

THE
SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare, and destiny; and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in man; it aims, through a careful reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the Spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.

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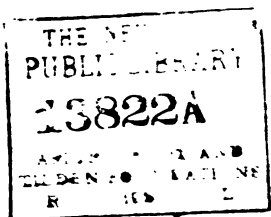
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THE
Spiritual Magazine.

JANUARY, 1868.

“RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW.”

So sings our noble Tennyson, apostrophising the midnight bells that toll out the dying, ring in the advent of the new-born, Year. As we listen to their wild music, borne to the wild sky, they recall the history of the wild, stormy, changeful Old Year dying in the night, whose life is even now fast ebbing as we write these lines; and as we again listen with attent ear our spirits drink in the rejoicing music which speaks of hope and promise with the Coming Year. For this Old Year has been specially busy, beyond its predecessors, in ringing out the changes of Time and Destiny. In Political Government we have seen it

Ring out the old, ring in the new;

Sounding the note of passage from the Past, to what we trust will prove the better Future;—a Future in which the young shall be educated, and the aged cared for; in which the poor shall not need to beg for bread, nor the erring to lead a hopeless life of shame, nor the criminal to be swung from the gallows;—a Future that shall

Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws,

and a higher Christian civilization.

This Old Year, too, has been ringing the Church bells:—they have indeed pealed but little with the sweet music for which they were cast—the gentle notes of “Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men;” on the contrary, they have been harsh and jangled and out of tune; telling of sectarian bitterness and party strife; sounding the alarm of danger—but in reality of

danger only to withered trees of barren formula, bearing neither fruit nor leaves, cumbering the ground,—and to vested interests in the perpetuation of mental slavery and conventional pretence. The Church bells have rung out their summons to Bishops to assemble from all the ends of the earth, as if to shew by an example of utter impotence how effete are Ecclesiastical Synods, how incompetent to deal with, or even to apprehend, the life and thought and movement of the age.

And what mean those notes the midnight bells ring out—which sound faint and feeble indeed, but gathering in volume and in power as they say—“Free Christian Union;” “New Catholic Church?” Ah! is not that what we need—Union more free and Christian;—Churches more Catholic? The attempts at their realization may at present be abortive, but however crude in themselves, they indicate the growing conviction that the wine of the New Age needs other keeping than the old bottles of Ecclesiasticism. Christendom however, while it sadly needs deliverance from the bondage and spiritual deadness of systems and sects; wants no New Christless Church—Church only in name—in pursuit of a futile Catholicity emptying itself of all distinctive truth,—a new sect with a genesis of yesterday; but while holding to its rich inheritance of Christian thought and pious memories, and claiming freedom from all shackles that would fetter the conscience or the intellect, it needs a new outpouring of the Divine Spirit; the Christ-spirit—Christ within, ruling the heart, outworking in the life, regnant in all the institutions of Society. It needs in fuller measure the new and higher—the divinely spiritual life,—the life of Love and Reverence and Trust; for there can be no outgrowth where there is no life, and the character of the outward growth will be in close correspondence to the character of the inward life. If the Christ-spirit—the spirit of self-sacrifice and disinterested love is born in us it must as surely outwork itself in forms and institutions, in individual and social action, as the tree develops leaves and fruit corresponding to the seed from which it springs. Dig and water the soil as you may unless the seed is first planted you will gather no fruit; you may as well grind the air.

But how can we look for even the beginning of a higher spiritual life, while men, as far as it is possible to them, close up the channels through which the Divine life flows into the soul; living a merely external life, denying all present inspiration and communion, and even affirming it to be impossible;—shutting out God and the Spirit-world from view—denying their existence, or acknowledging them only with lip-confession which springs not from the heart? We confess that observation and experience do not warrant us to hope much from merely verbal argument

and metaphysical discussion. However useful these may be in carrying the mind forward from some ground of existing conviction, they can do little in displacing primary convictions and implanting new ones. Where the only outlook is from sensuous perception, and the mind rests in phenomena alone, it is vain to appeal to considerations which, however strongly they may affect ourselves, bear with no force upon those whose principles and methods alike are fundamentally different from our own.

It is here that Modern Spiritualism renders an important service. It meets the Materialist on his own ground. He clamours for facts which his senses can take note of. Spiritualism meets that demand in the most simple and direct way. It gives him the very kind of evidence he needs—plain, palpable facts, and plenty of them. Not facts of history merely, but contemporary facts, which he may see, hear, and feel, and to which, or the like of which, he may recur again and again. Of the sufficiency of this method for the end in view and its superior efficacy there can be no question with those, who, from a knowledge of its results, are competent to judge. It has demonstrated itself. Its statistics (making all allowance and abatement for possible error) are conclusive on this point. It is on this ground then, that we ask our readers—many of whom must now be familiar with the facts and arguments we are accustomed to present—to bear with us in our persistent efforts to press them upon public attention, for the sake of those who may still need them. We shall be glad when the more general acceptance of their truth shall render their reiteration by us no longer necessary or desirable; and when we, or better qualified successors, shall be more free to trace out the higher teachings and philosophy of Spiritualism, which, (as it seems to us) in their ultimate aim, embrace no less than the entire renovation of the individual and collective life of humanity, and their fit preparation for that immortal life of the Spirit, which the facts of Spiritualism so fully demonstrate.

With the New Year we trust our Friends will with new earnestness aid us in our work, and so help to extend a knowledge of those truths to which our pages are devoted. It is becoming evident to all thinking men that education is the great work, as it is the great hope, of the future. But education is of many kinds, and works by many methods. Our work we believe to be educational in a most important sense; for we seek to draw out into consciousness, to exercise and strengthen, man's highest nature,—to elevate his character and his aspirations, and enable him to realize that Earth is the Seminary for Heaven. So, in sincere fellowship with all earnest co-workers,

we would labour for that "good time coming"—the World's
HAPPY NEW YEAR whose glad bells shall

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

NEW WORKS BY THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

- 1.—*The Breath of God with Man: An Essay on the Grounds and Evidences of Universal Religion.* By THOMAS LAKE HARRIS, New York and London, pp. 104.
 - 2.—*Arcana of Christianity: An Unfolding of the Celestial Sense of the Divine Word, through* THOMAS LAKE HARRIS. Part III. "*The Apocalypse*," Vol. i. pp. 487. New York and London.
-

MR. HARRIS has made a long visit to England apparently for the sole purpose of dictating and printing these new volumes. We suppose this to have been his sole object, as this appears to have been the sole result. Mr. Harris isolated himself, or hid himself carefully from all, or nearly all, of those friends who on his former visit received him with open hands and hearts, and exerted themselves to insure success to his mission which then was to lecture publicly on the great topic of Spiritualism, or at least, on his peculiar view of it. As in these volumes Mr. Harris takes every possible opportunity of treating Spiritualism and its phenomena as emanations from the hells, we suppose he regarded contact with his former friends who still adhere to their more charitable, more general, and more logical views of this power, as the height of contamination. Supposing this to be the fact, we cannot sufficiently marvel at the inconsistencies of the man. If Spiritualism be the diabolical system which Mr. Harris now proclaims it, it is at the same time a system and dispensation through which he himself has passed from beginning to end, and by which he has arrived at the ground, whatever it be, on which he now stands. From it he has drawn his experiences, his lights, his strength and his reputation. But whilst kicking down the ladder by which he rose, he expresses no regrets, remorse or repentance for having ascended so criminal a machine, nor

attempts to explain the many mischiefs that he has done. All his earlier works were avowedly dictated to him by individual spirits assuming great names in the literature of this world. His great poems, the "Lyric of the Golden Age," and "Lyric of the Morning Land," were according to his own statement, dictated by the spirits of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Pollok, &c. Now, every one of these spirits, according to Mr. Harris's present belief, and indeed, a belief which he held when he visited and lectured in London, in 1861, are devils and impudent impostors. But has he, therefore, on making this discovery, in any way denounced these impositions and devilish dictations of which he had been made the unconscious medium? Has he done all in his power to put a stop to the circulation of these devil-inspired books? Has he burnt those in his own possession? On the contrary, he suffers them most complacently to go on, and himself as complacently to reap the benefit of their sale. At the very time that in his lectures at the Marylebone Institute he was denouncing all dictations by individual spirits, as emanations from the hells, he had these very books daily exposed at the door of the lecture-room that he might sell as many as possible to the attendants of his lectures, and thus to spread as far as possible the knowledge of them. Still more, before this time, he had made himself the willing mouthpiece of Satan, and at his dictation wrote down and published a set of the most diabolical effusions, which, collected into a volume, he entitled "The Song of Satan," but more properly the "Songs of Satan," of which a second edition appeared in 1860, the year preceding Mr. Harris's visit to England. In no work that has come under our observation is the practice of every sensuality and every blasphemy inculcated with more satanic recklessness than in this volume. Many of the songs are worse than any Rochester ever wrote in their debased principle and hellward tendency. Take a stanza:—

The juggler has his tricks, they say,
 With a ha, ha! and a ha, ho!
 The village priest can't always pray,
 The maiden has many a string to her bow,
 Life is a game, and the merriest plan
 Is to dance while you may, and to kiss while you can.

Take a few more stanzas:—

Now curses on the Man divine,
 With a ha, ho! follow me down;
 For curses are the lamps that shine
 To light us through the devil's town.
 There are who say that spirits win
 Through death a milk-white angel's crown;
 'Tis thus we lead the souls who sin
 To serve us in the devil's town.

Then dance by night, and dance by day,
 With a ho, ho! follow me down;
 For wine and women lead the way
 Men travel to the devil's town.

Fill up the cup with sherris sack,
 Fear not the monk with shaven crown;
 None ever care to wander back,
 Who once have found the devil's town.

Mr. Harris tells us that he condescended to be the devil's amanuensis in order to shew us what a devil he is. Did any one need any such instruction? Don't we know pretty well by all the murders, wholesale and retail, by all the violences and oppressions, the frauds and rascalities, the hypocrisies, and the nastinesses that riot through the earth, and through what we call civilized society, what are the doctrines and the doings of the hells? Yet Mr. Harris, with all this pandemonial demonstration in the world, willingly took up the devil's censer, and scattered abroad a fresh outpouring of blasphemy and moral defilement, at the very time that he was branding all conscientious and pure-minded Spiritualists as dealers with the devil! What a fine example of the privileges of saints, as Hudibras had set them forth long ago:—

The saints may do the same things by
 The spirit in sincerity,
 Which other men are tempted to,
 And at the devil's instance do:
 And yet the actions be contrary,
 Just as the saints and sinners vary!
 For as on land there is no beast,
 But in some fish at sea's expressed;
 So in the wicked there's no vice,
 Of which the saints have not a spice;
 And yet that thing that's pious in,
 The one, in t'other is a sin.

But the inconsistencies of Mr. Harris do not end here. In the *Apocalypse*, p. 396, he gives us this description of the moral and social condition of England:—"Age after age, the guiltiness of the people has been absorbed as a poison, till the elements reek, and the earth is tainted thereby. Over well nigh extinct feudalism, all victorious Mammonism, in this last age, erects its throne. It is a social hell. Every man who sins through the body, infuses, through bodily sin, bodily poison into the body of nature. What then must the body of this terrestrial England be? It is this all-pervading elemental taint that benumbs the rational faculties, and that makes even the just connivers at the iniquities of the unjust, till Christians take pleasure in the triumphs of aggressive war, and benches of bishops uphold slavery and the slave trade; that makes this nation esteem itself the best and purest on the globe; that

causes it to sit in lordly places, the Pharisee of peoples. It is rich and increased in goods; it enlarges its store-houses; it is the fool that saith in his heart 'there is no God.' But the crimes that are buried in its soil are coming forth to take possession of its body; the judgment of this nation is at hand.

"This is the land of common-sense; the hard, shrewd, practical, bargaining, money-getting, power-holding country, that has undertaken to be the merchant, the manufacturer, and middleman for all the globe; the land of the heavy purse and the strong arm. Well has it thriven upon its traffic in human flesh. Men dimly discern in this hour the sins of their fathers. We now see what accursed wretches were the Crusaders, who met Mussulman cruelty with a worse cruelty and wickeder lust. We see what thrice-besotted tools of despotism were the old Tory priesthood, who grovelled for preferment at the feet of king's mistresses, and held that every crowned oppressor was the Lord's anointed, who grew fat from the spoils of rapine and butchery, till the oppressed were maddened with scepticism, and no God was believed in but that false god who helps the strong against the weak. There is a judgment in this world. The enlightened conscience now re-hears, and sets aside the decisions of the past. Righteousness, that always was a sentiment, is fast becoming a science. The thunders of the four Gospels are loosening their voices. Lips, crushed into dumbness for generations, and trodden into dust, are faintly heard! and lo, all around us, it is the cry of our brother's blood that goeth up from the ground. The invisible Hades has broken loose, and like a subterranean torrent, men hear the hollow voices of the under world. Men stand upon an earth that is crumbling, and beneath a firmament that is being cleft asunder, by the swift down-rushing of the final breath of fire.

"Sodom and Gomorrah would have repented before that preaching of Divine Love which proved ineffectual in Capernaum and Jerusalem; in other words, the nations grow harder as they grow older, and the world grows old about them. The truth that would reclaim an African and transfigure a Japanese, provokes in stiffened, antiquated lands, like this, the sneer of derision: the cold smile of incredulity. In fine, we have marched in progress of civilization, and by the outgrowth of nations: from nationality, to the Spiritual West, as the mountain of the of bone, to the edge of the Material West, as the mountain of known v. We have graded and terraced the precipitous mountain, and planted our gardens, and built our cities upon the mountain: they overhang the pit. For this land in the hour of its life are there one of two things possible; utter abjuration of vices, utter casting out of

of Divine life in all things,—or the last days and the last experiences of an old man grown grey in evil, paralysis, and imbecility, and idiocy, and death, and judgment and hell!"

There is, no doubt, great truth in these statements, but in proportion to the truth is our amazement at the proceedings of Mr. Harris. In the second chapter of this same volume he points out the evil effects of spiritually-opened men being surrounded by anti-spiritual and diabolical influences. The last place, therefore, where you would suppose that Mr. Harris would think of going to, would be to a country like England, thus saturated and reeking with such influences. Yet it is into this very tainted and bedevilled land—into this old haunted house of the nations, as he terms it—that he directly rushes to dictate and print his new spiritual volumes! Whilst all America, "the Spiritual West" as he terms it, is open to him, with all its vast solitudes and airy mountains, whilst he is in such a sensitive and contagious condition that he cannot see the face of a single English friend, touch the hand of the most spiritually-minded, but shuts himself up a second St. John in a Patmos of self-isolation, for the parturition of a new *Apocalypse*—he steers his eccentric course right into the heart of the land which swarms with demons more densely packed than those which Luther anticipated on the tiles of Wurms; into this "social hell," as he knows and pronounces it, festering with the crimes of ages, fetid with the breath of Mammon bishops, "of bloated Plutocrats," and murderous and adulterous kings. If we find in the volumes thus produced to the light, doctrines and revelations bearing the marks of wild inspirations and of imposing spirits, we shall not greatly wonder thereat. Our present purpose is to notice the two psycho-theologic volumes whose titles head this article; his new poem, "The Great Republic: A Poem of the Sun," will require a separate analysis.

To understand the character and drift of these volumes, we must first understand the pretensions of the writer. Thomas Harris does not come before us as a simple, uninspired writer, giving us a careful and earnest statement of his views of theology; but as a seer, a prophet, and an authorized and commissioned revealer of the arcana of heaven. He takes not a position on the same plane as Swedenborg, nor of St. John the seer of the *Apocalypse* nor of the Apostles in general, but on a far higher elevation. He treads in the steps of Swedenborg so far as to assume the same office of interpreting the inner meaning of the Scriptures; but he ascends awowedly far above Swedenborg, and opens up to us mysteries to which, he says, neither Swedenborg, nor any other man, has yet been admitted. Let us hear his own announcement. These are the words with

which his *Apocalypse* opens:—"The Apostle John did not possess the gift of opened respiration, neither did any of the Apostles." But Thomas Harris possesses it; and the whole of these two volumes is occupied with his assertion of this superior condition, and with the mysteries into which it has introduced him. "There were twelve methods of respiration peculiar to the inhabitants of the earths and suns of the universe, before the ancient harmony was invaded. These were respectively as follows:—First, respiration from internals to externals, through the Celestial Heaven; Second, through the Spiritual Heaven; Third, through the Ultimate Heaven; Fourth, through the Ultimate Earth of Spirits; Fifth, through the series of World-souls; Sixth, through the life-world of each Heaven; Seventh, through the love-world of each Heaven; Eighth, through the form-world of each Heaven; Ninth, through the essence-world of each Heaven; Tenth, through the harmony-world of each Heaven; Eleventh, through the most intimate access of the Divine Spirit through the inmost degree of the Will; Twelfth, through the full and plenary possession of the Man by the Divine Spirit." *Apocalypse*, p. 25.

The Apostles had none of these; but Thomas Harris has them all; and through them, as he tells us, enters all spiritual regions, damned or divine; converses with all angels, devils, fays or fairies, aromal spirits and others; and possessing and possessed by the Divine Spirit itself, comprehends all mysteries, and reveals just as many as becomes a prophet and saint of such beatific and sublime proportions, and as may keep simple, anserine souls gaping for a glimpse of more. "Patmos," he tells us, "signifies isolation and reflection. The man who desires to become celestial-natural, that is, to breathe by influx from the Lord, through the Celestial Heaven, must be isolated from all ties, which have their origin and action in the principle of self-love. To him there must be literally no country, since he must esteem all men, of whatever race, as with an equal nearness, brethren and friends. To him also, there must be no kindred in the principle of self-love. He must place the children of his own loins at equal remove from himself, with the children called from other acting and doing towards them as the Lord's agent of faction, guided by Him. *Coming out of all personal and friendships* in the same manner, he loves companions; the Lord loves in and through him, dissociating him from them, conjoining himself to them, ministering, or minister, solely by direction from above. The state in is then called Patmos." Yes, that is Patmos, as the Patmos which he made of England when he did books. But step one step further.

"There will arise on earth a society called the THEU

HOOD OF THE NEW LIFE,' internal respiration being the bond of union in the soul. In Christian and Pagan nations, both bond and free, this fraternity will exist. Whoever becomes a brother of the New Life through the full re-opening of the respirations, being in preparation to become a living human tabernacle of Christ, will henceforth stand to the Lord, to the angels, to men, to evil spirits in relations radically different from those of others." *Apocalypse* p. 32. But the mysteries unveiled to the New Brotherhood, can only in part be communicated to the outsiders. "Further *arcana* on this point should not be written for the indiscriminate public, they belong to the husbands and wives in the Brotherhood of the New Life. It is perfectly impossible for men and women to advance beyond a preliminary stage without such knowledges," p. 234. "The *arcana* here are for the most part of too sacred a character for publication in a work designed for general circulation," p. 235. "Becoming the members of a solidarity (New Brotherhood) the true education is begun: it is only through education in solidarity that the Divine Wisdom can take possession of us," &c., p. 352.

Mr. Harris tells us that "a new society called the Brotherhood of the New Life" will arise on earth: but every one who knows anything of the career of Thomas Harris, knows that this society has been in existence for some years in America, nearly since the time that he was before in England. That he is the head of it, and these very volumes bear on their title pages the name of this society as their publisher, namely, "New York and London, Brotherhood of the New Life, 1867."

With these particulars before him the reader cannot be unconscious of their bearing, tendency and significance. The Brotherhood of the New Life is a society exclusively for those who possess the internal respiration according to Mr. Harris's conception of it: Thomas Harris is the head of this association, he is God's appointed expounder of all divine mysteries, and these mysteries are not communicable to any one without the pale of this elect society. In fact, it is a new species of Popery, of which Thomas Harris is the Pope. That we do him no injustice in this statement, his own repeated declarations in this *Apocalypse* volume testify—"In treating of the celestial sense of the *Apocalypse* the task has been easy, so far as the letter has been concerned, notwithstanding the fact of various readings and interpretations. I have seen that temple of harmony, the glorious image of which was let down into the mind of St. John. So far as it has been possible and lawful, I have described it," &c., *Apocalypse* p. 9. To qualify him for this great task, he has traversed more continents of heaven, hell and intermediate regions, as well as planetary and other cosmical

worlds than his predecessor Swedenborg himself. "I stood in the Celestial Heaven, in a wheat-field, and observed an angel," &c., p. 16. "I was conducted to the earth, Mars in spirit," p. 14. "I saw one resembling Richard Arkwright in the world of spirits," p. 44. "I saw an attributal man of the first type on the orb of Jupiter," p. 47. "I saw Alexander Humboldt with Kepler and Copernicus in one of the provinces of the Upper Earth of Spirits," p. 78. "I saw in the depths of the Intermediate Hell a mighty man of the eighteenth century," p. 87. In the 7th illustration, beginning p. 112, he saw the spirits of a lot of novelists, and a demon who pretended to have communicated to Charles Dickens all his works: also those who claimed the originals of the novels of Fenimore Cooper and Lord Lytton, all these being, according to them, mere pretenders to what they had only received from them. "I was translated to a broad, luminous landscape in the Spiritual Heaven," p. 122. "I was in the World of Spirits on a certain occasion," p. 148. "I was at a synod of trans-terrestrial men . . . in the Ultimate Earth of Spirits," p. 154. On another occasion in the World of Spirits he met some Swedenborgians, who found things so different from what their great seer taught them to expect that one of them exclaimed, "There must be some mistake," p. 159. "I met a man in Hell," p. 164. "Let down into the lowest Earths of Spirits, near the Hells, I saw there many men and women who go down there by night to absorb a virus from the pit," &c., p. 166. "Held up between the two world-souls of Mars and our own globe," the Almighty came to him, and breathing on him, said, "Receive my spirit with power to be continued in the Ultimates;" and he adds, "I then received instructions from Him concerning the means and measures to be taken to initiate relief for infantile humanity," p. 167. Then the Virgin, encompassed by children, came to visit him, and said, "Oh, servant of God, I am sent to visit you. Till the times of the revealed Apocalypse, such visitations have not taken place." Which assertion, by the way, is as much as to say that all the accounts of the appearances of the Virgin to saints and saintesses in the Catholic Church, are mere lies. He then perceived that he was in the Celestial Heaven; the desert Es far below: and he saw an archetypal mansion, and over door was written in golden fire, "INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE NEW LIFE," &c., &c. "I saw when present through the body of the nerve-spirit in the mineral kingdom of the globe, the unborn beings of the Earth," p. 183. At p. 243, we find him in the heavens ancient Israel and ancient Syria, in which latter he found John Bunyan and Mrs. Bunyan, in v

place may be imagined, he was attacked by six demons personating Kosciusko, William Penn, Martin Luther, Sidney, Wilberforce, and Washington. One of them confessed that he was "infesting the ghost in the world of spirits who was called 'Lord Macaulay.'" Again he was in heaven, and heard a great voice from the east crying, "New bread." Then he was conversing with an angel about St. Paul, p. 384, and anon, "at a Sabbath of sorcerers in Infernus," p. 385. After all these travels and interviews, varying through all classes of spiritual society from the very highest to the very lowest, he received a renewed commission for his great work of establishing the New Brotherhood on the earth from the Most High, through one G. W.—George Washington, of course—in these words:—"You were sent for because the day of the Lord is at hand, and it is appointed that you be initiated into the work, which devolves upon you in the earth, but first rest," p. 388. We say a renewed commission, because on other occasions he had told us that he is the appointed expounder of mysteries. So at p. 230, "Bear, O sisters, with a brother's voice, speaking as an exponent of Divine Oracles."

We trust that we have made sufficiently manifest what a superb commission has been conferred on Thomas Lake Harris, by no less an authority than the great King of Kings himself, if we are to accept his own assurances of the fact, and what a magnificent preparation for it; a free admission to, and most ample travels through, all the regions of heaven, hell, the middle states, the interior of this earth, and the worlds of material space, with all the teachings and revelations of the wisdom of ages and of the innermost realms of life. No great founder of a new religion, that we can call to mind, had anything like a tenth part of so magnificent an education and enrichment with the arcana of wisdom for that purpose. Even our Saviour was but trained in the workshop of a carpenter, and suffered forty days' temptation of the devil in the wilderness. Even Mahomet, with all his visions, makes but a poor figure in comparison with Thomas Harris in this respect; Joe Smith with his angel and his golden tablets, suffers utter eclipse; and Swedenborg, his typical forerunner in the same supernatural path, grows dim and diminishes before him. If all this be true, what a man we have had amongst us! We feel wholly overcome by the sense of the awful seer, saint, prophet, and delegate of the Divinity who has been dwelling amongst us shrouded in the darkness of a most solemnly sacred sanctuary. No wonder that so august a personage, who had recently

Trod on shadowy ground, had sunk
Deep, and aloft ascending, breathed in worlds

To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil.
 All strength—all terror, single, or in bands,
 That ever was put forth in personal form.
 Jehovah, with his thunder and the choir
 Of shouting angels, and the empyreal thrones,
 Had passed them unalarmed,

should not condescend to renew an acquaintance with men and women of ordinary mould.

But may not all, or a great deal of the gorgeous drama thus evolved before our eyes, turn out to be very much of a phantasmagoria; a dream of transcendental glories, and little more? Mr. William White has shown us most demonstrably that Swedenborg, when he thought that he was conversing with the Almighty and his highest angels, was often grossly mistaken. To a certainty the Divine Spirit whom Swedenborg claimed as the communicator of his revelations, never told him that the Quakers were a most vilely sensual and debauched people, and never pronounced to him the reality of eternal damnation. If Swedenborg, then, stumbled on these heavenly plains, who shall assure us that Thomas Harris is any more to be depended on? For we have only his own word for the grand array of personages and things that he has displayed before us. Now giving Mr. Harris every credit for the most perfect honesty, the most perfect faith in the reality of the manifestations which he believes to have been made to him; we think there is a much simpler and more probable way out of the mystery. Mr. Harris is a poet, and one of no mean endowments. He possesses a vivid imagination, a flowery style, a luxuriant fancy, and a tender, and almost feminine temperament. That he has seen all that he so authoritatively states we do not for a moment question; but he has seen them as visions. That he has had them spiritually communicated, we as little question, but to our mind they were communicated by the very class of spirits which he so much delights to denounce as the deceivers of *séances*. To such spirits, what could be a richer treat than thus filling his imagination with all the teeming, and often most fantastic creations which this volume of the *Apocalypse* displays? Every religious and projector of new systems firmly imagines himself elected instrument of the Divine will. But how desc
 an one :—

He could deep mysteries unrid:
 As easily as thread a needle !
 For as of vagabonds we say,
 That they are ne'er beside the
 Whate'er men speak by this
 Still they are sure to be ? th' ri
 'Tis a dark lantern of the spi
 That none see by, but those it.

The portrait is not less striking in another feature:—

This grand inquisitor has chief
 Dominion over man's belief
 And manners: can pronounce a saint
 Idolatrous or ignorant:
 When superciliously he sifts
 Through coarsest boulder others' gifts;
 For all men live and judge amiss,
 Whose talents jump not just with his.

This latter trait is particularly conspicuous in these volumes, especially wherever Spiritualism and Spiritualists, or even Revivalists are mentioned. The fact is, that Mr. Harris, notwithstanding his great and excellent theory of the abnegation of self, as the ground of genuine Christianity, has, undoubtedly, a most eager ambition of being the projector and head of a new church. Probably, to some extent he is not aware of this, but mistakes the aspiring passion for godly zeal. He has, however, very well described his own condition, as it strikes us, as shewing itself in the opposite sex:—"When ambition has entered into the heart of one of the female sex, and the thought to become a foundress of an ecclesiastical institution, she generally succeeds in convincing herself that the sources of her impressions are supernal, or even of the infinite; but having the sphere of her sex, which is one of pliant absorptiveness, she teems with conceptions which cannot become fully embodied fantasies, without the assistance of the masculine element. Hence she seeks disciples, who shall serve as reservoirs of spiritual magnetic vitality; drawing through them an important element of life, and through the male influx, a subversive order, becoming pregnant with ideas. When such syrens find access to those who are becoming spiritual-natural, and can conjoin themselves so as to produce faith in their pretensions, the slavery which ensues is rigid, and may be long protracted. The most honest and conscientious, who are physically open to an extreme influx from foreign bodies, will be very liable to this form of bondage." *Apocalypse*, p. 97.

Apply this to the prophet himself, and to the sort of American Agapemone, which he has established, and the correspondence is striking.

But what of the moral and religious quality of the works themselves under notice? They abound with great spiritual truths which will have the full assent of all sound practical Spiritualists, because they are the truths which Mr. Harris has learned in the school which he now condemns, and in his progress through those marvellous and faith-inspiring manifestations which he now affects to treat as ultra-demoniac. His grand "*Deus ex Machina*" is the doctrine of the inner breathing, and the smaller

work, "*The Breath of God with Man*," may be read with nearly unalloyed satisfaction, for it is sober and rational, and contains some passages so true and beautiful that we should have liked to quote them. The larger work, the *Apocalypse*, is a continuance of Swedenborg's comments on portions of Scripture. As Swedenborg chiefly took in hand Genesis, Harris has undertaken the Revelations; but this volume of 487 pages, runs riot into so many regions of thought, and amongst so many personages, that it only gets through a portion of that mysterious work. The spiritual truths in it are so thickly overlaid with a chaos of wild fancies that they become very much lost sight of. Many of the meanings given to the text appear to have no more connection with it than if they had been attached to any other words: but then, we are told that they are an inner and truer meaning, for which, not having had the same assumed enlightenment in the inner heaven, we are wholly at the mercy of the expounder for. This however, is the less to be regretted, as he tells us that there are no fewer than seven inner meanings to the same texts.

In the course of his revelations Mr. Harris assures us that the body of Christ when on earth was inhabited by legions of fairies, or fays. As a child he attracted all races to him through his breath. These resolved within him, and thus densely peopled he moved from place to place. When he was upon the cross he broke his own fay body, and dispersed the fay souls of which it was composed throughout the humanity of the entire orb, so that we are now all as densely inhabited by fays as a pigeon-cote with pigeons, the air of a summer evening with midges, or an ant-hill with ants. "The fays who were in the seven spheres of the Lord's natural body followed him up to heaven, and are now called divine fay-angels. So vast were the human extenses within the natural body of our Lord, that the fays who dwelt therein, and who followed him to heaven, were as the small dust for number. Before the day of Pentecost they began to return, and were the tongues of fire seen on the apostles' heads." See 1st illustration from pp. 16 to 24.

Every atom of the material universe, Harris assures us, is "an atomic man." Many of these are still inwrought into the bodies of the demons of the lost orb, and await their new combination in a human race which shall replace that which fell. "The atomic man in the inmost of the atoms of the human frame make war against the accretion of atomic nebulae in the human system which is undergoing regeneration," &c., p. The fay-men pass through our bodies in any direction at which the world-souls exist in pairs, male and female, throughout the universe, presiding over their individual worlds. Besides the atomic men; that is, beings constituted of the ess

or aromas of things in nature. The aromas of flowers, those of the wild moorlands and woods, of the rocks and minerals in the bowels of the earth. All these, and waters, fountains and seas, have their aromal creatures, which somehow acquiring life, finally travel up to heaven and obtain salvation; though it may only be through centuries of labour in their respective departments of nature, that they become impersonal creatures in heaven. *See* pp. 129 to 139. There we have the Necks and Undines of northern and Germanic mythology, who obtained salvation through connection with men: as Mr. Harris's aromal spirits are but the dryads, naiads, and fauns of the Greeks revived. In every country too, the aromas of good or bad deeds, of tragic or benign histories, produce aromal flowers. So in France, an aromal flower lives that grew from the dust of Joan of Arc. The Wickliffe blossom, a disc of purple and gold, springs glorious in the aromal air of England. The martyrs of the Cevennes and the Alps have given birth from their dust to an airy flora. Italy bears a queenly plant that commemorates the virtues of Savonarola. Imperishable nature holds the dust of the saints in honour, and represents through them an ever-springing life, in worship of Him they worshipped, in sympathy with the great cause they served. p. 132.

This is all very poetical, some of it extremely beautiful, and in the sense of a living pictured memory in the spirit of those scenes, true. But as put forth by Harris as matter of sober fact, and as matter of revelation from the highest source of inspiration, is but the out-pourings of a sensitive poetic imagination excited to the verge of insanity. It is a wild, fantastic, and bewildering dream of beauty and morbid sentiment, as different from the simple and practical truth of Christianity as *renaissance* finery is to classic grace.

That we may not be misunderstood, let us now speak a few words on the inner breathing. This is, no doubt, a great and substantial truth: but not as Harris inculcates it. We hold it to be a universal and inalienable function of every living soul: not the capriciously bestowed boon which Harris represents it. We are persuaded that no living spirit could continue to live without spiritual breath, any more than an animated physical body can exist without breathing physical air. Every view afforded us by physical or spiritual philosophy assures us that the spirit is the active force which creates for itself the body. Swedenborg in the first instance, and the whole of psychological experience since, maintain the assurance that all evolution is in an outward direction from the inner or spiritual world. The soul proceeds from God the original and eternal centre of all causation, and the soul originates by energies with which God has endowed

it, its outer covering or body adapted to its condition in a physical state of being. In the *Ontology* of Dr. Doherty, a truly sound and spiritual system of physio-spiritual science, this is lucidly expressed in few words:—"The spirit forms the body in utero, by collecting and associating particles of matter from the blood of the mother to form organs; and it sustains the physical organism during life by a constant interchange of atoms with the external world," p. 137. This being the case, it is the soul which originates the body, and adapts it to its own special functions. The function of breathing, therefore, obviously exists in the lungs of the soul and operates outwards through the lungs of the body. Spiritual and physical breathing must necessarily go on together, as all other functions of soul and body, the soul being the directing, willing agent—the body the co-operating servant. Every fact of psychology which has ever come to the actual observation of men regarding the soul or spirit, confirms this view. Every assertion of spirits in *séances* pronounces the spirit the real man, and the body the merely compliant envelope. Every apparition of a spirit is that of the real man, not only in appearance, but with all the members and portions of a man. Nothing, therefore, can be more certainly proved than that spirit and body breathe simultaneously, and in precisely the same mode, but not breathing the same atmosphere, each respiring its appropriate one. The idea of Swedenborg, then, that the inner breathing proceeds from the navel towards the heart, and so by the Eustachian tube to the mouth, is simply absurd; as is his idea that the people of the first ages down to the Flood possessed this inner breathing, and by it expressed themselves without articulate speech. That this inner breathing gradually decreased with the love and faith of the people, and that such as possessed it near the time of the Flood were by its cessation, but that some surmounted this crisis, outward respiration began, and with it outward and speech,—is as much as to say that the ante-diluvian—destitute of articulate and resonant speech, and conversed changes and expressions of the countenance—a thing to the whole history of those times. See *Cælestia*, Vol. II. Genesis, chapter x. pp. *Spiritual Diary*, 3,464.

In several excellent papers on Internal Spiritual Magazine, Vol. III. under the signature of the writer says—"Swedenborg was the first to be known to the world, not from any historical event, but from his capacity as a seer, a matter of revelation. This is another proof, in addition to those pointed out above, of the too great reliance on him as a seer."

long before Swedenborg taught the same truth. In his 46th chapter, 39th verse, he explains what is the flesh and blood of Christ, which if we do not eat we have no life in us. That it is the Sophia, or Divine Wisdom, and in his *Threefold Life*, v. 50, and *Clavis*, 106, he asserts the Sophia to be the pure element of the Holy Spirit. And again in *Aurora* I, 15 and 16, that "every time we breathe with entire abandonment of self, and full trust in the loving-kindness of our Divine Master, we receive the sacred body, which is everywhere, and we saturate our hearts with the pure element in which and by which alone we can be born again to a new life." This doctrine of Böhme's was noticed by St. Martin, and declared by him "an important truth, generally hidden from man." See *St. Martin's Correspondence* translated by *Mr. Penny*, pp. 119 and 120.

We fully agree with Böhme, Swedenborg, St. Martin, and Harris in the substantial truth of the inner breathing; and that, through this, in conjunction probably with the nervous system, our communication is opened, or, rather, kept open with the spiritual world, and with the Sustainer and Nourisher of all things that live. But we take a very different view of its endowment on men from Harris. We cannot believe that it is conferred partially and only on a few. That when it comes to impure or evil persons, it instantly burns up their interiors, and that they fall down dead. We cannot believe it to be a function tending towards narrow sects, and little exclusive Agapemones, or Brotherhoods of the New Life, as exclusive. We believe that, like all the rest of God's gifts, it is a universal gift, seeing that He is no respecter of persons, but sends His sun to shine alike on the just and the unjust. As He desires the regeneration of all, He patiently leaves the means of it open to all. To the good, the respiration will be from the atmosphere of heaven—to the bad, the atmosphere of hell. That by it, and by other psychical functions, we are open to spiritual influxes of beneficent, and also of deleterious natures. That those who aspire heavenwards and towards the love of God, inhale larger and fuller draughts of this divine ether, and are proportionately fed and strengthened by it. That none of the apostles possessed this interior respiration, as asserted by Harris, is plainly untrue. According to his own definition, this breathing is the quintessence of the Holy Ghost, "the tides of the Divine Spirit, which roll as never before, uplifting, illuminating, strengthening, and giving peace." And therefore, as Christ himself breathed the breath of life upon them, and said, "Receive the Holy Ghost," they consequently received the inner, divine breath. They were filled with the fulness of the Holy Ghost, and, therefore, of the breath of God. Without this there could, according to Harris himself, be no

regeneration; for it is by the operation of this inner breath that the process of regeneration is carried on and perfected; or, as he says, the old soul is destroyed, and a new celestial soul introduced and built up; and not by a parcel of fays working away at the old materials of the old natural soul, as Harris would persuade us, like a *possé* of bricklayers clearing away an old house, and erecting a new spiritual-natural soul, with fresh and pure materials. See *Apocalypse*, pp. 21 to 24, 135, &c.

It is deeply to be regretted that a man of the fine faculties and the high poetical endowment, the extraordinary eloquence, and long spiritual experience of Thomas Lake Harris, should thus have become the victim of his imaginative temperament, and have disfigured and overlaid with a pile of merely florid imagery the great and solid truths of spiritual science. Had he introduced his fays, and atomic men, his aromal men, and aromal flowers as the machinery and drapery of an avowed poem, we might read it with the same pleasure as we once read the *Rape of the Lock*, Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*, or the *Arabian Nights*: but truth, and above all spiritual and divine truth, is too solemn a thing to be disguised with the airy flowers of a fairy land and surrounded by the swarming nonentities of a visionary. With what a sublime, and at the same time practical grace, simple, unadorned Christianity stands beside this meretricious system of spiritual ontology and theosophy. The principles of Christ are at once clear, concrete and universal in their nature. There is no tendency in them to monkery either Popish or Protestant: to exclusive New Brotherhoods, or Agapemones. On the contrary, they look outwards, onwards and upwards. Open in a grand lucidity to the plainest intellect, they are at once accepted as divinely consolant by the common heart of humanity. They spread their vitalizing rays over all lands and peoples like those of the sun. Instead of a multiplicity of senses and breathings we find in the plain terms of the influence of the Holy Spirit operating on and renewing the heart and soul, and in the simple declaration that in every nation they who fear God and work righteous shall be accepted, a divine charter of salvation which the poorest child of humanity can fully comprehend and lay hold of; the most cultivated and masterly intellect must instinctively adore. In a word, we infinitely prefer the Gospel of Christ—the Gospel of the New Brotherhood, and the operations of the Holy Ghost as in and on the Apostles, to all the wild light multiplied inner meanings, and the almost innumerable branches of the system of Thomas Lake Harris. The poor wand of Wordsworth taught only by God in solitude, had arrived at a nobler conception of communion with his Maker, than the mediumship of fays, atomic and aromal men—or

butterflies presented by angels as "the pleasures of sensation sporting in the ether of the region which corresponds to the left lower jaw," *Apocalypse*, p. 405. This poor youth, knowing nothing of the contents of and peoples of Jupiter, Mars, or the lower hells, had caught the substance of true worship as saints and spiritually-minded men and women in all ages have done.

A herdsman on the lonely mountain tops,
Such intercourse was his, and in this sort
Was his existence often times *possessed*.
O then how beautiful, how bright appeared
The written Promise! Early had he learned
To reverence the Volume that displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die:
But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith.
Responsive to the writing, all things there
Breathed immortality, revolving life,
And greatness still revolving: infinite;
There bitterness was not; the least of things
Seemed infinite; and there his spirit shaped
Her prospects, nor did he believe—he *saw*.

We believe that such a simple God-embracing heart has reached the substance of divine respiration, that he respire with the angels and with Christ,—a substance we are in danger of losing sight of, and letting slip, amid the sparkling verbiage and the phantasmal visions of the writer of this so-called *Arcana of Christianity*.

THE LAND OF REALITY.

ALPHONSE KARR, in his *Voyage autour de mon Jardin*, one of the most charming and right-thinking books in the French language, was very nigh to the truth when he wrote the following 54th chapter of his second volume:—"Oh, my friend! I have returned from a beautiful country! How shall I be able to recall all the wonders that I have seen? At the first glimpse, I saw the trees bearing fruits, which exhaled unknown fragrance. Some of them had flowers of fire; and in these flowers revelled bees of gold, the murmur of which was an enchanting music.

"Scarcely had I entered these happy regions, when I perceived the influence of the climate; I was light and joyous; I no longer walked, but leaped: I alit on the summits of the trees.

"There I found all that I believed that I had lost by death, or by forgetfulness. I found them all living—all happy, and all loving me with a delightful tenderness. They were all young and beautiful. There I beheld all things that I had ever dreamed of, or desired, and which I had expelled from my

thoughts and from my heart, as follies and fancies of a sick brain. I saw them all realized—common and familiar. No one was astonished at them; and I no more than the rest. At my call, the tigers and lions came and rubbed themselves against me, and offered themselves to carry me; but what need had I of them, for I flew myself like an eagle?

“There I re-found Madeleine—Madeleine who loved me, and explained that she had never been unfaithful to me; but, oh! happiness inexpressible! I know not what she said to me, nor what arguments she used. All that I know is that I believed her. And M. Muller! how he grasped my hand! How happy he was in our happiness! And my father—my father, for whom I had wept so—he was not dead! He went with me into that fortunate land, where were re-united all those that I loved. He had still the same smiling and open countenance; and from his fingers flowed streams of harmony still.

“It seemed as if my life up to that moment had only been a dream and a nightmare, where, after difficult trials and an initiation, the phantoms which had terrified me were made to vanish from around me. I was rich, and I lavished on Madeleine all that women love—all that one loves to give them. Over what magnificent precious stones, over what carpets, and what flowers she walked! What pearls were woven into the waves of hair which floated behind her as she walked! How beautiful she was! How adorned she was by all these riches, and how rich I was in her! The precious stones—the diamonds which surrounded her, or which glittered beneath her feet; they were not deemed worthy to shine upon her. I gave her stars to emblazon her hair. Mars, that red star—Venus, that cerulean one—that I had so long seen sparkling in the heavens, they were not, as we had been told, great planets; they were flowers of fire, which gave her a ravishing air.

“Then, as I examined her further, I discovered that she was at the same time all the women that in the whole course of my life I had loved or desired. Then, our regards encountering each other, the flame that flashed thence confounded itself, and founded us both also. I and she was I; I felt her life in my veins. I then discovered what love truly was, but a divided into two re-unite all country! Where, a right and happiness; we know when “fools consequences will and the heedless of the disorderly spirits, and of by every spirit-pretender

smiling regions of dreams into this arid country which we call life. On sound reflection, however, who knows if, after what we call death, we shall not discover that what we named life was really a dream; and, what we took for dreams, were really excursions into the region of real life which our soul made, whilst our body—that prison of flesh—was asleep.”

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

TAKING at the commencement of a New Year a view of the past, we naturally ask ourselves whether as teachers we have been instrumental in disseminating truth or error.

As one of the contributors to this Magazine I have accumulated and recorded a large number of strange facts which tend to uphold the doctrine of spirit-communion, and I ask myself whether I am conscious of having given currency to any important statement which I would now desire to modify or withdraw? and I am happy in being able to say—no, not one. The curious phenomena of which I have spoken from time to time have been either witnessed by myself, or have been described as having been seen by others equally trustworthy. None of these statements have been truthfully impugned, and thus an amount of evidence has been published in the pages of this Magazine which ought to be sufficient to establish beyond cavil that there are intelligent, invisible agencies in active operation around us, which under certain conditions, and in apparent contravention of all recognized natural laws, produce phenomena of a very surprising and, even to the most initiated, very puzzling character. The *Cui bono?* and the possible evil consequences of encouraging these investigations are questions entitled to respectful consideration; but to deny the existence of the phenomena, and to assert that millions of men and women, in all parts of the world, are victims to a delusive epidemic, is a monstrous folly which no intelligent man will dare at this day to assert, unless he is himself nursing an idle delusion.

We need not therefore waste time to argue with that class of opponents, still less with those who can only meet the evidence by a foolish attempt to laugh the witnesses out of court. Let me then devote a few words to a consideration of one of those objections we are bound to answer, though I am conscious that I can add nothing new, nor say anything that has not been

better said by many others ; and it must be understood that I am only addressing myself to new enquirers who I know are springing up about us every day. The question is constantly asked by believers in the Bible—"If Spiritualism be true, what is the use of it?" I reply, if you who are provided with the comforts of life, were to ask the hungry mendicant why he lingers at your door, his answer would be, "I want something that will satisfy my cravings, give it me!" One half the world want that faith which satisfies you. They cannot obtain it as you have done, will you deny them the means of securing it in any other way? The Book that gives you comfort commands no respect from the man who does not believe in it. The eloquent preacher whom you admire, and whose reasoning you think conclusive, has no influence upon the sceptic. He marvels at what he thinks your folly, but at the same time he is not quite satisfied with his own unsettled condition. He does not say there *is not* another state of existence, but he has no faith in it. He wants a revelation to satisfy his doubts, and Spiritualism and its phenomena furnish it. He finds, perhaps, in the manifestations which some think low and undignified, the evidence for which he has thirsted. Will you deny him that—and say, if he cannot obtain it in the inspired Word of God as you have found it, he must go without it? No, you dare not say that if you are a Christian! and this is, in part, my answer to your question of *Cui bono?* Don't carp at the nature of some of the manifestations ;—at least, recollect that we who receive them as proof of spirit existence *don't make them*. We know from our better experiences that they are but the means to an end, and that when the sceptic is once convinced of their reality, he is prepared to advance and to realize the higher teachings which Spiritualism unfolds. No other "*ism*" has made such rapid strides in the history of the world. It is now well known that, in less than 20 years, millions of intelligent men and women, many of whom were materialists, have found a rest and a consolation in Spiritualism for which they had previously sought in vain. What can it be then that gives such irresistible evidence and makes so many converts, despite the ridicule and opposition of the press, the bigots and the scientific as a demonstrated and patent truth? You cannot destroy a falsehood, nor destroy a fact. There is a wrong path in every walk of life. "Do not rush in where angels fear to tread," that follow ; I, therefore, warn the profligate of the danger there may be in encouraging the folly of accepting all they are told by who may come into their presence.

An illustration of the fanatical conduct of some persons who rush into Spiritualism without any knowledge of the landmarks for their guidance, and rush out again after a few days' experience, convinced of its reality, but equally certain that it is all diabolism, has recently been given by a gentleman and his wife, who have published their experience.

Mr. and Mrs. C—— attend a *séance* at which the spirit of "a darling child" is manifestly present. They attend a second *séance*, and, through the same medium, they are confirmed in the conviction of the real presence of their child. Mr. C—— then finds that he is himself a medium, and, forthwith, he purchases a small table for the exercise of his power.

His first experiment proves to him beyond a doubt that an intelligent being, though invisible, is with him; but he speedily begins to suspect that whatever the character may have been of the spirit which first manifested to him through another medium, this, which is now communicating through himself, is an evil spirit. On his "wishing it to walk to the dining room, it started at once." He was struck by its heavy tread, "so very unlike the footfalls of a young child," and he exclaimed, "This is *not* the spirit of my child, if so I want no other manifestation." Becoming more and more suspicious of the character of this particular visitant, he said, "If thou art not the spirit of my child, march out of the house." "The table did, indeed, 'march,' making a noise like the loud and well-measured footfalls of a heavy dragoon—literally shaking everything in the room."

This gentleman then adjured the spirit in a variety of forms, and asked if it was not a bad spirit? and it said, "Yes!" Then he said, "Accursed devil! by the living God I adjure thee to speak the truth! Has the spirit of my child *ever* been put in communication with myself or her mother through this or any other table?" The "accursed devil" said, "No, never!" Then, after similar assurances, Mr. C. made up his mind to believe the devil; and he closed his experiments with an *auto da fé*, by breaking up and burning the table! This illustration will serve to point a moral, inasmuch as it shews the need of acquiring some knowledge of the subject prior to entering on a course of practical investigation, and of exercising discrimination and patience, and a more Christian spirit, in conducting it. Such experiences are as little creditable to the intelligence of the actors as they are derogatory to Spiritualism. But even these support the truth of spirit intercourse, and the reality of the phenomena—the main points to which *my* efforts are directed through the pages of this Magazine. The evidence of these is accumulating around us in many ways; and to some of which I desire now to draw attention.

SOME FURTHER FACTS OF SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Referring the reader to the evidence I have given in former numbers of this Magazine of THE REALITY OF SPIRIT VOICES, and of the active intelligence displayed by the two spirits, known as John King and his companion Kate (names which may be taken as generic), through the mediumship of the Marshalls, I find that much interest is excited by the statements I have already made, and a desire to know more of the character of these manifestations, and of the conditions under which they are exhibited. Several of my friends who have attended these *séances* but once, are not satisfied with the slender evidence they obtain on special points, and think it important that the facts of this oral communion should be thoroughly sifted and freed from all taint of suspicion.

I have had many opportunities, it is true, of examining this case, but I am not competent to offer a solution of the scientific problem involved.

I have satisfied my own mind, and I think I have already given ample evidence to satisfy others, of the *bonâ fides* of this curious exhibition. I have conclusively proved that ventriloquism (the only suggestion made to explain the speaking), is entirely inadmissible. The mediums have talked and sung at the same moment that John and Kate were speaking or singing. Both spirits have spoken repeatedly to me (and others, in my presence), at the same time, one on each side, so close to my ears that their breaths were distinctly felt. Kate, in her low voice, has frequently spoken as if she were standing behind my chair, and I have been unable to catch all she said in consequence of the overpowering loudness of John's voice in conversation with another person at the opposite side of the table. Kate, who, I think, draws her power from Mrs. Marshall, sitting on my right hand, has, on several occasions, spoken through the tube (elevated horizontally to the height of my head) to the person sitting on my left hand; and, whilst this conversation was going on, the tube rested against my forehead, and I have felt every vibrating as it passed from the invisible speaker. At the time I have held Mrs. Marshall's hands in mine, and at the same time, John was heard in active conversation on the other side of the table nearest to Mr. Marshall. On one occasion I asked John to let me hold one end of the tube whilst he held the other. "Take it," he said. I put out my hand, and he would not get hold, but it was not there. "Well, why don't you hold it?" he tauntingly asked. This question came from the mouth of the person sitting under the tube, which was held up by the ceiling. I rose from my chair, and stretched out my hand, but the voice still taunting me from a height out of my reach.

directly over my head. This, and many other incidents, which have happened in my presence, satisfies me that impenetrable as the darkness is to us, we are distinctly visible to the spirits.

One of my correspondents says, "Mr. Marshall, it appears, is the real medium in this case," and there is evidently a lingering suspicion that Mr. Marshall has something more than mediumship to do with these oral exhibitions. I believe, as I have been told by the Marshalls themselves, that Mr. Marshall's presence is necessary for obtaining strong and continuous oral power during a sitting, which frequently occupies two hours, but I have now satisfied myself that the voice can be obtained without his presence at all. I have reason, too, from what I hear, to believe that there are other mediums in London who are now obtaining these oral communications, and I am of opinion that *every* medium for physical manifestations can, under suitable conditions, get the voices with more or less power; but, so far, the Marshalls, I believe, are far the best. At a recent visit to them, I asked the elder Mrs. Marshall, who does not like the dark *séances*, and who had not sat at any at which I had been present, to accompany the younger Mrs. Marshall and me to the dark room. We three only were present. I invited John to speak to me. Within a minute he addressed me with the usual form of greeting, and continued to talk for several minutes. The voice was as strong, at first, and as clear as I ever heard it. It was precisely the same tone—it was, in fact, the very same voice. I expressed to him my surprise at this, and he said, "Oh, Marshall and his mother are the same, you know; but I can do better with him," then dropping his tone, and, as I believe, feigning a weakness to propitiate Mr. Marshall, who appeared piqued at my making this experiment, John said, in a husky voice, "I can't keep up; let Marshall come in."

It is from the result of this experiment that I now think we are entering on a new phase, that spirits speaking will be a common manifestation,—that we shall soon obtain these voices through many mediums, and perhaps to realise the promises which have been made to me several times during the past three or four years, and doubtless to others, by spirit messages through the alphabet, "We will walk with you and talk with you as when on earth."

