

and improve himself to the best advantage. A good answer for you to have given would be: 'Spirits teach individuality of spirit.' As you leave this world you are apt—oh, very apt indeed—to continue for a long time. Those who seek not to raise themselves, and look not for truth, must continue as they were until they—to use a common expression—find it does not pay; then they will try to improve and will do so. There is this individuality; and a man is apt to get around him an influence agreeing with himself. Like seeks like everywhere—it is a universal law. The crow cannot consort with the eagle, or the magpie with the dove."

*Question.*—"Have we not better opportunities here than we shall ever have hereafter of forming ourselves?"  
 "Most certainly, this is your time. If you strive earnestly and prayerfully here, you enter your true life in a state fitted for it. Seek for truth and you shall find it."

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*Account of Manifestations at Stockton.*

Little Dannie Cox died in London last Sunday, the 11th October, 1868; Home, who was his godfather, and very much attached to him, was extremely cut up about it at first. On the Monday morning, Home breakfasted with me at No. 5. I was reading the *Daily Telegraph* over the fire, waiting for breakfast, and he was sitting at the writing table, we heard loud raps on the floor between us; and the following message was given<sup>1</sup>:—  
 "We wish you to take the body to Stockton (Mr. Cox's place in the country) to-morrow; you will place the coffin in the drawing-room; and at half-past eight we will show you a spiritual funeral. You will take care that all the family are there, and no one else; if I want Mr. Bat (family lawyer) I will send for him. I invite your friend to be present." After this we went to breakfast, and the same spirit rapped repeatedly on the table during breakfast, and answered some questions.

<sup>1</sup> Believed to be by the spirit of the late Mr. Cox.

## No. 26 Séance.

The next morning the body was sent down; I accompanied Home and Mrs. Cox. The drawing-room was most prettily arranged, everything being covered with white drapery, and quantities of flowers and ferns tastefully placed. The coffin was open, and the little body entirely covered with flowers, all but the face; which looked very calm and peaceful.

At half-past eight o'clock we all entered the room, and sat down, forming a sort of circle, but having no table. Home went into a trance, got up and fetching a chair sat down close to the coffin; he then took Mrs. Cox's hands in his and delivered a most wonderful discourse, taking as it were for his text, the words, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath *not* taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." He went through the greater part of the burial service, explaining and expounding; he then spake in the most consoling manner to Mrs. Cox, bidding her have confidence in God and in His goodness, and not to look upon that as a separation which was not so in reality; told her the little boy would be continually with her, was there even now; spoke of his purity and happiness, told her to be strong and not to give way to sorrow; but now that her husband and other relatives had undertaken the development of little Dannie, she was to devote herself all the more to the education of the two remaining children. He then took Gerrie, the other son, by the hand, and spoke to him for some time in the most impressive manner about his future conduct through life, bidding him be an honest God-fearing man, and to remember that his brother would be cognizant of all his actions and therefore not to do that which he knew would offend or grieve him. He then took the little girl's hand, petting and comforting her, and giving her messages from Dannie about his pet rabbits and things of that sort, and telling her that Dannie would often be in communion with her in her sleep, and that she would dream of going about with him. He then walked round the circle, taking each one's hand

and saying a kind word or two, and standing up in the centre, and pointing to each of us, enumerated the spirits present, saying, "Your mother, your brother, and so on." He then made a sign to signify that they were all standing round him, and raising his hands, prayed in the most beautiful and earnest way for some little time, and then sat down again in his place; he said that little Dannie would make raps, and we heard three distinct little ticks, like electric sparks going off; he said we should recognize Dannie by the peculiarity of his raps. He then said, "We wished to have made physical manifestations, but Dan is spiritually weak and we cannot, but something will occur to-night." After Home awoke, we went into the conservatory, and again heard little Dannie rapping on the floor and on the glass.

At supper, at about ten o'clock, there came suddenly very loud raps all around on the table, walls, floor, &c., &c. I never heard them so loud before. Home was entranced, and taking Mrs. Cox by the hand led her into the drawing-room. When there, she heard something rustling near the coffin, and immediately felt a little hand touch her, and place between her fingers a sprig of lauristinus. Home then brought her back into the supper room; and somebody remarked that lauristinus meant in the language of flowers—"If neglected, I die." Home awoke immediately.

He and I slept in the same room. Soon after he had gone to bed, he went into a trance; and began discoursing about moral principles, &c. He then said, "You tell his mother in the morning that Dannie gave her that sprig of lauristinus, which means, 'If neglected, I die'; because he wanted to show her that if she did anything unworthy of him it would give him pain. Your greatest idea of pain is death; you are wrong there; but that is your idea, and therefore he put it in that way." I made some remark about its being a very wonderful thing his giving her the flower. He said, "We are going to do something still more wonderful for you. A little later, when the house is quite still, you and Dan are to get up; you will take the slippers; we will take care Dan

does not catch cold. You are to go downstairs, and into the drawing-room; Dan will stand at the door; and you are to go alone up to that little box you call a coffin, and lift the lid a little; and then return to Dan—that is all. Little Dannie's colours are purple and white—signs of the greatest purity; purple and white are the most perfect colours; remember that; and after them blue, and so on down to black, which is the lowest." Home then awoke, and presently said, "I feel impressed to open the door." "Well," I said, "do so if you like; it can do no harm." He got up and did so; and, on his way back to bed, I heard some spirit tap him on the shoulder. He said something in answer, and went into a trance; he picked up the slippers, put them on my feet, and told me to get up. "Do not be afraid," he said, "I require no light to guide my footsteps." He took both my hands in his, and then led me rapidly, without hesitation, out of the room, down the stairs, and across the hall, the place being perfectly dark. He conducted me into the drawing-room, and then stood still, saying, "Now walk straight before you to the coffin, and do as you have been told." I did so, raising the drapery, and lifting the lid at the head about an inch. Home said "Raise it a little higher, about as high as would permit a hand entering." I did so, and heard something rustle inside. Home said, "That is sufficient." I replaced the lid, and returned to where Home was standing. He, as before, took both my hands in his, led me upstairs, and into the bedroom, closed the door, and put me down in a chair by the window, still retaining my hands in the same position. He said, "Little Dannie is here between you and the light; can you not see him?" "No," I said, "I cannot." He laughed and said, "Dannie would make himself appear as white; but he cannot just yet; he has so recently come to us. He will try and make himself visible as a dark shadow to you." I still said that I could see nothing. "Ah, never mind!" Home said; and holding one of my hands in his he stretched it out in the dark, and said, "Dannie will let you play with it first." I perceived a strong

scent, as it were, blown over me, and felt a flower touch my fingers and then withdraw itself. Presently, I felt a little soft hand touch mine, and a flower was given me. I then felt a strong tremor run through Home's hands, and he spoke as little Dannie, and said, "You must get into bed quickly; Dan is going to awake; if you would like very much to see what you have got you can make an excuse to light a candle presently." Accordingly, after Home had awoke, I lit a candle, and found I had been given a purple and white petunia that had been placed in one of the little hands in the coffin.

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*No. 27.—Séance.*

The next evening we had another *séance*, this time sitting round a table placed against the head of the coffin. The coffin had been fastened down and covered with white drapery, most prettily arranged with flowers and ferns. We had physical manifestations and some messages from little Dannie, the table on which the coffin was placed was moved about, the drapery agitated, &c. We then heard pieces of fern being plucked, we could distinctly hear the branches broken; a piece of fern was given to each person present, their attention being called to it by being touched on the knee, and the hand being then placed beneath the table the fern was put into it. With the fern presented to me, the following message was given:—"Birth has given you distinction, let your life be the more distinguished for a prayerful and earnest search after truth; it is kind of you to have come to the house of joy; truth seekers are brothers and sisters and should share each other's sorrows and joys." Home then went into a trance, and took the lamp out of the room, saying we were to see a manifestation that could only take place in the dark. We presently saw a brilliant little star; it flitted about with an uncertain-like motion—sometimes approaching, sometimes receding from us. We heard raps come from the star which flashed like an electric spark at each detonation. Mrs. Cox suddenly

said that a quantity of Eau de Cologne had been thrown over her from the ceiling. Home carried a small flask containing some which the spirits probably made use of. Home, who was standing at some distance from us, said, we should have the odour changed four times and in effect a totally different scent was blown over us four times on a palpable strong current of air. Home then fetched the lamp back. We heard a knocking at the door, he opened it and appeared to invite some one to come in, but did not succeed; he shut the door, when the knocking re-commenced he opened it again, but was unsuccessful; this was repeated three or four times, at last he went and gathering some ferns and flowers from off the coffin opened the door and held them out; still it was in vain, the knocking again occurred at the door, and this time he took little Ada and led her to the door, when he appeared to succeed in inducing the person to come in. He said, "It is ——" (a little servant girl who had died two days previously). "How very curious, she seems scarcely to know that she has passed away, and says, she does not like to come into the room where there is anybody dead. Every time I opened the door she said, 'No thank you, I would sooner not!'" But little Dannie wanted her to come in and rapped, or rather got another spirit to rap for him at the door, every time I shut it. I took the flowers and ferns to show her there was nothing disagreeable about the room, and then I took little Ada with me, and she has come in now and is standing there in the corner. She will move this fern that I have placed here on the table near her." Home placed a fern on the table, and presently we saw it taken up and put down again. He then awoke.

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The next afternoon the little body was placed in the ground. During the service a slight shower came on; but just at the conclusion, when we had lowered the coffin to its place, a bright beam of sunshine broke out, flooding us with light; and a beautiful rainbow appeared

in the heavens. On our way home, every one remarked that the burial service, which is in general so impressive, had that day while in church sounded strangely flat and unprofitable. Mrs. Cox asked how it was that the clergyman had not used the words dust to dust, ashes to ashes, earth to earth. We assured her he had; but she declared she had not heard them, although standing as near to him as any of us.

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*No. 28.—Séance.*

The same evening we had a *séance*, and Home was entranced—Mr. Cox speaking through him. He turned to Mrs. Cox and said, “I was there with little Dannie to-day, but I did not like to take him into the church; we waited outside. The reason why the service did not impress any of you is, that there was no spiritual presence inside the building—nothing but the bare rafters. We magnetized you to prevent your hearing the words—dust to dust, ashes to ashes, earth to earth. Now, if you had been consigning to the earth this day the body of some celebrated mediæval ecclesiastic or great saint, those circumstances of the shower of rain, the bright gleam of sun, and the rainbow, would have been considered miraculous. Of course they were not so; it is unreasonable to think that God’s great laws should be interfered with to give you a rainbow. Yet was it the result of interference in this way. We knew by our superior knowledge of meteorology, and the laws that govern those things, that at that hour on Thursday, there would probably be a combination of circumstances that would produce those effects. We therefore very strongly impressed Dan to insist upon having the funeral on Thursday instead of Friday, which was the day you had fixed upon; and we impressed him to make you all hurry. You remember how he did hurry you all on your way to church. As it happened, you arrived at the right time, and everything occurred just as we expected. That is all the interference there was.” He then spoke for some time

to Mrs. Cox, exhorting her to have patience and courage, and to trust in God. The "Nameless Doctor" then took possession of Home; who after walking about the room thinking, took little Ada's hand in his, and said to Mrs. Cox, "This child's stomach is of more importance now than her brain; do not push her too much in her studies." Dr. Elliotson then took possession of him, and he spoke for some time to Mrs. Cox. Then turning to me he said, "I suppose you have found out, if not you will—I know I did when on earth—that if you try and climb up one rung higher on the ladder of knowledge than others, the world will scream and say you are going to tumble down and break your neck; but when they find you stick there pretty safely, they will try and scramble up after you, and endeavour to get ahead of you. Provided your own conscience does not reprove you, never mind what the world says. As my friend, Mr. Cox said to you yesterday, 'Be constant in a prayerful and earnest search for truth; seek truth, and you will find it.'" He went on speaking for some time, describing different phases of worldly ambition, and warning us against them.

