

word God was spelled by strong vibrations of the table ; we then adjourned. D.

No. 52.—*Séance, March 1st* [1869].

We had a *séance* at five p.m. Present : Major and Mrs. Blackburn, Mrs. Wynne, Miss Wynne, Miss Smith, Captain Wynne, Mr. Lawless, Home, and myself. Tolerably strong physical manifestations occurred. No messages were given, but the spirits present occasionally joined in our conversation by rapping "Yes" or "No ;" and they answered a few questions as to the number of spirits in the room, whose relatives they were, &c., &c., The table at which we were seated was moved, and raised in the air. A good-sized table standing at some little distance behind Home moved of itself ; and a chair behind me moved up to me of itself. Some one asked, "How many spirits are there present ?" Twenty raps were given. Miss Smith, having been requested to do so, asked if any of her relations were in the room. "Yes ;" was answered. "But," she said, "there are no relations of mine alive here ; no one is related to me." The answer was "WE ARE *the living.*" When leaving the room, Home told me he had a strong impression that Mrs. Wynne and myself were to sit with him alone sometime in the evening ; after dinner, accordingly, we three went and sat in my room round a large and tolerably heavy table. Immediately the influence became apparent by strong vibrations and raps on the table and floor. The room was at this time lighted by a bright fire and one candle. The following sentences were given with short intervals between them, there not being apparently sufficient power to enable the spirits to spell out by raps many words in succession : "*We are pleased to have you thus.*" "Alone ?" I asked. "Yes." "*Emily welcome.*" Home's hands were influenced, and he patted and stroked his chest.

The names were then given : "*Richard,*" "*James,*" "*John,*" "*Robert.*" "Is it Gore Booth ?" I asked. "No." We were speculating as to who these spirits could be, as

only one name was recognized by Mrs. Wynne, and none by me, Home began describing them; but Mrs. Wynne, not knowing that it was of any consequence, interrupted him, and he could not tell us who they were; he said however that we should know later. We now heard persons moving in different parts of the room. In order to be certain that we were not deceived, we asked that the sounds might be repeated three times; it was done as we requested. Home also said he saw various figures, but not with sufficient distinctness to be able to describe them. Raps were constantly heard on the table, floor, and furniture, and the spirits occasionally answered our questions. The table was moved about slightly, and raised off the ground. Home went into a trance, got up and walked about without speaking for some little time; by the attitude he assumed I perceived that "the Doctor" was influencing him. He came up to me and whispered, "Tell Dan not to eat so much sweet." Another influence then came over him; he walked about briskly, and seemed happy and pleased; he spoke in a loud voice somewhat to this effect: "As regards the *séances* you have been holding, it is most difficult for us to succeed. In the first place the external atmosphere is most unpropitious, neither have you approached the subject in a proper spirit and frame of mind. In whatever way you regard the subject, it is a most important one, and should not be treated with levity, but should be approached quietly and with earnest prayer. You are not sufficiently serious. Some are actuated by curiosity, some are wishing for one thing, others for something quite different; the aspirations are so various, it is almost as though you were praying to different gods: the influences are consequently all opposed to each other. You should come prayerfully, earnestly, not hoping for, or expecting, anything in particular; above all without levity. It is a solemn subject if you consider it to be a great discovery, calculated to throw light on hitherto hidden subjects, to overthrow many errors, and to be of great benefit to the human race. If you do not believe that we are what we pretend to be, and even consider us to be evil, still it is a subject

to be treated with solemnity, for you are communicating with beings or intelligences external to yourselves, different from you, and beyond your knowledge or control. The external influences also are very numerous and strange, and are all, as it were, touching and fingering Dan—wondering at him. It is quite new to them; they have never seen anything like it before, and they do not understand it. Some of them are so intensely anxious to communicate, to say something, others again do not at all approve of it, and would wish to prevent anything of the sort."

ADARE: "That is curious!"

Mrs. WYNNE: "Surely it would be more curious if they were all agreed."

HOME: (laughing) "Why, Adare, your aunt's notions are more correct than yours, although you have been at it so long; but then you spoke without thinking. Oh yes, indeed, some of them are very much opposed to it."

ADARE: "Will you give us any directions about our *séances*?"

HOME: "That is what we have been trying to find out, but it is difficult. You see if we pick out a few, then those who are left out are annoyed, and those who are chosen are sorry for the others who are disappointed, and are affected by their influence. It would be much better if you would settle among yourselves for some to sit one night and the others the next; we can tell you what combination answers best; we would sooner you settled it among yourselves, then there will be no unpleasant feeling." Home then put out the candle, and told me to help him to move the table; we placed it near the window and sat down. Soon after he awoke. There was a strong influence about the table, it vibrated and was lifted in the air, the cloth was raised apparently by hands moving under it, and I was touched on the knee by a hand; Home said he saw hands and figures. A hand came out from under the table, covered by the cloth and touched my left side, it remained there a few seconds and was then withdrawn. This message was given, "*I took it from my own dear boy to give to you my dear sister, take it.*"

We none of us understood to what this referred, till I noticed that a rose bud had been taken from my button-hole, however I made no remark. We heard something moving under the table, and the cloth was raised, as if by a hand, near Mrs. Wynne. At Home's suggestion, she put her hand down, and the rose was placed in it. A flower in Home's button-hole was then jerked out across the table, and fell by me. I asked who it was for, the answer was, "*For you to give to your father with love.*" This message was then given, "*Your happiness is ours.*" Then this, "*We would fain manifest ourselves more powerfully.*"

While this last message was being given, the table was raised gently off the floor and moved up and down three times in the air, then raised again a little higher, and again moved up and down; in this manner it was, without ever touching the floor, raised six or seven times, a little higher on each occasion, until it was about three feet above the floor. I have never seen a table sustained in the air for so long a time. Mrs. Wynne remarked that it was delightful to have no bad influence present, when we had this message: "*Prayer to God will protect.*" The table then began moving on the floor in a circle, and the following was given: "*The love of God encircling you round and about.*" Subsequently this was spelled out: "*We love the symbol of faith;*" and the table was raised in the air, and twice made the sign of the cross. A perfume, as of dried rose leaves and some aromatic substance, was wafted across us and the message given: "*We must now go.*"
A.

No. 53.—Tuesday, March 2nd [1869].

On the afternoon of the 2nd I was seated by the fire in my room reading; Home was writing at the long table. Suddenly the round table, starting from the window, moved a distance of six or eight feet, and placed itself against the end of the long table. We both heard a sound as of a bell tinkling. Home began speaking about the spirit

present, and while doing so went into a trance. He said, "Oh, he is very strange and restless, he is a monk." I asked, "Is that sound of the bell the same as I heard last night?" "Yes; he was here last night, and says you ought to have heard him. He has never been here before, that is, not since this house has been built. The sound of the bell is the same also as you heard outside the house to-day with Dan, only it is more concentrated now." I asked what the meaning of the sound was, "Ah, he was a monk. He seems to have committed some crime and then to have said mass, and the crime weighed heavier on his conscience in consequence." A dagger was then violently knocked off the table to the other side of the room. I was not looking at Home at the moment and cannot say whether he struck it or not. "Oh," he said, "he cannot bear the sight of that." A large pair of scissors were then dashed on to the floor from off the round table, no one being near it. Home said, "He cannot bear anything sharp and pointed; Ah, he is trying to pick up the scissors, but he cannot touch them because they have, as you see, fallen in the shape of a cross. Ah, poor fellow, he says he will not hurt you, he would not stop a minute here, but that he sees you do not hate and despise him; he will do you no harm, but you must not mind his being rough and abrupt in his manner. He does not wish you to speak about this to the others, but he wants you, Charlie, and Dan, to come here to-night; he has something to say; he does not like those *séances* down stairs, he is not pleased. He cannot speak to you himself, he can scarcely make manifestations; he talks old Irish. He is the same spirit that Fred saw,¹ he was stripped of his gown and appeared to have on a blanket."

On the same afternoon, or the day before, I forget which, Mr. Lawless, Home, and myself were seated on the bed in

¹ This alluded to Mr. Lawless, having told us, while on a visit here last winter, that he had seen a ghost or spirit in the castle. I did not pay much attention to his statements, supposing it to have been some illusion on his part.

my room; Charlie Wynne was sitting by the fire. We heard raps on the table, and a sound as of a hand brushing on the wall, and the bed vibrated. A.

No. 54.—*Séance, March 2nd* [1869].

Present:—Mrs. and Miss Wynne, Mrs. and Major Blackburn, Miss Smith, Captain Wynne, Mr. Lawless, Home, and myself. This evening we sat at a table in the gallery; very slight physical manifestations occurred, which soon ceased, and after waiting some time, the party broke up. Mrs. Blackburn, Miss Wynne, Captain Wynne, Mr. Lawless, and Home went up to my room to try there. I followed them in about a quarter of an hour. Before I arrived they had a message to the effect that the spirits would do more if they could; afterwards we had the usual manifestations, currents of air, vibrations, raps, tilting of the table, which was on two occasions also raised in the air. At one time, Miss Wynne, Home, and I heard a very singular rumbling and rolling sort of sound in the air behind us, which was repeated three times. We saw hands (apparently) moving under the table cloth; and Mrs. Blackburn, Home, and I were touched. Mrs. Blackburn's dress was sharply pulled two or three times, as was also Miss Wynne's; we all saw and heard it. Mrs. Blackburn was slightly under influence, and became a good deal agitated. Home went into a trance; walked about, and described to Mrs. Blackburn two spirits that were standing behind her magnetizing her and causing the agitation she felt. He said, "They will do you no harm, but on the contrary what they are about is for a good object; one of them magnetized you in the same way this afternoon, but there are now two, and it is consequently stronger. The influence about you is very good, but very strong, you could hear raps at night now." Mrs. Blackburn said, "Oh, please don't!" Mr. Home replied, "Oh, no; don't be nervous, they will not do it; they know it would frighten you, and they will never do that; but the time will come when you will not be frightened at it." Going

to Mr. Lawless, he said, "You really must have more command over your nerves, if you cannot control them you must not come to *séances*; you will get more and more hysterical, and it will do you physical harm; you had better go away for a few minutes." Then turning to me, he said, "You did not do what you promised last night. He is here; you know who I mean." I replied, "Yes, I know; but Dan said last night that he had an impression that Mrs. Wynne and I were to sit with him; and I could not do what I promised." Home said, "You might have done so afterwards; however it is perhaps as well that you did not, for you might have attributed Dan's illness to that. He is still here; he is not pleased." I asked, "Would it do as well to-night, or to-morrow?" Home replied, "No; he says he will come unexpectedly again as he did the first time. Oh yes, he knows that you did not forget, he does not blame you, but he is not pleased; he is very much annoyed at these sittings down stairs." Home then opened the window, and appeared to be debating as to whether he should go out or not. He shut the window and said, "You will not let us do it; you have not sufficient faith." He then sat down and awoke. We had a few more physical manifestations, the last being that Home's chair was drawn away from the table.

A.

No. 55.—*Séance, March 3rd* [1869].

This *séance* was held in Adare's room. Present:—Mrs. Wynne, Adare, Mr. Home, and myself. Soon after we were seated, Mr. Home went into a trance. He got up and walked about, remarking that the influence was good, and that Mrs. Wynne's influence was very pleasant. He went to the door, opened it, and said, "Ah, here is that strange spirit that came to Ashley House—Thomas, your father's friend—he is very eccentric; he says he wants to recall some conversation to your father." I said, "I hope he will do so." Adare observed that if he exhibited the same curiously abrupt and undecided manner that he did

at Ashley House (*vide* No. 44, p. 163), he would probably say nothing, at any rate this night." Home said, "Oh, that was his manner; he is very eccentric." He then walked up to Mrs. Wynne, and made passes over her head, and held it between his hands, and told her that her circulation was bad (which it is), and that her liver was out of order.

He pointed to me saying, "Your influence is very good for physical manifestations; you must not think that you are any impediment to their occurrence." I had been fancying that probably my presence was rather adverse, and consequently I was unwilling to attend the *séance*; but I had not mentioned this to Home. He then gave Adare directions about the table. "You will place it near the window; your father will sit next to Daniel, you on his other side, then Mrs. Wynne, leaving a vacant space next to the window." We then commenced talking about his having had apparently some idea of going out of the window last night (*vide* No. 54), and were discussing as to whether there was any real danger in his doing so; some saying they would be nervous, while others, myself among them, said we should feel no anxiety whatever as to his safety; upon which he remarked, "They will take care and see when the conditions are right; there need be no fear." He then spoke about one of the *séances* which had been held when he was not present, and said, "We do not approve of it at all; it is all wrong; the whole thing is in confusion. That sentence about B—and the wicked devil is not right; there is no wicked devil in that sense. We do not wish to enter into any explanation, we only tell you that it is all wrong." Turning to Mrs. Wynne, Mr. Home said, "John says he is coming to you to-night, and that he wants to try and put his hand in yours." Soon after this he sat down and awoke. He spoke during his trance in a loud whisper.

