon after sitting down the table began to shew evidence of some powerful influence about it. Mr. Jencken had unfortunately to go away by the ten o'clock train. After he left, we went into the dining room, and sat at the small round table. We had paper and a pencil on the table, and when the table was tilted the paper slipped off, which it does not generally do. I had been mentioning to Brinsley the fact that things on the table generally remain stationary, though it be raised to a great angle; and we were all remarking how curious it was that it would not do so now. The next phenomena that occurred were entirely in connection with making the paper stay upon the table. Home said in all his experience he had never seen the same sort of

thing. His hand and arm were taken possession of, that is to say, they became perfectly rigid, and were moved quite independently of his will; his fist was so firmly closed that his fingers could not be opened; and the muscles of his wrist and arm felt like iron. He got up, and altered the position of one of the candles on the large table a few inches, and removed all our hands from the table; he then commenced to mesmerise the paper, pointing at it with the first and middle finger—the others being clenched—making rapid passes over it, and making circles round it on the table with great rapidity. The table was rapidly tilted up till its edge touched the floor. Being a table with one central support it was nearly, but not quite, perpendicular—the paper remained without slipping for some little time. We requested that it might be moved. His hand was agitated above it, and the edges of the paper were blown up, apparently by the current caused by his hand. The paper slipped to the ground; he took it and rubbed it round and round on the table, and then tried to leave it on the centre of the table. It would not, however, remain quite fixed, slipping a little. Getting rather tired of this, Home asked if we might not put the table in its place and all sit round it again. We were told “Yes”; and did so. The following sentences were then spelled out: “*We did it to gratify you*”; “*We have power to make the table heavy.*” We tried, asking it to become heavy and light, and it did as we required. A number of messages were then given, all having reference to Miss D—— R——. None of us knew the people they purported to come from, or anything about the circumstances they had reference to. She had some difficulty in believing that an uncle of hers was present as represented, and as a test of identity the following was spelt by someone else: “*He always signed his name ——*,” mentioning a peculiar way in which he signed. All the rest of the *séance* consisted in messages and answers to Miss D—— R——, amounting to a conversation, and having some reference to matters that we did not understand. We were wished Good night at the end. The table was sometimes very violent in its movements.

No. 8 Séance—November, 1867.

My dear Father,—I went down yesterday to Norwood, and dined with Mr. Jencken. I was very much disappointed to find that Home had settled to go up to London after dinner, to hear a lecture by Miss Emma Hardinge. I should much have preferred spending the evening quietly there. We all tried to persuade him to stop, but in vain. However, after dinner he recited us some poetry, and to our great satisfaction he went on until he missed the train. We then talked for some time, and had some music. Mrs. Jencken played us some very pretty little musical airs. While Mrs. Jencken, Home, and Miss D—R— were at the piano there came raps upon it. Mr. Jencken and I were sitting some way off at the table. Shortly after, Home suggested that we should sit round the table. The room was lighted by a bright fire and two candles. Almost immediately after sitting down, we heard raps; and the usual currents of cold air were felt, also the vibration of the table and floor. We had very little of rapping or movement of the table during the *séance*. The table was, however, two or three times raised off the floor, and sustained in the air for a considerable time. We were talking about a gentleman (a friend of the others); abusing him a little for being conceited and unpleasant in different ways. Home said, "Oh, don't let us talk about our neighbours now." However, they went on talking about him, not in what one would usually call an ill-natured way; but still, cutting him up a little. The table was moving slightly all the time, and at last the alphabet was called for. The four following sentences were spelled out, with short intervals between them: "*There is one God, He is the Father of all.*" "*God is tolerant—he bears with our shortcomings.*" "*Love and charity—God gives the one and expects the other.*" "*We are all but mortals.*" After such a beautiful rebuke as that, I need not say that we did not talk any more about the shortcomings of our neighbours.

I should say that Mr. Jencken had, soon after the

phenomena commenced, put out the candles. The fire-light was, however, in a small room, quite sufficient to show everything clearly. The name of God was, in every case, marked in a manner different to that in which the letters in the other words were indicated; sometimes by the table being raised and waved about. Once, when the table was in the air during the whole sentence, by slow strong vibrations, instead of raps. Home now said he was touched for the accordion, and took it, holding it in the usual way. Almost immediately, without any apparent effort, it began to play powerful, clear, and beautifully harmonious chords.

It played for some considerable time when the alphabet was called for and this was spelled:—“*You are quite correct, it was Augusta.*” I said, I did not see exactly to what the sentence applied. The alphabet was called again, and the words “*The other night*” spelled, making the sentence complete, and referring to what you and I had been speaking of in the train about the message on Saturday night, “*It was A—— touched the keys.*” After this the accordion was again played for some little time most beautifully, the notes being drawn out so fine, that it was only by bending the head and listening attentively, that the harmony could be heard dying away and then swelling again. The accordion was drawn out from under the table, Home still holding it, lifted over his head, and brought round to Miss D—— R——; it was lifted up and presented towards her, the same was done to me, and it was rested on my left shoulder, and while there, close to my ear, it breathed out the softest sounds. There was a noise as of someone breathing behind me, which the others also heard, but, I think, that must have been caused by the instrument. The accordion was in like manner presented to Mr. and Mrs. Jencken, and then went under the table again. A very remarkable thing now occurred, the accordion was seized by some influence that evidently could not play it, and which disturbed that previously acting. It abruptly left off playing, then began again quite differently, playing three or four notes with a powerful

loud touch, and then it broke down altogether. Home, before the change said, "Ah, there is some strange influence at work now." After the discordant notes, the accordion was raised above the table, Home still holding it, he said his arm felt quite paralyzed, and that he was obliged to follow it; it drew him from his chair, and went near to D—— and remained there some time oscillating backwards and forwards, and waving itself about, the accordion then led him back to his chair, after which it went under the table and recommenced playing as before the interruption. Soon the alphabet was called, and the following spelt:—
"*We do all we can to shew you that we do not forget*"—and then the accordion finished the sentence by playing "Auld Lang Syne," first quietly, then with full loud chords. Home said suddenly, "Oh, this is a very powerful spirit." He stood up, or rather he was raised up, and his hand was violently agitated in the air; he then sat down, and his hand was extended towards the flowers on the small table, the fingers pointing towards them. His hand remained there a few seconds, and was then brought round, and with a motion like sprinkling, cast the perfume of the flowers towards each of us in turn; the perfume was so strong that there could be no mistake about it. This was done twice. His hand was then raised a little above my head, the fingers pointing towards me, and went through motions something like mesmeric passes, or as I thought as though blessing me. His hand was then placed upon mine, and stroked my fingers gently, first one then the other; it then was carried to his own face, and passed across it two or three times. His hand was now swung violently to and fro, then remained quiet, and presently it was extended to the flowers again. I could distinctly see it with the fingers pointing towards the flowers, about six inches above them; I am sure it never touched them. His hand became quite luminous, and was brought slowly round and across the table, until it remained with the fingers still extended, over my hand. I raised my hand towards it, and a leaf of sweet-scented geranium fell

apparently from under his hand into mine, the leaf was not held in his fingers, neither could I see it until it fell. (Home said, when his hand was extended over the flowers, that it felt to him, as though it was resting on a solid or semi-solid substance.) At the same moment, the alphabet was called for and this spelled, "*Take it with you, my boy.*" This sentence followed immediately, "*We have done what we promised, look under the handkerchief.*" Mrs. Jencken had, on the evening they had had such beautiful manifestations, a short time ago, asked that a flower might also be given to her. They had announced that it would be done, and now under her handkerchief there was a piece of geranium; her handkerchief had been on the table all the time, and no one had touched it.

This sentence was now spelled, "*Next for dear D——.*" Home's hand was extended again to the flowers; it certainly was not nearer them than 6 inches; it became luminous, and a flower was given to D—— in the same way it had been given to me. The alphabet was again called, and this spelled, "*This is for you,*" and at the same moment, a flower dropped at Mr. Jencken's hand; none of us heard it broken off, or saw it, but it fell on the table just in front of his hand. "*Our joy*" was now spelled, and the accordion played, and then "*Our thanks to God*" and it played again. The alphabet was called, and "*Weep not*" spelled. Dear old Mrs. Jencken was quietly crying, not as she said for sorrow, when the words "*Weep not*" were spelled, her handkerchief was gently taken from her under the table, and afterwards replaced upon it. After this, "*Good night*" was spelled, and nothing more occurred.

No. 9 Séance—July 26th, 1868.

Present: Mrs. Jencken, Mrs. Hennings, Mr. Jencken, Home, and myself. Physical manifestations very slight, Home passing almost immediately into a trance, in which he delivered the following address, purporting to come

from the spirit of Dr. Jencken; to prove identity several tests were given.

Dr. Jencken, during the last few years of his life, had been quite blind, and was in the habit, when dictating, of going through the form of writing with great rapidity on his knee with his finger; he also had a peculiar habit of clasping his hands together, and speaking with his head bent very low down. Home imitated him in both respects to the very life, and also mentioned some circumstances that had occurred many years before at Mayence.

The first words Home spoke were in a very low voice, telling us to go on talking. He then got up, threw away a silk cushion he had been sitting on, and said, "Remember, Dan must not sit on a silk cushion while this very hot weather lasts." He remained silent for a few minutes, and then commenced speaking with a clear voice, and in a very impressive manner. Part of the discourse was in verse, but owing to the partially darkened state of the room and the rapidity of his utterance, it was quite impossible to write it down. The following notes taken by Mr. Jencken are for these reasons very imperfect.

"There are laws which govern the approach of spiritual beings to earth, and their organic life, and there are epochs of darkness when the spiritual spheres are far removed from the earth; when the approach of spirits is all but impossible. These epochs have been called by those on earth the *dark ages*; they mark the absence of spiritual intercourse. There are also times of near approach, not unlike your winter and summer seasons. This alternate action is a great law; great principles rule all things. There was such an epoch of easy approach at the time of the Ancient Egyptians. They knew this and understood the laws better than you do. Before that time spirits had not taken sufficient pains to encourage the invention of means for the perpetuating of knowledge. There was no printing, nor mechanical contrivance, in those days. Since then, during the period that their approach to earth was more difficult, they had turned

their attention more to those matters, so that now knowledge can never be so lost again. You are now entering upon a period of very near approach. It is coming like the tide in a river—irresistible, overriding the current, overcoming all; it is coming grandly and Godly. What has already been seen is but the smallest wavelet of the tide that is coming upon the earth. Some of you here present will see it; others among you will have joined us, and will be helping on the great work we have in hand. The echoes of it are coming; they sound like the notes of the organ rolling up the aisles of those grand old cathedrals that men have built—notes signifying the heart-felt prayer of an earnest soul ascending to the throne of God; never lost but echoing on for ever. Spiritual truth must come; truth is a lighthouse, a beacon, a speck, a point, leading onward to realms of love. We have no power, we can do so little, that we often wonder that we are able to do anything for you. Language is too imperfect, we cannot convey to you our meaning; you cannot understand us; our state is so different from your material state, that it is with great difficulty that we can work upon it to make our presence known; not that it is painful to us—no, no, it is a labour of love. But still it is an actual labour to us. The earth is still so imperfect—so undeveloped—that we have much difficulty in dealing with material objects. Why, even such a little thing as the silk cushion that Dan was sitting on, prevented us from making physical manifestations to-night; yet we did succeed in giving you each a token of our presence, though it was very slight. Henry, the floor vibrated under your chair. Adare, your chair was touched. Amelia and Mary, you both felt the current of cold air pass over your hands. You all felt something.