John King, too, has said that he will give us a surprise some day soon. "We expect to be able," he said, "to shew ourselves and to talk to you." "What prevents you doing so now?" I have asked. "We have not found the exact conditions, but we shall: I am always trying." One evening when 33 persons were present, and John was bouncing about from one to another in a very excited state, he suddenly said, "Strike a light! strike

a light!" I lighted a candle, and then asked him to rap three times when he wished it to be extinguished. In a few minutes he did so, and I enquired why he wanted the light in such haste. "The power," he said, "was becoming too strong for me to control, and I was afraid of mischief."

I tried to get some further information at that time, and could not; but subsequently, when alone with the mediums, I asked John to explain that circumstance. He said, "We gather the electric effusion which passes from persons around us, and form a body, which is invisible to you, but visible to us, and we occupy this body. Sometimes we can only make part of a body, and then the manifestations are not so strong. Now, my object is to make the body visible to you, and I try many experiments, which don't always succeed, and the electric power then becomes too strong for my control." John, as I have before said, is a very erratic sort of personage, and it is almost impossible to hold him to any serious point. He flies off at a tangent, and, instead of giving a direct answer, rallies you in a jocular way with marvellous quickness of repartee, and frequently quotes pertinent passages from Shakespeare. The above is the most connected explanation I have been able to get from him. In answer to the question why other spirits did not speak through these mediums, he said, "All *spirits* are not mediums! You are not a medium, and cannot receive a message! They are not mediums, and cannot give one!" This, of course, is not a complete and satisfactory answer, as there must be multitudes of spirits who possess this condition, supposing that conditions *are* as necessary to the spirit as to us. I rather incline to the belief that it is only one class of spirits who can use one class of earthly mediums.

I have long ceased to regard the ordinary messages received through mediums who get powerful physical manifestations, and I never allow such communications to influence my actions in any way. But I see the value and importance of all manifestations, and the necessity of collecting the facts and classifying them; they are evidently tending to very important results which the scientific world cannot much longer understand. They prove beyond doubt that there is a force yet recognized by natural philosophy, in active operation around us, and that this force is accompanied by a power which from the evidence we are justified in believing to be from, and is exercised by, the living denizens of the world, and that thus the close connection of the two is shown. It is vain and foolish to deny the fact that this force is overwhelming, and the student of natural philosophy must be prepared to accept and deal with it.

he may. The voices proceeding from invisible intelligent entities is, in my belief, but the introduction to greater unfoldings of this nature. The frequent, now almost daily, evidence that material substances can pass through any material barrier is now known to many. The readers of this Magazine have seen so many statements made by competent witnesses of this seemingly impossible phenomenon, that I feel that further evidence upon the point is unnecessary, for them, at least; but I have witnessed something recently which strengthens my conviction that the law of matter is over-ridden by spirit power, and I think it useful to record the

INCIDENTS AT ANOTHER SEANCE WITH MISS NICHOLL.

Six persons were present, whose names can be given, if necessary. We sat, as usual, round a circular drawing room table, above which a glass chandelier was suspended.

The light being extinguished, the first movement made by the invisible operators was to place a small work-table with three legs, upon the large table; this was done without noise, and without touching any of the party or the chandelier, though there was but a space of five or six inches left between it and the top of this small table.

The communications generally through Miss Nicholl's mediumship are made by rapping sounds, which, however, with her are comparatively feeble, and this table it appeared was placed in that position to make the raps with more distinctness. It tilted, no one touching it, and rapped with one of its legs to the letters of the alphabet. Seated, as I was, opposite to Miss Nicholl, the small table formed a barrier to that extent between us. I said to the spirits, "Please to give me something substantial that I can carry away with me, will you?" The leg rapped three times, signifying "Yes." Miss Nicholl added, "Give him one of the most precious things in life."

In an instant, a thick round of a fresh loaf of bread was put into my hands. There was no bread in the room, as far as any of us, knew before we sat to the table, and, of course, no one moved from their seats. I pressed for something more. The light was called for immediately, and we found a fine apple, of a very unusual size in the centre of the table, and something was seen to fall, as if from the ceiling, just behind my chair. It proved to be a remarkably beautiful specimen of pink heather in full flower, thirteen inches long, quite fresh, and the stem showed that it had been but that moment gathered by *breaking*, not by cutting it off.

We all examined the apple, and when the light was again extinguished, I placed it on the table, and said, "Now that

is large enough for all of us; suppose you cut it up in six equal parts, and give a piece to each. Can you cut it up?" "Yes."

We then heard a crisp cut as if a sharp knife had passed quickly through the apple, then a second, and a third cut, and a piece of it was given to each of five of the party. Upon collecting and examining the pieces, we found that my request had not been literally complied with; it was not cut into six equal parts, but into five unequal parts, presenting the appearance of the blocks of a Chinese puzzle. It required a good deal of ingenuity to put them together again, which we only effected after several trials. Now I ask any sceptic to ponder these facts, and, more especially, the production and the cutting of the apple.

No one knew that I should ask for the apple to be cut up. It is possible that had there been a knife in the room, which there was not, and, had we all fallen asleep for a minute or two, the apple might have been cut up without detection by an expert hand into *six pieces*, as I had requested; but I am satisfied that no living man could have cut up an apple *in the dark* in the ingenious way this was cut. It was an optical delusion; we were all psychologized; the thing did not really occur, though we believed it did; will be among the foolish attempts at explaining this and similar phenomena. But the answer in this case is, that I carried the apple away with me, and, together with the heather, placed it under a glass shade, where it still remains.

Many other equally strange facts which have recently occurred through Miss Nicholl's mediumship have been related to me, and one by a gentleman who sat next to me on the evening when the incident I have just alluded to took place. This gentleman said he had up to within a few days been a great sceptic. "I had been present," he said, "at two *séances* when fruit and flowers had been brought to us, but I found it impossible to accept the evidence. There were persons present whom I did not know, and I was sure there must be collusion among some of them. On the third evening, I became greatly excited, and I said I would forfeit 100 guineas if Miss Nicholl could prove to me the genuineness of the phenomena upon my own terms—that she should accompany me alone in an adjoining room, and allow me to hold her hands (though she would not hear of any forfeit) and sit in our seats at a small table, I took her hands, and she challenged the invisibles to produce any thing. In an instant or two I heard something fall, and I saw it had come from the ceiling, and there it lay. I found a bunch of grapes! This was completely conclusive—and I am now a confirmed believer."

NEW SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

WE have had within the last few weeks some very remarkable manifestations of spiritual presence and power, and I will render the account of what occurred as briefly as the recording of a series of truly characteristic phenomena will permit. The medium present at the *séances* was Mr. D. D. Home.

The first group of the manifestations (I use the term "group" to mark the characteristic difference of the phenomena on each occasion) occurred at a friend's house at Great Malvern. Those present had only incidentally met, and owing to a prohibition being laid upon Mr. Home by his medical man against trying his strength, no *séance* was attempted. I name this as characteristic. Raps in different parts of the room, and the movement of the furniture, however, soon told of the presence of the invisibles. The library in which the party had met communicated with the hall, and the door having been left half open, a broad stream of light from the burners of the gas lamp lit up the room. At the suggestion of one of the party, the candles were removed. The rapping which had till then been heard in different parts of the room, suddenly made a pause, and then the unusual phenomenon of the appearance of spirit-forms manifested itself. The opening of the half-closed door was suddenly darkened by an invisible agency, the room becoming pitch dark. Then the wall opposite became illumined, the library being now lit up by a luminous element, for it cannot be described otherwise. Between those present and the opposite and now illumined wall two spirit-forms were seen, their shadowy outline on the wall well defined. The forms moved to and fro. They made an effort to speak; the articulation, however, was too imperfect to permit of the meaning of the words being understood. The darkening which had obscured the half-closed door was then removed, and the broad light from the hall lamp reappeared, looking quite dim in comparison with the luminous brilliancy of the light that had passed away. Again the room became darkened, then illumined, and a colossal head and shoulders appeared to rise from the floor, visible only by the shadow it cast upon the illumined wall. What added to the interest was the apparent darkening and lighting up of the room at will, and that repeatedly, the library door remaining half open all the while. The time occupied by these phenomena was perhaps five to ten minutes, the manifestations terminating quite abruptly.

The second group of phenomena was manifested at the house of a well-known literary gentleman, and in the presence of several other witnesses whose names are equally well known.

In this instance the gentleman at whose house friends had met, anxious again to witness spiritual manifestations, asked Mr. Home to allow a *séance* to be held; but this the prohibition of his medical man compelled him to refuse. Despite, however, of his reluctance to concede to the wishes of his friends, the invisibles soon gave signs of their presence by raps on and *inside* the piano in the adjoining room, followed by raps all over the room, on the floor, window, ceiling, mantelpiece, &c. Unable to resist these demonstrations, a *séance* was arranged, and the party seated itself round a small kettle-drum octagon table covered with velvet, the legs being screwed into the top, and then we awaited the result. After a short pause raps were heard on the table, which was tilted and raised straight up in the air, next rolled into the lap of Mrs. —, then into the lap of Mr. H.; after which it was placed on Mr. H.'s foot, and balanced to and fro whilst in that position; it finally turned itself upside down. Raps were then heard, and a sentence spelt out, to the effect, that *this* was the present condition of Spiritualism, that it would soon be otherwise. The table was then seized by an invisible power, and again set on its legs. Mr. Home had in the meantime risen from his chair, impelled he said to do so, and was walking to and fro. Then followed the extraordinary phenomenon of the lengthening out and shortening of the medium's body; a phenomenon not unknown to those who have followed this inquiry, but nevertheless very remarkable, and equally unaccountable. Mr. Home said he felt as if his hair was being pulled, but without causing pain; on the contrary he described the sensation as pleasant. At his request one of those present held his feet, his body becoming elongated whilst thus held, to the height of seven feet—the time occupied in this elongation being about one minute. Between Mr. Home's waist-belt and waistcoat the clothing separated the span of a hand width distinctly that his body had become stretched. The present now grouped round Mr. Home to satisfy themselves to the reality of what they saw; the interest in the phenomenon being increased by the repetition of the lengthening and shortening. The act of elongating and drawing in and out take place almost at will; for strange to say, the body alternately shrank into the size of a boy, and then expanded out to quite seven feet. Every means was resorted to by those present to test the truth of this extraordinary phenomenon, but the phenomenon was so inconceivable and strange that it needed more than ordinary proof to convince them.

deception was deluding them into belief of an absurdity. These manifestations lasted for quite seven minutes.*

On Mr. Home resuming his seat, raps were heard in different parts of the room. The octagon kettle-drum table was again seized by an invisible power, raised straight up into the air and placed inverted upon the head of Mr. Home. It is necessary to state that Mr. Home remained perfectly motionless whilst the table was being held and balanced on his head. Words were again spelt out, significant of the meaning of this droll procedure, such as "*It is hard to bear, but it is a crown.*" The table was then replaced in the centre of the circle, and again raised straight up over the heads of those present, and carried to the farther end of the room. Mr. H. then said he felt something hard touching his hand, and that the palm of his hand had been opened by an invisible power. On examining what it was that had touched him it was found to be the leg of the octagon table, which, it now appeared, had been screwed off, and placed in Mr. H.'s hand. Sentences were then spelt out, "Truth is strength,"—"We will give you strength when you most need it,"—followed by other sentences of a similar meaning. The leg of the table was taken by the invisibles from Mr. H.'s hand, and carried across the table to Mr. Home. It was then observed to pass between Mr. Home's coat and waistcoat, down his spine, then moved up and down, and from side to side. To make certain that no self-deception was practised, those present examined the table leg as it passed up and down Mr. Home's spine, touching the end with their hands. During this process Mr. Home described his sensations as if under influence of shocks from an electric battery. The octagon table now, with its two legs, was replaced by the invisibles in the centre of the circle. Next the leg of the table was taken from Mr. Home's back and carried round to each present, gently touching their faces and hands, and finally, in the presence of all, screwed firmly into the top of the octagon table. Again raps were heard all over the room, movements of furniture, and sounds not unlike the laugh of a child resounded in the air.

When these had subsided, the final and culminating phenom-

* That this elongation and contraction of the body of mediumistic persons, or "the inspired," as they were then called (as well as other forms of modern mediumship), was not unknown to the ancients appears from the following passage in Jamblictrus:—"The signs of those that are inspired are multiform. Some are agitated throughout the whole body, others in some of their members, others, again, are entirely quiet. Sometimes there are pleasing harmonies, dances, and according voices, and sometimes the contraries of these. Again, the body is seen to be taller or larger, or is elevated, or borne aloft through the air; or the contraries of these are seen to take place about it." *On the Mysteries of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Assyrians.* Sect. III. cap. 5.—[EDITOR.]

menon was manifested, which in itself constitutes quite an epoch in the history of spiritual phenomena, replete as the records of spiritual manifestations are with what, under ordinary circumstances, would be regarded as impossible. After a short pause, a luminous coronet of star-like light points settled upon the head of Mr. —, and remained stationary, resting on his head for several minutes. Then a semi-luminous appearance was manifested, which assumed the outline of a face with two star-like eyes; Mr. H— said he felt as if this form was pressing against him. Mr. Home had in the meantime arisen from his chair, and was walking to and fro complaining of pressure on the head; suddenly he said he felt a weight on his head. It was then noticed that a luminous crown, narrow at the base, and broad at the top, had been placed on his head. Tendrils and outlines of leaves were plainly visible, the leaves being vine-shaped, fashioned into the form of a crown as already described. Mr. Home appeared greatly agitated, and repeated, "I am crowned,"—"I am free from pain,"—"I am receiving a new mission,"—"The pain in my head is gone." He then walked up and down the room, the excitement all but overpowering him. Finally the luminous crown was removed from his head, while sweet-toned notes were distinctly heard proceeding from it; after which it was gently carried towards those present, as though for their inspection, and then removed into the angle of the door, where it remained luminously visible for four or five minutes—visible as though it were from its own intrinsic light. The brilliancy of its star-like form had so deeply impressed all present, that after its disappearance they continued to gaze at the place where the beautiful luminous crown had once stood, unable to realise its disappearance. I may add that Mr. Home has since that evening been quite restored to health. We have thus on record a second instance of the curative power of Direct Spirit Mesmerism.

I have now to record the last group of phenomena which occurred at a friend's house, also at Great Waverley, towards the middle of last month.

In this instance the *séance* was held for the purpose of investigation, and I must add used every precaution to preclude the possibility of self-suggestion; we changed from the library to the dining-room. We were seated at a heavy square table. Two persons were seated without any table being lifted, tilted, and gently simultaneously in different directions. Our number to three, think of, to be guarded accordingly we soon seated without any table were heard m. &c.

my suggestion the lamp was partly turned down, when a cold current of air was felt to pass over our hands and faces. A pause ensued. The dining-room table-leaf stand in the corner of the room then commenced to vibrate, and one of the leaves being taken from the stand was passed between Mr. Home and the table at which we were seated. It was then raised straight up and passing vertically over my friend, gently touched him; in passing over me it struck me on the crown of the head, but so gently that I could hardly realise it to be the heavy leaf of the dining-room table; the touch nevertheless caused the leaf to vibrate all but sonorously. I name this to prove how delicately balanced and suspended in the air the leaf of the table must have been to have produced the vibration. It then passed over to the right, touching my shoulders, and finally was placed upon the table at which we were seated. The distance the leaf was carried I compute at nearly twelve yards (allowing for the circuit made) and at an elevation of six feet. A small round table was then moved from the corner of the room, and placed next to my friend, and in reply to his question *who it was*, he received the answer, audible to us all, "*Pa'—Pa', deur—darling Pa'.*" An arm chair behind my friend, and at a distance of three yards, was raised up straight into the air, carried over our heads, and placed upon the dining-room table to my left—a voice clearly and loudly repeating the words, "*Papa's chair.*" We then observed the wooden box of the accordion being carried from the extreme corner of the room, up to my friend. In passing my right hand, I passed my hand under and over the box, as it travelled suspended in the air to my front. I did this to make sure of the fact of its being moved by an invisible agency, and not by means of mechanical aid. The box was finally deposited on the table in front of my friend. Mr. Home had in the meantime taken the accordion in his right hand, and given me his left hand. Words were spelt out that the spirits would play his life, from early infancy to the final drama—"Daniel in the Lion's Den," evidently in allusion to his suit with Mrs. Lyon. The accordion immediately commenced playing, and continued so for fifteen minutes. What added to the interest was the accompaniment by voices imitating the clock in the hall, the rush of the waves, and when the "Lion's Den" was played, loud roars in imitation of lions were heard. I counted three or four voices. The accordion was then taken from Mr. Home, carried about in the room and played. Voices were distinctly heard; a low whispering, and voices imitating the break of a wave on the shore. Finally the accordion placed itself upon the table we were seated at, and two luminous hands were distinctly seen resting on the keys of the instrument. They remained luminously visible for

from twenty to thirty seconds, and then melted away. I had in the meantime, and at the request of my friend, taken hold of the accordion; whilst so held by me, an invisible hand laid hold of the instrument and played for two or three minutes what appeared to me to be sacred music. Voices were then heard, a kind of murmuring or low whistling and breathing; at times in imitation of the murmur of the waves of the sea, at other times more plaintively melodious. The accordion was then a second time taken by an invisible power, carried over our heads, and a small piece of sacred music played—then a hymn—voices in deep sonorous notes singing the hallelujah. I thought I could make out three voices, but my friend said he could speak to four. A jet of light then crossed the room, after which a star or brilliantly luminous disk, followed by the appearance of a softly luminous column of light, which moved up between me and my friend. I cannot say that I could discern any distinct outline. The luminous column appeared to me to be about five to six feet high, the subdued soft light mounting from it half illumining the room. The column or luminous appearance then passed to my right; and a chair was moved and placed next to me. I distinctly heard the rustling as of a silk dress. Instinctively I put my hand forward to ascertain the presence of the guest, when a soft hand seized my hand and wrist. I then felt that the skirt of a dress had covered my knees. I grasped it; it felt like thick silk, and melted away as I firmly clenched my hand on it. By this time I admit I shuddered. A heavy footstep then passed to my right, the floor vibrating to the footfall; the spirit-form now walked up to the fire-place, clapping its hands as it passed me. I then felt something press against the back of my chair; the weight was so great that as the form leaned on my shoulder I had to bend forward under the pressure. Two hands gently pressed my forehead,—I noticed a luminous appearance at my right; I was kissed, and what to me at the time made my very frame thrill again, spoken to in a sweet, low, melodious voice. The words uttered by the spirit were distinctly heard by all present. As the spirit-form passed away, it repeated the words, "I kissed you, I kissed you," and I felt three taps on each shoulder, audible to all present, as if in parting to reimpress me with the reality of its presence. I shuddered again, and in spite of all my best efforts I felt very "uncanny." My friend now called our attention to himself, being patted by a soft hand on his head. I heard a kiss, and then the words, "Papa, dear papa." He said his left hand was being kissed, and that a soft child-like hand was caressing him. A cloud of light appeared to be standing at his left.

Direct spirit writing, which has so often been questioned, &c.

also manifested that evening in my presence. The writing I have preserved, but cannot for serious reasons give its contents, startling and unusual as they are. A sheet of paper which had been placed before me at the commencement of the *séance* was rolled up into the shape of a speaking trumpet, the edge having been torn off and placed in a wooden box, which the spirits had placed in front of my friend. Voices, raps, soft breathing, music, were heard; finally after the hallelujah had been sung, words were spelt out, telling us they "could do no more."

October, 1867.

H. D. JENCKEN,
Kilmorey House, Norwood.

November, 1867.

SIR,—I have again to record some interesting facts in connection with the subject of spiritual manifestations, and which have occurred since I last addressed you.

The *séances* to which I now allude were held at my house, and I need hardly add that every means were resorted to to prevent deception or self-delusion.

At the first of the *séances*—and at which, as well as at those subsequently held, Mr. D. D. Home was present—I had invited a friend of mine to attend, who required to be more than ordinarily satisfied of the truth of the manifestations, owing to his utter scepticism. The manifestations commenced spontaneously whilst we were seated at the tea table in the dining room, the table at which we were seated being unexpectedly moved, tilted, and partly raised, and then followed by very loud sonorous raps. The fire-screen behind Mr. Home's chair was removed—laid on the floor, and glided as of itself towards Mrs. —.

My sceptical guest had in the meantime arrived, and we soon found ourselves seated round a square table in the drawing room. Raps and tilting of the table, at once occurred; sentences were spelt out; the names of near relatives of one of those present were given; then raps and vibrations of the room, so violent that the servants in the adjoining house felt the trembling. Mr. Home had by this time gone off into a trance state. Whilst in this trance he said he saw a spirit-form standing next to my guest. The form, character, and past history were so accurately detailed that the identity of the spirit-friend was unmistakably established, much to the surprise of the gentleman, whose departed friend had been quite unknown to Mr. Home. A few sentences were then spelt out, and the manifestations ended.

At a subsequent *séance* the physical demonstrations of spirit

power were very marked. On this occasion six of us sat down to a *séance*. Raps, very gentle at first, then increasing in strength, were heard; then the table tilted. After a while the curtains began to be moved, as though pushed forward by a hand from the window, into the room. This manifestation was repeated several times. The semi-grand piano now moved and vibrated. Three or four times in succession the piano was bodily raised quite two inches off the ground and carried from the wall, two to three feet, into the room. Raps were then heard in and on the piano, and the instrument literally trembled. The table next to Mrs. — (not the one we were seated at) was now gently and elegantly raised and suspended in the air, as far as I could judge eighteen inches to two feet off the ground. It remained in this position for from one to two minutes; time enough to allow one of the party to lay down under the table and make certain that no mechanical means had been used. This manifestation was repeated. Three or four times—the table being elegantly balanced in the air whilst not one of those in the room was seated at or even touched it. The accordion was now taken by Mr. Home, and, whilst held by him by one hand, a very beautiful hymn was played and followed by some pieces of sacred music. I noticed distinctly the movement of the keys of the accordion, and which, as the instrument was now horizontally suspended in the air with the finger-board end towards the lights, I was enabled to see; the keys were moved regularly as though pressed by the fingers of a hand.

In answer to the question how many spirits were present, the table tilted twelve times; this was repeated for several minutes, the twelfth tilt being marked by a loud rap or knock. Finally the sentence was spelt out, "We can do no more—we have no more power." The word "power" being spelt by tilting of the end of the semi-grand piano, at a distance of quite four yards from where Mr. Home was seated.

SPIRIT SEEING—SPIRIT VISIONS.

I have also to record several very marked instances of spirit visions. On one occasion the friends present had only casually met; and were seated round the drawing table. Suddenly Mr. Home, who had all the while been engaged conversing with the ladies, changed the expression of his countenance, rose, and, having played a few chords on the piano, returned to resume his seat, but now in a state of trance; his face rigid, hands cold, and the fingers extended. He steadfastly gazed across to where Mrs. — was seated, and said, "L— S— is standing between you and Mr. —. I see her as she was in

life—mark, not as she is, but as she was when on earth." Mr. Home then accurately described the personal appearance of the spirit when on earth. So marked and clear were the traits he delineated that no doubt as to identity remained in the minds of those present. He said a child which had passed away in early infancy was standing next to L— S—, and that the spirit of L— S— was much pleased, and anxious to communicate with Mrs. —, whom she had loved on earth; and to prove her identity recalled a conversation that had taken place years ago between the two friends. He then said that L— S— wished to say that since passing away her views had much changed—that she had first to unlearn in order to learn. The spirit then impressed Mr. Home to remind Mrs. — of a conversation Mrs. — had recently held with her husband, and repeated part of the conversation that had taken place. I must mention that Mr. Home was a perfect stranger to the deceased person, whose name he had never even heard of. We have here what borders very narrowly upon a proof of the actual presence of the spirit of a departed friend, for we have name, description of person, marked incidents in past life, all given, sufficient to establish an identity in any court of law; but possibly not proof enough to dispel the doubt of a sceptic.

Spirits, visions, spirit appearances, are not unfamiliar to me since I have followed the inquiry into spiritual phenomena, and what has added to my deep interest in this subject is the conviction that the departed do re-visit earth in obedience to a great law we at present only guess at—in obedience to a great physical law which permits this; and in obedience to a great dispensation, as William Howitt calls it—a dispensation so much needed in these materialistic days to make men think and bestir themselves—do what William Howitt has done, with his large brain and good honest heart, speak out and tell the truth at all cost—at any hazard, even at the risk of being derided.

December, 1867.

Since writing the above I have been present at four *séances*, at which Mr. D. D. Home was elongated and shortened, and as this phenomenon is so strange and incomprehensible to me, I have on all these occasions used my utmost endeavour to make certain of the fact. I will, as my space is very limited, single out two of these manifestations; as in these instances I had the amplest opportunity of examining Mr. Home, and measuring the actual elongation and shortening.

On the first of the evenings Lord — was seated next to

Mr. Home, who had passed into a trance state, in which after uttering a most beautiful and solemn prayer, he alluded to the protecting spirits whose mission is to act as guardian angels to men. "The one who is to protect you," addressing Lord —, "is as tall as this." And upon saying this Mr. Home grew taller and taller; as I stood next to him (my height is 6 feet) I hardly reached up to his shoulder, and in the glass opposite he appeared a full head taller than myself. The extension appeared to take place from the waist, and the clothing separated 8 to 10 inches. Walking to and fro, Mr. Home specially called our attention to the fact of his feet being firmly planted on the ground. He then grew shorter and shorter, until he only reached my shoulder, his waistcoat overlapping to his hip. Other and equally remarkable manifestations occurred that evening; six spirit-hands were made visible; beautiful discs of light floated about the room and our semi-grand was raised bodily two feet into the air,—but I must refrain from continuing my narrative, and give an account of the last evening that the elongation occurred. After witnessing a series of most interesting manifestations, shadow-forms appearing on the walls of the room—then spirit-hands touching several of those present, and voices, uttering "Holy, holy, holy," Mr. Home fell off into the trance state which I have so often noticed precedes the more remarkable manifestations. Whilst in this state he said, "Daniel has been elongated six times, he will be elongated thirty times during his life;" and encouraging every mode of testing the truth of this marvellous phenomenon made me hold his feet, whilst the Hon. Mr. — placed his hands on his head and shoulders. The elongation was repeated three times—twice whilst he was standing—the extension measured on the wall by the Hon. Mr. — shewed 8 inches; the extension at the waist, as measured by Mr. —, was 6 inches, and the third time the elongation occurred Mr. Home was seated next to Mrs. —, who, placing her hand on his head—and her feet on his feet—had the utmost difficulty in keeping her position, as Mr. Home's body grew higher and higher; the extreme extension reached being 6 inches.

Later in the night spirit-forms walked about the room. Indeed I could fill page after page with my narrative of the manifestations that occurred; but must desist: possibly I may address you on some future occasion.

H. D. JENCKEN.

THE TWO METHODS:—METAPHYSICS AND SPIRITUALISM,

WITH A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF RECENT GERMAN
SPECULATIONS ON IMMORTALITY.

By T. S.

THE German people are pre-eminent for *geist*, and German writers are famous for scholarship and metaphysical philosophy. Much given to abstraction, to the analysis of the human faculties and emotions, to subtle, patient thought, they have generally on matters pertaining to religion put aside all authority, and have fallen back on the Pure Reason as their only and all-sufficient guide. Whither this has led, and is leading them, we propose to shew. It is an important experiment, not for themselves alone, but for us all that they are making; and they are eminently fitted to conduct it. The experiment is not over, but it has proceeded for a sufficient length of time to enable a survey to be taken of the course it has pursued, and of its present condition and results. This has recently been done by a contemporary—*The Chronicle*, in an able and impartial spirit, not as far as we can see for any theological or party purpose, but as a matter of literary history and criticism. It has for us, however, a higher and more serious aspect than this; it is not a mere question of literary, but rather of the highest human interest. What then, we ask, has been the result of the course of recent thought and speculation on the Soul, its nature, and its destiny, among the perhaps most thoughtful and metaphysical of European people? The answer is a melancholy one. The classic heathenism of old Greece was in relation to spiritual themes, light and order when compared with the darkness and chaos into which the philosophic mind of Germany is fast sinking. It furnishes indeed a most conclusive argument for the absolute need of the demonstrations of the reality of a spiritual world of man, which at this day are so abundant. When the evidence of spiritual and divine revelation in the past is inadequate to the demands of the modern mind, and Pure Reason drifts with the winds and tides of speculation on an unknown sea,—and philosophy has no certain word to utter; the time surely had come that the spirit-world should assert itself, and present those evidences for which the soul hungered, but which by its own unaided power alone it could not attain.

While philosophy has prosecuted its futile quest, and thoughtful men have spent laborious lives, pacing with weary feet and blinded eyes the sandy desert of metaphysics, lured onward by

the mirage of some illusive hope, the object of their search—the evidence and proof of man's continuous life beyond the bourne of mortality—lay all around them within reach, requiring only that they should open their eyes to see, and their minds to receive, it. The problem on which they and those who preceded them in the same path have exercised their powers to so little purpose, has been solved:—not by dialectic skill—but by facts—plain, palpable facts;—by demonstrations of spirit-presence, power and intelligence;—by manifestation and communion in ways as various as were the needs of men;—present, living, multitudinous, ubiquitous manifestations, challenging the world's attention, making successful denial impossible, and all explanation futile save the admission of their substantial reality and spiritual origin.

America existed before Columbus, but as the knowledge of it was not brought home to the consciousness of Europe, its existence was a matter of hypothesis and debate; but now that ships are constantly sailing thither and returning laden with its merchandise, who would think of resorting to the arguments urged by Columbus upon the Council of Salamanca? Geographers of the pre-Columbian epoch would be an anachronism. And now that communication is open with the spirit-world and a constant commerce with it is carried on, what need have we of the old dry and dreary method which leads—*nowhere*? Why lay the foundations of your thought-castles in the air when they may rest on the firm-set earth? Why go lumbering along the miry road of metaphysics, ever and anon sticking in the mud, when the railway is at your door?

Not that I would disparage metaphysical studies; they are an aid to self-knowledge; they deal with noble themes which discipline and worthily exercise the mind, carrying it beyond the range of mere sensuous perception; but as applied to the question of the Soul and its future, all that metaphysics can do for us is to raise a presumption—a probability of the hereafter, to encourage a hope, which will be strong and fervent, or the reverse, according to individual character and temperament, and the congruity or otherwise of this belief with the general scheme of thought the mind may entertain. Combined with religious principle it may become a faith—a moral assurance; but even at the best it falls far short of that certainty which the soul demands, and which direct and immediate evidence, such as Spiritualism so abundantly furnishes, can alone fully supply.

Whatever force there may be in the argument from metaphysics for the soul's immortality is unaffected by Spiritualism, save in the way of confirmation to its conclusion. It converts what before was but probability into certitude; it supplies the

missing link in its chain of reasoning; it makes good that embarrassing defect in the evidence which has perplexed so many, leading them to question or reject the belief in immortality as not adequately sustained. Let then the metaphysician marshal all his forces, and do what service he may in the cause of this great truth; I would only say in the language of an elder Spiritualist—"Yet shew I you a more excellent way." That it is so is proved by the most satisfactory of all tests—that of its fruit. What a dreary history is this of the last half century of German metaphysics as shewn in the accompanying sketch! Meanwhile, during the last twenty years, Spiritualism has pursued its march of conquest till now millions own its beneficent sway, and thank God for its peaceful victories. As a means then by which to judge of the comparative value of the two methods—that of metaphysics, and that of Spiritualism, the following sketch is most instructive; especially when viewed in conjunction with the results which Spiritualism has already achieved under many discouragements and in the teeth of the most formidable opposition.

"The philosophers of Germany, and especially those of Hegel's school after the death of their master, occupied themselves chiefly with three problems, which led to their division into right, left, and centre. These problems were—the question of the personality or impersonality of God; Christology; and the immortality of the soul. Upon the question of immortality, Hegel avoided any definite expression of opinion; but if we compare the phrase in a letter to a friend who had lost a child (*Werke*, xvii. 633), and similar ones elsewhere, with the whole spirit of his system, which recognised in the life of the Universe only the incessant process of God's self-development, and in the lives of individuals only evanescent stages and phases of that process, we can scarcely entertain a doubt that he denied the individual prolongation of the existence of the soul. In the year 1831, Ludwig Feuerbach published anonymously his *Gedanken über Tod und Unsterblichkeit*, in which he deduced the cessation of human personality at death from metaphysical, psychological, and ethical grounds; and concluded by making merry over the doctrine of immortality in rude and cynical doggerel. He was soon afterwards followed by Friedrich Richter, who, in two consecutive works, pointed out that the principles of Hegel's doctrine did not tolerate any consideration of this "ambitious craving of egoism," as he denominated the hope of immortality. Strauss, in the second volume of his *Glaubenslehre* (pp. 6777, ff.) and Michelet struck the same note. It became clear that Hegel did not understand immortality to be a state of personal existence after death. In his notion, the mind which in this world could raise itself to communion with

eternal ideas by its enjoyment of beauty, its recognition of truth, and the harmony of its will with the moral law, was then and there, and no otherwise, immortalised. It was, therefore, in vain that his favourite pupil, Göschel, endeavoured to get the exact contrary out of his system. But when the question of immortality had thus been raised, men outside Hegel's school naturally joined in the discussion, and attempted to find a positive solution of the problem. Weisse, in his *Philosophische Geheimlehre von der Unsterblichkeit des Menschlichen Individuums*, would only promise a future existence to spirits which had been eminently good or evil.* Gustav Theodor Fechner, under the name of Mises, in his *Büchlein von dem Leben nach dem Tode*, showed himself to be a man of strong imagination, with a decided talent for temperate and sober research. Still he launches out into the most adventurous speculations. After these came Imanuel Hermann Fichte with his work, entitled *Idee der Personlichkeit*. Weisse and Fechner had substituted the half-developed fancies of a brilliant imagination for exact scientific method, and had thus not only given their adversaries a theme for ridicule, but brought their followers into great perplexity. Fichte went more carefully to work: he dwelt upon the essence of personality, which, according to him, is eternally pre-formed in the Divine Mind, and possesses attributes which never attain complete development in this life. If he did not altogether succeed in dissipating a cloud of objections, he suggested many profound reflections which gave his adversaries material for earnest thought. Throughout the discussion—as it was carried on between the years 1830 and 1840—negation was stronger than affirmation. An entirely new treatment of the question was necessary to restore the equilibrium between *pro* and *contra*, and to prove at least that denial and assertion might lay claim to equal probability, and that it might be left to the faith of the individual to make his own decision.

“Passing by mere *dilletante* philosophers, we shall confine ourselves only with those writers who, in recent times, endeavoured to get at a positive solution of the problem by scientific means. These are, Drossbach, Johann Kirchmann, Ritter, and Imanuel Hermann Fichte. Fichte's *Ueber den Zusammenhang der Natur mit der Seele*, published from Schelling's literary remains, cannot be taken into account—in the first place because it was written in the year 1816, and further because it is based less upon reasons than upon a spirit of intuitive dogmatism.

* In our own country this opinion was put forth by Thomson in *The Age of Reason*.—T. S.

affirms without proving. Nor can we at present include a recent work of great merit in illustrating Schelling's system, by his most distinguished pupil, Hubert Becker—*Die Unsterblichkeitslehre Schelling's ein ganzen Zusammenhange ihrer Entwicklung.*

“Drossbach, in his *Die individuelle Unsterblichkeit vom monadisch-metaphysischen Standpunkte* conceives the soul to be a monad or atom, a simple substance endued with peculiar powers. Its existence and qualities, he thinks, can no more be destroyed or changed than those of a chemical atom; and under favourable conditions it is for ever restoring these qualities to activity, and thus is always capable of renewing itself to self-consciousness. The future life he holds to be entirely analogous to the present. It will be a revivification of the same psychic monads in the same essentially unaltered world. Johannes Huber, in his *Die Idee der Unsterblichkeit*, 1864, first assumes the hope of immortality to be an idea essential to the mind, the natural conception of the reason concerning the nature of its destiny and the end of its development; and then he critically examines the different explanations of it, and shews that Hegel's will not stand without the admission of personal existence in a future state. After demonstrating that Hegel's ethical conception must be combined with a physical conception of future existence in order to attain to the idea of immortality or eternal life, he undertakes to refute every objection which has been made to such explanation. He takes arms against the Materialists as well as against the philosophical opponents of personal existence in a future state, and triumphs over both: but he does not think that scientific arguments by themselves suffice to prove the immortality of the soul; he believes that its proof is equally based in the moral self-development of the individual.

“*Heinrich Ritter*, in his *Unsterblichkeit*, begins by demonstrating the substantiality of the soul on this wise. From its acts of feeling and thinking, he concludes that it is phenomenon to itself, and that other things are phenomena to it. Hence it follows, as phenomenon is only possible in and by means of substance, that the idea of substantiality must be attributed to the soul. In distinction therefore to its manifestations, it is in itself a substance imperishable, spontaneous, and independent. Upon this he bases the proof of the existence of several substances which operate reciprocally upon each other, and reflect themselves in each other, but to which nothing can be attributed as essentially their own except what they do of their own force, and their own free agency. Wherever this self-manifestation attains to the state of feeling and knowledge there also free agency is found. Hence beasts also are supposed to be free

agents, and equally with man are accredited with substantiality and immortality. These substances are subject to the law of self-preservation and progress; by self-preservation they live in the general life of the world; by progress this life reaches forth to its ordained perfection, through higher and higher conditions. Their present condition of consciousness was preceded by one of embryonic unconsciousness. They always were and always shall be. The faculty of life and self-production which lies in them spontaneously starts into activity whenever the surrounding conditions are favourable. The future state is not separated from the present by any abyss; it is continuous, and the soul will continuously require a bodily manifestation for its mutual action and re-action on other beings. Therefore, he says, no sudden transition to a state of blessedness or damnation is conceivable; there must be many intervening degrees of trial. But the only value of continued existence is as a means to good. Our future life will therefore give us more exalted aims till we reach a final end in the enjoyment of which is eternal life. He concludes by showing the necessity of conceiving God as the ultimate ground for the explanation of cosmical facts. God, he says, is simple activity. His creativeness is an eternal act, which He can never recall; and, therefore, all the substances of the world are eternal.

“T. H. Kirchman, in his book *Ueber die Unsterblichkeit*, argues that, as everything is contemporaneous, Time as well as Becoming is only a deceptive phenomenon. This phenomenon, therefore, he endeavours to explain, but instead of notions he gives us only analogies and illustrations. Knowledge, he says, is light. As the light of the sun illuminates first one segment of a planet and then another, so knowledge passes amidst its various substances, always existing in space, illuminating some and leaving the rest in darkness. Birth is an illumination, death an obfuscation. But as the orbit of light is circular, a substance which has once been illuminated is always in the way to be re-illuminated. In other words, it may come again to consciousness; and this consciousness may even be more intense and abundant than at first, if the illumination is more powerful and permanent.

“Immanuel Hermann Fichte has of late devoted himself almost exclusively to psychological studies. In 1855, he published an *Anthropology*, which in 1860 reached a second edition, and in the interval he published a smaller work, entitled *Zur Seelenfrage*. In 1864, appeared the first part of a very comprehensive *Psychology*, which was followed in 1867 by the *press* portly volume, *Die Seelenfortdauer und die Weltstellung des Menschen*. Whether or not the author's literary career will stop h

he evidently regards this work as the mature fruit of all his scientific studies, and as their final answer to the supreme question of philosophy. As he has now reached the evening of life, when the varied picture of the world loses the richness of its colouring in the shades of twilight, his whole attention naturally turns to the stars which are beginning to appear, to the hopes and presentiments of a new existence. The work is characterised by a religious tone; and the language of reason alternates with the tremulous cadences of a touched heart. We do not see why the chords of feeling should not vibrate in a work concerning the vital question of humanity; too entire an abstraction from the claims of sentiment not unfrequently confuses the understanding. The metaphysical premisses in favour of personal immortality, which Dr. Fichte undertakes to consolidate empirically and inductively, are nearly as follows:—God, as self-conscious mind, includes within Himself a teleologically-ordained system of individual existences. Whenever the course of cosmical development offers the possibility, these existences emerge from their merely ideal condition and spontaneously assume reality. The human mind, always individual and spontaneous, seizes on the forces of nature which it finds in operation, uses them as means of embodiment and manifestation, and by the spontaneous creation of its corporeal organisation works out its own self-consciousness. As an everlasting monad it passes through a series of progressive phases, in which it gradually develops the basis of its nature, until it attains its perfect form. The reciprocal activity of the individual essences, and the consequent manifestation of their qualities give rise to the spectacle of this changing world, which is, however, based upon an unchanging world. The different parts of the universe are all teleologically ordered and adapted, and the less perfect beings are conditions of and means for the higher. But the highest thing which we know of empirically is the human mind, which serves no other existing thing as a means, or ladder to life, but is in this respect its own end. It is only subordinate to the Divine Mind which irradiates it with the eternal ideas of the beautiful, the true and the good, and thus keeps up its impulse towards culture and perfection. But the human spirit is also destined to personal association and union with God. This is a consequence of the fact of religious feeling. This union produces in it a supernatural wisdom and force of will. Fichte's view of the universe thus ends in Theosophy. In these assumptions personal existence in a future state is, no doubt, virtually contained; but the only question is, how the assumptions themselves are established? His whole system, beginning with his Anthropology and Psychology, is directed towards this proof.

In the work before us, he resumes, with less conciseness than might be wished, all the results which he has previously obtained. Immortality, he thinks, if it have any reality, must exhibit unequivocal traces in the present state of human consciousness; and he reviews a number of psychological phenomena, which he takes pains to explain as direct expressions of an instinctive consciousness of immortality. We cannot say that he is always successful. What we want here are premisses established by experience, and conclusions derived by correct analogy. Thus, from the recognised fact that in each animated being there is an accurate agreement between instincts and faculties, external organs and conditions of life, it may be concluded that man is destined for a future state of personal existence. In refuting the views of his opponents, Dr. Fichte leaves much to be desired, and is himself inclined to build up an inexplicable and untenable dualism between soul and body, substance and appearance. He is most successful in his proof that the essential attribute of the soul is its power of giving birth to consciousness. The whole series of arguments leads finally to a philosophy of history, for the whole present life of the human race is a most weighty argument for its future existence. For here also the argument from final causes obliges us to assume the future existence of the soul, as the explanation of its non-attainment of the ideal aims which are natural to man, and of the discordance between merit and reward. In sum Fichte arrived at the conviction that no conclusive logical proofs of immortality are to be found, and that the acceptance of the doctrine depends rather on a natural sentiment, unclouded by the sceptical objections of reflection, and upheld by the moral conscience."

Correspondence.

PUNCH ON SPIRIT POETRY.

To the Editor of "*The Spiritual Magazine*."

SIR,—I see that our old friend, *Punch*, has noticed my last communication to you, giving a specimen or two of spirit-poetry. A few years ago I have said, "has done me the honour to notice," &c., but that is all over poor *Punch*! But the notice I allude to so admirably illustrates ignorance and desperate unfairness of a certain class of only grin, that I ask the attention of your readers to it. My letter, was that the verses I gave were so written as to be clear to all who could judge of evidence that they were not person who held the pencil, unless indeed this person (a young and position), was a hypocrite as absurd as she was wicked writer in *Punch* says nothing about, but pretends that I got something so wonderful in itself as to prove its spirit-origin have been done by one who deliberately intended to cheat his

see this letter, but he will keep it quiet; or, if his employers find him out both he and they will conspire to let it rest, thinking, perhaps, that we are at their mercy: though, on this point, it would, perhaps, astonish them to know how wide-spread is an honest faith in that which they pretend to despise, and, I will add, how much more widely known than they think the facts they are vainly trying to burk.

I will only add that while I do not think the verses I sent are very wonderful in themselves, I think them worthy of any cultivated and pure-minded being, and I think that many readers, even of *Punch*, will feel with me that the verse it has quoted is the only thing worth reading in the insipid notice I refer to, and that it stands there a rebuke to the vacant laugh of the buffoon and the coarse grin of the fool.

Yours faithfully,

THE AUTHOR OF "SIX MONTHS' EXPERIENCE AT HOUSE OF SPIRIT-COMMUNION."

P.S.—The verse quoted by *Punch* is:—

"When spirits guide your trembling souls,
And love flows down incessantly,
Though loud on earth the thunder rolls,
In Heaven you'll rest eternally."

THE SPIRIT HOPE.

Dear spirits, ye have pass'd from earth,
And borne the throes of second birth;
We may not feel, nor see, nor hear,
Yet know ye to be ever near.

Instinctive faith, reveal'd truth,
Teach childhood, manhood, age and youth,
That love is of the soul and lives,
When Death not death but freedom gives.

Help us, ye messengers of God,
To use His staff and bear His rod;
Help us to keep our hearts from rust,
By fervid faith and hopeful trust.

Ye hear our prayer, and ye too pray,
For guard and guidance on our way
Through life, in solemn thought and talk,
To walk as He would have us walk.

S. C. H.

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THE SPIRITUALISM OF ANCIENT EGYPT:
THE GREAT PYRAMID: WHAT WAS THE PURPOSE OF ITS
CONSTRUCTION?

By THOMAS BREVIOR.

EGYPT is the sphinx of history: the land of mystery and marvel, of astrology, alchemy, magic; the cradle of civilization, the birth-place of arts and sciences;—of mathematics, astronomy, chemistry, navigation; whilst, to quote the words of Bunsen, “the originality and eminence of the ancient Egyptians in architecture, in plastic art, in monumental painting and in symbol-writing, every line, curve and point conveying a definite idea, are universally acknowledged.” Egypt was a great empire—

A land of just and old renown—

famous for its wisdom ere Israel was a people, or “the father of the faithful” wandered with his flocks over the Plain of Mamre. No wonder that the Jews who so long dwelt in Egypt as a subject race, and their great lawgiver—educated in the Court of the Pharaohs, initiated into the occult lore of the priesthood, should have brought thence many of their traditions, customs, rites, ceremonies, laws and institutions; nor that in later day the philosophers of Greece should have flocked thither and spent years in studying the wisdom of Egypt in intercourse with its learned men.

For that wisdom extended not only to many branches of physical science and of the arts, but to civil government, law, religion—the latter not as misunderstood, corrupted and distorted in its diffusion by the ignorant multitude in a later

N.S.—III.

as taught in their earlier books and mysteries, and as conceived by the initiated. These early thinkers were close observers and careful students of both the macrocosm and the microcosm; they had deep moral discernment and spiritual intuition; were profoundly impressed with the mystery of life and organization;—with the awe, the beauty, and the majesty of Nature;—the order and grandeur of creative power as manifested in the clear shining stars whose position and movements they so diligently studied—in the beneficent majestic mighty river, whose overflow fertilized their land and brought plenty to their homes; and its enemy and theirs the arid desert;—the respective types of the perpetual conflict between good and evil which they saw around them, and the mystery of which they so deeply pondered. Their conceptions of God, of the moral government of the world, of the Soul and the Future Life, and the relation between man's character and his destiny, shew them to have been a solemn serious-minded thoughtful people; as Herodotus expressly affirms given to religion above all the nations of antiquity. Their astrology was in part spiritual. Their magic was theurgic. Brücker says: it "consisted in the performance of certain religious ceremonies or incantations, which were supposed, through the agency of good dæmons, to produce supernatural effects." They believed that every human being had an attendant spirit from birth to death; that beneficent spirits preserved health, while evil spirits entered into men and produced fits and other diseases. This belief (not unlike the doctrine of Swedenborg) was probably connected with their magnetic treatment of the sick; with clairvoyance and entrancement, with which they evidently were familiar, and all of which they associated with religion. Especially were they engrossed with the idea of the Future State, and in preparation for it. As Harriet Martineau remarks—"The unseen world became all in all to them; and the visible world and present life of little more importance than as the necessary introduction to the higher and greater." They conceived creation to consist of three grand departments. First, came the earth, or zone of trial, where men live on probation; next, was the atmosphere, or zone of temporal punishment and purification, where men are afflicted for their sins; the third realm was the zone of blessedness—the serene heaven, where the good dwell for ever in immortal peace and joy. Eusebius says, "The Egyptians represented the universe in two circles, one within the other, and a serpent with the head of a hawk twining his folds around them;" thus forming three spheres, earth, firmament, divinity. Not a little of the thought of old Egypt may indeed be traced under other names and

forms, and translated into modern language, in the theology, philosophy and speculation of modern Europe.

The key to the hieroglyphic writing of ancient Egypt which has been found enables us to unlock many a secret chamber of thought and knowledge which for thousands of years had remained closed; and though much still remains to be learned, that which has been gained is of marked significance not alone to the archæologist and the historian, but to the philosopher and to all who take interest in the study of human nature, and especially of the ideas and inner life of man. Besides the scanty notices of ancient writers, three sources of this knowledge have been laid open to us. First, the papyrus rolls, one of which was placed in the bosom of every corpse after it had undergone the process of embalment. This roll, inscribed with hieroglyphics, contains the names of the deceased and his parents, prayers he is to recite, and scenes and experiences that await him in the unseen state. According to Bunsen, some of these compositions were ancient five thousand years ago; and are taken from the primitive sacerdotal literature. This is the view not only of Bunsen, but of Mr. Samuel Birch, of the Royal Society of Literature, who has given us a translation of this most important of their sacred books. "The rhapsodic and religious aspirations found in this *Book of the Dead*, contain the germs of speculative as well as ethical philosophy. Many of its teachings relative to the nature of God (Osiris) as the universal soul of the world; the immortality of man; the guardian care of the gods; the return of ascended spirits; invocations offered to departed ancestors, with formulas intended to act as charms upon evil spirits to avert their hostility, are interesting and absolutely wonderful, considering the thousands of years that have rolled into eternity since they were chiselled on solid rocks, or penned on the hieratic papyri of the oldest dynasties." In this book, we find that the old Egyptians represented the soul in man by a hawk with human head and arms, to personify its volatile and solar (or celestial) character and human intelligence; and that it is to them we are primarily indebted for the phoenix, as a symbol of the spirit risen from the ashes of the body. In chapter xiii, the departed spirit is represented as saying in reference to the body, "I went in as a hawk, I came out as a phoenix." Again, these Egyptians did not regard the spirit as a mere unbodied essence, but believed that as on earth it had a material body, so in the world of spirits it has a spiritual body. Bunsen tells us that in their religious system "there is not a shadow of the abominable materialistic doctrine of absorption of the soul into the universe: on the contrary, the soul living with God, is in a state of

consciousness of divine life ; the soul continues to have an organ (body), as Osiris has his body in the sun." They also considered that to God, the father of the soul, the Eternal, every soul born into this world is tending through the darkness of death. In chapter ix, the departed spirit is spoken of as the beloved son of his father (Osiris). "He has been seen passing from the gate : he has come from the mummy a prepared spirit." One short passage more, only, I give from this most ancient book. I quote it, as illustrating the elevated conceptions of God, and of moral obligation, to which, in those early times, the thoughtful mind of Egypt had attained. "If words are spoken in secret, the interior of a man is no secret to him who made it. If words are spoken boastfully or openly, he is present with thee, though thou be alone." Well may we regard with reverence these "aspirations of the highest instincts of our race, and of deep individual ethic thought akin to sacred trust, and to the spiritual philosophy and pious faith of later times." Secondly, the ornamental cases in which the mummies are enclosed are painted all over with scenes setting forth the realities and events to which the soul of the dead occupant has passed in the other life. Thirdly, the various fates of souls are sculptured and painted on the walls in the tombs. Every man's grave was made a biography. The scenes of his life were frescoed on the walls of his chamber, or sculptured on his coffin, or brilliantly painted on the grave clothes that bound him. In the same way the national history, the law and religion of the country, are written on public buildings. With the exception of the Pyramids, all the ruined temples and palaces of Egypt are covered with sculptures and painting. At Herculaneum and Pompeii we have pages from the history of ancient Italy. In the Nineveh sculptures, we have in stone the grotesque conceptions and some of the history of the Assyrians. But in Egyptian antiquities, we have Egypt herself living and moving before us. Surrounded as Egypt is on three sides by desert, moisture—one great agent in decay—is almost unknown. The winds from the east, west, and south, have all their moisture drunk up by the burning sand, while the clouds that come from the Mediterranean carry their rain to the mountains of Syene or of the Moon. The effect is that fragments of temples which Cambyses threw down four-and-twenty centuries ago still retain their polish, while on the walls of roofless buildings, the figures and even the colouring may be traced. The very obelisk of Alexandria, which has been in ruins for sixteen centuries, is as fresh and as sharp on the north or protected side, as if it had come within a few years from the workman's hands. Without, however, entering particularly into the knowledge

gained from these several sources I shall perhaps bring the substance of it most vividly before the reader in the words of Harriet Martineau, in her *Eastern Life, Past and Present*. (Vol. I. chap. xv.) I give the principal passages, as containing the best popular account I remember to have met with concerning their knowledge of what are called "the Occult Sciences," and their ideas of the spiritual world.