We took the table over to the window and seated ourselves as we had been directed. We soon heard a number of very delicate raps, like a continuous stream of little electrical sparks, which lasted for a short time; they were barely audible without placing the ear close to the cloth

which covered the table. We then felt vibrations, and heard raps of different kinds, chiefly on the table, but some dull sounds like knocks, occurred elsewhere. We had extinguished the candles, but the fire gave sufficient light to see near objects well, and distant ones faintly. In the recess of the window was a large box or chest with papers and other things lying upon it; one could see them, without being able clearly to distinguish what they were. The alphabet being called for, the following messages were given, with short intervals between them, during which there were frequent raps: "*God be with you. Your father Thomas Gould. You must not think we fear the cross, we love it, we also love God.*" "*We are allowed to pray for you and watch over you.*" Soon after several loud raps or knocks were heard, and the name "*John Wynne*" was spelled out. About this time there were movements and sounds about the papers on the box, and Mrs. Wynne's dress was touched. Presently we had the following message: "*Could you but know the reality of my identity, and the unaltered and unalterable love I bear you, I well know it would be a source of joy to you. I have not sent you messages, for the reason that you could have no means of distinguishing the certainty of my personality.*"¹ I then said, "To whom is this message sent," and the answer was, "*You, my own.*" I added, "I should like to know the name of the spirit," and was answered, "*Augusta.*" At this point some interruption seemed to occur. Mrs. Wynne's dress was visibly and audibly moved about, and Mr. Home several times saw a hand; the slight sounds about the papers on the box recurred. Presently, Mr. Home's feet were moved and placed upon mine; strong movements of his arms and legs took place; his hands appeared to be drawn about in different directions, and rather violently agitated. After these movements had

¹ This message clearly referred to my having several times lately remarked upon the fact, that no message had, I believe, been sent to me on any occasion during the previous *séances* in London or elsewhere, by the spirit who would most naturally under the circumstances have done so—which fact I had used as an argument bearing upon a particular view of the whole subject.

ceased, he said, "I feel a hand on me, pressing against my chest; and now it has, I think, taken the flowers from my button-hole." The idea came into my mind that perhaps these flowers were intended for me; I quietly laid one hand open upon my knee. Almost immediately a flower was placed very delicately in it. I then felt another flower, and tried to grasp the hand holding it, but did not succeed; it seemed to vanish, leaving the flower in my hand. Some curious manifestations now took place. The cloth on the table was lifted up, fully six inches, as by a hand. This occurred along the side next the window several times. Mr. Home saw the hand. Mrs. Wynne became nervous, which was to be regretted, as she might probably have felt the hand as had been told her at the commencement of the *séance*. There were vibrations and tiltings of the table, and various kinds of raps. Presently, the alphabet was called for, and the following given: "*Even should we be taken to a distant heaven, would it not be our greatest joy to fly as the—*" Here the message stopped; and we heard a rustling sound about the box in the window, which lasted two or three minutes. Adare said, "I am sure I know what this means." My hand was on my knee. I suddenly felt something touch it, which I laid hold of, and drew out from under the table; it was an arrow. We then re-commenced the alphabet; and the word "*descends*" was given, thus finishing the sentence: "*as the arrow descends.*" During this manifestation, as also when the flowers were being placed in my hand, Mr. Home was sitting quite still, with both his hands on the table. A sheet of paper was lying on the edge of the table next the window, on which a pencil was placed. We presently saw the pencil moving about on the paper. Mr. Home saw the fingers holding it. Adare noticed it also, more than once, but of an undefined form.

We now heard something moving upon the box by the window, and a heavy substance fell near Adare's feet. Some of us at the same moment perceived a decided smell of brandy. Adare said, "I know what it is." The following message was then given: "*You must not take for your cold stimulants.*" Adare asked if he was to take

none at all. The answer was by two raps, meaning, "perhaps," or "a little." We afterwards found that it was Adare's flask which had been thrown under the table. On examining it no brandy appeared to have escaped. Soon after this a curious manifestation occurred about the table, just like the sound and motion of the vibration on board a steamer. This was succeeded by the following message: "*We deeply regret, but we have no more power. God abide with you.*" During this beautiful *séance*, which lasted nearly two hours, the table was twice raised up from a foot to eighteen inches. The messages were spelled partly by raps and partly by tilts of the table. I was touched on two occasions, rather delicately, on the knee. The whole *séance* was quiet, soothing, and very impressive.

D.

No. 56.—*Séance, March 4th* [1869].

Present:—Major and Mrs. Blackburn, Miss Wynne, Lawless, Charlie Wynne, Home, my father, and myself. We sat in my room, which was lighted by one candle and the fire. After sitting for some time without any movement of the table or other indication of influence, Home went into a trance. He got up, said in a low voice to me "We have put Dan into a trance to try and equalize the atmosphere, we wish to make manifestations," and after walking about the room magnetizing it commenced speaking in a singularly soothing tone of voice, his conversation being principally addressed to Mrs. Blackburn. "There are two Elizabeths—who are they? And Isabella—she seems to have taken care of you, John, when you were young. There is a spirit present with whom you were acquainted, he is lame; you do not remember the name now, but you probably will hereafter. Who was Margaret Henderson? (no one answered). Ah, your mother would know, ask her; she will remember about her. Talk, go on talking to each other, your minds are much too positive; the human mind is like a barrier to us. Your minds now are all intent, and it makes such a confusion that I can-

not see and find out what I want; it is like looking through a shrubbery with all the branches in motion: I cannot make out clearly what there is on the other side." Mrs. Blackburn becoming slightly under influence and agitated, he stood behind her and calmed her, saying, "You must not mind it, they will do you no harm; when on earth they would not have hurt you, why should they now? You must have trust; but even if you have not confidence in them, you know that God protects you from all evil—have trust in him. Should it seem unpleasant and even evil to you, remember that God's ways are not our ways; and out of what is apparently evil, much good may come; that which you might at first consider bad, may turn out to be the greatest good to you. It is the influence that came over Dan when we put him into a trance that affected you; it was so strong—that is all." Standing near Miss Wynne he said, "There are two Windhams here, two young men, Windham Gould and Windham Quin." Touching Charlie Wynne on the shoulder he said, "Charlie, Robert says he has not forgotten his promise, he will keep it, but he has not been able to do so yet; he is going to Emmy." Home then walked about the room and said, "When Maria has sufficient faith and is willing to be developed for the good of others, she will go into trances." Mrs. Blackburn requested my father to ask Home if it was necessary that she should be willing. Home said, "Do not be frightened, nothing will be done to harm you, when you have sufficient faith in God's protecting power,—when you can say, 'Thy will not mine be done,'—when you are anxious for it for the benefit of others, and to advance the truth, then it will come to you; until then the fact of your being unwilling, of your mind being opposed, would prevent it. Oh, there is a Mary (or Maria) here, I like her so much. Dear me! she has such a curious way of smiling—she smiles with her mouth only, she is very timid. There is also a man who appears to have been shot; who can he be? Was he your grandmother's uncle? He seems to have been in a naval engagement. Although Mary is so timid, Maria, she is your principal guardian spirit; there is a miniature or

portrait of her, with some peculiarity in the dress, do you know it?" Mrs. Blackburn replied, "No." Home said, "Ah, well there is one, at any rate there is a black cut profile of her. There is an Alexander present." Home went on for some time speaking about the spirits in the room, and then stood behind my father and told us all to talk; while we were talking, he whispered to him, "You should not fast much." He said, "I do not really fast at all." Home added, "Your brain is very active and is wearing the vital powers, and you should take nourishing food—fasting materially would be bad, but spiritually would be good for you." Home soon after awoke. A.

After this we remained sitting for an hour and a quarter without any manifestations whatever. Mr. Home said several times, "I feel a strong influence all about me; it is strange that there are no physical manifestations." At last I proposed that some of the party should leave the room, being certain that something must be wrong. Blackburn and I went away. Mr. Home remarked, "A few moments will shew whether their presence was the obstruction." Still no manifestations. He then said, "Charlie, do you and Lawless go, and send the others back." Lawless went with the greatest reluctance. The door had hardly closed when there were cold currents, vibrations, and raps. I returned, and was scarcely seated, when the alphabet was called for, and this message given: "*We love Freddy, but he is not in a state of mind or body conducive to manifestations.*" Wynne fetched the accordion. Mrs. Blackburn was very soon after touched on the dress, and something became plainly visible moving under the table cloth, along the edge of the table, raising up the cloth several inches, as would be done were a hand and arm [underneath it].¹ The hand was visible on the cloth to Mr. Home, and I once faintly perceived it. It touched Mrs. Blackburn's hand. This manifestation was repeated different times. I was touched on the ankle, and several times on the knee. Miss Wynne's dress was strongly pulled. The

¹ This sentence is incomplete in the original edition. The general meaning is however clear. [Ed.]

table was beautifully raised in the air, by three successive lifts, to the height of eighteen inches or two feet. Mr. Home then took the accordion, holding it under the edge of the table with one hand, the other resting on the table; soon after it began to sound, it played with considerable power as well as great delicacy, something like a voluntary, with airs introduced. Then there were sounds like echoes, so fine, as to be scarcely audible. The accordion was drawn out towards Mrs. Blackburn, but not put into her hand. I expressed a wish that it might be played without being held by Mr. Home, upon which he withdrew his hand, placing it on the table; the instrument was just touching the under edge of the table, where it remained, as it were, suspended. It began playing very gently. He clapped his hands several times to shew that he was not touching it. The playing soon ceased, and he took it again. Some notes sounded out of tune, and I said, "either wrong notes are played in the chord, or the accordion is out of tune." "*Out of tune*" was rapped out on the instrument. It played again very finely, and with the tremolo effect, which struck me exceedingly. I asked, "Will you tell us who is playing"; two raps were given, implying doubt. Presently the alphabet was called for, and the following given: "*Remember that*;" and then "*Oft in the stilly night*" was softly played. When one recalls the words:—

Oft in the stilly night, ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Fond memory brings the light of other days around me, &c.

how touching the message becomes, and how beautiful the mode of representing it.¹ I then again asked, "Will you not tell us the name of the spirit who has been playing." The letters "*a-u-g*" were rapped out by my being touched delicately on the knee. I guessed the completion of the word, saying, "Is it Augusta?" and I was touched, "*Yes*." I then asked whether it would be possible for the organ to be played if the bellows were filled, and the reply "*Perhaps*," was given. I said, "I can identify the player

¹ This air was, long ago, one of my greatest favourites.

from a particular circumstance." Some one remarked, "Is it from what was played, or by the expression?" "No," I replied, when Adare said, "Is it from the imitation of the tremolo?" "Yes," I replied, "that reminded me immediately of the organ;" upon which the following was instantly rapped out, by my being again touched on the knee: "*You are right my own.*" Soon after this we all heard strong sounds which proceeded seemingly from a large oblong writing table, which stood several feet from us; we could perceive it moving; it stopped within a foot of our table, which then moved up to it. We heard first one and then another drawer opened, on the side of the table farthest from us, and a rustling sound as if stirring papers. After a short pause, the following sentence was given, partly, if not wholly, (I forget which) by tilting the table: "*We must cease, but not before praying God to bless you.*" We then adjourned. During the sitting the table was again lifted in the beautiful manner before mentioned, reminding me very much of the action of the bellows of the organ while being filled; and it is very remarkable that this occurred, as will be seen in the foregoing description, just before the playing commenced. D.