“The earth is as yet very immature, but progressing. A period of very near approach is at hand; after that there will be one, probably two epochs of darkness. We are entirely dependent upon atmospherical conditions. Now, to-night, the atmosphere is so surcharged with electricity, that it appears to us quite thick, like sand.

It is so unlike our own, that it is almost impossible for us to get near you. We feel like men wading through a quicksand—slipping back as fast as we advance. At other times, when your earthly atmosphere is in a natural state, it is more like our own, and we have no difficulty in being near you. You wonder if we wish you to be better than you are. You are all good. The germs of good are in all. We can see further than you can; and know all your trials, all your doubts and difficulties. Were we not once mortals as you are? We see the troubles and the thorns that beset your path. Stretch forth your hands—thrust them through the brambles—draw them not back or the blood will flow—stretch them out and let them remain, there shall they find rest. We know not of time; to us, yesterday, to-day, to-morrow are all one. Had we hours, days, years, even ages, like you, we should say time passes slowly, or time passes fast. We never tire; we are eternity. Happiness is not idleness. Labour is joy, the labour of love. Even on earth it is not the spirit that wearies of a labour of love; it is the poor weak body that tires, that faints, that falls to sleep. We have work to do, to elevate ourselves, and to draw you onward and upward. We constantly watch over you, and sympathize with all your cares. We never weary; we do not judge you; we were as you are. God alone is the Judge. You ask why we always speak of love; it is love that brings us to you. God is Love. Spirit messages are always breathing love for God. God is Love.

“Henry, your father is pleased that you are engaged upon his works, he too has his work to do. He was aided in writing, and knows now that higher spirits aided him. Do you remember at Mayence, how he was affected? (Here Home imitated his peculiar mode of writing upon his knee, and manner of speaking.) An inferior spirit had got influence over him. I see him now, he had great self-esteem and was very opinionated, and only wanted his own ideas to become prominent; this is very dangerous, and must be guarded against. Truth, truth—worship truth: particle by particle build up the

temple of truth; be consistent, for God is Truth. Here we have no narrowing creed, no four church walls, with a cushioned pew for the rich, and a plain board for the poor man, to limit the worship of truth. The great four walls of eternity; the blue ether, set with sparkling stars, gems made by the hand of God, ever lustrous diamonds of the heavenly orb, peep-holes of heaven; it is there we worship, and through them we peer in our search for truth.

“One great objection made to Spiritualism, is, that we do not disclose all the truth—if true, why not tell all? Are you capable of perceiving the truth? The man has not yet been formed upon the earth fitted to know the whole truth. Immortality is before you! Immortality gleams upon earth—gleams like a lighthouse, like a beacon to you. The future is not even understood by all of us,¹ but we draw nearer and nearer to God, for here there is no one to hold you back, to say you are mad; peals of angel voices call you onward and upward; cheer you in your struggles, and aid you.

“There are great laws of development that draw the organic and the inorganic together; you on earth witness the onward course of all things in the organic world, rising to higher conditions, as, for instance, the development of the child into manhood. Onward is the progress; onward and upward. Search,—search for truth,—be true, be brave, be prayerful; ye are all children of God created by Him.

¹ The meaning is obscure. The words, “The future is not even understood by all of us; but we draw nearer and nearer to God, for here there is no one to hold you back—to say you are mad,” evidently refer to spirits, and the sentence should stand: “For here there is no one to hold *us* back—to say that *we* are mad.” Substituting the words “us” and “we” for “you,” which is evidently improperly used. It is an open question whether the remaining lines belong to the same sentence or not; the context would rather lead me to suppose not. If the lines constitute one sentence with the same train of thought running all through it, then the word “you” should be altered to “us” in the last two lines also, which should read thus: “Peals of angel voices call *us* onward and upward; cheer *us* in our struggles and aid *us*.” But it appears to me more probable that the reference to the state of the spirits concludes with the word “mad,” and that the remaining lines are an aspiration or prayer that “peals of angel voices may call you” (that is, mortals) “onward and upward; cheer you in your struggles and aid you.”

The time is rapidly coming for a great change in spiritual life; we are nearing the cycle, so near that some of you here present will witness the change, others will have gone to their home, to their rest, to the blessed. Are you weary of life? weary of the earth? The soul tires not, it is only the body. (In answer to question by H. J.) You are right, Henry; your father is clearer in his views now, more to the point, sees things clearer than he did when on earth. Oh, how much he wished to know Daniel; had he but known him! You remember how anxious he was about him."

No. 10 Séance.

Last Monday I was at a *séance* at Mr. Hall's. There were nine present: Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Home, the Misses Bertolacci (mediums), a cousin of mine, two gentlemen whose first *séance* it was, and myself. Almost immediately we felt the sort of phenomena that usually take place first, such as cold currents of air passing over the hands, table vibrating, &c. These ceased, and for some time nothing occurred. Some one suggested that the young ladies should try if anything would be written. They did so with the planchette, both placing one hand upon it at the same time. These words were written, "*By patience, and in the name of Christ.*" We were also told by the same means to sit down again in the same positions we had occupied before. After a time very strong manifestations took place, the table vibrating, tilting, and being raised about a foot off the ground; raps were heard on the table, on the floor, on our chairs, &c.,—nearly everyone was touched. I felt a hand between my leg and Home's: I was sitting next to him. There was evidently some very strong influence about Home. After a time a message was given by raps: "*I now know that my Redeemer liveth: have patience and bear all. Daniel, I owe you many thanks.—John Elliotson.*" After this, in answer to some question (I forget what), the table was tilted three times in the four opposite directions, and was

then lifted three times in the air. Home's chair was once drawn away a little from the table, and raised off the floor, but certainly not more than one inch. His chair was also turned completely round, so that his back was towards us, his feet during the whole time the chair was moving being off the ground. An arm chair moved of itself a distance of about a yard up against the back of my chair. Home's hand and arm became cataleptic, and were moved about quite independent of his will. His hand was sometimes thumped and beaten violently against the table, but without causing him any pain. His hand was moved to the back of my neck, and pushed me forward in my chair. He then began to thump me violently on the back, and to rub me across the back, commencing at the right side. His hand also stroked and patted my head, and was also moved to my cousin sitting at the opposite side of the table, and stroked and patted her hands and head.

The following message was written by Home's hand, his fingers being so strongly clenched, it was with difficulty that the pencil was inserted between them. "*We know all your discussion about A—— W——; we are the best judges, it was a bad influence. F—— and F——.*" The paper was then pushed across to my cousin to read, neither of us could understand what F—— and F—— meant, although we ought to have guessed, as the same words had been used about the same subject, in a message given us a few days previously. Seeing that we could not make it out the words "*forget and forgive*" were written. Other messages were written through Home and one of the ladies present. Mr. Holt, a gentleman whose first *séance* it was, became much affected; soon after sitting down, his hands were taken possession of and violently agitated, sometimes on, and sometimes under the table; occasionally his arms were drawn back behind his chair, his hands being all the time violently agitated; a pencil and paper were given him, but though his hand moved over the paper with the greatest rapidity, nothing but scribbling was the result. So strong was the influence over him, that he went and sat alone upon the sofa at some

distance from us, to try and diminish it; when he left, the power about the table became sensibly lessened; he continued to be slightly agitated the whole evening. We were all anxious to know who was endeavouring to make him write; two Christian names with the word "uncle" between them were written through Home. Home at one time said he felt convinced that a spirit was near him who had passed from this life by being drowned. Some little time after, Mr. Hall was telling us how one of his brothers had been mysteriously drowned at sea, he being a very good swimmer; Home's hand was taken possession of and wrote the word "Shark" upon a piece of paper, and then pushed it to Mr. Hall. Home and one of the ladies present went into a trance at the same moment; for some time they sat in their places, occupying themselves with putting their fingers upon the sheets of paper on the table, and then waving their hands about, the paper adhering to their fingers; Home then got up and walked about the room; he took a large sheet of paper off the table, doubled it up and placed it on the piano in the next room; the young lady also got up, and sat down upon the sofa, at the other side of the room.

Home sat down in his chair, and began to talk to Mrs. Hall in a whisper. I could not hear the exact words he used, but they were to the effect that during their occupation of that house, there had been a bad influence present during *séances* twice only. He mentioned who one of the spirits was, and said that the same influence had that evening turned Home round in his chair, and had brought the arm chair up against mine. He also told her that in the house to which they were going, nothing but what was good and holy would come near them. Home was elongated to the extent of, I should say, 6 inches, four times; he walked about, stamped, and shuffled his feet, to shew that he was standing fairly upon them. He went round to Mr. Holt, one of the gentlemen present, and made him place his hand upon his waist that he might feel how he became elongated and contracted. Mr. Holt said that he held

his hand flat against Home's side; that the lower edge of his hand was resting on his hip bone; that he felt Home's lower rib pass under his hand, until it was some inches above it; the whole flesh and muscle apparently moving and stretching. On the contraction taking place, he felt the lower rib come down until it pressed against the upper edge of his hand and moved into its proper position. Home said that the young lady had also been elongated, and would be again. She was then standing near the table in a trance, and began swaying herself from side to side; she was palpably elongated to the extent of, perhaps, three inches. About this time a loud knock came at the outside door. Home said, "He must come in—it is the Master of Lindsay." Home then opened the room door, went out into the entry, and took the gentleman by the hand; he led him into the room; made him shake hands with Mr. and Mrs. Hall, with the young lady who was in the trance, and with me, we being all perfect strangers to him. Home then said to him, "You must go out of the room until Daniel awakes, for if he was to awake and find you here, he would be frightened." Shortly after this they both awoke, and the party broke up.

I arrived at home about half an hour before Home. Soon after we had gone to bed we both heard the hall door loudly slammed. I said, "Oh, Dan, you have left the door open, and some one has come in!" He declared he had locked it, and put the chain up; however, we both got up and went down to see what was the matter. I found the hall door locked and the chain up, and the study and dining room doors both wide open. I went into the study and heard raps, I then went out to where Home was standing in the entry, and we heard raps on the floor. He said, "Oh, I am sure it is dear old Dr. Elliotson," "Yes," was rapped. I then said, "In that case I suppose no burglars came in and we may go to bed again?" "Yes," was rapped. We went up stairs, Dr. Elliotson following us rapping on the banisters and

stairs. After we had got into bed again we heard heavy footsteps walking about the room, and raps in various places. Home carried on a conversation with Dr. Elliotson for a little time, asking questions and receiving answers to them by raps.

He (Dr. Elliotson) told us that he had not suffered pain in passing away, and that he had found the other world very much what he had expected it to be; that he had not intended to frighten us by making a sound as of slamming the door, and that he would be more careful not to make so much noise in future; but that as yet he had only imperfect control over physical manifestations; that he had followed Home to the house, and was glad to be near him, &c. Home and I talked about him for some little time, he joining in our conversation, assenting or dissenting by means of raps.