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*No. 29.—Séance, November 3rd, 1868.*

In the account of the phenomena that occurred at Homburg, mention is made of Home finding a death's-head moth; of my being told to play with two louis, and with the proceeds to buy a locket with it. I took the moth to Tessier's, and ordered a crystal medallion to be made for it. In due course it was sent home. While Home was sitting with little Dannie Cox, during his last illness, the locket in his pocket was broken by a blow from some invisible hand, or other agency. We speculated as to the reason for this, but came to no satisfactory result. The day before yesterday I asked for the locket, in order to get it mended. When I saw it, I thought that the material was glass and not crystal. I took it to my optician, and found I was correct. I then took it



to Tessier's to have a proper crystal made. Yesterday, while washing my hands before dinner, I said to Home, "I now know why the locket was broken; it was to call attention to the fact that glass had been substituted for crystal." Immediately a spirit rapped "Yes," very loudly, on the dressing table. About nine o'clock I was reading; Home lying on the sofa. He said, "There is a strong spirit standing near you; he is nicely made, and appears to have nice features, but I cannot see them clearly. His hair is cut very short indeed, and [he] has a sort of mark not amounting to a scar, upon his cheek bone." I could not think who it was, when it seemed to flash upon me that it was A—— B——, though I could not recognize him the least by the description. Home said, "His name begins with an A." I said, "No; with a B, if it is the person I imagine." "His name begins with an A," he said, "that is, of course, his Christian name. "Well," I said, "that would be right." "Yes," Home said, "his name is A——; he says he will come to us to-night." Home said it was a case of second sight, and asked me to look at his eyes to try and discover the film that is said to cover the eyes of a person during second sight. I could see nothing abnormal about them, except that the pupils were much dilated; on applying light near them they contracted naturally. The vision had nearly faded when I examined his eyes.

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Later in the evening we had a *séance*. Present: C. and E. Wynne, C. and B. Nixon, James Gore-Booth, Home and myself. We sat for about an hour, and scarcely anything occurred. We then went into the dining-room to have a cup of tea, and raps came on the table. We returned to the other room and sat down, but had only very faint indications of spiritual presence. Home said to me, "Let you and I and Charlie Wynne go into the bedroom by ourselves for a minute, perhaps they would tell us the reason why we have no manifestations." We did so, and put our hands upon a small table. The table tilted itself into Charlie's lap; and we had messages

given by tilts of the table, by raps on the table, and on the floor.

Message to Charlie.—“*We are developing you. You heard sounds like drops of rain upon your pillow; you will soon be able to have raps; persevere in sitting as you have done at home: you will be rewarded by manifestations.*” Charlie asked, “Was that shaking of my bed anything spiritual?” “*Yes, like this table is shaken.*” Charlie: “Yes, that is like it exactly; but I do not like to be shaken in bed.” The table was shaken more violently, as if to say that perhaps he would be shaken again. Charlie: “Who shook me?” “*Grandfather William. We took away the pain from Emmy the other night.*” In answer to a question, they said there was nothing antagonistic in any of the party, but that Dan was not in a good condition. We joined the rest again, but had no further manifestations.

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After we had gone to bed, Home went into a trance; for some time he spoke with difficulty. He asked me who certain people were. “Who is Willoughby Wynne? Who is Emily?” he then said something about a pretty little child and two Amys; and also there was an uncle of mine there who used to give me apples out of his pocket. I asked “Wyndham?” he said “No, Gould.” “Francis?” I asked; “Yes,” he said, “Francis.” He then began to speak quite clearly, and said “We would often like to tell you who we are, but our opportunities of communicating are so rare and so short, that we cannot generally do so. There are so many difficulties in the way, it is like sending messages along wires that are continually breaking and getting out of order. We could scarcely do anything to-night. Dan ought not to have drunk a second cup of tea, or that second glass of sherry at dinner; the slightest thing is sufficient to prevent anything occurring. Ah, A—— has just come in; he has come bustling into the room; you heard him.” I said, “Well, I heard a noise as if the door had been opened.” “Yes,” he said, “that was him; you will always

know when A—— comes ; he will make a sound like that at the door. He is standing close to you now, looking straight at you. He does not quite understand his position yet, poor fellow. He cannot disabuse himself of the idea that he is going to be punished. He does not think that according to the life that he led on earth he ought to be in the company of those who are here in the same room. He says, 'I am going to help you out of a scrape, old fellow.' He has a strange regret at having left the earth ; he was in love ; he will of course soon cease to regret it ; but he does not quite understand himself as yet. He asked us why you had put your glasses there close to you ; and when we told him in case he or any of us made ourselves visible to you, you wished to be able to use them, he could not understand that he could possibly make himself apparent to you. He was a bit of a fop ; fond of being neat and tidy, and very careful of his hands ; he had very nice hands."

*(In answer to a remark of mine.)* "He says he has nothing to forgive. He has been a good deal with your mother ; she is fond of him ; he is very truthful. He is very fond of his father ; he says that his father is honest in his belief, and that is more than he can say for most people. Your mother and he, and all of us have been consulting about you, as regards a question you promised your father that you would ask. You had better absolve yourself from that obligation, for your mother would not like you to ask her about any single or particular dogma.

"That religion in which God's created creatures worship him in spirit and in truth, forgetful of self, and casting aside worldly ambition, is a true religion, nor does it matter by what title you choose to call it. There is too much of worldly ambition and love of power mixed up in religion." Home then spoke to me about some purely personal matters, and then for some time on the subject that atonement must be made for all wrong done on earth. "Ah," he said, "Many that are very high and mighty when with you, must become very humble indeed when they come to us ; you would scarcely think

that Alexander the Great is yet, as it were, in the position of the lowest servant; he did certain things on earth that he knew to be very wrong, and he was a very powerful man—powerful, I mean magnetically. Every great general, statesman, or orator, is full of magnetism. The power of an orator, the way he draws his audience to him, is mainly due to his magnetic attraction. We sometimes magnetise you, and you are not aware of it. You were magnetised just now, and you heard a spirit shout.” I said, “I am not aware that I did.” “You did not notice it; you did not know what it was, and you did not pay any attention to it; but you heard it. The spirit wanted to come into the room, but he knew he could not. He was not worthy to come into the presence of those who are in the room, no one said anything to him—no one rebuked him; but he felt his own unworthiness, and rushed away screaming, as you would if suffering pain; as you, if some one were telling you some dreadful harrowing story, would cry out to stop them, thus he felt what he was, and fled away. Now some men would call him a devil, but he is not; he will try and make amends, and eventually all will come right. God could not create what you call a devil.”

Home then began talking about dreams. He said, “You may think it a very curious theory, but it is true, that we are sometimes in communion with your spirits when we cannot even see your bodies. In sleep, sometimes, your spirits are, as it were, nearer to us, more open to impression. Of course, as you all know, it is the mortal body only that requires sleep; the spirit is always awake. Now, with you, your stomach is so much out of order, your digestion so hard, and in such a bad state, that any impression upon you in sleep takes a fleeting and painful nature.”

(*In answer to a question.*) “Yes, you can take it with other medicine. Take it for a fortnight, then leave off for a fortnight, then take it again, and in two months or so we can judge of the effect. We can only tell these things by watching the effect.” Home was then silent for a short time. When he next spoke, he spoke

as little Dannie Cox. He said, "Oh! I say! now look here (two expressions Dannie habitually used when on earth). I like you to pray, it does good, and I am fond of you. Never you mind about that fern, you shall have another one. Perhaps you will find it yet, for I am not sure that it is destroyed; at any rate, never you mind about it; if it is, you shall have another. Dan is going to awake now. When he has awoke, if you will go and sit down on his bed for a minute I will come." I did so, telling Home that I wanted to see if we should have any manifestations. We heard a spirit come in and walk about the room; and perceived a light near the ceiling. Little Dannie Cox then came and moved away a pillow that Home had over his feet. He stroked and pulled my feet, and sat on them; and when Home asked him if his mother was asleep, he bounced up and down on my feet, feeling just as heavy as a child of his age would if in the flesh. We also saw the same sort of little star we had seen at Stockton. He then said, "Now, good night," and stood upon the foot of the bed. I saw him distinctly as a shadowy figure, of the same size as his mortal body, with apparently some loose drapery on. His hand was stretched out towards us waving about. The hand and arm were directly between me and the window, and interrupted the light as palpably as if made of solid flesh and bone.

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*No. 30.—Séance held at Mrs. Hennings' House, at Norwood.*

Present: Mr. Home, Mrs. Hennings, Mrs. Jencken, Mr. Jencken, Mr. Saal, Mr. Hurt, and myself. The peculiarity of this *séance* was that the manifestations appear to have been conducted with a view rather to convince the spirits present, than the mortals.

Mr. Saal is a medium, but has been accustomed to make a joke of the whole thing; and has latterly been a good deal troubled and annoyed by the spirits. We had physical manifestations—tilting and raising of the table, movements of the piano, currents of air, raps, &c., &c.

A series of messages were then delivered to Mr. Saal. He was told that he should not treat spirits in a manner that he would not dare to exercise towards mortals. Good advice was given him, and he was told to submit all to his reason, for it was given him for that purpose. Suppose, they said, a spirit were to tell you to put your finger in the candle, you would be very foolish to do so; you would be burnt; but if a spirit was to tell you to do this, and then magnetize you, causing you to feel that some substance, as it were, had been placed over your skin, you might reasonably think means had been taken to prevent your being burned, and then you would be right to try. Home then went into a trance. He walked about the room, opened the door, and appeared to welcome a number of people. He then seemed to be explaining to them the different phenomena that had occurred in that room. He showed how the table had been raised, the piano and the furniture moved, &c.; and apparently explained the process of elongation, pointing to certain marks on the wall that had been made on a previous occasion to record the height to which he had attained. He then went to the fire-place; stirred the coals into a blaze, and seemed to recount how he had handled hot embers. He sat for some time on the hearth, and then got up and walked about a little while, and taking up from the other table Glanvill's book on Witchcraft, he appeared distressed. He brought the book to me, and placed my right hand flat upon the cover, supporting it himself underneath; raps came upon the book. He gradually withdrew his hand until the book was supported by one finger only; lastly, he withdrew that also, and the book was suspended in the air, or rather adhered to my open hand. My fingers were not near the edges, my hand was extended flat upon the cover; I could not have grasped and retained the book in any way; it simply adhered to my hand. Home seemed pleased at this, and laughed, and turned round to the (to us) invisible spectators, as much as to say, "Do you see that?" He repeated this experiment, making me place my left hand upon his, which he placed underneath

the book, in order, as he said, that I might feel that his hand left the book. When he withdrew his hand, there was a space between it and the book of, I should say, three inches. The book felt to me as though supported from beneath by a cushion or column of air. He then placed *Glanvill on Witchcraft* on the table, and, leaving the room, brought back with him a large volume on Mythology, which he had taken from a perfectly dark library; he also brought his own book, *Reminiscences in my Life*, and laid them both upon the table. He then walked about the room, and appeared to be expostulating with the spirits, then sitting down he placed the three books before him, in the form of a cross, and began speaking about them. "This," he said, placing his hand on the mythological book, "is pure Materialism; this," touching *Glanvill*, "Religion materialized; and this," taking his own book, "Materialism spiritualized. The first, blood to appease a God; the second, blood to appease mankind; the third, the blood of the soul to appease mankind. Though you boast of your civilisation, and though there are no longer persecutions of fire and blood: yet is there a moral persecution, and, in many respects, your age is as dark as any. Who will dispel this darkness? Who is bold enough to take the broom and clear away the cobwebs? It must come from the material side—from your side—we cannot do it." He spoke for a long time, more than half an hour I should think. He likened different men's ideas of God to the different attempts we would all make to delineate the highest peak of the Himalayas. "None of you," he said, "have seen it; you would all draw a different form and none of you would be right."