"About their Oracles, Magic, and Medicine;—it is needless, and therefore unjust, to attribute to them any artifice or insincerity. All who have duly inquired into that class of natural facts know that among human faculties exist those of perception or apprehension of distant and of future events; and some powers of sympathetic operation, whose nature and limits are as yet but little understood. Those powers are as yet but too little inquired into, notwithstanding the example and exhortations of Bacon, Cuvier, Laplace, and other philosophers who were rendered by their philosophy meek enough to learn from nature. Finding, as we do, indisputable proofs that at present the human being is capable of various states of consciousness, and of knowing events which are happening afar, and of fore-knowing events which are future,—sometimes spontaneously, and sometimes by means of an agency purposely employed;—knowing, on the other hand, that history abounds with records which everybody believes more or less, of prophecy, of preternatural (so-called) knowledge, of witchcraft, unaccountable sympathies, and miraculous cures; we have every reason to suppose that the Egyptian priesthood encountered and held the facts which some of us encounter and hold, and employed them as sincerely and devoutly as they employed other facts in natural philosophy. It is probable that the oracles were true: and we have no right to doubt that the priests believed them true,—as earnestly as they believed that they could cure the sick whom they carried into their temples, and on whose heads they religiously laid their hands, with invocations to the gods. The faculties which drew the attention of Bacon and others are found more vigorous, more spontaneous, and more easily excitable among orientals than among ourselves. If we find, by the half-dozen, merely by opening our minds to the fact, cases of far-seeing and fore-seeing, and curative power, it is probable that such cases were familiar to the heathen priesthood of old; and that they sincerely believed that persons so gifted held a revealing commission from the gods. While fully aware of the means necessary for eliciting the faculty, and using those means, the priest might wait on the speech of the oracular somnambule believing it to proceed from the veritable inspiration of the god. This is not the place for bringing together the evidence

exists about the dealings of the Egyptian priests with the sick and infirm: but it is curious; and it shews no cause for the assumption that they were jugglers, or in any way insincere in their practice. They probably believed that they should give relief by 'the touching with the hands,' which, as Solon tells us, 'will immediately restore to health' when soothing medicines are of no avail; and by that 'stroking with gentle hands' which Æschylus says was to be had on the Nile:* and they were probably justified in their belief by the results. Nothing but a very large proportion of cures will account for the continued celebrity of any seat of health during a sequence of many centuries.

"As to the oracles, there were many in Egypt; and they were famous from the earliest times of which we have any record. The two most celebrated were those of Amun Ra, in the Oasis of Amun; and that of Buto in the city of that name.† Herodotus tells a curious story of the establishment of the Oracles of Amun Ra and of Dodona.‡ He heard two versions;—one from the priests of Amun at Thebes; the other from the priestesses of the oracle at Dodona. The Greek priestesses told him that two black doves were carried off from Thebes; one of which went into the Lybian desert, and the other came to Dodona, perched on an oak, and spoke, saying that it was the will of the king of the gods that he should have an oracle there. The dove which flew to the Lybian Oasis delivered a similar command there from Amun Ra. The story of the Theban priests to Herodotus was that two women, sacred to the god, were carried off from Thebes by the Phœnicians, and set up oracles at the Oasis and at Dodona. They were probably carried off for the sake of that power of prevision which had caused their consecration at Thebes, and which they exercised afterwards at the two new oracular seats. Herodotus says expressly that there were no priestesses in Egypt:§ yet it is certain that women of the priestly caste were, in one way or another, employed and consecrated about the temples; and in all purity and honour. They were probably the utterers of the oracle; and might be also the dispensers of health in the sanctuaries. Among so large a body as that of the Egyptian priesthood, it is probable that there was never any want of somnambules, who would be looked upon as chosen by the god of the region to deliver his oracles; and who would do it, while the faculty worked clearly (which we now find to be rarely for

* "*Prometheus to Io*: 'There Zeus will render you sane, stroking you with gentle hand, and simply touching you.' This sanctuary at Canopus was celebrated for the cures wrought by the god."

† "*Herod. II., 38.*"

‡ "*Herod. II., 54, 55.*"

§ "*Herod. II., 35.*"

any long time); and without any need of jugglery at the time, or occasion to suspect it now. Diodorus Siculus tells us of a daughter of Sesostris who seems to have had the faculty as eminently as Joan of Arc, exercising it with regard to her father's victories as Joan did about her own. Her father, being king, was also High-priest, and must have known how far to trust his daughter's divination: and he planned his proceedings, and prepared for his conquests, under her direction.* Herodotus observes that this Theban oracle, and that of Dodona are much like each other:† that the art of foretelling future events, as practised in the Greek temples, was derived from Egypt: and that it is certain that the Egyptians were the first of the human race who established feasts and public assemblies, processions, and the manner of approaching God and holding intercourse with Him: and that the Greeks had borrowed these customs from the Egyptians.

“It appears that there was a lake made near every capital city in Egypt,‡ for the transit of the dead; and a sacred boat, to bear the hearse; and a boatman, whose official name, written in Greek, was Charon.§ The funeral train were obliged to pass over this lake on the way to the tomb; but they might return by land. The purpose of the obligatory custom of crossing the lake was that all the dead might pass through the same ordeal before admission to their ‘eternal habitations,’ as the priests called the tomb. This ordeal was judgment by the forty-two || assessors who, on earth, performed the first stage of the work which was to be completed by the forty-two heavenly assessors, who awaited the dead within the threshold of the unseen world. Notice was given to these judges of the day of the funeral; and they stood in a half circle on the nearer shore of the lake, awaiting the arrival of the funeral train. Any person might accuse the deceased in their presence of any immoral act. If the accusation was proved, the deceased was not allowed to pass. If the accuser could not substantiate his story, he was severely punished. Even kings ¶ have been known to be turned back from the place of embarkation, when acts of injustice have been proved against them: and it appears that priests had exemption than others from this ordeal. Those of dead who had left a family behind them were and their mummy-cases set upright against the chamber; a perpetual spectacle of shame, and families, who suffered acutely from the diagra-

* “*Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians*, I., 261.” †

‡ “*Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians*, V., 420.”

|| “According to Champollion.”

happened. Those who were poor and friendless, as well as vicious, were put into the ground where the rejection took place; and this was the shore where their melancholy ghosts wandered, if poets say true, pining for the Elysian fields which lay beyond; those Elysian fields* being the beautiful meadows which, in the principal burial-place of the Nile valley, at Memphis, extended beyond the lake of the dead, all flowery with lotus and blossoming reeds.

"After permission to pass on had been given by the judges, an eulogy on the deceased, and a prayer to the gods for his welfare in Hades, were read by one of the officiating priests; and Charon proceeded in his ferrying. When the opposite shore was reached, and the procession landed, the ground was sprinkled before the wheels of the funeral car; and sometimes palm-branches were strewn in the way.† The body was sometimes crowned with amaranth or other everlasting, or with bay-leaves or fresh flowers."‡

Thus much before the sealing up of the tomb. What afterwards?

"As he had passed the external judgment, he was believed by the mourners without to be assured of re-union, in his immortal essence, with the Supreme, from whom all being emanates. The family have likened him, in the preparation of his body, to Osiris, and have painted the emblems of Osiris on his envelope; and will henceforth call him by that sacred name. The offerings they bring, and will continue to bring occasionally, are not consecrated to their mortal comrade, but to the portion of divinity which dwelt in him.—They place behind their altar of offerings the images of Isis and Nephthys, the First and the Last: and believe that the First and the Last attend at the head and feet of the body, as long as it remains in the tomb.§ They think of him as finding his way in the untried regions, which they yet seem to themselves to know so familiarly. He leaves behind him the eulogy which is inscribed on the entrance wall of his tomb, and is met by Thoth, the conductor of the dead, by whom he is fetched away, and led on to a more fearful judgment than that man's judgment by the shore of the lake which he has passed with honour. He is announced, according to his legend, thus:—'Arrival of a soul in Amenti.' His secret faults, and his sins of omission, of which men could be no judges, are now to come under review; and Thoth, whose legend|| declares him 'the Secretary of Justice of the other great gods,' is to pro-

* "Diodorus, I., 96." † "Ibid, V., 421." ‡ "Ibid, V., 423."

§ "Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians, V., 416." || "Champollion Lettres. sur l'Egypte."

duce his book, in which he has recorded the whole moral life of the soul come to judgment.—The forty-two heavenly assessors are believed to represent the forty-two sins which the Egyptians believed man to be subject to. Each searched the newly-arrived soul, and declared its condition in respect to the particular sin. Then came the trial of the balance. The symbol of the actions of the candidate are placed in one scale, and the symbol of integrity in the other. Thoth looks on, ready to record. Horus holds the hand of the candidate, and the dog watches the process, ready to turn on the condemned if his scale should be 'found wanting.' If all is well, he advances in front of the balance, and finds the infant Horus seated on his lotus-blossom before the throne; and on the throne is the Judge, prepared to welcome him by raising the end of his sceptre, and to permit him to enter among the gods within. Of the happy state, little was revealed, because, as it was declared, 'the heart of man could not conceive of it.' Almost the only particular declared was that there was a tree of Life,* on whose fruit the gods wrote the names of mortals destined to immortality, and whose fruit made those who ate of it to be as gods. His relatives thought of him as wearing on his head, as a mark of his justification, the feather of integrity: and they wrote beside his name, from that time forward, the name of the goddess of Justice; a practical equivalent to that of affixing the epithet 'justified' to his name. This goddess of Justice, Thmei, is present during the trial of the soul: and she is identified in the sculptures by her legend 'Thmei, who lives in Amenti, where she weighs hearts in the balance;—no sinner escapes her.†

"The survivors of any one for whom a burial has been obtained, but who might be suspected of unfitness for the heavenly mansions, were enabled to form but too clear an idea of his fate; for the pains of the wicked could be conceived of by human imagination, though the immortal pleasures of the just could not. The purgatory of the Egyptians was in fact described definitely enough: and the representations of it in the tombs give a strange sensation to the gazer before he has become accustomed to them. At the extreme end of a large tomb at Thebes, I saw some marks on the black and stained wall which made me hold my candle nearer, and persevere till I had made out the whole sculpture, which gave me at last the impression of a bad dream. A hopeless-looking pig, with a bristling back, was in a boat, the stern of which was towards the heavenly regions. Two monkeys were with it, one at the bow, and the other whipping or driving the pig. This was a wicked soul,

* "The Persca." † "Champollion: *Lettres sur l'Égypte*."

sent back to earth under the conduct of the agents of Thoth. The busy and gleeful look of the monkeys, and the humbled aspect of the pig were powerfully given. This was the lowest state of the punished soul; but it would have to pass through some very mournful ones, and for a very long time,—to be probably a wolf, a scorpion, or a kite, or some other odious creature, in weary succession,—for a term of from three thousand to ten thousand years. This was called passing through its ‘orbit of necessity.’”*

In connection with Egypt, nothing has excited more universal interest than the Pyramids. The science, skill, and labour, and the appliances of art unknown to us now employed in their construction, and their enduring character, excite wonder and astonishment. The Great Pyramid is the oldest known monument in the world. Its date is no longer a mystery; it is now known to be the work of men who lived 5,000 years ago. The names of the Pharaohs who raised these edifices have been found inscribed in it, and they are the same as those given by Herodotus and Manetho. But the purposes they were designed to serve is still matter of controversy. That these purposes were connected with magic and necromancy was first suggested to my mind by a spirit, communicating through an entranced person, who affirmed himself to be an Egyptian who lived when the Great Pyramid was being built. I have since met with quite an unexpected confirmation of this theory.

In an able article which appeared in *The Builder* (September 24, 1864), reviewing the hypothesis put forward by Mr. John

* Those who care to make further researches into this subject may consult among other works Wilkinson's *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*, Kenrick's *Ancient Egypt*, Pettigrew's *History of Egyptian Mummies*, Mr. Child's *Progress of Religious Ideas*, Alger's *Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life*, Part II, chapter v., and, above all, Bunsen's *Egypt's Place in Universal History*. The following is one of many passages that might be quoted from the last named work, showing the high estimate its author had formed of both the positive and comparative excellence attained in ancient Egypt:—

“From the very earliest time they (the Egyptians) abolished human sacrifices, which they declared to be an abomination unto the gods; whereas in Palestine, Syria, and cultivated Phœnicia and Carthage, sacrifices continued to be offered to Moloch, as being the very climax in religious worship. . . . Many indeed of the Kings of Judah and Israel caused their children to ‘pass through the fire.’ Egypt was rich in culture, and possessed a high national civilization in the times of Abraham and Joseph, which they owed to the ethic character of their religion, and the intellectuality of their religious philosophy. . . . The oracles of the gods were communicated alike to kings and priests. Incubation in the temples, dreams, and most probably *clairvoyance*, were the mediums by which the religious feelings were worked up above those of the waking state. No trace is found in Egypt of the intoxicating potions, the beating of drums, the ringing of bells, and that violent excitement so rife among the Turanian, Iranian and Semetic races. . . . Everything we know of their domestic and social relations is worthy of our highest respect. Even in Egypt civil liberty is old, and despotism was a dynastic innovation.”

Taylor and Professor Smyth that the Great Pyramid was designed as a standard of measurement—an hypothesis regarded by the reviewer as highly improbable. Mr. John E. Dove, puts forward some speculations on the subject of a highly interesting kind, and which we proceed to lay before our readers. He says:—

“ But if this new hypothesis must go the way of all the others, is there no possibility of otherwise accounting for the certainly strange and mysterious conformation of the Great Pyramid? This we will say,—that if the mystery shall ever be revealed, this must be done through a consideration of the ancient practices and doctrines, as well as structures, of the ancient Egyptians themselves; aided, probably, by a like consideration of structures analogous or similar to the Egyptian Pyramids, and of practices and doctrines connected with such structures, among other nations.

“ But what *are* the peculiarities of the Egyptian Pyramids, and especially of the Great Pyramid?

“ To whatever other purposes these pyramids (perhaps the Great Pyramid excepted) may have been originally devoted,—at least in their first design,—we believe there can be no doubt that they were used for the burial of kings or other great persons. Generally speaking, they were built of solid masonry, with comparatively little open space in their interior: indeed, *a long low narrow passage, or ‘transe,’ leading downwards to a subterranean chamber, in which was a sarcophagus, or stone coffin, occupied by a mummy, and covered by a ponderous lid, cemented down,* may be said to have essentially constituted the entire arrangement. As for the Great Pyramid, however, there is this peculiarity, that, while it possesses the *descending* passage and the subterranean or sepulchral chamber, another and *ascending* passage strikes off out of the descending one, far short of its sepulchral issue; and, after opening up suddenly into a still ascending or sloping and magnificent gallery, of great height, ends in the vestibule or outer chamber leading to the hall, or large and well-ventilated apartment, in which stand the ‘open chest without a lid,’ which has so often been visited and described. This chest, or kist, then ‘the one only thing the pyramid’s huge entrails,’ as Sandys has it, is the exact analogue of the subterranean sarcophagus or coffin of the other pyramids; but it is without a sign of ever having had a lid, and is the sole occupant of a splendid hall of polished granite, 34 feet 3 inches long, 17 feet 1 inch broad, 19 feet 1 inch high, and placed 138 feet up from the ground-base of the pyramid on the rock; beneath which base, still 90 feet 8 inches further down, is the subterranean or sepulchral chamber. The king’s b

moreover, is most skilfully and thoroughly well ventilated by two air channels, running upwards, one to the northern surface of the pyramid, 233 feet long, and the other to the southern, 174 feet long; so that the chamber is regarded as one *much more likely to have been used by the living than by the dead*. Still, the likeness to the other pyramids might lead us to consider it merely as the abode of that *death* on which the Egyptians were ever meditating, were it not that there are historical records, such as that of Diodorus, that it never was used for burial; and there are no traces of grooves, catch-pins, or other fastenings for a lid, nor of any process of cementation, whereby the lid of a sarcophagus was as usual fastened down.*

“ If this apartment never was the abode of death, however, it must undoubtedly have been used for an *analogous* purpose; and, considering the known practices of magicians, such as the ancient Egyptian hierophants were, the very obvious purpose of using it in that *similitude* of death—the oracular entrancement of initiation—(in those ‘*dead* in the flesh but *quicken*ed by the spirit,’ in fact), which they are known to have practised in what was called ‘the temple sleep,’ and ‘the blessed life of the gods,’ at once presents itself. This similitude of death was the *psychopompos*, or ‘death in a higher sense,’ which they ascribed to their Hermetic or Mercurial god. The death of ‘the pit of corruption’ beneath, was thus probably contrasted with the holy death of the god-possessed hierophants above; and, in the attainment of the higher state, or the ‘exchange of this life for the blessed life of the gods,’ as Iamblichus, on the Egyptian Mysteries, describes it, the novitiates incurred certain obstacles and terrors of darkness and light, and ran certain risks of falling into the pit, or of otherwise ending their career far short of the high and grand ulterior object which the hierophants had in view.

“ But do we find anything similar to such magical structures and practices amongst other nations? Unquestionably we do.

“ The Mithratic cavern, or cell, of the Cabiri, according to Faber, though sometimes subterraneous, also sometimes lay concealed in the centre of enormous buildings of the pyramidal form; or, as in the tower of Belus at Babylon, in a *temple* at the top of the pyramid, with a *shrine* at the bottom. The temple of Belus, which was reached by a winding passage round the pyramid, stood exactly in such a position as the temple of Buddha now does in modern Chaityas in Ava and Siam,—at the top of *seven* stories. Like the Great Pyramid itself, the Tower of Belus—at that great centre of sorcery or magical

* “ On this question see also a review of Taylor’s work in the *Builder* of 17th December, 1859.”

practices—Babylon, has been erroneously supposed to have been devoted to astronomy. That is quite inconsistent with what Herodotus tells us of it. He says that the *temple* above the *shrine*—the *apartment* for the *living*, in fact, above the *tomb* of the *dead*—contained a golden table and an elegant bedstead (like the ‘beautiful couch’ of the Egyptian god-possessed); and that a chosen priestess lay upon the bed and was there visited by the god Belus (or Baal), by night, which obviously means that the priestess became god-possessed in this ‘high-place of Baal,’—this *temple* of the *pyramid*,—by night, through entrancement, as an oracle, whose responses, while in ‘holy rest,’ or (Buddhist) ‘repose,’ were probably written down, as Sibylline leaves, at the golden table.

“Pyramidal barrows, with temples at the top of which were called ‘the *house* of the *god*,’ are common even in America; and such barrows, though without the outward temple, are scattered all over Asia and Europe, and are to be found even in this country and in Ireland. Such is the immense one at New Grange, which has one known and curious central chamber, or sorcery-hall, as the similar one at Maeshowe is runically inscribed. This central hall is, in all cases, reached by a long, low, narrow passage, or transe, just such as that of the Egyptian pyramids. The plan in the central chamber, or sorcery-hall, at New Grange, is cruciform; and at one side is a rude stone ‘bason,’ as it has been called, on the earth, with an inscription (in Ogham or in Runic characters) which has been translated as,—‘The *tombe* of the hero;’ (the abode of the *dead*;) while at the other side of the cross is another stone ‘bason,’ standing—not on the earth, but—on the rock of the site, with an inscription which has been translated as—‘the *house* of God’ (the abode of the *living* God). The chamber is dedicated ‘to the Great Mother, Ops.’* ”

“That the Great Pyramid was a temple,—or rather, contained a temple,—seems to have been a very general idea; and even Professor Smyth himself calls it a temple. A section of the ‘consecrated oratory,’ as Greaves calls the high chamber, or sorcery-hall, has, together with its outer apartment, all the appearance of a section of an Egyptian temple; and the inner chamber has been even called the sanctuary, as well as the oratory. On the supposition that the lowest chamber in the subterranean was devoted to death, and the highest to life in the ‘similitude of death,’—or to god-possession, or the oracle, in entrancement,—it is probable that the middle chamber, between these two, had some relationship to that other similitude and ‘brother’ of death

* “For further remarks on this subject, see a letter by J. E. Dove, ‘On Wing and other Symbols,’ in the *Builder* of 16th October, 1858.”

which is neither the accursed death of corruption nor the holy and blessed death of entrancement, but the natural and daily death of sleep, the 'brother' both of death, on the one hand, and of entrancement, on the other.

"Keeping in view the *deathlessness* to which the god-possessed aspired, as among the Druidical 'deathless brotherhood,' the Greek and other immortal gods,* and the Buddhist undecaying illuminati in the 'salvation' of Nirvana;† the conclusion, as to the origin of the Great Pyramid, to which Professor Smyth comes, from a consideration of historical records, is rather remarkable.

"The 'Hyksos,' or 'Shepherd Kings,' were an historical race, who invaded Egypt as conquerors at a period of extreme antiquity,—long before the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt.

* "Science, genius, and *immortality* were said to be the fruits of initiation into the mysteries of the Greek Ceres and the Egyptian Isis;—not so much the fruits of the mere initiation into the life of entrancement, or 'life of the gods,' however, as of the continued and daily or nightly practice of that life, or the 'often exchanging this life for the blessed life of the gods,' as Iamblichus expresses it. Thus initiation was merely the initiative; and it was this initiative through which Triptolemus, or Demophōn, was said by Homer to be passing when the divine mother, Ceres, or Isis, was interrupted, by the terror of his natural mother, during the goddess's immortalizing work upon her son's dying body, every night, upon his bed, in her temple, at his father's house. Under the divine influence of the goddess, as Homer's Hymn, 'In Cererem,' has it, the novitiate of the *second birth*, or *Child of 'the Great Mother,'*—

'Grew like an offspring of ethereal race :
Health crown'd his frame and beauty deck'd his face :
No mortal food he ate : the Queen, adored,
Around him oft ambrosial odours pour'd,
Oft as the child was on her bosom laid,
She heavenly influence to his soul convey'd.
At night, to purge from earthly dross his frame
She kindled on th' earth th' annealing Flame ;
And, like a brand, unmark'd by human view,
Amid the Fire, wide blazing frequent threw
The unconscious Child : his parents wond'ring trace
Something divine,—a more than mortal grace,—
Shine in his form,'

until 'one fatal night,' when his mother saw 'Consuming flames around his body roll,' and then 'Wrath seized the goddess,' and she—

'Furious thus began : Oh, mortals vain !
Whose folly counteracts what gods ordain :
Who, lost in error's maze, will never know,
Approaching blessings from impending woe !
Long, for the rashness that thy Soul possess'd,
Shall keen reflection agonize thy breast ;
For, by that oath which binds the powers supreme,
I swear ;—by sable Styx—infernal stream ;—
Else, had thy son, in Youth's perpetual prime,
Shared heavenly joys, and mock'd the rage of Time.
But now 'tis past ! from fate he cannot fly ;
Man's common lot is his : he breathes to die.'

† "See 'On Bird and other Symbols' in the *Builder* of 15th January, 1859."

Manetho, who lived some centuries after Herodotus, says of these Hyksos,—‘There came up from the east, in a strange manner, men of an ignoble race, who had the confidence to invade our country, and easily subdued it by their [magical?] power, without a battle;’ and, after several reigns, they capitulated with a valorous Egyptian monarch, and left the country ‘quickly, and entirely, with all their people and goods; and did so leave it going by way of the Desert, towards Syria, where they built Jerusalem.’ That these Hyksos were not the Israelites is evident, not only from what Manetho says of their invasion, but also from his separate and subsequent allusion to the Israelites. Still, they would appear to have been of a kindred race; and Professor Smyth ingeniously suggests that that most mysterious character, Melchizedec, King of Salem [or Jerusalem?], King of Peace and Righteousness, to whom Abram did obeisance as to his superior, and who was a high priest of the ‘order’ to which, according to St. Paul (Hebrews v. 6.), even Jesus himself belonged, was probably the very king who invaded Egypt, and built the Great Pyramid as one of those grievous tasks to which the Hyksos put the Egyptians. And accordingly, Professor Smyth finds allusions to the pyramidal form in scriptural passages such as those which refer to Jesus Christ as the head stone of the corner, the chief corner stone, and ‘the head stone of the great mountain.’ That the Great Pyramid was not designed (though it was built) by the Egyptians themselves, Professor Smyth concludes not only from the utter want in this pyramid of those hieroglyphics of which the Egyptians were (afterwards?) so fond, but also from what Herodotus says of its immediate directors or orderers, that they were hated by the native Egyptians.

“Now the origination of the pyramidal form in Egypt from the farther east would be quite in accordance with the numerous traces of the spread of such structures westwards even from India, whence it is probable also that the Egyptian doctrines emanated; and, in reference to ‘the deathless brotherhood’ who constructed and used such pyramids or barrows for religious purposes, or as sorcery-halls, in this country,—or at least Ireland and in Orkney,—it is a notable circumstance, of which Professor Smyth takes no account, that it is said of the mysterious Melchizedec, King of Salem, or Jerusalem, that he had ‘the power of an endless life’ (Hebrews vii.); or was, in fact, ‘the order’ of that ‘deathless brotherhood’ of eternity, a children of ‘the divine mother.’—‘children of the light,’ ‘children of the evening,’ as with the Druids,—or initiated immortal brothers, as with the Nocturnal Society (Societas Noctis) of more classical times;—and hence (being a new

and also a god, or a son of God*) he was 'without [natural] father or mother.' To this 'deathless brotherhood' of 'the order of Melchizedec,' as we have said, even Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, *par excellence*, belonged."

A LEGEND WITH A LESSON.

THE following legend is found in the writer who goes by the name of Dionysius the Areopagite. A monk who had assailed a priest for dealing too leniently, as he thought, with a penitent, applied to Dionysius for his support. In reply, he rebuked him severely for his want of mercy, and concludes thus:—

"If you please, I will recount a divine vision of a saintly man; and smile not at it, for it is a true story. Once upon a time when I visited Crete, I was entertained by the holy Carpus. He was a man qualified beyond all others by the purity of his soul for the vision of God. An unbeliever, so he told me, had once grieved him by leading a Christian astray to godlessness, while the days of rejoicing over his baptism were still being celebrated. And so, when he ought to have prayed for both in sincere charity, that by God's help he might convert the one and overcome the other, though he had never been so affected before, he allowed rancorous enmity and bitterness to sink into his heart. In this evil state he fell asleep, for it was evening, and at midnight, when it was his habit to awake to recite the divine hymns, he rose from trouble and broken slumbers, and even in the midst of his very communion with God was agitated by unholy sorrow and indignation, as he pleaded that it was not right that ungodly men should live, perverting the straight paths of the Lord. And so saying he prayed God to slay both the offenders, without pity, by a bolt from heaven. As soon as the prayer was uttered, he said that he thought that the house in which he stood was suddenly shaken with great violence and cloven in twain from the roof, and that a line of light, exceeding bright, streamed down from heaven to the place where he was and that heaven itself was opened, and that upon its edge was Jesus, with innumerable angels in human shape standing beside him. This was what he saw above, and as he looked in it he marvelled. But when he bent downwards he said that he saw the earth rent asunder with a dark and yawning chasm, and the men whom he cursed standing before him at the edge of the chasm,

* "As many as are led by the Spirit of God *they* are the Sons of God."

trembling and piteous, and their footing was so unsteady that by reason of that alone they were on the point of falling into it; moreover, snakes crawled up from the gulf below, and gliding about their feet, sought, by every kind of terror and fascination, to cast them into the pit. There were men also among the snakes who at the same time assailed the two guilty ones with violent shakings and thrusts and blows; and it seemed that they were about to fall, half willingly, half unwillingly, as they were gradually constrained or seduced by their evil circumstances. And Carpus said that he was delighted to look down, and forgot what was above; nay, that he was indignant and dissatisfied that, they had not already fallen, and vexed that his repeated efforts to this end had failed of success; and that he cursed them still. And having with difficulty lifted his eyes upward he saw heaven again as he had seen it before, and Jesus in pity rise from his throne, and descend to the wretched men, and reach to them a loving hand, and the angels helping him, and supporting the men on all sides. And he thought that Jesus said to him, when his hand was now stretched out to smite, 'Smite me if you will; for I am ready to suffer again to save men anew; yea, I would gladly endure this to rescue others from sin. But see if it be well for thee to make thy abode with snakes in the pit, rather than with God and the good angels to whom men are dear!'

"This is what I heard, and I believe that it is true."

THE RATIONALE OF SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

BY A CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

SEVERAL consecutive numbers of the *Spiritual Magazine* been kindly forwarded to me, for which I desire my sincere thanks. The general tone and spirit of publication are such as entirely approve themselves to me. The tone is certainly that of piety and brotherhood, free from the narrowness belonging to every kind of sectism, and equally free from the darkness and fearfulness are characteristic of every ecclesiastical organisation, is an enlightened faith in the unerring goodness of the Lord, a steadfast hope that every human being, whatever evils or persecutions may oppress him at present, will sooner or later arrive at his destination in heaven. But although the

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good and the spirit so broad and enlightened, this Magazine has not yet opened and illustrated the grounds of spiritual manifestations; to which, in one small and extraordinary department, it bears a brave and consistent testimony. With the view of supplying the want which I have observed, I shall, with the editor's permission, endeavour to explain the *rationale* of all spiritual manifestations; and afterwards, please God, shall proceed to indicate the universal importance of the truth unfolded, as presenting a perpetual revelation of the Will of God respecting the spiritual condition of His creature man.

That there is an Infinite and Eternal Fountain of life and existence is clear to most minds. That the Divine Being who is the Maker and Sustainer of all things is good and wise, without a shadow of imperfection, is a proposition that commends itself to my heart and understanding. From this All-Good and All-Wise Being, who is the only Creator, nothing of evil and misery can possibly proceed. Yet in this world, to go no further, we do find an awful amount of wickedness and wretchedness; and in nature itself, which none but God can produce and preserve, there are deadly poisons, savage and disgusting animals, famines and pestilences, &c., which certainly, according to the judgment that God has given us, are evils and blemishes in His creation. Now, as there is but One Creator, a Being of spotless purity and absolute wisdom, how can evils and malformations and embodied savagery and consuming maladies and the entire family of wrongs come into existence? This is the explanation: God, in making man, endows him with free will, which is essential to manhood. By virtue of free will, man can live either according to the Will of the Creator, or he can disobey this ever-righteous Will. So far as he obeys the Creator's Will, to that extent he is orderly and happy. But so far as he opposes the Divine Will, in that same degree are confusion and misery introduced into his life and world. The soul, consisting of the will and understanding, is the primary creation, being that which is usually denominated *spirit*; the body, which is the soul itself developed into a bodily form, is the next proceeding creation; and the world, comprising the three kingdoms of nature, with all objects of the senses, is the ultimate ground of creation, which usually goes by the name of *matter*, in which the states of the soul are brought down, spread out, and revealed in a region of space and time. Thus the soul, the body, and their world are a great unit of life, which assumes form in three different degrees or planes, but is *distinctly* one. Thus, too, spirit and matter, or life and its embodiments, or, which is exactly the same, life and its phenomena, are the beginning and the ending of a *human being*; and all the evils and disfigurements in nature,

and all its blessings and beauties, are the embodiments and revealments of blessings and curses in the soul of man; good, both vital and phenomenal, flowing from harmonious co-operation with the Lord; and evil, both spiritual and natural, being produced by man's violation of the inflowing creative life of God.

Such is the universal order of creation. Every natural world in the universe is the effectuated life and outward revelation of a world of created beings. Dream-land is thus created. All poetical imagery is brought forth after this manner. The wild fancies of the drunkard, which are called *delirium tremens*, burst into existence in this way. The phenomena of death owe their birth to corresponding changes of mental state. The human soul—willing and thinking here on the lowest platform of life, *viz.*, that of *effects*—when indrawn by the Lord into a deeper ground of affection and thought, *viz.*, that of *causes*, is evolved into a corresponding body and a corresponding world, in which latter its inmost states are represented in detail, as in the body they are represented in the sum,

In this lower state we are wont to say, that man's body and world are natural or material; but we speak of an angel's body and an angel's world as spiritual. Yet both these bodies and worlds must be equally sensuous, being the embodiments in sensuous forms, one of human, and the other of angelic life. Their respective properties must be precisely similar the one to the other. Why then call the one natural and the other spiritual, when their tangible, audible, and other qualities are alike? The distinction is wholly an artificial distinction. If that which is substantial and solid, which has externity and outline, be natural and material, then the world beyond the veil created as all other worlds are created, may be called natural and material; and if a world be spiritual, because it is created and preserved by the Great Spirit, then this world may be called spiritual. This artificial distinction has arisen from different views which are ordinarily entertained of the connection of the two worlds. The one is generally supposed to be made of dead materials, and therefore it is called material; the other is thought to be differently constituted, and is called spiritual, because this word describes what is shadowy and mysterious, and yet in some sort visible. Nevertheless, the two worlds are equally effectuated; their exposition of mental states, are equally effectuated; and are equally the continual creations of the Creator; the first is the representative of the lowest or initial representative of his mind, and the second when brought into the inner or higher state.

Sensuous worlds of all kinds being created and sustained by the Creator through the medium of their respective inhabitants, it is an incontrovertible inference that all phenomena are manifestations of spiritual life, and that consequently we are always surrounded by indications of such life. The phenomena of table-rapping, table-lifting, &c., are no exceptions to this rule, but are revelations of spirit-life, which may be good or evil, orderly or disorderly. The fruits, flowers, &c., said to be spontaneously produced at recent *séances*, are produced, if the allegation be true (which I have had no opportunity of testing), not in violation of, but in accordance with, this universal law of creation; being embodiments to the senses of thoughts and affections, stirred up in the minds of those who receive them. I have myself no doubt whatever that the conjuring tricks common in India—a well-known one being the production of a mango tree, which in the space of perhaps a quarter of an hour springs up from the mango-stone planted then and there before the eyes of the beholders, puts forth leaves and flowers, and bears fruit which those present actually eat—are precisely of the same nature. This so-called conjuring has doubtless been handed down from ancient times in which the above-given law of creation and correspondence was well understood; these lower and often ~~perverted~~ applications of it being ignorantly produced, by rote as it were, in accordance with formulas preserved by tradition, long after the true understanding of them was lost.

On this theory of creation it will appear that whatever may be the truth in respect to specific cases of alleged spirit-manifestation, (I may observe by the way, that the existence of impostures and counterfeits affords a strong presumption that there is some reality to be counterfeited,) there is at any rate no *à priori* impossibility that these alleged manifestations may be genuine. They are not, as has been shown, contraventions of natural law, but merely new developments of it, tending to throw fresh light upon it from above, which may assist in leading towards some truer comprehension, in place of the misconceptions of it which have hitherto prevailed. Have we not constantly before us, on every hand, examples of the strange and melancholy blindness of men of learning and science, who talk of laws of nature as if these were causes superseding the necessity for acknowledging a Great First Cause or Creator; actually overlooking the self-evident fact that, in the first place, a law implies a law-giver, and that it is, in the second place, simply a formulized statement of the observed effects of which it is then postulated as the cause! From this blind materialistic philosophy the world urgently needs deliverance. Let none who themselves believe, and desire to see others believe, in something

better than materialism,—in an All-Good, All-Wise, Divine Providence, *viz.*, creating, sustaining, and ruling over all worlds mental and phenomenal,—turn away with a scoff or a frown from this strange phenomenon of so-called Spiritualism; but rather pause to investigate seriously its reality and significance, lest in neglecting this they should be refusing the services of a willing and most powerful ally in the very cause they have deeply at heart. Could men but believe that no truth, no fact, whether scientific, spiritistic, or speculative, can possibly be at variance with or tend to upset religious truth, but must inevitably confirm and strengthen it, because the God of our worship is the God of all truth, how gladly might they hail, and how candidly investigate all new developments of faith and science, instead of being scared by their fears of everything new into vituperating, persecuting, or ignoring to the uttermost every new idea or phenomenon, lest the unknown should prove a foe! Not less than perfect love does true and enlightened faith cast out fear.

WM. HUME-ROTHERY.

3, Richmond Terrace,
Middleton, Manchester,
January 10th, 1868.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SUSPENSION OF THE SPIRITISTE JOURNAL LA VERITE OF LYONS.

OUR readers will regret to learn that the very valuable weekly spiritual journal *La Verité* has ceased to exist. In fact, on the 10th of March last year, it changed its name from *La Verité* to *La Tribune Universelle*, and its editorship wholly, or in part, from M. Edoux to M. Andrew Pezzani. M. Edoux, a very able and excellent man, had not found the support we should have hoped for in a city said to contain many Spiritualists: and was, therefore, compelled to transfer. We could not anticipate a very long stay in the hands of M. Pezzani, a man of endless and very wide and of a torrent of writing which would drown any number of much larger journals. In fact, from the moment it passed into his hands, it was occupied, almost solely, with theories, and ceased to have the slightest interest for the reader. Instead of the valuable variety of information on spiritualistic facts and movements, we had only M. Pezzani's *Revision des Philosophies et des Théologies*, and his

of the *Philosophie Methodique* of Strada. We were, therefore, not surprised to learn from a circular a month or two ago, that *La Tribune Universelle* was, for the present, suspended.

GROWTH OF SPIRITUALISM.

Amongst the proofs of the steady growth of Spiritualism, and of the unobtrusive manner in which it is making its way in different parts of the kingdom, we may cite the example of Wolverhampton. We are informed that for eight years a single individual stood alone there in his belief, and could not get another person in the town to listen to him on the subject, but that now there is a society of spiritualists which numbers more than 70 members, and that there are others in the place, who, though not openly joining the society, are firm believers. Facts like this are very encouraging, and the making of them known to the public through this Magazine, would be to render a real service to the cause.

ELONGATION OF THE PERSON UNDER SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE.

In the 94th volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, it is stated that a woman named Elizabeth Styles, in 1658, who was condemned as a witch, was declared by a number of respectable witnesses, to be so strong in her fits, that, though held down in her chair by four or five persons, by the arms, legs, and shoulders, she would be raised out of the chair four or five feet high, spite of all efforts to keep her down; and have her body stretched out and elongated far beyond her natural length. Some persons deposed that, when so stretched out, she appeared to have holes or rents in her body, as if she were being torn asunder, but that afterwards her body immediately resumed its normal condition.

PROFESSOR PEPPER ON SPIRITUALISM.

The following is this gentleman's advertisement of what he and Thomas Tobin have jointly invented and "registered at Stationers' Hall" for whatever that may be worth. If the registration of the invention should be effectual in preventing others from perpetrating the same folly, it will be very useful in limiting the number of silly exhibitors to two.

Entirely New Scientific Entertainment and Lecture, by Professor J. H. Pepper, F.C.S., A. Inst. C.E., embracing the NEW PRETENDED MANIFESTATIONS FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD! which are considered fully in Professor Pepper's New Lecture, entitled—"FARADAY'S DISCOVERIES AND THEIR RESULTS:" being *real* Science as contrasted with *unreal* Science, called Spiritual Manifestations. Professor Pepper and Thomas Tobin are the joint inventors, and the whole is registered at Stationers' Hall.

THE POSITIVISTS ON TOLERATION.

"Large fleas have little fleas, and these have less to bite 'em,
And these again have lesser fleas, and so on *ad infinitum*."

Who would have thought that the Positivists could have had to inculcate toleration amongst themselves—those votaries of exact science, who deny the existence of the religious element in the soul, as a surplus entity. A preacher of the Comte-ist Bible in Paris has been exhorting his congregation after the following fashion:—

"The preacher exhorted us to toleration. There were many, he said, *who believed in God*, and who were yet better Positivists than others who prided themselves on that name. There were many who found hope and comfort in belief in a spiritual world and a future life; *let us not be unduly severe upon them*. In conclusion, he appealed to us to join in spiritual communion with all our brethren in the faith, and especially with *Mr. Congreve in London, and Doctor Brydges at Bradford, who were celebrating with us, at the same hour, the worship of humanity*."

Really it gives us some hope for humanity to find that at last a system—we must not call it a religion—has come to the fore, which can tolerate those "who believe in God," and who can even "not be unduly severe" upon those who find hope and comfort in the belief of a spiritual world and a future life. And has Christianity come to this at last, that it is to be tolerated by Positivists? We are afraid that we are hardly up to the mark of full toleration for we find it difficult to tolerate such nonsense, however much we may pity the poor fellows who preach and are preached to after such a fashion. As a general question, we cannot tolerate toleration, for the very assumption of the right to tolerate another is a great impertinence, but these gentlemen, and their toleration too, are really "too bad." What do "Mr. Congreve, of London, and Doctor Brydges, of Bradford," think of their fellow-worshippers in Paris?

PRESENTIMENT.

Westcott's *Darwlish News* of January contains the following:—

There is somewhat of the singular, if not of the supernatural, in the following relation:—A lad named Leach, son of a miller, in the employ of Mr. G. Smith, of the Strand Mills, accompanied his father to his ordinary occupation on Monday last—this, *at the special request of the mother of the boy who had a presentiment of evil befalling him*, and so kept him from school on that day, preferring to trust him under the guardianship of his father. It would appear, however, that this precaution was vain, for the lad by some means or other, fell from the top of the mill to the bottom, a height of more than two feet, and was bruised in such a manner as to cause his death shortly afterwards.

Whence came the "presentiment of evil" which removed the boy from his ordinary occupation, where it may be presumed would have been safe, to the special care of his father, placed him under the circumstances which duly carried out the presentiment?

SPIRIT VOICES.

We hear that some gentlemen, connected with the Crystal Palace, have been investigating with more or less of prepossessions, and consequently with more or less fairness, the alleged spirit voices, of which we have given particulars on several occasions, and that they are intending to give the result of their enquiries in an article in this month's *Temple Bar*. We dare say the article will be an amusing one, and will furnish *caviare* for the multitude; but we fancy that, like all its predecessors, it is likely to leave the general question pretty much where it found it. There are some who believe, and on quite sufficient evidence, that spirit voices can be so formed as to be audible to mortals, and there are many more who will not believe it on any evidence. The evidence in favour of the genuineness of those at the Marshall's might be fairly required to be much better than it is, but history in all ages, and abundant testimony at this day, and our Old and New Testament, in which many happily still place their trust, help us very much to the conclusion that spirits can speak with audible voice. The rest is a question of evidence and observation.

 NEW WORK BY THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

The Great Republic: A Poem of the Sun. By THOMAS LAKE HARRIS, New York and London, Brotherhood of the New Life, 1867, p. 261.

THE *Poem of the Sun* is in verse precisely what the works which we have already reviewed are in prose. It turns wholly on the same great theme of the inner breathing, and is floated forth on the same tide of imagery, atomic, aromal, and attributal men. In opening it we are charmed with the harmony of the versification, the brilliancy of the metaphors, and the promise of a gradational building up of a spiritual *epopee*, in which all the noble truths, the divine unveilments, the celestial assurances of modern revelation shall become an exhaustless store of psychologic wealth—a perpetual mirror of our inner self, with all its marvellous experiences. There we flatter ourselves that we shall see a master's hand weaving into an immortal trophy the new facts of the supernatural blending with the natural, and developing a new and precious order of experimental knowledge, which must eventually rescue for ever theology from priestcraft, and science from blind materialism. Such hopes, however, are doomed to speedy disappointment. The Laureate of true and

universal Spiritualism has yet to arise. The charms of the metre, and the clearness of the ideas, which extend to a few stanzas, and sometimes to a good part of a canto, rapidly vanish in clouds, and we begin to wonder where we are, and to what we are listening. The words and stanzas go on as sonorously as ever, but we clutch in vain at the guiding clue of reason, which should lead us safely through the enshrouding fogs, and find it not. All is a phantasmagoria. Ever and anon, light breaks forth for a short interval, like the sun through clouds; again we hope for clear skies, fair prospects, the view of the fields of poetic truth, the hearing of the harmonies of nature, the inhalation of her aromas, the discovery of the Great Republic, towards which the bard and seer professes to be conveying us; but again we find ourselves overtaken by denser fogs, stumbling over rocks and tombstones, and hear a dolorous voice through all, continually raving of the putrescences of earth, of the rottenness of the social systems, of the crimes and abominations of humanity, of the reign of devils amongst us,—living abortions of Hades and the hells, and the terrible chastisements that are coming down on us in consequence. Admitting, willingly, a large share of truth in these details, we hope to escape from them when once fairly stated, and catch a glimpse of the promised etherialized assemblies in the sun. We hope in vain. We are destined not to go onward, but eternally to go round, through a dire repetition of the same reeking descriptions of earth's hideous iniquities, her odious pollutions, her living men-monsters; then a flash of light, a homœopathic dose of reason, and once more a plunge into the boiling, whirling mists and Gorgon shapes of a poetical insanity. Insanity! that is the only word for the operating power by which we are carried over stock and stone, through darkness and a howling chaos of woe-foreboding voices—and a sad word it is. It is a melancholy conviction, to which we are brought long before we reach the middle of the volume, that it is the product of an intellect of great original powers, of a quivering sensitive temperance and a noble imagination, which, in the course of a long no doubt, often unconscious obsession of wild, reckless remorseless spirits; under the fatal manifestations of surpering and distemping incubi; by the insidious infelicitious ambitious ideas; by suggestions of a peculiar election to angelism, seership, apostleship, and sole heraldship of God profoundest and, to him, solely-committed arcana—has been left a splendid ruin; a city of the soul once superb, but now a confused heap of fallen columns, dismembered statues, or partially visible amid the heaped-up mounds of a vast intellectual *débris*. There can be no shadow of a doubt that

author is a poetical and religious maniac, with brief, lucid intervals, but inextricably wandering in a labyrinth, where the wildest fancies are to him substantial realities—and substantial realities are the ghosts which affright him, and the monsters which irritate and appal him.

We do not propose to go far into review of this volume, which, like Gray's house in his *Long Story*, abounds with

Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing;

we prefer that the readers, if so inclined, should try what they can make of it themselves: but we will quote the author's "Dedication to the Brotherhood of the New Life in Europe, Asia and America," as the elect Church of Christ; and in which dedication he gives us this information:—

To God be praise! this happy work is done:
It spreads towards men the solar angel's pinions.
My mind conceived this Poem of the Sun,
Long years ago, when *all the world's dominions*
In clouds of fantasy were veiled; while death
Held empire in man's universal breath.

That is to say, some years ago, the whole power and spirit of the life, death, resurrection and grace of Jesus Christ had evaporated from the earth; the Christian religion was dead; all the world lay in darkness and sin, after eighteen hundred and odd years of vain endeavour to establish itself. The gospel with all its spiritual force, its regenerative unction, its promises and consolations, was utterly defunct, and Thomas Harris had not appeared, or had not received his sublime commission to re-introduce Christ, to re-habilitate his religion, and to do, in a *hey presto!* what the Son of the Highest had not been able to do without Thomas Harris. True, Jesus Christ is acknowledged Lord and Master; but it is equally true, according to this Dedication, that his mission had been an utter failure, until a man could be found of lungs large enough to receive the Divine breath, and thus once more, re-breathe the Messiah into a new generation:—

Brethren whose bosoms own the fiery breath,
Whereby the Lord Messiah conquers death,
To you the harvest of this blissful song;
Ye, first-born of the innumerable throng
Of tribes and people who shall breathe, and be
Stars kindled in new heavens of harmony.

We think the world will scarcely be prepared for an announcement like this. We ourselves were ready to admit that the world, as a world, is dead in trespasses and sins, but not totally dead—not without some thousands, and we will hope hundreds of thousands, of dear souls who are honestly and conscientiously *walking before God* in singleness of heart, and with eyes directed

towards that great heart of the universe beating in the heavens, which has promised to receive every prodigal son that will return to Him, who will in no wise cast out those who sincerely seek Him; who will neither crush the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax. We did imagine that there were yet left many who had not bowed the knee to Baal, but who day and night, with tears and earnest prayers, were striving to pass as clean as possible through the narrow glens of temptation, and amid the bogs and slime-pits of the flesh and the devil, ardently seeking to reach that city whose builder and founder is God. We did trust that, even in our own feeble and wavering soul, there were yet some genuine embers of the Divine left; that, taking God at his word, we relied upon Him as a father; honoured Him as the King of Truth; and, clinging to the skirts of his all-embracing love, did hope, though it were as only with the very skin of our teeth left, by the power and plentitude of God's mercy to plant a safe though trembling foot on the eternal threshold of salvation. But no! all those heavenward-yearning souls, and our humble selves amongst the rest, were miserably deceived, if Thomas Harris be not still more deceived.

All the world's dominions
In clouds of fantasy were veiled; while death
Held empire in man's universal breath.

We were dead and damned, and did not know it. The saving breath of God and Christ were shut out of the doomed earth, till the capacious lungs of Thomas Harris opened and let it once more pass through, but only to—The Brotherhood of the New Life! Not as John Milton imagined:—

With heaven's free love, dealt equally to all.

Let us, however, return to the poem to which we have alluded.

PROEM.

There is a Great Republic, built aloft
In middle splendour of the Sun's dominions:
Thither when slumber with its kisses soft,
Sealed the dim eyes, my spirit plumed its pinions.
Thence I return. Oh now, breathe fragrance clinging
To my white robes, and listen to my singing.

If thou, perchance, dost weep, all broken-hearted,
Midst the crushed grapes of Freedom's trampled
Or grieve that Faith, from human souls departed,
Mourns the rent arch and desecrated shrine:
The muse cries, "Joy! oh joy!" in accents rth
With love-fraught tones; then listen to my sin

If thou hast trod in crypts, where old Traditior
Carves amulets and talismans of bones:
If thou hast vainly fought the red perdition,
That slays the peoples from its hundred th
If thou art cursed by man, cursed for the bad
Of truth and love: then listen to my singing

If thou hast hope, even now, that man, victorious
 O'er tyranny and infamy, shall be
 Himself a temple of that life all-glorious
 Who smiles through earth, and gives eternity:
 Or see'st the beautiful ideal, winging
 Her flight below: then listen to my singing.
 Art thou enamoured of this bounteous Nature,
 That weaves sweet sounds and odours everywhere:
 Feeding, from purest bosom, each glad creature
 Of teeming earth and universal air;
 Still smiling on where Death its pall is flinging,
 To vile decay? then listen to my singing.
 If thou art flushed with Love's immortal passion;
 If thou art yearning for its bliss divine,
 Ay, if thy scattered locks with age are ashen,
 And slow thy pulses in the dim decline:
 Once more, inhale the fragrance that is clinging
 To my white robes: and listen to my singing.—p. 7.

Well, that surely is a grand promise, and rational enough to boot. Coming down out of the Sun with such white robes, and "trailing such clouds of glory" and of fragrance, the reader's enthusiasm must be kindled and his expectation on tiptoe for a sight of this Great Republic in the Sun. He will find it alluded to in the opening canto, but let him go on and endeavour to discover it. If he do, he will be more fortunate than we have been. Let him take heed, however, lest he soon find what little light is afforded him, is

Quenched in a boggy syrtis, neither sea
 Nor good dry land:

where, becoming painfully assured of the hopeless insanity of his guide, he, in his bewilderment, almost despairs of his own soundness.

We have done with the poem, let us now say a few serious words to the reader. Spiritualism is a science based solely on facts; it is neither speculative nor fanciful. On facts and facts alone, open to the whole world through an extensive and probably unlimited system of mediumship, it builds up a substantial psychology on the ground of strictest logical induction. Its cardinal truth imperishably established on the experiments and experiences of millions of sane men and women of all countries and creeds, is that of a world of spirits, and the continuity of the existence of individual spirit through the momentary eclipse of death; as it disappears on earth re-appearing in that spiritual world, and becoming an inhabitant amid the ever-augmenting population of the spiritual universe. Along with this primal truth comes the confirmation of the ancient truths of Deity, revelation from Deity to man, and the open communion of man in the body with man disembodied; with "that great multitude which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people and tongues, which stand before the throne."

That is the sum and substance of Spiritualism; it is the exponent and practical demonstrator of continuous spiritual being. Whatever truths independent of this assert themselves, must do so on the same substantial evidences, and must shew their kinship to this grand central truth by their perfect harmony and oneness with it. But modern revelation must of necessity, admit the equal claims of revelation in all ages, when it produces the same credentials of spiritual accordance and historical fact. On this ground we must admit the historical and spiritual truths of Christianity; as it bears throughout the same divine features of immortal love and is based on the most perfect historic evidence. No other system can shew the same unbroken chain of evidence from the day of man's creation to the advent of Christ and the completion of His mission.

This evidence is authenticated at every link of the chain, by the fulfilment of successive prophecies on nations that have now perished in accordance with such predictions, or bear still in their existence the inextinguishable characteristics which were fore-shown. Not less are its moral proofs, which exist in the universality of its doctrines. Men have accused Christianity of the generation of Priestcraft. No mistake can be greater. Priestcraft is a subtle and diabolical parasite, invading and overgrowing every possible religious system: but Christianity indignantly ignores it. In its pre-eminent announcements, that "God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth," and that "He is no respecter of persons," it has laid the foundation of eternal justice between man and man, and of a catholicity equally inimical to spiritual domination and sectarian narrowness. Without, therefore, wishing to draw on the conscientious holders of the primal truth of Spiritualism—the demonstration of continuous spiritual being—to accept the kindred truth of Christianity, where the individual mind is not yet open to this great truth, we ourselves are bound to believe in the truth of both of these grand axioms on precisely the same order of evidence.