Two days after this as we were getting up, about 10 o'clock, a bright sun shining into the room, loud raps came upon the floor, &c., and a long message of a private character was given to Home.

No. 11 Séance—July, 1868.

Having missed the last train to London I was very glad to accept Mr. Jones's kind offer to remain all night at his house. Home and I carried a sofa upstairs to his (Home's) room for me to sleep on. I did not leave the room after bringing in the sofa. My clothes I placed upon a small round table near the foot of the bed. On a chair by the sofa I placed a pocket handkerchief, two eye glasses, and a snuff box.

During the *séance* in the evening it was said that I should hear music without any instrument that night. Home turned off the gas previous to going to bed. A certain amount of light entered the room from the street, so that it was not perfectly dark. I could easily distinguish Home when he sat up in bed; and could have seen anybody moving about the room.

We had not been in bed more than three minutes when both Home and myself simultaneously heard the music; it sounded like a harmonium; sometimes, as if played loudly at a great distance; at other times, as if very gently, close by. The music continued for some minutes, when Home got up to ask Mr. Jones if any one was playing the accordion. Mr. Jones returned with him, and we all three then heard the music. The usual phenomena of raps and vibrations of the floor, sofa, &c., occurred very frequently and with great power; the raps sounded all over the room; on the floor, walls, even on Home's bed; on, under, and in my sofa. My sofa occasionally vibrated very strongly; the bed clothes on Home's bed and on the sofa were frequently pulled and moved about. We both several times heard sounds such as would be caused by some one in a muslin dress moving about the room, although we could see nothing.

After a short time I heard the chair close to my sofa moving, and a finger touched one of my hands that was hanging over the side of the sofa, the next moment I felt the snuff box on the chair touch me, and found that the chair was moving, I said that I thought some one had touched me, but that probably I had been mistaken, and that it was only the box; the spirits said by the alphabet that I had been touched. The chair then moved to the foot of the bed, and we heard the various articles upon it being stirred about. I was sitting upon the sofa, with one hand resting on the edge, suddenly I felt something brush across my hand; this was repeated, and I became aware of something swinging in the air. I then heard some object brushing backwards and forwards against the back of the sofa, inside; on putting my hand to the spot, my eye glass was placed in it. I took the glass, and in drawing it away I felt, by the resistance offered, that the cord was attached to something; while feeling the resistance a hand and arm holding the end of the cord became visible. This I saw distinctly for a second or two, it then disappeared.

I now heard a sound near the foot of the bed as if my double glasses were being opened and shut, and I

distinctly saw a figure, apparently draped, standing over the foot of the bed; it held something, I believe the double glasses, and I could see the hand and arm waving backwards and forwards; I could hear the eye-glass swinging in the air, but could not see it; the figure stooped down towards Mr. Jones, and disappeared. A message was then given: "*The figure is not the same as the one that touched you.*"

About half a minute after, I distinctly heard something moving along the side of the sofa, and immediately my double eye-glass was placed upon the back of my hand; I felt the hand that held it push it on, and then stroke and pat my fingers; I took three fingers of the hand in mine, and held them for some seconds; as I increased the pressure upon them, they appeared to withdraw themselves from me; I was again touched, and my hand stroked and patted, the fingers were like a delicately formed human hand, the skin feeling perfectly natural to the touch.

A message was now given: "*We place it there to shew you that we do not wish you to contract a habit, pernicious, and that can be of no possible use to you.*" While wondering what this could mean, my snuff box came right across the room through the air, falling against my leg, where it remained. Home saw it pass through the air in front of him. I asked who had thrown it; and was told "*Grandfather Goold.*" Mr. Jones asked if the snuff had been taken out, "*No,*" was immediately rapped in various parts of the room.

Mr. Jones wished that something might be done for him, and he was slightly touched. He asked also that the chair might be moved round to him. The chair began again to move, but there was not room for it to pass between the foot of the bed and the round table. The table was raised off the floor and moved out of the way, the top becoming slightly luminous. While moving, it suddenly fell to the floor and rolled over. My clothes tumbled off, the money in the pockets rolling about the room. I said, "I wonder how it happened; it is so unusual for them to let anything fall." They answered, "*It*

happened by mistake." I observed, "How kind it is of them to answer questions like this." They answered, "*Would you not do the same for us.*" Mr. Jones said that he supposed the spirits in the room were friends of mine. They answered "*Yes.*" I asked how many of my own family were present. They answered "*Six.*" I asked if they had not come to welcome me home from abroad. They answered "*Yes,*" by rapping three times all over the room.

A message was now given: "*We wish to give you the —.*" Here it broke off; and though Home repeated the alphabet three or four times, nothing more would come. While we were wondering at this unfinished sentence my pocket handkerchief dropped through the air into my lap. I took it up and found there was something hard in it. It turned out to be my latch key that I had left in my trowsers pocket, knotted into one corner of the handkerchief. The remainder of the unfinished message was then spelled out: "*Key to the mystery,*" making altogether, "*We wish to give you the key to the mystery.*" Mr. Jones had been telling me that the spirits were anxious to prove to me that there was an actual intelligence at work, and that the phenomena were not the result of mere animal magnetism.

After this, "*Good night*" was spelled out. The last sound I heard was that of the jingling of the money while being picked up about the room. I put my eye-glass, handkerchief, and snuff-box on the floor. Mr. Jones left the room, and I very soon went to sleep. In the morning I found the things on the floor in the same position that I had left them in, the key being still knotted to the handkerchief. The chair was near the foot of the bed, a blanket that I had thrown off my sofa entangled round it. The table was lying on the ground—my clothes on the floor. All my silver I found in the pocket I had left it in; the gold, consisting of four pieces, I found on Home's counterpane.

These phenomena could not have been caused by any mechanical contrivances. In order to produce the violent vibrations and the raps on the sofa, it would have been

necessary to attach some complicated machinery to it; that was impossible, as I assisted to carry it up from the drawing room, never left the room after we had brought it up, and was lying down upon it within three or four minutes after we had placed it in the room. It would have been also necessary to attach machinery to the chair and table. Articles were taken from the chair, and conveyed to me without any human agency, for I must have seen anyone moving in the room, and the chair was too far removed from Mr. Jones and Home to have been reached by them by any means.

No. 12 Séance—5, Buckingham Gate, August 3rd, 1868.

One day last week Home complained of not feeling at all well, and of being in very low spirits. I did not feel well myself, and lay down on the sofa, where I presently went to sleep. When I awoke, Home told me that there had been raps on the tables, &c., but that instead of cheering him they made him feel more uncomfortable. They had given him answers to several questions. He asked why it was that he felt so low and ill. The answer was, "*There is nothing Spiritualistic in it; it is rather a tinge from the thoughts of Adare.*" This puzzled me very much, as I was quite unaware of anything having taken place that could give rise to unpleasant thoughts. I sat down at the writing table and heard raps on various parts of it. They again said that they showed their presence to "cheer Dan." Home had said that he felt a desire to smoke a cigarette, a thing I have never known him do before. He smoked one, owing to which, I think, a fit of coughing was brought on. Home coughed up a quantity of blood and seemed relieved by it; he then lay down on the sofa. The raps continued for a short time, and I asked if Home's indisposition was anything serious. They answered, "*No.*" I asked if he would be all right soon. They answered, "*Yes.*" This occurred about 3 p.m. in broad daylight.

No. 13 Séance—5, Buckingham Gate.

Two or three days subsequently, Home and I having gone to bed after a *séance* here, at which we felt a few movements of the table, we had manifestations in the bed room, consisting of our beds vibrating strongly and of raps on the furniture, doors, and all about the room. Home's bed was slightly moved out from the wall. We both heard something on the dressing table being moved about, and at the same moment we both saw in exactly the same spot, a perfectly white column, it can scarcely be called a figure, as the shape was indistinct. It moved from the dressing table towards Home's bed. Home said he saw a white object about the size of a child floating near the ceiling above his head. I saw it also, but it appeared to me to be in mid air, half way between the bed and the ceiling: it was floating about in a horizontal position; it was like a small white cloud without any well-defined shape. I saw it descend close to Home, who then lost sight of it, but I perceived it come within about two feet of his head. It then slowly floated to the foot of his bed and disappeared. I afterwards saw the same appearance near the door. Home saw it intercept the light coming in from the window against the opposite wall; I did not. We had three messages given us: First, "*We love God best by loving you and seeking to influence you for good.*" Second, "*Seeing that you have been troubled to know what we meant by its being rather a tinge from the thoughts of Adare, we wish to tell you it was owing to something in a letter received from his father.*" The manifestations continued for some time when the third message was given: "*Now sleep.*" After this we heard and saw nothing more. There was sufficient light in the room to distinguish candles, books, &c., on the table.

No. 14 Séance—August 6th, 1868.

Present: Mrs. Jencken, Mrs. Hennings, Mr. Jencken, Home, and myself. Very few physical manifestations, Home's hands were taken possession of, and were strongly

agitated,¹ he took the accordion and played with considerable feeling, his hands moving and touching the keys independent of his will, during this he went into a trance, got up, walked to the piano and played a piece of music with considerable execution; he then sat down and spoke as follows: (Dr. Elliotson speaking through him the greater part of the time).²

“Henry, do you know that your father met Dr. Elliotson to-day, and for the first time, and much pleased him; they are charmed with each other, he (Dr. Elliotson) is very enthusiastic. Those that are longer away from earth lose their intense interest in it, they have other calls upon them. He, like your father, sought for development and truth, though often wrongly guided; he did not look up to the great sunlight, but doubted and erred. These two have, as I said, met to-day, just now, according to your mode of computing time. Dr. Elliotson is so delighted to meet your father. ‘Why have we not met before?’ he says, ‘we ought.’ ‘That was your fault, Dr. Elliotson; not mine.’ Then he turns back, shakes your father by the hand and tells him he is so glad to know him. In the state that we live in there are no restrictions; men are drawn together by mutual sympathies. Here is no deception, no saying ‘I am glad to see you, my dear fellow,’ when the heart does not mean it. Thoughts are seen and read, and those suited to each other are naturally drawn together.

“Dr. Elliotson is full of plans how to operate better, he wants to invent some sort of mechanism to act with the brain, some more powerful battery, he wants to convince the whole world; he is very enthusiastic. There are some Physicists with large brains who strain and wear

¹ I have frequently seen people's hands taken possession of and agitated during *séances* in a somewhat similar way. The same thing has occurred to myself. In my case, my hands were moved about sometimes violently, sometimes gently, without any act of volition on my part; and yet in a manner not entirely beyond my control. In Mr. Home's case the muscles became perfectly hard and rigid; and I fancy he can neither direct nor prevent the movements.

² The following account of what occurred during Home's trance is compiled from the notes taken by Mr. Jencken.

themselves out with over work. The brain becomes weary, loses its elasticity, disease sets in, preponderosis. This was the case with Elliotson, but it was particularly painful for him, as every morning on awaking he knew what he was, and was aware of the state into which he had fallen, but afterwards his brain failed him and could not act. He is now so delighted,—delighted in studying nature; he is particularly engaged in studying how illness is generated by mere presence without actual contact; he has a theory also of winds carrying diseases, and has found that the south wind carries disease further than any other: he finds that the winds have curative powers, and that the geographical position of winds is important, the currents having different effects at different altitudes.