He was very sarcastic about the wise men of the day, who, he said, were afraid to investigate for fear of discovering something beyond their own philosophy, and which they could not account for; and yet, not one of them could tell you why one man's hair is light and another's dark. "You are much puzzled," he said, "about many things. Know that the highest angels also are lost in wonder and awe at many things." While talking,

he appeared to become uneasy and getting up, said, "There is a spirit here who will go on arguing with Dr. Elliotson, so that he cannot attend to anything; I must really interfere," and he walked to the other end of the room, where he seemed to expostulate with some one. Coming back he said, "Dr. Elliotson and Dr. Jencken have invited a number of spirits here, they did not know the nature of manifestations, and were anxious to see them. Owing to circumstances not being favourable at first we failed to do what we wished and they are not satisfied, we will try again now." He went to the fire, poked up the coals, and putting his hand in, drew out a hot burning ember, about twice the size of an orange; this he carried about the room, as if to shew it to the spirits, and then brought it to us; we all examined it. He then put it back in the fire and showed us his hands; they were not in the least blackened or scorched, neither did they smell of fire, but on the contrary of a sweet scent which he threw off from his fingers at us across the table. Having apparently spoken to some spirit, he went back to the fire, and with his hand stirred the embers into a flame; then kneeling down, he placed his face right among the burning coals, moving it about as though bathing it in water. Then, getting up, he held his finger for some time in the flame of the candle. Presently, he took the same lump of coal he had previously handled and came over to us, blowing upon it to make it brighter. He then walked slowly round the table, and said, "I want to see which of you will be the best subject. Ah! Adare will be the easiest, because he has been most with Dan." Mr. Jencken held out his hand, saying, "Put it in mine," Home said, "No no, touch it and see," he touched it with the tip of his finger and burnt himself. Home then held it within four or five inches of Mr. Saal's and Mr. Hurt's hands, and they could not endure the heat. He came to me and said, "Now, if you are not afraid, hold out your hand;" I did so, and having made two rapid passes over my hand, he placed the coal in it. I must have held it for half a minute, long enough to have burned my hand fearfully; the coal felt scarcely



warm. Home then took it away, laughed, and seemed much pleased. As he was going back to the fire-place, he suddenly turned round and said, "Why, just fancy, some of them think that only one side of the ember was hot." He told me to make a hollow of both my hands; I did so, and he placed the coal in them, and then put both his on the top of the coal, so that it was completely covered by our four hands, and we held it there for some time. Upon this occasion scarcely any heat at all could be perceived. After having replaced the coal in the fire, he went and held his hand—the fingers being extended downwards—about nine inches above a vase of flowers, "You will see," he said, "That I can withdraw the moisture and scent from the flowers." He came over to me and rubbed my hands, imparting the odour of the flowers to them; his fingers were quite moist as with dew; he also flipped the moisture, and with it the scent from his fingers to each person. He now appeared quite satisfied, and after speaking a little to the spirits in the room, opened the door and bowed them out, and then resumed his seat. "Now," he said, "Do you all realise that you have seen what is called a miracle, yet in reality it is no such thing. All these phenomena only shew our superior acquaintance with natural laws, and our power over material substances. Mankind ought to have the same power over the material world in which he lives; you little know the power that is in you; had you faith, you could do things you little dream of." He spoke some time in this strain, and then said, "Dan is going to awake now, do not tell him what has occurred, but let him wash his hands." When he awoke, he was much exhausted, but after washing, appeared quite refreshed. We examined him closely; there was no sign—not even the smell—of fire about him, neither was a hair of his head singed.

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*No. 31—Séance.*

The other night, having been unwell for some days, I went to bed very uncomfortable, and agueish; I could

not get warm. Home's bed was rocked about, and he said, "I do not know who you are, but unless there is some object in it, I wish you would leave off rocking my bed, for it makes me dizzy. The bed left off shaking and a spirit spelt out "*Adah.*" She said, "*I am here and seek to do you good; can you imagine my inexpressible joy, your angel mother has taken my hand in hers.*" Home went into a trance, got out of bed, wrapped a fur rug round his middle, then warmed his hands at the fire, and commenced shampooing me over my chest, stomach, legs and feet. He then took off my fur rug, warmed it at the fire, and put it on again, and made passes over my head, retreating as he did so to the further side of the room. He then got into bed and awoke. I fell asleep soon and slept soundly.

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No. 32.

Last night, the 11th [November, 1868], I had gone to bed about nine o'clock, and Home an hour later. Charlie Wynne happening to look in, he sat down in the bedroom and smoked. We were talking on serious subjects, and a spirit joined in our conversation. Home went into a sort of half trance and spoke for a short time. After Charlie had gone, Home had a second-sight vision. He said that he saw a wonderfully beautiful flower, the stem purple, the leaves the purest white, the flower the deepest crimson, turning to purple, each colour emitting a light of the same tint. As he looked it changed and he said it had reference to what we had been talking about, namely, whether there was change in the next world. It was to shew that there is. "You were speculating," he said, "as to whether spirits could visit planets. They can visit them, planet after planet, star after star, world after world, through infinity, through space. Without change and progression they would not be happy." He then said, "The tobacco smoke is very bad, I was going into a deep trance, but that prevented it; I see it, not as a cloud of smoke, but as material particles."

ADARE: "But it could not be helped, I could not have stopped him."

HOME: "You might, it was only false modesty, Charlie would not have minded."

ADARE: "But if I had stopped him when I saw you were going into a trance it would have been too late."

HOME: "Yes, but you might have prevented it at first, it was at any rate very bad for you." Home was at this time only as it were half entranced, he became quite entranced and said, "Tell Dan in the morning that a Turkish bath will be good for him." He then got up and began blowing as if to dispel the smoke, and agitated the window blinds also, for the same purpose. He said, "You have a stiffness about the head yet." He got out of bed, came to me, and began rubbing and kneading the back of my head, and the upper part of my spine, occasionally extending his hand behind him, and obtaining some moisture upon his fingers. I thought at the time that he was using a phial of spirits of camphor, that had been on the dressing table, but I discovered afterwards that I had been mistaken. He finished by vigorously rubbing my feet and legs; he then got into bed, rubbed his own chest, legs and arms, and soon after awoke.

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No. 33.—*Séance.*

Last Sunday we had a *séance* at Norwood. Present: Major Drayson, Mr. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. Jencken, Mrs. Hennings, myself, Home, Charlie Wynne, and a Prussian. We had strong physical manifestations, but none of the higher sort, as two of the party were occupied in investigations. Charlie happened to mention to some one a rather curious reason that a lady of his acquaintance had given for not believing in Spiritualism, namely, that she had lived 50 years in the world without hearing of it, and that therefore it could not be true. A spirit said, "*She forgot that people had lived before her, and would in all probability live after her. Fortunately all have not her organism.*"

About ten days ago we had a *séance* at Ashley House with Henry and James Gore Booth. We had good physical manifestations, which I think satisfied James.

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No. 34.—October 27th [1868].<sup>1</sup>

Last night I was saying to Home, that it was curious my meeting him in such an unexpected manner at Malvern, and wondering why it was that after having known each other in Paris, we should have remained entirely separated for so many years. I said that there must of course be a reason for it. "Perhaps," I said, "my mother might not have liked my investigation of Spiritualism." Immediately a spirit rapped on a table by my bedside, "Yes," meaning that she would not have approved of it. Recognizing the raps, I asked if my mother was there, and was told, "Yes." Home asked, "But do you now object to it?" Answer, "No, it adds greatly to my happiness." After a pause, "My boy; now more than ever, my own boy." We then heard one of the ornaments upon the wall being moved, and judged by the position of the sound that it proceeded from a benitier that was suspended over Home's head; the benitier consisted of a flat slab of marble, with two guardian angels represented on it, and a vessel for holy water. We heard the benitier removed from the wall. My mother spelled out, "I bless you not with water, but by the pure presence of a spirit;" and I then saw a hand and arm extended over me, between me and the light of the window. The fingers were stretched out, and the hand descended towards me, waving in an attitude of blessing until close to my face, when it disappeared. Home then said, "I see my Sacha (his wife); she is standing near the foot of the bed, and has got the benitier in her hand." I could see neither the spirit nor the benitier. He said, "She is bringing it over to me; it is pressed against my forehead; she is making the sign of the cross with

<sup>1</sup> If this record is correctly dated, it is given out of place, for the preceding *séances* took place early in November, 1868. [Ed.]

it on my face." Directly after I saw the benitier in the air, near me; it came quite close, pressed against my face, and made the sign of the cross. I could see no figure or anything supporting it. Sacha then said, "*I bless you both.*" The benitier was placed on Home's bed, near the foot, and left there. Home said, "Do tell me, Sacha, for otherwise I would not feel comfortable about it; did you take down the benitier because you do not like it to be there?" Answer, "*No.*" "Do you then like it?" "*Yes, because it is a symbol of guardian spirits*" (referring to the figures upon it). She then said, "*And now a fond good night;*" and my mother added, "*God bless you both.*"

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*No. 35.—Séance.*

We had a very pretty *séance* at Mr. S. C. Hall's, the beginning of last week. They had just come into their new house at Ashley Place. There were only Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Home, myself and one friend present. Home went into a trance, and as it were, consecrated the house. He prayed most earnestly and beautifully at the threshold, at the hearth, at the dining table, and at Mr. Hall's writing table. It was very striking. Dr. Elliotson then spoke for some time through Home, and said, "I am waiting for Dr. Ashburner, it will not be long before he joins us, and right glad I shall be when he does."

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*No. 36.*

Last night Home went into a trance, and spoke about two strange spirits that were present. "Oh, there are a number of men here, they are standing in a ring, and are writing in little books: every now and then they dash them down; but they are compelled to take them up and go on; they are very angry with each other, for each one thinks that he has found out something much to his advantage, and then he is disgusted to find that the

others know it. There is Fred Goodwin and a man called Campbell among them, and there is one who seems in a sort of mist, he says, 'You may put me down for what you please.'"

ADARE: "Why they must be betting."

HOME: "Yes, they are betting, and they must go on although they hate it. There is a regular barrier between you and them, they would be disagreeable to you if they came too close. It seems as though your mother had by her love woven a sort of net between you, so that you may see how horrible it is; but still may not be hurt by them."

I now heard a sound as of a horse galloping in the air.

HOME: "Do you hear that horse? You will always know that C—— D—— is near when you hear that noise. He did not now make it himself; he cannot; other spirits made it for him."

ADARE: "Will C—— D—— have to keep the company of these betting men?"

HOME: "Yes, he will for a time, and it will be painful to him, for he was not by nature coarse; all his coarseness was put on for bravado."

ADARE: "Will he have to attend races?"

HOME: "Yes, he will; and will see all the evil, all the rascality and misery resulting from them. He will not wish to go there; but he will be compelled by an irresistible impulse to do so until he becomes purified, and fitted for better things."

ADARE: "I hope that may not be long."

HOME: "It does not appear to me that it will be long; his nature is good; he was very kind and did many good actions. Many old and poor people to whom he was kind, and some of his friends also who went before him, are very anxious about him, and pray earnestly for him. Altogether it does not seem that it will be long. C—— D—— does not quite understand himself yet; he is conscious, but he does not know whether he is dead or not. His mother is near him, and will be of use to him. She was a very worldly woman; she would be higher than she is were it not for that." Home was

then silent for a short time, he became much agitated, and said, "Oh yes, I am sure we are very much obliged to you indeed, are we not, Adare? We mortals are very much obliged to you. Oh, please don't; Oh, don't strike him! Oh—(and there came a noise in the corner of the room like a blow struck)—did you hear that? he hit him. Ah, they have all gone. Our mothers would not let them come any nearer—they have gone now—they would have been disagreeable if they had been nearer—they were so very rude and coarse—they were boxers—they made the noise like of a horse galloping, and then they said they had made a cursed row for us, and that we were not thankful enough; and they were angry. One of them said, 'Come away, and let the chaps go to sleep;' but another got very angry, and got him in a corner and hit him; you heard the blow." Home afterwards said, "Of course he could not hurt him; all these things are done to shew you that perfect individuality exists in the other world." Home soon after awoke.

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*No. 37.—Séance at Ashley House, November 20th [1868].*

Last night the Master of Lindsay dined here. About an hour after dinner, the drawing-room being very full of tobacco smoke, we went and sat down at the table in the dining-room. Immediately we had decided manifestations. The table was strongly moved; my chair was rocked about; Lindsay and Home heard a voice; and we all heard a spirit moving about the room. We were told to go back into the other room. Nothing occurred at the table. Home got very drowsy—half unconscious. He said he could see the table covered with light, and light coming from my hands. He said, "How very curious, I can see these words quite plain: 'Some one in a high position will commit suicide. He said he had taken an overdose of medicine and drugged himself.'" After a short time he roused himself, and got better, and presently went into a trance. He said to me, "There are a great number of Roman Catholic spirits about you."