To all who hold with us these opinions, we therefore, desire to express the vital importance of adhering closely to them. It is not through the simple and sound body of Spiritualism as here defined, through its assertion of continuous spiritual being, or through its congenor, Christianity, that the error can be effectively assailed; but through the dreams, the delusions, the paganism of its followers. When men begin to distort the fair form of spiritual truth with fanciful trappings, when they erect exclusive chapels in the universal temple of truth; when they assume hierarchical primacy on the basis of a particular election; when they begin to shew...

not stoop through the low and narrow door of their mysterious fold ; when they set up doctrines of paganism as superior to the doctrines of Christianity, in defiance of the evidences of history and of moral essence and potentiality, it becomes us at once to make a stand. To speak the words of truth in the spirit of love but with the firmness of duty. No considerations should deter us from declaring that madness is madness and that folly is folly. Amid all the chaos of ideas, and the fantastic eccentricities of opinion and action, which surround the chaste and noble form of Spiritualism, the enemies of this truth will find the weapons of their attack, and the poison wherewith to tip their arrows. God, through the errors and enmities of man will shew what is His own and what is not ; and in the ordering of Providence, the numerous foes of Spiritualism will probably find, in the historic ignorance of many of its disciples, which makes them incapable of estimating what is essentially sublime and beautiful, and of discriminating betwixt gold and pinchbeck ; and in the personal follies and exaggerated claims of its followers, the means of tearing down all the disfigurements and disguisements of this immortal truth. We shall have to witness the presumed ignominy of our faith, the trampling of it under foot, and the consequent scorn and imagined triumph of the public at large. When that has been done ; when Spiritualism has been thrust down into the ashes of desolation, and made to stink in the general nostrils, then will it arise in final enfranchisement, amid the violence of its enemies and the humiliation of its friends, in naked purity and solidarity,—stripped, but only of its rags,—chastised, but only into the revelation of its strength—and stand ready to run its destined race of immortal conquest over the prejudices and the tyrannous assumptions of man.

Whoever would wish to shorten this day of crude theories and pitiable aberrations ; whoever would desire to hasten that of the full enfranchisement of Spiritualism from speculative and fanatic thralldom, let him keep close to its fundamental truths, based on these plain facts, which prove their interior genuineness by their unity of character through the universal world of experimental believers. It is in the region of fact alone that we can preserve ourselves from the vaporous fogs of the visionary, the spider-like filaments of the aspiring heresiarch, and the distempered fictions of the madman. "Wo Thatsachen sind," says an acute German author, "kann von Aberglauben nicht the Rede seyn."

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

QUESTIONS are asked me by various correspondents as to my belief on some special points of Spiritualism, and I take this means of making a general reply to these enquiries.

I believe in the constant presence of spirits, who surround us in our pilgrimage through this earth-life; that these invisible attendants have great influence over our individual actions for good and evil; that all human beings are mediums in some way, though the great majority are not consciously so, and but a comparatively few can be used to give palpable evidence of spirit presence and power. Mediumship, and especially that character of mediumship through which powerful physical manifestations are obtained, does not necessarily imply the possession of intellectual culture, superior wisdom, or high moral worth. I know that spirit messages—I mean veritable messages from unseen intelligent beings—are at best unreliable, and, as I have more than once said, I do not allow them to influence my actions at the expense of my own reason! I would prefer at all times to be guided by the sound judgment of one I know in the flesh, rather than by the casual acquaintance of any disembodied spirit of whom I know nothing. In a word, I would not accept advice, nor be guided by the majority of my invisible acquaintance, *because* they are in what is assumed to be "the superior condition," any more than I would be controlled by the majority of men whilst in this world, whom these spirits represent with but little change in their conditions morally or intellectually after their translation to the spirit-world.

I believe that a man who throws off this "mortal coil" to-day, is not necessarily better or worse than he was yesterday; our constant experience proves it; we who see how some spirits can and do act, are satisfied that our early notions of the conditions and nature of spirit-life were erroneous, and being convinced of this we ought not to be afraid of proclaiming it.

Let it not however be supposed by these remarks that I am less a Spiritualist than I have ever been. I know that Spiritualism is a grand and revealing truth; and properly understood it is the great light of the present age. I see that it is under God's providence the means of destroying the wide-spread infidelity which surrounds it, in great numbers that it breaks the materialistic fetters by which so many are enslaved, and opens up to the convert a life full of joy and consolation.

The following most interesting history is an illustration of what Spiritualism has done for some, and I commend it to the consideration of those who proclaim the teachings of Spiritualism to be the work of Satan.

THE CUI BONO OF SPIRITUALISM ANSWERED.

I recently received from a new correspondent, a lady, an interesting letter in which she told me that she was living in a country district where she found no sympathy, but much ridicule and persecution, in consequence of her conviction of the truth of Spiritualism. But she thanked God for that conviction, as by the teaching and consolation of spirit-friends and guardians she had been strengthened and enabled to pass through many trials which without that help must have overpowered her.

She asked me if I had seen that the subject of the "Displacement of Coffins" was mentioned in "*Notes and Queries*," and said that there was a case of that nature in her neighbourhood.*

My reply to this letter induced the lady to open her mind to me very frankly, and I feel sure that my readers will be interested in the following extracts from her letter:—

I am glad indeed to be brought into communication with those who hold "our cherished faith," a faith incomprehensible to many, but how elevating and enlightening those only know to whom it has been given by our God.

You ask whether I am alone. It is my heavy trial that I am utterly and entirely so on earth. I was an only child, my aged mother passed onward during the just closed year; I have kind friends, but of family ties, none. My attention was first attracted to Spiritualism by the *Cornhill* paper, (but for the note by the editor I should have thrown it aside as a cunningly devised fable) I was then from worldly trials of various kinds very weary of life, but with a thorough dread of the hereafter. Orthodox church teaching had utterly failed to satisfy either my intellect or my feelings, shall I confess that my ardent wish was to be certain of annihilation.

I should think it would be impossible to find any one who more thoroughly

* See Vol. I., p. 549, *Spiritual Magazine*, Mrs. De Morgan's account of the Singular Displacement of Coffins in Barbadoes.

In *Notes and Queries*, November 9th, 1867, p. 371, Mr. F. A. Paley, of Cambridge, writes to say that about 20 years ago at the village of Stamford, where his father was rector, "twice or thrice the coffins in a vault were found on re-opening it to have been disarranged." The coffins were of lead, enclosed in wood, and Mr. Paley, with great *naïveté*, says, "If a leaden coffin will float, it seems a natural, indeed the only explanation of the phenomenon to suppose that the vault has somehow become filled with water. Mr. Paley is corroborated in this idea by a lady, who recollects the fact of the displacement and says, "We had no doubt, from the situation and nature of the soil, that it had been full of water during some flood which floated the coffins."

Mr. Owen, in his *Footfalls*, p. 186, relates an extraordinary case of this nature, which occurred at Ahrensburg, when noises were heard in the vault, the coffins were found several times to have been taken from the shelves and placed in confusion. Ashes were strewed over the floor and steps to detect intruders without success; no solution but one was attempted, and that one every Spiritualist can accept.

scorned and disbelieved all ghost stories, and supernaturalism of every kind. However in spite of my rationalism, the more I reflected on the reported facts "stranger than fiction" the more the wish grew upon me to *know* for myself whether such things could be true; feeling that if so, there were indeed more things in heaven and earth than I had dreamed of. In this mood I was one day trying experiments and to my intense astonishment found I was responded to by some intelligence outside of myself. Gradually I was given to understand that I was in communication with the spirit of a dearly loved uncle. I thought I was going mad. I asked, "Am I going mad?" "No, you are coming to your right mind," was the answer, and true indeed were the words.

Lovingly, but firmly, he reproved me for my many shortcomings; with infinite patience he uprooted from my spiritual garden the deadly nightshade and hemlock of scepticism and rationalism, whose rank growth hid every bright flower from the light. "He taught me to believe in a God of love instead of a God of wrath, in a hereafter of loving communion with those gone before in the presence of our Saviour God. Honour to his loving human heart, he made me, found as a despairing sinner, rejoice with the joy of a reconciled child. Shall we fear to proclaim these truths? Shall we spare to cry aloud to wake those who sleep?" But soon, through the mysteriously opened door, came troops of different visitors. Some to tempt to evil, some to warn from it, some to bewail their misused lives, some to ask help and consolation. Many amongst them I had known in life, of others the names only were familiar to me, some were strangers. Amongst them I learned to recognize those who had for years kept watch over me, when to use their own words, "I neither knew nor would have believed that they were near me."

I thank God I know it now, they have given me consolation in the hour of trial, strength in the hour of weakness, hope when all around was darkness. Many of their communications are too personal to be interesting to you, but I will transcribe a few specimens to shew you their character. No. 1, is part of one of consolation, written on the Sunday of the week in which I was compelled to leave my home and birth-place. Nos. 2 and 3 are instruction.

Frequently I have had messages to deliver from those passed onwards to friends on earth, but oh, how seldom credited. Of the communications from the lower spirits some have been very strange, but if I attempt to describe them my letter which I foresee must be too long will be interminable.

I fear it is impossible to obtain *certified* particulars of the case to which I alluded of "Displacement of Coffins." I will tell you what I know about it.

The present Mr. N—, of —, married for his second wife a person who had been a servant in the house during the life of his first wife. The second wife also died, and on opening the family vault for her funeral, the coffin of the first wife was found to be removed from its place. This was told to my friend by a workman who assisted at both funerals; he said he was *certain* of the fact, but it was kept quiet. Mr. N— was married during — to a third wife, he would resent and resist all attempts at — before to publish the name of the family but I g —. My friend

I am sorry I have nothing better to — shadow of a vanished scene. The very day demolition commenced, and not so much as —. The figure by the door is my aged mother, (she was in her 90th when she departed). I am represented — a friend, — the white speck — pet dog, also gone. Literally of all on which — afternoon I am the only vestige.

If I were to say here that in writing this friends, I should simply be laughed at, get of the beginning that I might express myself to describe my uncle's teaching, the paragraph the bottom of the sheet was given to me. was a wonderfully expressed prayer which which my letter has already extended.

spirit
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to

Spiritual Communication, No. 1.

"Will not all this teach you that heaven is your only safe home? When you are happy in your earthly home,—oh! forget not these lessons—when the sun shines on you, remember those on whom the night has fallen. When want and poverty meet you,—oh! be merciful, be pitiful; be not ashamed to confess that you have tasted the bitter cup! Our love would have you made perfect as human nature can be made through suffering. Make our hearts easy by a resolution to bear up through the coming trial, which we dread you may make more heavy than you need. We will, with all our love, be around you to comfort you. May God, by his Holy Spirit, make you strong in faith. Will our most urgent wishes have power over you?—then bear up with fortitude; for out of evil, good will come, and soon. . . . What many thoughts make themselves felt on looking around you, now you are about to see the familiar objects no more; and be of good cheer. Will not heaven be above all, wherever you may be? Will not our presence and love be there, as here? Will not your mother watch over you as tenderly when your head presses another pillow—when your eyes open no more on the trees which have fanned your slumbers since they witnessed your birth? Will not what we have taught you be strong as ever to comfort you, to tell you to look upward to your real home. Weep not, our darling, our spirit-child! Well we know all you feel; but again we say weep not. Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh with the morning. Will you confess you ought to be more faithful? Try, oh, try, to shew your faith by your works! May the Holy Spirit awaken your sleeping faith—may He pour his beams into your soul. Be not afraid; no evil shall befall you—no plague come nigh your dwelling. We have charge over you, to guide you in all your ways. Will not you let us guide you? When to-morrow shall come, make up your mind to be ready to part from this home. When Tuesday shall come, have no more delays; go at night to sleep in the place now appointed for you. To make a move is the most trying part of the business; you must not linger on the threshold to tear yourself to pieces with useless pangs. Go out at once; leave your blessing on the place, which will never depart from it. You owe it that for the shelter it has given you for so many years—for the lessons you have learnt in it—for the hopes you have been made to entertain in exchange for the fears—nay, worse than fears—which once haunted your thoughts of the hereafter. Will you try to do as we tell you? May our prayers be heard—may your future be all your heart can wish—may no more malice touch you—may our many long years of watch be now made plain to all. May God, in the fulness of time, take you over the river, where we all shall await you with songs of joy and praise—where all tears are wiped from all faces, where one unchanging song of thanksgiving echoes through heaven's vault, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.' More we may not disclose. Only remember that our happiness cannot be described by words of earth. We must, with blessings, say farewell, our loved, most dearly-prized spirit-child."

Spiritual Communication, No. 2.

"Make yourself more hopeful; too much you have given way to despondency. You see your fears were wrong. We must be purified from earthly passions, either on earth or here; better—far better, on earth. No one can enter Heaven without suffering. Without suffering, there can be no purification; without shedding of blood, there can be no remission of sins. Blood of Jesus was shed for our sins to shew us the way to suffer, to make us feel that God's justice must be satisfied before His mercy can overpower our misery. Before Jesus was on earth, the sacrifices of the Temple shadowed this out; but when He came, one sacrifice once offered was enough. But we must tread in his steps; we must carry our cross to crucify upon it our evil nature; we must overcome in his strength; we must wait on his grace to watch the resurrection, with the earthly body changed into the spiritual body—a body which could be felt, touched, handled, as yours can, but which could pass through closed doors—which could rise on the clouds to our Father's home. So we, too, must lay aside the earthly body in the grave of suffering; we must be made like unto him. Be

not afraid—you have suffered much; but what will that be, in comparison with what it has taught you?"

No. 3 (*In Answer to a Question.*)

"Will tell you on Sunday when you have been to Church; we wish you to go to Church, for many reasons. They say you are infidel; you are not; let them see you are not. Too many will, with malice, say Spiritualism wants to overthrow religion. Nay, it seeks to put life into the dead forms of so-called religion—to make those who are asleep open their eyes; to call sinners to repentance by telling them the consequence of sin, by shewing how every tree must bear its own fruit, till the wild branches are grafted into the true olive. Till men learn that sin is suffering, useless will it be to preach to them. Let them hear the wails of unhappy spirits, who cannot love purity of soul; let them hear their cry for the sinful pleasures which they can no more enjoy; let them realize that as death finds them, so they begin eternity. Surely this would make men pause when temptation assailed them."

SPIRIT VOICES.

There are now, I am told, several circles held in London and the neighbourhood where the spirits sing and speak.

Mr. Howitt gave an interesting and graphic account of one in the December number of this Magazine; and a very intelligent lady, Mrs. R—, informs me that at a recent *séance* with Miss Nicholl, with only herself and another present, they were addressed by a spirit, who gave his name as John Bunyan. Mrs. R— asked if he were really the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*? He replied "I am the spirit of that unworthy person." Several other questions of a serious nature were asked, and answered in a strictly religious tone and very characteristic of the once profane, but afterwards truly Christian man, John Bunyan.

Mr. E—, who resides in London, called upon me and gave me an account some of the manifestations obtained in his family circle through the mediumship of his wife. He stated that they have been accustomed to hold *séances* once a week for several years, at which they have had the usual phenomena of the spirit-circle; but, that recently, on two occasions, spirits have spoken to them and have said that when Mr. E— is very nervous, became more calm they would speak more freely. On the second occasion the spirit's conversation, which lasted two hours, "there was no frivolity, no jesting, but a straightforward answer was given to every question put. Spiritualists present declared he had never spoken before."

One of the circle, Mr. M—, is a spirit who has described the appearance of the spirit as a very intelligent person with a beard," and he said that they "were literally enveloped in a dark light."

magnetism." The spirit told them that he would be enabled to preach a sermon to them when he could get the necessary conditions. They closed the *séance* with singing and prayer, in which the spirit-voice joined. I will merely add that I know Mr. E—, and that I have every reason to place implicit confidence in his statements. Mr. E— also informed me that on one occasion the invisibles took away one of his wife's rings which, after a patient search, could not be found, and it was given up as lost. Ten days after, when Mr. and Mrs. E— were at a friend's house, who resides two-miles from them, the ring was unexpectedly restored to Mrs. E— by the invisible during a *séance*.*

THOUGHTS UPON MAGIC AND SPIRITUALISM, BY AN M.A.

The following remarks from Mr. C—, M.A., of St. John's Cambridge, whose family experiences I mentioned in the September number of this Magazine, will, no doubt, interest some of my readers; especially those of them who are familiar with the writings of Lord Lytton.

"Since I saw you I have not heard the voice I spoke of again. But once—a month back—I was *roused from sleep* by that strange indefinable horror, mentioned by Sir Bulwer Lytton (*Zanoni*, Book II., chap. i.), and twice I have seen plainly form in my bed room, just as I was waking, at the same time as when I heard the voice in the half-dreamy state after sleep which develops into the *extasis* of the Mystics, referred to occasionally by Lytton and Eliphas Levi. I have, as far as I could, investigated the subject since I spoke to you; and it seems to me that Lytton has drawn most of his ideas from the *Cabala* and traditions obtained by the Jews in the Babylonish captivity, namely the ideas:—That man is triple,—body, soul, and spirit; (*The Strange Story*) that on death the soul returns to God; the spirit, phantasm, or intelligence, flits about this earth for a time is seen, evoked, &c., not being spiritual, but semi-material; and last dissolves into the elements (*The House and the Brain*). The Sadducees of our Lord's time are thought to have regarded angels not as real permanent substances, but spectres, which in a short time dissolved into air, or disappeared like the colours of a rainbow. That there are spirits of the elements, the Gnomes

* Since the above was written I have been present at a *séance* with Mr. E— and his party. At the meetings they have held, a different spirit it appears has spoken to them. On this occasion the voice was that of a calm, thoughtful person, who answered questions in a distinct and somewhat melancholy tone. An intelligent member of this circle has arranged to take down in future questions and answers, so that we may expect some very interesting results from their investigations.

Sylphs, Undines, and Salamanders of Paracelsus, who are different from and hostile to man, and, as the Cabalists said, that the magician who would command the spirits of earth, water, fire, air, must first be superior to the elements themselves,—so Zanon and his friend are made capable of enduring the fire of Vesuvius and the deathly cold. That there are two kinds of magic, the white and black (*Strange Story*);—the white, which the Jews attributed to Solomon, performed by the cabalistic use of the Divine name (St. Luke xi, 19). That magic figures have powers over the spirits (*Strange Story*). This, though agreeing with the Jews, is quite contrary to what M. Kardec says (*Livre des Esprits*, 236). That talismans and charms have no power on the spirits; but it seems connected with the ancient theory of Pythagoras that numbers are the origin of creation, and to this mathematical foresight, perhaps, may be referred certain predictions; as for instance, Apollonius of Tyaneus laid claim, not to the power of controlling the laws of nature, but to having a wonder-working secret, which gave him a deeper insight into them than was possessed by ordinary men. This power Lytton gives his heroes. I have met one recipe for futurity, by Carden. To find what will occur in any year, consider what has happened the 4th, 8th, 12th, 19th, and 30th year, &c. before, and the most notable occurrences will repeat themselves. Without guaranteeing this statement, I may say, I know some curious instances of its coming true. In *Zanon*, Book III., chap. xiv., Book IV., chap. ii., we have mention of the disappearance of the hero when in danger. The Jews say the magician has the power *not of becoming invisible, but of troubling the sight of his adversary*, and to this power Levi ascribes Christ's deliverance from those who would cast him over the cliff (Luke iv. 29, John viii. 59). This is to be the *glamour* alluded to occasionally by Sir W. the *Strange Story*, Margrave says, that he who if life can command the subtle space-pervading re in it, and such say the Cabalists is the or . From this same primordial fluid M. Kardec their envelope, visible things their substance absurdity in what Zanon and the Cabalists transmutation of metals, as all come from Lytton and the Jews speak of the elixir idea there seems to me to be a fallacy. preparatory state for another, if men stay their time, they would *retard the grand* (2ndly.) No human remedy can check the humanhood, manhood to age, age to decay, took in what I told you induces me to ad

deeply interested in the subject, and desire much to obtain spontaneous revelations, for these alone I consider come for good purpose. I cannot set much store by the evocation of spirits merely for pastime, for though I admit the facts of the *séances*, they seem mostly too trivial for spirits of a *high* order to share in, and the communications of others I deem unprofitable.

I remain, dear Sir, yours very truly,

M. A.

SPIRITUALISM IN SCOTLAND.

The second annual report of the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists has been published, in which it is stated that the cause has made great progress in Glasgow during the past year. In addition to private meetings, thirty public meetings have been held, and nineteen lectures have been delivered by members upon Spiritualism and kindred subjects. One of their members a trance medium, to whom I have before alluded, has, it is stated, now painted thirty-three pictures, each of which shews much improvement upon the one preceding. It will be recollected that this medium executes his pictures in the presence of many witnesses, whilst in a state of complete trance, with his eyes fast closed, and frequently in a dark room, by which the claim to their spiritual production is fairly established.

It is stated in this report that, notwithstanding the great ability, the depth of thought and breadth of argument displayed by the lecturers, there was still the cry, "However unanswerable your arguments, however sound your logic, away with your theory; give us facts to build upon; shew us a sign that we may believe."

"In this," they say, "we confess to have failed, and it is matter for much regret that there are so many in this city who we brought to the very threshold of our faith, but who are still trembling in the balance, waiting for some grand *fact* to revolutionise their whole minds. In short the great want of the city is a *good professional physical medium*," &c.

This pamphlet also contains a full report of one of the addresses recently delivered under the auspices of the Association by Mrs. Emma Hardinge, and some very useful rules to be observed for the formation and conduct of spiritual circles, written by that lady, and specially dedicated to the GLASGOW ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.*

* To be had of JAMES BURNS, Wellington Road, Camberwell, price 6d.

ELEVATION OF THE BODY KNOWN IN GERMANY
IN 1347, AND THE FORERUNNER OF OTHER
MANIFESTATIONS OF THE SPIRIT.

PROFESSOR Schmidt, of Strasbourg, well-known for his learning and antiquarian research, published, in 1861, an interesting pamphlet relating to discoveries which he had lately made with reference to Rulmann Merswin, the founder of "the Home of St. John at Strasbourg," and one of the most distinguished members of the mysterious and holy association who termed themselves "Friends of God." (Vide *Spiritual Magazine*, vol. III., pp. 203-350.) Amongst many instances of spiritual manifestations experienced by Rulmann Merswin, is one of the elevation of his body; indeed, this appears to have been his first experience of an unusual character.

About 1347, when Rulmann Merswin had attained the age of forty-eight, after he had enjoyed all that life could offer him in the directions of wealth, personal consideration, and married happiness, a great change came over him. Struck with horror at the abuses which he beheld in church and state, and overwhelmed with misery at the wickedness he recognized around him in the world, he abandoned all external objects, and turned with his whole soul towards God. "One evening," says the professor, "he was walking in his garden, meditating upon the instability of the things of this life. In the midst of his meditations, which awoke a lively repentance in his soul, he raised his eyes towards heaven, invoking Divine mercy, and renewing his promise to sacrifice all things to God, and to employ all things belonging to him for the service of God. Suddenly he believed himself surrounded by a brilliant light, and it seemed to him that an invisible hand raised him above the ground and bore him round his garden. He heard gentle voices singing the praises of the Lord. The extacy having terminated, he found himself upon his feet at the precise spot where it had commenced. Involuntary tears flowed from his eyes,—tears of joy, called forth by what Merswin regarded as his first grace which the Deity had vouchsafed to him."

Professor Schmidt proves in his pamphlet that Merswin was the author of the "Book of the Nine Rocks," a work which is ascribed to Heinrich Suso, a Swabian monk of the thirteenth century, who exercised a wide influence throughout the fourteenth century. "The Elevation of the Body" is the subject of a dialogue between Merswin and his friend, which was a vision beheld by Merswin.

TRANSMISSION OF THOUGHT,

BY EMILE DESCHAMPS, IN "LE MONDE MUSICAL," OF BRUSSELS.

IF a man believed only what he could comprehend, he would believe neither in God, in himself, in the stars which roll above his head, nor in the herbage which is crushed beneath his feet. Miracles, prophecies, visions, phantoms, prognostics, presentiments, supernatural coincidences, &c., what are we to think of all these?

The strong spirits rid themselves of them with two words, *lies* or *chance*. Nothing can be more convenient. Superstitious souls rid themselves of them, or rather, they do not rid themselves of them. I prefer much these souls to those spirits.

In effect, it is necessary to have imagination before we can feel ourselves put out of sorts, but it is only necessary to subscribe to two or three industrial journals to know as much and to believe as little as Voltaire. But for my part, I like madness better than folly, and superstition than incredulity; but I prefer to both, the truth, light, reason; I seek after them with a living faith and a sincere heart: I examine everything, and I have made up my mind not to end in believing nothing.

Let us see! Well! the material and visible world is covered with impenetrable mysteries, inexplicable phenomena, and would we not wish that the intellectual world, that the life of the soul, which itself is a miracle, should also have their mysteries! Why should not such fine thought, such fervent prayer, and such other desires have the power to produce or to call forth certain events, blessings or catastrophes? Why should there not exist moral as there exist physical causes, of which we can give no explanation? And why should not the germs of all these things be deposited and fecundated in the soil of the heart and the soul, to develop themselves later in the palpable form of facts? And when God, on rare occasions, or for some of his children, has deigned to lift a corner of the eternal veil, and to cast on their countenance a fleeting ray of the flambeau of prescience, let us take heed not to cry absurd! and to blaspheme thus the light and the truth itself!

Here is a reflection that has frequently occurred to me. It has been given to birds and to certain animals to foresee and to announce storms, inundations and earthquakes. Every day the barometer tells us what weather it will be to-morrow: and shall not man be able by a dream, a vision, or some sign of providence, sometimes to become conscious beforehand of some event which concerns his soul, his life, his eternity? Has not the spirit its

atmosphere, of which it is able to perceive the variations? In short, whatever may be the marvellous light of this present too positive age, there might be a charm and a use derived from it, if all those who reflected upon it were to carry all their divergent rays to one common centre; if every one, after having conscientiously interrogated his memory, should set down with good faith, and deposit in some archives the *proces-verbal* and circumstantial of that which he has experienced; of that which has happened to him of supernatural and miraculous. Perhaps some one would be found at the present day, who, analysing these symptoms and these events, would be able in part to recover a lost science. At all events, he would compose a book which would be worth a great many others!

As for me, I am apparently what is called a subject, for I have had all my life, otherwise so obscure, such things, and I am now ready to lay down my contribution, persuaded that this interior view has always a certain interest. All the more or less marvellous incidents which I shall relate to you, my readers, have been verified in my actual life; ever since I could read I have committed to paper whatever of supernatural has happened to me: and these are memoirs of a singular kind.

* * * * *

In the month of February, 1846, I travelled in France. I arrived in a rich and great city; and I took a walk in front of the beautiful shops which abound in it. The rain began to fall; I entered an elegant gallery. All at once I stood motionless; I could not withdraw my eyes from the figure of a lovely young woman who was all alone behind an array of articles of ornament for sale. This young woman was very handsome; but it was not at all her beauty which enchained me. I know not what mysterious interest, what inexplicable force, mastered my whole being. It was a sympathy and profound, free from any sensual alloy, but of a force, as the unknown is in all things. I was pushed to the shop by a supernatural power. I purchased articles, and as I paid for them, said, "Thank you; I have bought them." The young girl looked at me with an air of astonishment. "What astonishes you," I continued, "that a stranger should know your name, and one of your baptismal names; but for a moment of all your names, I will repeat them. Do you think of them?" "Yes, monsieur," she replied, smiling and half trembling. "Very well," she said, fixedly in her face, "You are called S. N——." "It is true," she replied; and in surprise she began all at once to laugh, though that I had obtained this information.

hood, in order to amuse myself with it. But I knew very well that I had not till this moment known a word of it, and I was terrified at my own instantaneous divination.

The next and the next day I hastened to the handsome shop; my divination was renewed at every instant, I begged of Sara to think of something without letting me know what it was; and immediately I read on her countenance her thoughts not yet expressed. I requested her to write with a pencil some words which she should keep carefully concealed from me, and after having looked at her for a minute, I on my part, wrote down the same words in the same order. I had her thoughts read in an open book, but she could not in the slightest degree read mine; such was my superiority; but at the same time she imposed on me her ideas and her emotions. Let her think seriously on any subject, or let her repeat in her own mind the words of any writing, and instantly I was aware of the whole. The mystery lay betwixt her brain and mine, not betwixt my faculties of intuition and things material. Whatever it might be, there existed a *rapport* between us as intimate as it was pure.

One night I heard in my ear a loud voice crying to me "Sara is very ill, very ill!" I hastened to her: a medical man was watching over her and expecting a crisis. That evening Sara had entered her lodgings in a burning fever; she continued in delirium all night; the doctor took me aside, and told me that he feared the worst result. From that apartment I saw the countenance of Sara clearly, and my intuition rising above my distress, I said in a low voice, "Doctor, do you know what images her fevered sleep is occupied? She believes that she is at this moment at the grand opera at Paris, where she indeed, has never been, and a *danseuse* gathers amongst other buds, some hemlock, and throwing it to her, cries, "That is for you."

The physician thought I was delirious too; but some minutes afterwards the patient awoke heavily, and her first words were, "Oh! how beautiful is the opera! but why did that handsome girl throw to me that hemlock?" The doctor was stupefied with astonishment. A medicine containing hemlock was administered, and in some days Sara was well."

We learn that Mr. SAMUEL WILKS, of Worcester, and formerly of London has just passed into the spirit-world. Mr. WILKS was for many years an earnest, devoted, consistent Christian Spiritualist, ever ready to aid the cause of Spiritualism by tongue, pen, and purse; while his genial nature and cheerful disposition endeared him to the hearts of all who knew him.

Notices of Books.

WHAT IS RELIGION?*

THE first thing to settle before religious discussion can have any useful result, is to be able to give an answer to this question,—and yet it is one that we have never seen either asked or answered in an intelligent manner, until the publication of the Essay by Thomas Brevior. That part of the inquiry in which he shews what Religion is not, sweeps away at once, one half of the difficulty under which the subject has hitherto laboured, and if there were nothing more done by Mr. Brevior than that, he would have rendered us an invaluable service. But not less valuable are the chapters in which he shews what is Religion, and places it in a clearer light than we have ever seen it in before. We venture to say, that those who will read and catch the spirit of what Mr. Brevior says, will have more doubts resolved than by all the controversies which they have waded through. A powerful analytical process is here to their hand, which is useful to settle many questions of daily occurrence and pressing difficulty, and the want of which is constantly setting mankind by the ears, and keeping them at the grinding of chaff.

HAUNTED!

Gentle voices in the night-tide,	the hand,
Softest sound of snowy footsteps	nd,
Happy music faintly echoed from the	air.
Struggling earthwards through the	past,
Recollections—crowding memories	last,
Flitting ghost like from a tiny cell	boys—
Pointing onwards to re-union on our	
In a Promised Land beyond Jordan	
Hoarder relics—O so precious	
One bright curling lock	
And a little fading picture	
Tokens of our dear lost	

Christmas, 1867.

* *What is Religion? A Treatise*
The Two Worlds, &c. London:
 Heywood & Co., 333, Strand.

Author of
 Serwell, S.

Correspondence.

SPIRITUALISM IN JAVA.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—In Madame Pfeiffer's *Second Voyage round the World*, Vol. II., p. 36, occurs the following curious narrative, which I believe has not been yet noticed in your pages. To every Spiritualist familiar with the phenomena which have occurred at home, it bears internal evidence of truth; and it is particularly interesting as repeating in a distant land and among a people who certainly never heard of similar occurrences in Europe or America, the exact form and conditions of some of the best attested and most extraordinary manifestations. I may add for the information of some of your readers, that "siri" is the pungent leaf chewed with the betel nut, and that to chew "siri" includes both substances. This chewing causes a great secretion of red saliva which is freely expectorated; and as all natives chew "siri" many times every day, and it is invariably offered to every visitor as a token of civility or friendship, nothing could more clearly manifest the presence of a human being in Java, than the spitting which accompanies chewing "siri." Madame Pfeiffer's account is as follows: "Speaking of marvels I am reminded of rather a puzzling occurrence that took place in Java a few years ago, and caused such a sensation that it attracted the attention of Government. In the residency of Cheribon was a small house, which the natives declared to be quite full of ghosts. As soon as ever the evening set in, there began in the rooms a continual throwing of stones and spitting of siri, without the perpetrator in either case being visible to mortal eye. The stones and the expectoration fell quite close to the people, but without exactly touching any of them, though this undoubtedly formidable shower seemed to be somehow specially directed against a certain little child. So much was said of this inexplicable affair, that at last the Government authorities commissioned a trustworthy officer to enquire into it and find it out. He had the house surrounded by soldiers, so that nobody could go in or out, and then entered and seated himself with the child on his lap. He had no sooner done so, however,—according to most authentic history,—than the shower of stones and siri set in as hard as ever, and fell close all round both officer and child, though still without touching them. Every hole and corner of the house was then searched, but of course without making any discovery. The officer could not get to the bottom of the mystery, but sagaciously bethought himself of having the stones marked, carried to a considerable distance, and buried—but in vain. The next night at the usual hour the customary projectiles began to fall about; and what was more, the very stones that had been so cunningly marked and hidden underground. At last, however, the Dutch Government proved more than a match for the ghost, and checkmated him by having the house pulled down; but the mystery who threw these stones, and who chewed the siri and ejected that preternatural saliva will remain profound and inexplicable to the end of time."

I think it may be well to reprint this in your columns in case any of your readers should visit Java, and be able to obtain the authentication of names and dates.

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

WHERE DO SPIRITS GET FLOWERS, FRUIT, &c.?

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—As a constant reader of the *Spiritual Magazine*, and admiring it for its consistent advocacy of *Christian Spiritualism*, I desire to put a question in reference to the remarkable manifestations elicited through the mediumship of Miss Nicholl and others. I have had the pleasure of being introduced to Miss

Nicholl at the house of a mutual friend, and am quite sure that neither that lady nor any of her friends would, if they knew it, encourage any dishonest practice whatever; but I and others have for some time past felt a doubt as to whether the spirits come honestly by the flowers, fruits, perfumes, &c., which they have so liberally and marvellously bestowed on various occasions. I take it for granted that the various articles presented at these *séances* have not been created by the spirits for the occasion, but have been taken from private human stores, and could not therefore belong of right to any being of the spirit-world. If I am correct in this view of the case, I am forced to the conclusion that the spirits are dishonest spirits, amusing themselves and us unguarded mortals at the expense of others, beside incurring the danger of getting innocent guardians of such property into serious trouble for petty pilfering.

If we desire to act in accordance with the will of God, and to be Christians in heart and practice, and at the same time follow out these wonderful manifestations with an honest desire to elicit truth, and that only, I would ask are we right in encouraging manifestations which bear even the shadow of untruth or dishonesty in the face of them? Should we not rather endeavour to direct this wonderful power and influence towards communion with such pure spirits as could and would influence our hearts and minds to live a pure and Christian life? I think we should, and in so doing would more surely derive comfort, consolation, and hope in the contemplation of our future state, which I incline to think these marvellous indications are intended to afford us.

H. D.

NEW WORKS BY T. L. HARRIS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—The reviewer of these works in the January number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, does not appear to me to have treated Mr. Harris, in many respects, with fairness; nor does it prove, to the satisfaction of the unprejudiced, that which I gather he aims at proving, namely that the author of the *Arcana of Christianity* is a mere self-sufficient visionary. First then, it is stated that Mr. Harris has believed since 1861 that all the spirits who dictated his precious poems are "devils and impostors;" and, continues his critic, "yet he suffers the sale of these books complacently to go on in order to reap the benefit of such sale." Now, sir, the writer is in a position to contradict this *in toto*, having in 1865 received a most kind letter from Mrs. Harris, accompanied by a present of one of the poems in question, the letter stating at the same time her regret that the other poems by her husband were out of print." Then again, the reviewer states that the *Songs of Satan* are published in a volume alone. There, too, we think he will find he is mistaken, and that these not very admirable verses were inserted as examples only in the appendix to the first volume of the *Arcana of Christianity*. The reviewer then proceeds to accuse Mr. Harris of inconsistency, because, in spite of all he says of the spiritual state of England, and which the reviewer himself owns is quite true, he comes to England to get his books published; this reminds us of the "pious pedlar" once advertized for, who was "converted and could make tarts." Is it not England paper and labour are cheaper than in "spiritual America," and the imported pastry is sometimes superior to, and costs less than unimported? The same fault is found with our author for saying the Brotherhood of the Holy Spirit will arise, &c., when, says the reviewer, "this society has been in existence." Yes, if half-a-dozen people constitute a society, and if the Brotherhood of the Holy Spirit is an infantile Mr. Harris is certainly justified in using the term.

So much for what is personified in the reviewer's criticism. The writer does not stop here, but proceeds to attack Mr. Harris personally. He is "ambitious;" he desires to be the "founder of a new religion;" he is "a man who know him, most implicitly deny, for never did any man so much as to treat, either externally or internally, than the reviewer's language, has received a "what Harris the "King of kings." After all, what Harris

thinks of himself, he makes a most remarkable assertion. "That he (Harris) has seen all that he so authoritatively states, we do not for a moment question; but he has seen them as visions." And who doubts it? And did the reviewer actually imagine that Harris thought he had roamed bodily all about the planets, and passed in boots the golden courts of the three heavens? He then says that these visions, which he owns are "highly poetical and luxuriant in fancy," are communicated by the very class of spirits who communicate in "séances." We can only say that were such séances held in London, we ourselves should be the constant attendants on them, as we think they would be rather more profitable to Spiritualism, than noisy manifestations and dark circles. In short, the arguments used against Harris, may be or rather have been used against the supernatural in every form, from our Lord and his apostles, down to Swedenborg and modern Spiritualism; and we confess we are surprised that a Spiritualist should thus argue. It would be more generous, it appears to us, had he rather said in the words of the excellent Fletcher, speaking of Swedenborg, that "his writings are a magnificent feast of many dainties, but he had not appetite for every dish." And we would add, in the words of, we believe, Coleridge, speaking of the same great seer—"What I do understand of these books so commends itself to my mind, that I would fain believe that that which passes my comprehension, is equally true and beautiful." Begging you to excuse so long a trespass on your space,

I am, Sir, respectfully yours,

January 6, 1868.

M. J. H.

SEANCES AT THE COGMAN'S.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—The following details from my note-book may not be without interest to your readers:—

On the evening of December 2nd, I attended a *séance* at the residence of Mr. Cogman, 22, New Road, Commercial Road, E., when some striking manifestations were given through the mediumship of Miss Price, a young lady, some account of whose mediumship I think has already appeared in the pages of the *Spiritual Magazine*. A small bell placed under the table was rung at the further end of the room; and amidst various knockings and blows, both on the table and behind the medium's chair, an invisible carpenter went to work with saw, plane, auger, and mallet, the sounds of these instruments when in use being exactly imitated.

I again attended on Wednesday evening, the 11th, when the manifestations partook of a test character, and were, if possible, still more remarkable. Descriptions were given of the deceased relatives of various members of the circle, identification, in most instances, being easily made. The portraiture presented to me answered in every respect to that of my father; and when I mentioned the fact, loud and continued knockings were heard proceeding from the table. So was it with others present. A lady had several relatives described and various incidents in their earth-life, that were given, were said to be correct. Then a spirit-child, with ringlet tresses, was spoken of as standing near its papa (one of the circle). The description was satisfactory so far; but the child had died, I think, at the age of four, and the name was required. The medium, however, could not give it, and turned her attention to other spirit attendants; but in a few minutes, she said, the child holds in her hand a bouquet of gorgeous flowers, and in this bouquet, has formed the name "Emily." The gentleman addressed acknowledged, with surprise, that the name was correct—that it was, indeed, the name of his own child!

During the evening, a large heavy table—much too ponderous for me to lift entirely from the ground—was tossed about as if it had been a plaything, and the blows it received from beneath, given with surprising momentum, startled all present. By one or two of these it was raised from the floor, evenly; it was also frequently elevated at one end and brought down with great force; and,

despite its weight, it was moved to and fro something like a weaver's shuttle. These manifestations of intelligence and power, proceeding from an unseen source, call for consideration; and our scientific men especially would do well to give them full and fair investigation.

Yours, &c.,
A REPORTER FOR THE PRESS.

The Westminster Club,
December 24th, 1867.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

ON "AN OCCASIONAL NOTE" IN THE *PALL MALL GAZETTE*.

From the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 18th inst., under the heading of Occasional Notes, I quote the following:—

"Mrs. Murray, the Devonshire witch, having been brought up on remand, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labour for having obtained from Thomas Rendle £4 10s. for certain 'charms,' which, she asserted, would cure his wife, who is paralysed, but which failed to do so. Mrs. Rendle is now under treatment by another local witch, named Gribble, who has undertaken to cure her or to refund all payments. It is hard to see why a woman should be sentenced to imprisonment with hard labour for undertaking to do by 'charms' what quack doctors, homœopaths, mesmerisers, and spirit-rappers undertake every day to do—with equal want of success—with perfect impunity."

Ignorant and superstitious notions of charms, quack doctors and *want of success* are evidently associated, in the mind of the writer of that note, with Homœopathy, Mesmerism, and Spiritualism. If that writer does not know that the discovery of the principle of homœopathy has led to any modification of medical routine; if he has had no experience in mesmerism, and if he is now in 1867 unaware that amongst the greatest and best of men in all countries, great numbers habitually practise some form of spiritual medium power, and of the influence that Spiritualism has had on the morals and literature of to-day, I beg very respectfully to call his attention to the subject. He will at all events discover that it is too late in the day to talk about its "want of success."

I am Sir, your obedient servant,

SAM. R. CARNELL.

A CLERGYMAN, who encloses his card, sends the following:—

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Sir,—Four years ago, I was staying in a hotel at Montreux. Among the inmates at that time were two young Swiss brothers. During a boating party one afternoon, the elder brother remarked to a lady, "If I were to fall into the water and be drowned, what a sensation I should make in the newspapers." The next day the elder brother set off for an excursion in the mountains early in the morning. The younger brother returned alone. The two brothers had imprudently ascended the side of a steep mountain. The elder brother had tried it, know how much easier it is to ascend than to descend. The younger brother, who was too late, they saw their only chance was to attempt to climb up. This was all but accomplished, when the elder brother fell; the younger brother dashed at a branch of a tree, and fell up to the top, and looking down some hundred feet to the bottom. While we were sitting at breakfast, a lady came in to see the elder brother. She burst out laughing, and said she had dreamt

during the night that she saw this same young man about to ascend a steep place, and she had said to him, "Do not go there, that mountain leads to a churchyard." Spirits are about us, but they cannot or perhaps do not desire to ward off fate.

W. R. T.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—It may, perhaps, interest some of your readers to learn that a few months ago I went with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. —, to visit the Marshalls. Mrs. Marshall, my two friends, and myself sat at the table. My friend, Mr. —, undertook to conduct the *séance*, and asked to whom the spirit then present desired to communicate. The answer given through the alphabet (which I took charge of) was, himself. He then asked who it was that desired to speak with him, and we got in reply a by no means common Christian name and surname. His wife immediately said, "Why that is the name of the young man who lived with us, and left to go to Australia." "Ask him," said she, "how long he has been in the spirit-world?" A reply was given. Having myself been in Australia, I said, "Ask him where, or in what part of Australia he was when he left this earth?" The reply given was "In the Bush." I would here observe, that any and every part of Australia not laid out or known as a town, or township, is called "The Bush." My friend's wife, then said to her husband, "I have got something at home belonging to him, which even you do not know of, ask him what it is?" The question was asked, and the reply given, "A letter." My friend told her husband it was true, she would shew him the letter when they got home. "Now ask," said she, "if we shall send and tell his mother?" The reply was "No." He then asked, "Why not?" The reply was "Too much for her." Such manifestations need no comment.

Before we closed our *séance* I took a clean sheet of paper and made a private mark on it, having previously handed it to my friends for their inspection. I then placed it under the table, and in not more than two minutes after I took it from the floor and found there was some writing on it, but, strange to say, I could not read it, so I handed it to my friends for their inspection, when they easily read the words Elizabeth and Eliza written thereon. When I looked at the paper a second time I saw plainly enough the words Elizabeth and Eliza. While we were each asking the other the probable solution of the mystery before us, it suddenly occurred to me that I had two sisters in the spirit-world named respectively Elizabeth and Eliza. Elizabeth entered the spirit-world when an infant now more than fifty years ago, while Eliza grew up to womanhood, and was, at the time she departed this life, a member of a Christian Church. I have the paper still in my possession.

I am thinking, Mr. Editor, if those small-minded persons who tell us that Spiritualism is the work of Satan were asked what motive they could attribute to his Satanic majesty in sending one of his emissaries to personate the spirit of a dear departed infant, what reply they could possibly give; for they cannot, surely, be so small-minded as to believe that any intelligence whether of earth, heaven, or hell, can act without a motive.

Yours, &c.,

EDWD. E. MOFFLIN,

Dec. 1867.

328, High-street, Poplar.



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SPIRITUALISM AMONG THE ANTHROPOLOGISTS.

SPIRITUALISM penetrates into very unexpected quarters. Independent investigators into the phenomena of Nature and of human life following out their own several lines of research—even when these relate to arts and sciences that seem most remote from it, ever and anon come in contact with some one or other of its varied phases; Spiritualism being in fact the centre of many converging lines. For example, who would have looked for any illustration of Spiritualism in the pages of *The Builder*. And yet, without at all travelling beyond its own proper article quoted from it in our last number (and other given from its pages) opens out what to most apprehend will be a new view in regard to Spiritualism practised in one of the most celebrated nations. And who could have anticipated that the *Saul of Tarsus* would have found its way among the prophets of Anthropology. Yet so it is. Amid papers on bone caves, and measurements of jawbones, and discussions on doliocephalic skulls, the number for July and October, 1867, no less than 100 papers by as many writers, each from very different points of view, more or less with the facts of Spiritualism or with facts closely related to it. The first paper from which I have taken the illustration is entitled, *Phenomena of the Higher Spiritualism traceable to a Rudimental Origin among Savages*. EDWARD B. TAYLOR, Esq., F.A.S.L., F.R.G.S. It is taken from or at least the first part of it we are about to quote. It is taken from a chapter from Mr

Worlds, or Mr. Howitt's *History of the Supernatural*. The immediate subject is—

AN INQUIRY INTO THE ORIGIN OF THE RITES OF SACRIFICE AND FASTING.

“If we make ourselves familiar with the state of thought among lower races, if we can see with their eyes, and judge their canons of reasoning, we shall find many things full of sense and purpose to them which it would be far more difficult to explain from the point of view of higher races, among whom similar phenomena are to be found. I will take as instances two of the great religious practices of the world, found in most known times and places—the rites of sacrifice and fasting.

“What meaning and intention is applied to these rites in periods of high culture we know perfectly well. They are partly held as ceremonies or ordinances to be practised because enjoined upon men, and partly as producing an effect on the mind of the worshipper who places himself under a discipline of privation and suffering. But if we turn to study the same rites among the lower races, we shall see them in a new light—we shall find them done for what, to the mind of these people, are perfectly direct and matter-of-fact purposes. We shall find a state of thought under which it is as practical and straightforward a thing to bury or bury a sacrificial offering for a spirit, as it is to pay a debt or give a present to a living man, and as practical and significant a proceeding to fast as to eat. A modern European, who holds that he has a soul, but that even his horse or dog has not, may transport himself into an entirely different philosophical atmosphere when he begins to study savages. He will find that not only men and dogs, and horses and birds, but even trees and corn, fruit, hatchets, and spears and boats have souls. When a man dies, his soul, which is an impalpable, usually invisible something, goes away like his body, somewhere into a future life. Therefore the slaves or wives who have attended him while he was alive, must go and attend him still, and they are, therefore, killed that their souls may follow his soul. And in precisely the same way, and for precisely the same reason, the horse and the dog are killed that their souls may go to serve their master; the corpse, the clothes, the bow and arrow, the pipe and pouch are burnt, buried, or abandoned, with the distinct understanding that their souls or spirits are to go for the spirits of the deceased. Thus, among the Indians of North America, fishing and boatmen tribes bury their dead with canoe and paddles ready to launch in the next world; the dead man's soul accompanies the soul in his canoe, with the souls of the paddle and the fishing spears within his grasp. Or if he belongs to a hunting tribe he w

have his bow and arrow, his gun, or his horse, ready for his soul to mount in the happy hunting-grounds of the next world.

“ It would be quite tedious to give a detailed account of these funeral rites—the lower races who do not practise them are the exception, not the rule. We find sacrificed for the use of the deceased every part of his possessions, wives, slaves, relatives, horses, house, food, weapons, boats, clothes, ornaments, provisions for the journey, the dog to guide the dead along the difficult road to the other world, the coin to pay the ferry over the gulf which separates this life from the next, or for the toll to pass the heaven-bridge. And there is not the least break to the purpose for which these things are sacrificed—it is not that the wives or slaves are sent to accompany the dead, and the horses, canoes, or weapons destroyed for some other purpose. The philosophy of the lower races is distinct and unbroken throughout; when the slave or the horse, or the bow and arrow are burnt to ascend in smoke to the sky, or buried to rot in the ground, the souls of these things are sent to follow the soul of their possessor. The wife of Eukrates comes back for her slipper. It had been left behind a wardrobe, and thus not burnt with her other things, and so she was in the other world without it. So the ghost of Melissa appeared shivering to her husband, for her clothes had not been burnt for her to wear in the other life. So in the East of our own times the native of the Sulu Archipelago buys for a great price the criminal condemned to death, that he may kill him himself and so secure the service of his soul as a slave to his own in the next existence; and so the soul of the Emperor of Cochin-China is provided with every article of furniture and luxury which belonged to him when alive, and is sent to him by burning it after his death, while supplies of food go on being prepared for him as usual for his spiritual
ance.

“ When we find that in parts of South-
practices actually stop the rise of civilisation,
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national game are the property of the
exempted from being buried with the de
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most distant portions of the world. Th
indeed, the leading branch of sacrifice

“ We follow it up into symbolism :
the manner of rites in general, when
religion of the more advanced races.

"We are all familiar with the silvered paper dollars, paper clothes and presents which the Chinese burn with the dead; and the like transition from practical purpose to fad symbolism is well marked in the offerings to the dead kept up a mere ceremony at Rome, in the models of toys and ornaments in early Christian graves, and the flowers thrown into graves hung in garlands above them in our own times.

"But sacrifice to other spiritual beings, to elves, wood-spirits, gods inferior or superior, is conducted in the same way and on the same principle as that to the spirits of the dead; though it is, perhaps, oftener found passed into a ceremonial ordinance among the higher races than as a matter of practical purpose among the lower. Yet we shall find no distinct demarcation between the souls of the dead, who are held to become spirits, demons, or gods, and spiritual beings in general; and we may find just the same explanation of the intention of sacrifice laid down with reference to them as to ghosts. The Chinaman sets out his feast of the dead, waits awhile till the ghosts have eaten their fill of the soul food, and then falls to himself on the corpse. Exactly so the Fijian sets out feasts to satisfy the enormous hunger of his gods; but they are spiritual beings, and what they eat is not the visible substance of the food, but its soul which is capable of separating from it. So a sacrifice of meat and rice set out by the Rajmahal tribes under a tent, and when the gods have had time to eat his fill the worshippers uncover the tent and eat the rest themselves. This is, indeed, a most common practice throughout the world, that when an offering has been made to a god the worshippers themselves may feast on it; and this idea is perfectly reasonable when we understand the theory of souls to which it belongs.

"Thus we may see among the lower races that the rite of sacrifice is not the ceremonial observance, or even the act of abnegation, that it is among the higher races who have carried it on into their religious system; but a plain and practical action done to produce what is, to their state of opinion, a plain and practical result—that of giving to the ghosts of the dead, or other spiritual beings the spirits of men, animals and things acceptable to them, just as they would give a gift to a living man, or pay a tribute to a king.

"With the philosophy of these lower races we find associated another widely-spread rite. To the savage philosopher the world is swarming with spiritual beings. Every man and animal has a separable soul which can go out and come back—everything has its spirit as well as its body—every tree and river, and stone and wind is animated by a presiding spirit, which is not necessarily always resident in it, but comes and goes. These spirits

are mostly invisible to him in his waking hours, but in his dreams he can see them far apart from where their material bodies are: either the spirits of men and things come to visit him, or his own spirit goes forth from his body and sees them. He lives among those spiritual beings in a way which only a few modern Europeans can at all realize; he goes to them for information as to what he is to do, and for knowledge as to what has been and is. And especially when he desires to hold intercourse with the spirit-world, he has learnt by experience to adopt a practice which infallibly brings him into their presence—he goes for a time without food. In a short time he becomes what we should call ‘light-headed,’ and begins to see visions. When he has stayed long enough in this spiritual company, he eats, and returns to the ordinary state of a waking man. I will quote one or two accounts of this proceeding to remove all doubt as to whether this is the real purpose of savage fasting. The following details were taken down by Schoolcraft, perhaps the best authority on the habits and opinions of the North American Indians, from the mouth of an Algonquin chief:—

“ ‘Chingwauk began by saying that the ancient Indians made a great merit of fasting. They fasted sometimes six or seven days till both their bodies and minds became free of light, which prepared them to dream. The object of the ancient seers was to dream of the sun; as it was believed that such a dream would enable them to see everything on the earth. And by fasting long and thinking much on the subject, they generally succeeded. Fasts and dreams were at first attempted at an early age. What a young man sees and experiences during these dreams and fasts, is adopted by him as truth, and it becomes a principle to regulate his future life. He relies for success on these revelations. If he has been much favoured in his fasts, and the people believe that he has the art of looking into futurity, the path is open to the highest honours. The prophet, he continues, to try his powers in secret, with only one assistant, whose testimony is necessary should he succeed. As he puts down the figures of his dreams or revelations on bark, or other material till a whole week is passed in pursuing the subject, and he then publishes his principal revelations. If what he predicts afterwards mentions it, and the record is then a proof of his prophetic power and skill. Time in the future, Ke-kee-wins, or records, are finally shown, and they meet together and consult upon them. They then believe in these revelations. They in turn are consulted, and declare that he is gifted as a prophet, and is fit to lead the opinions of the people.”

was the ancient custom, and the celebrated old war-captains rose to their power in this manner.'