“We can see all physical changes, and from out of them, the moral changes resulting from them, for instance, the heat and abnormal condition of the atmosphere will in a short time produce a fermentation in the human mind and changes will follow. It affects the human race and must find a vent, in the same way as a heated condition of body will result and find relief in boils and eruptions.”

Home here threw himself back in his chair, rubbed his hands together as if very much pleased, and said, “Now, if you wish to ask any questions I am ready to answer them.”

Question (Henry Jencken).—How do you make us see spirit forms?

Answer.—At times we make passes over the individual to cause him to see us, sometimes we make the actual resemblance of our former clothing, and of what we were, so that we appear exactly as we were known to you on earth; sometimes we project an image that you see, sometimes we cause it to be produced upon your brain, sometimes you see us as we are, with a cloudlike aura of light around us.

Question (H. J.).—Do you use actual garments?

Answer.—Purity is our clothing. We have no need of garments; but are enveloped in a sort of aura, or cloud of light. Other spirits, more impure and gross, dwelling nearer earth, have need of garments.

Question (H. J.).—How do we appear to you ?

Answer.—Mostly in pure light.

Question.—Can you see our light ?

Answer.—We can see all lights ; sunlight, and every colour that it is composed of. We see the most beautiful combinations of light. Everything has its light. We see the progress either of growth or decay that is taking place in everything. The table that you are sitting at was once growing. We could see every particle expanding and increasing ; now it is decaying ; and though it is so gradual that to you it is not apparent, yet we can see the change taking place in every particle of it.

Question.—In moving among us, do we present an obstacle to you ? Do you avoid us ?

Answer.—We do, and must avoid you. For your ether bodies and the atmosphere that surrounds you is, in many cases, as solid and impenetrable to us as granite is to you. We can see both the light of your spiritual bodies and of your material bodies.

Question.—Are not the sun's rays composed of something more than light ?

Answer.—Of light only, and an elastic wave of electricity that precedes the light.

Question.—I suppose it is not possible for you to visit the sun ?

Answer.—Most certainly we can. Why should we not ?

Question.—Does it take time for you to travel ?

Answer.—Yes.

Question.—I suppose you move in the same ratio as light ?

Answer.—We can travel faster than light.

Question.—What is the appearance of your form or body ?

Answer.—Exactly like your material body, only slightly smaller in every respect.

Question.—How do you produce material forms ?

Answer.—You produce them with and through us.

Question.—But have you no field for action ?

Answer.—You cannot understand us ; the material is to us as it were spiritual. Suppose I want a fruit, I cannot create it by thinking of it ; I must go and fetch it from where it is : so if I want an idea I must travel

into higher spheres, and seek and find it as an actual created thing. Many things are more real than you suppose; thoughts, are they not almost realities? Try and think of a house you knew long ago; you will invariably enter it by the door; you go in by the door in your imagination; were you to enter by the windows or the walls, you would not understand or recognize it. That will tell you that there is something of material reality in the idea of a house in your mind.

Question.—Are then your flowers and fruits as actual and real to you as those growing upon earth are to us?

Answer.—They are as real to us as an apple or pomegranate is to you.

Question.—Have you animals in your spheres?

Answer.—There are animals that give pleasure such as horses and dogs; nearer earth are baser animals, and those that cause pain; some saints and holy men, being in an ecstatic state have at times caught glimpses of what is going on near them, animals and men, strange and curious forms all mixed up together. The only way I can at all describe it to you is to look at a drop of muddy water under the microscope, and observe the strange forms; you will see the tail of one protruding from another, and so on, hence the old ideas of satyrs and creatures half man, half beast, hence the notion of devils with horns and tails, and of a material hell. Other men have seen higher and brighter spheres. All this is but the imperfect imagining of those who see visions: as in Dante's Frozen Hell, he saw the frozen zone and spiritual forms moving about, and mixed them up all together. Bodily suffering produces mental suffering; and mental suffering afflicts the body; need you be told this? Instance, a case where fright may produce paralysis; or where pain, insensibility.

In answer to some question.—The spirit is always sane; the body makes insane. We can see the spirit like—what shall I say—well—like, to use a very homely simile, a jack-in-the-box; we see the empty, useless casket, and the spirit hovering above it, the spirit bounds forth as soon as liberated by death—by sleep.

In answer to some question.—Some spirits are removed to other planets, in the course of formation, not necessarily as a punishment, but that by trial they may develop and return again at some future time purified. Spirits very often go voluntarily to other planets, until they can fit themselves to be of use to those on earth, or to dwell with other spirits in higher spheres; tell this to Dan when he awakes, as he has often wondered why some of his friends have not returned to visit him?

In answer to a question.—Actual substances are thrown off from the earth and get entirely beyond its attraction; and actual substances are brought from the sun to the earth by means of the rays of light, substances that can be weighed—aye, and that will be weighed some day.

In answer to a question as to punishments.—Why and how are you punished? You punish yourselves if you have broken a law of nature; for no natural law can be broken without amends being made for its violation. Cut a vein and the blood flows, because you have violated a natural law.

Question.—Do you like making manifestations?

Answer.—It pleases us to come to you, and to make manifestations. We get so charged by remaining any time in the earth's atmosphere, that it is a positive relief to make sounds. There is a spirit now come into the room; he is what we call naturally charged. (Quantities of raps heard on the table.) Now he cannot help doing that, and it is a positive pleasure to him. (Speaking to me) Elliotson did not want to frighten you the other evening at your house; he does not know yet how to manage manifestations, hence the noise he made the other night. He wanted to see Daniel and you too, but he did not intend to frighten either of you.¹

Question (H. J.).—As to a law of predestination?

Answer.—Yes, there is a law of predestination which is quite true, only you could not understand it.

Question.—Infinite possibility gives freedom of action?

¹ This sentence has reference to certain things that occurred at No. 5, Buckingham Gate—mentioned in pp. 77, 78.

Answer.—Yes, infinite possibility, harmonizing with predestination is the law. Oh, I wish so much some spirits from other planets could come to you, but that is very rarely allowed. When Malle (Mrs. Jencken's servant) passed away, a spirit from another planet passed by the open window, that was all, and yet the room was filled with perfume for days; if you had thought of it, and had gone out into the garden, you would have found the perfume stronger there than in the room.

“Henry, your father was inspired when he wrote his works, remember this (grasping H. Jencken's hand). Act! Do something! it is so very glorious to assist in the search for truth. There are so many stubborn men to be convinced. It is your duty to say that which you know to be true, to utter it. (Taking my hand) Oh, my lord, do something! Act! Aid the many beings yet in darkness. There is the truth, it is only hid, it is there nevertheless shining forth in all its splendour.”

Dr. Elliotson, through Mr. Home, now spoke at some length on the subject of mental and bodily disease and imperfections, insanity and crime. He said, “It's very wrong to allow persons to marry who are not properly fitted to perpetuate their race. By allowing perfect freedom of marriage, crime and disease become perpetuated, and the lower and imperfect form becomes too permanent. Such as are imperfect should be put aside, cared for, pitied, but not allowed to perpetuate by marriage. Angels standing by at very many weddings, where all is rejoicing, weep and mourn—for they see the poor form that must go out and suffer,—the outcast, the criminal, and the murderer. But, when the soul is released, then a shout of joy goes up to heaven that a spirit has been set free.” He then addressed us about the universal justice of God, saying, “You hold up one book, the Bible, and you say that all those who differ from you shall be damned, yet other nations have other books and scrolls, and in their turn say that all those who believe not in them, must equally be damned. There is no damnation in that sense—man is his own damnation; it is the evil that lies in the little troubled heart of ambitious man, whose acts are

after all but as the gurglings from the neck of a bottle, signifying naught."

He then spoke of the great mistake parents make in teaching their children religion without appealing to their reasoning powers, and giving them something they could hold on to. "Therefore is it that men are driven to take refuge in a cold barren philosophy. I doubted and told myself that all was not so, that there was no future—no God, then there came this (rapping with his fingers on the table, and being answered by some spirit on the other side of the table), one, two, three four, nothing more—and all was changed, and the scales fell from my eyes, and the broad light of immortality shone upon me. I felt that I was immortal; by a few gentle raps only was all my scepticism dispelled." Towards the close of this sentence Home got greatly excited. Suddenly throwing his hand up to his forehead he said, "Oh, Dannie!" in quite a different tone of voice, and fell back in his chair; he presently added, "Do not be frightened, Dan will be all right presently, but we have made too much use of him; take his hands but do not touch his feet, and let him stretch himself out." We held his hands and he became perfectly rigid all over, stretching his legs out to their full length. After a minute he fell back in his chair, then started up and taking Mrs. Hennings' hands said (Dr. Elliotson speaking through him), "They tell me I have been too violent with Dan, but my dear lady, I must just tell you this. You remember many many years ago you brought me a little girl, a clairvoyant, and I was not good, and would not be satisfied with the tests. I was influenced by the other two girls; they were very jealous. You are not angry now, are you? You know I meant no harm. I mention this to satisfy you of my identity. You have had many such tests,¹ and are now satisfied."

¹ This scene occurred some 30 years ago at Dr. Elliotson's studio, where Mrs. Hennings attended with a remarkable clairvoyant named Ellen Dawson. Dr. Elliotson behaved very abruptly on this occasion, and punctured and injured the child, whilst in the mesmeric state; no one present knew of this incident, and it had even escaped Mrs. Henning's memory until reminded of it.

After this, Home threw himself back in his chair and awoke, he said, "I am wide awake, but I cannot move at all." In a few minutes he recovered, and said that he was quite well; that he did not know what he had been doing; but that he felt as though he had been very happy.

No. 15 Séance—5, Buckingham Gate, August, 1868.

My dear Father,—While staying at Dunraven the other day I saw announced in the paper the death of Adah Menken, the American actress with whom both Home and I were slightly acquainted. On the following morning I got a letter from Home, saying that she had been to visit him, that she appeared very restless, and that she was very anxious to come when he and I were together. On returning to London, Home, at my request, came to stay at No. 5. All the evening he complained of being very nervous and in an unpleasant state, which he attributed a great deal to her influence. I felt just the same, but put it down to having been out at two fires and not home till six o'clock the previous morning. Almost immediately after we had gone to bed and put the lights out, we both heard music much the same as at Norwood but more powerful and distinct. Home said that the music formed words; that, in fact, it was a voice speaking and not instrumental music. I could hear nothing but the chords like an organ or harmonium played at a distance. Home became quite excited because I could not distinguish the words, thinking that if I could not hear them, it must have been his imagination. He asked the spirits if possible to make the words sufficiently clear for me also to hear them. They said "Yes" (by raps); and the music became louder and louder until I distinctly heard the words, "Hallelujah, praise the Lord; praise the Lord God Almighty." It was no imagination, or the result of anxiety on my part to hear the same as Home did. Every now and then I could not distinguish words, although he said he could; but I repeatedly heard

the words above mentioned as plainly as possible. I cannot in the least explain to you how the voice articulated; the words were not separately spoken, neither did it resemble a human voice. The sound was slightly reedy and metallic, not very unlike the *Vox humana* on an organ. If you can imagine an organ pipe of some rather reedy stop speaking to you, it will be as near it as anything I can describe. Home said he heard the words, "Adah Isaaks Menken" pronounced; I did not. The music or voice gradually died away. We asked if it was Menken's voice, and they said not hers alone. There were loud raps at different times upon the floor and walls, and some article of furniture was moved: I heard the movement, but could not see what it was.