I asked if I knew any of them. "Yes, there is one you knew, a priest, a very tall man. There are a great many of them. It is curious, they seem to be going through some sort of ceremony." He began speaking of the strange and horrible influences about the Tower (Lindsay is quartered at the Tower). He said, "They are very dreadful, but can do no harm; they are obliged to remain at the Tower; they could not even make manifestations, were a *séance* to be held there. There is one among them, could he manifest himself, it would be by a most horrible stench, as of corrupt flesh." He described him as having elevated eyebrows, pointed beard, and wearing a ruffle. We asked if he had been a torturer, or anything of that sort. "No," he said, "but an instigator of those things. His tools and accomplices have all gone. He is left alone—quite alone—walking always round and round." "How unhappy," I said, "he must be." "Unhappy," he replied, "Oh, he bears a weight of misery upon him that would crush mountains. Oh, those who perhaps here have worn upon their heads a crown, when they appear before God and before His throne, have to exchange it for a weight of woe upon their brows that would seem insupportable." He described several spirits at the Tower in most graphic language. At last he appeared to see some spirit that he could not endure. "Oh! go away! Go away!" he said, "You must go away!" He sobbed convulsively; tore open his coat and waistcoat; took off his cravat and collar, and appeared to be suffering very much. Presently he got better, and we enquired who the spirit was; he shuddered, and told us not to seek to know. I asked why these influences were suffered to come about us. He said, "it is good you should know that there are two sides to the picture, for fear that you might bring upon yourselves such suffering as these feel." He then got up; pulled off his boots; took a rose from a vase, and walked into the centre of the room. Presently he came close to me, and apparently spoke to a spirit. "Yes," he said "Thank you." Then turning to me, said, "When Dan went into the middle of the room, they took him



by the throat, and tore this button off his shirt; they threw it at you, and you heard it drop; and then they tried to throw it in the fire, but they had to bring it back to him." I asked, "Why did he take off his boots?" "Just to typify his defencelessness; that is why he took the rose, to shew his goodwill. It is thus that right overcomes wrong. Why, even if a beast were suffering pain, and you went up and threatened it, you could do no good; but if you went soothingly and gently, though at first it might resist, not knowing you, yet it would soon become passive. Ah, the influence is all changed." Turning to Lindsay, he said, "You will have a curious manifestation at the Tower, quite alone." Lindsay asked him about it. "I must not tell you anything about it. Adare, perhaps, may be informed; but if you were, your mind would become too positive, and that would surely stop it." He got up; walked about; patted me on the shoulder, saying, "You are all right, you are going to get quite well soon." He sat down and said, "I see an old man with silver locks; he has on a mantle, covered with stars." "Who is he?" I asked. "Pythagoras. He is much interested about winds and tides; he has been studying the passage of the Red Sea. He says it was quite a natural phenomenon, and has occurred three or four times before the Jews crossed, and once since. It is a curious circumstance, owing to a combination of wind and of tide." I said, "Was it observed when it occurred since?" "He says, No, he thinks not," Home replied, "But when it occurs again, men will observe it." "Are we about correct as to the spot where the Jews crossed?" "Oh, yes, tolerably correct. He (Pythagoras) was correct in his theory, that man should never wear the skins of beasts; there is an influence in them that is never lost. He was right; but he exaggerated. You must, for instance, wear leather for your feet, the influence is so slight and so easily counter-acted by other influences that it does you no harm. Cagliostro is often with Lindsay, because he takes an interest in freemasonry. You may tell Dan that he has not been to him for a long time; but he will come

again to him. C—— D—— is very anxious to come to you, but he cannot to-night. I see a woman, she represents Fate, she has in her hand a rosebud, it contains a worm that has eaten it to the core, she is fastening it to a horse—the horse is galloping off—oh, he looks as if he must break his neck. Ah, the rosebud has fallen off now. Everybody was anxious, before it was fastened to the horse, to get at it, see it, and sniff at it; but now there are only two or three who have a good word to say for it.” “Is this emblematic of C—— D——?” “Yes it is. The same spirit is here that foretold all those earthquakes and convulsions of nature, he is standing a long way off; but he seems anxious to say that there will be a great war, or plague, or some national disaster of that sort before long.” “In Europe?” “Yes.” “In England?” “No; it seems rather that it is to be in France.” “Is it a war between France and Prussia?” “No; it does not seem to be.” Home got up, walked about, sat down again, and turning to me, said—“The doctor is pleased with you, boy.” “What doctor?” I said, “Why, Dan’s silent doctor; he says you will get all right, the sooner you go away for a little change the better; but you must not take a long journey, or cross the sea, it would be very foolish to do so, a chill might strike in again upon your stomach. He says that the other night, when he rubbed the back of your neck, he did not make use of any liquid, as you thought. If Dan’s fingers had been wet, they would have felt rough to the skin; but they did not.” I said “No; they felt oily.” “Exactly; like oleaginous matter; still it was in reality nothing but very strong influence. I cannot explain this to you, you would not understand it. He saved you from very acute suffering, from violent pain in your head; he cut it off from your head, and confined the disease to your stomach.” Home laughed and said, “Some of your relatives think that you have made yourself ill by being at so many *séances*.” “What am I to do to dispel that idea?” “Why, do just what you are doing; get well to be sure, that is the best thing.” Home then awoke.

No. 38.—*Séance.*

Last Monday we had a *séance* at Mr. S. C. Hall's—which was a failure. We had scarcely any manifestations. At the close, the spirits asked for a decanter of water, they directed Home and the two Misses Bertolacci to stand up and hold their hands in a certain position above and below it; and we were directed to stand round. They held the decanter for some time, magnetizing it, and were then told by the spirits to place it upon the table. The spirits said, "*Adare is to take a wine glass full night and morning, and with the blessing of Christ, he will be cured in six days.*"

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No. 39.—*Séance at Ashley House, Tuesday, November 24th*  
[1868].

Last Sunday Home went to Norwood; Lindsay accompanied him. They had a *séance*, but scarcely any manifestations. Lindsay came back here with Home about eleven o'clock. We three sat round the table and had a very curious *séance*, the room being nearly dark. Lindsay and Home saw spirit forms. I did not; but I saw, as did also the others, phosphorescent lights about the room; balls of light would move along the floor and touch us, feeling like a material substance and highly electrical. Adah Menken was there, and spoke to us a good deal. She removed her book from the table, turned a leaf down, and brought it back, putting it in my hand, and telling me that she had marked a certain place. Little Dannie Cox's spirit came and moved a small chair from the wall, and placed it near the table. He lifted the chair (no one touching it), up in the air, brought it to me, then carried it over the table to Home who was sitting at the other side. He tried to materialise his voice so that we might hear it. We heard the voice distinctly, and he articulated the words "*Uncle Dan.*" The spirits gave one message in a curious way. Lindsay was anxious to be touched. They said, "*All in good—*" and then

turning the hands of a clock that was not going, so as to make it tick and strike, finished the sentence, "*All in good time.*" The table we were sitting at was twice raised in the air so high that we could see under it without stooping. It was altogether a wonderful *séance*. We had a number of messages, but I forget them.

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No. 40.—*Séance.*

Last week Lindsay called: he said that he had had strong manifestations that evening when alone, and had been told to go to Ashley Place. About 11 o'clock Home came in. We sat round the table and had a most wonderful *séance*. The room was nearly dark. We had physical manifestations. Home went into a trance; he walked about the room for some time, arranging the light, and talking to himself; he then opened the window, drawing the curtains, so that we could see nothing but his head; and got outside the window. This frightened us, and Lindsay wanted to stop him, but did not. Presently, he came back and told us that we had no faith whatever, or we would not have been alarmed for his safety. He went into the next room, and we saw him pour out from a bottle on the table about half a large wine glass of brandy. He brought the glass back with him; then partially covering himself with the window curtains, but holding the glass with the brandy in it above his head, between us and the window, so that we could see it, he was lifted off the floor about four or five feet. While in the air, we saw a bright light in the glass; presently, he came down and showed us that the glass was empty, by turning it upside down; he also came to us and turned it upside down upon our hands; then going back to the window, he held the glass up, and we heard the liquid drop into it. He began talking about the brandy, and said "It is under certain circumstances a demon, and real devil; but if properly used, it is most beneficial." As he said this the light became visible in the glass, and he was again raised in the air; "But," he said,

“if improperly used, it becomes so,” (the light disappeared) “and drags you down, down, lower and lower;” and as he spoke he sank gradually down till he touched the floor with the glass. He again raised the glass above his head and the liquor was withdrawn. He then told me to come and hold my hand above the glass; I did so, and the liquor fell over and through my fingers into the glass, dropping from the air above me. I sat down and asked him where on earth the liquor went to. “Oh,” he said, “the spirit that is making the experiment is obliged to form a material substance to retain the fluid. He might drink it, or hold it in his mouth; in this case he held it in his hand.”

ADARE: “When you say his hand, do you mean his own hand, or that he created a substance like a hand to hold it; was he obliged to be there to hold it, or could he have been at the other side of the room?”

HOME: “Of course he must be there; it was his own hand made material for the moment to hold the liquid, as a hand is made material when you touch or feel it.”

ADARE: “Then that story in Howitt’s book of a spirit drinking a glass of beer may be true?”

HOME: “Oh, yes; certainly it may.”

ADARE: “But could he swallow and retain it?”

HOME: (laughing) “No, he could not retain it long, he must have held the beer for a time, but it must have been spilled outside. If the doors and windows had been shut, so that he could not carry it out of the room, it must have fallen upon the floor.”

ADARE: “He could not then transport it through a solid substance?”

HOME: “Oh dear no, certainly not! If, when the liquid in that glass was retained in the air, you had put your hand there, it would have fallen to the ground.” He then said, “I am going to take the strength from the brandy,” and he began making passes over the glass and flipping his fingers, sending a strong smell of spirit through the room; in about five minutes he had made the brandy as weak as very weak brandy and water; it scarcely tasted at all of spirit; both Lindsay and I

tasted it, at the moment, and also some time after the *séance* was over. Home then began to walk about and talked, or rather some spirit talked through him; he turned and said to some spirit, "Well, really I think you had better not, we don't know you, or know anything about you; thank you, yes, that will do quite well." A chair then moved up to the table between Lindsay and me, and Home said that the spirit who had tried the experiments with the brandy was sitting there; Lindsay could see him, I could not. Home, or rather a spirit talking through him, then began speaking about manifestations to this spirit, but in such a low tone, I could only now and then catch what he said. This spirit appeared ignorant of how to raise a substance in the air, and the spirit who was talking through Home seemed much amused at what he said. He tried experiments with my chair, but could not succeed, and Home laughed. He then began talking about lifting him (Home) up, and after speaking for some time in a low tone, apparently suggesting different ways, he said, "Well, then, I will lift him on to the table and sling him right off into the air." "Oh, yes," said the other,<sup>1</sup> "and perhaps break his leg, that will never do." They then arranged that he was to try by lifting him first on to the back of my chair. Accordingly, in about a minute, Home was lifted up on to the back of my chair. "Now," he said, "take hold of Dan's feet." I took both his feet in my hands, and away he went up into the air so high that I was obliged to let go his feet; he was carried along the wall, brushing past the pictures, to the opposite side of the room; he then called me over to him. I took his hand, and felt him alight upon the floor; he sat down upon the sofa and laughed, saying, "That was very badly done, you knocked Dan up against the pictures." Home got up, opened the door, pulled up the blind and made the room much lighter; then sitting down, said, "We will lift Dan up again better presently, and in a clearer light-

<sup>1</sup> Apparently two spirits were at this time speaking alternately, through Mr. Home, so as to let us know the meaning of what they were doing with him, and what the subject of their conversation was.

so that you can see better. Always examine well, never forget to use your reason in these matters." He was not however raised again, for some other spirits anxious to communicate came, and those who were experimentalizing gave way. "Ah!" Home said, "There is an unadvanced spirit here; you perceive the earthy smell?" We both noticed it, and asked if he had long left this world. "No, only a short time." We then heard the noise like of a horse galloping, and I knew C—— D—— was there. I said, "Is C—— D—— here?" "Yes," he said "he is." Home got up and said (C—— D—— speaking through him), "I suppose you would think me a brute because I ask for brandy." He took the glass of brandy, walked about with it, and then put it down and sat down, and in answer to Lindsay said, "For some years, with whatever medium it may be, you will always know him by the sound of the horse." Turning to me, "You did not do as much as you might for him. You might have advised him and spoken to him." I said I was truly sorry; I had not thought I could have done him any good. "Well, he thinks perhaps you might, but he is not sure that you could; but you might have tried; he was really attached to you, and is so still. He says as regards all this (Spiritualism), if you had spoken about it, he would have called it all damned nonsense; that is what he would have said then. He wanted to see if he could taste brandy, but the others would not let him." I said, "Has he any desire for those things now?" "Well, he never did care for brandy; he was fonder of champagne. He does sometimes think about those things, but he will soon cease to do so; his desire for them was produced by bodily weakness, and when he finds himself suffering no longer from that feeling, he will not want them. Ah, poor fellow, poor fellow, he is crying; he says he was not what he ought to have been, but he was not as bad as he has been painted. He is unhappy; something is weighing on his mind." I asked questions and received answers, giving me much information as to the cause of this spirit being unhappy. He mentioned facts that I knew to be accurate, thus affording a satis-

factory test of identity; but, it being undesirable that the identity should in this case be known, I refrain from mentioning what passed. I then asked, "Can I be of any use about it?" "He says if the real person is not found out, he will try and manage to impress you—to give you some clue; so that without your name coming forward, you might be of use." (*After a pause*) "Adare, He says, that he would not come back to earth if he could; he feels that he has a better chance of improvement as he is. All will come right, he says, in time; he feels as if he had been ploughed and harrowed, and torn to bits, and may now bring forth fruits. Ah, he is off; restless, very restless. He turns back to say, 'Adare, I would not come back if I could; I know that all is for the best.'" We waited in hopes of Home being lifted in the air again; but the power was expended, and he presently awoke, and we went into the next room. After Lindsay had gone, Home went into a trance for a minute or two, and spoke to me. He said that C—— D——'s coming had prevented them doing what they had wanted. He said, "We were in the room when Dr. Hawkesley was talking to you yesterday, and we much approve of his suggestions. It is the quinine that caused those unpleasant feelings in your head; there was nothing spiritual about it."