"In many North American tribes every man takes to himself a guardian spirit, generally some animal. And the way he finds out what animal is to be his guardian spirit, his medium, as we often call it, is to fast till it appears to him in vision. In like manner Charlevoix tells us of the practice of making children fast while the fathers are away on hunting expeditions, for they then see in dreams the souls of the animals, and divine what has happened.

"In like manner, we are told of the Abipones of South America, how their conjurers fast for days till they come into a state in which they seem to see into futurity. To the Hindoo mind nothing is better known than the art of bringing on religious ecstasy and supernatural knowledge, and communication with the higher powers by fasting; and the practice is known as a rite in many higher religions. In Islam, for instance, it is a strongly-marked feature; but the great fast belonged to the time before Mohammed, and was only continued by him.

"Nor is the purpose for which it is practised by the North Americans or the Hindoos entirely changed;—its effects in producing mental exaltation and supposed communication with supernatural beings are still to some degree acknowledged, or at least acted upon in Europe. Its great adversary, under whose persistent attacks it is, indeed, losing its influence, is the doctor, whose system teaches him to treat what the American Indian believes to be a state of intercourse with supernatural beings, as a morbid state of mind removable by proper food. In like manner, when he finds a civilized patient seeing visions and holding intercourse with spirits, he prescribes good food and amusement, port wine and tonics. But this new state of opinion does not alter the fact that to mankind in a lower state of culture the practice of fasting is the most intelligible and matter-of-fact proceeding. An Indian goes without food that he may see spirits, with as distinct a purpose as when he eats to satisfy his hunger.

"Another of the sets of practices which, prevailing widely in different states of culture, find their ready and direct explanation in the child-like mental state of the savage, is magic. Such of its proceedings as still exist among us are mere remnants of the more serious arts of ancient times, though with, perhaps, a larger proportion of mere knavery. The astrology of Zadkiel's Almanac does not appear to me to differ from the old rules; the ordeal of the key and Bible is very old and widely-spread; country people still make a heart and run pins into it to hurt the heart of some person with whom they choose to associate it, as any savage might do. But in the mind even of the modern

savage these things take a different position. To his mind they are perfectly intelligible; they belong to a crude and early system of philosophy, out of which he has not grown. His theory of ideas is something much more and deeper than ours; he has arrived at the knowledge that an idea is something belonging to an object, and thence he reasons, as we have learnt not to do, that what influences the idea in his mind acts in a corresponding way on the object out of it.

"If a New Zealand war-party wish to know who of them will fall in battle, they set up a stick for each, and the owner of the stick which falls will fall too. The ordeal of the key and Bible is perfectly understood by the lower races, who commonly have some plan of picking out an offender which acts on just the same principle, as, for instance, the suspended sickle of the Khonds of Orissa. . . .

"The study of savage tribes teaches us that what we call symbolism and treat as a light half-sincere fancy of the mind, is really part of the opinion of the savage in his most serious moments, and in the midst of his highest flights of philosophy and religion. He has a doctrine of ideas out of which all these magical practices quite consistently arise; and though we no longer hold this theory, it is, nevertheless, present among us in its effects on our customs and opinions to a degree which only careful and extended study will enable us to realize."

The Founder and President of the Anthropological Society, JAMES HUNT, Ph. D., F.S.A., F.R.S.L., F.A.S.L., contributes an important paper on *Physio-Anthropology; its Aim and Method*. Physio-Anthropology is explained by Dr. Hunt as "the doctrine of the *functions* of mankind, in opposition to physical anthropology, or the doctrine of the *forms* of mankind." He is not "in any way disposed to put arbitrary limits to this definition other than belongs inherently to it as a pure science of induction. If we were to begin our researches by laying down some arbitrary limits to our investigations, we might exclude ourselves from discussing phenomena which might greatly assist in another branch of our science." During the four years of its existence the attention of the Anthropological Society has mostly been directed to the physical characteristics of mankind. Dr. Hunt proposes that the Society should now turn its attention to the "higher problem presented in the study of Physio-Anthropology."

If the Society fairly carries out this line of study by the method and in the spirit recommended by its founder—discarding all assumptions, all prejudices, fairly considering all facts and accepting whatever may be the legitimate induction from them in regard to the "higher problem" involved in the study of the

functions of mankind, it may mark a new era in the history of science and philosophy, establishing Psychology as a science, on the basis of facts—tracing out its relations to Physiology, and the bearings of both on the higher problem of human life. At present Dr. Hunt has evidently no faith in a science of Psychology, feeling a repugnance to the methods usually employed by metaphysicians in its prosecution. He considers that “in the present state of our science we know nothing of either the soul or the mind. We only know of mental phenomena in connection with a nervous system.” He might have added, “we know nothing either of matter, we only know of phenomena and sensations.” Notwithstanding however his evident bias towards materialism, a careful adherence to true scientific method compels the confession—“That mind can and may exist independent of a nervous system or organization I am not prepared to deny.” It further leads him to protest against the assumption of *pseudo* science that certain phenomena are impossible. He says, “In attempting to lay down the principles on which any science should be studied, it would be wrong and highly unscientific to declare that any phenomenon is impossible. Many may be inclined to say that the existence of life, or mind, without a nervous system, is both impossible and absurd. I grant that it may appear absurd with only our present knowledge of organisation and life as found in nature, but I hesitate to declare it impossible. . . . We must, however, ever keep our mind ready for the reception of new discoveries, be they ever so wonderful or discordant with our present knowledge. And here let me say that I differ most entirely from the propositions which Dr. Louis Büchner and many of his colleagues, both in Germany and this country, have laid down, *viz.*, that the phenomenon which is known under the name of clairvoyance, for instance, is impossible. Dr. Büchner* says: ‘There can be no doubt that all pretended cases of clairvoyance rest upon fraud or illusion. Clairvoyance—that is, the perception of external objects without the use of the senses—is an impossibility. . . .’ ‘There exist,’ he continues, ‘no super-sensual or supernatural things and capacities; and they never can exist, as the external conformity of the laws of nature would therefore be suspended. . . . Cases so repugnant to the laws of nature have never been acknowledged by rational unprejudiced individuals. . . . There are neither table spirits, nor any other spirits. . . . The majority of human beings think differently; they must therefore be instructed.’

“Dr. Büchner has, no doubt, a perfect right to attempt to

* *Force and Matter*, p. 153. Triebner and Co.

give the world instruction; but I feel it right to declare that I entirely dissent from the propositions he has laid down. I contend, on the contrary, that we must, in the investigation of the highest branch of our science, be entirely prepared to examine any phenomenon connected with man in the same philosophic and scientific spirit as we examine the sutures of the skull, or the length of the heel. Dr. Büchner says 'the scientific impossibility of clairvoyance has been confirmed by an examination of the facts by sober and unprejudiced observers, and were proved to be deceptions and illusions.' But are we to deny the possibility of that which failed to convince some other persons? On the contrary, we must discard all such prejudices, and be very careful how we deny the possibility of any phenomenon connected with man. The struggles of what are now admitted to be truths, should teach us a lesson of caution on this point.

"To make any progress in our researches into man's nature we shall require the greatest forbearance and consideration on the part of those who held different shades of opinion. The only common ground which we, as a society, can offer, is the one method by which alone all such problems can be solved.

"I offer no opinion at present on the phenomenon of mesmerism, nor on the still more remarkable asserted phenomenon of clairvoyance. As it will be our duty to sit as judges to examine into the truth of these phenomena as well as the laws regulating them, I think we shall act wisely in reserving our opinions on them until the subject comes under our consideration in a systematic form."

In the discussions which followed the reading of Dr. HUNT'S paper, Mr. BENDIR supported the views of Dr. Büchner on clairvoyance; he considered clairvoyance "beneath the serious consideration of a scientific body like the Anthropological Society." On the other hand, Mr. MACKENZIE agreed with Dr. Hunt that "The proper course was to ignore ^{that} what was not founded on facts, and among ^{those} ^{of} ^{the} ^{kind} ^{which} ^{place} ^{clairvoyance}. From his own ^{experiences} ^{of} ^{the} ^{correctness} ^{of} ^{clairvoyance} ^{stances} ^{of} ^{the} ^{correctness} ^{of} ^{clairvoyance} supported that no one could deny them; but power consisted he must leave in ^{abeyance} ^{ATKINSON} says:—"And now a word ^{of} ^{Dr. Büchner} oracularly declares to be a ^{scientific} ^{fact} ^{but} to know which astonishing fact ^{for} ^{certainty} himself must be clairvoyant. But in ^{o D} that I know—yes, positively know ^{my} having observed the fact day by day ^e for many years together, to say not ^{it}

torical evidence With the explanation of clairvoyance will not now occupy you ; but on some future occasion shall be ready to go into this deeply interesting and important question. And Mr. J. W. JACKSON reminds the Society "that in this, as in all departments of inductive investigation, one carefully conducted experiment or correctly observed phenomenon, is worth a thousand arguments;" and he adds, "whatever little stock of knowledge I may have acquired in those branches of inquiry now under discussion, will be at the service of the Society, before whose more enterprising members a noble field of investigation and discovery is being thus opened up, in which solid duty may be done and a lasting reputation may be made by those willing and able to be, in this way, the benefactors of humanity."

We shall look with interest to the future proceedings of the Anthropological Society in the hope that the new programme of its founder may be faithfully carried out—that it will deal faithfully with all facts bearing on the "higher problem" of human nature, and so set an example which other scientific bodies, and men of science in general, will do well to emulate. We know that men of science claim to be eminently men of fact—their claim may be admitted, but with reservation ; for professional science does not always coincide with practice.

In certain directions—as for example the facts of clairvoyance and of mediumship, the prejudices of the scientist in general are as inveterate as in other directions are those of the theologian against which he makes so loud an outcry ; and he fights against these facts as stiffly and as blindly as does the church against heresy. His interpretation of the laws of nature are as sacred as the theologian's interpretation of texts of Scripture. Not that he has investigated. Oh no ! that is quite superfluous. He has learned to "set out with clear ideas of the naturally possible and impossible;" and he decides *à priori* that the facts in question are naturally impossible ; that they never have happened, never can happen, and never shall happen. If he goes through the form of mock investigation, it is only to confirm a foregone conclusion : and he takes no trouble to study or conform to the laws which govern the case, but insists upon imposing his own arbitrary conditions ; a course of action which in his own proper line of investigation he would scout with scorn.

It is against these unscientific men of science that Spiritualists have long protested, and we are glad to find that in this protest Dr. Hunt now joins them, expressing his "entire dissent" from them, and contending on the contrary "that we must, in the investigation of the highest branch of our science be entirely prepared to examine any phenomenon connecte

with man in the same philosophic and scientific spirit as we examine the sutures of the skull, or the length of the heel."

This is all the Spiritualist asks for: this is exactly the method of Modern Spiritualism. All who know its history are aware that at least it is not a theory formed in a closet; that it did not originate as a hypothesis, in support of which facts had afterwards to be sought out and selected; but that it proceeded purely by induction,—by the observation, verification, comparison and classification of facts: not of a few isolated facts; in few and obscure places, during a short period, and scantily attested; but on the contrary, facts million-fold, world-wide and that have been witnessed during the last twenty years by hundreds of thousands of independent investigators, and tested in all conceivable ways; and with the result stated by an unfriendly critic in the last number of the *Dublin Review* that "men who formerly would not without impatience read or listen to the accounts of these phenomena, had at length been led to examine what was making such a noise in the world, and from mature, and for a time prejudiced examination, have been led to conviction. In this way have been brought round several of the ablest and most learned men in Europe, Catholic theologians, physicians, and philosophers and others, Catholic, Protestant and free-thinking."

It may seem rather odd and a little amusing that the Anthropological Society should wake up at this late hour of the day and begin to think that it may possibly be worth its while enquiring into the matter *de novo*; but this may be said for it, that though many scientific men have most thoroughly examined it, and satisfied themselves of its reality, yet that, so far as I am aware, no scientific body has yet done so; the Spiritualists of the United States to the number of thirteen thousand having in vain in 1854 memorialized Congress to appoint a scientific commission of enquiry into the whole subject.

But we have not yet done with the Anthropologists. The first article in the number of the *Anthropological Review* from which our extracts have been taken is, on *The Theory of Development and its Bearing on Science and Religion*. By J. W. JACKSON, Esq., F.A.S.L. In this article, as the reader may infer from the title, Mr. Jackson, not content with grubbing among bone caves, ascends the empyrean heights of speculation; but if marked by boldness, his speculations are qualified with all becoming modesty. He considers Darwin's "development hypothesis—for this is its true designation—is by no means confined to the animal and vegetable kingdoms. It covers the origin and existence of the material universe, and is co-extensive with all its suns and systems." Ascending from the considera-

of the vegetable and animal kingdoms to man, he remarks—
 “The development of the especially human type of organic and sentient existence has probably, even in the highest races, not yet fully wrought itself out into external manifestation. Man is the beginning of a new *Order*, the bipedal and aerial type of the mammal. But of this, he is obviously an immature, and merely germinal specimen. In his higher types he is less allied to the ponderable and more ultimately related to the imponderable elements than in the lower. He is obviously in the process of emergence, and the only question remaining for discussion is the stage of development at which he is now arrived Man as he at present exists, is NOT a fulfilment of the divine idea of humanity. He is simply a providential *preparation* for it.” He is “but the unfledged *beginning* of a new *Order* of being, the callow nestling of the future eagle of the skies.” Not only himself, but his material habitat is “still infantile, if not embryonic. Now a cosmic callule so decidedly immature, cannot possibly be the residence of the highest type of organic being. The radiant man will probably need a self-luminous domicile.”

We cannot give here the evidence Mr. Jackson offers in proof of his view of man's nature and development, which admits of a farther application than possibly the writer of it may have intended. “Man as he at present exists” is certainly *not* the fulfilment of the divine idea of humanity. “He is obviously immature, and merely germinal,” even now “in the process of emergence,” for “the body that now is, is not the body that shall be” when, having attained his majority, the “radiant man” shall indeed be the inhabitant of a better world. Some indication that this was not absent from the writer's mind appears from a passage in which, replying to an objection of Mr. Gillespie to the Rev. George Gilfillan's *Doctrine of the Incarnation, and the Theory of the Modern Anthropology irreconcilable*, Mr. Jackson enters on the discussion of a question of high interest to the philosopher and the Christian, and which, as a closing extract, we transfer, as being eminently suitable, to our pages:—

“But it has been said Christ took on himself the form of man; it must therefore be eternal, a fleshly tabernacle moulded upon a divine idea. To which we reply, that it was a temporal vesture assumed for a special purpose, and underwent transfiguration on the Mount, and transformation, or shall we say glorification, after his death. It was, then, a magnetic, or as some would phrase it, a spiritual body—luminous, imponderable, and susceptible of interpenetration by grosser matter. He could be visible or invisible at pleasure; he could enter a room with

closed doors, and he could finally ascend in it to the highest heavens. Nothing more clearly demonstrates the sensuous grossness of popular Christianity than the vulgar belief that it is a common fleshly body through which the eternal Messiah is manifested in the celestial mansions. Do the people who entertain this belief know that spiritual beings must have spiritual modes of perception, and that a simply material body would be quite as much out of place—that is, out of harmony with its surroundings—in heaven, as a purely spiritual body would be on earth; that it would, in all probability, be, under ordinary circumstances, as imperceptible and as inefficient as its spiritual counterpart here. Every *mode* of being has its own *sphere*, and as purely spiritual manifestations are, to say the least of them, rather exceptional here, we may conclude that simply corporeal manifestations are equally exceptional there. To put this in clear and unmistakable language, as the Christ required a corporeal vesture for his earthly mission, he must equally require a spiritual vesture for his heavenly mission; as he became a fleshly man below, we may assume that he has become a spiritual man above, returning not merely to his heavenly home, but to his celestial conditions.

“Granting then for the sake of argument, that the assumption of the human form by Christ, was indicative of its perfection and finality in the scheme of creation, it is obvious that we should not rest satisfied with the opaque and ponderable man of the present, but advance in our conceptions, to the radiant and magnetic man of the future, the *transfigured* successor of the present child of sin and sorrow. If Christ was our brother in his humiliation, He was also our precursor in his glorification. What He was, we are. What He is, we shall be.”

All this may at least serve to indicate that the “problem” of human life will, in some form or other, upon the consideration of students of even the bones. The chief interest and value in the study of the physical anatomy of man is from their being, in some of the components of the living spiritual force which operates them; but from which, when they are no longer its purposes, the “radiant man” emerges into the more glorious spiritual body that has been prepared. If Anthropology is the Science of Man, and not the study of bones and organs, Anthropologists at present are engaged in preliminary investigations about the shell of the study of the science itself has yet to be begun.

NEW WORKS BY THOMAS L. HARRIS; AND
THEIR ADVOCATES.

THE review of Mr. Harris's recent works in this Magazine has, of course, not met with acceptance from those who are weak enough to put faith in the deplorable seethings of a deplorably disordered intellect which they contain. It is a fact as notorious as it is humiliating that there is nothing so wild, eccentric and fanatical but that it will have charms for a certain portion of mankind. The wilder the more persons of a correspondent idiosyncrasy will be enraptured by it. The ravings and clumsy forgeries of Joe Smith, have in our day raised up the vast fabric of Mormonism, re-instituted polygamy, enshrined fanaticism in a new social corpus, and made it the efficacious cement of a vigorous and martially determined state, which has actually defied the power and done battle successfully with the gigantically immense United States of America. Why should not Thomas Harris also succeed by the effusion of his florid and imaginative madness in calling forth the same quality latent in other minds, and relieve our now over-crowded lunatic asylums of a growing pressure, by drawing off those who, as Mr. Robson says, "are willing to walk in the same pathway," to some congenial region and establish a New Republic if not of the Sun, yet under the Sun? As, however, we are neither willing to walk in so desperately entangled a pathway, nor to see any of our friends involved in it, we uttered our word of warning, and feel satisfaction in having done it. We have now something to say of the defences which have been addressed to us of Mr. Harris and his late works, one of which we gave in our last number, and another of which we give in this.

As to the letter of M. J. H. it may be soon dismissed. In answer to our charge of grave inconsistency against Mr. Harris, of denouncing all communications from individual spirits as works of the devil, and yet of permitting those works of his built on this basis, to continue on sale for his own profit, M. J. H. informs us that one volume of Mr. Harris's poems—or, in other words, of the Devil's poems issued by Mr. Harris—fell out of print in 1865. This is an odd sort of answer to such a charge. The writer gives us not an iota of proof that Mr. Harris ever took the slightest trouble to recall this or any other of that class of his works. It was allowed to sell till it was sold out, and his other poems are yet selling just as ever. One of them may be found advertized for sale on the covers of *Human Nature* last month. With respect to *The Song of Satan*, one of the most

alluded to, and under immediate inspection and sanction of Mr. Harris himself.

In the introduction to the *Lyric of the Golden Age* published in New York, in 1856, Mr. Brittan, the friend and publisher of Mr. Harris, gives us an elaborate account of the process under which this as well as the *Lyric of the Morning Land* was dictated by Mr. Harris. He appeared to be in a trance-state, and poured out the verse with a rapidity with which Mr. Brittan, who was himself the amanuensis, could scarcely keep pace. He tells us that the whole of the *Lyric of the Golden Age*, a poem of upwards of 10,000 lines, was dictated by Harris, and written down by himself in ninety-four hours, and that in a similar manner were produced the *Lyric of the Morning Land*, volumes amounting to 300 or 400 pages each. These volumes are avowed by the author to be inspired by individual spirits, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Pollok, &c., and their names are attached to their respective productions. There we have Mr. Harris's own evidence to this fact, but it may be as well to hear what Mr. Brittan has to say on this head in his introduction to the poems, too. At page 9 of his introduction, Mr. Brittan says:—"For the last five years his daily counsellors and nightly guardians have been spirits, who have 'put on immortality.' At all times and in all places they visit him and converse freely as friend with friend. His familiar guests are shades of the immortal bards, who from his lips pour the fiery torrent of heaven-inspired thoughts."

Again:—"On Thursday, November 30th, 1854, while Mr. Harris was seated in the office of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, the writer and Mr. Lewis L. Peet, being present, it was observed that the physical and mental condition of Mr. H. were strongly influenced by some foreign agent, which seemed to abstract his mind from the sphere of his outward relations. At length he was profoundly entranced, and while under this influence of invisible intelligences improvised two poems, making in all one hundred and fifty lines. The second poem, a bold and graceful utterance, containing sixty-two lines, and purporting to be a relation of Edgar A. Poe, in his transition to the spirit-world, was spoken in fifteen minutes. "Below," adds Mr. Brittan, "we give some fragments to further illustrate Mr. Harris's astonishing powers of improvisation while under spiritual influence, at the same time that they most forcibly vindicate his claims to direct intercourse with spirits of the invisible world."

Mr. Brittan proceeds to give other examples of the manner in which Mr. Harris yielded himself as a medium to spirits, and other poetical modes in which they used him. He repeats found advertent clairvoyance "does not depend on the month. With the same conditions; but is induced by invisible

beings, who lift the veil from the inner sense, and thus reveal the scenes of immortal life." In December, 1852, a Mrs. C——, who had lost her husband, called on Mr. Harris, desiring to receive evidence of a future life, and renewed intercourse with her lost partner. Mr. Harris, who knew nothing of his history, became entranced, and informed her that her husband had been an officer in the United States army, described his mental and physical peculiarities, a scar on his face, his peculiar use of a repeating-watch, &c. He also described her father, an eminent divine, and the lady declared every particular true to nature and the fact.

During the same month a professional gentleman, who utterly disbelieved the communication of spirits, and declared the whole phenomena mere psychological hallucinations which he himself could produce at pleasure, but such facts communicated from his deceased friends to him through Mr. Harris's mediumship, thoroughly convinced him of the truth of these communications and of Spiritualism itself. In the summer of 1853, Mr. Harris, and two other gentlemen, being on a fishing excursion in an unsettled and mountainous region, were lost and compelled to camp out all night in the woods and in rain. The next morning endeavouring in vain to find their way out of the trackless forest, they asked their guardian angels to direct them, on which Mr. Harris's arm became stretched out rigidly, and pointed in one particular direction. They were then told by the spirits to follow the course thus indicated, and it led in a straight line to the very place which they had desired to find.

In January, 1854, whilst Mr. Harris was in New Orleans, he was one day conversing with a Mr. Robins, an entire stranger, when he was suddenly entranced, and proceeded to introduce and identify several of Mr. Robins's departed relatives; amongst the number a distinguished soldier who was killed in the attack on Quebec; his military costume and the distinguishing traits of character were described; several of the more interesting facts of his private history mentioned, and the circumstances of his death disclosed. All these statements were confirmed by Mr. Robins in whose mind they were sacred recollections.

Mr. Brittan adds that numbers of distinguished persons were admitted to see Mr. Harris in his trance condition, and whilst he was dictating from the alleged spirits of Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Pollok, &c., parts of this poem. Amongst these were Professor Mapes, Dr. and Mrs. Warner, Evangeledis, a Greek, from Athens; E. D. S. Green, a well-known artist, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Burroughs, of the Irving House; Mr. J. G. Dow, Charles Partridge, William Fishbough, and S. B. Brittan.

Here then, we have Mr. Harris, during a period of five years

exhibiting as a medium avowedly of individual spirits, and operated upon by them in a variety of modes. He poured out torrents of splendid poetry; he made known to various persons, and frequently to entire strangers, the names, the conditions, and identifying facts and particulars from their earthly lives of their departed friends. His arm was manipulated by the spirits to conduct himself and friends out of the otherwise hopeless intricacies of the wild forest in which they were lost. In all this there is no faintest trace of any diabolism. All that was related as revelation was the honest truth and truth of a nature the most consolatory and conducing to faith in God, in God's providence, and of eternal life. Yet all this, Mr. Harris has since learned to denounce as the doings and delusions of devils. Perhaps there never was a stronger case of the acts of virtuous and benign spirits being attributed to Beelzebub since the application of that most devilish calumny to the spirit and works of our Saviour. But in the 6th volume of the *New York Telegraph Papers*, page 487, the editors, Messrs. Partridge and Brittan, particular friends and publishers of Mr. Harris, give a more frightful instance of the unwarranted application of his present theory of diabolism in all intercourse with individual spirits. Mr. Harris lost his first wife, and in a letter received by one of these gentlemen, he describes the circumstances attending her departure and his then impressions of the nature of the attending agencies. "On Tuesday evening," says Mr. Harris, "at about six o'clock, the spirits of her relatives, in company with other spirits, to the number of about thirty, entered the room, and whilst she was apparently asleep, formed a circle around the bed. I was placed at this time, by their influence, in a deep interior condition, retaining, however, full possession of all the external faculties and powers. From the moment this circle of spirits was formed, she became free from all pain.

"We watched the ebbing life of the external form, till about a quarter before twelve (midnight). Gradually we felt the pulse sinking to rest. At that time, a sudden light, like a diffused silver radiation, came and rested upon her face. A wondrous smile played upon her countenance. Such divine love, such ineffable peace diffused itself, melting into light in the air around her, that she seemed transfigured and changing into an angel before our sight.

"Her eyes began to close. Kneeling by her side, I inclined my face to the pillow by her cheek, and laid my arm over her form. Heavenly bliss filled all the internals of my mind, as I passed at once into *rapport* with her spirit. Gradually I felt her spirit-form, arising from the external. As it rose, my own arm was lifted by it. I saw a vortex or spiral of white

light, narrowing to the diameter of about two feet, just above her body, and opening above it into the SPIRITUAL WORLD. In this vortex, were innumerable angelic forms; and as she entered the spiral, they lifted her from my arms. She disappeared in that transcendent light."

The editors add:—"Refusing the repose which protracted wakefulness and physical exhaustion had rendered necessary, the watcher still continued his vigil through the long night, and morning found him by the remains of his beloved Mary. When it was light, her spirit appeared to him, and while her form was distinctly visible, she gave him a communication, closing with these words—'*Mary's dear love to all. NEVER MORE BE AFRAID TO DIE!*'"

By what species of infernal necromancy could so sacred, so solemn, and so tender a scene be transformed in Mr. Harris's mind into a passage of hell, and a hideous mockery of assembled devils? Yet, if Mr. Harris's present idea of general Spiritualism be true, this must have been the case. By what pandemonial and distorting power could a truly affectionate husband thus blot out all the lovely and endearing traits and memories of such a scene, and coolly pronounce the whole a tragi-comedy of Satan? If Mr. Harris's impressions and feelings were then excited by mere devilish delusions, how could "such divine love, such ineffable peace be diffused around the form" of the departing beloved one? How could such "heavenly bliss" fill all the internals of his mind? If such bliss did fill his mind—if such divine love, such "ineffable peace" did float about his dying wife—then it could not be from the devils, for no devils can diffuse ineffable peace, or anything like divine love. Either, then, Mr. Harris was not master of his own consciousness, did not comprehend the identity of his own sensations, or he does not comprehend them now. If he was so grossly, so inconceivably deluded, as not to know divine love from infernal hatred, did not know the genuine sensation of ineffable peace, who shall believe that he understands himself, his profoundest sensations, his most sacred convictions now? The devils, who so astoundingly bewitched him then, may be as triumphantly confounding all his ideas and impressions now.

To us, the whole of this scene has a most sadly touching and sacred beauty. Every expression and recital are to us those of truth and the holy sympathies of heavenly spirits. The silver radiance, which rested on the face of the dying wife, the pure light which floated around her, and seemed to transfigure her, the atmosphere of peace, love and tenderness, which the spirits breathed about them, and the affectionate joy with which they drew her up into their heavenly world, are, to our minds, so

many incontestible proofs of the sacred character of the actors in this sublime scene. With what heart, could any man, except under a most direful delusion, dash from him a picture so precious to a bereft heart, and so prolific of the noblest hopes, and say, "Begone, creation of the devil!" By what talisman shall a person ever be able to assure himself against such delusions—if delusions they are—and to ascertain that his thoughts, feelings, and perceptions, in their most earnest and vivid presentiments, are not false and traitorous?—But Mr. Partridge, at a later date, gives us a history of Mr. Harris, and his successive spiritual metamorphoses, which may throw some light on this point. We have had yet only a sketch of five years of his life—Mr. Partridge gives us one of fifteen.

Mr. Harris at the close of the year 1859 had come over to England, and during the winter and spring of 1860 gave lectures at first in Store Street, and afterwards at the Marylebone Literary Institute. Mr. Harris came as a Spiritualist and was received with open arms by the Spiritualists here. For a time his lectures proceeded on those general grounds which all could accept, but anon he burst forth with the most vehement denunciations of *séances* and communication with individual spirits which have characterized his subsequent productions. The surprise of the Spiritualists here was great, and their remonstrances earnest if not effectual. An article appeared in the *London Critic* of January 1st, 1860, exulting in this attack of Mr. Harris on Spiritualism, and Mr. Charles Partridge, at that time editor and sole proprietor of the *Spiritual Telegraph* of New York, took occasion in that journal, in a remarkable article on the 18th of February, 1860, to let the London Spiritualists into the secret of Mr. Harris's escapade which had so much astonished them. This article is of such particular moment that we shall here make free quotation from it:—

"If," says Mr. Partridge, "all persons who have heard, or may hear brother Harris, and if those who read the above article, and others of like character which may be published, knew the peculiarities of Mr. Harris, as well as do those who have been most intimate with him during the last *fifteen years*, it would be unnecessary to make any reply to his unsparing denunciations of all those who do not accept him as their oracle, and labour to help him to magnify his office. But those unfamiliar with him do not know his weaknesses; besides, he goes out from us to a foreign land under the insignia of a '*Reverend*,' and to the brethren and friends of the same general cause denounces by wholesale the great body of Spiritualists in America as '*Pantheists*,' rejecting alike the idea of the

Scriptures as a Divine revelation, and the existence of a God, and as gross sensualists, and immoral in their conduct in all the relations of life.

“These are grave charges, and it is not to be supposed that a brother would prefer them in a foreign land without a cause. What, then, is the cause? If the charges were true, even, it is contrary to the genius of the new dispensation to magnify human delinquencies to the neighbour, and much more to do this in a foreign land, where there is little or no opportunity for the accused to be heard in defence; but the great body of Spiritualists in America deny severally and singularly the charges preferred against them by brother Harris. Each one claims for himself the same right to investigate and determine whether the Scriptures are plenary or partial revelations of Divine truth, which Mr. Harris has exercised for himself; but they do not recognize Mr. Harris's proclivities to dictate for their acceptance his peculiar views as Divine truth; and here is the rock of offence, and the sole ground of his charges. These accusations against Spiritualists are but a duplicate of those which the same brother has often preferred against the Universalist denomination, to which he is indebted for the insignia of ‘Reverend,’ which he cherishes, and even uses to sanction his denunciations of them.”

Mr. Partridge now proceeds to give a biographical sketch of Mr. Harris from this period, which is very instructive:—“While brother Harris was settled over the Universal Society in Elizabeth Street, in this city, some fourteen years ago, more or less, he became infatuated with the revelations which were then being given through Andrew Jackson Davis; and when those revelations were published under the title of *Nature's Divine Revelations*, Mr. Harris asked leave of absence from his society to go to Europe for his health, which leave the society generously granted; but instead of going to Europe, Mr. Harris went to Ohio and other Western States, lecturing, not for the Divine revelations of the Bible, but for *Nature's Divine Revelations*, by Andrew Jackson Davis. The society continued their leave of absence, and subsequently settled Rev. E. H. Chapin. Brother Harris subsequently relinquished his ardour for *Nature's Divine Revelations*, and has since denounced it and Mr. Davis as cordially and fully as he has the Universalists and Spiritualists.

“Brother Harris subsequently tried to build up a society to sustain his preaching in this city. His meetings were held for some time in the Coliseum. He preached in the Socialists, and afterwards preached them out; and his erratic preaching caused a constant change of hearers, and the meetings there were not sustained. He subsequently commenced preaching in the Stuy-

vesant Institute, and while labouring here he tried to acquaint himself with dynamics of mind and matter, and to shew the possibility of spirit-intercourse. During this time, one Dr. Scott, who had been a Baptist minister, discovered that singular phenomena occurred in the presence of Mrs. Benedict, then residing in Auburn, N.Y. In the presence of Mrs. Benedict, slight raps occurred, and St. Paul proposed to communicate. The idea that St. Paul could and would condescend to speak through a mortal, much excited Mr. Harris, and arrangements were made for Mrs. Benedict and Dr. Scott to come to Mr. Harris's boarding place, in Brooklyn, and deliver the oracles of St. Paul to twelve chosen persons, and if possible, that St. Paul should develop or remodel Mr. Harris so that he should be henceforth St. Paul's oracle to the world. Dr. Scott also became infatuated with the ambition of being a medium for some of the Apostles, and they fancied that St. John accepted this offer; and they supposed that St. Paul and St. John and other Apostles henceforth communicated through them.

“It would make this article too lengthy to give the minutiae of the dramatic performances to which these men subjected themselves to secure these mediatorial offices. It is sufficient to say that they worked themselves into the persuasion that they had been chosen by God, Christ and the Apostles, as the medium for their oracles to mankind, and under the flattering unction of this persuasion, they set about gathering together the elect, and travelling westward to a land sufficiently pure for the influx and efflux of Divine wisdom. They induced a small company to take up their beds and follow them to Mountain Cove, Virginia, where they made purchases and settled. Here they established the “*Mountain Cove Journal*,” and through its columns they gave, as they supposed, the supernal wisdom of God, Christ and the Apostles to the world; and it was very generally conceded that it might be supernal wisdom, since no mortal could comprehend it. In about two years, or less, we believe, this community broke up in great confusion, amid the criminations and recriminations which have generally attended the various changes of Mr. Harris's enterprises and views.

“Mr. Harris then returned to this city, and the Spiritualists received him as it becomes a father to receive a prodigal son, and invited him to lecture for them, and procured the Hall in the Medical College for that purpose. Here brother Harris delivered some of the most scorching discourses on the Scriptures as a Divine revelation, and the Christian Church generally, to which we ever listened. They were quite too strong for those whom he now denounces as rejecting the Scriptures as a Divine revelation. Nevertheless, we heard him gladly, not as an oracle,

and not for his censoriousness, but for his acknowledged eloquence and zeal in what he appeared to think was right and true.

“After a few months had elapsed and the mortifications from the failure of his apostolic enterprise to Mountain Cove had subsided, he seemed to come more and more to himself, and preached some excellent discourses to the Spiritualists at Dodworth’s Academy. Finally, his prevailing ambition to have a church, began to pester him, and grew into an open demand, to which the Spiritualists did not accede, and the Mountain Cove persuasion again took control of him, and he concluded that the Divine love and wisdom of God and Christ were not permitted to penetrate the cloud of evil spirits and flow down, even through him, to the reprobate minds, as he alleged them to be, which congregated to hear him at that place. This he said to them in some of his last discourses in the plainest terms, and at the same time called on the few pure minds to go out and follow him and help to build up the Kingdom of God.

“Brother Harris and some others thus separated themselves from the main body of Spiritualists in this city, and they met afterwards in the Chapel of the University under the assumed insignia which the Swedenborgians had long enjoyed, namely, “The New Church;” and in his teachings he even out-Swedenborged Swedenborg himself, much to the annoyance of many of his disciples, who feigned to know something of the philosophy of the Swedish seer before. He continued to speak there to a small company of admirers until he became persuaded, and so said, that he had been developed above their plane of comprehension, and that the Lord had prepared a man to receive the mantle of that plane of teaching, and that he had been instructed to soar aloft and go to Europe and disseminate the supernal wisdom there.

“Subsequently to the time when he withdrew from Dodworth’s Academy, he took the persuasion that spirits were constantly around him warding off the evil spirits, and that they were trying to develop him into a high plane, and that to do so it was necessary that he should be in bed, and he did so. He ate but little, and that little only when he was in bed, and in bed he wrote, or rather dictated to what appeared in his publications. He was practiced in accordance with the dictates of the Angel of the Lord, the very God, and only got up when he was impressed by the Spirit, which was only on Sundays to attend to his family.

We may interrupt the narrative a moment to mention that he continued this practice of keeping his bed in England in 1860, and was amused on one occasion by the naïve expressions of

boy who was sent on a message and admitted to the prophetic chamber. On being asked if he saw Mr. Harris, he replied 'Yes, he was lying on his back in bed making mountains with his knees.'

"Thus," says Mr. Partridge, "we have with pain and sorrow, given a very brief history of Brother Harris during some fifteen years. We have not done this to injure him; from it, but in the defence of truth, and as an illustration of a prevalent psychical phenomenon, which is often mistaken for spirit influence, and to call brother Harris's attention to the changes which have come over his mind, to the end that he may be less positive in his opinion as to the Divinity of his persuasion, and above all, to be less censorious of the brethren who are not able to follow him in his sudden changes and chimerical enterprises. If also this narrative shall suggest to his friends the injury they do him by falling into his pretensions, and by binding him more strongly in psychical chains, we shall be thankful.

"Brother Harris is not to be blamed for his unfortunate organization. He is impulsive, and often speaks without consideration. He has the virtue of thinking at the time that he is right, and that he does and says all in the service of God. As a self-consecrating spirit, brother Harris has, as it seems to him, sacrificed his manhood to a supposed Divine influx, and he is reaping the consequences of that error. It is a gross mistake of Mr. Harris to suppose that he is a living proof of the danger of mentalism and physicalism, of cultivating the science of Spiritualism. On the contrary, he is a living proof of the danger of a too prevalent hothouse process of making mesmeric subjects and of the abominable practice of women magnetizing men. We have been acquainted with several cases of this kind, and the uniform result shews the practice to be a disorderly one. By it the feminine qualities are engrafted into the masculine, which sooner or later unmans the man. It excites the sensitive nerves at the surface, by which physical impressions are permanently fixed in the brain, deranging its normal functions and ruling the whole man. Will and judgment are subject to mere sensation, and the man becomes like a tender, sensitive plant, which expands or shrivels up at the approach of the slightest influences. Man is thus unfitted for ordinary duties, his mental and physical energies are overcome by these sensational influences, which often cause the unfortunate subject to become censorious, complaining, whining, and pining away by some fell disease.

"What then is the answer to our question as to the cause of Mr. Harris's denunciation of Spiritualists in America? First

the cause is subjective rather than objective. It is in himself rather than in those whom he accuses. He assumes to say that those who do not accept his interpretation of, and teachings concerning the Bible, reject it. He also assumes to say that spirits and mortals who do not endorse his disorderly fantasies are sensual—evil. The *cause* is inherent in brother Harris's organization, but aggravated by blending of incongruous spheres or influences through a disordered magnetization, excited by censorious indulgences against rivals and sceptics. His judgment is thus impaired, and subject to impulses with an *indomitable will and lust of leadership.*"

In this lucid and admirable article we have the key to the whole character of Mr. Harris, and the history of his life since the very commencement of the modern advent of Spiritualism in America. Mr. Partridge dates back in 1860 the appearance of Mr. Harris in the ranks of the Spiritualists some fourteen years—which carries us to the earliest events in the Fox family, which took place in the beginning of 1848. We think we have, therefore, by the aid of Mr. Harris's most intimate and most intelligent friends during his principal career amongst the Spiritualists of America, fully borne out our statement which Mr. Robson treats as such absurdity, namely:—"That if Spiritualism be the diabolical system which Mr. Harris now proclaims it, it is at the same time a system and dispensation through what he has himself passed from beginning to end, and by which he has arrived at the ground, whatever it be, on which he now stands."

That Mr. Harris during his connection with the general body of Spiritualists threw himself with the same impetuosity into the enjoyment and defence of the doctrines he now condemns as he does at present into the hectic vision of the highest heaven, of the lowest hells; of atomic, aromal, and attributal men, is also shewn. In a long speech delivered by him at the New York Tabernacle in 1855, previous to his departure for New Orleans, he, Mr. Harris, ranged enthusiastically over the arguments in favour of Spiritualism now in use amongst its votaries everywhere. "Much as spirit-rappings, so styled," he says, "are spit upon by the dress-makers of literature, who deal in the haberdashery of rhetoric, ideas of thrilling significance and epic strength have been, and are communicated through spirit-rappings," etc. "Ye great and splendid empires of the first and happy dead, ye fathers and ye mothers, ye sacred and endeared ones, that live for ever in our hearts, ye deem practical to comfort the broken-hearted; with sunlike shafts slay the python Materiality; to span with an arch of light the sea of desolation; to fill the atmosphere with voices and

'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and goodwill towards men.'

Such was the strain in which Mr. Harris then invoked those spirits whom he now denounces as devils and damned souls, seducing by lies, through spirit-mediation, our souls to damnation with them. But we must stop. Whole volumes of the wheelings and turnings, the eccentricities and extravagances of Mr. Harris are extant, which our readers may refer to, if they find it at all attractive. For ourselves, we can only ask to what we can compare this *soi-disant* Apostle of the Most High? To a reed shaken by the wind? To a weathercock, or a kaleidoscope, full of motion, but destitute of stability? To a mystical serpent, continually casting his slough, but never freeing himself from his venom? To a theological harlequin, besmirked with dashes of white lead and vermilion, with parti-coloured dress and a sword of lath, with continual springs and bounds, and, in Lord Castlereagh's phrase, perpetual turnings of his back on himself? To Proteus, ever-changing, and ever-slipping out of our hands in fire or water, in reptile or in monster shapes? Certainly we find in him no resemblance to the grave and dignified theologian, the profound and consistent psychical philosopher. It is curious that Mr. Partridge, in his closing lines, assigns as one great cause of Mr. Harris's repeated gyrations and escapades, the very same as had impressed ourselves, "An indomitable lust of leadership."

A few more words only are necessary to dispose of Mr. Harris and his advocates. Mr. Robson says that "Mr. Harris's career reveals a new Spiritualism." We are at a loss to conceive in what this consists. It cannot be the discovery of the inner breathing; for we have shown that it was known to Swedenborg long before, and to Jacob Böhme still earlier. In many places, besides those noticed by us, Swedenborg speaks of it. (See White's Life of him, Vol. I., pp. 263 and 293.) It cannot be the ability to pass into the interior world, spiritually beyond the influence of any spirit below that of the Divinity himself; for this is nothing new. It has been the asserted condition of prophets and saints in all ages. It has always been claimed by Parsees, Buddhists, and by Christian saints of all churches and denominations. It is exactly what Swedenborg laid direct claim to. But if Mr. Robson imagines that because a man lays claim to such a privilege, we are to believe all the trash which as an insane rhapsodist he pleases to pour out upon us, as wisdom from the Holy of Holies, we beg to dissent from him absolutely. Mr. Robson says truly, "that in celestial Spiritualism the domain of the human faculties is extended to the spiritual world, as part and parcel of their own proper sphere." Exactly so: we

must retain the sound and deliberative action of our understanding in whatever spiritual spheres, however high and sublime, into which we may be introduced. The reason with which God has endowed us is permanent and inalienable under all conditions of existence. There is, as Swedenborg has truly inculcated, a fundamental correspondence between the entities, conditions, and manifestations of this world and the spiritual world. As everything here is a development from the spiritual world, the reason which is our measure of things here, is our measure of things there. It cannot be otherwise, or all our moral and religious experience here would be lost there; and our probationary condition would be a trial without an object, a waste of existence, instead of an initiatory process of advance towards it. Without this perpetuity and unchangeableness of our intellectual nature and faculties, the divine thread which must guide us through the varying phases of existence would be lost, and we should be the prey of every madman who sets up pretences to be a dispenser of God's recondite mysteries. To assert this truth, to guard our readers against follies which are put forth under pretence of being "new truths," was the object of our criticism. "By their fruits shall we know them." In the revelations of Christ we have the most divine moral, and the most sublime truths communicated to us in language perfectly unique in its transparent simplicity. This, to our mind, is the most striking proof of its Divinity. It is an astonishing marvel of spiritual power. The philosopher, when he attempts to probe the depths of interior truth, becomes obscure; the visionary, when he would herald fresh revelations, becomes wild, fantastic and bewildering. Christ stands at once simple as light and profound as the heavens in His revelations of the most spiritual and essential doctrines of the life which leads to God. Here lies the broad and luminous distinction betwixt the genuine herald of God and the mere dreamer of dreams. Mr. Robson will find in the concluding portion of our criticism of Mr. Harris's new poem, an answer to every essential objection which he now raises. That is our serious opinion of Mr. Harris's present condition, and of the necessity of protesting against the introduction of delusive visions as sober and celestial truth. We are bound to deny that there are two kinds of genuine Spiritualism. That the two kinds which he points out are different "both in kind and degree." The difference is only in the degree. The Spiritualism which is connected with spirits of different degrees is essentially the same in kind as that which has reached the phase of direct communion with the Spirit of God. God developes himself through the descending series of His agents, in order to bring up from the lowest depths of moral degradation those who are

grovelling there, and to adapt this agency to every ascending degree. In the very lowest depth, and though the very lowest spirit employed, it is as truly the direct agency of the Divine Spirit as in the highest. All are ministering spirits, ministering to His human creatures. Without God and his spirit animating them, they can do nothing. In the words of Swedenborg, "The angelic ministry is wholly the Lord's." We speak of the good spirits of all degrees who are manifestly, and with most beneficent effect, now communicating with men. It is their business "to develope that which is highest:" it is "the pursuit of the right end through the right means," to use Mr. Robson's language—for God thus adapts his means to the various conditions of the souls he seeks to educate and lead up to Himself. These various grades of spirits manifesting themselves, are the various steps of that Jacob's ladder, on which the angels of salvation, filled with the spirit and power of God, are always descending in order to ascend with the souls that they are sent to raise and refine. It is one of the worst errors of Mr. Harris that he seeks to break down this divine ladder—to denounce all the patient and God-commissioned spirits, who are endeavouring to instruct and strengthen men in their lowest estate, as devils from the hells, just as the Jews denounced Christ as sent of Beelzebub. His attempt is simply to break down this graduated scale of God's work on earth, and tell men to leap at one frantic spring, from earth to the infinite height of heaven. The result of such teaching, if there were no better, would be, to poor debauched mortals, clogged and loaded with the slime of earth-life,—despair and madness. Happily there is no such violent and impossible attempt necessary in God's world. His word and work and wisdom are different. As in nature, so in spiritual life, all is easy and upward gradation. He no more acts in the life of the soul than He does in the life of outward nature, without his delegated agents. As earthly husbandmen go forth daily to second the influences of his sun and rain and dew and wind, so He sends out his heavenly husbandmen to sow the good seed of the Divine truth in the fields of the human heart, to train up the tenderly aspiring stalk, to mature the nascent fruit, and to gather the ripened harvests into his celestial garner: and they do their respective duties in the spirit of their sender, and teach their pupils to look up, not to them but to Him. To seek that direct communion with His omnipotent spirit which, according to Mr. Robson, and according to our own conviction, is the highest reach of true Spiritualism. In this true Spiritualism, there is no cleft, no hiatus, no dissonance,—it is one, and indivisible. It is God, working through his ministering spirits, as He worked through Christ, to reconcile the world unto himself.

Spiritualism" of "scandalizing and calumniating, in a gross manner, not only their fellow-creatures, but a great redemptive and spiritually-educational movement," and of "misrepresenting Spiritualism" as "a new railroad to the soul's fashionable watering place of orthodoxy." And this is all put forward "in the name of honesty and justice."

It will be remembered that *Human Nature* opened an attack on the *Spiritual Magazine* in its first number, whereupon, as in duty bound, we administered a gentle correction, which our contemporary appears to have felt as a castigation, and which he does not seem to have taken altogether kindly; his discomfort being doubtless increased by the discovery, which on the slightest reflection he could scarcely fail to make, that it was well deserved. Unhappily for himself, his present offence shews that he has not benefitted by this experience. As a "Progressive" Spiritualist of a very advanced order he has of course a proper contempt for the Bible in general, and on this occasion he displays an enlightened scorn of the ninth commandment in particular. We shall not insult the understanding of our readers by inflicting on their patience a formal and quite superfluous refutation of these wild and whirling accusations; nor can we degrade ourselves by casting back the dirt flung at us from the gutter. Our "Final Reply to *Human Nature*" has been already made (October, 1867), and we certainly are not tempted by its present tone to revive a controversy which has been concluded so greatly to its disadvantage: but we ask Spiritualists, no matter of what designation—we ask of all men with any sense of decency—whether their cheeks would not burn with shame at the imputation of being in any degree represented by such advocacy as this? When a public journal professing to be "An Educational and Family Magazine" can misrepresent statements, garble quotations, and pervert facts; can recklessly impute bad and dishonest motives to men who at least have shewn their sincerity by years of unselfish devotion to the cause they advocate, and can indulge in language such as we have quoted (and there is plenty more of it), one of two things is evident. Either it is an unworthy representative of the cause it professes to serve; or, that cause is itself an unworthy one, and admits of no defence.

On the same page with the notice which has called forth these comments, and probably from the same pen, we notice another so-called "review," in which the writer, speaking of angels and devils, remarks—"But who would not be a devil? they are the jolliest of the two sorts; for while they continually enjoy their devilry, the angelic throng are pained and pinched in soul from beholding the satanic whims of their sable-souled brethren." This may be the "new idea" of such *Progressive*

Spiritualism as *Human Nature* encourages, and of which the attack we have noticed is a "manifestation;" but whither this "new railroad" is likely to conduct those who travel on it our readers may readily divine.

Surely we have here *Human Nature* at its worst, and a bad specimen of that.

SPIRITUAL HEALERS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN PUNISHED.

M. Pièrart, in a recent number of the *Revue Spiritualiste*, in an excellent article on thaumaturgic cures, ancient and modern, shows that the Emperor Valens, according to Ammianus Marcellinus, put to death an old woman because she was in the habit of curing intermittent fever by pronouncing some words over the patients. She had been asked, with the knowledge of the emperor, to cure his own daughter, but this did not prevent the tyrant from destroying her. The people of Athens, who had become ignorant sectarian Christians, also put a woman to death for the same piece of benevolence, saying such power could only proceed from the devil. The Catholic Church has always treated such divinely endowed persons as damnable heretics, unless they were willing to put themselves under the tutelage of the church and become saints. This spirit has been uniform in all ages, and is now exemplified towards the Zouave. M. Pièrart says he is still prohibited performing any cures, and is employing himself in writing a book. A. M. Lemoine Moreau, in the same number, ridicules the doctors for opposing cures even by magnetism, because they say, it has been condemned by the two academies of science and of medicine. "Alas!" says the writer, "that is too true—and the same academies condemned the use of oxygen-gas, coal-gas, steamboats, railroads, and the electric telegraph. The Academy of Medicine also condemned the use of emetics by an Act of Parliament, and of cinchona bark, now become a universal panacea; and having rejected everybody to the official benefits of vaccination, declare it the great curse of humanity!"

THE "CHURCH FAMILY MAGAZINE" ON SPIRITUALISM.

The *Church Family Magazine* is a highly proper, orthodox publication, not given to novelties, and aversion. It has, as part of its literary machinery Clerical Conversation Club, in which from time to time of interest are discussed from the Clerical Clubhouse of view. In the number for January there is a con-

Magic and Spiritualism: one of the interlocutors is an archdeacon, and that awful and mysterious dignitary delivers himself on the subject in this wise:—

“In all ages down to the present *something has existed*, springing up here and there, professing to belong to the invisible world, and to have power over spirits, yet having no sanction in the Bible.

“At the present day we have only to glance at occasional articles in the popular magazines to see that strange things are going on, even in this apparently prosaic metropolis.

“It was but the other day, that in one of the best magazines a writer gave a striking and circumstantial account of ‘high magic’ as he himself had elaborately practised it—even to the raising from the dead of one of the Greek ancients.

“Table-turning hardly admits of denial, since it is a proved phenomenon, whatever the cause, and we all know how some of the most respected of the leading minds of the day have openly professed to communicate with spirits of the dead through the medium of furniture rapping.

“A great deal of imposture has been exposed, but after all, the old mystery hovers about us, exciting unlawful curiosity, and diverting the soul from the way of truth and peace.

“Let us not be deceived. The Devonshire witches are not the only professors of magic in England. They abound both among rich and poor, only they are hiding from the light, because their deeds are evil.”

It is gratifying to find that even an archdeacon can condescend to “glance at occasional articles in the popular magazines,” and that it has at last dawned on the archidiaconal mind that “at the present day” “strange things are going on even in this apparently prosaic metropolis;” and further that “table-turning hardly admits of doubt, *since it is a proved phenomenon.*” We are glad, too, to have the archdeacon’s assurance that “We all know how some of the most respected of the leading minds of the day have openly professed to communicate with spirits of the dead;” so that, at all events, it cannot be said of them, nor, indeed, of Spiritualists in general, who openly proclaim their faith and the facts on which it is founded, that “they are hiding from the light, because their deeds are evil.”

The archdeacon might also, on a little enquiry, have had the assurance of the “respected” and “leading minds” to whom he refers, that in their experience spirit-communion has had the effect, not of “diverting the soul from,” but of converting it to, “the way of truth and peace.”