Having left my room, Home and I went down to the smoking room. While he was speaking to me he broke off suddenly in the middle of a word with a violent start and went into a trance. Major Blackburn at that moment came into the room, and witnessed what occurred. Home jumped up, caught me by the hand, beckoned to Major Blackburn to follow, and led us up to my room in a great hurry. On opening the door, he said (apparently to some spirit in the room), "Oh, please do not do that!" He then drew out the long writing table, placed it near the window, put two chairs in front of the fire, and hung a blanket over them to exclude the light; then placed a chair at each end of the table for us, and one for himself at the side of the table opposite the window and the drawers. He drew out one of the drawers and placed a piece of paper and a pencil in it; then sitting down, he said, "Listen!" I listened, and distinctly heard the sound

of a pencil writing on a piece of paper in the open drawer ; the word written was finished by three dots. Home then threw himself back in his chair and said, " Oh, she is so thankful that your father has seen what he has ! " He began to sob violently, and calling me over to him, he grasped my hand, and said, " Oh, my darling I am so glad that he has seen something ; I wish he could have been here now, but the conditions happened to be favourable at this moment, and we could not wait. You will give him the paper on which I have written, and the pencil ; the pencil must be kept ; it may be used again, but only at Adare. There was a spirit here when you came in, who damaged the conditions a little, and the writing is in consequence not very firm ; the pencil point also broke, and the last letters are not quite distinct ; the colour of the pencil is typical of my love—pure, deep, and everlasting." The pencil was a red one, and the word written was "*Augusta.*" Home, on being asked afterwards about his going so suddenly into a trance, said, " I can remember being in the smoking room, and seeing two spirits enter by the door ; rapidly approaching, one of them stretched out his hand towards me, and I immediately lost consciousness." A.

No. 57.

It was now nearly 10 p.m., and my father, Charlie Wynne, Home and I went to the Abbey ; we walked up the church, and stood near the altar. Home shortly went into a trance. He took off a white comforter that he wore round his neck, and tied it over his head, and began walking with rapid measured strides up and down the church. By the expression of his face, by his gestures, and by his moaning, he appeared to be in great agony of mind. As he walked he made (with his mouth, I think) a sound that appeared to us closely to resemble that of a man walking in sandals or wooden shoes, upon a tiled or stone floor. His head became luminous, as did also his hands. This occurred twice ; the second time more faintly.

An owl flew round the church screeching; I attributed the noise to Home, but as he passed me he said in a most awful voice, "No, it is not so;" and as he repassed, he added, "You were mistaken." He kneeled upon the ground occasionally, waved his arms above his head, and appeared in great distress. He came up to us and, in a frightened tone of voice, said, "Oh, come away—come away!" and led us down to the other end of the church. He walked about a little longer, then, taking my father's arm, he said, "Do you see that tomb-stone with the light shining upon it? It would be better, aye, ten million times better, to lie there in the cold dark clay, than to spend years upon years, every moment of which is an eternity, in wandering here." Raising his hands above his head, he added, "oh, I am so weary—so weary!" Soon after this he awoke. He was rather nervous, and said to me, "Who is that man standing by the window? Is it Lord Duncraven?" He seemed quite astonished when he found we were all near him, and that none of us could see the figure.

During the rest of the time we remained in the Abbey, Home was entranced, I suppose, four or five times, and even in the intervals, when he was awake and knew where he was and what he was doing, he was under a very strong influence. He stood talking to us for a few minutes, and then said, "The figure is beckoning to me. I am quite awake and not the least nervous; I must go." He accordingly moved towards the window and we followed him at a short distance. He left the church by the choir door, and went beyond the low broken wall, saying that he saw the figure standing against a portion of the ruins, at some little distance from where we were standing. I saw a dark shadow against the wall, and I saw a light flash from it as distinctly as if some one had struck a match there; Charlie Wynne said he saw the light flash at the same moment that I did; my father saw the light also, but faintly. Home walked towards the spot where he said the figure was standing, he went behind the wall, and remained out of sight for some minutes; when he reappeared there was somebody, or something with him, that is to say, I could clearly perceive some substance moving alongside of

him as he walked. Presently we all saw him approaching, and evidently raised off the ground, for he floated by, in front of us at a height which carried him over the broken wall, which was about two feet high. There could not be a better test of his being off the ground, for as he crossed the wall, his form was not in the least raised, but the movement was quite horizontal and uniform. The distance that we saw him thus carried, must have been at least 10 or 12 yards.

He then came back to us and we found he was in a trance. He directed our attention to an old doorway near us, saying, "He is there; he is laying a stone; you will hear the sound of a trowel." We listened and heard indistinct sounds; I cannot say that they resembled the sound of laying a stone. Home then awoke, and said that he remembered that, before he went into the trance, he had been walking about with a man dressed like a friar in a brown gown; that they had been talking together, but that he did not know what he had said to him; that this spirit (the friar) was unable to leave the earth; that he and the spirit had both been raised in the air by some other strong influence. He described the spirit as leaning on his shoulder. He soon left us, and apparently was again engaged in conversation with this spirit. He then returned, and spoke to us. This he repeated two or three times, being sometimes in a trance and sometimes awake when he addressed us. Finally, while in the trance, he led us back into the church, kneeled on the ground, apparently in prayer, two or three times, and then began walking up and down the church, raising his hands above his head, and saying, "Oh, how good! Oh, how good!" He then came up to us, and told us that the spirit would be better and happier for something that he had said or done that night, after which he awoke. He said that he saw a figure in the air between us and the window. Charlie Wynne and I both saw a shadow move across the window. We then returned home.

It is a fact worthy of notice that although the night was perfectly calm, the birds appeared to be in a singularly disturbed state; owls were flitting about, and some

other bird flew several times round the church, screaming harshly. Besides night birds, ordinary birds (judging by the sounds) were flying about; and at one time, just as Home said he saw the figure enter a clump of trees at some distance from us, a bird seemed to fly out, chirping. We heard in the church a sound as of a bird flying round whistling, and Home, being then in a trance, appeared as if following it about, and endeavouring to catch it. I could see nothing, and do not know whether it was a real bird or not.

A.

Accurate as is the foregoing account of this strange scene, it would be difficult, indeed impossible, to convey by any description, a just idea of its solemnity. When we entered the ruins the night was quite dark and very still. We walked quietly up the nave and choir, and stood for some little time near the east window. Scarce a word was spoken. We had not the least idea what sort of manifestations were likely to occur. While Mr. Home was walking about, what with the deep tones of the voice so utterly unlike his own—the occasional moans and utterances of sounds of pain or distress—his disappearing in the gloom and reappearing again—the light shining around his head and upon his hands, which were occasionally lifted as if in prayer, and were thus visible when the rest of the figure was lost in darkness; his attitudes, sometimes kneeling, at others as if searching for something near the ground—the strange sounds which we heard, particularly a sort of chirping or unearthly whistling, which seemed to proceed from him, and the startling screams made by some bird, but what bird we had not light enough to identify; the effect produced upon us was most thrilling, and one which we are not likely soon to forget. Before leaving the Abbey the light from the moon, just about to rise, enabled us to see objects; the sky too had become clear, and the stars shone out, while an air of calmness and peace pervaded the scene, producing a most soothing effect upon our minds.

D.

We had supper in the hall upon our return. While talking, a curious rushing or rumbling noise was heard that we could not account for, and my father felt his chair vibrating. Home went into a trance, and told us to follow him into the gallery. We did so, and at his request stood near the piano, while he sat down at the instrument. The piano vibrated strongly. Home played a powerful and impressive chant, and then commenced speaking of the joys and sorrows of our life, telling us how they (the spirits) sympathized with us. He described what he was speaking of on the piano, playing discords for the sorrows and trials of life, and harmony for the joys. He said, "There is a merry spirit here who rejoices that you have done good," and he played a lively air. He added, "They made that rushing noise you all heard down stairs, to testify their happiness that you have all done a good action in going to the Abbey to-night," (turning to my father), "It was your father and your brother who shook your chair in the hall." He then began speaking about the immeasurable goodness and greatness of God, and finally rose up, stood in the middle of the room, and delivered a very beautiful prayer in the most impressive and earnest manner. He then awoke. It was past three o'clock.

A.

No. 58.—*Séance, March 5th* [1869].

This evening, one of the ladies who had previously been much interested in the subject of Spiritualism, was seized with a sudden and unaccountable idea that the whole thing was either demoniacal in its origin or imposture, and that it was her duty to denounce it. She did so in such unmeasured terms that she succeeded in thoroughly disquieting the minds of more than one of our party. After dinner we had a *séance* in my room: present, Mrs. and Miss Wynne, Major and Mrs. Blackburn, Charlie Wynne, my father, Home and myself. We had scarcely any physical manifestations, but shortly after sitting down we received the following message:—"The conditions are

not so favourable this evening;" my father asked if the conditions were affected by any one in the circle, the answer was, "No." We soon after obtained the following communication, having reference probably to a conversation that had taken place that afternoon on Spiritualism, and its effect upon religion:—"We do not bid, or even wish, you to have faith in us, we only come to proclaim immortality, and the reality and nearness of the spiritual world."¹ Home soon went into a trance, and walked about the room, magnetizing it; he stood by Mrs. Wynne, and said, "Your brother Windham is near you and wishes to kiss you, his mouth is close to your forehead, but you are nervous and that prevents it; he will come again presently and will do it if he can." Home now sat down and spoke somewhat as follows:—"The conditions are not affected by any one in particular in the circle, but by the disturbed and agitated state of your minds; a good many unpleasant things have occurred to-day and have caused this. The possibility of our communicating with you is much affected by the condition of your minds; a calm and prayerful state is absolutely necessary for the approach of a high spiritual influence, while in an unsettled and irritated condition you become easy of access to the lower and less pure influences.

"The human mind in its natural beauty is calm, and casts a holy and peaceful influence on all near it; it is then like a lovely flower, not only beautiful to the eye, but affecting all around with its delicious fragrance. But, when disturbed and terrified by fears and doubts, the beauty of the mind and its fragrance are destroyed, resembling the same flower crushed and unable any longer to shed abroad its sweet and natural odours. The present disturbed condition of some among you has a much wider effect than you would suppose; as, if you drop a stone into the placid waters of a lake, the ripples will spread out gradually widening and widening until they have passed over a large portion of its surface; so, in like manner,

¹ Some interruption occurred, which prevented the words after "*immortality, and,*" being written down; the remainder is supplied from memory, and is believed to be correct.

the waves emanating from your minds have a wide-spread influence upon the atmosphere around you." Home spoke to us for some time very beautifully in a soothing tone of voice; he deprecated the idea that spirits wished to interfere in matters of religion. "Do we," he said, "set ourselves up as teachers, or tell you to love God less, or to be uncharitable? Do we interfere with the every-day walk of life?" He spoke in this strain for some little time, then saying, "the conditions are getting a little more favourable," he arose, went to the door, opened it, and appearing to invite some one to enter, led the person up to Mrs. Blackburn, saying to her as he did so, "He cannot come fast." During the address Mrs. Blackburn had become slightly under influence; Home took no notice of it at the time, but he now stood by her making passes, and calmed her. He spoke to her very beautifully and earnestly on the subject of the power she possessed of being developed as a medium. He entreated her to have trust, not in them (the spirits) but in God; he begged her to repeat after him "Thy will be done," and he seemed much pleased when she did so. He said, "Do you remember to whom these words apply? 'And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief!'" "Yes," she said, "they refer to Christ." "Then, if the highest and mightiest power had this difficulty to contend with, namely, their unbelief, how much more must it affect us. Oh, have faith and trust." Home then sat down and addressed us on the same subject of mediumship, drawing a simile from an account my father had been giving us of a fortnight he had spent in Quarantine, in a place just like a prison. He spoke somewhat as follows: "Dunraven has been telling you how he spent some time shut up, deprived of the society of his friends. Now if you were in prison, knowing that your friends were without, separated from you only by a great impassable wall, would you not yearn—oh, so earnestly—to send them a few words of love; then if you found some one who was capable of carrying a message for you, would you not think it a little hard if that person refused. Although you might know that your message would be distorted and

confused by passing through the hands of a third person, that you could not possibly say all that you would wish ; still would you not be intensely anxious to send—if only one word—to testify of your existence to your sorrowing and weeping friends. It is so with us ; there is between us and you a great barrier, through the portals of which we have passed ; we yearn to send a few words of love to the dear ones we have left beyond it, and when we find some one who could carry that message, is it not just a little hard that they should be unwilling to do so." (Turning to Mrs. Blackburn), "Do you not love your children ? Will you not ever love them, even when you have passed away ? Think then of others—be not selfish—God is not selfish in his love for us, trust in Him." Home got up and whispered to my father, "You ought to have taken some nourishing food to-day," (the day was Friday). He then came to me and said, "Go to the Castle to-night, we may not be able to make any manifestations, but it will do good ; you will go to the Abbey to-morrow night—ah, but it will rain !" he went to the window, looked out and said, "No, it will do, you will go after twelve o'clock, do not have any *séance* before you go ; the external influence is not very good for your nerves." Home now walked about the room making a sound as of kissing some one, he then sat down and awoke. Subsequently the manifestations were slight, and we got the message : "*We think it better to reserve the power till later.*" We then adjourned.