The room was dark, the blind being nearly down over the window. We both saw as it were a luminous cloud about the middle of the room over the table, and another luminous cloud-like body floating in the air. Occasionally, I saw a luminous form standing at the foot of Home's bed which he did not see, and he at one time saw a similar appearance at the foot of mine which I failed to perceive; we distinctly heard the rustling of a silk dress moving about the room. Home and I had called on Menken at her hotel one day last year, and she then had on a very heavy silk dress, it appeared as though she caused the rustling of this dress to be heard by us. At one time I heard some one moving, and looking over on towards Home's bed, I saw her quite plain (as did also Home) as a white slightly luminous body, I could clearly see the folds of the drapery. In passing between him and the window Home said she obstructed the light. She moved up from near the foot of his bed where I first saw her, making as loud a rustling noise as a living woman in a heavy silk dress would do, to the head of his bed, bent over, put her hands upon his head, and disappeared.

Presently Home said that she was slightly taking possession of him, and I heard his hands moving about on the bed clothes in the curious way that they do under those circumstances. He then sat up in bed involuntarily,

and said she was taking possession of him, and asked me not to be frightened at anything he might do. I felt rather nervous at this; and asked him, if possible, to tell me before he did anything. He said nothing, but lay down in bed again. In about a minute, he said in quite an altered voice, "I am coming over to you now," and I saw him get out of bed. I did not feel sure whether he was asleep or awake, and I said, "Can you see your way?" He said, "Ah, I want no light to guide my steps." I then perceived that he was in a trance, and that Menken was speaking through him. He walked slowly over to my bed, knelt down beside it, took both my hands in his, and began speaking.

I shall never forget the awfully thrilling way in which she spoke; the desolation of the picture she drew of her feelings at first. The words I do not recollect—the effect of them I shall always remember. She went on to speak of the wonderful mercy and goodness of God; of the hopeful state she was then in; of the very little we know of the next world, saying that she had thought she knew something of it. She spoke a great deal about Home, of his character, &c., &c., and a good deal about herself, and mentioned a curious fact. She said that at the time Home and I called upon her together, she felt then what she was. "Yes," she said, "what was I but an animal? Yet I felt and knew that I ought to aspire to higher things, and I longed sometimes for it." It appears as if our having called together upon her, had some curious effect, as she said she could not well say what she wanted, till we were together again. She spoke of the intense desire of the spirit sometimes to communicate with, and do good to, those on earth. She spoke in such an humble yet happy manner, of her having been permitted to come that night into a house where so many pure and holy beings had been. She spoke with the greatest pleasure of having been allowed to go into my mother's boudoir, and said that her greatest happiness, since she passed away, had been that evening—in being permitted to make her voice audible to us in praising God. She went on to say, how much she wished to be sometimes near me and

near Home to watch over us; and assured me again and again that she would do me no harm or hurt. She then kissed my hand and said, "I must go now; I must not make too much use of Dan." Home then got up and walked slowly away, turning round twice, and raising his hands above his head in an attitude of prayer or of blessing. As he went away from me, his clothes became slightly luminous.

He got into bed and I could hear him breathing regularly as in ordinary sleep; in about five minutes he awoke and asked me if I was asleep, he said he had been asleep and wanted to know whether we had been hearing beautiful music, or whether we had been dreaming. I told him nothing about his having been in a trance until next day. Home said he felt remarkably happy and calm,—probably some reflection of the more calm and soothed condition of Menken when she left us. I was in a queer state, my fingers and feet tingled as if I had pins and needles. Every time I dropped off to sleep I heard, or fancied I heard, the same strains of music. However I slept very soundly.

Now all this is to me far more wonderful than what took place at Norwood. I was, to all intents and purposes, actually conversing with the dead; listening, talking, answering, and receiving answers from Menken. Home's individuality was quite gone: he spoke as Menken, and we both spoke of him as a third person at a distance from us. Menken said something (what I cannot remember) about her having been a Jewess, and that events were tending gradually towards a greater unity of different creeds.

No. 16 Séance—Homburg, August, 1868.

At Cologne we slept in a double-bedded room. As Home was going to sleep, he said, "How odd." I asked him what he meant; and he said he had heard Menken's voice say, "That is right, Dan," in reference to an observation he had just made to me. She also told him

that she was with us that morning when we were talking about the probability of dogs being able to understand each other; that they could communicate with each other by magnetism, by touch, and through the eye; but not at all by sound. She added that she was going with us, and that we should hear her voice.

At Frankfort, Home came into my room in the morning; and on my asking him some question as to how he had passed the night, said that after he had gone to bed he heard Menken's voice say that his sheets were damp, that he had found that they were so, and had slept in a railway rug.

On Thursday night, at Homburg, we both heard strange raps about the room. I then felt and heard little gentle taps upon the foot of my bed, by which I recognized the presence of my mother. I asked if it was so, and was answered "Yes." I said to Home that I was glad my mother was there, because I thought that she had not been near me for some time. This message came: "*You must at times be allowed foreign influences; but I do not leave you—I love you too much for that.*" We were talking about this sentence; and Home was saying it was unselfishness that induced my mother to give way to other spirits sometimes, who were very anxious to communicate, when this message was given: "*The love of our great Creator is unselfish.*" We then began speculating as to whether there was a continual contest going on in the next world between good and bad, and I was answered by a message saying that "*there is a contest the same as on earth.*" I made some remark that on earth it was a great deal a matter of physical force, and that a good weak man could not turn a bad strong one out of his house, when this message was given: "*Purity, when freed from the mortal, is strongest, as truth overcomes error.*" Home presently said, "There is a spirit standing in the corner, can you not see it? I can see it as a faint light increasing and decreasing in brightness." I looked, but could not make it out; but I saw a faint light on the other side of the room, and called Home's attention to it. As we looked in that

direction, the light in the corner shone out suddenly, like a flash of lightning. It was an instantaneous perfectly bright flash of light, lasting perhaps nearly a second.

No. 17. Séance.

On the 30th of August we had a *séance* at Mrs. Hamilton's. Present: Mr. Home, myself, Mrs. Hamilton, her daughter, Lady Fairfax, and Mrs. Gregory.

Very soon after sitting down, a strong influence became apparent, and raps were heard upon the table. My hands were a good deal agitated; I felt the cold air very plainly. Home's hands were taken possession of, and he was caused to get up. He went behind Mrs. Hamilton and began tapping her very rapidly with both hands on the ears and back; while doing so, he went into a trance. He continued to tap her ears and to make passes over her. He then walked up and down the room, leaning his head upon his hand as though thinking deeply, and making gestures quite strange to him in his natural state. He went behind Lady Fairfax, stooped down, and holding her shoulders with both hands pressed his head against her back. He then stood behind her, pressed his hand to his side on the region of the liver, and looked as though he was suffering great pain or inconvenience; he then opened the door and went into the other room. From there he said, "Mary (Miss Hamilton) and Adare, come in here." We went in and found Home on the sofa, leaning his head upon his hand. He said, "Adare, take a pencil and paper." I did so, and wrote down what he said. Home said, "Mary, the drum of your mother's ear is surrounded by wax; the nerve is not paralyzed. Take some plain sweet oil in a phial, place it in hot water until the oil is warm, and drop one drop into the ear every night. After some time a discharge will take place, that is, the wax will become softened and come away. It is untrue that the nerve is paralyzed; there is nothing wrong with that, or it would have been cured at once. You

may remember once that the hearing came back; that was because the wax broke away slightly. Lady Fairfax has an over secretion of bile—the liver is inactive; this causes irritation of the nerves, great loss of appetite—in fact, a complete loathing of food. Take in the morning, every other day, one drop of tincture of digitalis.” Home then came to my chair, sat down beside me, and pressed me close against him. He sat down again upon the sofa, and said, “You must prepare some little powders composed of as much cayenne pepper as will lie upon the point of a penknife, the same quantity of ipecacuanha, and twice that quantity of carbonate of soda: take it immediately after meals. You could have it made up into pills if you like, but the powders are best. You suffer from indigestion—the bile is faulty; that causes nervous irritability, which extends to the brain, and causes sleeplessness and other results. You should avoid heavy suppers and strong drink late at night; but this, of course, must be left to your own good sense. We have no remedy for that: lead a plain natural life.”

Home then got up, told us to go back to the other room, and not to tell him when he awoke what he had been doing. We sat down again, and he placed himself in exactly the same position behind Mrs. Hamilton as he had occupied when he became entranced. He then awoke and said, “Is it not funny, all the power has left my hands!” and sat down. We then had some physical manifestations; the table was moved, tilted, and raised off the ground; my chair was a little moved, as was also Home’s. “*Good night*” was then said. While he was in the trance, some one asked whether he could see. I said “No”; but, as if to prove he did not use his eyes, he took out his handkerchief and blindfolded himself, and did not remove it until just before he awoke. He was also elongated while in the trance.

Mrs. Hamilton has been deaf for some time; the doctors have declared that the nerve is injured. Mrs. Hamilton told me that Mrs. Weldon, of London, being in a clairvoyant state, told her that her deafness was

owing to a secretion of wax, and recommended oil. Lady Fairfax is very unwell, and I had been suffering from sleeplessness, unpleasant dreams, and nervous uncomfortable nights.

No. 18 Séance—Homburg, Monday, September 7th, 1868.¹

Last Tuesday, the 1st, we had a *séance* at Mrs. Hamilton's, but nothing whatever occurred. Home was not well. On Wednesday morning Home picked up a wonderful specimen of the death's-head moth, and brought it home, put it in a drawer and thought nothing more about it. That night I suddenly awoke, Home said to me, "A very curious thing has just occurred. I was fast asleep, and so were you, all at once I turned round, awoke, and saw a spirit—a man, standing by my bedside. He said 'You are on no account to part with that death's-head moth, it is your good genius, you are to give him two louis to-morrow, and he will play with them according to his impressions at a quarter-past twelve, and with the money he wins you will get a medallion to put the moth in. That window must be shut.' The spirit also said something to me about Mrs. Lyon, but I cannot remember what. When the spirit had finished speaking, he moved a step towards your bed, stretched out his hand, and immediately you awoke." Home having a bad cold on his chest, I got up and shut the window. (The night before this—Home being much oppressed by difficulty of breathing—a spirit told him through the alphabet, to lie on his right side, he did so, and found relief.) Neither of us could go to sleep after this, and after some time I said "I wish as the spirit awoke us, that he would send us to sleep again." Soon after I felt a most curious influence, my eyes kept shutting involuntarily,

¹ The date of this heading refers to the date on which the record was made, not to the date of the *séance*. This will be found to be the case with many other of the headings, and attention is called to the point because in one instance (see below, p. 151) the system followed has led to some confusion as to the time and place at which an important *séance* was held. [Ed.]

and squeezing themselves together so tightly that I could not open them. My right leg and arms became occasionally quite rigid; the sensation was not the least uncomfortable. I was quite conscious and heard Home go to sleep, but could not sleep myself for a long time.