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No. 41.—*Séance at 5, Buckingham Gate, Wednesday,  
December 16th.*<sup>1</sup>

On Sunday last, Charlie Wynne and I went over to Ashley House after dinner. There we found Home and the

<sup>1</sup> We reprint this heading just as it appears in the original edition, but it has evidently been misprinted, as reference to the first two lines of Lord Dunraven's report of the sitting will show. The heading should run thus: No. 41 *Séance—Wednesday, December 16th, 5, Buckingham Gate.* The date and place of the heading refer to the date and place at which Lord Dunraven's account was written (compare *e.g.* the heading to *Séance No. 23*, p 111) The sitting itself took place on Sunday, December 13, 1868, at Ashley House, Victoria Street. This is borne out by the Master of Lindsay's statement to the Committee of the Dialectical Society in 1869, in which he speaks of "the limitations in



Master of Lindsay. Home proposed a sitting. We accordingly sat round a table in the small room. There was no light in the room; but the light from the window was sufficient to enable us to distinguish each other, and to see the different articles of furniture. Immediately on sitting

Victoria Street," and by Lord Dunraven's present recollection, which on this point is perfectly clear. It seems worth while to call attention to this mistake, for both the time and place of the sitting are of evidential importance in relation to the famous incident which occurred on this occasion of Home passing from one window to another.

The mistake is reproduced in Podmore's account of the incident (see *Modern Spiritualism*, vol. ii. p. 255), where he refers to the sitting as having taken place on "December 16th, 1868, at 5, Buckingham Gate," having doubtless been misled by the wrongly printed heading. In connexion with this mis-statement of Podmore's concerning the date of the sitting a further point is worth noting. In discussing the credibility of the witnesses to this incident Podmore points out that in a statement written on July 14, 1871 (two and a half years after the sitting) the Master of Lindsay referred to "the moon shining full into the room," whereas there could only have been "faint moonlight," the moon being on December 16th only "two days old." But, as noted above, the sitting took place on December 13th, on which day, according to a Nautical Almanack of 1868, the moon was new at 13 h. 33.2 m., and could not therefore light the room however faintly!

The Master of Lindsay's account of the incident, written in 1871, does not seem consistent with his account given to the Committee of the Dialectical Society in 1869 (in which, incidentally, he does not seem to have mentioned the moon), but, as Podmore points out (*op. cit.* p. 256), this may be due to inaccurate reporting. The chief point of interest to note here is that in Lord Dunraven's almost contemporary report there is no mention of the moon. He only says that "the light from the window was sufficient to enable us to distinguish each other," a circumstance not difficult to account for when one remembers that there must have been some light coming in from the street outside, the curtains having been apparently undrawn.

The above footnote was submitted to Lord Dunraven and in reply the Editor, Mrs. Salter, received from him the following letter:—

22, NORFOLK STREET,

PARK LANE, W.1.,

6th May, 1924.

DEAR MRS. SALTER,

. . . I have seen a note from Sir Oliver Lodge and your footnote relating to the discrepancies connected with Séance 41, and I have also looked at my copy of the "Experiences." The discrepancy is unfortunate, but it is, I think, easily explained. I frequently stayed

down we had physical manifestations and messages, chiefly from Adah Menken. Lindsay saw two spirits on the sofa, and others in different places. Home went into a trance. Adah Menken spoke through him, to what effect I do not remember; also little Dannie Cox. The latter having in speaking to Charlie Wynne called him Charlie, turned to me and said, "Please tell him that we always call people by their Christian names." Home suddenly breaking off in the middle of a sentence said, "Who is this man, E——? What does he want? Do you know him?"

CHARLIE: "Yes, I knew him, he came to me at Lissadell, and told me a variety of circumstances connected with his death."

at my father's house—5, Buckingham Gate—and Mr. Home often stayed there with me. In my father's and mother's absence the house was, of course, shut up, and my recollection is that I and Mr. Home just had bedrooms there and lived out.

It is plain from the context of the book that we frequently went from Buckingham Gate to attend seances at other places. I take it that the heading in the "Experiences" is copied from the letter which I wrote to my father from Buckingham Gate, and probably on Buckingham Gate notepaper, relating to the seance which took place at Ashley House on the previous Sunday. The correct title should have been, "No. 41 Séance at Ashley House, Sunday, December 13th." The discrepancy applies to the date as well as the address, as the title states Wednesday the 16th and the context commences "On Sunday last."

There can be no doubt whatever but that the seance was held at Ashley House on Sunday, December 13th, and that the notes concerning it were posted by me from 5, Buckingham Gate on Wednesday, December 16th. . . .

As to Mr. Podmore's account of the incidents, at this long distance of time I am unable to give any information. The Master of Lindsay, afterwards Lord Crawford, seems to have given his account of the incident two and a half years after it had happened, and states that there was moonlight. As you have examined the phases of the moon at that date, it is obvious that he must have been mistaken as to the moonlight. In my account, written immediately after the occurrences, I only stated that the light from the window was sufficient for us to distinguish each other. I have no doubt that the Master of Lindsay, writing some time after, attributed the light erroneously to moonlight.

Yours very truly,

DUNBAVEN

HOME: "He is come about that. Do you object to his doing so?"

CHARLIE: "Certainly not; I am glad of it."

HOME: "Then he will sit down beside you."

A chair moved of itself from the wall up to the table between Home and Charlie. Charlie said he could feel that there was some one there, but he saw nothing. Lindsay perceived the figure in the chair, and said he was leaning his arm on Charlie's shoulder. The upstart of a long conversation between Charlie and E——, speaking through Home, was that he, E——, would on no account give any information that would lead to the prosecution of . . . . . That Charlie had been told at Lissadell to let the matter alone; that he had not given the information at Lissadell; that other spirits very anxious on the subject had done so; that they had made some mistakes, and that owing also to the imperfect development of the medium other mistakes had occurred. That some of the information was incorrect he said could be proved by his writing to certain places, when he would find that no person of the name given had been there. He had not been allowed to discover what became of a certain man after his, E——'s, death. God's justice was very different from man's; and God's justice would find him out. He could not and would not have anything to do in the matter.

ADARE: "But you do not object to human justice taking its course?"

HOME: "Oh dear no; it is necessary for the well-being of society that it should do so; in human affairs let human justice proceed; but we cannot interfere; God's justice is so different from man's. It is obvious also that were we permitted to continually interfere in these matters, the result would be extremely bad."

Home became much agitated; "Ah," he said, "he has something weighing on his mind; poor, poor fellow!" He laid his head upon my hand on the table and sobbed violently; two or three tears fell upon my hand.

HOME: "Do you feel how hot his tears are?"

ADARE: "Yes, I do."

HOME: "They will leave a mark of blood upon your hand."

CHARLIE: "But at Lissadell he told me he was quite happy."

HOME: "So he thought perhaps at the time; but do you think that a man can be cut off in a moment in that way, leaving his family, who were dependent on him for daily bread, almost totally unprovided for, without a pang of regret and sorrow? Poor fellow, he seems to want to speak about something that has been lost."

CHARLIE: "Is it about some missing papers?"

HOME: "Yes, that is it."

CHARLIE: "Can he tell me where they are?"

HOME: "He says that unfortunately most of them were destroyed, but some were sent to his lawyer. He does not tell me the name of his lawyer, but the family will know; he says you will find several among some receipts and other papers in a small box over the door of his study; there are two or three small boxes there. 'Oh! I wish R—— was here. I could tell him things about my affairs that I cannot tell you, Charlie.'"

ADARE: "If R—— comes to London would you like him to meet Home?"

HOME (excited): "Oh, yes; oh, dear yes. Ah! he has gone, poor fellow; he is rather abrupt in his manner, is he not? He does not brook much delay." Home told me to go into the next room and look if the tears had left any mark upon my hand. I perceived a very slight red mark. When I returned he told me to stretch out my hand. I did so, and Dannie Cox touched it with the tip of his finger and said, through Mr. Home, "You will see the marks plainer in the morning." They were rather plainer, but still indistinct, when I awoke the next day. Home then got up and walked about the room. He was both elongated and raised in the air. He spoke in a whisper, as though the spirits were arranging something. He then said to us, "Do not be afraid, and on no account leave your places;" and he went out into the passage. Lindsay suddenly said, "Oh, good heavens! I know what he is going to do; it is too fearful."

ADARE : "What is it ?"

LINDSAY : "I cannot tell you, it is too horrible ! Adah says that I must tell you ; he is going out of the window in the other room, and coming in at this window." We heard Home go into the next room, heard the window thrown up, and presently Home appeared standing upright outside our window ; he opened the window and walked in quite coolly. "Ah," he said, "You were good this time," referring to our having sat still and not wished to prevent him. He sat down and laughed.

CHARLIE : "What are you laughing at ?"

HOME : "We are thinking that if a policeman had been passing, and had looked up and seen a man turning round and round along the wall in the air he would have been much astonished. Adare, shut the window in the next room." I got up, shut the window, and in coming back remarked that the window was not raised a foot, and that I could not think how he had managed to squeeze through. He arose and said, "Come and see." I went with him ; he told me to open the window as it was before, I did so : he told me to stand a little distance off ; he then went through the open space, head first, quite rapidly, his body being nearly horizontal and apparently rigid. He came in again, feet foremost, and we returned to the other room. It was so dark I could not see clearly how he was supported outside. He did not appear to grasp, or rest upon, the balustrade, but rather to be swung out and in. Outside each window is a small balcony or ledge, 19 inches deep, bounded by stone balustrades, 18 inches high. The balustrades of the two windows are 7 feet 4 inches apart, measuring from the nearest points. A string-course, 4 inches wide, runs between the windows at the level of the bottom of the balustrade ; and another 3 inches wide at the level of the top. Between the window at which Home went out, and that at which he came in, the wall recedes 6 inches. The rooms are on the third floor. Home presently got up again, told us not to be frightened or to move, and left the room. Adah Menken told Lindsay that they were

going to shew us the water test; but for some reason or other I suppose they were unable to do so, for Home came in again directly, sat down and said "Dan must awake now, he will be very nervous; but you must bear with him, it will pass off." I asked Lindsay how Adah had spoken to him on the three occasions. He could scarcely explain; but said it did not sound like an audible human voice; but rather as if the tones were whispered or impressed inside his ear. When Home awoke, he was much agitated; he said he felt as if he had gone through some fearful peril, and that he had a most horrible desire to throw himself out of the window; he remained in a very nervous condition for a short time, then gradually became quiet. Having been ordered not to tell him, we said nothing of what had happened. We now had a series of very curious manifestations. Lindsay and Charlie saw tongues or jets of flame proceeding from Home's head. We then all distinctly heard, as it were, a bird flying round the room, whistling and chirping, but saw nothing, except Lindsay, who perceived an indistinct form resembling a bird. There then came a sound as of a great wind rushing through the room, we also felt the wind strongly; the moaning rushing sound was the most weird thing I ever heard. Home then got up, being in a trance, and spoke something in a language that none of us understood; it may have been nonsense, but it sounded like a sentence in a foreign tongue. Lindsay thought he recognized some words of Russian. He then quoted the text about the different gifts of the spirit, and gave us a translation in English of what he had said in the unknown tongue. He told us that Charlie had that day been discussing the miracles that took place at Pentecost; and that the spirits made the sound of the wind; of the bird descending; of the unknown tongue, and interpretation thereof, and the tongues of fire: to show that the same phenomenon could occur again. He spoke at length on the folly of supposing that God had long ago written, as it were, one little page of revelation, and then for ever shut the book, and turned away his face from mankind.