It was once asked of a high personage in the Church—“What are the functions of an archdeacon?” to which the oracle

responded—"To perform archidiaconal functions." Whether reading the Bible is included in these functions was not stated. At all events, our archdeacon must have very imperfectly discharged this function if he is not aware that spirit-communion certainly has its "sanction in the Bible" in the example of patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and of Jesus Christ himself.

CAPTAIN SPEER AND THE COFFIN.

We see that the sentry who shot Captain Speer by mistake was lately about to be tried for his culpable negligence. The story of Captain Speer's death is both sad and interesting, especially to those who enquire into strange and supernatural impressions.

Captain Speer was an officer of the 3rd Surrey Militia, and a magistrate for the county of Surrey. The *Quebec Mercury* says:—"W. D. Speer passed the last winter among us, taking up his quarters with some friends in the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineer mess. During part of the past winter he had some fine sport on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, in company with Captain Knox and Lieutenant Duthie, 10th Royal Artillery, and bagging some fine moose and Cariboo deer. This spring he made a tour through the States and West Indies with Major Leslie, R.A., returning only for a few days, to set out again on what has, alas! proved his last expedition. Strange to say, he stated to several gentlemen just before setting out that he had had a dream in which he distinctly saw a coffin with the name 'W. D. Speer, died June 17, 1867,' on it; and in writing to a lady about three weeks ago he said in a joke that one reason for addressing her was his own approaching end, as foreshadowed by his dream. The date of his death is not known, but it must have been on the day he named, or very near it. It appears that he was going to his cabin on board the Mississippi steamer, which was at anchor and somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Indian disturbances, when in the middle of the night he was shot dead by a sentry, who omitted to challenge him. Lieutenant Courtenay Terry, of the 60th, we are told, started to investigate the circumstances, but the lamentable and tragic end of his friend hardly be said, has thrown a gloom over our hospitable city." Mr. Arthur Terry, of our paper, writes to the *Times* to say that his brother has yet been able to get from the sentinel was a recruit, and they supposed being suddenly awakened, fired with

explanation does not satisfy him, and he hopes to clear up the mystery which surrounds the death of one of his greatest friends.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

Since the middle of last October, in a small house in Kensington, about twenty yards from the main road, live an old lady, eighty-four years of age, and her daughter, with one servant. They have lived in the same house for nearly twenty years without any annoyance; but for the last few months they have been constantly startled by a sharp, loud knocking upon the panel of the street door. Upon opening the door, however quickly, no sign of any one is to be discovered. No sooner are the ladies quietly settled again than rap-rap-rap! comes upon the door. And this is repeated at irregular intervals through the evening. For some time it was attributed to some young imps of school-boys, who are always ready for mischief, and but little notice was taken of it; but the continuance of what was only annoying became at last a serious nuisance. The most nimble efforts were made without success to "catch" the offenders, but until a few nights ago the attacks were so arranged as never to take place in the presence of male visitors; consequently the ladies received much pity, but little sympathy, from their friends. After a time they became nervous, and at last really frightened. On Thursday evening a gentleman, the son of the old lady, called, and found them quite ill from nervous excitement, and was comforting them as well as he could, when a quick rap-rap-rap! at the front door made him jump up. In two seconds he was at the door, rushed out, looking in every direction without discovering a sound or a trace of any human being in any of the adjacent roads. Then, for the first time, he was able to understand what his mother and sister had suffered, and set to work to examine the approaches of the door inside and out, and to solve the mystery, if possible. No sooner had he gone back to the little dining room and placed a chair in the open doorway, with a big stick handy to "trounce" the perpetrator the next time, and begun to discuss what it was, than rap-rap-rap! sent him flying out into the street to the astonishment of a passing cabman, who must have thought a madman had just escaped his keeper. This happened four or five times more; in fact, only ceased about a quarter to eleven. He went round to the police station and had an officer put on special duty opposite the house for the next day, and spent the following morning in calling upon the neighbours and carefully examining the gardens and walls which abutted upon the "haunted" house. Not a mark of any sort was to be found,

and he was quite convinced that by no imaginable device could the door have been reached from any point but right in front from the street. There is no cellar or drain under the house. The more carefully the examination was continued the greater the mystery appeared. In the evening he took a friend down with him, and two more of his friends looked in later. The ladies were found in a painful state of nervous fright, as the nuisance had already been going on, and the maid servant was crying. In the course of conversation the following facts came out. It began on a Friday, the 18th of October, and has never missed a Friday since then. It has never been heard on Sunday, seldom on Saturday. Never before the gas lamps are lit, never after eleven. Just as all were talking at once, rap-rap-rap! In an instant all four gentlemen were in the front garden; the policeman was quietly standing opposite the door; the lady of the house opposite watching the door from her portico, and another gentleman from the leads. All declared that not a living creature had been near the house for at least a quarter of an hour. The whole thing seems inexplicable, and has created quite a sensation in the neighbourhood. The police are doing their best to discover the plot, but hitherto without success.

This account which we have taken from the *Standard* of January 23rd, has gone the round of the papers, and has led to quite a lively correspondence. "Servants;"—"a dark coloured string tied to a knocker, and pulled up and down from the windows, or from the roof;"—"a stone tied to the end of said string, and pulled up at once, so as to be out of sight when the door is opened;"—"the manipulation at a gas works, if near to one"—and "a large pea-shooter," are among the explanations offered. The latter explanation is the one adopted in a leading article in the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Addison is appealed to by more than one newspaper correspondent "to come forward to the rescue;" on the principle, we must suppose, that having so signally failed in his attempted exposure of the Davenport's, he may this time meet with better luck. We have not however heard that the sagacity of "Mr. Addison," "the police," or of newspaper editors and correspondents, has yet been rewarded with any discovery. No doubt (as the *Standard* says of the police) they "are doing their best to discover the plot, but hitherto without success."

ON DARK CIRCLES.

A Correspondent, who sends his name and address, gives us an account of a visit made by himself and friends to the Marshalls,

and of what took place in the dark *séance*, as well as at a similar *séance*, subsequently held at his own chambers. The results were to himself and friends very unsatisfactory; indeed, they all regarded them as no other than "mountebank tricks." In this we cannot agree with them. The evidence of an incontrovertible nature, from many independent and reliable sources, fully establish the genuineness of the spiritual manifestations through these mediums.* But, under the circumstances of the case, we are not surprised at the conclusion at which our correspondent and his friends arrived. On special occasions, and for particular forms of manifestation, the dark *séance* may be useful; but the constant and general resort to them is a practice which we think Spiritualists should discountenance. There are instances where proofs of an *ab extra* intelligence and of spirit-identity are given, or where the facts are such as to preclude the possibility of their being done by mortal agency; but, as a rule, dark *séances* are not, in our judgment, calculated to bring conviction to enquirers. They afford facilities for fraud to dishonest persons, and honest mediums are inevitably subject to the suspicion of it. In a recent letter to the *Banner of Light*, Mrs. Hardinge writes:—"The dark circles, though undoubtedly favourable to manifestations of a peculiarly forcible character, and probably of many phases of the phenomena which cannot be produced in the light, have still been perverted so greatly to the purposes of trickery and imposture, that some of our most distinguished and candid American Spiritualists have deemed it their duty to discountenance their practice as unnecessary and injurious to the progress of the cause. I consider the dark circles as useful *only* to well-informed Spiritualists, and worthy of credit only when the mediums are either entirely removed by peculiar circumstances from liability to suspicion, or are placed under stringent test conditions."

TRANSMISSION OF THOUGHT.

Under this head we gave in our last number the curious experience of M. Emile Deschamps. This experience corresponds with those of Heinriche Zschokke, narrated in his *Autobiography*, and of the old Tyrolese orange-seller† also mentioned by him; and is doubtless due to an exercise of the same spiritual faculty. Psychometry again—with which we are now becoming

* We are glad to learn that our correspondent is now of the same opinion. We have received a letter from him, stating that his views on this subject have been modified, and that he is now "convinced that the Marshalls are honest people, in regard to their exhibition of spiritual phenomena."

† Inserted in *Spiritual Magazine*, Vol. III., pp. 341-343.

familiar is a manifestation of the same or a like faculty. The experiments made by Professor Denton, and others, shew how wide is its range, and how capable of application in scientific investigations.* The subject in all its varieties (including clairvoyance, second-sight and prevision), deserves a more careful consideration from psychologists than it has yet received.

“THE LEADBEATER PAPERS.”

THE *Leadbeater Papers* are two volumes of the reminiscences of Mary Leadbeater, an Irish Quaker poetess of the last generation. She was the daughter of Richard Shackleton, the master of the celebrated Quaker school at Ballitore, in the county of Wicklow, in which Edmund Burke was educated by his grandfather, the venerable Abraham Shackleton. Many other eminent men were educated by the Shackletons, and all seem to have retained a deep affection for the place, and the whole Shackleton family. Burke continued in habits of closest friendship with the Shackletons, and was a frequent correspondent of Mary's so long as he lived. Mrs. Leadbeater early became an author; she published a considerable quantity of very pleasing poetry, and her prose writings were still more popular, especially her *Cottage Dialogues*. The *Annals of Ballitore*, which constitute the first volume of these papers, present a picture of a happy village, with its famous school, its noble-minded family which conducted it, and all their dependants and village friends. She describes the pleasant locality, the quiet scenery, and the primitive establishment of Ballitore, with an unpretentious life of colouring that is not surpassed by De Foe himself. We seem to live amongst the affectionate friends of the village the country round; we are made partakers of their existence, their plans, their simple pleasures and their joys. We become intimate with them all, and familiar with all of their characters, and the features of their abode are indeed very charming, looking more like one spot of peace, virtue and happiness, that we set before us as the goal and pinnacle of our wishes, yet, at the same time, its simple relation gives it a most lively reality.

Amongst the friends and acquaintances of Mrs. Leadbeater were Mrs. Melesina St. George, afterwards Teach.

* See his Book, *The Soul of Things*, some account of which is given in the *Spiritual Magazine*, Vol. V., No. 9.

of the present Archbishop of Dublin, Lovell and Maria Edgeworth, the sister of Mary Wolstonecraft, George Crabbe, and many other celebrated characters. The reading of the delightful *Leadbeater Papers* put Archbishop Trench on publishing the memoirs of his own mother, which are however by no means so interesting. In the midst of the happy village of Ballitore, in this idyllian scene of peace and beauty, where much young life was growing up into the strength and knowledge necessary to battle with the world and its affairs, came down all the horrors of the Irish Rebellion, in which this sweet place, dedicated to the arts and the principles which bless mankind, was, for the most part, burnt to the ground, and fiendish atrocities were perpetrated by both parties which equal those of any devils that hell can contain, or the imagination create. That terrible episode alone, starting up amid all the peaceful amenities of the narrative, must always make the book interesting. In the midst of the horrible conflict fell some of the persons with whom Mrs. Leadbeater's pen had made us most familiar, or they were dragged away to prison. I may also add that the narratives of the lives and fortunes of some of the most favourite scholars of Ballitore are very affecting from the misfortunes which befell them, and the generous devotion displayed by some of them, worthy of the exalted training which they had received.

Amongst other facts, Mrs. Leadbeater relates some of a supernatural character, which I here extract:—

PROGNOSTICS.

“ A neighbour died of malignant fever. He had a thrice-repeated dream before he became ill, in which a voice called to him three times,—‘ Prepare !’ It seems as if intimations, of no common import, have been occasionally thus conveyed, and that some attention is due to them; but, as all good things are subject to abuse, superstition has made of dreams an instrument of torture to weak and susceptible minds; and, alas! superstition was one of the sins of Ballitore. The death of one of the Fuller family was said to be announced by the melodious wailings of the Banshee, who, when visible, appeared in the form of a beautiful woman, combing her hair. For the rest of the neighbours, the croaking of a raven sufficed on these solemn occasions. The spirits of the departed were said to be seen gliding through the Meeting House Grove, and the Runner, a stream flowing through the heart of the village, could not be crossed after midnight without fear and trembling. The candles going out suddenly during an evening meeting, foretold the death of the venerable Abraham Shackleton; previous to which candles went out several times in the chamber of a little

pupil, and even my amiable mother deemed it a warning that her father-in-law would shortly expire—which he did.”—Vol. I., p. 86.

 HEAVENLY MUSIC.

“This year the small-pox deprived my brother and sister Chandler of their fine little Betsy. My mother, who seemed born to sympathize and to comfort, was not absent from her daughter at this trying time. She was awakened at seven one morning by the sound of sweet music! She knew it was no mortal harmony, and it seemed to her the song of an ascending spirit. Perhaps it was so, for her little granddaughter expired at that moment. My mother was very free from the belief in preternatural occurrences; yet this, and the following circumstances, of a similar character, made an impression upon her mind which no reasoning from natural causes could remove.

“Death now prepared an arrow destined deeply to wound all our hearts, and to sever the endearing tie which bound Jonathan Haughton to his family: he fell ill of a fever, and the symptoms soon became alarming. . . . It was a dark crisis, and nature sank. His daughters Hannah and Sally were beside him, watching and endeavouring to alleviate the last struggles, when a solemn sound, of exquisite sweetness, suspended their agonies and repressed their tears, and the gentle spirit then departed. Whether this seemingly preternatural circumstance was permitted in order to console the survivors is a mystery into which I may not pry.”—Vol. I., p. 156.

 NANNY MC'CONNAUGHTY SEES HER HUSBAND'S FETCH.

“As Nanny Mc Connaughty sat one day beside a sick and dying friend, she looked out of the window, and thought she saw her husband coming towards the house. She went down to meet him; he was not there, and when she went home she found he had not been out. She was shocked at the time, and was still more alarmed when James fell ill of a pleuritic fever the very next day, for she believed she had seen his fetch as a fore-runner of his death; and trembling, she told my mother of the apparition. Now, whether Nanny was mistaken, or whether this warning was permitted to prepare her for the event, is still a doubt with some. The event was however fatal. In one week from this time Nanny became a widow. . . . By degrees Nanny recovered her health and spirits, but her sadness was long in wearing off altogether, and might have sunk her into a settled melancholy, had she not taken an active

part in the domestic concerns for which she was most qualified, and she said that James came to her in a vision, and charged her to be sure to take care of the mistress. Whenever she related this vision, my father's pretended jealousy that he had not been mentioned, used to amuse us in spite of our regret." Vol. I., p. 180.

IMPRESSION REGARDING THE DEATH OF MRS. LEADBEATER'S FATHER.

Richard Shackleton, the schoolfellow and friend of Edmund Burke, died at Mountmellick, in 1792, when on a journey. His daughter, with others of the family, visited him on his death-bed, but Mrs. Leadbeater being obliged to return before his departure took place, tells us that on the return journey she was in great distress; when at Shane's Castle her mind suddenly became calm. She adds, "I looked at my watch; it was eight o'clock. My imagination fancied it could hear whisperings in the sick chamber, and I thought perhaps the spirit was released. My mother had similar feelings at the same time, and we afterwards found that this was the moment of the departure.— Vol. I., p. 190.

Mrs. Leadbeater speaks of the supernatural facts recorded with all the caution and moderation of her sect. Yet the facts speak for themselves, and their accordance with tens of thousands of such things occurring in all times and places, is ample evidence of their reality. She talks of the prevalence of superstition in Ballitorc. The fact is, that it is one of the most difficult things in life to ascertain and maintain the true balance betwixt just and rational credence in the supernatural, and the overbalance, which is superstition. The love of the marvellous, a potential ingredient in our nature, and the existence of the spiritual element itself in us, render us constantly liable to a too easy belief in stories of the supernatural. To avoid this weakness, many people, and great philosophers amongst them, recommend us to disbelieve such things altogether. This is a weakness of another sort, being an attempt to kill a thing because it has some troublesome qualities, regardless of whatever valuable or even indispensable ones it may have besides. On this principle we ought to cut up all our hawthorn fences because they have thorns, which are apt to tear our clothes as we pass them: to destroy all the roses because they are often abominably prickly: to extirpate all bulls because some are "runners," and all dogs because some go mad: to put out all fires because they are continually burning people to death, and annihilating our houses: to abjure all water because it drowns

men and women as well as kittens and puppies, and to melt down all knives and razors because they are continually cutting somebody or other. In the psychological as in the physical, the true philosophy is to ascertain what it is, its good and evil tendencies, and to use all our reason and fortitude to keep the thing which is natural and proper in itself in its natural and proper place. As in the management of all the agencies of our life, we are called upon in the management of the psychological to cherish it as a tree, but to lop and trim it as a tree. To remember, when it is growing at all wildly, that it is a good tree and capable of much beauty and benefit, much flower and fruit, and that it wants education and not rooting up. The reason that the supernatural is apt to generate the superstitious is the fault, not of the supernatural, but of our weakness. If we have a very good horse and do not train him or have him trained, his very strength and spirit will become our peril and damage. The fault is our fault not that of the horse, which is a very good horse but wants bridling and saddling and putting under proper mastership. So in all our powers and propensities, they will, if not schooled and watched, run into follies and mischiefs, not because they are imaginative or myths, but, on the contrary, because they are vigorous realities. It becomes every one's duty, therefore, as it regards the supernatural, to be cautious in receiving accounts of it, and equally cautious not to permit the fascinations of it to warp our understandings. No amount of philosophies or philosophers can purge out of nature the existence of it, but we can furnish them with grounds for sneering and dogmatizing against it by any weak credulity or want of vigorous reason regarding it. The amount of the psychological in human nature no human powers can augment or diminish, but the amount of superstition we can all of us do something to restrain. In fact, it is one of our highest duties to avoid superstition on the one hand, as we do scepticism on the other: for the guardianship and prosperity which lies in the golden mean, are to a certain degree allotted to each of us: and we should be watchfully guarded at it receives no prejudice at our hands.

ANECDOTE RELATED BY DEAN STANLEY.—DEAN
distribution of prizes at University Hall, June 23rd:
anecdote:—"An admiring pupil of Dr. Woolley and
after paying a tribute of respect to the memory of
the remarkable words,—'For myself, the remain
memory, and with God's help will so live that
interest in the things of earth he may never
Such, indeed, was the highest reward which an

HAUNTING ON BOARD H.M.S. "ASP."

"To the Editor of the 'Pembroke Dock and Tenby Gazette.'

"Sir,—I shall feel obliged by your inserting in your next impression an account of a 'Ghost,' which has been seen on board H.M. Ship *Asp* from 1850 to 1857.

"The account is in the handwriting of Captain Alldridge, R.N., who was in command of that ship at the time above-named.

"The MSS. was sent to me by a gentleman residing at Exeter, whose name I will give to any one wishing to know it, with a request that I should investigate the matter, and supply him with any information I might be able to gain in connexion with this most mysterious tale.

"I know of no better way of attaining this end, than by publishing the story in your paper, at the same time soliciting information, in person or by letter, from any one who may happen to be conversant with the facts, and able to throw any light upon the subject.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"C. DOUGLAS.

"Vicarage, Pembroke, Jan. 21, 1868.

"My dear Sir,—I herewith readily comply with your request as far as I am able, respecting the unaccountable apparition on board my ship, call it ghost or what you will, still it is a fact that I relate; and, much as I was and am a sceptic in ghost stories, I must confess myself staggered and completely at a loss to account for what actually did occur, and never could be accounted for.

"Having retired from active service for some years, I am unable to recollect dates, but will, as far as I can remember, give them.

"In the year 1850, the *Asp* was given by the Admiralty as a surveying vessel; and, on taking possession, the superintendent of the dockyard jokingly remarked, "Do you know, sir, your ship is said to be haunted? And I don't know if you will be able to get the dockyard men to work on her." I, of course, smiled, and said, "Ah, never mind, sir, I don't care for ghosts, and daresay I shall get her all to rights fast enough." I determined in my own mind not to mention a syllable about a ghost to any one; but strange to say, before the shipwrights had been at work a week, they begged me to give the vessel up and have nothing more to do with her; that she was haunted,

and nothing but ill luck would attend her, and such like. However, the vessel left the dockyard, and arrived safely in the River Dee, where her labours were to commence.

“ ‘ After my day’s work was over, I generally read a book after tea, or one of my officers would read aloud to me (he is now master of the *Majicienne*), and on such occasions he would meet with continued interruption from some strange noises in the after (or ladies’) cabin, into which he could see from where he sat in my cabin—our general mess-place. The noise would be such as that made by a drunken person staggering or falling against things in the cabin, creating a great disturbance; indeed, so much so, that it was impossible for him to proceed in his reading. He would, therefore, stop and call out, “ Don’t make a noise there, steward ” (thinking it was the steward rummaging about); and, on the noise ceasing, he would continue his reading, until again and again interrupted in a similar way, when receiving no answer to his question “ What are you doing, steward, making such a d—d noise ? ” he would get up, take the candle, go into the cabin, and come back saying, “ Well, I suppose it is the ghost, for there is nothing there ! ” and on again reading, and the same occurring, he would say to me, “ Now, do you hear that; is there not some person there ? I would answer, “ Yes, I am positive there is. It must be some one drunk who has got down into the cabin, wanting, perhaps, to speak to me ; ” and so convinced was I, that I would get up, and with Mr. Macfarlane, go into and search the cabin, but to no purpose. All this happened repeatedly night after night. Sometimes the noise would be like that of the opening of the drawers or lockers of the seats, moving decanters, tumblers on the racks, or other articles; in fact, as though everything in the cabin was moved or disturbed. All this time the ship was at anchor more than a mile from the shore; and here I must remark, that there was no communication whatever with the fore part of the ship and the cabin, access being by the companion ladder directly between the two cabins, each being at the foot of the ladder; and from either you could see distinctly into the other, so that no person could either up the ladder without being seen.

“ ‘ On one occasion, I and the master were on shore to drink tea at a friend’s house near Chester, the vessel being lashed to the Connah’s Quay, and on returning about just as I was descending the companion ladder (I thought) heard some person rush from the fore cabin, it being quite dark at the time. Mr. Macfarlane, who was behind me at

and whispered to him, "Stand still a moment, I think I have caught the ghost," and then descended into my cabin, took down my sword from over the bed where it always hung, placed it drawn in his hand, and said, "Now, Macfarlane, allow no one to pass you; if any one attempts to escape, cut him down; I will stand the consequences." I then returned to the cabin, struck a light, and searched everywhere, but nothing could I find, or to account for what I had heard; but I will say, truly, I never felt more certain of anything in my life than I did of finding a man there; and I had to repeat the old saying so often repeated between us, "Oh, it's only the ghost again!" I have often, when lying in my bed at night, heard noises as though my drawers were being opened and shut, the top of the wash-stand raised and shut down carelessly, the jalousies of the opposite bed-places opened and shut, &c.; and of an evening, when sitting in my cabin, I have often heard as it were a percussion cap snap close to the back of my head. I have, also, very, very often (and I say it with reverence and Godly fear) been sensible of the presence of something invisible about me, and could have put my hand as it were on it, or the spot where it was, so convinced was I. And all this occurred without my feeling the least alarmed, or caring a bit about it, more than that I could not understand it, or account for what I felt or heard.

"On one occasion, the ship being at anchor in Mostyn Roads, I was awoke by the quarter-master coming to call me, and asking me to come on deck, for that the look-out man had rushed down on the lower deck, saying that there was the figure of a female standing on the paddle-box, pointing with her finger up to heaven. I felt angry, and told him to send the look-out man up on deck again, and keep him there till daylight; but, on attempting to carry my orders into execution, the man went into violent convulsions, and the result was, I had to get on deck myself, and attend to him, and remain till day broke, but nothing was seen by me.

"This apparition was often seen afterwards, and as precisely as first described pointing upwards with her finger; and strangely enough, as she was last seen by an utter stranger to the whole affair, she disappeared, as will be hereafter described.

"On another occasion, when lying in the Haverfordwest river, opposite to Lawrenny, on a Sunday afternoon—the crew all being on shore, except my steward and two hands who pulled me on shore to church: during my absence the steward was going down into my cabin when he was spoken to by an unseen voice and fell down instantly with fright, and I found his appearance so altered on my coming on board that I hardly

knew him, and extracted the above tale from him, at the same time begging to be allowed his discharge, and to be landed as soon as possible, to which I felt obliged to consent, as he could not be persuaded to remain on board through the night. The story of the ship being haunted seemed to get known on shore, and the clergyman of Lawrenny (Mr. Phillips) called on me one day, and begged to be allowed to question the crew, which he accordingly did, and seemed to view the matter in a serious light, and expressed his belief that there was a troubled spirit lingering on board the ship, wanting to make known the murder of a beautiful girl, which occurred when the vessel was carrying passengers, and which was as follows:—

“The *Asp* had been engaged as a mail packet between Port Patrick, Scotland, and Donaghadee, Ireland, and on running one of her trips, after the passengers were all supposed to have landed, the stewardess went down into the ladies' cabin, where to her surprise and horror, there lay a beautiful young woman, with her throat cut, in one of the sleeping berths, quite dead, but how she came by her death none could tell, and it was never known. Of course the circumstance gave rise to much mystery and talk, and the vessel was at once removed from the station by the authorities, the matter was hushed up, and she had been laid aside and never been used again till handed over to us for surveying service.

“During the successive years that I commanded the *Asp* I lost several of my men, some of whom ran on being refused their discharge, and others I felt I must let go, who declared that they saw a transparent figure of a female at night (all giving the same account) pointing with the finger up to the skies. I had for a year endeavoured to ridicule the whole affair, and each account as often told me (for I was not to be inconvenienced in my duties by the loss of men) I believe neither steward or boy would have gone into the ladies' cabin after dark when the officers were out, had paid them for it. I myself was awoken by a noise (to all sensation) being placed on my leg outside the cabin. I laid for a moment to satisfy myself that it was not a rat, and then gripped at it and pulled my bell, which rang loudly over my head, for the quarter-master brought his lantern, but there was nothing! This I did several times, and precisely as related. But one day a hand was distinctly placed on my forehead, and ever man's hair stood on end mine did at the touch. I sprang out of bed—but there was no one there. Then I had never felt the least fear or concern whatever it could be, but on the contrary

amusement to me in the night time as I lay in bed to listen to the unaccountable noises in my cabin, and when I felt there was some person there (probably playing tricks), to suddenly pull my bell for the look-out man, and listen most attentively if I could hear the least sound of a footstep or attempt to escape, but there was none. I could hear the look-out man walk from his post to my cabin door, when I merely asked some questions as to the wind or weather. It may be fancied that there were rats or mice in the ship, but I can confidently declare there were neither, and that during the 15 years that I commanded the vessel, I never could obtain the slightest clue to the cause of the noises or any other matter above described, nor have I the slightest conception what it may have been.

“ At length, the vessel requiring repairs, was ordered alongside the dockyard of Pembroke; and the first night, the sentry stationed near the ship, declared that he saw a female mount the paddle-box, holding up her hands towards the heavens, and step on shore. She came along the path towards him, when he brought his musket to the charge with “ Who goes there?” She then walked through his musket, which he dropped, and ran to the guard house. The next sentry describes the same thing, and he immediately fired off his musket to alarm the guard. The third sentry, placed near the ruins of Pater old church, says he saw the same figure, which mounted the top of a grave in the old churchyard, and stood pointing up to heaven, until she gradually vanished out of sight. The serjeant of the guard came with rank and file to learn the tale of the frightened sentries along the dockyard wall, who would not remain at their posts unless the posts were doubled, which, I believe, they were, and as may be seen in the report of the guards for that night.

“ Singular enough, since that night, the ghost has never been seen or heard on board the *Asp*, nor sounds or noises as before; and it seems as if the spirit or whatever it was departed from her that night inscrutable to all.

“ This ends my tale; and, much as I know one gets laughed at for telling ghost stories or believing in them, I can only say I give them with all truth as far as I know and believe, and you are welcome to make what use you please of the same.

“ With kind regards, believe me, yours truly,

“ (Signed)

G. M. ALLD

“ P.S.—The *Asp* was of 117 tons, officers and men numbered 16, commissioned in 1850 by me. Previously employed as a mail packet under the post office, between Port Lerrick (Scotland) and Donaghadee (Ireland), but in what years I cannot say. The ghost left the vessel in 1857 or 1858, when the

present Admiral Ramsay was superintendent of Pembroke Dock-yard, and the story of the ghost on board the *Asp* is well known to the whole neighborhood.' ”

[We insert this story as we find it in the local paper, and shall be glad if any of our readers can give any further information about it, or certify as to the truth of it.—ED.]

Correspondence.

SOME REMARKS ON THE ARTICLE, ENTITLED “NEW WORKS BY THOMAS LAKE HARRIS,” IN THE JANUARY NUMBER OF THE *SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE*.

To the Editor of the “Spiritual Magazine.”

SIR,—The strangely inappreciative article on Mr. Harris in your last number, so full of passages painfully suggestive of unpleasant personal feeling as the inspiration of the criticism, seems to me, in behalf of truth and celestial Spiritualism, to demand correction of at least some of its errors. I say of some, for to deal with even a moderate portion of the writer's misstatements, and misleading statements, would require more space than the original article. I will, therefore, first confine myself to a passage on the 4th page of your January number, in which the writer says:—

“If Spiritualism be the diabolical system which Mr. Harris now proclaims it, it is at the same time a system and dispensation through which he himself has passed from beginning to end, and by which he has arrived at the ground, whatever it be, on which he now stands.”

To any one personally acquainted with Mr. Harris's writings and life, this statement is a sheer absurdity, and as a matter of scientific fact is absolutely erroneous. Mr. Harris, like many others, has been in possession of a spiritual nature open from infancy; and for the natural possession of such a gift, he judges no one. His censures, whatever they be, are limited to the kind of education which these natural faculties receive from their possessors. If, in the spirit of the natural selfishness, inspired by the love of power, distinction, pecuniary gain, or idle curiosity, this inner sense is wilfully opened for the reception of spiritual influences from the denizens of the spiritual world, inasmuch as like always draws like to itself, evil spirits, who have their life in the love of power—ambition, personal distinction, and avarice will flow in; and the man is simply forming planes in himself for the display of the legions of hell, who will never depart from their newly acquired home at the mere bidding of their victim. I should doubt if a system of purer natural mind than Mr. Harris ever voluntarily offered himself to the influence of disembodied spirits, and yet he has had his full measure of their experience in added difficulties to the attainment of his present measure of regenerate life from this source. He therefore kindly lifts up his voice to all his fellow-creatures, that in their ignorance or wilfulness they do not voluntarily make themselves the slaves of the evil one, through the influence of infernal spirits, who are always ready to do the bidding of their masters, and are not absolutely restrained by the mercy of the Lord.

Beyond this, Mr. Harris has opened the door of celestial Spiritualism, and feels himself called upon to open to his enquiring brothers and sisters of the human family the way by which the natural mediumistic faculties can be opened to their celestial powers, and under the direct guidance of the Lord, the door is the door of open or spiritual breathing.

Mr. Harris never uttered a word of the open spiritual

faculties inspired by the breath of the Lord, for the glorious wonders and supernal knowledges of which condition his late volumes may be perused with deepest interest and largest profit by any one willing to walk in the same pathway; for be it remembered, that the Brotherhood of the New Life, of which Mr. Harris is one, are all in the perfection of their state open to the vision of the Lord, and received from Him alone the rules and order of their life, as through Mr. Harris, but from the Lord alone. The insinuation, therefore, that he is a Pope in the new society (p. 10), is unworthy of the writer, and the sneers at the amplitude of the revelations made to the faithful brother (p. 12) is in reality a sneer against the Divine Goodness and Mercy which, through Mr. Harris, now reveals the stores of blessings ready to be poured out on all in the new age that has already begun.

Mr. Harris's career, therefore, reveals a new Spiritualism, differing from the ordinary, not merely in degree, but in kind; and as such is a fact worthy of the most careful attention of all enlightened and philosophical Spiritualists. They are so different that it is utterly impossible that any one can be the willing subject and recipient of both of them at the same time; and they are as different in their results as the glories revealed in Mr. Harris's *Arcana* from the puerilities of the ordinary *stance*. And a careful study of the actual effect of each kind even on the natural plane, with our present limited knowledge of each, will shew a radical difference, as well in their forms of operation, as in their origin and their results.

All true Spiritualism must have for its end the development of that which is highest and most purely human in the medium as well as in those whom he instructs. True Spiritualism must be the pursuit of right ends, through right means. Now the freedom and purity of the will are essential elements of humanity in each one of us. How does ordinary mediumship accord with the principle here laid down? As a rule, with few exceptions, every medium is obsessed by the spirits when he speaks or sings, or plays or draws, or in any way uses his physical powers under their influence; and where he is simply quiescent, the spirits take forcible possession of his sphere, and use it for their own purposes. The spirits thus make the medium a mere instrument—a man's tool—in their hands, for the exercise of their own power, when they work through him. In all such cases of obsession there is no development or increase of the medium's intellectual powers or artistic skill, except in his increased facility, "*facilis descensus Averni*," of submitting himself to the yoke of the demons. No amount of such mediumship makes the man any more a man, or increases his independent capacity of use.

Every act of submission on the part of the medium only tends to bind him more closely to the spirit as its vassal and slave. I say, therefore, that upon the face of the phenomena, all such exercise of mediumistic relations is immoral; and a very large portion, if not almost all the mediumship of ordinary Spiritualism is self-evidently of this character, and where the characteristic of obsession is not self-evident, careful examination will shew that the obsession is only veiled from appearance. It is there. Now, celestial Spiritualism on the other hand, manifestly develops human freedom and purity. The mediumistic faculties become organic in the medium, and like all other intellectual faculties, depend for their activities and use on the will of the medium. Mr. Harris is open to the three heavens, not by permission in aid of spirits, but by the opening of corresponding states in himself, whereby, *at will*, he passes from one to another, as he would on earth from town to town, or from country to country, and uses these wonderful faculties, in connexion with the will power, as he uses his ordinary natural faculties. In celestial Spiritualism, the domain of the human faculties is extended to the spiritual world, as part and parcel of their own proper sphere; and the difference here indicated is one great dividing line between the two Spiritualisms, and gives to each its proper name—Celestial or Diabolical, as the case may be.

But this is not the only dividing line between the two, or rather I should say not the only manifested difference on the natural plane. But as I do not wish to occupy too much of your space, I shall here close my present argument.

W. ROBSON.



THE
Spiritual Magazine.

APRIL, 1868.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. THOMAS SHORTER.

ON Tuesday evening, February 11th, a meeting was held at the Assembly Rooms, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, for the purpose of presenting Mr. Thomas Shorter with a testimonial, in acknowledgment of the services he has rendered to the cause of Spiritualism. The rooms were well filled, many of those most prominent in the ranks of Spiritualism being present; and the meeting was most cordial and enthusiastic. The speeches were interspersed with vocal and instrumental music, and readings by Mr. D. D. HOME, which added much to the enjoyment of the evening. Robert Cooper, Esq., was in the chair.

The CHAIRMAN said:—We have met to do honour to one who has rendered great service to the cause we all have at heart. It would have afforded me much pleasure to see the gentleman in the position of Chairman whom the committee had invited to occupy it—I allude to Mr. William Howitt; but, unfortunately, it is not our privilege to meet him here this evening. I will now request the secretary, Mr. William Tebb, to lay before you any statement he may have to make.

Mr. TEBB.—I will first of all read a circular which sets forth the circumstances under which this testimonial to our esteemed friend, Mr. Shorter, originated, and which is as follows:—

The services of Mr. Shorter in the cause of Spiritualism are familiar to all who embrace this faith as the great dispensation of the present day. From the earliest establishment of Spiritual Journalism in England, Mr. Shorter has devoted all his energies to advance the knowledge of it by his pen. In the *Yorkshire and British Spiritual Telegraphs*; in the *Spiritual Magazine*, and in the *Spiritual Times*, his zealous and able exertions have been constant and prolific. Besides his contributions and personal assistance in the production of these journals, he has published separate works on the subject of the most solid ability and permanent value. His *Confessions of a Truth-Seeker* is a treasury of

facts and arguments on this most vital of topics; and his late elaborate work, *The Two Worlds*, is a compendium of the history of Spiritualism second to nothing which has yet been produced in this department, and which, therefore, should be in the hands of every true Spiritualist.

These services have not only been given wholly gratuitously, but the publication of his books has been to him a pecuniary loss.

In the midst of these most valuable labours in our grand cause, and unquestionably in no small degree in consequence of them, a calamity of the most grievous kind has fallen upon him—the nearly total, and, it is feared, the ultimately total loss of his sight. This deep trial has compelled him to resign the situation which he had held for upwards of twelve years, and paralysed his chief means of support, as well as that genial exercise of his faculties which, to a literary man, is the source of life's real happiness.

Under these circumstances, the friends of Mr. Shorter, or, in other words, the friends of Spiritualism, feel it a sacred duty to endeavour to raise such a fund as shall, by judicious investment, remedy in some degree the failure of his ordinary resources—a failure which adds to the severity of the affliction by its occurrence in the prime of life.

I am happy to be able to announce that this appeal has met with a generous response; the amount of the subscriptions will be shortly stated to you by the Chairman. It has been my privilege to count Mr. Shorter amongst my personal friends for some years. I esteem him not more for the great fidelity which he has exercised in this cause than I do for his excellent qualities of head and heart as a man.

Some twelve or thirteen years ago, Mr. Shorter became deeply interested in the reported facts of spirit manifestation and communion, and which had begun to attract some degree of notice in this country. Some of these facts had been brought under his personal notice by a member of our committee, Dr. Dixon, and that gentleman has assured me how thorough and complete were his investigations, sparing no labour and refusing no evidence that would tend to throw light upon the subject. At length, after satisfying himself of the facts, and carefully considering every explanation and hypothesis that had been offered to account for them by mundane agencies, and finding these utterly inadequate to meet all the proved facts of the case, he became convinced by the evidence of the facts themselves of the great truth which we now call Spiritualism—that the spirits of the departed can and do, under certain recognized conditions, communicate with us—that the future life is not a theory or a hope only, but a demonstrated reality; and to the religious or philosophic mind I do not think there could be any experience more interesting, or any conviction more important than this.

With what disposition our friend accepted this truth, may be judged from an extract, which, with your permission, I will read from the first article he ever wrote on the subject of Spiritualism. It appeared in the second volume of the *Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph*, November, 1856, and is as follows:—

I do not know that I can relate any phenomena but such as the majority of your readers are probably already acquainted with, and I know that there are many whose experience, could they be induced to relate it, would be found more valuable and interesting; but, believing that no man has a right to regard truth as his own private property, to be locked up in his strong box for his exclusive use, and then buried with him in the earth, but that it is a trust to be faithfully administered, and for which the holder will be held to strict account, I cast my mite into the treasury, and trust that those who are richer will be impressed to go and do likewise.

How faithfully Mr. Shorter has fulfilled this high trust, and acted up to this high conviction of duty is known to many of you. He has advocated Spiritualism wherever and whenever an opportunity has been offered, but especially by his pen in the pages of the *Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph*, and afterwards in the pages of the *British Spiritual Telegraph*, and as joint editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* from the year of its commencement, in 1860, to the present time. The book I hold in my hand is a work by him, entitled *Confessions of a Truth-Seeker*. It is a narrative of his experiences and investigations, and its pages will shew how carefully and minutely the subject has been inquired into by him, and I do not think any investigator of the spiritual phenomena could have a better work put into his hands. This more recent and elaborate work, entitled "*The Two Worlds, the Natural and the Spiritual*;" shews that Spiritualism, which we call modern, is really coeval with the human race, that it belongs exclusively to no sect or persuasion, and is not a new religion, but a primal truth that lies at the foundation of all religions. The book abounds with curious and interesting ancient and modern testimonies illustrative of this fact, giving evidence of extensive reading and research; and I am only stating the opinion which I believe generally prevails, and one which I have heard frequently expressed, when I say that it is one of the most valuable contributions to spiritualistic literature yet made.

At the time I speak of, when our friend first promulgated his opinions, it required no small amount of courage to advocate a subject so unpopular. You will recollect what sort of reception Spiritualism met in the hands of the public. By the press it was treated as every literary embryo could write an article upon the phenomena; by the scientific world it was treated with derision; and by the religious world we might have anticipated better treatment. The pages of the Bible teem with accounts of spirits; it was ascribed to Satanic power; and falsely said that our lunatic asylums were the seat of this delusion. Notwithstanding this, no doubt to some extent because of it.

great progress during the last twelve years ; for

Truth struck to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers ;
But error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies amidst her worshippers.

I will not pretend to say, for I do not know, having no authentic date to guide me, how many Spiritualists there are in Great Britain ; but the number must be considerable, and is rapidly increasing. I am informed that there are in the county of York alone 150 circles ; and the last number of the *Spiritual Magazine* states that in the town of Wolverhampton, where a short time ago there was but one Spiritualist, there is now a society numbering about seventy. There are spiritual journals in Paris, Naples, Bordeaux, Turin, Milan, Palermo, and Geneva, and I believe in Holland. The phenomena of spirit-manifestation have appeared in almost every civilized and semi-civilized country on the face of the earth ; but the greatest triumph of Spiritualism has been in the United States of America. I speak from personal observation, having been in every one of the Northern and in many of the Southern States, and I may say that there is scarcely a village of any considerable size where there are not regular meetings held Sunday after Sunday for the elucidation of the philosophy of Spiritualism ; and I speak also from observation when I say that I know of many church edifices built and originally used by the Baptist, Methodist, Universalist, Calvinist, and other denominations, which have been purchased by Spiritualists, and are devoted to their purposes ; this is particularly true of the Eastern or New England States, where the highest education and culture prevails. The lowest estimate I have seen of the present number of Spiritualists in the United States—that of Mr. Hepworth Dixon—is three millions, whilst the well-informed opponents of Spiritualism, no less than its advocates, place the number considerably higher.

Amongst Spiritualists here to-night I need scarcely stop to answer the enquiry,—what good has Spiritualism done ? though this is a question that in this age of utilitarianism is often put to believers. It has, like all other truths, enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge, and opened the mind to the reception of other truths ; it has rolled back the stone from before the door of the sepulchre of doubt and unbelief and despair, and has answered the question put by a prophet poet of old—“If a man die, shall he live again ?” It has healed the sick ; made the lame to walk ; given consolation to the mourner ; and taken away the fear of death ; for to a true believer in spiritual communion death is no longer the king of terrors, but—

several works which shew him to possess an extensive knowledge and a tasteful appreciation of English literature.

I will now proceed to the principal part of our business this evening—the presentation of the Testimonial. I have here a sum of about £250. The number of persons who have contributed to this amount are about one hundred and twenty, the amount of their subscriptions varying from £25 to 2s.

The CHAIRMAN then, turning to Mr. Shorter, said:—Mr. Shorter, I have much pleasure in presenting this testimonial to you as a slight acknowledgment of what you have done for our great cause; and with it I tender you the expression of the high estimation in which your services are held, and the best wishes of the contributors, and, I may say, of this whole company. We all pray that you may be long spared to labour in this great cause for the good of our common humanity.

Mr. SHORTER.—It is very rarely, of late years, that I have been accustomed to hear the sound of my own voice above the level of ordinary conversation, or before a greater number of persons than might be assembled in my own parlour; therefore, even under ordinary circumstances, I should feel some hesitation and embarrassment in speaking to an assembly like this; but, were the practice of public speaking ever so familiar and easy to me, I might well, on this occasion, rise to address you with palpitating heart and stammering lips. But I feel somewhat reassured when I ask myself the question—What, after all, could any language, however eloquent, convey more than is expressed in these most sincere and simple words, “Friends, I thank you?” I thank you, Mr. Chairman, for your kindness in presiding on this occasion, and for the kind and generous words concerning me that you have uttered. I thank the gentlemen who have formed my committee for the trouble they have taken in this matter, and especially the Secretary, because I know that his onerous labours have been given amid family troubles, the distractions of illness, and the cares of business. I have to thank many who are not here this evening—many whose personal friendship I have not had the privilege of making, many who are living at a distance, some in foreign lands, but who have illustrated the law that material spaces are no impediment to spiritual sympathies—that we are ever nearest those whose spirits are kindred to our own. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your presence here to-night, and I thank all—present or absent—who have contributed to the very substantial evidence of their goodwill which your Chairman has just presented me; and in relation to which, I would here say a few words of personal explanation.

It has been said—said in print—with direct reference to this

testimonial, though I am satisfied in no unkindly spirit, "That while the whole system of pecuniary testimonialism, as the expression of sympathy and honour, in reference to services done in the cause of what is spiritual and divine, is of a very questionable character, it seems most singularly out of place in reference to those who work in the cause of Spiritualism."* Well, paradoxical as it may seem, I entirely concur with the spirit of that remark. I fully endorse what our Chairman has said, that this is a work in which every man should feel it a great privilege to be called upon to labour. I do not say that those whose whole time is given to this work, or who have to give so large a portion of their time to it that they cannot follow any of the ordinary avocations of life, should not be paid for their services: I think they should, and generously, too; but I say that those who are not under this necessity should feel that the work is its own reward. I believe nothing more contributes to individual happiness, to nobleness and elevation of character, than the devotion of a considerable portion of our time to some noble and wholly unselfish work. Such humble service as I could give to the cause of Spiritualism I have felt it both a duty and a privilege to render without thought or expectation or desire of acknowledgment or reward. The hours I have spent in its advocacy and illustration have been amongst the happiest of my life; my work has been its own—a sufficient, an ample reward; and when my friends, at various times, have asked me to allow them to arrange for the presentation to me of a testimonial, I have thankfully declined, reminding them that I did not need it, and that Spiritualists had many urgent claims upon them. When, however, in the midst of these and other labours I was overtaken by an affliction which not only made it impossible that I should continue to follow my employment, but also prevented my seeking or accepting any other; when it was uncertain whether or how long I could maintain a roof over my head, and when the same friends then again pressed this suggestion upon me, and offered their services, I felt that it would be a morbid delicacy and false pride that would longer refuse; and that, under these circumstances, I might freely accept the aid which had been so kindly and freely offered without degradation or the forfeiture of self-respect. You will, I am sure, be glad to learn that other friends—friends mostly of an earlier date—who have known me in connection with other efforts, have, like yourselves, come forward in the most considerate and generous spirit to relieve me from any such apprehension as I have alluded to as among the possible consequences of my affliction; and now

* *The Recipient*, January, 1868.

my only misgiving is, lest any should have been prompted by their generous feelings to tax themselves in my behalf who were not well able to afford it, or to an extent beyond what their means would amply warrant.

The kindly feelings you have manifested towards me is, indeed, a source of great comfort to me, and an encouragement for the future. I, indeed, cannot experience the pleasure that would be afforded me in seeing the faces of those to whom I am now speaking; but I know—I feel the outflow of your generous sympathy and kindly feeling, and I rejoice in the assurance and consciousness of this sympathy, not only on personal grounds, though I should indeed be insensible and cold in heart were I not deeply touched by it, and did I not fully respond to it; but I rejoice in it also on other grounds of a more general character; for, if I were to cast the horoscope of the future of Spiritualism, I should seek its signs not in the rank or wealth of its adherents, not in the size and style of the buildings in which they meet, not by process of counting heads, not in monotonous uniformity of opinion, but in those deep sympathies which underlie all differences, in those feelings which knit heart to heart, and soul to soul in the furtherance of its great principles, and in the strength of which a handful of earnest men may contend successfully against all the banded hosts of ignorance and error.

I know that, however sincere the feeling that prompted it, the generous acknowledgment with which your Chairman has enhanced the value of the gift presented me owes much of its glow and colour to the warmth of personal friendship, and that the expression of feeling of this meeting, so far as it is rendered to me personally, is due to a combination of circumstances rather than to any special merit of my own. There are many who have laboured in this cause with more ability, and, I trust, greater success. I would add my meed of testimony to the great and important services rendered to it by one whom our Chairman has named this evening; who has served it not only by his advocacy, but still more by having thrown into the scale a life-long reputation and a name which has become a household word—honoured and revered wherever the English language is spoken, or English literature is read. I am sure we all feel the obligation we owe to Mr. William Howitt; and whilst there may be sufficient reasons which prevent some from fully following the noble example of open avowal of unpopular convictions which he has set,—considerations involving the interests and feelings of others, and which we are bound to respect; yet, I say that his brave example should shame the pusillanimity of those Nicodemians who shelter themselves behind the shades of night and the mask of anonymity for no better reason than because

they dare not face the banter of their club or the terrible frown of Mrs. Grundy. I feel bound, in this connection, to mention the name of another gentleman, and in his absence I do so the more freely: I refer to my old friend and colleague, Mr. William Martin Wilkinson, but for whom the *Spiritual Magazine* would not have been established or have been continued to the present time, and in whose quiet persistence and strength of character I have always felt we had a reserve of force adequate to any emergency. And if I do not mention others whose names rise to my lips, and some of whom are now with us, it is because I know that there are delicate and sensitive natures that would shrink from any approach to this open and public proclamation of their worth and services. Whilst I cannot lay claim to such services as these have rendered, I may say, I think without egotism, for it is the simple truth, that, at least, I have done what I could. I have endeavoured to be faithful to my highest light; I have given of the best I had, and have spared neither time nor pains in illustration of those principles we hold in common, and which are so dear to us all. I have endeavoured to advocate these in the spirit which I deem most accordant with their nature, and most conducive to their general reception. I have felt that our work was one not of demolition, but of construction. I have sought, and in conjunction with the friends with whom I have acted, I may say *we* have sought, not to assail, and perhaps, however unconsciously, misinterpret the faith of others, but rather to strenuously assert our own; not to dwell upon, and, it may be, to magnify points of difference, but to insist upon the fundamental points of agreement which underlie those differences, and by following them out to their logical conclusion and practical application, to eventually remove them, or, at least, and in the shortest possible time, to reduce them to their lowest terms, and to have them held in such a spirit as that they shall be no bar to union in practical effort to make the world, or some small portion of it, a little better than we find it. In a word, our aim has been not antagonism, but conciliation. We have sought to carry not the sword, but the olive branch; not to blow the trumpet-blast of war and throw down the gage of battle causing those whom we would win to put on their armour, and let down the drawbridge, and fasten the gates, and take down from the wall spear and shield and battle axe to meet us enemies; but rather to so approach them that they should welcome us as friends—heralds of those white-winged messengers of the skies who would fain manifest their presence to them, and take up their abode with them, and do them good. We have sought to link knowledge with reverence, freedom of thought

with the sanctities of faith; to cause Spiritualism to be regarded in its true light—not as the shibboleth of a sect, but the expression of a universal truth, the language of our common humanity, the utterance of the deepest instincts of the soul.

And now, putting aside all that may be considered as personal in the proceedings of this evening, I will just say a few words in reference to a question which has suggested itself to my mind, and probably to the minds of many others. The question may be naturally asked—What has been the result of the labours and sacrifices of these past years, as seen in the present position and prospects of Spiritualism in England? I might answer that question in the usual way. I might refer to such facts as those to which allusion has been already made. I might tell you that a dozen years ago, when my investigations into Spiritualism commenced, its believers were very few, and were persons of very humble position. It was difficult to find a circle of investigators in this metropolis. Not a single book on the modern phenomena had been written in this country. It had no representation in the press; and was, in short, little more than an echo from the great Western Continent. Now, although I cannot say it has spread in great waves of progress, as in the United States, yet I can say that there are circles of investigators dotted over this metropolis, and still more thickly studded in the North of England; that Spiritualism has penetrated into all ranks and classes of society—especially the educated and cultivated classes, and has its representatives in all professions—physicians, lawyers, divines, men of science and of letters. But though all this, so far as it goes, may be satisfactory, and, in its own way, a sufficient answer to the question, it is not one on which I care very much to insist. In truth, I think we are all apt to concern ourselves too much about results. I will not say with some, “let us leave results to take care of themselves;” but I think we may safely leave them to a higher wisdom than our own. Let us be faithful to God and to our own souls, and we may rest assured in the faithfulness of God. It is the business of the husbandman to break up the clods, and plough the fields, and sow the seed, and then—

Be gracious, Heaven!
For now, laborious man has done his part.

Doubt not that soft dews, and gentle rain, and genial sunshine will cause the seed to germinate, and bring forth “first the blade, and then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear;” and that in due time the field will be glorious with the bending harvest of rich, ripe, golden grain.