Soon after, we proceeded to the Castle, Home and I walking a little in advance of the others. On the way he became under influence. As we neared the Abbey I saw a whitish shadow pass from the ruin into a clump of trees, Home said, "That is the same spirit you saw there the other night, you observe that he is much whiter." Home ran forward on the road jumping apparently with delight, and when he came back said, "I was made to do that to shew you that he is much happier." When we were about half-way between the Abbey and the Castle, Home said, "It all looks peopled, they are more real to me than those," turning and pointing to the rest of the

party, who were a few yards behind. He now became completely entranced, and said, "Spirits are sometimes compelled to revisit places that they were much connected with when on earth. It may not be exactly a punishment; they may be occupied about many other things, but at certain seasons they are drawn by an irresistible impulse to revisit such places. Now, supposing you had an estate, and the people on the neighbouring property differed from you in opinions or belief, and you gathered your people together and fought against them, destroying property and even life; that would be all very well for a time, but then you know there comes the passing away, and you see clearly all the evil you have done, and the misery you have caused. Such a man was Oliver Cromwell. Of course, where a man errs through ignorance, and acts up to the best of his knowledge and ability, it is a different thing, but so many men are actuated by a desire for renown and singularity; there is as much pride in wishing to appear different from other men as there is in being over anxious to conform exactly to them, the Quaker, who puts on that peculiar costume is in reality as vain as the fop who dresses himself in the height of fashion." We now entered the Castle, and Home led us over the drawbridge into the inner court, being still in a trance. He bandaged his eyes with a handkerchief, saying, "There is too much light." My father observed, "Yes, it is brighter than it was at the Abbey." Home replied, in rather a sharp tone of voice, "Oh, not that sort of light; but there is too much for Daniel's eyes." He walked about, and up and down the steep slope leading to the vaults without any difficulty, and then went into the vault, where it was quite dark. We heard a noise; I was at some distance from him, but my father, thinking that he had tumbled down the steps, and hearing the splash of something in the well, went forward to the door feeling for him, and touched his hand. Home said, "You think that Daniel fell and was hurt, oh, no; he would not be hurt even were he to fall from the top of the tower; they are here, and want to make themselves visible." My father heard raps under his feet which I could not

hear, as I was several yards distant; he also heard a sound like drops of water falling, and on two occasions observing that three consecutive drops fell, sounding like three raps, he said, "That is water." Home replied, in rather a contemptuous tone of voice, "No; does water answer questions." Charlie Wynne asked if Dr. Elliotson was present; and three heavy thumps were heard above, as if on the ground over the vault. Home then came out, climbed up on the parapet wall, and remained there some time, being generally concealed from us by the ivy; when he returned, he led my father a little in advance of us, saying, "He is trying to speak to you." My father could neither see nor hear anything; but I saw a faint light against the wall, and heard indistinct sounds as of some one trying to articulate. Charlie Wynne also saw the light. Mrs. Blackburn asked Home if the spirit was happy. "No," he said; "but unhappy in a way you cannot understand, he is in a kind of way, happy in his unhappiness; he is not exactly going through a punishment, but he has a great work to do—a work that he can—(drawing himself up, and speaking in a proud determined tone of voice)—aye, and that he *will* accomplish; he says he wishes to like you, Dunraven, and to be of service to you; but he does not quite feel as if he was worthy enough." Home now walked about the inner yard and stamped upon the ground all about a particular spot, then calling me and my father, he said, "There must be a well here; I saw a blueish light over it." We stamped upon the place, and it had a hollow sound. Home having awoke we left the Castle, he and I walking on before the others; we passed through the Abbey, but saw nothing. Home went into a trance, and said, "You have been thinking about the lichens on the trees, and you may draw a parallel between the condition of those trees and that of the human race. Those lichens resemble the pernicious influences that check and retard the race from its natural progress towards perfection, as a time comes when the trees are thus affected, so are there ages of advance and ages of retrogression among men. It does as you say seem hard for those who live in a period of retrogression,

but God's ways are not our ways, and the progress though it may be slow and checked, is yet inevitable, and sure to prevail in time; nations may pass, and their civilization fade away, but it will be taken up elsewhere; the creation is but in its infancy, man is very far removed from the perfection to which he ought—aye, and to which he will—arrive. These lichens do not appear to have been caused by the excessive dampness of the seasons, they seem to be a deep-rooted blight that has not originated even, on the earth, but has come over it in some sort of cloud; it is like a contagious disease: thinning, and giving them air would do good. We think that in about two years they will get long, and the wind will blow them away to a great extent—we mean the white ones; the green ones are flatter, and their roots sink deeper; some of us seem to think that a belt of tar round the trees might do good,—the experiment would be worth trying." Home now awoke.

We had a little supper after we got home, and then Home proposed that we should go up to the gallery. We all did so and sat at the large centre table, the room being lighted only by a glimmer from the fire. Vibrations commenced immediately. Home went into a trance, walked to the piano, and played the same fine chant as on a previous occasion. He called my father over, made him stand near him, and said, "I wish one of you could note down this chant; do you hear the harp?" We all heard the chords very delicately and faintly swept, the harp being covered at the time; Home then removed the cover and my father heard some noise or movement about the harp and Home added, "They are trying to tune it;" they then returned to the table, and Home awoke. We had strong vibrations and raps, and Charlie Wynne asked whether Dr. Elliotson was present. This was answered by three very loud raps. Miss Wynne said to my father, "Did you know him?" "Yes," was answered in the same manner. The alphabet was then called for, and the following message, evidently referring to my father's mesmeric experiences, was given. "*Be as true in this cause as you were in bye-gone days for another great truth, John*

Elliotson." After this, raps of different kinds were heard, and soon the following message was given by very loud ones. "I do not ask you to promise, but expect you to be earnest in working for God." Some one remarked, "Who is this message for?" "I speak to you," was answered. "But, who do you mean by 'you'?" was asked. "They mean me," my father said, "for I was touched three times on the knee." Charlie Wynne having brought the accordion, it was played in Home's hand in a different style from the previous evening. My father held the accordion, and it was pulled about and played faintly. Home again took it, and the alphabet being asked for by five notes, the following was given—the letters being indicated by notes: "We will give you a hymn of praise." A slow measured sort of air was played. My father was talking about Dr. Elliotson, and observed that he had been very kind to him. This message was immediately given: "You mean you were kind to me." A sofa was now moved near the table, the table also moving towards it, but evidently with much difficulty; which is not to be wondered at as it was very heavy and standing on a thick Turkey carpet. My father's chair was moved nearer to Home, who said, "I can see Dr. Elliotson standing behind your chair, he has both his hands upon the back of it, and is causing it to vibrate." My father's chair was in effect vibrating at the time; he inquired if Dr. Elliotson had been at the Castle. "Yes" was answered by three raps or rather thuds exactly similar to those he had heard at the Castle. Soon after this message came, "We must go soon." My father asked, "Will Mesmerism make progress? it appears to be rather in abeyance at present." "Yes" was loudly answered; he added "I should like to ask Elliotson some questions about Mesmerism," and this message was given, "By the sea I will come," alluding I suppose to our projected visit to Garinish, on the coast of Kerry. In one of these messages the letters were indicated by touching my father strongly on the knee. Mrs. Blackburn was also touched on the knee. Soon, "Now, God bless you all," was given, the letters being indicated by most beautiful chords upon the

accordion—the name of God being, as it always is, spelled most softly and reverently. This sentence was then given, “*You will sleep all the more peacefully for knowing that you have done good.*” The raps were much gentler and fainter, apparently made by quite a different spirit. My father said “What does this message refer to?” Mrs. Blackburn remarked, “I suppose to what happened at the Castle.” “Yes” was answered. Nothing more occurring we left the room. The raps made by Dr. Elliotson sounded as loud as if they had been caused by some one under the table striking it with a hammer. A.

No. 59.—*March 6th* [1869].

Adare dined in Limerick: after the ladies left the room Major Blackburn, Mr. Home and I commenced talking of the *séances* which had been held here last winter. I remarked that probably L—— was connected with the unsatisfactory occurrences that happened, and that I should be very glad if the matter could in any way be cleared up. We heard raps at the north side of the room, and Mr. Home went over to a side table near where the raps had sounded, and sitting down said, “I wish, dear spirit, you would tell us about it.” “No,” was answered. He added, “Lord Dunraven would be gratified if you would tell.” The alphabet was called for, and this message was given, “*Don’t ask.*” Raps were then heard near the table in the bay window; Mr. Home sat down at this table, calling us to join him, which we did. On the table were three flower pots or vases with flowers, in one was a good-sized azalea; the table vibrated so strongly that the azalea shook most visibly. We soon received this message: “*Place the flowers under the table, near John.*” We put down, as directed, one of the flower pots which contained cyclamens. Raps were heard upon the table. I said to Blackburn, “Get under the table and hold Mr. Home’s feet.” He did so, and we heard the raps distinctly over his head. Mr. Home suddenly said, “Oh, look at the

hand near me holding a flower!" Twice he said that he saw the hand. I, somehow, instinctively, put my hand under the table, and immediately felt a flower placed very gently in it. The following was then given:—"The flower is from Augusta, with fond love." Then another sentence was begun, which I could not well make out, and then "a. d." No more raps occurring after this we left the table. On bringing the paper to the candles on the dining table I found that the word I had not recognized was (as written) "*Augutsta*." I had made a mistake, inserting a *t*. The *a. d.* were, I presume, initials.

In accordance with what we were told last night, we had no *séance* this evening, but, as directed, we went to the Abbey. Soon after arriving there, Adare joined us on his return from Limerick. Mr. Home was very lively, and not at all impressed. He remarked that the influence was quite different to-night. He shortly took Adare and me to the kitchen, and after a few turns up and down, he went into a trance. I walked with him, holding his hands. He said he was being touched, and so was I several times, very palpably on the back. He said that there were no spirits belonging to the place present, only those connected with us; we soon turned our steps homewards. Mr. Home and Adare walked together, and before awaking, Mr. Home spoke something to this effect, "You remarked how different everything felt in the Abbey to-night, to what it did the last time we were there. To-night, although the elements were disturbed, and the wind blowing, everything was quiet; no birds were flying about; the whole place seemed peaceful, whereas the other night, although it was perfectly calm and still, yet the birds, not night birds only, but seemingly others, were flitting about, and the whole place seemed filled with an unquiet influence. It is changed now; he (referring to the monk) is in a happier state, he can speak to those about you; he has no objection to your mentioning what occurred in your room when he first came. Oh, he does not the least mind now."

We were sitting in the hall after taking a little supper, when Mr. Home went to the piano and played, and asked

Adare to come and sit by him. Adare now called me to join them. Mr. Home remarked that the piano had been off the ground, which Adare affirmed, stating that he had passed his hand under the castors; I felt it vibrating very strongly. His playing became fainter and fainter, and he went into a trance. He got up, said to Adare, "Bring Emily," and taking me by the hand led me quickly down the dark passage to Lady D's. sitting room, the others following. He placed chairs for us all, drew over a little table, and sat down. It was pitch dark. Immediately a hand was laid on the back of my head. He said, "They will touch you with flowers." Both Mrs. Wynne and I felt them. He said to Mrs. Wynne, "It was John who touched you." We heard at a little distance the sound of flowers being stirred and broken, and immediately some were placed in our hands. Mr. Home said, "Take Daniel's hands, dear Emily, we want you to be able to tell others that you held his hands, and felt his feet." While Mr. Home's hands and feet were thus in contact with Mrs. Wynne's, we all simultaneously felt flowers waved across our faces, heads, and hands. Mrs. Wynne put up her hand to try and grasp them, but failed. Mr. Home laughed, and said, "No, Emily, you cannot catch it—we do not wish you to yet." Flowers were then given to us all; Adare received a white azalea with this message, through Mr. Home, "For Florence." Then another flower was given us, with the message, "This for Augusta, and leaves or a flower for all the dear ones—for all the children. We wish to say one word if you will call the alphabet, Adare." He did so, and "*Love*" was given, by a flower placed in my hand, the stalk being pulled for each letter. I tried to feel the hand, but the flower was drawn back by the stem, till my arm was stretched out. We all then observed a light, resembling a little star, near the chimney piece, moving to and fro; it then disappeared. Mr. Home said, "Ask them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, if this is the work of God." I repeated the words very earnestly; the light shone out, making three little flashes, each one about a foot higher above the floor than the preceding. Mr. Home said,