Charlie asked questions relative to the nature of God; the doctrine of the Trinity; and God's having once been on earth. Home spoke at great length, and with much eloquence. I cannot remember the exact words; but the substance of it was, that it was impossible for us to comprehend it; that nearly every man had really in his mind a different idea of God; that whether our conception of Him was as a unity, duality, or a trinity, it could not be of much consequence, provided that we recognized Him and obeyed His laws. He spoke much of the immensity of God, and our almost utter ignorance of Him and His works. He described the geometrical forms and attributes of a grain of sand, and asked us if we understood anything of that; and then pointing to a star, he asked us what we knew of that. He commented upon the very slight knowledge that the most scientific men had; mentioning that not long ago the spots on the sun had been considered to be mountains; then water; then faculæ: but that now they knew them to be great chasms. "But what they do not know," he said, "is, that the sun is covered with a beautiful vegetation, and full of organic life."

ADARE: "Is not the sun hot?"

HOME: "No, the sun is cold; the heat is produced and transmitted to the earth by the rays of light passing through various atmospheres. As to God's having been once on the earth, He has never left it, but is everywhere."

Charlie also asked about the divinity of Christ, and said he wanted to know the truth about all those matters.

Home spoke to the effect that even if they could tell us the whole truth, our minds could not understand or bear it. He said that spirits had different views on these subjects, and that they could not and might not unfold the truth. "You are taught," he continued, "as much as you can bear. A common theory, speaking figuratively, is that the heavens and earth are two cones; and that Christ is, as it were, the two apexes, joining and connecting both." He recommended Charlie, if he did or could, to hold the doctrine of the divinity of Christ, in

its usually accepted form, saying that it was better for him to do so, if it led him to a more religious frame of mind; but added, "Follow His teaching and carry out His mission. His mission was one of Peace; do not then cut your neighbour's throat because he differs from you." Home then launched out into a tirade against intolerance and persecution, lamenting over the wickedness of mankind in supposing that bloodshed and persecution could be pleasing to God. He spoke at great length on this subject.

ADARE: "But if, for a time at least the whole truth about such important doctrines as the divinity of Christ is not perceived, do not the differences of opinion among spirits who are much together, lead to bad results? For instance, my mother was very religious; and especially upon that subject of the divinity of Christ. She may be frequently with spirits who do not hold the same views, or hold them in a modified form. Do they still differ? Do they talk about it?"

HOME: "It cannot lead to dissension; they know that they are not perfect, and that they have much to learn. The sort of conversation you have imagined to yourself has actually taken place. A spirit has asked certain questions such as: 'Can you shew me that there was a necessity for it?' 'Can you actually prove it?' &c., &c. And your mother always, as you know, kind and gentle, only says, 'No; perhaps not; but I do not see any reason why I should change the belief I always held about it.'"

Home then turned to me saying, "You have been much troubled and disturbed; you have a difficult and tortuous path before you, and you have thought that if there was anything in Spiritualism it ought to be of use and comfort to you. We know all your doubts and difficulties, and sympathize with you. Be patient and prayerful, and all will be well. Have you had a dream?"

ADARE: "I believe I have dreamt something curious; but I am unable to remember what it was."

HOME: "Adah has been trying to impress you in your sleep. Your mother allowed her to do so; but she has not quite succeeded; she will try again. What you dreamt



you could not remember, it was this: You thought you were journeying along a tortuous difficult path full of obstacles; at the foot of a mountain you saw two angels; the one very bright and pure, the other rather darker and more earthly. You were in doubt which to choose; but thought the darker one, being most material, would be of most use. You trusted yourself to him; but as you ascended the mountain, the path became more and more difficult, and the angel that guided you became himself weary and confused; could not conduct you any further, and at last you were obliged to stop. You found then still greater difficulty in retracing your steps than you had experienced in going up; but at length, you arrived again at the foot of the ascent; and you then trusted yourself to the other and brighter angel, when the road became at once easy, and he led you up without doubt or difficulty."

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*No. 42.—Séance at No. 5, Buckingham Gate, December 20th.*<sup>1</sup>

My dear Father,—Last Tuesday we had a *séance* at No. 7. Present: Home, Charlie Wynne and his wife, Augusta Gore, the Master of Lindsay, Arthur Smith Barry, and myself. There appeared to be great difficulty in making manifestations; indeed, the spirits said that Home was ill and therefore that they had no power. We felt strong vibrations of the table, which was moved about. Augusta's couch was moved, (no one touching it) as was the screen, at the head of her couch, (no one touching it). The spirits also answered, and gave messages by rapping on the couch; altogether it was not a bad *séance* for convincing sceptics. Arthur was touched, as was also Augusta, and the latter told me afterwards, that she had seen spirit-forms in the room. Home was taken possession of, his hands and arms became partially cataleptic, and he made passes in this condition over Augusta

<sup>1</sup> The same mistake in the printing of the heading has evidently been made in this case as in the case of Séance No. 41 (see above, p. 151). Séance No. 42 appears to have been held on Tuesday, December 15, 1868, at 7 Buckingham Gate. [Ed.]

for some time, then stooping down he made passes under the couch; which Augusta said she felt distinctly.

Charlie Wynne, Lindsay, Arthur and I, adjourned to Ashley House to smoke a cigar. We sat for a short time in the little room, and had manifestations, but Home was too weak for anything very wonderful. He was elongated slightly (I think), and raised in the air; his head became quite luminous at the top, giving him the appearance of having a halo round it. When he was raised in the air, he waved his arms about, and in each hand, there came a little globe of fire (to my eyes, blue); the effect was very pretty; Adah Menken and Dannie Cox were the only two spirits that I recognized by Home's manner.

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No. 43.—*Séance.*

Last Friday, I went to a *séance* at Mrs. E——'s. Present: Home, H. Jencken, Mrs. E——, Mrs. Honeywood, Captain S——, General ——, and myself. This *séance* was in many respects the most wonderful that I have ever witnessed. Home was in a trance the greater part of the time; the information that he gave was of a very private character to Captain S——; it was given in pantomime, not a word being spoken, in order that some of the party should not understand. Captain S——, for whom it was intended, understood it, and I fancy so did I; but as it was quite private, and for some reasons very fearful, I do not feel at liberty to mention about it. I have since found I was mistaken. Home, before he went into the trance, said that there was a very strange influence about me. He partly made him out, but by degrees, and said that his name (surname) was Thomas. Thomas of *some* place. That he had been a friend of my father's and of my grandfather, in fact a greater friend of the latter than of the former; that I also had known him, that he used to have conversations about religion with my father. He said that he was a very strange spirit, abrupt and yet undecided in his manner; "He wants to say something to you, but when

I am going to speak he stops me." "Ah!" he said, "He is going, he says he will come again to-night." Besides the strange story that Home in a trance acted for the benefit of Captain S——, he also took Captain S—— and Mrs. E—— (brother and sister) into another room, and spoke to them in private for some time. We had at different times, pretty strong physical manifestations, table lifted, &c., &c. When Home was acting the story, it being most necessary that not a word should be spoken, his jaws were locked and as rigid as steel; I felt them, as did others.

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No. 44.

That night I slept in Home's room at Ashley House; we had a very beautiful manifestation. Home had been giving a public reading the day before at Croydon, which had been a failure, and he was much dispirited about it. A spirit (his mother I think), said, "*Do not be cast down, Dan; serve God truly, and his holy spirits will guard and protect you; fulfil your mission in life, and He will not forsake you,—be not cast down.*" We then both heard, as it were, a bird chirping about the room, and the spirit added, "*For He careth even for the sparrows.*" The spirits conversed with us for some little time by raps. My mother spoke more to me than she has ever done before; Home being in a trance. He made use of the same expressions my mother would have done, in a most affectionate manner. He talked of her happiness, partly on account of an immunity from physical pain and weakness, partly owing to the blessed calm and peace of her existence, and her knowledge that the hearts of those she had loved still beat with love for her, and that soon they would all be united again together. He told me not to think that it was through want of affection that she so seldom communicated with me, and gave me certain reasons for it, and recited two verses of beautiful poetry relative to a mother's love. He mentioned a painful peculiarity of a spirit who had taken part at the

*séance* that evening; a peculiarity that I also have, and told me to take warning, and try and break myself of it. He said that her great wish was to see me lead so pure and elevated a life, that I might make my existence here a stepping stone to a far higher state of existence in the next life. He told me not to be discouraged by failure, but to strive to do what I knew was right. The spirit calling himself Thomas of (name of place unknown), came and began to talk about himself. He said that since he had entered the spirit-life, he had very much changed his views on religion. He broke off suddenly and said he would tell me all about it another time. It was then late, past three a.m., and my mother said, "I will request the other influences to leave you; you should sleep now."

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No. 45.

Last night I slept in Home's room at Ashley House. I did not go to bed till past three. Soon after I was in bed, there were evidences of a very strong influence in the room; and we saw lights and heard sounds, as if some one was endeavouring to make their voice audible to us; and we heard a sound like footsteps. We then had a very beautiful manifestation. There is a plaster of Paris crucifix, about one foot in length, hanging on the wall over Home's bed. We heard something being moved on the wall, and presently saw this crucifix waving in the air between us and the window. I could see nothing holding it; it appeared to move of itself. A spirit then said, by raps on the cross, "*It is to shew you that we do not fear the symbol of the cross; we should like you to kiss it.*" The crucifix was then brought, or, as it appeared to me, moved of itself, close to my face and was placed upon my lips. I kissed it, and it was then taken away to Home's bed and placed upon his lips. He did the same. They then said, "*We also will now kiss it.*" The crucifix was moved away some distance, and we heard a sound of some one kissing it three times, but saw nothing.

They then said, through the alphabet, that they had something to tell me next Sunday; and that the same spirit that had spoken to us, through Home, the Sunday before, would come again; that we were not to interrupt him by asking questions, but just to listen to what he said, as he had something of importance to tell us.