Eighteen centuries ago occurred one of those terrible catastrophes memorable in history. A fair Italian city, teeming with

life, full of grace and beauty and the adornments of art, was visited with one of those dread convulsions which make the tragedy of nations. The earth shook and rent, the volcano poured forth its fiery lava, and clouds of burning cinders fell over the doomed city. As they hurried to and fro, seeking safety in flight, the clamour of men, the shrieks of women, the screams of children were mingled with the roar as of a hundred thunders, and it seemed as though the last night of the world had come, and the very gods were about to perish. Still descended the remorseless fiery rain, until the housetops were covered by it, and all who had not escaped, perished in fields and gardens and streets, or in their dwellings were immured in a living grave, walled in by fire. In the terrible confusion of that fearful day, the sentinel at the gate looking towards the burning mountain had been forgotten; but it was the duty of the Roman soldier, come what might, to remain at his post until relieved at his guard or discharged from it by his superior in command. And there he remained; the shower of burning ashes falling thick and fast around him till they covered his lips, and Death—the superior in command on that dread day—discharged him from the post he had so nobly filled. That silent mound—that city of the dead, lay unnoticed, forgotten, till, after seventeen centuries, it was again opened to the light of day. There was the city, its shops and its theatres, its temples and palaces, as if their tenants had just left them; and there, too, were the skeletons of those tenants, exhibiting, in many instances, the ruling passion strong in death. There the miser, clutching his bags of gold;—there the reveller at his wine cup;—there the devotee bending before the altar of his god;—there others crouching in cellars for safety; and there—standing erect in a marble niche in the city gate, was found the skeleton of the Roman sentinel, clad in rusty armour, the helmet on his head, the bony fingers closed upon his spear. Brave true soldier, faithful unto death! Oh! many a choicest treasure of art, many an antique gem may have been recovered from that buried city, but none to equal in value that pattern of duty nobly done, the priceless pearl of heroic fidelity of unknown unnamed Roman soldier! It is an example for all time. He has done well, nor Cæsar at the head of victorious legions could have served his country better. Though dead he still speaks to us. He tells us that though we may not all be born to high command, we may all be faithful in our several spheres of duty, however humble these may be. A man may earn the commendation—“Well done, good and faithful servant,” if only we are faithful to the talents, few or many, committed to our charge. All may be soldiers in God's

army of loyal souls if faithful to our posts of duty, though it be only to keep guard at the city gate:—

God does not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts: who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

We speak of success and failure, and it may be rightly, if we mean only that in this or that particular instance our shafts have hit or missed the mark at which we aimed; but I believe that, in the absolute sense, there is no such thing as failure;—that there is a necessary relation between action and consequence;—that in truth, and in the sight of God, success is always proportionate to desert; though the success may not be of the kind,—may not come in the way or at the time that we expected it. Of this we may feel assured: that no true word is ever spoken, no good deed is ever performed in vain. It may sometimes, to our view, and in moments of discouragement, appear otherwise. We speak, and few come to listen; we write, and few care to read; but are we sure that the visible audience is the only one;—that our thought is read only by mortal eyes? We receive influx from the spirit-world, and where there is influx, shall there not also be efflux? Depend on it nature is a strict accountant, and keeps her books by rigid system of double entry; that for every credit there is a debit posted in her ledger. What mean those burning tides of inspiration which sweep over the soul, not only when the impassioned orator is addressing large assemblies, or the poet pouring forth those breathing—rather *inbreathed* thoughts all recognize as inspiration; but even as we traverse the busy street, or meditate in the quiet field, or in the silence of our solitary chamber;—thoughts and feelings which we feel originate not in ourselves—of which we are the mere theatre? What is it, if it be not this, that we are links connecting the two worlds—that there is a great solidarity of humanity in this world and in all worlds—that we belong to the vast republic of the skies—the great commonwealth of souls? I know indeed, how little—how very little we can do even at the best;—I know how, as we advance in life, our hopes and feelings become chilled by bitter frosts of experience. In youth we start full of high hope, it may be with some band of inexperienced enthusiasts with vague but generous purpose like our own; the world lays all before us to be conquered by our mastering wills, and it seems an easy or at most not an impossible task to build up some fair new moral world which shall realize all our brightest visions; but as years roll on we find by many a disappointing experience how vast the dispro-

portion between our powers and our aims;—we soon make the discovery that the world is a very stupid old world, not particularly anxious to be enlightened; that refuses to be converted, and smiles at our youthful vanity and presumption. And as our great schemes of world-mending after glittering a moment, like bubbles in the sunshine, collapse and vanish into air; there comes the reaction to our high-wrought expectations; and then follows the temptation to ease and self-indulgence. We ask ourselves—why should we labour and struggle to so little purpose, or for a posterity that will not know us? Let us lay our barques by the shore, and in this green island of soft repose forget our cares; we will eat of the lotos root, and bask in the sunshine of song, and dream pleasant fancies and drink and be merry, and let the busy world go its way. Or we are tempted to make the most of the world *for ourselves* after a different fashion; to subside into another class of meaner ambitions and lower aims; and so, yielding to this, it too often happens that the young enthusiast who went forth with such high feelings and earnest purpose, at last declines into an old age of respectability and money-making, of churchwardenship and port wine; and ends his days it may be “greatly lamented” on the tombstone; and, perhaps,—nowhere else. Well, from this temptation a true Spiritualism is our best deliverance, chiefly for this reason: it inspires us with a conviction of the priceless value and dignity of the individual human soul, of man as a spiritual being; it make us realize this as we have never realized it before. It may be to some a commonplace—so commonplace, indeed, that they have almost ceased to prize it; their apprehension of it has become so dulled with its repetition that the words sound in their ears with almost as little meaning, and as little sense of their truth, as they have to those who question or deny that man is a spiritual being. Spiritualism brings this truth home to us with perennial freshness and force; it is a constant presence with us—our daily strength, and the lamp which guides our feet from stumbling in the night. It corrects the tendency to overlook the individual in the crowd, and makes us feel habitually the worth of our brother-man, whatever his condition or lot in life may be.

We are apt sometimes to be overawed by the grandeur and vastness of the universe, but what are the shining galaxy of stars that stud the midnight sky, and the systems of worlds, save as the theatre of our conscious life? They neither know nor care for us, they measure their orbits, and weigh their path through the heavens, calculate the laws which govern them; and all this we transcend:

Mind, mind alone, (bear witness earth and heaven)!
 The living fountains in itself contains
 Of beauteous and sublime.

And so, I believe that in the sight of God and in the exact scales of the Divine Government, a single human soul outweighs a universe of dust. Thus, then, we may be reassured. Our work is not in vain. Our word goes forth—whither? It is uttered, and soon forgotten; but it perhaps finds—though it may be, unconsciously, a lodgment in some human heart, requiring only some nourishing soil of experience—some favouring air of circumstance to quicken its latent life, and cause the seed sown to bring forth sheaves that can only be fully gathered in the great harvest-field of eternity. And we, ourselves, are not only sowers of the seed, but the field to be cultivated, and in our own souls we reap the harvests of our labours. Let us, then, bate no jot of heart or hope. If we but bring home conviction to a single soul, great indeed is our reward. For my own part, if I have been instrumental in bringing but a single ray of light to one darkened spirit, or lightening the burden of one sorrowing heart; better still, if I have been the means of bringing any soul to Him who is the source of all strength—the fountain of consolation, the joy of the sorrowing, and the rest of the weary; if borne down and staggering under life's heavy burden, it has been led to fall with all its weight of care upon

The great world's altar-stairs
 That slope through darkness up to God;

and in its suffering and need to

Stretch lame hands of Faith, and call
 On Him we feel is Lord of all;

I thank God for so great a privilege, and am well content.

And so, ere at the close of these proceedings we go our several ways, some to bustle and some to meditate, let this tonight be my parting word. Not in the prosecution of a search for wonders however strange and startling these may be, not even in the gratification of a rational curiosity, however innocent and laudable, will Spiritualism realize in us its perfect work; but only as it strengthens us for the performance of the duties of daily life, as it develops and strengthens the thews and powers of mind and heart, and prepares us for the great Hereafter. Oh! there are times when we need all the strength and consolation it is so well calculated to impart. When we stand by the bed of sickness and see the form wasting before us; or as we stand by the open grave of one we love, and feel that the hand we have clasped in friendship we shall clasp no more, nor hear again the voice on whose gentle accents we have so often hung; that the eyes that have so often looked in ours with tender affection shall light

up for us no more; oh! we feel not merely the necessity of belief and hope, but we require to have the undoubting assurance, that there shall be for us a permanent re-union. We long to have an earnest of that union; to know that all that is best and truest in those we love is around and about us, and as we gaze on the vacant places of our now desolate homes which correspond to the vacant places in our hearts, we stretch out our hands to the unknown whither they have gone, and

Cry to them softly—"Come nearer, come nearer,
And lift up the lap of this dark, and speak clearer;"

and lo! from behind the cloud of sorrow, and from behind the darkness of the eclipse of faith, shines forth the Sun of Immortal Life, and bends the tear into the arch of promise and irradiates it with all the hues of hope: and lo! gentle voices come to us—they move not the currents of the air, but strangely stir the places of our souls, and they say, "We are with you now, we may be with you ever, if only you are worthy." Aye! that is the word—if we are *worthy*. It is the office and work of Spiritualism to make us worthy:—worthy of the high nature God has given us, and the great destiny he has placed before us;—worthy of the great Hereafter;—worthy to join lovers, and friends, and kindred, and kindred souls;—worthy the companionship of the wise and good of all the generations gathered and gathering;—worthy to enter into the rest and to realize all the blessedness of our true, our future, our eternal Home.

Mrs. EMMA HARDINGE, on being introduced by the Chairman, spoke as follows:—It has frequently been my mission to speak for, and to, those who have been afflicted with what I consider to be the greatest of all earthly bereavements—namely, the loss of sight. We justly esteem this precious sense so highly that we regard its loss as the greatest calamity that can befall us, and the contemplation of those who have been thus afflicted naturally calls forth the strongest emotions of our sympathetic natures. Remembering then the real suffering I have experienced, when gazing on the piteous upturned faces of the blind, I at first shrank from the invitation to be present to-night—~~an~~ ^{on} when I was required to speak of this great calamity ~~i~~ with one whom I esteem as a highly valued friend. the light of a public benefactor to the cause ~~which~~ in advocating. A little reflection, however, ~~co~~ there were circumstances connected with ~~thi~~ were calculated to change our emotion ~~i~~ elevate our human sympathies into rever ~~t~~ great good God who has surrounded our ~~af~~ many rays of Divine light and blessing. ~~ue~~ may all remember that on some ~~occasio~~

sympathies no less than our charity may have been taxed, to contribute to the wants of others. I think I speak of a very general though not perhaps a too creditable sentiment, when I say, that such occasions generally afford us opportunities for self-complacent gratulations on our generosity, and to some extent create feelings somewhat akin to humiliation in the recipient of our bounty. I am sure it must be a source of gratification to us all to feel that no such sentiments can find a place in this assembly to-night; on the contrary, we must all realize both for ourselves and our friend, that the occasion of our meeting this night, is the performance of a SIMPLE ACT OF JUSTICE; nay more, that the utmost that we on our parts can do, must still fall short of the meed of gratitude—a thankfulness that we singly and collectively owe to Mr. Thomas Shorter, as the fearless and able exponent of that cause which is so dear to our hearts, and in which he has taken upon himself many a cross of martyrdom which would otherwise have been visited upon us. Experience alone can teach us what those suffer who are compelled to brave public opinion in the maintenance of unpopular truths. Experience alone therefore can enable us to conceive of the debt we owe to one who is content to make himself the target for the shafts aimed at our hearts; who can and is willing to be the exponent of our misunderstood faith; who represents us fairly to the world when circumstances or disability keep us silent; and who in fact by pen or voice, becomes the champion of our faith, or conscience, and stands as a shield of defence between a sneering ignorant public, and our inability to do ourselves justice in its eyes. All this, and much more than my imperfect words can depict, Mr. Shorter has been for us, as a representative man and talented writer on our much-abused and ill-understood faith.

We all know—for I presume I am addressing for the most part an assemblage of Spiritualists—that the world has directed a virulence so marked against Spiritualism that it requires no common courage to avow oneself one of this despised body of believers. Though the days of the rack and thumbscrew have passed away, those of moral martyrdom have not. I have seen vast numbers of persons who, from the press, pulpit, rostrum, and in every direction where the public ear could be reached, have been vilified without the chance of response; have borne persecution in public, private, and social life; have seen their names slandered, their faith misrepresented, their belief scorned, and yet no opportunity afforded them for a word of response. What, then, must have been our feelings when one, both gifted by nature and study, stands forth and represents our thoughts, and places himself as a shield

between us and the world. We cannot render gratitude enough to such an one. And we must remember that in this advocacy of our cause our friend has not only arrayed himself as a soldier, but cast in the very means that "sustains his house," his living, his good name and fame, and all that these are worth, jeopardising the very daily bread which supports him, for the sake of the truth he has avowed. I know of none who could give more—I know of but few of us who have given as much. Do I claim too much for this meeting, then, when I pronounce it to be a response to the imperative call of that justice which Spiritualists owe to Mr. Thomas Shorter? There is something more which we should not forget when we gaze upon our friend with all the deep, sympathetic yearnings which our hearts must ever feel towards those who bear the burden of human affliction. I have invariably found that the law of compensation which the great, good Father bestows even before we ask it of Him, is peculiarly manifest in the case of those bereft of sight. It seems to me that no sense is really withdrawn; that though one of the external avenues of those senses is closed, the force and power remains, and is admirably distributed through the rest, stimulating them to such strange and preternatural excellence that I have sometimes watched the motions of the blind and could scarcely realise the extent of their affliction. So beautifully is the Divine hand thrown around God's afflicted children that they might truly say—

My vision thou hast dimmed that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

Amongst the blind I have seen not alone such an extraordinary deepening of the faculties that remain, such an extraordinary evidence of perception; but it is obviously clear that when the windows of the soul are externally darkened, there are avenues within through which divine light shines, and enables the soul to look out and see celestial beauties far higher than those that are closed against earth.

The last point of consolation and congratulation which our friend enjoys is the fact that he is a Spiritualist. Before the dark day came, a fountain of light was opened for him, which gave him eyes to see into the heaven of the better world. If there should be for him no sun, no moon, no stars; if the beautiful, many-coloured world should smile on his sightless eyes no more, there is a vision perpetually shining upon the eye of his soul—a consciousness of that most glorious light that is waiting for him; which, I am satisfied, must be a perpetual and undying spring of joy for him. If any of us now—those I mean that fully realise the value of the faith we call Spiritualism, were asked to exchange it for any one of the senses we enjoy—

oh! which of us would hesitate to choose? I believe that if the day should come over again that we should go back to the darkness we were in, and in a moment if, with those little, despised, tiny raps, or those strange and ill-comprehended telegraphic movements of ponderable bodies which form the alphabet of the glorious word IMMORTALITY; with those simple signs before us, (to speak of none others) when in a single instant we could realise that the air was full of ministering spirits; that those we loved were not lost, but were stronger, brighter, better, more glorious; that they were permitted constantly to minister to us, and were opening up to us that Divine knowledge—God is love, man is immortal, and eternity is progress; when these are no longer beliefs but established facts, which of us would not, were it required, cast aside one by one his senses, and say, “Steep me in adversity to the very lips; shut against me all the avenues that lead into the cold hard earth; but leave me the glorious light of another and a better world, surround me with the precious ministry of angels, give me spiritual eyes for my earthly blindness, angel feet to guide my faltering steps to heaven, and the voices of dear spirit friends sounding in the ears that are closed for ever to mortal tones, and I can cry, ‘Thy will, not mine, be done! oh Father: I murmur not.’” Yes I am convinced that the sunlight of this physical globe and all that it reveals, is darkness compared to the glorious light of Spiritualism that now illuminates the way of our afflicted friend.

You have been informed that Mr. Hepworth Dixon has given the number of Spiritualists in America as 3,000,000. In this statement I quite agree with him, provided only I am permitted to add upon the latest and most reliable statistics 8,000,000 more; but though our numbers look pretentious on the other side of the Atlantic, I am fain to admit that in Great Britain we can compensate by quality for what we lack in quantity; and when we have in the front ranks of Spiritualism in this country a Howitt, a Wilkinson, and a Shorter, I think we need not care to count our numbers. Mr. Thomas Shorter, like the brave Roman soldier he spoke of, we may be sure will ever be found at his post: though, perhaps, like him, nameless to the generations of the future, he will be known and recognised by his faith. When I remember that he has that glorious mantle of Divine Providence about him which has been made so singularly manifest in the consolations of Spiritualism, we, as his warmest well-wishers, can afford to trust him to the dear angels who are lamps to his feet, and are ever kindly instrumental in adapting means to ends. We, as his anxious and grateful fellow-workers, *can, like him, wait for the opening of the gates, whose radiant*

gleamings are already about his pathway, and anticipate a rejoicing meeting beyond "the beautiful river," in the land of never-setting suns, and the unfading light of eternity.

Mr. D. D. HOME, previous to his concluding reading, quoted and commented on a paragraph in the *Morning Post* on the death of Sir David Brewster, and which expressed regret that Sir David had not some years ago more thoroughly availed himself of the opportunities afforded him for the investigation of Spiritualism, and that he had been led to make contradictory statements concerning it.

The Rev. S. E. BENGOUGH, in proposing a vote of thanks to the Chairman, said that he could not do so without reminding those who were present of the prominent part that gentleman had taken in the advocacy of Spiritualism, and of the sacrifices he had made for it.

The resolution was briefly seconded by Mr. T. GRANT, of Maidstone, and carried by acclamation.

The CHAIRMAN, in reply, said that his reward was in doing his duty to this cause, and he trusted we should all recognise it as our duty to do what we could to promote its recognition in the world.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

AN EASTER DISCOURSE.

By the Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS.

A BELIEF in the resurrection of the body (a very different thing from the resurrection of the *dead*;) is one of the cardinal faiths of Christendom. And, strange as it may seem, this belief seems to hold its own where other doctrines—fragments of ancient error—have been openly renounced or quietly ignored. Men do not think about it—do not, for a moment, pause to reflect or reason upon it—but go on solemnly talking about the last day, the final judgment, and the resurrection of the *body*, as though no doubt could possibly exist as to these strange things—the growth of old-world speculations and lingering death-born dreams.

Who cannot recollect listening, in early marvellous description of the last day resurrection? I well remember an amazing tremendous scene: the sounding trumpets, the call to judgment, the rising dead, the scattered particles, the rush of buried men ocean blue, the ascension of the just, and body with the long-forlorn and widowe

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enter into the joy of its Lord till it got the poor body back again! The preacher's face is peering at me even now: the sensation of the still cool church that summer afternoon, with the beautiful stillness broken only by the solemn fervent tones, even now creeps over the spirit: the echoes of the awful words that seem so out of tune with the blessed world outside, are about me now. Since then, in grave books, the same things have been read: and from grave lips the same things have been heard. Here, for instance, is the doctrine deliberately and seriously stated by a grave modern divine—"Suppose now, therefore, that my body, or that portion of it, at least, in which its physical identity may consist, were at this moment resolved into its constituent, atomical ingredients, and that these were dispersed through the composition of this globe, or even through the boundless extension of the visible creation,—who that considers the infinitely varied applications of which this (divine) supremacy is capable, can rationally doubt, whether the collection of these particles would be either immediately or subsequently, possible to that Almighty Being in whom this absolute supremacy resides? This interrogatory, which is applicable to any *one* body, may, with equal confidence of success, be proposed in reference to any larger number of bodies, how different or protracted soever may be the successive intervals of their dissolution or the entire periods of their duration in that dissolved state. The evidence adducible from revelation, to prove the practicability of all these particles being ultimately collected, is, therefore, triumphantly conclusive!" Dear old somnambulist of the nineteenth century! clinging so anxiously to thy "atomical ingredients,"—thy so soon to be scattered "particles;" canst thou not trust thyself out of thy grave clothes? What fancied misery will be thine presently; till the cruel grave gives back its precious tenant, and thy "particles" are "collected" that thy soul may rush in once more and rest from its houselessness and naked dismay! Strange, that underlying all the lip-belief of Christendom respecting the soul, the future life, and the judgment to come, this fantastic earthy old-world dream of the resurrection of the *body* should give shape and tone to all.

But it is not difficult to account for this, strange and inconsistent as it may seem. Men, for the most part, can form no idea—can, at all events, *rest* in no idea—of a real existence out of this body. And even though they are able to rise to some recognition of the distinction between the body and the soul, yet they are utterly unable to conceive how a "disembodied spirit," as they are pleased to call a spirit freed from the *present* body, can have a perfect and happy existence till the *divorce is repealed*, and the earthly vehicle is restored. Hence

the dreary bewilderment that clings to nearly all our thoughts concerning the other world and its citizens. We think of a "disembodied spirit" with a shiver: it is, to us, a kind of spectre,—a thin shadowy, unsatisfactory thing, which we can hardly call a *being*,—a bodiless existence, very much to be pitied as a poor houseless "spirit" that sadly wants the old tabernacle back before it can be of any use to Heaven or to itself. Now all this may be very natural, but it is very dark, very gross, very earthly, and very pagan. It all comes of reversing the Apostle's charge to "walk by faith and not by sight." We have read, or practised, that counsel backwards—we have walked by *sight* and not by faith. We reckon that the *seen* is the reality, and that the unseen is the unreality:—that the material here, under our hands, is the true, and that the "disembodied" object is the shadowy. We seem to forget the Apostle's words—"the things that are *not* seen—*they* are the eternal." Let us dare to *think* about it, and we shall see that, in clinging to the resurrection of the *body*, we do not believe in the Apostle at all—that we are clinging, in fact, to that very thing from which he tries to deliver us.

Plainly, then, this belief in the resurrection of the *body* is a dreary mistake, the result of our earthly notions of things, of our grossness, of our unfortunate delusion that the present substance is the most real, and that we can be nothing unless we are clothed in an *earthly shell*. It does not strike us that, perhaps, the jewel is more precious than the casket. It does not occur to us that when the bird escapes from its cell, new songs and fresh felicities may be awakened, which, before, were all unknown. It does not occur to us that, perhaps, after all, we are *now* in our imperfect state, and that the *real* eye-sight, the *real* speech, the *real* sense of hearing, with all the final and truly awakened faculties of the man, are **not** It does not occur to us that, so far from the **body** it is really, to some extent, a hindrance—**ry** to us, it reveals—that it is an encrustation—**more** than it reveals—**y** vehicle, useful enough during our temporary **our** way through God's Universe, but **and** very **gs** to permanent purpose connected with **ds** whom, for a few days and for a passing temporary home.

But an objector may say:—How magnificent description by St. Paul of the state of the departed,—that described listened over ten thousand graves, at whose words, the falling cloths have undertone, while the heart went on

awful day when the bursting grave should yield its prey? Does not the apostle, in that great chapter, teach the resurrection of the *body*? Yes, I reply, but *not of the body we commit to the grave's cold care*. So far from teaching *that*, he teaches the very opposite, and strives, with an almost painful anxiety, to turn our thoughts to *another* body with which the new world has to do. So far from teaching us to look down to the tomb as the sealed habitation of the being who shall one day be redeemed from its solitude and decay, he points us, with a consecrated eagerness, to the abode where the risen one already shines with more than the fancied glory of some final latter day. For this reason, we venture to say, that St. Paul is misunderstood by millions who read this chapter; and misunderstood, simply by reason of our unfortunate habits of thought, which make us unable to conceive of anything being "body" but this which *now* we recognise as such; and because no other thought is present to the mind than that the *material* body is necessary to the complete and real life of the soul.

The meaning of the whole of that grand chapter is concentrated in the 44th verse, where one of the greatest truths ever given to the world is set forth in one brief and simple saying,—What you put into the grave, says Paul, is dishonour; but *that* is not raised: what is raised is *glory*. You sow a *natural* body, he says, but that which is raised is a *spiritual* body, for "THERE IS A NATURAL BODY AND THERE IS A SPIRITUAL BODY." There are *two* bodies, then!—the present which is the temporal and the gross; and the future which is the immortal and the spiritual: the one, after a few years of use, is hidden out of sight, never to be resumed because it will never more be needed,—the other rises into the new world and higher life for which it is adapted. Even so there are two kinds of substance,—that which is at present brought into contact with the body, being like itself; and that with which spirits have to do. The one we call the material, thinking of it as the real; and the other we call the spiritual, thinking of it as the spectral. But, in reality, what we *now* call the real is the spectral, since it is "passing away," while the *other* is the real as being changeless and immortal. You put the *seen* body into the grave, and fancy that the soul will need the resurrection of *that* before it can be complete again. You look into the cold, dark dwelling and say—He shall rise again. O slow of heart to believe! O blind of eye to behold! *That* will not rise again! *That* poor, weary, worn-out vesture will not be needed any more. Farewell to it for ever! The spirit is promoted beyond *that*. The resurrection is already accomplished, and, in a new world where all things are new, the liberated *spirit has got far beyond its earthly needs*.

When this is understood, *Paul* will be understood, and the life to come will cease to be an unsatisfactory dream, and the departed soul will be pictured as an immortal reality in an immortal world: and then, farewell to our poor dream that in the world to which God shall promote us, our spirits will wait to be re-united to the bodies they left behind; farewell to the dream that the reality of the spirit-world is less actual than our materialism here. Ah! let us not linger round the charnel house. When the mortal body is given to us it is but as a vehicle and an instrument: when it decays it is because we have done with it and need it no more: when we are delivered from it, we shall have got, in our experience and in our gains, too far beyond it to wish for its return; and to return to it would be more impossible than for the strong wise man to return to the toys and the prattle of his childish days.

With the old-world dream of the resurrection of this material *body*, and that gross fancy that the soul will *need* such a body, the idea of a future general judgment-day will go. Solemn and sublime as the conception may be of a final universal judgment, after or amid "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds," it must be put away as only a grand translation of a childish dream. God's universe, let us be sure, has not to *wait* to be brought to judgment. It wakes to judgment every day: it lies down under the awful scrutiny on every succeeding night. We are in His presence now: His records are made as fast as our deeds: His daily pardons are as ample as our daily prayers: His judgments are as certain as our sins. There will be no sterner tribunal—no profounder judgment—no more perfect sentence—than is passed upon us every hour: and for each of us, the last day will come when we shall see this world no more—when we bid the sweet sunlight good-bye, and close the record of our brief introduction to our immortal life, and go with that record to the King. Then, for us, the heavens will pass away as a scroll, and the stars will drop from heaven and the trumpet will sound, and we shall arise: and when friends and mourners wait around the silent clay, and the tears of beloved consecrate the dust of our tomb, the eye of faith then behold all the solemnities, the grandeurs, and the glories of the only resurrection-day this world shall know, and every grave shall give up its dead even while we stand by it; and the true spirit, which is the true man, shall rise to meet the messengers of the skies.

And now, dear friends, there is but one word more to say. How often have I to stand here when this place is deserted, all save the little funeral train! How often does my solitary voice break the solemn stillness here,—these places all vacant

only a little company of bowed and sorrowful faces here! Ah! my friends, what an insupportable burden it would be to me, coming so often, if I could not tell of a triumphant, of a risen, Christ, the life of all who trust in him! They are not here, I say—they have risen. For our God is not the God of the dead but of the living, since “*all live unto Him!*”

“Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.”

But whether here or there, we have but one Leader, one Saviour, one glorious Life: and only Death is dead. Yes! life is the good news of Easter time. Farewell to the cross, the grave, the silence, the despair: the cross is twined with flowers to-day; the grave is an open door; the silence is broken by whispering voices of dear dear absent friends; the despair is changed for a glorious Easter song; a light from heaven floods all our cold, dim earth, and kind and tender escorts wait to guard us on the way.

Come death; come night,—nay rather, come morning sweet and clear,—sun that shall no more go down,—life that shall no more wither. Even so come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Amen.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE AND PRAYER.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Mrs. Hardinge altogether repudiates the doctrine of special providence, and yet admits the efficacy of prayer to bring about *special* events; and although I have asked for an explanation, I have not succeeded in getting one that satisfactorily meets the apparent contradiction. I have communicated with Mr. Howitt, who has been kind enough to give me what I consider to be very conclusive reasons for a belief in the doctrine which, in terms, Mrs. H. so vehemently condemns as erroneous and unfounded. If there is no “Special Providence,” how can we account for the wonderful feats performed by the Huguenots, as related at page 144 of *The Two Worlds*, by Thomas Brevier? It appears to me that these historical facts are more rationally accounted for by the same author (than by Mrs. Hardinge) in his pamphlet, *What is Religion?* at page 40, beginning with the words, “My present purpose,” to the end of the paragraph.

As I think it very desirable that the lecturers and authors engaged in the dissemination of the important facts and principles of modern Spiritualism should endeavour to be at one on the subject, I should be glad to see it discussed in the *Spiritual Magazine*, with a view of bringing about as clear a notion as possible on a very recondite and abstruse point of doctrine.

Yours, &c.,
INQUIRER.

THE discourse in question ought fairly to be taken in connection with the explanations subsequently given, and the full import of which, if duly considered, largely qualify in some important respects the view first stated—perhaps to a greater extent than even the speaker was fully aware.

A careful review of the whole question, and of the views put forward concerning it, has strengthened our conviction that the differences of opinion on the subject to which our correspondent refers as existing among the advocates of Spiritualism, are more apparent than real, and that upon due examination it will be found that these differences mainly resolve themselves into questions of definition, use of terms, and modes of statement; perhaps, also, in some degree, to the different posture of mind in which the question is approached. About the facts which constitute the premiss of the argument we apprehend there is no difference among well-informed Spiritualists, and this encourages us to comply with the wish of our correspondent for the further discussion of the subject in the pages of this Magazine, believing that mutual explanation, by removing misunderstanding, may bring about that fuller view and closer agreement which our correspondent thinks it so desirable to attain.

We will begin by giving an example of what is ordinarily understood as Special Providence, and as we are writing chiefly for Spiritualists, we take it from the autobiography of one who is well known to many amongst them. In *Incidents of my Life*, pp. 167-169, Mr. D. D. Home relates the following instance of what he calls "Miraculous Preservation:"—

We left London the 24th of July, 1860, for the Château de C—, near Paris. One of the most remarkable interpositions of Providence which have ever happened to me occurred at this place. Many doubt the possibility of such interpositions, but I have not been allowed to doubt them, and I have to thank our Heavenly Father that I have so often been made aware of His ministering care and kind Providence. I do not suppose for a moment, because of this, that His Providence is more over me than over all His children; and I believe that, in looking back over our past lives, there are none of us who can fail to recognize the finger of God directing and protecting them, often in some remarkable and even almost physical way, though generally, perhaps, through means apparently more remote than those which saved my life on the 16th September, 1860.

I had just returned from Naples, whither I had been to visit a friend—but who had passed from earth before I arrived—and I found my health affected by fatigue of travelling and mental depression. Being recommended to take much out-door exercise, during my stay at the Château de C—, I used to take with me my gun—more that it might be said that I was out shooting—for any great attraction the sport has for me. The Château de C—, about half-an-hour by railway from Paris, stands in a beautiful old park, the trees are of very great height; one of the largest, a northern oak, is a quarter of a mile from the château at an angle of the park, which is bounded by the outer grounds by a hedge. To this spot, when there was a shooting party on in the neighbourhood, the game used to come for an indifferent marksman, could get easy shots by pl

On the day mentioned, I had been walking with a friend, and on his leaving me, I bent my steps to this favourite spot to get home a partridge. As I neared the hedge, I stopped to look for it. When close up to it, I was raising my head to look for it, right I heard some one call out, "Here, here!" I was at being thus suddenly addressed in English. "I

out for my game, overruled my curiosity as to whom the exclamation had come from, and I was continuing to raise my head to the level of the hedge, when suddenly I was seized by the collar of my coat and vest, and lifted off the ground. At the same instant I heard a crashing sound, and then all was quiet. I felt neither fear nor wonder. My first thought was that by some accident my gun had exploded, and that I was in the spirit-land; but, looking about, I saw that I was still in the material world, and there was the gun still in my hands. My attention was then drawn to what appeared to be a tree immediately before me, where no tree had been. On examination, this proved to be the fallen limb of the high tree under which I was standing. I then saw that I had been drawn aside from this fallen limb a distance of six or seven feet. I ran, in my excitement, as fast as I could to the château. My friends, seeing me running, hastened to the window to learn the cause of my disturbance. As soon as I recovered my power of speech, I told them how God, by his good angels, had saved my life, and they returned with me to the scene of what I must call my miraculous escape.

I will not attempt to portray the feelings of those present, but if ever heartfelt prayer of thankfulness ascended to God's holy throne, it was then and there, from us all, even to the servants, who broke off twigs to keep as mementoes of the mercy shown me.

The limb which had thus fallen measured sixteen yards and a half in length, and where it had broken from the trunk it was one yard in circumference. It fell from a height of forty-five feet. The part of the limb, which struck the very spot where I had been standing, measured twenty-four inches in circumference, and penetrated the earth at least a foot.

This may be taken as a typical instance of what are called Special Providences. In a previous article under this heading (No. 12, Vol. IV.) we have given several others from standard works in history, biography, and philosophy; and the number of such cases might be multiplied almost indefinitely. It is necessary to bear in mind the multitudinous variety of these facts to appreciate the full force of the *cumulative* argument they present, and the futility of such explanations as "chance," and "unconnected coincidence."

Now, what are we to do with such facts? and the lives of some persons (Jung Stilling, for instance) are obviously full of them. Call them by what name you will, explain them how you may, you cannot alter their essential character; they are felt to be the special acts of an invisible, occult, mighty, intelligent, beneficent Power, that guides, warns, succours, and preserves the individual human being from danger and from death.

A Universal Providence is sometimes asserted as though it were the antithesis of Special Providence, and negated its existence. But in fact the two coalesce, the one implies the other. There is a Universal Providence, which, like the blue sky, bends over all; and this is one with the Particular Providence, which bends over the individual as tenderly as a mother over her sleeping babe. The truth is that all Universals are made up of Particulars, and of *nothing else*, neither can they be. A Providence over everybody in general and nobody in particular—which extends to the whole human race but to no

individual member of it, is an impossible contradiction. Take away all the parts and what remains of the whole?

Nearly all the confusion of thought we have met with on this subject it seems to us arises from regarding "Special Providence" as synonymous with "violation of Natural Laws." It is agreed that these laws are instituted by, and are the expression of, Infinite Wisdom; that they are perfect, immutable, and are never violated. And this is right, provided only (and the proviso is a most important one) that it be rightly understood.

The Eternal Cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws.

These various laws may be regarded as ranging in series one above another. Thus at the base, so to speak, we have mechanical laws; above these, chemical laws; above these, electrical, magnetic, vital laws; above these again, spiritual laws; and so, on, and on, till at the end we come to the One Supreme Law, of which all laws, and all systems of laws, are but the varied expression and manifestation—The Will of God. This, as far as we know it, is the Order of the Universe, about which "philosophers" talk so much, and often comprehend so little.

Now, each law, each system of laws, so long as it moves only in the direction of its own plane of action, is on that plane immutable, but how is it when these are considered, as they actually are, not in isolation from each other, but mutually related and interactive? What is the master law of these laws? It is very simple and of universal application. *The higher law governs the action of all laws beneath it.* Thus, gravitation depends on the nearness or distance of the particles of matter to each other; but this law is subordinate to that of chemical affinities, which acts on the particles of bodies according to their several qualities; the law of the attraction of affinities, or of what may be called physical sympathies, overcoming the law of mechanical cohesion. This law of chemical affinities resolves the physical organism of man into its component earths and gases; but this law, again, for seventy, or a hundred years,—so long as the organism is in connection with the life-principle in man, is held in check by the operation of a higher law of life.* Carry this still farther into the ether, and at the bottom of the scale we have the law of appearance, or this, reason, or the law of mental control; higher still another, the law of all, conscience, or the law of duty; and which follows, the enlightened spirit with loyal and loving heart is the

* Even admitting the new doctrine of the Correlation of Forces between the several forms of force is one of quantity only, and not of quality, we should surely seek the original type not in the lowest but in the

render of the free spirit to the Spirit of God, and is what we name Religion—the law of man's highest nature as a spiritual being.

Or if we look at man in his relation to Nature, we find the same law of the subordination of the lower to the higher; the whole realm of Nature lies beneath him to be subjected to his will. Already by the force of his will, and the exercise of his intelligence in studying and availing himself of its laws, Nature is made tributary to his masterful mind; the wind grinds his corn, the waves carry his merchandise; the sun is his artist, and Electricity—a more than winged Mercury—bears his messages from continent to continent, accomplishing the feat of Ariel—

“I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.”

And is this law of subordination of the lower to the higher limited to what we call “natural laws?” Do not even our Secularists, in defining science as “the Providence of Life,” unconsciously recognise the analogy between the intervention of man in Nature, and that intervention in Nature from above it, which is called Providence. If man can operate on the chain of causation in Nature, what is to prevent free spiritual intelligences acting on the same chain of causation from a higher point, and producing commensurate effects? Why may not a spirit whisper to one man a monition of danger, impress the mind of another to relieve a fellow-creature in the extremity of need, or snatch another in the very moment of peril from impending destruction?

But this, it has been said, as though it were some disparagement, is only “a sort of Providence at second hand.” Well, if by this is only meant (and I can attach no other meaning to it,) that it is Providence acting by mediate agencies, I at once admit it, and ask—Is not this in entire harmony with all we know of the course of Providence? By what other means known to us does Providence ever act? God provides abundantly for our physical sustenance; but this not by immediate creative act, but by mediate agencies of seed and soil, of sun and shower, co-operating with human industry and skill. It is the same if we survey the field of history. For example, how does God deliver a people from bondage? Not by direct interposition; but he raises up a Moses, a Cromwell, a Lincoln, and through them comes the command—“Let my people go.”

What then if it be *the law* of special Providence, as it seems to be, that its purposes are carried into effect by mediate agencies—mainly, as it would appear, by universal spirit-ministry divinely appointed to this end? Are blessed acts of mercy and deliverance not *special in relation to us*, because like acts are extended to others also? Or are they less providential that they occur through the ministry of those whose nature is

kindred to our own—it may be the very beings, whom on earth we the most tenderly cherished, the most fondly loved?

It is not then necessary to the idea of Special Providence to suppose Deity interfering with His works, as though, like man, not foreseeing the future, He knew not how to act till the crisis came; but it would be strange indeed if His power of special and timely action was more limited than that of man; provision for this being indeed included in the Divine plan as an element in the very laws which it is strangely supposed to violate. "What do we mean by *special* providences? These of course must all be included in the orderly operation of laws, or consistent with them, and yet we must not lose the idea of a distinct personality, and personal, timely agency on the part of the Divine Being. . . . He is infinite and universal, acting at once in all and through all. What, then, is a special act of His. We answer, it is not a departure from the regular round of things, but it is just so much of the universal as is more prominent to our perceptions, or more important, as affecting an individual, or many individuals, and also, as taking place by a higher law than the merely natural and likewise involving more spiritual agencies. Everything that transpires is of Providence, because it is some ultimate from the Divine Essence, either orderly or disorderly, and by the very necessity and correctness of the infinite procedure, it is either provided or arranged for, designed or permitted, by the Infinite Being. But some things are more manifestly so to our perceptions, as we see the wonderfully divine means which have led to them. There is, therefore, *no speciality at all*, in respect to their taking place without law, or contrary to law; but when we come to see, in many particular and more prominent instances, how very wonderful the providence is, and how it has manifestly occurred by the operation of some higher laws than pertain merely to earth or nature, even the agency of spiritual beings being used for the production of it, then it becomes what we call *special*: but it is special, not as taken out of the universal, but as included in it; yet as projecting out of it *to our view*, so as to convince us of more than mere laws, and of personal and divine agencies working with those laws. . . . It is manifestly more special for an angel to approach and influence me, or any friend for me, than for me to be blessed with the common air of heaven or the sight of the green grass, or the light of the sun. The regulations of the atmosphere, of light, and the growth of vegetation, come under the head of *natural* law. . . . But do the angelic ministrations come under the head of *spiritual* law. Surely there is something in the contemplation of *angelic* performance—help from the heavens—and in the personal *wo*

effort which an angel, like a man, puts forth in our behalf, which takes the occurrence out of the common order of nature, and invests it with a divine speciality and importance. These, then, although in a high sense special providences, yet are no more out of the sphere of law and order, than the growth of the grass or the falling of the rain. They are special with man, but not with God. Highly opportune and timely, but with God they were always so! They come under the operation of a *higher* law, and of personal agencies acting *by* those laws, and that is all the difference. Yet this is a difference which wonderfully affects the heart of man. It touches more peculiarly his *religious* nature, and causes him to look up."*

And here we touch upon a very vital and practical application of the argument—its relation to prayer. It is asked—Should we ask the All-Wise to set aside His laws and change His purposes for our convenience? A very pertinent question, truly, to those who hold the Pagan notion of prayer; but according to the idea of prayer which Christ has given us, we address ourselves to God not to change His purposes in conformity to our will, but so to *change our hearts* that they may be in harmony with *His* will:—we aspire to be like Him, to hold communion with Him, and when we spread out our wants before Him it is in submission to His Infinite Wisdom. We surrender ourselves to God; He is our Father; and like children we place our hand in His that He may lead us as He will.

But if God knows our wants before we ask Him, what need of prayer? None, certainly, so far as He is concerned. But what if prayer be itself an inspiration from Him to bring us into closer union with Him?† What if it descends from Him as the

* *God in His Providences.* (Chap. viii.) By WOODBUYELL FERNALD.

† Dscheladeddin, a famous Mahometan mystic, illustrates this in the following story:—

"The sick man lay on his bed of pain. 'Allah!' he moaned, and his heart grew tender, and his eyes moist with prayer.

"The next morning the tempter said to him, 'No answer comes from Allah. Call louder; still no Allah will hear thee or ease thy pain.'

"The sick man shuddered. His heart grew cold with doubt and inquietude, when suddenly before him stood Elias.

"'Child!' said Elias, 'why art thou sad? Dost think thy prayers are unheard and unanswered, that thy devotion is all in vain?'

"And the sick man replied: 'Ah! so often and with such tears I have called on Allah; I call, Allah! but never do I hear His 'Here am I!'

"And Elias left the sick man; but God said to Elias: 'Go to the tempted one; lift him up from his despair and unbelief.

"'Tell him that his very longing is its own fulfilment; that his very prayer, 'Come, Allah!' is Allah's answer, 'Here am I!'

"Yes, every good aspiration is an angel straight from God. Say from the heart, 'O my Father!' and that very utterance is the Father's reply, 'Here, my child!'"

This little story so beautifully told is (as Mr Wilkinson remarks) worthy to be preserved not only in our heads, but in our hearts.

fountain of all holy desires, and thence takes its rise in the human heart, to ascend again to Him who gave it and return with blessings to the thirsty soul? What if prayer be the very act or state of mind best fitted to receive and appreciate the blessing? What is the essence of prayer? It is the soul's sincere and supreme desire; verbal expression is not necessary to it; it may be—

The burden of a sigh, the falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye when none but God is near.

The demand must precede the supply—we must ask that we may receive—we must seek if we would find—the want must be a real one, and the need be felt ere it can receive its appropriate satisfaction. It is not Dives with his sumptuous fare and rich clothing, but the beggar Lazarus, that needs food and raiment. The soul no less than the body must feel its hunger and its nakedness that it may be fed and clothed. This is *the law* of prayer, and it is universal in its operation. We see it even in the physical world. The earth is parched, the grass withered, the tender lily droops and pines—Nature lifts up its mute prayer for the gentle summer rain, and lo! in response, the blessing and blessed rain descends in copious showers upon the gladdened earth.

How often do we hear it repeated that Man is the Microcosm, and how little do we think what it implies! Translated to a higher plane the processes of nature are repeated in the soul of man. We are told that every atom of matter attracts every other atom—that every atom of our earth attracts and is attracted by every atom in Orion, or Uranus, or farthest space. We are told again that there is an attraction by which atoms are detached from the mass to which they adhere and unite according to their several affinities. Is there then this attraction of matter to matter, and no attraction of spirit to spirit? Do atoms draw together and mingle according to their likes, and is there no corresponding law governing the atoms of humanity, binding together kindred natures which meet and freely mingle according to the attraction of each for each? Yes, there is a law for spirits corresponding to the attraction of gravity in physics—we call it *sympathy*,—there is a law by which spirits are freely drawn into their several societies, and we name it *spiritual affinity*.

Prayer then is in its highest sense, the lifting up of the soul to God;—the turning, as it were, of our faces to the East, that the Sun of Righteousness may shine upon them, as the flower turns its loving eyes sunward;—the opening of our spirits to the holy inspirations of the Divine Spirit, that our wills may be united with His and become one. And secondarily,—the presence

affection of the mind, whatever that may be, attracts to our aid by the laws of sympathy and affinity, those spiritual beings whose affections are in correspondence with our own, or whose mission it is to succour and defend us on earth, and by whose occult and timely aid prayer is often answered in ways that we know not of; not, however, we may be sure, involving any breach of the Divine laws, but only that larger and better understanding of those laws which enables them when needed to produce effects in Nature which transcend our power, as the man of science produces effects which those who know not Nature's secrets cannot accomplish and can scarcely understand.

Not that prayer is, or is intended ever to be a lazy substitute for the regular labours which Providence has wisely ordained as the ordinary means to supply our natural wants. *Laborare est orare* was a grand motto of the old monks: the habit of cheerful industry is a constant prayer which never fails to bring down a blessing. "But there are cases, and always have been, which, by a complication of human misfortunes, lay out of the reach of the ordinary methods, and where the Divine Providence is especially manifest in the play of *spiritual* laws, by prayers and answers from the ever present all-merciful heavens answers sent in the form of the most material aid."*

* As an illustration of this remark by Mr. Fernald, I here relate a story of the last century:—

In a sequestered part of Scotland, an honest hard-working couple were struggling through life, and frequently found it difficult to gain a bare subsistence, and provide even necessaries for their young family. They lived in a thinly-peopled neighbourhood, remote from town or village, and, indeed, at a considerable distance from any habitation whatever.

The poor man could generally contrive to earn a scanty subsistence, barely sufficient to maintain his wife and four children. At times, indeed, his means of support were cut off; for though industrious when he could procure work, his employment at best was precarious. Sometimes this worthy couple were reduced to great necessity for want of food, when they experienced unexpected interpositions of Providence, by which help was sent to them in the most unlooked-for manner. On one occasion they were reduced to the greatest extremity of want: all their resources had failed. Their little store of provisions was exhausted. The children had received the last morsel their mother could furnish, yet she was not cast down; for Ann Young had learned to trust in the loving-kindness of her God, when apparently cut off from human aid. The day however passed over, and no prospect of succour appeared. Night came, and still no relief. The children were crying for their supper; and, because there was none to give them, their mother undressed them and put them to bed, where they soon cried themselves to sleep.

Their father was much dejected, and likewise went to bed, leaving Ann in solitary possession of the room. And yet she felt not alone: many sweet hours had she spent in that little cottage, apart from the world, with her Bible and her God. Precious had these opportunities ever been to her, of pouring out her soul to God; of spreading her sorrows, her trials all before Him; and giving vent to a full, and now, alas! a *heavy* heart.

But ere she began, that she might not afterwards be disturbed, she made up the peat fire on the hearth. She trimmed and lit the *cruis*, (a small iron

All life, indeed, is prayer, though it may not be consciously so; and it is one which ever tends to its own fulfilment. The supreme wish of the heart manifested in the chief aim we set before ourselves in life, by a law as inevitable as that which attracts the falling apple to the earth, or affinitive particles to each other, attracts to us those invisible beings who are in the same ruling love, whether it be good or evil, and who influence and aid us in its realization. The miser, those who are in the ruling love of avarice; the sensualist, those whose supreme delight was in bodily pleasures; while those who seek the true

vessel which served as a lamp,) and hung it upon its accustomed place on the wall. She moved the clean oaken table near it, and having taken the large family Bible from among the six or eight well-read, well-worn volumes on the book-shelf, deposited it upon it. She paused however, before opening the sacred volume to implore a blessing on its contents, when the following text involuntarily came into her mind: 'For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.'

That text, thought Ann, is not very applicable to *me*; and opening her Bible, she proceeded to look out for some of her favourite passages of Scripture. Yet, 'for every beast of the forest is Mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills,' was uppermost in her thoughts. She knelt down, and committed her case to the Hearer and Answerer of prayer. The text seemed fastened to her memory, and, despite of every effort, she could not banish it from her mind. Yet, thought Ann, it is God's word; and she read the Psalm in which the text is contained. It was, she thought, a beautiful Psalm; but many verses in it appeared to her more suited to her condition than this. Again she prayed; hoping that, while presenting her supplications she might forget it, but with no better success. Still she endeavoured to encourage her drooping heart with the belief of the efficacy of earnest, persevering prayer, and continued her occupation, alternately wrestling in prayer and reading her Bible, until midnight.

Indeed, early dawn found her engaged at the same employment, as at length daylight appeared through the little casement, when a loud impatient rap was heard at the door.

"Who's there?" said Ann.

A voice from without answered, "A friend."

"But who is 'a friend?' replied she, "What are you?"

"I'm a drover; and quick, mistress, and open the door, and come out and help me. And if there's a man in the house, tell him also ^{as} ^{with all} speed, for one of my cattle has fallen down a precipice, and ^{is} it is lying at *your door*."

On opening the door, what was the first object of gaze of Ann? A large drove of cattle, from the High as the eye could reach in either direction the road ^{ed} ^{far} ^{re} mass which the man was driving on to a market the disabled beast, its leg broken—the poor drover over it—his faithful *colley* dog by his side, gazing ^{up} ^{at} his master, and as if he understood his dilemma, and ^{it} could now be of no avail.

The worthy couple were concerned for the poor willingness to assist him in his misfortune, had it been his turn, felt at a loss to know how he should dispose to consider what course he ought to pursue. But the catastrophic, the more his perplexity increased.

To drive on the maimed beast was obviously ^{it} seemed equally so. At a distance from a market purchaser; and, by remaining in that place long

riches and the joys of the spirit, are, even on earth united to the glorious company of wise and faithful souls, and enter ever more and more into the heavenly treasures and the joys which it has not entered into the heart of the worldling or the sensualist to conceive.

In brief, then, we find that the criticism supposed to be hostile to the belief in Special Providence and Prayer, is only so to a certain mode of statement of that belief,—to the terms in which it is sometimes set forth, and which by different persons are employed in different senses;—that, at most, it is but the correction of an erroneous conception some may entertain of the

wise detain the whole herd of cattle, which would incur more expense than the animal was worth.

What was to be done? The drover drew his Highland plaid tighter round him. He shifted and replaced his bonnet from one side of his head to the other. "I never," he at length exclaimed, "was more completely brought to my wit's end in my life;" and then turning to Ann, he added, "'Deed, mistress, I must just make you a present of it; for in truth I don't know what else I can do with it; so kill it, and take care of it, for it is a principal beast. I'll answer for it a mart—(see Note)—like *that* has never come within your door." And, without waiting for thanks, he whistled on his dog and joined the herd, which was soon seen moving slowly on its weary journey.

The poor cottagers were lost in wonder at this unexpected deliverance from famine, by so signal an interposition of Providence. They had meat sufficient to serve them for many months to come, and in their first joy they totally forgot that they had *no bread*. But He who commanded the ravens to bring to the prophet "bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening," did not forget it. God does not work by halves. About six o'clock in the morning, another knock was heard at the door, which this time flew quickly open, when who should present himself but the "grieve," or bailiff, of Lady Kilmarnock (who lived at some miles distance), with a load on his back. Of course, the astonishment of Ann was great, as she asked him what could bring him thus at that early hour. "Allow me," said he, "to enter and to relieve my shoulders of my burden, and *my conscience too*."

He then proceeded to relate how Lady Kilmarnock sent for him the previous morning, to inquire "if anything had happened to Ann Young." To which he replied, that he was not aware that she had met with any calamity, and that when he last heard of her and her family, they were all well. "Then," said her ladyship, "she must be *in want*; for these few days she has been incessantly in my thoughts. I cannot get her out of my head; and I am sure she is in distress. So take a sack of meal to her,—a large one, too, and take it directly. You had better convey it yourself, that it may be safely delivered to her, and bring me word how she is; for I know she would almost starve before she applied for relief." "I fully intended," added the bailiff, "to have brought it yesterday, as Lady Kilmarnock desired; but being more than usually busy throughout that day, I could not find leisure to come, but determined that my first employment this morning would be to fetch it to you."

I have given what I think is even a more striking instance of Special Providence than the above in the article on "Special Providences" to which I have already referred—*Spiritual Magazine*, Vol. IV., page 548.

NOTE.—At that time the labourers in Scotland seldom ate butcher-meat during summer, but at the beginning of winter it was customary to kill a cow. Generally two families joined in the purchase of it, or two or three sheep, for the winter's provender, which was carefully salted for that purpose. This was called "the mart," an abbreviation for Martinmas, being the time of year when the purchase was made.

Divine *mode of operation* in Providence and in answer to prayer,—perhaps only of a loose and faulty definition;—by no means a slight service, for a faulty definition where it does not originate in, tends toward a faulty conception. But this error (if such it be) is far less serious than that which rejects not only the definition, but the thing intended to be defined, and which in this case is a truth of gravest import.

In a future paper we hope to recur to this line of thought in its bearing on the question of Miracles.

T. S.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE LATE SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

IN a biographical notice of the late Sir David Brewster, the *Morning Post* remarks, "His *Natural Magic* was a companion volume to Sir W. Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft*, and, despite Sir David's skill, by no means explains the legends recounted in Sir Walter's book. It is to be regretted that Sir David, when he had the opportunity, should have refused to investigate phenomena the first sight of which greatly astonished him, and concerning which he unfortunately was led to make contradictory statements." Not only did Sir David "unfortunately make contradictory statements" in reference to these phenomena, but some of his statements were contradicted at the time in the public press by Mr. William Cox, of Jermyn Street, at whose hotel, and in whose presence the phenomena occurred, by Mrs. Trollope, the well-known authoress, and by Mr. Benjamin Coleman, who were also present. More than this, Lord Brougham, who accompanied Sir David, to what occurred, and these differed so widely from that by Sir David, that the latter was in Brougham should publish his notes, and to withhold their publication, asking him, think when it found that two sensible of their accounts of what they saw. It is to Lord Brougham had the weakness to comply request, but as his lordship is now for publication, it is to be hoped that the work as his lordship wrote that David Brewster's conduct in regard found in the Appendix to Home's

ROME.