“We are able to make it brighter and stronger, because you asked solemnly, and in the name of God.” We then heard a sound of something moving, and a shower of flowers fell upon us. Loud raps announced the presence, as we supposed, of Dr. Elliotson. Mr. Home (or Dr. Elliotson speaking through him), uttered a short and beautiful address, which, unfortunately we cannot recall; but he made use of a simile ending with the words,—“As the sand on the shore.” I felt a little heap of sand laid upon the back of my hand. In his address he said, “You have been baptized in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; be now baptized as a truth seeker.” I then felt a drop of some liquid fall on my head. Mr. Home then said, “Emily, would you like to feel the sand?” Mrs. Wynne replied, “Yes;” and a small quantity was placed on the back of her hand. He then said, “Emily, you will feel a kiss on the brow, and also on the lips.” She felt something, which she afterwards described as more resembling two moist fingers than an ordinary kiss. I asked, “What spirits are here?” Mr. Home answered, “Augusta, Emily’s father, mother, and brother; also others.” Mrs. Wynne seemed grieved at the absence of one very dear to her: Mr. Home in a subsequent *séance*, at Garinish, (p. 212) alluded to this. He then addressed us and those dearest to us in very affectionate terms, and seemed very happy; he ended by saying, “We have been so pleased at being able to make these manifestations. You did not witness much at the Abbey, nor did we promise that you would; what we wanted was to keep you up late enough for this, and it has happened as we wished. And now, darlings, you will return to the hall, and sit by Daniel at the piano; Daniel’s power is becoming exhausted; there will probably be no manifestations to-morrow evening, but we will let him know; he is not very well, but he does not like saying so.” We then got up, went back to the hall, and sat down as directed at the piano; Mr. Home awoke almost immediately. It was half-past three o’clock. I took a candle and returned to the room we had been in; I found the little table and the ground about it strewed with flowers. The table on which the flower pots

stood was about eight feet distant from the other; there was a good deal of sand in the flower pots. Adare and I went up to Mr. Home's room, and smoked a cigarette; Mr. Home was in bed. We began talking about Spiritualism, and I said, "I am quite sure that L—— was concerned in what went on last winter here."¹ "Yes" was suddenly said by three distinct raps in a distant part of the room. I made other remarks, which were similarly joined in by raps; but I was very tired, and cannot sufficiently recall them to insert them here. D.

No. 60.—*Garinish, March 9th* [1869].

While my father, Home, and I were at dinner, we all felt a current of cold air, and the table vibrated. This occurred two or three times, and seemed to be interrupted by the servants coming in and out. At about ten o'clock, Home joined me in the dining room, where I was writing alone, he seemed uneasy and I asked him if he was not feeling well. "Oh, yes," he said, "I am quite well; but there is a strange influence about that I do not know." Shortly after, raps came upon the table, and the following messages were given. "*Owing to conditions, we fear we shall not be able before Thursday; but we will try to-morrow. Humphrey May.*" "*Use this table.*" "*Tell Uncle (word confused) not to be over anxious.*" I took the messages to my father, and he joined us in the dining room, observing how curious it was that Humphrey May should come, that he had never been with us before, that he had never been at Garinish, and that he could not understand why he came. "There is one," he said, "that I should have supposed would have come here before all others, and I should also have thought Dr. Elliotson would have made some communication, because he told us the other night at Adare that he would do so." We began talking about some *séances* that were held at Adare, without Home, alluding particularly to one, the written account of which Home

¹ I subsequently found that the occurrences to which I alluded, chiefly took place before L—— arrived at Adare.

happened to be holding in his hand. The alphabet was called for, and this message given: "*The writing that you hold in your hand is all nonsense.*" Soon after, Home went into a trance; he got up and said, "The light is too strong for Dan." I blew the candles out, leaving a good fire-light in the room, and began searching for a pencil to take notes. He said, "The light will do nicely now, never mind about taking notes, you will be able to record what Dan says better without doing so; we will endeavour to impress you with it to-morrow, and you will remember the substance, if not the exact words; by trusting entirely to us, we shall be able to assist you more than if you took notes, and trusted to them; what I am going to say now is important, you must try and remember it. Certain conditions are necessary for us to be able to make any manifestations; by conditions, I mean not only the state of the external atmosphere, but also the state of your minds and bodies; certain electrical conditions are necessary. Now, it often happens that some spirit—though possibly a perfect stranger to all of you—is possessed of the particular quality that is necessary to supply a deficiency and make the conditions favourable, he would then be called in. Sometimes three or four of them club together, and by that means supply something that is wanting, or take away some quality that is in excess, and equalize the atmosphere so as to be able to make manifestations. Those spirits that love you best, that are most anxious to communicate, that would naturally be nearest and dearest to you, may not have the peculiar quality that is necessary to harmonize with the condition of yourselves, and of the external atmosphere on any particular day, and they cannot then make communications; it is impossible, for it is all a matter of physical conditions; they are then obliged to communicate through other spirits who harmonize with the existing conditions. That is one reason why Humphrey May came to-night. You often wonder why those you love best do not come to you, it is simply because the conditions are such that they cannot make themselves known. Now the other night the spirit that Emily was anxious about was standing outside the

circle, Emily thought it most strange that she did not say anything to her, but if she had entered the circle it would have entirely destroyed the arrangements, and there could have been no more manifestations; it is surely better to have any communications than none at all. This explains also why it is generally a bad plan to ask questions; after things have been arranged, some spirit steps into the circle to answer a question, and not being in harmony, the whole thing is thrown out of gear. It is like making delicate experiments in electricity; or like photography—to go no further than that, if, when you are mixing your chemicals in a dark room, one single ray of light enters, all is destroyed; so it is where a spirit enters the circle whose physical condition does not harmonize with the state of the atmosphere, and of your minds and bodies. The conditions are very bad to-night; you saw what difficulty we had in giving those messages, the raps were feeble and uncertain (we had observed this), the word ‘*Uncle*’ ought to have been ‘*Dunraven*’; we spelled out ‘*dun,*’ and then the letters became all confused, we could not indicate the right ones. You heard those raps that came afterwards—you would scarcely believe that they were made by Dr. Elliotson, so different were they from those he usually makes; yet so it was. Oh! there has been a curious influence here all the afternoon—an old man, his name is Thomas—Thomas Trench; he has a bald head—a large bald head.” My father asked if he had come with Towny Trench. “Yes, he came with him; he belongs to him. Dr. Elliotson says, that if the conditions are favourable, he wants to make some experiments on Thursday; he is so anxious about it, he wants to invent some more perfect means of keeping up a constant communication; it is very doubtful if he will ever succeed. He knows your mind, *Dunraven*, and he would like to make his experiments with you; he is very much interested in the matter, and so will you be also when you join us; you will take a great pleasure in experimentalizing.” Home then went to the door of the drawing room, made a gesture of disapproval, and said, pushing the door open as he spoke, “No, you must not do that,

please." We heard a dull sound in the drawing room. Home laughed and said, "That is Thomas, he does not approve of your investigations, and he thought he would make a very terrible noise in there, that would frighten you and put a stop to it all and destroy the conditions; but he cannot do so." I said, "Why on earth does he disapprove; do you not mean Henry Thomas?" "Oh dear no, he is a great experimentalizer in electricity; no, I mean the Thomas I told you of, Thomas Trench." I said, "Why does he object?" "Oh, it is entirely against his principles, and he thought he would make a very weird horrible noise and frighten you, and stop it." My father said, "Will he then seek to influence Towny against Spiritualism?" "Most decidedly he will; oh, most decidedly. There is another reason besides that which I have already mentioned, why Humphrey May came to us to-night. It is true that he was never here; but his brother Arthur has been, and will be here again. Arthur has, or rather had, no real religious opinions; he was not accustomed to pray; his heart was not softened and lifted to God in prayer. When he hears what occurred to-night, it will have an effect upon him. He knows that Dan, I mean Dan Home, could never have heard of Humphrey, that Humphrey was never here, and was probably the last person in the world that any of you were thinking of; and the fact of his coming will strike Arthur the more forcibly; it will be like a little test to him. Besides this, he was very fond of you, Dunraven, and also of Adare." After this, Home sat by the fire making passes, and magnetizing his wrist. He said, "Daniel's wrist is swelling, and hurts him." He then walked over towards the window, and stretching out his arm, we heard a sound as of some one's fingers snapping near it. He said, "That is Dr. Elliotson magnetizing Dan's hand." Home placed his hand upon my head, but immediately said, "No, your father will do better," and placed it on his head. He said, "Listen"; and my father heard raps upon the hand. Home took the sheet on which the *séance* before mentioned was written, and asked us to hold it by the corners with him; we did so,

and raps came upon it; then lifting up the sheet of paper, he said, "It is all black now; there is a good deal that is not right here, there is more in it than you see. Now, do you think that if a person were to participate and help in doing something wrong, and, when the others were suspected, were to keep silence, and let them bear all the blame, do you think that person would be right?" My father replied, "No, I think they would be very wrong." "And so do we," Home said, and throwing the paper down, added, "You see where we have thrown it?" "On the floor," I said. "Yes, just in front of the fire." I was going to put the paper in the fire, but my father thought we had better keep it. Home said, "Oh, certainly, keep it; it is interesting if only as a psychological study; you will, however, lose it some day." Soon after this, Home awoke. Although I had blown out the candles when Home went into the trance; the room was well lighted all the time by the fire.

A.

No. 61.—*Séance, March 11th [1869].*

This evening while Mrs. Blackburn, Home, and myself were sitting reading in the drawing room, raps came upon the table. Soon after, we, that is Major and Mrs. Blackburn, my father, Home, and myself, at Home's suggestion sat round the table that we had been told on Tuesday night to use. We had slight physical manifestations, the table was made light and heavy at request, and was tilted three times towards each of us. The spirits occasionally answered our remarks as to what they were doing, whether they were endeavouring to concentrate the power, &c., &c., by affirmative or negative tilts. Mrs. Blackburn becoming slightly under influence, and a good deal agitated. Home asked if the spirits would take it from her? The answer was by two raps meaning "*perhaps*" or "*presently*." He afterwards placed his hands upon hers, and the shaking left her, and was communicated to him. Home now went into one of those strange trances in which he

is unable to speak; he bandaged his eyes with a handkerchief, walked about the room a little, then brought the candle, two sheets of paper and a pencil, and placing them on our table, sat down; then spreading open one of the sheets he commenced writing the alphabet on it in large capital letters. He proceeded with a firm bold touch as far as the letter F, when his hand became violently tremulous, he went on to the letter L, the shaking of his fingers gradually increasing, when he made a gesture as if he could not proceed, and handed the paper and pencil to me. I finished the alphabet. He then, following the lines that I had made, traced over the letters R, S, T, U, V, W, with the same tremulous motion of his hand, and proceeded to decorate with leaves and flowers the letters A, G, S, T, U. He drew a cross in the letter U, a heart pendant on T, a star or double cross in S, an anchor in G, something resembling a bird in A, and marked the letters A and U with the figure 2. He then got up and fetched a pen, handed me a fresh sheet of paper and the pencil, turned the alphabet towards my father, sat down and gave us the following messages, by indicating the letters with the pen. "*We hope to have great power, God being our helper.*" "*You see what ones they are.*" None of us could understand what the last sentence "*You see what ones they are*" referred to. Home spelled out "*The ones we have decorated.*" We then, on looking at the alphabet, found that the decorated letters spelled "*Augusta,*" the letters A and U, which occur twice in the word, being marked twice in the word, being marked on the alphabet by the numeral 2. Home got up and went into the dining room, where we had been smoking after dinner, but returned immediately, much affected—as we supposed, by the tobacco smoke; he appeared to have difficulty in breathing, was much distressed, and groped about as if he could not see:¹ he caught hold of my hand and sat down. I observed that he was affected by something, and consequently the spirits had lost perfect control over him; Home nodded,

¹ The effect of the tobacco smoke in partially obstructing the clairvoyant power was very curious to witness.—D.