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*No. 46 Séance.—Saturday, December 26th [1868].*

Last Sunday, Home and Lindsay went down to Norwood to have a *séance*. They returned about 11 o'clock. Charlie Wynne and Captain Smith came also to Ashley House. After Home and Lindsay arrived, we went into the small room and sat round the table; the room was dark. We had strong physical manifestations; we were all repeatedly touched by hands coming from under the table. Our hands when touched were *on* the table. A hand took Charlie's hand, and the moment he felt it he exclaimed, "This is F——'s hand; I could swear to her peculiar touch." The same hand also touched me; playfully pinching and patting the back of my hand; it felt old and wrinkled. A spirit said by raps, "*Yes, it is F——.*" The hand again touched Charlie; he also remarked the wrinkled feeling of the skin. A spirit then said, "*Yes, it feels to you as it once was; now it is no longer aged;*" and a hand feeling young and soft placed itself in Charlie's hand, taking his in the same peculiar manner, but patting him briskly as if to shew that it was full of life. G—— H——, an uncle of Smith, and H—— J——, told us by raps that they were present. I asked if it were true that uncle Robert was conscious of their presence near him at night, and if he had real manifestations. They replied, "*Yes, it is true, and not imagination on his part.*" I asked them if Emmy had been touched on the shoulder the morning before, or whether it was as I had declared, her imagination. They replied, "*She was touched.*" Charlie asked if what had happened to him in church was spiritual? They said, "*Yes, certainly, it was.*" They

entered a good deal into our conversation. Lindsay fell into a trance; at first he could not speak, but after a time in answer to a question, they said through him, "Yes, he can see sometimes; he will not remember anything of it, we cannot talk through him much yet, he is not fully developed, but he will be in time." Lindsay when awake saw spirit-forms, I saw lights occasionally, faint flashes and sparks. Home went into a trance; he walked about the room apparently settling what was to be done, then sat down, and turning to me, told me to go into the next room, and place outside the window a certain vase of flowers. I did so, putting the vase outside on the ledge, and shutting the window. Home opened the window of the room in which we were sitting. The flowers were carried through the air from the window of the next room in at our open window. We could all hear the rustling, and see the curtains moved by the spirit standing there, who was bringing in the flowers; Lindsay saw the spirit distinctly. A flower and sprig of fern, or something of that sort, was now given to each of us; in some cases it was placed upon the hand on the table; others were touched, and on putting down their hand, the flower was placed in it. I was touched strongly on the knee, and a sprig of box was given me. Afterwards, little Dannie said, "*I will give you another piece of fern in place of the one you lost; but you must take great care of this; it is only a very little bit.*" In answer apparently to some question, Home said, "Oh yes, certainly, give it to him yourself." Home told me to hold out my hand—I did so, rather behind me; and I felt Dannie's soft little fingers touch mine, and pat my hand, and place a little bit of maiden hair fern in it. Home then made some very curious experiments with flowers: he separated the scent into two portions—one odour smelling exactly like earth; the other being very sweet. He explained what he was doing; and how there came to be the two principles, as it were, in the flower. I did not clearly understand his meaning when he spoke; and I forget now what he said. While the flowers were being given to us, Home said, "Listen;" we did, and

all heard the sprigs being broken in the next room. While we listened, the sound ceased. Home said, "You see the effect of the concentration of your thoughts. It is hard for you to understand; but I assure you that the fact of your all directing your thoughts to a certain object there, sent a solid column of polarized light right through into the other room, and completely changed the condition of the atmosphere there for a time, so that they could not continue to do what they were about." As soon as we had all been given our little bunches of leaves or flowers, Home told me to go into the next room, and examine the vase. I did so, and found the window closed as I had left it; I opened it and found that all the tall sprigs of fern, &c., &c., had been taken away. Home never left the room we sat in after I had placed the vase outside the window, so that even supposing that the branches we received had been concealed by Home on his person, still the sprigs in the vase must have been broken off and removed somehow outside the window. Home now left the room, saying, "Do not be frightened; Dan is not going out of the window or anything of that sort." He returned, holding in his hand half a lemon, freshly cut; he handed it to each of us to taste. He laughed and said, "Yes, it is very good, is it not? so refreshing." He then held it up above his head, and said, "We will withdraw all the acid flavour from it." A yellowish light came over the lemon; he held it up for some little time, and said, "Now taste again." He held it out to me; but the room being rather dark, I bobbed my nose against it, and therefore tasted nothing. All the others tasted it, and described it as most disagreeable, having no odour, and the flavour being a sort of mawkish alkali; some described it as like magnesia; others, as like washing soda. Home laughed and said, "We will take the nasty taste away presently." He then described what had taken place, I cannot recollect what he said, but the substance of it was that a purely natural process had been gone through. "If you were to eat the lemon," he said, "or swallow the juice, the same thing exactly would occur by natural decomposition, all the acid

flavour would be freed, and would pass through the pores of your skin into all sorts of forms, &c., &c., while the residuum would be a substance, such as you now tasted. It resembled soda; it is of that nature, and that is why lemon juice is so good for acidity of the stomach and blood. We have done nothing miraculous; by our knowledge of natural substances and laws, we were able to hasten as it were, a natural process, and withdraw at once the acid, instead of its being diffused into various forms: we have retained it in the air, and will now restore it to the lemon." He held the lemon up and a rose-coloured flame, or rather light, came over it. After a little, he gave it to those who had tasted it the second time; they said that it was quite good and fresh, and that all the natural scent and flavour was restored to it.<sup>1</sup>

Home sat down and said, "It would be very nice if the same party that are here to-night, could sit occasionally together. You are all sympathetic, and in a very short time you would all of you see not only sparks and flashes of light, but the whole forms distinctly of the spirits in the room. I want also some time or other to talk to you on a very interesting subject, namely, when it is that the soul enters the body of an infant; at what period of its existence it becomes a living soul. It appears a difficult subject to you; it is really as simple as the scent of a flower or its colour." Charlie then said something to him about the origin of man. "Oh, yes," said Home, "that is a subject I want to speak to you about; some day I will, and of the difference in the existences of different creatures. No creature that crawls—that is unable, as it were, to do anything to preserve its life here—has immortality." "Do you mean," I said, "that they have no future?" "Oh, yes, they have indeed a very important future before them; I mean they differ from you as regards their individuality." I said, "Can you tell me where the line is drawn?" "There is no exact line; some creatures are endowed with a greater amount

<sup>1</sup> I believe I am correct in this account of the lemon, but I cannot swear that Home did not leave the room after, as he said, restoring the acid principle to the lemon, and before he gave it to them to taste.



of what you call instinct than others that are apparently much above them in the scale of creation: like, for instance, ants and bees. I cannot tell you about it now. We have not been able to do at all what we intended this evening. Dan must awake now, and you must not sit any longer." Home awoke, and we went into the other room.

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No. 47.—*Séance at No. 7, Buckingham Gate, Monday, December 21st [1868].*

Present: Emmy Wynne, Charlie Wynne, Augusta Gore Booth, Home, and myself. We sat at a large square tea table, one side of it being placed against Augusta's couch. Almost immediately on sitting down, we felt a strong vibration of the table. The alphabet was called for, and the following long message given; the first part having reference to me and something that had occupied my mind; the latter part intended for all of us: "*A perfect submission to the crosses of earth life only works out for you a purer and higher life, when freed from the mortal and nearer the divine. You, my darling boy, did not observe that the little branch we gave you last night was in form a cross. It has a deep significance. There are six leaves at every point; these, too, have a meaning, which you will one day understand. Meanwhile, bear all; God's truth will overcome error. Be patient, my darlings; I am indeed happy that you have been led to investigate.*"

We had all the usual physical phenomena, though not very strongly; the chief feature of the *séance* being the amount of conversation carried on through the alphabet; and by spirits assenting or differing from what we said by rapping "Yes" or "No" upon the table, furniture, &c. Raps came on Augusta's couch, and it was moved about, and the head part raised a little. After these manifestations a message was given: "*Darling, this is G— H—;*" and immediately afterwards: "*We all wish to see you thus,*" and her couch was again raised at the head, completing the sentence: "*We all wish to see you thus raised up.*"

The table moved about, and was tilted up sometimes to one side, and sometimes to another. A whistle that was on the table did not move when the table was tilted in any direction, except towards Augusta; when it was tilted towards her the whistle rolled. In answer to a question as to the cause of this, they said, "*From a want of influence on that side.*" They told us they did not withdraw any influence from Augusta, as it would weaken her. They afterwards turned the table round, so as to have the side at which Emmy had been sitting next Augusta; the side which had been next to Augusta came opposite to Home. This equalized the magnetic influence round the table. At the same time we were told that they were desirous of showing their presence by messages rather than by physical manifestations. The table was raised in the air about 18 inches, and remained poised for some little time. Emmy's dress was pulled and shaken; Home's chair was moved. Having been told, through the alphabet, to put the white cloth on the table, we did so. We saw, and were touched by hands moving under the cloth. A flower in Home's button-hole was taken away, and carried underneath the table; I heard it moving there. Presently the same flower was thrown from behind Augusta's couch; it touched her face, and then fell upon the floor. It was taken up, and a hand and arm came from behind her couch, and placed it gently against her cheek, and gave it to her. Emmy said, "I saw the hand and arm." A message was given "*A hand, with the flower from K—.*" Home also saw the arm; I did not. Some other manifestations were made about Augusta's couch, and the words, "*It was G— H—,*" given. We then heard a sharp noise that we took to be the chirping of a bird under the table, and we heard something moving underneath the table. The message was given—" *We hope soon you will not require \* \* \* ;*" and at the same moment a heavy handle, used for winding up the couch, was raised from under the table, and placed in Augusta's hand, implying that they hoped soon she would be able to raise herself. The name "*G— H—*" was given to show who had made the manifestation. We found that the

chirping sound we had heard was caused by the handle of the lever turning while being moved under the table. This chirping was imitated exactly by a spirit at some distance behind us in the centre of the room. We now had a very wonderful manifestation. We were merry about something or other, and we all distinctly heard a spirit voice joining in our laughter; it sounded quite clear and loud. Home asked if it was to shew that they liked to see us happy and were happy themselves; the answer was "*Yes; God is so good.*" Soon after this the message was given—"*Daniel is exhausted;*" and all manifestations ceased. During the *séance* Emmy and Augusta saw shadowy forms, hands, and arms.

After talking a short time we went into the next room (Uncle Robert's study). We were at supper eating, drinking, and chatting very merrily, not talking of, or I believe thinking about, Spiritualism, when there came a knock at the door. Charlie turned his head, and said, "Come in." The door did not open; but the next moment there came knocks upon the table and a chair glided out from the wall to the table (no one touching it), and placed itself in the most natural manner between Emmy and Home; it then moved up close to Home, and the alphabet was called for by the chair tilting (no one touching it). The following message was given—"I like you because you do good to those I love." Home asked who the spirit was; "G—H—" was answered. Emmy's dress was pulled, and dragged strongly under the table, and a hand was twice put into hers beneath the table. Charlie was touched on the knee. Several questions were answered and another message, which I forget, was given by raps on the table, as loud as if some one had struck it underneath with a hammer. The table was moved and tilted, and once raised completely off the ground for a second or two, so slightly that I did not perceive it, but the others did, and the spirits afterwards said that it had been off the ground. It must have required great power even to move and tilt it, for the table was a heavy dining-room table covered with plates, dishes, and decanters. Home was told that Augusta had also had manifestations; and when we returned

to the other room, we found that she had heard raps in her room, while we were at supper in the other. She also heard the raps and the movement of the table in the study.

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No. 48.—*February 8th, 1869.*

Last night I slept at Ashley House. Home was at a party, and did not come in until very late. Soon after he had gone to bed he went into a trance for a short time. He was far from well, and the spirits said they could not make any use of him. In the morning, about 11 o'clock, Sacha, Home's wife, said to me, through the alphabet, "*Will you from my part give to Florence something?*" I said I should be delighted. She said to Home, "*Dannie, my broad gold Russian bracelet.*"

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No. 49 *Séance.*—*February 9th [1869].*

In the evening of the 8th, Dr. Gully came in. As we were sitting by the fire talking, Home went gradually into a trance. He examined Dr. Gully's heart, gave him some directions as to treatment, and told him that his head and brain were all working beautifully; that his head had not been so clear and in such good order for some time. He walked about the room conversing, sometimes with us, sometimes with the spirits in the room. He asked me to fetch an accordion from Mr. S. C. Hall's rooms; I did so. He then said that Captain Smith was coming, and that he had just then left his house. He became rather impatient at his not coming quicker; he was aware when he did arrive, and told me to go out and meet him, which I did, informing him that Home was in a trance. When Smith entered, Home introduced him in a quaint style. Taking Dr. Gully's hand, he said, "This is James—James Gully; and this is William—William Smith. You are to shake hands. They call him a doctor—there is some sense in that; and they call you a captain, which means nothing at all."

Home said to me, "Turn off some of the gas, it is too heavy on Dan's brain—light is a regular weight upon the brain, that is why a strong light prevents our making manifestations; the brain of the medium cannot act. It is through your brains that the atmosphere we make use of is thrown off. For the same reason, manifestations occur more readily at night, when there is an absence of sunlight, than in the daytime. From a similar cause, a strong light upon the platform, as at Miss Hardinge's lectures that you were speaking of this afternoon is very bad. Light is a ponderable substance. There is much that scientific men do not yet know about the nature of light; there is a material natural light, and a spiritual light. When men know all about material light, they will then turn their attention to the much greater subject of spiritual light. Everything has its light." We now, at Home's request, went into the next room and sat round the table; the room was dark with the exception of the light from the window. Home had that morning given me the bracelet as a present from his wife to Florence;—I had left it in the drawing room.