On Thursday, the 3rd, I had fever, palpitation of the heart, and felt very ill. Soon after we had gone to bed, we heard raps, and a spirit said, "*You have both caught cold in that gambling room, sitting at the table in the large room near the door, there is a strong current of cold air there.*" I asked if it had not something to do with Count Ronicker, they said, "*Yes, his influence is too strong, let him make a few passes over you and you will conquer it.*" I asked, should he mesmerise me and send me to sleep, they said, "*No.*" They then said, "*We have already calmed you,*" which was the case. Home then went into a trance; he got up and came over to me and sat down on my bed; he sat for some little time holding one of my hands in his and pressing the other against my heart. I felt very calm and quiet; he then joined his hands in prayer and began praying, but I could not hear the words. I said, more to myself than him, "I will unite my prayer to yours." He took my two hands, joined them within his and we prayed together; something affected me so much that I burst out crying, and the tears ran down my cheeks. After a minute or two, he passed his hand across my throat, and stopped the crying immediately; he then made passes over my head and down my side, took my hand and kissed it, kissed my forehead and said, "Good night; sleep, sleep—when you fall asleep you will not awake." He then got quietly into bed again; in about half a minute the clock (a very noisy disagreeable one) struck eleven. He got out of bed and went into the next room where he awoke and nearly fell down; he was so much astonished at finding himself standing opposite the clock. The clock stopped at that moment,

though I do not believe he had touched it; in fact he could not have reached it without getting on a chair. In a short time I fell into a sound sleep.

The next morning Home gave me two louis to play for a medallion for the moth; I went in at a quarter-past twelve and put one on red—red won; I then put the other also on red—red won again; making therefore six louis. Something seemed to say to me six is enough, and I put out my hand to the rake to take the money; however, when I had my hand almost on the rake, I felt a disinclination to take it. I allowed the money to remain on red, and so lost. I left the table to look for Home to tell him the money was gone; when half way down the corridor I involuntarily stopped, turned round, and walked back again. Something seemed to say, you must use two louis of your own, and take them back afterwards. I did so, and won a small sum. I took back my two louis and handed the remainder to Home.

No. 19 Séance.

On Friday, the 4th [September, 1868], we had some raps in the room, and a spirit said, "*Are you good?*" We both thought, but could not discover that we had done anything particularly wrong that day. I asked, "Is the question for me?" No answer. "Or for Dan?" No answer. "Or for both?" No answer. I said, "Is it not for me?" Two raps came, meaning "*Partly,*" or "*Perhaps.*" After a pause, they said, "*We do not wish to reproach you, but at the close of the day it is always well to review all that you have done, so as to be able to avoid repeating the same things, if wrong, another day.*" The same night we both saw a luminous hand waving in the air at the foot of Home's bed.

On Saturday, the 5th [September, 1868], Home was not well, and a certain circumstance annoyed him. In the

evening, I took him up rather sharply about it; telling him it was absurd letting his imagination run wild, and supposing all sorts of nonsense. At night Home was very ill; it was about eleven o'clock, I was undressing, he was in bed. Count Ronicker came in and sat down. Home became cataleptic or something having that appearance; his fingers were turned back, his arms and his neck twisted round, and his whole body became as rigid as iron—for about five minutes he did not appear to breathe. Count Ronicker magnetized him, and did him a great deal of good. Home completely forgot English, and said he could only speak Russian to the Count. He spoke about me, but I do not know what he said.

After a time he got better, and went into a trance and spoke English; but so low that I could scarcely hear. I asked him to speak louder, he said, "We cannot—oh, do try to hear, we cannot keep Dan long in a trance as we would wish, he is so ill." He said, "When Dan told you to-day that he felt a disagreeable influence, as it were, trying to separate you, he did not tell you all; he ought to have done so; you were too sharp with him; you were too hard upon him also about playing; remember he is very differently situated to you; remember always that his nature is very sensitive, very different from yours. You must arrange your worldly affairs together." He then sat up in bed, and began to talk in French, still in a trance; he smiled and beckoned to some one at the other side of the room. "Ah," he said, "there is such a sweet gentle spirit here; I will tell you her name directly." He described her, and said she had most beautiful eyes; that when she smiled, she smiled with her eyes also. He described the colour of her hair, eyes, &c., minutely. "There is a little child with her—ah, there are two! One passed away at its birth; the other is older." He then shuddered and said, "There is a spirit here who committed suicide. Oh!" he said, and began making passes before him, and drawing himself back as if in horror. Soon he went on in French, and said, "Daniel is very ill: his brain is very bad; the influence about him is mixed to-night.

At four in the afternoon he began to be ill, and his friend did not talk to him or understand it, and afterwards his friend was a little cold and hard upon him; he has also undergone a very great trial lately, we cannot cure him of the effects at once. We tell you that you may understand the state he is in." He then lay down, and said to the Count, "It was Sophy who made the raps on the wall of your room last night. She is your guardian spirit, and is always about you and caring for you." The Count asked "Which Sophy?" He said, "Both the younger and the elder." After a minute he sat up again, turned to the Count, and said, "Where then was your faith when you prayed to God on your knees for death? Where was your faith?—you should then rather have wished to live." He talked for some little time in French to the Count, and told him some facts which he (the Count) swore positively to me could be known only to himself and the spirit that Home had been describing; he then said, "When Daniel awakes we will try and make some manifestations for you; but Daniel is so ill we cannot do much. You will take a chair; but not too near Daniel, your influence is too strong. Adare will put the candle out." After he awoke I put the candle out, and we heard distinct raps on the floor, walls, door, &c., and the Count felt his head touched. The Count then went away. Soon after he had gone, the same spirit that had told us the night before to review our actions said, through the alphabet, "*How about to-day?*" Soon after, he said, "*Are you happy?*" I then heard that Home was getting some message; but I do not know what it was. I heard him say, "I cannot do it—oh! please don't; you know I am so ill?" Directly after he turned his head round towards me, and said that when he had told me he felt an unpleasant influence as though trying to separate us, he had not told me all, and he went on to explain about a very extraordinary case of second sight that had occurred to him that day.

After he had done so, he said that he felt quite comfortable and happy. We talked for some time about

second sight, and he was explaining how one could tell by the appearance of his eyes when it was likely to occur to him. Suddenly he said to me, "I am in the Kursaal, in the playing room; I will tell you what I see." All the time he talked quite naturally, and knew that he was in bed; at the same time he declared he was actually standing on the floor of the room, and could observe all that was going on there. "Oh!" he said, "it is horrible! Oh, it is dreadful! My God, it is so horrible that, if it lasts long, I can never go into that room again! I see the table, and I see crowds of hands all about it, flying about all over it,—young hands, old hands,—hands of men and women,—they are dashing about over the table, sometimes catching hold of each other, and then throwing each other off. Oh, there is a hand with blood upon it! There is an old man's hand, and a woman's hand that seizes his, but he dashes hers away from him! Oh, it is too terrible. It is changed now. I will tell you what I see directly. There are a number of young people sitting round the table, all young, pretty and pleasant looking; nearly all of them are women; they are playing, but laughing, talking and thinking of other things also, not intent upon the game; the others are all driven back from the table; they are in a varied confused sort of crowd, there is a regular solid barrier that I can see before them. Some are leaning over and trying to get across, but they cannot; now the table is covered with roses: I see that they are playing with roses. A sort of leader among them, a woman, is getting up and says, 'Well, I suppose we must take away these lovely roses with us; it is a pity, but if these poor people prefer money to them, why we must take them away.' Now it has again changed. The table is covered with little children, they are sitting on the table, and most of them look thoughtful; they are such pretty, sweet little children. The crowd is still kept back by the barrier, but some of them look as if they wanted to caress the children. There is one man who is stretching out his hands so eagerly towards such a rosy, pretty little fellow, and wants to shake hands with him, but the

child is saying, 'I cannot shake your hand, because we have all just been washed and dressed, and your hands are so dirty from the money that I must not touch them.'” After this he saw nothing more and went to sleep, and awoke the next day wonderfully well, considering how ill he had been.

On Sunday, the 6th [September, 1868], we had a *séance* at Mrs. Hamilton's. There was a strong influence; there were raps on the table, chairs, &c.; our chairs were violently vibrated; Home's chair moved, and there were no messages. The table was tilted, not lifted. Count Ronicker was present, and his magnetic influence was so strong that it made us all more or less ill, and I think stopped the *séance*.

No. 20 Séance—Friday, the 11th [September, 1868].

Last Wednesday night, soon after the lights were put out, a spirit asked if our actions during the day had been as they should be? Soon after, he said, "*The atmosphere of this house is not good for either of you; it is very damp.*" I said, "Is that the reason I always awake in the morning with a sore throat?" The spirit replied, "Yes." We asked where we should go; the answer was, "*The Hesse is the highest.*" We accordingly moved into the Hotel de Hesse. The house in which we lodged was, as the spirit said, in a very low and damp situation.

No. 21 Séance—Sunday, 13th [September, 1868].

Last Friday, we had a *séance* at Mrs. Hamilton's. Present: Mr., Mrs., and Miss Hamilton, the Baron de Veh and his wife, the Princess Karoli, Mrs. Watkins, Mrs. Gregory, the Count de Mons, General Brevern, Home, and myself. We had physical manifestations, currents of cold air, vibration of our chairs and the table, table-tilting, &c. Home's chair was moved slightly; Mrs. Watkins, who was sitting near him, was moved also.

Mrs. Watkins had suffered severely from rheumatism, and was quite bent double by it. Home's hands were taken possession of, and he was moved to get up. He placed himself behind her chair and began tapping her on the back and grasping her shoulders; he then sat down and presently went into a trance. We recognized by his manner the same spirit that had prescribed for Mrs. Hamilton, and Lady Fairfax, and myself, on a previous occasion. He walked up and down the room two or three times; then placed his head against Mrs. Watkins's back, and held it firmly there for a minute or two. He then walked into the next room; beckoned to me and made a sign as of writing. I got a pencil and paper, and went in. He was sitting down, and said, "We wish you to have a compress made—a sort of plaster of tar spread upon a cloth, and covered with muslin, to be placed upon the back; it will give strength to the spine. There is want of action, and no proper re-action; the blood is very acid—that is the cause of the rheumatism; that will do now." I went back to my place; he came in and sat down, and began to speak of the different spirits present, telling their names, and describing them, so that their relations present recognized them. He said that with one lady there was a sweet little girl who wanted to play with him, and he went through the form as if playing with a child. He then stood behind the Count de Mons; addressed him as his father; lent his head against his, and spoke to him for a long time in a most affectionate and touching manner. He said he could become a medium and be able to draw. Mrs. Gregory had been very sleepy for some time. Home turned to her and said, "We wish to take this influence away from you; it is purely physical—nothing spiritual about it; you live very much with Lady Fairfax; she is very ill; that is what affects you; you must not be too much with her; you are not strong enough to bear it." He then made passes over her hands for a few minutes. Home then began talking to Madame de Veh, and spoke to her for some time in a most kindly manner; the words I forget, but they

were to the effect that she was on no account to let her heart grow faint; that the future would be brighter than the past; and that there was a new development coming to her (she is a writing medium); what it was they would not tell her, but it would cause her great happiness. Home spoke to several others and then said, "Daniel must now come back, as we want to make some manifestations."