as much as to say, that is the case. He got up, went into the open air for a few minutes and returned quite right. He then made us leave our places, moved the table close to the window, placed the accordion on the window shelf, and spelt out by the written alphabet, "*Bring in the cloth.*" I accordingly brought the cloth from the dining room, covered our table with it, and sat down. On my father remarking that he had not spoken in the trance, Home made him and Mrs. Blackburn feel his jaws: they were locked and perfectly rigid; he then sat down, and shortly after awoke. We had a series of curious but not very powerful manifestations; the window curtains were drawn partially across the window, and in answer to the suggestion of one of us that perhaps the spirits did this to cover the accordion on which possibly they might be about to try and play, "*Yes*" was rapped out. Home saw on three or four occasions, and my father saw once, little flashes of light playing over the keys of the accordion. We heard that a small table behind Home was moving, and after the *séance*, we found it had been lifted on to the sofa. The table was now raised in that peculiar manner which we had remarked at Adare, by successive lifts (five or six of them), to the height of about two feet, and then gently set down; after which, "*Take the instrument*" was spelled. My father remarked that we might expect music, as this action of the table—imitating so curiously that of the bellows of the organ when being filled, usually preceded it.¹ Home took the accordion, and it played for a short time, chiefly harmonies. He then placed it on the ground, when a few chords and notes were played. We heard raps on the table, floor, walls, and outside the window; and the spirits occasionally joined in our conversation by rapping, "*Yes*" or "*No.*" At one time we were speculating as to how Mr. Mahony would treat the subject of Spiritualism, and some one said that he would not judge of it fairly, for that he would condemn it at once without any investigation; the following message was immedi-

¹ That this was the object aimed at by this peculiar motion of the table was afterwards told us.

ately given: "*Judge not lest ye be judged.*" I observed that the manifestations were weak; and that there appeared to be some obstruction, when this was given: "*Be prayerful.*" We recognized Dr. Elliotson's presence by his peculiar raps. Mrs. Blackburn remarked that they were not so loud as they had been in the gallery at Adare. He spelled out the word, "*servants,*" implying probably that if he were to rap as forcibly here as he had done at Adare, the servants might hear him, being in a room nearly under us. Home again became entranced; he got up, and put out the candle, so that the room was lighted only by a bright fire. My father said to me, "It is curious that we have not had stronger manifestations, because the first message we received was to the effect that they would have great power." Home said, "You are mistaken, we said 'we *hope* to have great power'; we have to harmonize and arrange the room, we shall be able to do more another night. Dunraven, you were remarking that when Dan was in a trance no physical manifestations ever occurred; do you and Maria (Mrs. Blackburn) come here." He made them stand by a small heavy table in the centre of the room. My father said, "I thought Dr. Elliotson wished to try some experiments with me." Home answered, "Yes, this is one of the experiments; he is very anxious also to be able to communicate with you when you are quite alone, he does not know whether he can, but he will try and develop you sufficiently for that." They then had a series of the usual manifestations, raps, and vibrations, the table tilting in different directions, and being twice raised slightly off the ground. Home was very particular in making them observe closely the position of his hands and feet, in order, as he said, "That you may be able to assure others that Dan could not possibly have done all this." Suddenly the small table rose quickly into the air to such a height, that Mrs. Blackburn and my father could no longer keep their hands upon it; it rose so suddenly that Mrs. Blackburn gave a start. The table beginning to fall, Home said, "Take it, or it will fall." When they had placed it on the ground, Home observed,

“That was badly managed, it is a great pity but it is our fault; Dr. Elliotson says he ought to have told you what he was going to do, Maria was startled and you both let go, and therefore the table fell; if he had warned you, and you had allowed your hands to slip down the legs as it rose, so as not to break the continuity suddenly, it would probably have left your hands, and risen without contact with you until it touched the ceiling.¹ We will try and do it again; Adare and John, come here.” We joined them, and Home told us all to place our fingers lightly under the edge of the table in order that we might let them slide down the legs without ever quite taking them off it. The table rose to a height of about three feet, but came to the ground again directly, and fell over on its side; Home told us not to move it, but presently he said “Yes, put it on its legs, we have not power now; the influence has returned to the large table, go back to your places.” We did so, and the Major not finding a chair near him, and the light being by this time faint, Home put one into his hand. The Major was going to sit down upon nothing, as he had by mistake placed the chair with the seat turned away from him; Home stopped him saying, “No, no, Major, you are going to sit on the wrong side of the chair.” We all laughed and Home joined in, “That was very funny, was it not? very funny to see John trying to sit down at the back of the chair.” Home then took his seat, and said, “Dr. Elliotson was anxious to try the experiment, and to see whether he could make manifestations when Dan was in a trance, and he succeeded; you had all the usual phenomena, the levitation of the table, raps, tiltings, and vibrations, but it required a great effort to do it; it is much more difficult, because the greater part of the influence is centred upon Dan while he is mesmerised. We are just as anxious as you are, Dunraven, to pass through the present phase of manifestations, but we must do our appointed work, and you will find that ultimately it is all for the best. It would be much pleasanter to converse with you and

¹ The room is about ten or eleven feet high.

answer your questions; but then, however well we might answer them, people would account for that, by all sorts of theories, such as mind-reading, &c., &c. Now, no amount of clairvoyance or mind-reading would suffice to raise a table in the air higher than your heads. We must fulfil our appointed duties and you will know some day that it is all for the best." Home began to laugh and said, "It was very funny John's turning the chair the wrong way; your godmother (speaking to Mrs. Blackburn) is laughing so about it, it recalls another incident. You know John's mother has answered his letter, but she has not answered his question about Isabella; she and John's sister purposely would not do so, because they said, "it will never do to have John turning everything upside down in this sort of way." It amused Dr. Elliotson very much, that did; he was there when they said so. Dr. Elliotson is fond of you, Major (taking the Major's hand and shaking it cordially); he likes you very much; he says you are so steadfast, and an honest, brave man. Dan is going to awake now." After Home awoke, we had some slight manifestations, which gradually died away. Home said he felt that the influence had entirely gone, and that he was fatigued. In speaking about the answer to the letter, Home referred to his having at Adare, when in a trance, told Major Blackburn to ask his mother about Isabella, and about Margaret Henderson (*vide* p. 190). No one had told Home that an answer had been received, or even that the Major had written.

A.

No. 62.—*Séance, March 12th* [1869].

About half-past nine o'clock, Home proposed a *séance*. We placed the table by the window, in the position to which it had been moved the previous night, and covered it with a cloth. The party consisted of Major and Mrs. Blackburn, my father, Home, and myself. We had no manifestations whatever; and after sitting for half-an-hour my father said he thought there was no use in

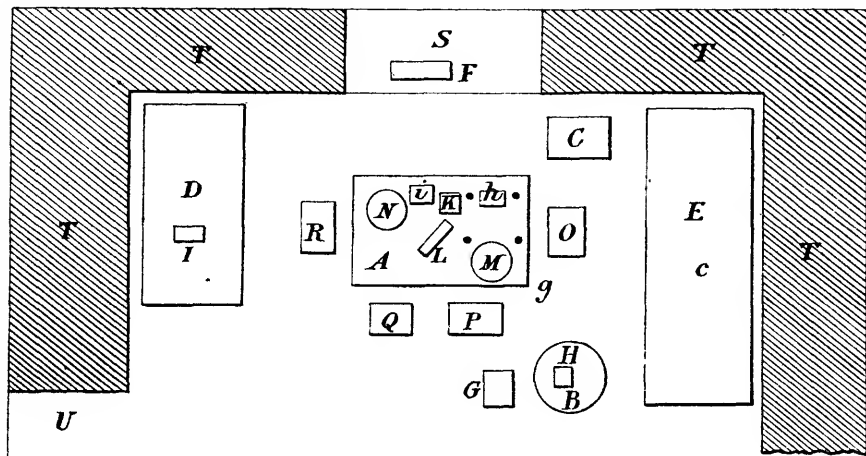
waiting any longer, having for a certain reason a strong feeling that nothing would occur. Home said that although he had often known *séances* to fail as regards manifestations, yet in all his experience he never remembered a room to feel so entirely devoid of any spiritual presence. At his suggestion, we all, with the exception of Mrs. Blackburn, took a walk out of doors for about a quarter of an hour. On our return we again sat round the table, but Mrs. Blackburn, not feeling very well, did not join us. We had no manifestations whatever; and after waiting a short time gave it up in despair. My father and Mrs. Blackburn went into the dining room; the Major, Home, and I remained and sat at a small table, to see if we could get any message. Almost immediately faint raps came upon the table, and the word "*Impossible*" was spelled out. We joined the others, and told them what had occurred. Mrs. Blackburn went to bed, and we were sitting round the supper table talking, when I suddenly felt a current of cold air. Home also perceived it, and said, "There is a strong influence about me." We heard raps on the table and furniture. Presently, at Home's suggestion, we returned to the next room, and again sat round the small table. We had faint physical manifestations; Home became under influence, and his hands were much agitated. He had been complaining during the evening of a feeling of great depression; he now said that he felt all right. He got up, and acting under an uncontrollable impulse, walked about the room, his hands and arms being strangely waved about and agitated; he made mesmeric passes over us all, and said (referring more especially to my father), "Your brains are overworked, you have had your thoughts too much concentrated on one subject, and have been writing too much. (We had been engaged in recording the *séances* at Adare.) The atmosphere that spirits utilize in making manifestations emanates from the head, and in consequence of your brains being overworked, there is absolutely none flowing from you." He made passes for some time over my father's forehead, the back of his head, and behind his ears, occasionally going to the table at which we had

previously been seated, and extending his fingers over it as though withdrawing some influence from it. While walking about he suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence with a violent gasp, and sinking on his knees went into a trance. He got up, walked about, apparently conversing with some one, and then, taking each of us in turn by the hand, led us to the other table, placed chairs for us, and signed to us to sit down. My father requested me to bring paper and a pencil; but Home shook his head, and afterwards brought them himself. He then commenced arranging the furniture in the most minute detail, consulting apparently all the time with some one. He placed the small round table near us and behind my father, and moved a chair up to it; he altered the position of several of the chairs in different parts of the room, placed the miniature portrait of his wife on the small round table, and the case containing little Dannie Cox's photograph on the large table behind me, then going to the bookcase he took out several books, looked into them and replaced them; at length he appeared to find what he wanted, for he took out a volume, folded his hands across it on his breast, and after standing for a few seconds in a most reverential attitude, sank down upon his knees and appeared to pray earnestly; then rising to his full height he held the book as high as he could above his head and placed it upon our table. On looking at the volume afterwards we found it to be, "Jesus Christ; His Times, Life, and Work," by E. de Pressensé. He again commenced making mesmeric passes about the room. Coming to me he passed his hand sharply across my shoulders from left to right, did the same to Major Blackburn, then to my father, and finally to himself; then reversing the action, he commenced with himself making the pass from right to left, and went over us all in the same way; this curious movement he repeated three times. He now put out the candle, leaving us with no other light but that of the fire, rubbed his hands, smiled, and nodded when I remarked that I thought we should have some manifestations as he seemed to be contented. Having taken

his seat he altered the position of two vases of flowers on the table in such a way as to make, with the book, which he placed back upwards transversely between them, the form of a cross. The accompanying diagram shews the arrangement of the various articles. They are marked by capital letters in their original positions, while the altered places of those that were moved, are indicated by small letters.

Home awoke, and we had all the usual physical phenomena; very strong currents of cold air, vibrations of the table, &c., &c. On two occasions during the *séance*, the table was raised about a foot in the air and remained there poised for some time, oscillating gently from side to side. We now all heard a movement about vase N, and Home and I both saw a hand upon it; I said that the vase was moving; Home insisted that it was not, and requested me to place my hand upon it; I did so, and found that it was moving slowly round, but the sound we heard was caused by the hand rubbing against the side of the vase; I saw the hand all the time. We now heard a rustling among the flowers, and Home said, "The fingers have closed over a flower and taken it away." I did not see the flower taken, but the hand at that moment disappeared. Home and I both observed a hand rise above the edge of the table near the window, and place a flower upon it; I then lost sight of the hand, but Home said he saw it carry the flower across the table, and place it near my father; my father saw the flower all the time moving as it were of itself, for he could not distinguish the hand that conveyed it. He took the flower, and asked if it was for him. The following was spelled out: "*Yes and we will give you another soon.*" My father remarking that he was very anxious to see a hand, the following messages were given: "*Place your hand over the flowers.*" He did so over vase N, and we all heard—and my father, Home, and I, saw, a hand moving among the flowers. "*Now on them.*" He did so, and the hand became much more distinctly visible to him. I said to my father, "I suppose you were told to place your hand there in order that they

might draw some power from you to enable them to make the hand sufficiently material for you to see it distinctly." "Yes," was answered by three loud raps. Sacha's (Home's wife's) miniature was now carried from table B, and placed upon our table; none of us saw anything supporting it, but we observed it placed quietly upon Home's hands, and then gliding off them it moved across the table until it remained stationary on the corner near the window. The case was closed when Home put it upon table B, at the commencement of the *séance*; it was open when laid upon our table. Home and I now distinctly saw a hand place little Dannie Cox's photograph (I) on the edge of our table next the window, and then push it a little further on to the table. It will be remembered that this photograph was placed by Home at the commencement of the *séance* on table D. Home and I perceived a whole arm and hand between our table and the window, it was slightly luminous, and appeared whiter than the white tablecloth. The hand pushed the accordion, F, along the shelf S, and then grasping it, took it off; the accordion fell, but not heavily, to the ground. All saw and heard the accordion moved. Home said, "I am sure that was little Dannie, because I saw a small figure; his shoulders were plainly visible; apparently he had not power sufficient to enable him to carry the instrument gently to the ground." This was spelled out, "*Yes, it was Dannie.*" Previous to the accordion moving, the muslin curtains were drawn out so as partially to hide it; this required some force to effect, as the curtain rings did not run easily on the line. A very pretty manifestation now occurred; Home called my father's attention to the fact, that the reflection of a hand was visible on the glass, covering his wife's miniature. My father also saw it, but was not sure whether it was the reflection or the actual hand; he placed his own hand just above the glass, and still saw in it the reflection of a small hand, moving backwards and forwards. He said, "I see it distinctly, the fingers are small and delicate." He asked whose hand it was, and the following was spelled out, "*The fingers are those of Caroline.*"



PLAN
OF THE ARRANGEMENT
OF THE FURNITURE, BOOKS &c.