After we were seated in the small room, the attention of the spirits appeared principally directed to Dr. Gully. Home explained something to him about the muscles of his left side, and they gave him several strong electric shocks. Home seemed much pleased at this. "Oh," he said, "that was so beautifully done, they managed it so well, and it has answered admirably, and done you a great deal of good." Dr. Gully had also some messages from his daughter. I then felt that some one was standing near me, and I heard something moving about my head, and presently felt a substance brushed across my hair, and then placed upon my head. I asked if I might put up my hand and take it. Home said, "Wait a moment." The substance was then taken from off my head and passed across my hands on the table; and finally I distinctly felt a hand place the bracelet given to Florence by Sacha into my fingers. The hand pressed and patted my fingers. Sacha, speaking through Home, then addressed a few most touching and appropriate words to me, on the

subject of marriage ; after which we all heard a spirit move from beside me over to the window. Home got up, placed himself close to the window and said, "Sacha will try and make herself visible to you." Her form gradually became apparent to us ; she moved close to Home and kissed him. She stood beside him against the window intercepting the light as a solid body, and appeared fully as material as Home himself, no one could have told which was the mortal body and which was the spirit. It was too dark, however, to distinguish features ; I could see that she had her full face turned towards us, and that either her hair was parted in the middle, and flowed down over her shoulders, or that she had on what appeared to be a veil. She said, through Home, that she would try and appear to us as white light, and she did so, but the form was not nearly so distinct as when she stood as a dark substance against the window. Captain Smith asked me had I not intended to have been travelling that night ; I told him that such was my original intention, but that I had changed my plans some days ago. He said, "I know that, but it was not intended that you should travel to-night. I have no idea why you were prevented, but some day probably you will know. I was obliged (by his hand being taken possession of) the other day, to write down some questions ; I sealed them up and sent them to Dan ; some day you are to open and answer them, I think you will find something in them about it ; I have no idea what I wrote." Home also told me later that the spirits had not wished me to travel that night. Smith began talking to me about the *séance* in which the lemon was used, and said that he had been thinking deeply over it, and believed that there was an allegorical meaning attached to it. Home said, "Yes, there is, and in many things that we do, we frequently symbolise ; and are content to know that you will, by thinking for yourselves, find out the meaning : it is better so. We sometimes also do things the meaning or object of which we ourselves do not know ; we have our impulses the same as you. What meaning do you attach to the story of the lemon ?"

SMITH : "I consider the lemon to have represented

human nature, and the yellow flame that surrounded it our evil passions. The yellow flame devoured and destroyed all that was good in the lemon—the juice and the fragrance, representing all that is good in human nature; and it left the lemon vile and worthless. The red flame that then covered the lemon and restored it to its former excellence represented the Holy Spirit of God, by which alone our human nature, debased and destroyed by evil passions, can be restored to its natural purity and beauty.”

Home appeared much pleased, and said, “Yes, you have read the parable aright: the yellow flame was the fire of evil passions, and the pure bright red flame was the Spirit of God.” He then talked about the various colours in, and virtues of, different crystals, diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, &c., and what they symbolized. Adah Menken came and said through Home, “Many would think it horrible of such a one as I am to come to you now; but you, I know, think otherwise about me, and I must speak a word to you relative to the very important step you are about to take.” She spoke a little about my marriage, and said, “I will come again to-night; I want to have a long chat with you, and tell you some curious things that occurred at Adare.” When Home awoke he was rather astonished to find himself sitting in the small room, and Smith one of the party. He was entranced for nearly two hours, and was much exhausted. After the others had gone, my mother spoke to me through the alphabet about my intended marriage. She also spoke about Home going to Adare, one message I remember being: “*Mortals seek for knowledge; but when we give them the fruit of our studies, if it does not coincide with their preconceived ideas, we are classed as devils.*” Home was so weak that she could not make much use of him, and Adah Menken could not say anything that she had intended. The last message was: “*Dan, you are very weak; you must not sit for at least a week. We take away all power from you for that time.*” I forgot to say that on Monday night Home spoke in a trance to me about the difficulties in the way of mediumship and communicating. As well as I can remember, he said: “Very strange occurrences often take

place with undeveloped mediums; and you are naturally much puzzled by them. These things are allowed sometimes as wholesome trials, in order that the person may see how necessary it is to use judgment and reason, and to approach the subject with the greatest care. Mediumship is of very slow growth; people are too hasty, and expect to get everything at once. They are often also told things to make them persevere, spirits are so anxious to communicate, and it is such a joy to find people to communicate through, that they rush in, as it were, and try to encourage the medium by promises that apply rather to mediums in general, than to any one individually; promises also which may take years in their fulfilment, instead of days, as mortals in their impatience suppose. You think too much of the individuality of mediumship. Supposing a person is told that he is to be a great healer, that he is to go forth teaching the nations, and to be as a king among men; that person would consider it all as applying solely to himself: it applies rather to the whole subject, to all mediums. Mediums should be as kings, in the true sense of the word; they have a wonderful gift, a weighty responsibility, and they should, if possible, set themselves apart, and lead pure, simple, unworldly lives, that they may use their gift to the best advantage. This mistake as regards promises, *viz.*: supposing them to apply to a single individual instead of to mediums in general, is an important fact, bear it in mind. The discerning of spirits is important. Now if a dark, cold, low spirit came into the room Dan would know him and he could not stay; he would feel mean and out of place, and would have to go. Another person might not perceive what he was—to use a homely simile, it is something like a man making faces at you behind your back; he would not do so if he knew there was a mirror in which you could see him; when St. Paul spoke of discerning spirits, he did not mean seeing them only, but discerning the differences between them, judging between the pure and the impure. Living in any way in an atmosphere of deceit, holding *séances* on the sly, and having anything whatever underhand about it, is very bad



and is certain to produce a bad influence. Mediums while being developed must be very cautious, very prayerful, very guarded against deceit; very patient, humble, and quietly receptive of what may come to them; very careful and pure in life, for a calm and prayerful state of mind is necessary for the influx of a high spiritual influence, while lower influences can more easily impress themselves—are more in their element, as it were, with natures more disturbed, and less exalted and pure in mind and body. If those who are being developed as mediums will remember and act up to this, they will arrive at a state in which they will know at once the pure from the impure, and be able to judge of the influences about them.”

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[The following *séances* occurred at Adare Manor, and at Garinish, a cottage of my father's, on the coast of Kerry. For the sake of uniformity, I think it best to follow the same familiar style, using the first person, as in the previous communications. The *séances* recorded by my father are signed “D.”; those by me, “A.”<sup>1</sup>]

*No. 50.—Séance at Adare Manor, February 27th, 1869.*

Mr. Home arrived yesterday, and this evening our first *séance* took place. We sat in the gallery; the party consisting of my sister-in-law Mrs. Wynne, and her daughter, Major and Mrs. Blackburn, Hon. F. Lawless, Captain Wynne (Charlie), Mr. Home, Adare, and myself. During the *séance* there was a strong gale of wind, with heavy hail showers, and flashes of lightning. After a short time, vibrations and slight movements of the table occurred. Presently Mr. Home and Adare went to the end of the room, and sat at a small table and asked what had best be done. They received the following answer: “*The external atmosphere is not good. We are not sure that this room will be conducive. We wish all who remain in this*

<sup>1</sup> The *séances* recorded by the late Lord Dunraven are Nos. 50, 51, 55, 59 and a part of Nos. 56 and 57. [Ed.]

room to be in the circle. Go with your father and Fred Lawless to try another room." As Mr. Home and Adare were walking up the gallery to tell us, Adare said "I wonder if Charlie (Wynne) may come with us?" "Yes," was rapped on a table which they were passing at the moment.

We went to my study, and sat at a small table. Raps were heard, and Mr. Home soon went into a trance, and immediately rose up and walked about the room, seemingly in an uncomfortable state; his eyes were shut. He took the green shade off my reading lamp, and then bandaged his eyes; and after a few turns about the room, he came back to the table. He seemed attracted to Lawless. He placed his hand against the back of Lawless's neck, and pressed it. Lawless felt a sensation as if a hot stream flowed into him. Mr. Home then sat down; and, pointing emphatically at Lawless, said: "You have considerable powers; you have (or ought to have) large healing powers." He again walked about, and seemed very uncomfortable, conveying the impression that there was something unsatisfactory about the state of the room. He said: "The gallery is too large, and full of different influences, the chairs even have different influences; and then this room is too full of business and of figures." He went out into the hall; came back, and then went into the vestibule. On returning he took Adare out, and asked him to come and try the dining room. Adare said: "Why not try the room at the end of the passage?" (his mother's sitting room). They went down in the dark, Mr. Home finding the door, which Adare missed. They entered the room, and immediately Mr. Home said: "This is the room." He then quitted it, returned to where we were sitting, and taking me by the hand, he led the way rapidly back to the other room, and walked into the middle of it, Adare coming with us. It was pitch dark. "This," he said, "this is the room." We heard raps in different places. He then took my hand, returned to my study, and sat down. He addressed me in a loud whisper: "That is the room; you will put some flowers there in the morning, and have a fire in the afternoon. There will be a remark-

able manifestation up stairs; you will not know when it will happen. You may go to that old ruin on Wednesday night, or not later than Thursday. The men only are to go, the ladies would be frightened.<sup>1</sup> When Daniel comes back, go and sit up stairs." Mr. Home soon after awoke. At one time during his trance he was either elongated or raised off the ground, for, while standing close to the table, opposite to me, his head and the upper part of his figure were rapidly elevated several inches; the lower part was concealed by the table; this lasted only a few seconds.

As directed we went up stairs, and sat at the large table in the middle of the gallery. Miss Smith joined the circle; she became slightly hysterical and left the table, but soon returned. Fred Lawless became nearly similarly affected. Vibrations of the tables and chairs occurred, and the usual cold currents of air were perceived. Mr. Home and Adare felt some strong influence between them; the chair of the former was pulled back from one to two feet, and Mrs. Wynne's was half turned round. The table was tilted in different directions, and was at last raised about one foot off the ground. After this nothing more occurred.

D.

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*No. 51 Séance.—February 28th [1869].*

As directed last night, we sat in Lady Dunraven's sitting room. Present: Mrs. Wynne, C. Wynne, Lawless, Adare, Mr. Home and myself. The table was unsteady and creaky; we had very slight manifestations. After some time Mr. Home went into a trance; he seemed uncomfortable, and walked about, altering the position of the different chairs and articles of furniture; he objected to the large stuffed chairs on which we were sitting, and changed them: saying, that the springs in them had a bad effect. He drew down the blinds, and made movements with his hands and arms as if magnetizing about the room. He sat down near the fire, then taking out a coal, partly red

<sup>1</sup> We had been previously talking about going to the Abbey.

and partly black, he brought it and held it between Mrs. Wynne and me, as if showing it to us; then, without making any remark, he put it back in the fire. He held the coal by the black part, which, doubtless, was tolerably hot; yet, still the experiment could hardly be called an example of the fire test, such as was exhibited at Norwood, and is mentioned in No. 30. After this he rubbed and patted several of us on the back, and he pressed his head against me between the shoulders; I felt a warm current flowing from it. He then sat down, and said that the room was now in a much better state. After making a few observations he awoke. Raps were heard, and we were told to go and look for another table; Mr. Home, in order to know who should go with him, pointed to each in turn, and Adare and I were chosen. We went to the hall and the library, trying different tables without any result; on our return through the hall, we heard raps on a table as we were touching it, as we passed; so we took it with us. We sat at this table; but had only slight manifestations. We received this message, "*We are doing our best; we hope you will be patient.*" We asked, "How many spirits present?" and were told "*Nine.*" "How many that we have known?" "*Two.*" I expressed a hope that Dr. Elliotson would come, and we were talking about him when the following was given, "*He will visit the Abbey.*" After a short pause we received this message: "*The influence is against us; we mean the external atmosphere.*" And soon after the following: "*We think you had better try the same table you had last night.*" Upon this we adjourned to the gallery. We were joined by Miss Wynne, Miss Smith and Major Blackburn. The table vibrated, and raps were heard; but nothing remarkable took place.

During one of the periods when the table was vibrating, the manor clock struck twelve; the continuity of the vibration ceased, but at each stroke of the bell a vibration took place. When the last stroke had sounded, the continuity of the vibrations recommenced. Soon after this, the following message was given: "*We have done our best; but find it is impossible. May God bless you all.*" The