Soon after, he awoke. Although we sat for some time longer, we had only slight manifestations. Two or three people got up soon after he awoke, which perhaps was the reason of it. During his trance, Home spoke sometimes in English, sometimes in French. When he was describing the spirits present, he seemed not to be quite certain about the name and relationship of one of them, and said he must go and find out. He rose up, went into the next room, and stood there a short time by himself, and then came back and told us about the spirit in question.

September 15th [1868].

Last Saturday night I was very wakeful. Late at night, Home being asleep, I heard raps on some part of the floor near his bed. They were tolerably loud and monotonous, going on with a regular beat, like the ticking of a clock, until I fell asleep.

At dinner last Saturday, Home pointed out to me a young man sitting at the end of the table, and said "I feel impelled towards him—I have something, I know not what, to say to him, or to do for him." After dinner Home went up and spoke to him, and asked him to come the following evening to Mrs. Hamilton's.

No. 22 Séance.

Last Sunday we had a *séance* at Mrs. Hamilton's. Present: Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hamilton; Mrs. Mainwaring, Mrs. Spearman, Mr. A——, Home, and myself.

Soon after we sat down, there were vibrations of the table, the chairs, the floor of the room, &c., and we felt cold currents of air. However, it soon ceased, and we sat for some time without anything occurring. Some one suggested that we should have tea, and try again afterwards. We accordingly did so; and after the things were cleared away, sat round the table again. We felt the cold air and vibrations of the table. Home suddenly said that he had distinctly seen a figure pass before the window outside. Before coming to the *séance*, Mr. A—— had told us a curious occurrence that happened to him the previous night. He was waiting in a garden to meet a friend of his, a lady; and he saw her, as he supposed, walking towards him. He got up and went to meet her; but when quite close, he looked on the ground for a second, and on raising his eyes the figure had disappeared. He was very anxious to know whether what he had seen was a delusion; and if not, whether the figure that passed the window was the same or not.

Soon after, Home went into a trance, and sat for a little time making passes over his own eyes and head. He then went and stood behind Mr. A——, and looked at him for some time. "Ah," he said, "you are like the simoon—like a wild wind of the Desert." He talked to him for some little time; I cannot remember his words. He then said, "You have many spirits about you who love you, and many who do not. Your atmosphere is very varied; it is like your character, changeable, wild, uncertain. You are pursuing a phantom." Home also said something about marriage, but I forget what. He then sat down. Mr. A—— had been wishing to hear something about the apparition he had seen the previous night, but had said nothing aloud. Home turned to him, and said, "Yes, it had to do with what you have in your mind. You understand very well what I mean. When I said you were pursuing a phantom that ought to have been sufficient answer to you. You will have a vision at a moment when you least expect: it will be a pleasant one. Take care that you profit by it, or you will see one other vision which shall be

terrible." Home then got up, went close to Mr. A——, clasped his hands together, and said, "Ah, do think of what you are doing; do reason about it." He then walked up and down the room, raising his hands and letting them fall again, as a man would who had done all in his power and could do no more, and saying, "The ways of God are inscrutable—the ways of God are inscrutable." He then sat down and began explaining to us how God's creatures could only act according to His will; and how spirits, though they could frequently see events coming on in the future, yet could not avert them. "We can see," he said, "the rocks in your path, and can sometimes strew them and cover them with flowers, but we cannot remove them; so, though we may see misfortune—though we may see blood will be shed about it—we cannot prevent it: we can only influence, and sometimes warn." Turning and pointing solemnly to Mr. A——, he said twice, "There is danger in it—there is danger in it." He then turned to Mrs. Mainwaring, and spoke to her to the effect that she was never to allow her mind to dwell on a certain subject that had occupied her three times during her life, once for a whole day. "You have got rather a low influence about you," he said, "because you are always expecting and wishing for spiritual interference in the every-day affairs of life. You should take a higher view of it than that. You wonder why the spirits do not help you. Are you not a spirit? You are all spirits, only you have the earthly envelope about you. Rouse yourself, do all you can to rouse yourself, and help yourself; do not expect others to help you if you do not act yourself. It is a common thing for people to say, 'If spirits are about us, why don't they manifest themselves?' Is not God everywhere? Is He not about you? Why then does He not manifest Himself? Yet do spirits interfere in a thousand ways that you little dream of, and never notice. God has so ordained, that though many of you spend your lives looking for evidence of His existence, yet every day you pass by unnoticed the most wonderful and beautiful evidences.

“Do not suppose for a moment that you can do anything in secret; have no false modesty or false shame, and think not to do that in private which you would not do before the world. If it be not enough for man to know that God is everywhere, and sees all his actions, then let him remember also, that his father, mother, brothers, sisters and all those most dear to him, are continually about him; do nothing therefore in private that you would be ashamed of doing openly.” Turning to Mrs. Spearman, he said, “Louisa, when your mother suffers from those acute pains in her limbs, she should foment them with an infusion of hops, just pour boiling water on the hops, and use it as hot as she can bear. Hops are very good; they not only act as a sedative, calm the nerves and mitigate the pain, but they also strengthen and act as a tonic.” He then, after listening apparently at Mrs. Hamilton’s ear, said, “The oil is too heavy against the drum of the ear, that is why your deafness was increased.” Turning to Miss Hamilton, he said, “Mary, you have used more than we ordered; we prescribed one drop only, you ought not to have used more; for the future, drop the oil on a bit of cotton and use a little ether with it.”

Home then got up, walked round the table, taking our hands one after the other. He was then twice elongated and shortened to less than his natural height. He made Mr. A—— put his foot on his feet, and place his hands, one on his chest, the other just above his hips, in order that he might be sure that he was standing fairly on the ground, and that he might also feel the elongation and contraction taking place. He then sat down and turned to me, laughed, and speaking in quite a different tone of voice, said, “A. M—— says she will come to you to-night. She says she was with you last night, and made those monotonous taps that you heard; she wanted you to sleep and thought that might send you to sleep. She says she made those slow regular sounds, like as it were the rocking of a cradle, as a sort of lullaby to soothe you. She says she will be able now sometimes to make sounds like that, even when you

are alone. When Dan said last night something about having been praying for you, it was she who spoke through him; it was not Dan who spoke at all himself. You had better tell him this as he has been rather worrying himself, thinking that his mind must have been wandering in his sleep. Dan will come back now; sit for five or ten minutes, and we will try and make some manifestations; we want John to see some." Home then awoke, and we sat for a little time, but had scarcely anything more. We then broke up and a most extraordinary thing occurred. I was standing in the balcony, the rest were about the table; all of a sudden the gas went out and the room was in darkness; the gas was not turned off, but went out. They all declared that no one was near the burner; three people, Mr. Home, Miss Hamilton, and Mrs. Mainwaring, said that they distinctly saw a hand and arm stretched out over their heads upon the jet of gas and that at that moment it went out. They said it was so distinct that their first idea was that some one had gone suddenly crazy and must have burned themselves.

Mr. Hamilton told me next morning that he had investigated it, and found that at the same moment eight jets of gas went out in the house, namely one in the room in which we were; two in the next; three, I think, on the landing and stairs, and two in the kitchen. The meter had not been turned off, the meter does not communicate with the street gas, but has a separate pipe leading to the gasometer.

That night we heard raps announcing, I suppose, the presence of Adah Menken; they did not last however. Just as I was going to sleep, Home who was asleep, turned in his bed, and said, "I have been trying but I cannot." He said it in a different tone of voice to his own, and as if he was rather vexed at having failed. I said, "Never mind," which awoke him, and he asked me if he had been talking in his sleep.

*No. 23 Séance—Sunday, September 20th [1868],
5, Buckingham Gate.*

Last Friday night, after we had gone to bed, we were talking, and I was saying something about how small and trivial our lives on earth must appear after we have passed away. A spirit joined our conversation by saying "Yes," by three very emphatic loud raps. Home presently had a sort of vision; being quite awake, and knowing where he was, and describing to me what he saw, he said, "I am in a desert, that is just at the edge of a great desert—there is a sort of barrier between me and it. The desert is perfectly barren, there is no light of the sun, but a great cross at the far side of it, and the light flowing from the cross is lighting it all up, the cross means truth; there are a number of pigmies all about the cross. Oh, it is so strange, they are all working away as hard as they can, and trying to build up blocks of stone and rubbish and stuff before the cross, but as they build them up, the blocks become transparent, and the light from the cross still shines through them. The pigmies are digging away and working so hard about it, they seem to have made a desert of the place by digging out earth and stuff to hide out the cross." Home suddenly stopped talking, and when he spoke again, was in a trance, he said, "Now that you are quietly at home, we wish to explain to you how it was that Dan was so nervous at Homburg." He then explained some circumstances that had puzzled me a good deal. He went on to say, "After that Dan caught a cold, you also felt the same influence and you caught a chill, then the magnetic atmosphere of that man Roniker was so strong, that it irritated your nerves intensely, and on that night you were on the point of having brain fever, but by the foot bath that we influenced Dan to insist upon your having, and by magnetizing you through Dan, it was prevented. It was Adah Menken that influenced Dan in that matter." I remarked how thankful I was. Home said, "Oh, it was not Adah Menken that magnetized you. She made Dan see that vision he told

you of, she is very often about you." I said that it was very good of her to endeavour to do us good. Ah, he said, "It does her good! Ah, if bitter tears could wipe away the recollection of what has been, and the knowledge of what might have been; well, it was not to be. It was not, therefore, it was not to be. Adah Menken was the most suited of all the spirits about you to interfere in that matter at Homburg that you know of; her life had made her more capable of it, in fact—as she laughingly says herself—'You must set a thief to catch a thief.' She says that the wish you expressed at Homburg shall be gratified. Get her book. She says, 'If I could send it to you or write an order for it I would, you know; but then I cannot.' However, it is very small and not expensive, and you can very well afford to buy it, so if you will get it, she says she will this winter write her name in it for you. You remember saying that you wished to see an instance of direct spirit writing, she thinks that will be a nice way to do it for you; she will do the same for Dan." I said, "Shall I tell Dan?" "By all means. Dan is now coming back to his desert, he will not know anything about this little episode." Having a matter on my mind, I said, "May I ask a question?" He said, "Yes," before I spoke, having read my thoughts and said, "Yes," again, when I asked. I accordingly asked about what I wanted to know, and received an answer and explanation; while he was speaking he laughed, and said, "Some spirits say we should not tell you too much, since this is in the future." Home then awoke and took up the thread of his description of the desert, directly after he said, "It is beginning to fade," the vision then melted away gradually.

No. 24 Séance.