*showing
the changes in their disposition
that took place during the
Séance at Garinish, March 12th
1869.*

- A. Table at which the Séance was held.
B. Small Table, placed on A, as shown
by the four dots.
C. Small Table placed on E at c.
D. Table on which Daniel Cox's Photograph
was placed by M^r Home.
E. Sofa.
F. Accordion, on the Window. Shelf.
G. Chair moved to g.
H. M^r Home's Miniature moved to h.
I. Daniel Cox's Photograph moved to i.

- K. *Primeval Man* by the Duke of Argyll.
L. *Pressense's Life of Christ*.
M.N. Small Vases holding Flowers.
O. M^r Home's Chair.
P. Lord D^o Chair.
Q. Major Blackburn's Chair.
R. Lord A^s Chair.
S. Window-shelf.
T. Wall of the Room.
U. South Window.

Scale. $\frac{1}{4}$ Inch to a Foot.

The accordion was carried under the table to Home; he took it, and a short, but very beautiful harmony was played. Home replaced it on the floor, and chords were heard, when no one was touching it. In some of the messages also the letters were indicated, by notes played on the accordion. The following was now given. "*Seek rather to know the present condition of the immortal soul (the word soul being emphasized) than,*"—here the message broke off abruptly. Home repeated the alphabet twice, and nothing occurred; but while saying it over the third time, a hand placed a book on the table; the message then continued, "*In good time, and with God's permission, the one will elucidate the other.*" On looking at the book, we found it to be "*Primeval Man,*" by the Duke of Argyll. The message would therefore appear to mean, "*Seek rather to know the present condition of the immortal soul, than to speculate about that of primeval man; in good time, and with God's permission, the one will elucidate the other.*" The book, "*Primeval Man*" was at the commencement of the *séance* lying on a table in the centre of the room, at a distance of six or eight feet from us. The second flower that was promised to my father was now placed on the table near his hand; none of us saw anything supporting it, but Home perceived the flower moving in the air. A flower came from the direction of where Home was sitting towards me; it dropped on the edge of the table close to me, and fell on the floor: I saw it in the air. Home and I perceived a hand place something on the shelf under the window, and we saw a hand with a flower raised above the side of the table next the window; Home stretched out his hand towards it, and the flower dropped on the floor. Both my father and Home were repeatedly touched; I also, on four occasions, was most palpably touched by a hand patting my knee. Some one remarked that Major Blackburn had not been touched, soon after he declared that he felt a hand touch his knee; he asked who it was, and the name "*John*" was spelled. I said, "Do you know who John is?" he replied, "My father's name was John, but I do not know whether it was he that touched me."

The words, "Yes, your father," were spelled; and then, "We wish John also to see the hand; place your hand above, and then on, the flowers." Major Blackburn did so; we all heard the flowers rustling, and Home and I saw the hand doing it. The Major saw nothing while his hand was over the flowers; but when he touched them, he also saw the hand, though indistinctly. We now heard loud raps upon the small table C, and looking round, found that it had been lifted up and placed upon the sofa E at *c*; so quietly was it done that we should not have noticed it, had the spirits not called our attention by rapping upon it. My father asked if they had moved it in the same way last night; the answer was, "Yes." The chair G was moved up to *g*, and the table B was moved close to it. The table B was then raised in the air (no one touching it), and placed gently, but without hesitation, upon our table A. The table B has four legs, like a camp stool; they rested where the four dots are marked, close to the vases, books and portraits, without touching any of them. We now felt very strong vibrations in our table; it was tilted from side to side, and so strongly towards my father's side, that he put out his hand expecting the small table B to fall over upon him; but nothing moved. About this time we heard curious sounds in the air; Home said, "Do you hear their voices? I will talk, never mind what I say; the more I talk the plainer you will hear them." He went on speaking for two or three minutes, during which time we heard strange noises like high-pitched voices at a little distance, the louder he spoke the louder the sounds became, they were most peculiar; we could not hear any articulate words. Mrs. Blackburn, who had retired to bed in the room under that in which we were sitting, told us next day that she had heard strange sounds; and she imitated them so well, that we at once recognized that she really had heard the voices. Home then went into a trance, and said, "We are so very glad to have been able to effect what has been done for you; but the state of the external atmosphere, and the fact of Dan being ill, are very much against us; we have not been

able to do by any means all that we intended. Dr. Elliotson was most anxious that you should have some manifestations to-night, he hopes circumstances may be more favourable to-morrow; he would like to come to you Dunraven, and talk to you, and enter upon serious subjects. Dan will awake now; when he does you will stay where you are, and Adare will get a candle, that you may note down accurately the position of everything. We must now go. May God Almighty, in His infinite goodness, for ever lead and guide you nearer and nearer to Him." Home having awoke, I brought in a candle, and we noted down the position in which we found the different articles that had been moved. Some doubt was expressed as to whether a chair in the middle of the room had been stirred; a spirit rapped three times to say "Yes," that it had. A.

No. 63.—Séance, March 13th [1869.]

Present: My father, Home, and myself. Home and I had been a good deal affected and depressed to-day by the weather—a strong, drying east wind had been blowing for two or three days. After dinner when seated in the drawing room we heard raps upon the furniture, and Home soon suggested that we should sit round the table. I went to my bed room to put on a dressing gown, placing my snuff box (the same heavy silver one mentioned at page 80 in the account of some wonderful manifestations at Mr. Jones's house, at Norwood) in my waistcoat pocket. On returning to the drawing room, I laid the snuff box (why, I do not know) on a bookcase standing against the wall at the side of the room opposite to the window where stood the table at which my father and Home were already seated. We had slight physical manifestations, and then Home went into a trance. As usual, he began by arranging the furniture; he placed the small round table between his chair and my father's,

and about a foot from our table, laid his wife's miniature upon it, and arranged the two vases of flowers in the same positions they had occupied the previous evening. He went over to the bookcase, sat down on the ground, and opened several books, as if looking for one in particular. He brought over a small prayer book with a cross on it, which he placed on the flowers in the vase near me. He then sat down on the sofa, (*vide* diagram of the room, in last night's *séance*), and almost immediately put his hand on the window shelf, touching a book which was lying there. He gave a slight start, grasped the book, felt it all over, and then with great reverence kneeled down, placed the book against his forehead and on the top of his head, apparently praying earnestly; he then slowly rose up, and holding the book he extended his arm at full length, and appeared to be raised in the air several inches. The table hid his legs and feet, but I think it was a case of elevation not elongation, for he appeared to be moved a little forwards, and in becoming shorter, he seemed to alight on the floor. He then placed the book on the table in exactly the same position as on the previous evening. I guessed, by the effect the book produced—so similar to what happened last night, that it was the same, *viz.* Pressensé's "Life of Christ," which turned out to be the case. He now took a large railway plaid of mine, and placing it over his head and gathering it in at the waist so as to resemble a monk's cowl or habit, he commenced walking about the room. He stood between us and the bookcase with his back to us, and was apparently elongated, but only slightly. He then bowed himself repeatedly to the ground; and was occupied for a little while about his dress, and doing something with his hands which we could not well see as he had his back turned to us; it appeared as if he were going through some religious ceremony. The plaid began slipping gradually off him, but was replaced upon his shoulders. (Home said afterwards before he awoke that the plaid had been replaced by spirits, I did not notice at the time whether he touched it himself or not, and cannot therefore vouch for the fact.) A second time it began

to slip, and fell to the ground; Home appeared to be very unhappy, and taking the plaid, he placed it on the floor, and seating himself at the end of the sofa, he retreated along the edge by starts, his countenance showing indications of great pain, his look being fixed all the time upon the plaid; then leaning his head upon his hand, he rocked himself from side to side. His distress was most painful to witness; he groaned and sobbed as if in despair. After a while he took the "Life of Christ," and kneeling down appeared to pray fervently, pressing the book to his forehead. He then sat down and began to speak somewhat as follows: "The same spirit is here that visited Adare in his room, and that was in the Abbey; he was very anxious to come to you once more, and took this opportunity because you are alone. What Dan has been doing is intended as an allegory, he (the spirit) wished to shew you that when he first took the monkish habit, it raised and elevated him, and the grace of God was in him; then, if you remember, Dan was elevated in the air; afterwards he became less worthy of it, and the habit nearly fell off Dan, but was replaced by the spirits; Dan did not do it himself. But he committed a great crime—a grievous sin against God and man—and he became altogether unworthy of the habit, and it fell from him; then you saw the misery and remorse he felt in thinking of what he had done, and how he had fallen from his former position, and had lost all the blessings he ought to have gained; you saw also the comfort that prayer and the contemplation of the "Life of Christ" were to him. He was so anxious to come to you again, for he wishes to thank you; he is not happy, but he is very different to what he was; then all was dark, now he sees a little glimmer of the light of hope like a star leading him on. You have prayed for him, you have prayed for all unhappy spirits in the like condition as himself, and it is a comfort to him; he is very thankful and declares that he will do all he can to be of service to you. He says, 'I pray you, thanks'; he does not talk like the others, he does not speak English as they do. He is going now and says again, 'I pray

you, thanks'." Home repeated the words, 'I pray you, thanks,' two or three times, his voice becoming gradually fainter and fainter, as if to signify that the spirit was slowly leaving us. He then spoke about our last visit to the Abbey at Adare, and our going to Desmond Castle. He said something of this sort: "You made a mistake in taking the females to the ruins; we told you not to take them (*vide* p. 178); and you would have had more manifestations had you not done so. It did not so much signify at the Castle, where the influence is quite different from that at the Abbey. The influence of religion does not exist there, it was a place of warfare, blood was shed upon the ground, but the blood has long since passed by chemical operations into various forms, and has disappeared; all the associations are gone, there was no abiding influence about that place; even the chapel was not the same as the Abbey, for it was only in times of danger that religious services were conducted there. The Abbey is very different, there the ground is hallowed and consecrated by religion and prayer, and it will for ever bear their impress; that influence can never be lost, it appeals to your souls and deeply affects you; you all felt the difference because in the Abbey, in the consecrated ground, there is an indestructible influence whereas in the Castle all is passed, changed, and gone." Soon after this, Home awoke. We had slight physical manifestations, which gave me the impression that owing to adverse circumstances, the spirits were unable to do what they intended. Home suddenly said, "I saw something bright move across the floor this minute." My father said he also saw it. Directly after, we all heard sounds, as if some metallic substance was being lifted up and thrown down again on the floor under the table, and the following message was given: "*This is the last time that we will reprove you about a habit that can do you no possible good.*" Neither my father nor Mr. Home could at all understand this; but the meaning struck me at once, and I said, "The message is for me, and it refers to my taking snuff." "Yes," was the reply. I said, "Do you wish me to give it up entirely." "Don't take

too much," was rapped out. I said, "I think they have brought my snuff-box across the room from where I left it, and that is what we heard under the table." "Yes," was again rapped. I asked if they wished to give me the box, the answer was, "Yes." I said, "Shall I put my hand down for it?" "No," was answered. Shortly after I saw quite distinctly an arm and hand holding the snuff-box open, rise from under the table, and moving to the shelf under the window, tilt the box over slightly, and then shake out a quantity of snuff upon some papers that happened to be there; the arm and hand then withdrew, still retaining the box. The hand was more distinct than the arm, and appeared very white, and slightly luminous. I could see the fingers quite plainly, and also the manner in which they grasped the box; Home also saw the hand, arm, and box, my father could not, owing to the position in which he was sitting, but on standing up he saw a dark heap lying on the paper. I felt the box touch my knee, and asked if I should put my hand down for it. "Yes," was answered, by tapping my knee three times with it. I put my hand under the table, and the box was placed in it by a hand; I felt the tips of the fingers, and the inside part of the thumb quite distinctly; the skin felt quite natural, but somewhat wrinkled, conveying the idea of an aged hand. I said "Are the snuff-box and the message given me by my grandfather?" The following message was given: "*Your father saw it passing, so did Dan. It is from your grandfather.*" I asked, "Grandfather Goold?" "Yes, Goold." My father then expressed a desire to know what spirit had written out the ornamental alphabet last night. The following was given: "*It was directed by the same one that directed the music; the name was indicated by the decorated letters.*" After a pause, the words "*Take instrument*" were spelled out. Home took the accordion, and it was beautifully played with tremolo effects. My father said something about wishing that it could be played in his hand. Home said he thought they would do so, and shortly after his chair was pushed back from the table, which I supposed was done in order to pass the accordion

to my father; it was not however given to him. We now saw a hand approach the vase nearest me, and take a flower from it, and presently the flower was placed upon the edge of the table, and moved across it in little jerks, as though it were flipped by a finger; we could see no hand or anything supporting it. The flower was taken off the table, and the following message was given: "*We will give you the leaf you saw leave the table.*" Directly after my father was touched on the knee, and putting his hand down, he felt first the flower and then the fingers touch him; he then expressed a wish to feel the whole hand. Home said, "I am sure they will try, they generally are able at first to make only the fingers apparent to you." A spirit assented. He kept his hand down for some little time, but at length took the leaf, not succeeding in feeling more than the fingers; this however occurred two or three times. The small table then moved of itself, close up between my father and Home, and Sacha's portrait was taken from it, and placed upon our table. On two or three different occasions during the evening, we heard curious sounds; once my father and Home heard, as it were, some one whistling; I could not perceive it at all. At another time, we all heard a sound as of some one trying to articulate near the door; this also ended in a whistling. On another occasion, we heard some one trying to make their voice audible to us, apparently outside the window. Home now went into a trance; while waiting for him to commence speaking, my father and I were talking about the absence of tests; he appeared rather annoyed, saying, that there had been in fact no real tests of identity given, and that everybody was remarking the same thing. I mentioned the great difficulty of giving really satisfactory tests, and reminded him that one striking effect had been given; (referring to the imitation of the organ bellows and tremolo) and asked why he did not try and question them in some way that would serve as a test, it being as easy for him to recollect some past event or conversation, as it was for them to recall one, that he also remembered. Home began speaking about the extreme difficulty they

had experienced in making any manifestations. "The state of the external atmosphere is such," he said, "as to render it all but impossible. We act by using certain emanations from you, flowing through your brains; now, the state of the weather, this east wind, has dried all that up, we have next to nothing to work with. It affects you all, more especially Dan, but you can all feel it, and complained to-day of being depressed and irritated; under better circumstances you would have seen the hand that carried Sacha's portrait, and the hand that held the flower. You observed also that we could not carry the flower over the table steadily, but were obliged to push it along the surface." He then changed the subject to that of tests; speaking to my father, he said, "Do not be impatient, all will come right in time, you shall have tests given you, you have already had some; remember that what you might think an excellent test to-day, on reflection, you might consider to be worth nothing. Would you have us recall a past conversation? That might be done by mind-reading, and would not be at all a good test. We are the best judges of what we do; we work for others as well as for you who are here. We have a certain appointed work, and it must be done; we have not really been able to do half enough yet in the way of physical manifestations; circumstances have been so much against us, that we have failed in nearly all we wished to effect. We know all the difficulties and trials that surround you; but you do not see the difficulties that we have to contend against. Physical manifestations are very necessary; be patient and some day you may arrive at other things. We do not ask you to have faith in us; we only ask that you will be patient and prayerful in investigating." Home had apparently great difficulty in speaking; he now called me over to him, and bidding me sit down, said, "You understand all about this, we cannot impress Dan properly with what we want him to say; circumstances are so adverse that we have scarcely any control over him. Ah, I see the entrance at Adare; your mother is standing there, she appears to be giving directions about planning the garden and walks." My

father said, "Do you mean the lodge gate?" "No, no; I mean the little gate where the notice is put up, 'These grounds are strictly private'; she is standing there between the two clumps of shrubs; ah, it is all confused, I cannot make it out. Your father intends going to the Abbey some night by himself, he wants to find out about those birds; he will see a sort of bright luminous cloud; your mother will be there." My father said, "But I never had any intention of going to the Abbey." Home appeared much astonished; "Are you sure?" he said. "Yes," said my father, "quite sure." "Well," said Home, "that is very strange, the idea must have been in your mind, and you have forgotten it, for some of us had arranged what to do the night that you went; one spirit was going to make the same whistling sound like a bird, and you were to see the luminous cloud." I asked, "Were they then not real birds that we heard whistling?" "No, they were not birds." Home then threw himself back, and taking my hand, said, "We cannot influence Dan properly, your father had better ask questions." My father said, "I thought Elliotson was going to have made some experiments." "Yes, he was anxious to, and tried, but he could not succeed; he attempted to make his voice heard by the door, and instead of being like a voice, it sounded to you like a whistle; the conditions are very bad, we have been able to do scarcely anything to-night, besides your minds are not favourable—they are disturbed, and out of harmony." My father declined to put any questions, so I asked about a certain disputed answer of Dr. Elliotson's that had been given us in the gallery at Adare. Home said, "Your father was right: he did say 'Yes'; afterwards he said he would come by the sea; you were mistaken." After a pause, he said "Your grandfather is really anxious about your taking so much snuff; he did not like to put it any stronger than he did in saying that it could do you no possible good; but he is anxious about it, because he thinks it will harm your nervous system. He says, if you like to take an occasional pinch, that will not hurt you; but he does not like to see you take as much as

you do at present. (Turning to my father) Dr. Elliotson is here and has brought a girl with him: her name is Dawson, she is short and appears so stooping as to be almost deformed; I cannot make out her Christian name. Harriet,—Harriet; no, that is not it: she will not tell me—how very odd!" My father said: "I have a very vague recollection of a mesmeric patient of the name of Dawson; but I don't think her name was Harriet."¹ Home now said, "Dan must awake, Adare, go back to your place." Home being exhausted, we went at once into the dining room to supper. During the whole time that I was sitting by Home, I could see the shadowy form of a figure appearing white and slightly luminous, standing close to my father. He perceived nothing. In moving to my place, I could not avoid passing right through the figure, but as I approached it, it disappeared. Soon after we had gone into the dining room, my father being at the table, and Home sitting on the floor, near the fireplace, with his hand resting against the wall, he suddenly said: "Adare, I hear raps for the alphabet"; and the following was given: "*Ellen Daw*—" "Oh, Dawson," my father said. "Yes," was rapped out. Home said, "Ellen Dawson, Ellen Dawson; Who on earth is she? I never heard of such a person." "Oh," my father replied, "It is the Christian name of a mesmeric patient which you could not make out in your trance." Now this is a curious fact. The name Ellen having been in my father's mind for a moment, had Home mentioned it in his trance, it might have been attributed to ordinary clairvoyance or mind-reading on his part; but coming as it did through raps, it could not be accounted for in that way. My father had said to me in the course of the evening, "I have not the same confidence in what is said in a trance; it may be accounted for by mind-reading or clairvoyance; but if a name or a message be given through raps, even if it be read from my mind, it must be attributed to some intelligence other than that of the

¹ My father says that he had a notion Ellen was the name; however, he did not mention this aloud.

medium, or any one in the room.¹ Directly after the *séance*, I poured the snuff back into my box, from the paper on the ledge under the window where we had seen it deposited. After supper, my father said, "Let us go and see if the snuff is there." I said that I had already removed it; but we went and found remnants of snuff still on and among the papers, quite sufficient to prove that it had been there.—A.

[The following occurrences were witnessed and recorded by me after Mr. Home's return to London.]

No. 64.—*Séance, Ashley House, March 29th, 1869.*

Present:—Mr. Rudall, Mr. McKenzie, Mr. Jencken, Home, and myself. After a short time we experienced slight physical manifestations, raps, vibrations, &c., &c. The table was raised about one foot off the ground; it was raised a second time about two feet, and after remaining stationary in the air for some seconds, it rose to the height of at least five feet, rolling and swaying with a movement like that of a ship at sea; it descended slowly with a strong vibratory motion, accompanied by a sound resembling that of a railway train. I asked if these peculiar movements had any definite meaning; the answer was "Yes." By asking several questions which were answered "Yes" or "No," it appeared that the movements had reference to me, and that I ought to understand the meaning. Flowers and fern leaves were brought from the chimney piece and given to us. We now, at Mr. Rudall's suggestion, shut the folding doors, thereby excluding all light save that entering by the window. Home went into a trance. He clapped his hands (the sign adopted by Adah Menken to signify her presence), and going to the window, folded the curtains

¹ On reference to the *Zoist*, Ellen Dawson appears as a patient of Mr. Hind's, and a clairvoyant. My father recollects her at Dr. Elliotson's. She is mentioned in *séance* No. 14, p. 90, in connection with Mrs. Hennings and Dr. Elliotson.

round him, leaving only his head clear. We all saw a very curious appearance form itself above his head; it looked at first like a lace handkerchief, held out by a stick or support of some sort; soon however it became more distinct and appeared to be a shadowy human form enveloped in drapery; it was about two feet in length. Some one present remarked that it exceedingly resembled a "vignette" heading one of Adah Menken's poems. Home said (speaking as Menken) "Yes, that is it, that is what I wish to imitate; I will try and make my form visible to you." The surface of the wall to Home's right became illuminated three or four times; the light apparently radiating from a bright spot in the centre. Across the portion of wall thus illuminated we repeatedly saw a dark shadow pass; it appeared to me to be rather the shadow cast by a solid substance than the actual form itself. Home's collar stud dropped on the floor, and a spirit brought it and placed it on my head, touching my brow while doing so; Home remarked that it was shining like a little star upon my forehead, he told me to take care of it until Dan should awake. After Home awoke we had some more physical manifestations, flowers were again brought to us, we were all touched, Mr. Rudall received several messages, apparently from his father, the clock was made to strike in answer to some question, we heard a heavy step in the passage and the folding doors were opened and shut, a sofa was moved from the wall to our table, and a chair was carried across the room.

No. 65.—Séance, Ashley House, April 3rd [1869].

Present:—Mrs. Gregory, Miss Douglas, Mr. Charles Blackburn, Mr. Fuller, the Master of Lindsay, Home, and myself. We had tolerably strong physical manifestations, lasting for a short time, after which Home went into a trance. He walked about and was elongated in the usual manner. He then stood still before us, and stretching out his arms to their full length, a palpable elongation took place in them. I said, "Can you manage that we

may test that in some way; may I stand just in front of you, or will you place yourself against the wall?" Home replied, "Yes, certainly, we will do both." I accordingly placed myself just in front of him, with my arms extended along and touching his; his arms were elongated four or five inches, the others could judge of the extent pretty well by comparison with mine. While his arms appeared to be increasing in length, his chest became greatly expanded, and he said to me, "You see how it is, the extension is from the chest." He then placed himself against the wall, and extended his arms to their full natural length; I made a pencil mark at the tips of his fingers. His left arm was then elongated, I held the pencil against the wall, suffering it to be pushed along by his fingers, until he told me to make another mark. His right arm was then elongated, and I marked the movement in the same manner. The total elongation as ascertained by this means, amounted to $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Home now stood by Miss Douglas, and talked to her for a considerable time, mentioning the spirits who were about her, recalling past circumstances of her life, and impressing upon her, that it was in her power to be of very great service to the cause of Spiritualism; he spoke also a good deal to Mrs. Gregory. Walking over to the fire-place, he took from thence, with his hand, a red-hot glowing ember, about the size of a small orange. Mrs. Gregory became nervous, fearing that he would request her to take it, he however went to Miss Douglas and said, "Now if you have sufficient faith, let me place this coal in your hand"; she replied, "I have faith, but I cannot overcome the physical dread, pray do not ask me to take it." Upon this, Home said, "If you would only allow me to place it in your hand it would not burn you; it does not burn Dan; it would not harm him" (pointing to Lindsay). He then placed the coal which had by this time become black, on Lindsay's head, but almost immediately took it off, and saying, "That is not of much use as an experiment, for the natural heat has almost left the coal," he crumbled it in his hand and then threw it in the fireplace. Presently he took another red-