On Saturday we had a *séance* at Mr. S. C. Hall's. Present: Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mr. Humphreys, the Comtesse Medina de Pomare, her son, a boy of about

14 years of age, the two Misses Bertolacci, Home and myself. Before we sat down there were raps all about the room; immediately after we were seated strong physical manifestations took place, violent trembling of chairs, table, floor, &c., &c.; currents of cold air, very loud raps in various directions; the table tilted, moved, and was raised from the ground; some questions were answered. Home was in a very nervous state, presently he went into a trance and said, "We are doing this to calm Dan; talk." He then got up, walked about the room, sat down and played the piano for a little time; he then arose, went to the boy and placed his hands upon his head, patting and stroking it; he then went to the Comtesse de Pomare, but when he came near her he drew back, shuddered, and looked distressed, "Ah," he said, "there is something here the spirits do not like." Some one said, "It is because you are in mourning, and have crape on your dress." "Yes," he said, "We do not like that at all. He (her husband) has pulled your dress two or three times, as you are aware of, he will try presently and tear a bit of the black crape off to shew you that he does not like it."

We began to talk about the custom of wearing mourning, and the difficulty there would be in breaking through it. Home walked about the room; then sat down and said something to this effect: "If you like to put on some outward sign of woe while those you love are in gloom before dissolution, do so; but to put on mourning after that, when a soul has been set free, and has risen nearer to God—yes, nearer to God—oh, no; rather put on all that is pleasant—all that is pleasing to the eye, and cheerful; but, if you think that soul is not worthy of approaching nearer to God, but must be in darkness and tears, then, if you will, put on mourning; but wear it longer than six months or a year." "Yes," the Comtesse remarked, "but we do not wear mourning because we think that a soul is unhappy; but because we ourselves are unhappy." Home said, "Have you so little confidence in God, that you cannot trust Him to do all for the best?" He then spoke of some of the

spirits present, chiefly addressing the Comtesse. He then turned to Mr. Hall, and told him his sister was present; he smiled and said, "She is standing just there behind you—she has a communication to make to you, but she cannot make it now; she seems so gentle and timid." Then he laughed, and said, "She has such a funny habit of shading her eyes with her hand, as if she was afraid the light would hurt them. Of course, it does not; but she cannot get rid of the habit now and then, and the others are smiling at her for it. She is doing like this now," and he shaded his eyes with one hand, and went feeling about before him with the other (Mr. Hall's sister had been quite blind, and had had the habit of shading her eyes and feeling before her, so that was a good test of identity). Home then turned to me, and said, "There is a spirit standing near you that went through a great deal of suffering before passing away, her name is V—; she and the other spirit (Mr. Hall's sister) seem so much drawn to each other. They both underwent a great deal of suffering, and that appears to draw them to each other. They are talking about it now, and they are speaking of their suffering, as if it had somehow purified them, and as if they were so thankful for it, and considered it to have been the greatest blessing." He told me that we should see lights that night, and then said "Daniel is now coming back." He then awoke. We had some more physical manifestations, and the accordion was played under the table, Home holding it in his hand. It was then suggested to put out the lights, and try if we could see anything; the candles were accordingly put out, and we should, I think, have had a wonderful *séance*, but that the son of the Comtesse de Pomare got so frightened and nervous we were obliged to stop. We had strong physical manifestations, the table being lifted high in the air; the window curtains were moved, one being carried right across the table, and twined round Mrs. Hall; the other was drawn between Home and me, laid over my shoulder, and across my knee. I had hold of the curtain while it was moving, and felt that there was a hand moving it, but when I

tried to touch the hand it slid away. I and several others saw a form moving about behind me and Home, and another form at the opposite side of the room, and we were touched at different times; however the boy got so frightened we had to light the candles, and put an end to the *séance*.

The same night Home had to drop some lotion into his eyes. I dropped it in for him, and then put the lights out. Almost immediately he said, "What a curious effect that stuff has had, I see the most beautiful little lights before me." I said, "That is not the effect of the drops; you said when in a trance that we should see lights." "That may be," he replied, "but, what I see is in my eye," and so positive was he that he came over to me and asked me to look into his eye, and try if I could not see them; of course I could not. He went back to bed, and then I began to see the lights, and he was satisfied that they were not in his eye. I saw the most beautiful little phosphorescent lights moving. I saw as many as three at a time; sometimes there were two together like eyes, sometimes two would come together, and then dart away again from each other. We had no other manifestations.

No. 25 Séance—at Ashley House, October 20th [1868].

Present: Captain Wynne (Charlie) and his wife, Brinsley Nixon and his wife, Home and myself. We sat at a small card table. There were slight manifestations, currents of cold air, vibration of the table and chairs, and raps. The alphabet was called, and the sentence was given: "*Sit at the other table.*" As soon as the influence became pretty strong, the table was moved towards the card table. After a while we got up, and as they evidently wished to alter the position of the table, we moved it ourselves into the centre of the room, and sat down again. We soon felt violent vibration of the floor, chairs, and table—so violent that the glass pendants of the

chandelier struck together, and the windows and doors shook and rattled in their frames, not only in the room in which we were sitting, but also in the next. The card table was moved (no one touching it) up to our table, and the two were pressed hard together. The sofa was, under the same conditions, moved up to our table. A sentence was soon after given: "*We had to overcome the influence of the little table, and we have accomplished it.*" Shortly after we were told to move the table and sofa back to their places. We had raps on both the tables and on the floor, and the spirits joined in our conversation two or three times by rapping "Yes" or "No." The following message was then given: "*We have made these external manifestations to convince you all; Charlie, ask questions, we have a work to do with you.*"

Charlie asked if Augusta would recover; they rapped "Yes" emphatically. He asked if his sister would, and after a pause they answered "*Perhaps,*" by touching him twice upon the knee. He asked if they could bring us word what Augusta was then doing; and afterwards asked for the name of the spirit who had touched him. "*Will*" was spelled, and a "W"; but the power then appeared to cease, as we could get nothing more. After a pause, they spelled "Father," but the power again failed. After an interval they said, "*We have not power to do more now; find violin near,*" referring to the fact, I suppose, that Augusta had her violin near her. We had no further manifestations after this. Both Emmy's and Cadly's dresses were pulled during the evening.

After they had all gone, Home went into a trance. "Ah," he said, "there was nothing wrong; no evil influence to overcome about that little table. It was rather this way; you had been accustomed to sit at the other table; you had eaten off it, and always sat at it, and it had therefore become as it were partially magnetized by you. We were obliged to equalize the power over the room and furniture; and we therefore brought the two tables in contact, and moved up the sofa to inoculate them, as we might say. There was nothing evil about the card table. There is no such thing as evil in your sense

of the word. Evil is but good perverted and distorted, gnarled and twisted out of shape. As a blade springing up through the ground if it meets with a stone that obstructs it, is forced out of its course, stunted and thwarted, so is good changed by circumstances into what you call evil. If evil was as you think, you would have to say that the devil had made the world to answer his purpose, but it is not so; God has made the world to answer his ends. You may not be able to see how all this evil can ever harmonize and resolve into good; but it is nevertheless so. Because the sun rises in the midst of clouds in the morning you do not know that it will be cloudy all day; no; so it is that though all may be dark and cloudy now, it will end in brightness.

“It is wonderful to stand as it were above and outside the world, and to watch the great wheels revolving; the cogs look all black and broken, covered sometimes with blood, and disfigured; but yet they all fit in and work on smoothly, though to you it appears otherwise. Yet a time will come when there will be peace and knowledge on the earth about all those matters that so much distract it now. The world revolves in its sphere, turning on its axis, and will enter upon a region of greater peace and knowledge.

“You do not know the difficulties that have to be overcome in communicating with you. Supposing now we want to make manifestations, four spirits would perhaps take possession of the four corners of the room, and would begin, as it were, to throw across to each other, and weave together their harmonizing influence, so as to get everything equalized and prepared for the adoption of whatever they want to do. One spirit will remain in the midst who will manage and direct all that is to be said—of course, if one of the other spirits wish to communicate he would let him do so, they are not selfish, but one must have the direction of the manifestations to ensure unity of purpose. That is why it is so bad to wish for the presence of any particular spirit; that spirit might come, and the others not being selfish would admit him into the circle, and he not being

in harmony with the others, would destroy the whole thing. You may often notice, especially at the commencement of a *séance*, a whole volley of taps let off, that is a spirit discharging the electricity, to equalize the current; often until the whole is harmonized we cannot stop ourselves from making raps and cannot control them; so that a spirit might at first, if you wanted them to communicate before they were ready themselves, answer "Yes" for "No," and "No" for "Yes." If you put your ear also against the table while communications are being given by raps, you will generally hear a number of little ticks going on; that is, some spirits are discharging the electricity to keep the current in equilibrium, while the others communicate.

"If we did not take all these careful precautions there could be no conversation, nothing but a chaos of sounds and raps. It is this same difficulty—the difficulty of encountering the materialism of all about you, that is the cause of a great deal that you call bad and evil influence. A spirit might be standing near you that loved you very much, that was not the least impure, and that wished to soothe and comfort you; and yet he might only serve to irritate you, and the more anxious he was to soothe, the more he might irritate and distress, because he was not in harmony with you. You can feel that yourselves; you are not always in harmony with your best friends, and sometimes you do not feel as much at ease with them, as you would among strangers, and would have more difficulty in showing off any accomplishment, such as playing, singing, &c., &c., to them than you would to strangers. Now, this case of the lady who is said to have had her hair pulled out by the roots; it might happen that a spirit that loved her very much was standing near, perhaps even her own father wished to soothe her and caress her hair, and it might have the effect of irritating intensely; he could not stop himself, he could not withdraw in a moment the electric current that was set going, and the consequences might be painful; of course all this applies chiefly to undeveloped and partially developed mediums."

Question.—As it is so difficult to influence men are you not constantly endeavouring to do certain things and failing ?

Answer.—To a certain extent,—yes. But spiritual influence has much more to do with the affairs of the world than what you dream of. All inspiration, poetry, improvising as in the case of the old Troubadours,—all that is owing to it—everything in fact, is set in motion by spiritual interference. To those who pray earnestly for and seek for light and truth, light will certainly be given ; our greatest difficulty is the folly of men's hearts, and their blindness. There are thousands of men who pray that rather than that Spiritualism should be understood, men should believe it to be the work of the devil ; to advance themselves one day only, they would retard the progress of the world for ages. Every prayer has its effect, and every aspiration and wish is a prayer ; it is not necessary to go down on your bended knees to pray. Would that you could see as we do the great black cloud (to speak figuratively) of prayers and aspirations that is for ever rising up from a populous haunt of mankind like this great city of London. Aspiration for truth and knowledge will surely bring its answer, and as surely does every prayer to the contrary distort and retard true progress.

Question.—I had a question put to me the other day as regards the comparative truth of different sects, which I answered according to my ability. I should be glad to know if I answered with anything like truth.

Answer.—There is truth in every religion ; even the poor Pagan, who bows down before his idol, possesses the germ of truth, inasmuch as he worships something outside and beyond himself. It is very wrong—oh, very wrong indeed, to say there is only one portal to heaven ; were that the case, there would be few indeed who would arrive there. You are right in supposing that the form of religion which is best suited to a man, though it may contain a smaller proportion of truth than another form, is yet the best for him ; being the most adapted to his character and mind, it is that in which he can expand