According to the obvious teachings of Christianity, both the letter and spirit, it is idle to talk of a corrupt city like Rome swarming with filthy beggars, groaning with political prisoners and ruled by priestly tyranny and superstition, backed by armed force, as the capital of Christendom. It is folly to speak of a good-natured but weak old man who, figuratively speaking, has no head upon his shoulders, being altogether behind the intelligence of the age, as the head of the Christian world and the head of the spiritual world. It is preposterous to say that Christian nations and Christian governments, which in truth are not to be found upon earth, are bound by the obligations of duty even to go to war if necessary, to keep the Pope in his position as sovereign of Rome. It is manifestly untrue that a temporal kingdom is indispensably necessary for the free and efficient discharge of spiritual duties. It is monstrous and outrageous to assert that the power of a weak old priest, who durst not for the life of him, after Count Rossi had been shot, proceed with reform projects, is the power of God; and it is a perversion of truth, to apply to a timid old man, who once ran away from Rome from fear of his life, and who is only kept in his place by military force, the text of Scripture: "Whosoever shall fall upon this stone shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder" (*Matt. xxi., 44*). Yet, I do not wonder that a great number of benevolent English people are Roman Catholics. Orthodox religious tenets are professedly incompensable in the ranks of Protestantism, where the Protestant principle of the right of private judgment is practically denied and the Romish principle of speaking and arguing only in favour of pre-established tenets is practically insisted upon. Anxious and timid minds unable to understand the doctrines that are set forth, blindly throw themselves into the arms of the Church that professes to be infallible.—*The Rev. W. Hu Rothery.*

SHAKING OF THE DRY BONES.

The Anthropological mind is being "exercised," as the Methodists would say, on the subject of Spiritualism. Following in the wake of the Society in London, the Anthropological Society of Manchester have held a numerously attended meeting, at which a paper was read by its president, Mr. Harris, F.S.A., on "The tests applicable to the truth of supernatural visitations." This paper, and the discussion which followed, were extremely interesting; we hope to give a Report of both in our next number.

We are informed that members of the Anthropological Society in London contemplate the appointment of a Committee to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism. This is gratifying as evidence that Anthropologists are gentlemen of enquiring mind, who, finding that these facts have during the last twenty years convinced about as many millions of people, are beginning to think it just possible that there may be some truth in the facts which have led to this conviction. With a view to assist the Committee, we beg to offer the following suggestion:—

We have a strong opinion that in such an investigation, the members of an inquiring committee should read as well as see, and make up their minds as to the value of other people's evidence and testimony, if they expect their own report to be of any value as testimony and evidence, after they have made it.

The range of phenomena within the possible reach of any individual or committee is so much less than the whole that it is not giving the subject a fair chance to submit only a few phases of it, and those, too, to be obtained only under the worst possible conditions.

To obtain a more extended knowledge of these phenomena than could possibly come under their personal observation, the Committee might invite all members of the Society (and other educated persons) to communicate any facts within their own personal knowledge bearing on the subject.

The facts thus obtained might be classified according to the phenomena to which they relate (a good example will be found in the "Circular of a Society, instituted by Members of the University of Cambridge, for the purpose of investigating phenomena, popularly called Supernatural;" and which is given in the Appendix to Owen's *Footfalls on the Boundary of another World*), and a careful and thorough examination be instituted into the evidence of the several kinds of phenomena.

Perhaps, the group of phenomena connected with Mesmerism would offer the best point for a commencement, as being the most obvious connecting link between the physical and the psychical.

Whatever judgment the Committee might form, an investigation of this kind fairly conducted, could not fail to add to the general stock of knowledge on matters of considerable interest and importance.

THE REV. MR. SPEKE AND CLAIRVOYANCE.

On the 19th of January, on my return home, I found a note from a Mr. Lance, in which he said, "I wish to consult you on a matter of the greatest importance, and as speedily as possible"

you being in your clairvoyant state. I therefore propose calling on you this afternoon at four o'clock. I would not have given you such short notice, had it not been a matter in which life or death is concerned. I may say that I have on a former occasion witnessed your power, and I have heard much more of you from Mrs. Hoskins, a daughter of Sir G. Robinson." At four o'clock the gentleman called again, with Mr. Murdoch, the relative of Mr. Speke. When I was told the nature of the consultation I was inclined to refuse, because for many years I have kept the little lucidity I have for the benefit of my patients. But they appeared so pressing that I consented to give the *séance*. It happened that Dr. Dixon was here to consult me for one of his patients. Therefore, the magnetiser was at hand also.

The result of the *séance* was as follows: "Nothing has happened to him—he is alive—he is alone—the idea of disappearing was sudden—he has not disgraced himself—he has gone to the South of England—he will be heard of very soon."

When the gentlemen left they said, "We only hope, Monsieur Didier, that what you have said may prove true."

Considering that I had nothing to establish the *rapport magnetique* but the hand of Mr. Murdoch, it was a proof of the somnambulist lucidity.

ADOLPHE DIDIER.

19, Fitzroy Street, W.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF SHELLEY THE POET, AND
LORD BYRON.

"I have often heard Shelley say, "The poet is a different being from the rest of the world. Imagination steals over him, he knows not from where. Images float before him,—he knows not their home. Struggling and contending powers are engendered within him, which no outward impulse, no inward passion awakened. He utters sentiments he never meditated. He creates persons whose original he has never seen; but he cannot command the power that called them out of nothing. He must wait till the God or demon genius breathes them into him. He has higher powers than the generality of men, and the most distinguished abilities, but he is possessed by a little higher power. He prescribes laws, he overturns customs and opinions, he begins and ends an epoch like a God, but he is a blind, obedient, officiating priest in the temple of God."

Byron also was fully indued with this persuasion, for he says:—"Poetry is a distinct faculty of the soul, and has no more to do with the every-day individual, than the inspirations of the Pythoness when removed from the tripod." In his *Essay on*

Poetry, Shelley more fully develops this sentiment, and says:—
 “Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts on the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpet that sounds to battle, and feels not what it inspires; the influence which is moved, but moves not. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world! They measure the circumference, and sound the depths of human nature with a comprehensive, all-penetrating spirit, at the manifestations of which they are themselves, perhaps, the most sincerely astonished.”—*Medwin's Life of Shelley*, Vol. II., p. 144.

BIRDS AS CONNECTED WITH DEATH.

Amongst the numerous curious anecdotes of birds as appearing at the window of sick chambers, and even in the chambers themselves before death, and in other circumstances of a like nature, there is one which deserves mention as occurring at the burning of the body of the poet Shelley, near Lerici, in the Bay of Spezia. It is related in *Medwin's Life of Shelley*, Vol. II., p. 286:—

“Lord Byron, with some soldiers of the Coastguard, stood about the burning pyre; and Leigh Hunt, whose feelings and nerves could not carry him through the scene of horror, lying back in the carriage; the four post-horses panting with the heat of the sun, and the fierceness of the fire. The solemnness of the whole ceremony was the more felt by the shrieks of a solitary curlew, which, perhaps attracted by the corpse, wheeled in narrow circles round the pile, so narrow that it might have been struck by the hand. The bird was so fearless that it could not be driven away.”

“LE SALUT.”—CURES BY DR. NEWTON.

Numbers III. and IV. of “*Le Salut* (Salvation), published by an Association of Spiritualists at New Orleans,” has just reached us. It is published bi-monthly (but will be issued weekly as soon as arrangements permit) in 16 pages, four in French, and four in English, and so arranged that it forms two distinct papers. It is to be “an *organ* of Spiritualism in its broadest sense,” embracing material, moral, and spiritual reforms, and expounding the principles of Spiritualism, and recording its progress. Dr. Newton has been at New Orleans

for the most part gratuitously) a large number of cases. We quote the following:—

As we were in the doctor's office, the two following persons called nearly together to express their thanks for the good they had received:—

John Knight, 94, Notre Dame Street, nearly total blindness, and general health much impaired. He could not read the largest size letters of a poster. He read a small card which happened to be on the table. John has an arm amputated. He said that, since the doctor operated on him, not only his health was much improved, but he *felt* as if the lost arm was restored, and he could move his fingers.

Mrs. Rebecca Helfrich, 220, Derigny Street. Great inflammation of the eyes, extending all around on the face. Total blindness. She could not walk alone, and was brought to the doctor's office. The next day she was enabled to go home alone; and when we saw her, no trace of inflammation appeared, and she was going, basket in hand, to buy her marketings, unassisted by anybody.

Mrs. Mary H. Barnes, Jefferson City, had a very bad rheumatism. She had been a sufferer and invalid for many years. She was carried into the doctor's office, and, after his treatment, she went back to her carriage, and stepped into it without assistance. She is now cured.

We witnessed the two following cases:—

Miss Margaret Truckwell, of Algiers, La., was brought to the office by a lady friend. Her attendant had to speak very loud to make her hear. After three minutes' treatment, she could hear the smallest whisper, and she went forth rejoicing.

Mrs. Burke, corner St. Thomas and Edwards Streets, had a sore foot that she had not put on the ground for three years. She walked with a crutch. The doctor made her quit her crutch, and walk around the office. In ten minutes she went off, and is now cured.

We know of many more cases that we will publish in our next number.

Notwithstanding that Parliament is sitting and the consequent pressure on newspaper space, the daily and weekly journals continue to report incidents of spirit manifestation, of which specimens are attached:—

“SPIRIT RAPPING. (?)

“*To the Editor of the Reading Mercury.*

“SIR,—Will you please give the following account a place in your Paper?—At Pishill Bank, mid-way between Henley and Watlington, in an old house, lives J. Beisly, a man about 73 years of age, his housekeeper, who is a cripple, and a young girl, aged about 14 years. Beisly has resided in the house undisturbed about 53 years, but for the last eighteen days the inmates have been continually alarmed by rapping on the front and inner doors: upon the doors being opened no one is to be seen; the rapping is continued at irregular intervals through the afternoon and evening: at first the family thought that it was some person playing a trick upon them, and Beisly and a neighbour loaded a pistol and gun and fired out at the front door, but as soon as the door was again shut the rapping was repeated with increased violence; from that time the occupants of the house have ceased to consider it caused by human agency. On hearing of these facts from Beisly (on whose veracity I could rely), I went myself to the house, accompanied by a respectable neighbour, and looked thoroughly over the premises to see if it were possible to solve the mystery. While in the garden in front of the house, we heard ‘rap rap’ on the front door. We then moved towards the door, and again came the ‘rap rap;’ my friend opened the front door, and whilst he had the door in his hand, there came the ‘rap rap’ on the inner

door; he then went in the room and sat down, and I remained outside. The 'rap rap' was again repeated; he then came out and I went in and took a seat close to the door, and then again there was the clear and distinct 'rap' three or four times. We came away both satisfied that it was no human trick. I have been several times since, and have heard the rapping very loud on the door; I have also heard rappings upstairs and at the end of the house. A number of persons who have visited the house have also heard the same noise, and although some have accused those residing therein of being the cause of the mystery, there has been no discovery made up to the present time to prove it a trick.

"I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

"Pishill Farm, Feb. 13th, 1868."

"S. LOVEGROVE.

A WELSH GHOST.

Wales has always been noted for its ghosts, fairies and knocking spirits. A very recent instance of ghostly haunting at Abernant, near Aberdare, is going the round of the papers. The *People's Journal* (Dundee), of March 7th, under the above heading, tells us that the ghost is "locally certified as the spirit of the deceased wife of a workman who had threatened her husband before her death that she would haunt him if he ill-treated her children, and who seems to have had reason for keeping her word. The spiritual influence is chiefly manifested by jugs, chairs and tables jumping about in the house; but the ex-parish constable, who was sent for to lay the ghost, was made the subject of a different manifestation. In reply to a solemn request, he received a blow with a stone, and was laid himself instead of laying the ghost. The police were sent for, and they tied deceased's daughter's hands, thinking she was at the bottom of the affair, but the latest accounts say the ghost continues its manifestations."

Reynolds's Newspaper, of the 15th of March, contains the following:—

"A REMARKABLE VISION.

"A young German lady (still living) barty
of friends at one of the most renowned nd
occupied an apartment on the first floor,
magnificence. Here she lay awake, long
wrapt in slumber, contemplating by the
night-lamp, the costly ornaments of the
the folding doors, opposite her bed, which
open, and the chamber was filled with a l.
In the midst of this, there entered a ha
the undress uniform of the French navy.
in the peculiar mode *à la Titus*.—Taki

MS. P. 100

side, he placed it in the middle of the room, sat down, took from his pocket a pistol with a remarkable red butt and lock, put it to his forehead, and, firing, fell back apparently dead! Simultaneously with the explosion, the room became dark and still, but a low, soft voice uttered these words—'Say a word for his soul.' The young lady had fallen back, not insensible, but in a far more painful state—a kind of cataleptic trance, and thus remained fully conscious of all she imagined to have occurred, but unable to move tongue or hand, until seven o'clock on the following morning, at which hour her maid, in obedience to orders, knocked at the door. Finding that no reply was given, the maid went away, and returning at eight in company with another domestic, repeated her summons. Still no answer, and again, after a little consultation, the poor young lady was delivered over for another hour to her agonized thoughts. At nine, the doors were forced—and, at the same moment, the power of speech and movement returned. She shrieked out to the attendants that a man had shot himself there some hours before, and still lay upon the floor. Observing nothing unusual, they concluded it was the excitement consequent upon some terrible dream. She was therefore placed in another apartment, and with great difficulty persuaded that the scene she so minutely described had no foundation in reality. Half an hour later, the hotel proprietor desired an interview with a gentleman of the party, and declared that the scene so strangely re-enacted had actually occurred three nights before. A young French officer had ordered the best room in the hotel, and there terminated his life—using, for the purpose, a pistol answering the description mentioned. The body, and the pistol, still lay at the Morgue (dead house) for identification, and the gentleman, proceeding thither, saw both; the head of the unfortunate man exhibiting the 'Titus' crop and the wound in the forehead, as in the vision."

"SPIRIT-RAPPING AND TABLE-TURNING."

Under this head, the *Northampton Herald*, of March 4th, has the following; which furnishes an instructive instance of how the facts of modern Spiritualism carry conviction even where it is least welcome, and where the mind's eye is still covered with the thickest scales of theological prejudice. In this case, the old cry of "evil spirits" is avowedly raised to prevent investigation, and we submit that this is much stronger evidence of the "evil spirit" of Sectarianism, than Dr. Scott either has given or can give of "diabolical agency,"—the recognised priestly method of

“accounting for facts which could not be got rid of”—but the thorough investigation of which it fears would be fatal to its influence.

For some months past spirit-rapping, table-turning, &c., has been the topic of much discussion and experiment in this town and neighbourhood, especially amongst the artisan class. Large numbers of persons have become converts to it, and *séances* are held nightly in various parts of the town. The subject has taken so deep a hold on the minds of many that the Bishop and Clergy of the Roman Catholic Church in this town have thought it desirable to warn the members of their Church against any participation in the *séances* that are now so common, and on Thursday night a lecture on the subject was delivered by the Rev. Canon Scott, in the School-room in Woolmonger-street, the Bishop being present.

Dr. Scott gave an interesting history of the rise and progress of spirit-rapping in America and in Europe, and read an account, published a few years since in the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*, of one or two *séances* at which the writer was present. . . . Many persons said spirit-rapping was all humbug and nonsense, but persons who said so were either those who knew nothing about it, or those who did but who would not acknowledge preternatural agency. . . . The *Cornhill* was fiercely attacked for having published such an account, but Dr. Gully, of Malvern, the eminent medical man, wrote to the newspapers the next day and corroborated the account in the *Cornhill*, stating that he was present, and that the account of what took place was a truthful one.

A committee of literary and scientific men was appointed to investigate the phenomena, and the conclusion at which they arrived was, that the facts could not be denied or explained. They had been asked, but had refused, to publish the evidence on which they had formed their opinion. They did not venture to do so. The facts could not be denied, but men were so unwilling to believe in the supernatural that they would not believe the phenomena to be the work of spirits. Indeed, one gentleman, who admitted the facts, said he would not believe in a miracle if it was worked before his eyes. He believed, he said, in Christianity, and the miracles recorded in the Scripture, but he believed the miracles because of Christianity, not Christianity because of the miracles. The facts could not be got rid of, and how were they to be accounted for? By diabolical agency. The supernatural and the preternatural had existed in all ages of the world. Instances of it were to be found in all parts of the Old Testament and of the New; and God, in Holy Scripture, had forbidden dealings with evil spirits. It was not in Holy Scripture only that they read of it. Tertullian and the early fathers wrote of it, and in their controversies with the heathen, appealed as a proof of the veracity of their religion, that they had exorcised the evil spirits from those who were brought to them. The same things were done then which were done now. Persons were put in mesmeric sleep, the spirits of the dead were said to be called up, and all the phenomena that were witnessed now were witnessed then. What was taking place now had been predicted in Holy Scripture, and was to have been expected. These were the “lying wonders” that were to come. The spirits, however, by whom these phenomena were wrought were not the spirits of dead relations but evil spirits, and Christian men and women ought not to have anything to do with them. Catholics must avoid being present even at any of their meetings. Not only was dealing with evil spirits forbidden in Holy Scripture, but any connection with spirit-rapping, &c., was denounced as mortal sin by the Church.

At the conclusion of the lecture a vote of thanks was given to Dr. Scott, on the motion of the Bishop (the Right Rev. Dr. Amherst), who repeated what Dr. Scott had said, that any connection with spirit-rapping was, in the eyes of the Church, a mortal sin.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE SHAKERS.

THE *Plain Dealer* (Cleveland, U. S. A.) contains a letter signed "JAS. S. PRESCOTT, *North Union*, Sept. 18th, 1867," from which we take the following:—

"These manifestations of 'departed spirits,' coming in and taking possession of instruments, of both sexes, and holding converse with those in the body, commenced at North Union in August, 1838, ten years previous to the 'Rochester Rappings' in small children of both sexes, who were entirely incapable of working any deception, or making the astonishing gifts which came through them.

"They continued for eight years or more in succession, and every individual among us, from the eldest to the youngest male and female, whose physical organization would admit of mediumship, were used as instruments, to speak and act for the 'spirits'—and the only regret was that we had not instruments enough to take them in, for it was the greatest manifestation we ever expected to witness on earth.

"They came from all nations—from Europe, Asia, Africa, China, Japan, from North and South America, and from the islands of the sea, and they pitched their tents around us; and to us it was the greatest camp meeting ever known on the Continent of America. They came from Spain, Portugal, Arabia, Norway, Sweden, Lapland, and thousands of the Aborigines of our own country, and great numbers from Brazil, in South America, and so great was the crowd that if we had had a thousand mediums we could not any more than have supplied the demand, nor hardly have begun to do so."

In confirmation of the above statement we may mention that in 1843 a small volume was published in Philadelphia, entitled—*A Return of Departed Spirits of the highest character of distinction, as well as the indiscriminate of all nations into the Bodies of the "Shakers," or "United Society of Believers."* By an ASSOCIATE OF THE SAID SOCIETY. An extract from this work is given in Mr. Brevior's *Two Worlds*, page 167.

Correspondence.

A SEANCE AT MR. EVERITT'S.

February 20th, 1868.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I had heard many accounts of the interesting *séances* which have now been held for many years at the house of Mr. Everitt, Penton Street, Pentonville, referred to by Mr. Coleman in the last number of this magazine (p. 88), and of which a short account was given by Mr. Everitt himself, p. 238, Vol. II., New Series; I therefore gladly accepted an invitation to be present at a *séance* there on Tuesday, Feb. 18th. Several well-known Spiritualists were there, fourteen persons in all. The circle was a very harmonious one, though several were there for the first time. Mrs. E— is the principal medium at this circle, which it should be understood is altogether a private one, and in which no person concerned has any interest beyond that which the subject itself inspires.

The *séance* opened with the reading of a chapter from the New Testament, immediately after which a lady visitor—a well-known inspirational speaker, offered an inspirational prayer appropriate to the occasion, and to the portion of Scripture that had just been read. After singing, the light was extinguished, and we were addressed by a voice which held conversation with us for about two hours; consisting chiefly of answers to our various questions. These answers, I may say, in brief, were all characterized by religious feeling, modesty, and good sense. They appeared to give very general satisfaction; the speaker did not profess to know everything; occasionally replying to a question, "That is not within my experience;" or, "I should require to give to that matter further consideration." The voice, I may remark, though not loud, was clear, distinct, and pleasing, indicating, to my mind at least, a gentle affectionate nature. This voice, which was transmitted through a tube or roll of cartridge paper, was evidently a male voice, while at the end of the table whence it came only ladies were seated.

During the evening twinkling, luminous points were distinctly visible to some—though not all present; and spirit-forms were seen, among others, that of a boy standing near the medium, and which, from the description given, appeared to be that of a brother of Mrs. E—, who early in life had passed into the spirit-world.

The lady visitor to whom I have referred was also sensible of the presence of two of her spirit-guardians, and, at her request, certain signal sounds were given by them respectively, by which she always identified them. One of these spirits was that of an Indian chief, and we were startled by the Indian war-whoop, twice given during the evening. It was a short, sharp, piercing cry, not soon forgotten, nor easily imitable. This was followed by clear sonorous sounds on the table—in perfect time, admirably imitating the beating of the war-drum, the sounds at first loud, then fainter, and still fainter till almost inaudible, as dying in the distance; then as if marching round, increasing in volume as they came nearer, and ending with a triumphant flourish. At request, this was repeated. Then we all heard sounds as of moccasined feet beating dance-time on the floor, which sensibly vibrated, under the impact.

Our conversation with the spirit-voice (which had been suspended for this manifestation) was then resumed, and the voice described the appearance and movements of the Indian spirit. It spoke of the varieties of spirit-life, and of usefulness in this world as the best preparation for the next. A lady sang "Angels ever bright and fair;" and the voice accompanied her; and concluded with the scriptural benediction—"The Lord bless you and keep you: The Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace."

I should add we were told that on a previous occasion, the spirit informed the circle that his departure from one sphere to another was represented by riding on a horse. When the *séances* concluded we all plainly heard sounds as of the receding tramp of a horse upon the floor of the room.

Yours, &c.,
T. S.

Since the above was written, we have received the following from Mr. Everitt:—

26, Penton Street, Pentonville,
February 22nd, 1868.

To the Editor of the "*Spiritual Magazine*."

SIR,—The following are a few facts in connection with our spirit circle:—In the first place, I may here state that we are now always directed by spirit intelligence as to when and where we shall hold our *séances*; sometimes we are told whom we are to invite, and it is pleasing to know that this is done with an evident knowledge of, and consideration for, my business and other engagements.

I wish that some one who attends our meetings, and whose powers of description are more graphic than mine, would send you some account of the interesting conversations and communications that are given "*audibly*" by spirits. "John Watt" is the name of the spirit who attends our *séances*, and speaks to us more than any other spirit, and whose individuality and identity has, by the last three months' experience, been proved to my mind most conclusively. In more ways than it is possible for me to enumerate here, he has identified himself with the best interests of the mediums, and he tells us that it is his special privilege to have charge of this circle.

He has informed us that he has been in the other world, according to our reckoning, about 30 years; that he was ill about six months, and died of consumption; that he was (when in this world) an engineer, and helped to get out the plans for the first line of railway from London Bridge to Greenwich.

On one occasion, a medium who was a seer, described what he saw at our *séance*. He said we appeared to be sitting under a blue dome, round the bottom of which was a gold band; and at the top was an opening with another gold band round it, and over this opening was a reddish cloud, in which appeared a beautiful, angelic face; that, we were told, of the presiding angel at our circle, and, it was added, the spirit who is speaking looks up to him when he wants any information, and sometimes hesitates in answering us till he gets permission.

When having a *séance* at Mrs. Berry's, "John Watt" said, "I wish you had a seer here to describe the glorious sight over you." We asked him if he could not tell us. "Well," he said, "if your spiritual sight was opened, you would see a beautiful blue dome, like the dome of a cathedral, filled with stars, but which are angelic faces; and at the top is the presiding angel. Ah! it is a glorious sight; I wish you could see it."

We have asked him about the seasons in the spirit world; he says, "that every one lives in the temperature that proceeds from himself, and which is therefore best suited to his state." He said, "The sun never sets, it always appears in the east; and, strange as it may seem, to whichever quarter the angels are going, their faces are always turned towards it; they have no night,—but morning, noon, and evening."

I will now give you an account of the most remarkable *séance* it has ever been my happiness to witness.

Mrs. E—, this evening, had a most violent head-ache, and when "John Watt" came, he said, "Good evening, friends, I see your medium is out of condition, I shall not be able to stay long." We asked him if he could not remove the head-ache; he said, "I will try." He took the tube and made passes over Mrs. E—'s head, which soon removed the pain. He then said, "Mr. Everitt, you have a message for me, have you not?" I said, "Yes." He said, "I know all about it; go on Friday." And after he had arranged our meetings for the following week, Mrs. E— exclaimed "There's a beautiful light!" We looked, and all saw a light rising towards the centre of the room, like the moon in its

first quarter; it moved across the room and disappeared; then arose from the same place, and ascended to the ceiling, a most beautiful constellation of stars, as many as ten or twelve in number, all twinkling brightly, appearing and disappearing so that it was impossible to count them from the quickness of their motion; then came a comet like Halley's with two streams of light diverging from the head, and another, and another; so that there were several of them near the centre of the room. And then, in another part of the room, a much larger light appeared, and remained near the ceiling; in front of it there was a dark embankment of clouds, and from behind them this light streamed up continuously, similar to what may be seen sometimes before the rising of the sun. This we were told represented the dawning of Spiritualism; and it is worthy of remark, that the heads of the comets were turned towards this great light.

"John Watt" kept asking us how we liked the lights, and told us to keep our eyes open, as we should see more wonders; and so it was, something fresh was continually presented—a spirit hand, a spirit arm, a spirit form, was seen to pass through the light, or appear above our heads. The lights were seen for full an hour by the 12 persons who were present, and who testify to the truth of this statement. "John Watt" told us that we should in time see spirits and angels in that light which they themselves produce. At his suggestion we then concluded the *séance* with prayer.

I append the names and addresses of those present; namely,—

Mr. & Mrs. Everitt, 26, Penton Street, Pentonville.
 Mr. Charles Everitt, "
 Mr. White, 30, Rahere Street, Goswell Road.
 Mrs. Wise, "
 Mr. Jones, 34, Rabere Street, "Goswell Road.
 Miss Jones, "
 Mr. Towns, 32, Lloyd's Row, St. John Street Road.
 Mr. Davis, Old Street Road.
 Mrs. Ridley, 11, Brunswick Square, Hackney Road.
 Mrs. Childs, 21, Offord Road, Caledonian Road.
 Mrs. Sparey, 3, Cambridge Place, Kingland Road.

Yours faithfully,

THOS. EVERITT.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—After a careful perusal of the defence in your last number, which the writer of the review of Mr. Harris's new works gives of some of his statements, in your number for January, I feel myself uncalled upon, by the facts of the case, to modify any sentence in my former letter. I deliberately re-affirm every statement I have made. If, indeed, my allegation had been that he was the original inventor of certain charges against Mr. Harris, which it was not, his last article would have shewn that I was mistaken, and that he was only the last of a series, but nothing beyond in justification of the statements made; and still more especially nothing in justification of the passage I selected for criticism. I will, therefore, cheerfully leave that part of the subject, as it stands, to the judgment of your intelligent readers.

In the interest, however, of celestial Spiritualism, I do feel called upon to notice a somewhat curious passage, involving, as it seems to me, an utter misunderstanding of Mr. Harris's position in relation to open breathing. The writer says—"Mr. Robson says that Mr. Harris's career reveals a new Spiritualism. We are at a loss to conceive in what this consists. It cannot be the discovery of the inner breathing, for we have shewn that it was known to Swedenborg long before, and to Jacob Böhme still earlier," &c., &c., p. 122.

Now admitting that Swedenborg was intromitted into the state of open breathing, it is, I think, beyond doubt, by any one who has studied his writings

that, with him the state was, as many other of his experiences were, only temporary, granted to him for some present purpose, and suspended when that purpose was accomplished. But, with Mr. Harris, this state of open breathing, with its associated powers, *has become an organic fact*; and is at once the test and measure and reward of his past and present faithfulness to duty and to God; as in the new age it is to be to unnumbered millions of the human race. Mr. Harris is the first, in point of time, who has received this gift from the Lord in its fulness as an organic fact, since the period when it was withdrawn from the inhabitants of this earth, which, according to Swedenborg's testimony, was at the time of the flood; and so its renewal now in this form of organic fact becomes the dividing line of the ages, the herald and sign of the advent of the new, and of the beginning of the end of the old. For, be it remembered, that Mr. Harris teaches that the gift is to become universal, opening a door of permanent divine communication between the receiver and the Lord.

Already it has been received in some or other of its degrees by many who are independent witnesses of its truth and reality, in America, in Europe, and in Asia,—first fruits of the great harvest of organic righteousness soon to ripen on the earth. And so my counsel to the reviewer is that of Gamaliel of old, "Repair from these men and let them alone. If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought, but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found ever to be fighting against God."

Yours faithfully,

W. ROBSON.

With great respect for Mr. Robson, we give his letter, and there leave the question. We have put our views of Mr. Harris's writings fully before our readers and from assurances received from many quarters, much to their satisfaction. We have stated our views of the inner breathing with perfect distinctness, and as Mr. Robson must have seen, with this difference from Mr. Harris, that whereas, Mr. Harris, according to Mr. Robson, teaches that "this gift is to become universal," we assert it to be universal now, and to have been so from the creation downwards. We have to apologize to some of our readers for quoting a few stanzas from Mr. Harris's "Song of Satan," in order to shew its real character. One clergyman, a sound Spiritualist, assures us that he was so horrified at the passages that he cut them out of the Magazine, and instantly burnt them lest any of his family should see them. If half a dozen stanzas of this *Carmen infernale* be so shocking to right-minded people, what must the whole composition be? We are quite willing to follow Mr. Robson's and Gamaliel's advice with regard to the New Brotherhood, for as it appears, by the statement of one of its members, that it consists of "half a dozen" individuals, it can not be worth much consideration any way. *Requiescat in pace*. We have received another letter on this subject from Dr. S., but have not space for it. [Ed.]

LECTURE ON MODERN SPIRITUALISM.—On Wednesday, March 18th, Mrs. EMMA HARDINGE gave a Lecture on "Modern Spiritualism," at the Cambridge Hall, Newman Street, at which nearly a thousand persons were present. The Lecture was listened to with marked attention; and at its close several questions were asked which were answered by the Lecturer, and apparently gave general satisfaction. It was announced that Mrs. Hardinge would lecture again at the same place, Wednesday, April the 1st, at 8 o'clock, on "Spirit Mediums." We understand that it is contemplated to make arrangements for Mrs. Hardinge to Lecture on Spiritualism in various parts of the Metropolis. We know of no one so well qualified for this work, and with a little co-operation much might be done in this way to make the truths of Spiritualism better known amongst us.

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

MAY, 1868.

EVIDENCES OF SPIRITUALISM IN MODERN
WORKS OF HISTORY AND LITERATURE.

PART I.

NOTHING in our daily reading is more striking than the fact, that on all sides and in all works written within a comparatively recent period, and many of them down to the present date, we are met by the most palpable evidences of spiritual phenomena. We can get through no history, and no literary journal, without encountering such facts at almost every step. I have lately had occasion to examine the volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, from its commencement in 1731. Seeing a constant succession of cases of the supernatural, I took out the most remarkable ones, and here they are. I believe it would be just the same if we examined the series of any other journal, or the *Annual Register*, during the same period. It is thus a curious fact that whilst literary journalists have been repudiating supernatural agency and appearances as mere superstition, they have been themselves steadily and regularly accumulating the evidences of these things; nature being in them stronger than education

WILLIAM HOW

EXTRACT FROM THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,"

The following narrative, given by a gentleman of unquestionable honour and veracity, has been lately published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Edinburgh:—

"One William Sutor, aged about 37, a farmer by profession, belonging to the laird of Balgown, near Cr. was seized with a violent fit of the ague, about the month of December, 1728, in the fields with

N.S.—III.

near his own house, overheard at some distance, as it were, an uncommon shrieking and noise ; and they, following the voice, fancied they saw a dark grey-coloured dog, but as it was a dark night, they concluded that it was a fox, and accordingly were for setting on their dogs ; but it was very observable that not one of them would so much as point his head that way. About a month after, the said Sutor being occasionally in the same spot, and much about the same time of night, it appeared to him again, and passing, touched him so smartly on the thigh that he felt a pain all that night. In December, 1729, it again cast up to him at about the same place, and passed him at some distance. In June, 1730, it appeared to him as formerly, and it was now he began to judge it was something extraordinary. On the last Monday of November, 1730, about sky-setting, as he was coming from Drumlochy, this officious visitor passed him as formerly, and in passing he distinctly heard it speak these words :—" Within eight or ten days, do or die ;" and instantly disappeared, leaving him not a little perplexed. Next morning he came to his brother James's house, and gave him a particular account of all that had happened ; and that night about ten o'clock, these two brothers, having been visiting their sister at Glanhallow, and returning home, stepped aside to see the remarkable spot, where they had no sooner arrived than it appeared to William, who, pointing his finger to it, desired his brother and a servant who was with them to look at it, but neither of them could see any such thing. Next Saturday evening, as William was at his sheepfold, it came up to him and audibly uttered these words :—" Come to the spot of ground within half an hour." Whereupon he went home, and taking a staff in his hand, came to the ground, being at last determined to see the issue. He had scarcely encircled himself with a line of circumvallation, when his troublesome familiar came up to him, and he asked it, " In the name of God, who are you ?" It answered, " I am David Sutor, George Sutor's brother. I killed a man more than 35 years ago, at a bush by east of the road as you go into the hole." He said to it, " David Sutor was a man, and you appear as a dog." It answered, " I killed him with a dog, and am made to speak out of the mouth of a dog ; and I tell you to go and bury these bones."

" This coming to the ears of the minister of Blair, the lairds Glascloon and Rychalzie and about forty men went together to the said hole, but after opening ground in several places found no bones. On the 2nd of December, about midnight, when William was in bed, it came to his door, and said, " Come away, you will find the bones at the side of the withered bush, and there are but eight of them left ;" and told him at the same time for a sign, that he would find the print of a cross impressed on

the ground. Next day William and his brother, with about forty or fifty people, who had followed out of curiosity, came to the place, where they discovered the bush and the cross by it, and upon digging the ground about a foot down, found the eight bones; all which they immediately wrapped in clean linnen, and being put into a coffin with a mort cloth over it, were interred that evening in the churchyard of Blair, attended by about a hundred persons.

"N.B.—Several people in that country remember to have seen this David Sutor, and that he 'listed for a soldier, and went abroad about 34 or 35 years ago. See a like story, p. 304."

The story here alluded to is that of the discovery of the murderer of Stockden, the publican of Cripplegate, who was murdered in his own house, December 16, 1695. See this Magazine, Vol. II. New Series, p. 44.

AN ACT RESEMBLING THAT OF THE INDIAN JUGGLERS.

There must have been in London in 1731, a person who could perform the same magical feats as the Indian fakirs. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. I., p. 79, says:—"The Algerine ambassadors went to see Mr. Fawkes, who, at their request, showed them a prospect of Algiers, and raised up an apple tree which bore ripe apples in less than a minute's time, which several of the company tasted of."

A HEALING MIRACLE.

Amongst the foreign intelligence in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. III., p. 217, is the following:—"From Brescia.—The master of a band of music belonging to the cathedral of ^{died} there after a life so abstemious, that he had 32 years past but herbs boiled with a little ^{..} having never once in that time had any fire ^{..} being exposed to the view of the populace, a woman ^{..} been a long time lame in both her hands, no sooner ^{..} corpse but she was immediately cured, and ^{..} years blind. A guard of soldiers was oblig- body, as it would have been soon cut to p for relics."

VOICE SUPERNATURALLY

A certain young woman living in Br small-pox. Her mother attended her in was a clergyman living more than tw

One night her sister, who was at her father's, being in bed, heard the voice of her mother lamenting herself upon the death of her daughter. This much surprised her, knowing that her mother was then as far as Bristol. When she arose in the morning, her father seeing her look much concerned, asked her what was the matter with her. "Nothing," she says. Her father replied, "I am sure something is amiss, and I must know what it is." "Why then, father," says she, "I believe my sister Molly is dead, for this night I heard the voice of my mother lamenting her death." Says her father, "I heard the same myself, and her voice seemed to me to be in my study." Soon after, the same morning, came a message with tidings of her death. The deceased was brought to her father's to be buried, and after the funeral, her mother relating the manner of her daughter's illness, and that as soon as her daughter was dead, she being weary with watching and tired for want of sleep, lay down in her clothes, and dreamed that she was with them, telling her grief for the loss of her daughter. This surprised them, and asking the time it appeared to be much the same in which they heard the voice. The young woman was buried April 1, 1726. Her sister, who heard the voice, is now living in Bristol, and is ready to satisfy any enquirer of the truth of this fact.

This narrative was communicated to the *Gentleman's Magazine* by a Mr. John Walker, of Painswick, Gloucestershire, and appears in Vol. IX., p. 75, of that journal. It led to a discussion with a Mr. Martin, of Chichester, who raised very much the same arguments against the possibility of such a thing as are used now.

A PROPHECY CURIOUSLY VERIFIED.

"Not many years ago a gentleman from a considerable distance, came upon a visit to a friend's house, and on the last day of his journey was obliged to cross a great river, or arm of the sea, in a little ferry boat, which he did prosperously enough; and in his friend's house at night, being of the gay reasoning part of mankind, he, in the course of a mixed conversation, acquainted the company that his nativity had been calculated immediately upon his birth, which was that he would be drowned on such a day of the month, and such a year of his age, or when he should be so many years, months and days old. And, he added gaily, that this was the very day, pleasantly ridiculing the superstition of his mother and the good women about her at his birth, and declaring that when he crossed the ferry that day he did it with the more pleasure in order to expose the weakness of such idle conceits. The company joined heartily with him, and diverted

themselves much with the pitiable superstition of most women and common people. They sate up late, and were no doubt not very sober, and this gentleman taking it into his head to cross the yard alone in the dark, plunged headlong into a deep well which was open, and was drowned before any of the family knew what had become of him."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. XIV., p. 659.

WHAT HAS NOT BEEN DENIED ?

There is a class of people whose conceit is so enormous that they think that if, like the fabled Atlas, they cannot support the heavens they can at least overthrow them. There is nothing which one or other of these people have not denied the existence of. They have denied God, a future world, revelation, Jesus Christ, and almost every thing and person of note. Homer has been declared a myth. Those who admitted his existence have denied him the authorship of the *Iliad*, and others who have allowed him to have composed the *Iliad*, have denied him the *Odyssey*. Father Hardouin, a Jesuit, in 1693, published *Prolusio Chronologica*, in which he showed from dates as well as internal evidence, that Virgil might have written the *Georgics*, but could not possibly have written the *Aeneid*. Another of his reasons was the silence of Pliny on the subject—an argument of the kind employed against the history of Christ and Christianity—namely, that the Roman writers of the time made no mention of this or that historic fact stated as such in the Gospels. When told that Ovid, Juvenal, Statius, Martial, Tacitus, &c., expressly acknowledged the *Aeneid* to be Virgil's, he then declared all these authors were for the most part as apocryphal as Virgil himself, and asserted that on the revival of ancient learning, a club of learned but mischievous men compiled these works, and palmed them off on their contemporaries as ancient and genuine. Very clever fellows, indeed, these must have been; and the chief of them, he says, was one Severus Archontius, and the materials on which they based these forgeries were a few old inscriptions, coins, and a few fragments of Virgil and Horace, and the works of Cicero and Pliny the elder, which were all the genuine remains of Roman literature.

Since then Shakespeare's dramas have been denied him, and attributed to Lord Bacon by a Miss Bacon, of America.

CASE OF CURE OF SCROFULA BY TOUCH.

Mr. Carte, in his *History of England*, Book IV., p. 291, speaking of the practice of the Kings of England and France curing the King's Evil by touch, says, "But whatever is to be

said in favour of its being appropriated to the eldest descent the first branch of the royal line of England and France, I have myself seen a very remarkable instance of such a cure, which could not possibly be ascribed to the regal unction." He then tells us of one Christopher Lovel, born at Wells in Somersetshire, but when he grew up residing in Bristol and working as a labourer. This man was so afflicted with scrofula that was a most wretched object. His neck, head, arms, &c., abound with sores, and on one side of his neck was such a tumour obliged him to go with his head always on one side. No medical advice or remedy being of any use, he resolved to go abroad and get touched. By means of an uncle, an old seaman, August, 1716, he managed to get across to France, and made his way to Paris, where he was touched by the eldest lineal descendant of the French kings, who had for ages cured that disease by touch. This prince, however, was then neither crowned nor anointed, so that it could not proceed from this regal cure but nevertheless the effect was the same. The man was completely cured, and got back to Bristol in perfect health in the beginning of January following, having been only four months and a few days on his journey. There Carte saw him in vigorous health, having no remains of his complaint except the red scars on the five places where the sores had been, but then entirely healed and as sound as the rest of his body. Dr. Lane and Dr. Pye, the latter of whom had tried in vain for three years to cure Lovel, took Mr. Carte to him, and declared it the most wonderful cure they had ever witnessed. Mr. Carte adds that himself was perfectly sceptical of most cures till Mr. Anstey, Garter-King-of-Arms, furnished him with undoubted proofs of them in the English records, and such as were recorded by Tuckey in his work on that subject. But nothing could be more surprising than this cure of Lovel's, and no case could be known to such infinite multitudes of people as this.

OLD BRIDGET BOSTOCK, THE HEALER OF CHESHIRE, 1748.

Old Bridget Bostock, of Coppenthal, betwixt Sandbach and Nantwich, in her day was as famous as the Zouave of our times for curing almost every afflicted creature that came to her. The Nantwich papers of August and September, 1748, gave the account of her:—"Old Bridget Bostock fills the countrey with as much talk as the rebels did. She hath all her life made it her business to cure her neighbours of sore throats, coughs, and other disorders, but her reputation seems now so wonderful that people came to her from far and near. A year ago, as I remember, about 40 under her care, which

creased to 100 a week, and then to 160. Sunday sen'night, after dinner," says the writer, "I and my wife went to this doctress's house, and were told by Mr. S—— and Tom M——, who kept the door and let people in by fives and sixes, that they had that day told off 600 whom she had administered to, besides making a cheese. She at length grew so faint, for she never broke her fast till she had done, that at six o'clock she was obliged to give over, though there were then more than 60 persons whom she had not attended to. Monday last she had 700, and every day now pretty nearly that number. She cures the blind, the deaf, the lame of all sorts, rheumatism, king's evil, hysterical fits, falling fits, shortness of breath, dropsy, palsy, leprosy, cancers, and in short almost every thing; and all the means she uses for cure are only stroking with fasting spittle, and praying for them. It is hardly credible to think what cures she performs. Some people grow well whilst in the house; others on the road home; and it is said none miss. People come 60 miles round. In our lane, where there have not been two coaches seen before these twelve years, now three or four pass in a day, and the poor come by cart loads. She is about 70 years of age, and keeps old Bostock's house, who allows her 35s. a-year wages; and though money is offered her she takes none for her cures. Her dress is very plain. She wears a flannel waistcoat, a great linsey apron, a pair of clogs, and a plain cap tied with a halfpenny lace. So many people of fashion now come to her, that several people make a comfortable subsistence by holding their horses. In short, the poor, the rich, the lame, the blind and the deaf all pray for her and bless her; but *the doctors curse her.*"

This account was confirmed by two correspondents of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. XVIII., pp. 413 and 414, who had been and seen for themselves. One of them says that the

clergyman of Coppenhall, a good character; said that attendants of his church, a lameness when all other doctors of Liverpool, had wonderf

These accounts of the class of Seniors endeavoured to had seen.

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William Harding, gave her one of the most constant immediately cured his son of failed; that Mrs. Gradwell, recovered her sight by her assist- t all were cured who came.

they were sure to do, one of so, without having gone to see, away that thousands of others es could not, according to him, atural ones are instant; they used no natural means; ergo, call humbug, an expressive ay were not fortunate enough his writer was, that Bridget

demanded a great deal of faith in her patients, which showed, he said, "what a daring, presumptuous and impudent mockery was being carried on." And the man did not see what an impudent mockery he himself was carrying on, in sitting at home at a distance and scribbling, without going to see what the real facts were, and contradicting those who did. That imposture is sometimes committed is just as likely as that truth is treated as imposture; and those only who look into such things can confirm the true and expose the false. A very impudent pretence of a great cure was made by one Charles Doe, at Colchester, in 1705-6, and published in pamphlets, with a list of numerous witnesses, which on being inquired into, was discovered to be an utter forgery. Those who instituted this inquiry did what every lover of truth should do, and rendered the public a real service.

DIVINING ROD.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* asserts the virtues of these rods, and gives figures of them, and directions for their use, Vol. XXI., p. 507. Soon after, another writer gave a very striking instance of the reality of the power of such rods. He states, that Linnæus on a journey to Scania, hearing the virtues of the divining rod highly extolled, determined to try it. He hid a purse of one hundred ducats under a ranunculus, which grew by itself in a meadow, and bade his secretary, the operator with the wand, find it, if he could. The ranunculus was speedily trodden down by the throng of people, and, for some time, the rod discovered nothing. Linnæus then attempted to find the purse, but could not, and persisted in seeking it in a particular quarter. The secretary having tried that quarter, declared that it was not there, and, eventually, following his rod, found the purse in a different direction. Linnæus adds, that another such an experiment would have made a proselyte of him.

APPARITION AND VOICE OF A LIVING PERSON.

A correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. XXII., p. 173, states, that when he was a draper's apprentice, he used to dine at his father's on the opposite side of the street. Standing at the shop door on the 23rd of August, 1736, with his mistress, and the maid, and a Mr. Bloxam, afterwards a haberdasher of Cateaton Street, London, he heard his father's voice calling him. He replied, "Coming, sir," but continued to look at the book of

patterns which they were examining. A second time he heard his father call, and again answered, and the maid, who heard it too, answered, "He is coming, Mr. W——." Still continuing to look at the pattern book, he saw his father come out of the door, with an angry look, call in an emphatic tone, and, going in, bang the door after him, with a loud sound. Both the mistress and maid told him to be gone at once. On reaching the door, however, he found it locked, and, on going round to the back door, he found no sign of dinner, and his mother-in-law told him his father was not at home, and would not dine at home that day. His astonishment and horror were great, for he imagined it a sign of his father's death. This, however, was not the case, but his uncle, a gunner on board the ship *Biddeford*, then stationed at Leith, died that day, and about the same hour. Why the father, instead of the uncle's image, appeared is beyond the knowledge of such things yet possessed to explain; but the writer says that it made a serious and religious man of him for life.

A BOY WHO PREACHED IN HIS FITS.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. XXX., p. 236, we have the following account:—A boy about 16 years of age, named Joseph Payne, went to live with a Captain Fisher, of Reading. He had been previously a servant to a farmer, at Lambourn Woodlands. This farmer was a Quaker, and not only gave him instructions in religion, but had him in at the family readings of the Scriptures, which are regular in the society. After being sometime at Captain Fisher's he fell down one day in a fit, greatly alarming the servants. Several persons soon got about him, and were astonished at seeing him sit up, and with his eyes closed, begin a sermon which he continued in a regular and pertinent manner for half an hour. This being reported to his master, he ordered him to be narrowly watched to see if he were practising any imposture. In about a week he went into another fit, and preached another sermon. His eyes were, as before, closed and fixed in his head, and, as before, on coming out of the fit, he declared that he knew nothing either of what he had said or what had been done. On a third occasion a Dr. Hooper was present, and to test the insensibility of the lad, he held a lighted candle to his hand as he held it out in his discourse; it raised a blister but produced no sign of sensation whatever. The discourse which he gave on this occasion is printed at length in the Magazine. It is on the words,—“They led Him away to crucify Him,” and extends to upwards of five columns of the Magazine. It is a much better sermon than you could have

heard in most country pulpits of that day. It is, however, something rambling, and evinces a memory stored with passages of Scripture, and with the reflections naturally deducible from them, rather than anything original and supernatural. The fact of a country lad, however, in a state of catalepsy, regularly pronouncing such discourses, shews a peculiar condition of mind in a state of catalepsy, which borders on the spiritual, and deserves the close attention and enquiry of those who are interested in advancing our psychological knowledge.

THE COCK LANE GHOST.

This story is told in Vol. XXXII., p. 43, and is set down as a piece of imposition in a man of the name of Parsons to obtain money from a Mr. Kent, who was supposed to have murdered a young woman in his keeping. There is no proof, however, that Parsons ever attempted any such extortion of money, and both he and his daughter, a child of twelve years old, who was the medium, stedfastly denied any imposition. Parsons was clerk of St. Sepulchre's Church, near Cock Lane. The knockings and scratchings which frightened the child were very much of the character of such manifestations now-a-days; and these going away on one occasion, and making themselves heard in a house several doors off, to the great alarm of the people there, is not accountable for by anything discovered. Great stress was laid on the ghost having said that it would make itself evident in the vault of St. Sepulchre, where the corpse of the lady in question lay; and that on several gentlemen going there at the time proposed nothing was heard. This, indeed, was not likely, for these wise men did not take the little girl with them, and not having the medium, they of course had no manifestation. On their return, they strictly questioned the girl, but could draw no confession from her; in fact, the inquirers were totally ignorant of the conditions of such enquiries. Kent, however, the person accused by the ghost, as a matter of course, indicted Parsons, his wife, and one Mary Frazer, the Reverend Mr. Moore, and a Mr. James, for a conspiracy to defame him, and got Parsons set in the pillory, and himself, the wife, and Mary Frazer imprisoned for different terms, and Mr. Moore and Mr. James smartly fined. Parsons lost his post as clerk and went mad. Dr. Johnson being mixed up in the enquiry about the ghost, has given greater notoriety to the affair; but a careful examination of this story by modern lights, and the rules of regular evidence, have only tended to prove that the manifestations of the ghost were genuine enough.

A TESTIMONY TO SPIRITUAL ATTENDANTS AND TO AUDIBLE SPIRIT VOICE IN 1765.

Dr. J. Cook, a physician of Leigh, but which place of that name is not said, in a letter published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and dated September 18th, 1765, says, "Ever since I was three and twenty years of age I have had an invisible being or beings attend me at times, both at home and abroad, and that has by some gentle token or other given me warning and notice that I should shortly lose a particular friend, or a patient. They began and continued from our marriage till the decease of my first wife, in May, 1728, and her infant daughter, who lived with me but seven months, and but six weeks after her mother, when they were very frequent and troublesome about my house, as was well known, and noticed by many of our friends and neighbours. After that they came seldom, but so gentle, civil, and familiar, that I chose rather to have them about my house than not, and would not, if I were to tell it, part with the same without some extraordinary consideration upon that very account, and I really hope that they will never leave me as long as I live, though my spouse wishes otherwise, to whom they are not so agreeable.

"I may be reckoned a whimsical visionary, or what not, but I know I am far from it, being neither superstitious, enthusiastic, or timorous; and I am certain, too, I am not deceived by others, we all having had many and various impressions from invisible agents; and I, myself, by no fewer than three of my senses, and those so often repeated that they became quite easy and familiar without any terror or amazement. I take the hint at once, and wait for the certain and infallible issue. I have spoken to them often, but never received any answer, and think I have courage enough to stand a private conference.

"Sometimes we have had their hints frequent and together; at other times, but seldom, and at a great distance of time. But this I have observed, that rarely any patient that I respected, or that valued me, departs hence, without some kind of sensible notice or warning of it, but yet so gentle and mild as never to flutter or frighten me. This notice is either by seeing, feeling, or hearing, is not fixed to any particular distance of time previous to their death, but I have known it come a month, or more, before their decease, and once on a time when I actually heard the spiritual agent form an address to me as I was abed, with a most pathetic emphasis, which was fulfilled the Monday morning following: "The death of my cousin's daughter who was upon a journey, and was well two days before."

“At first, in 1728, I kept a book of account, where I entered every notice of warning, with the particular circumstances attending, and the event that succeeded such notices, but they were then so frequent and numerous that I grew quite weary in writing them down, so left off that method, resolving to take them in future just as they came. The very last hint I had was on Saturday night, the 6th of July, 1765, in my chamber, about eleven o'clock, as I was walking to my bed, being from home, attending a patient, to whom I was that morning sent for, and whom I lost on the 10th of the same month. I lay no stress on such notices, so as to affect my practice, but exert myself for the patient all the more for conscience sake.”

Dr. Cook proceeds to say that he had received such warnings above a hundred times. Twice only he had seen apparitions, but had heard and felt them times innumerable. He imagined that they were neither angels nor demons, but a middle race of spirits, kindly disposed towards men. One of the apparitions presented itself, he says, at noonday in his house, and his attention was drawn to it by the barking of his little dog, who saw it first. He answers the *cui bono* question by his consciousness of how much such revelations confirm the truth of a future life, and of the stimulus which it must afford to every reflective person to thank God for such assurances, and to prepare for that invisible existence. This case is peculiarly interesting, from the occurrence of an audible voice, showing that the audible voices now so frequently heard, had a well-authenticated precedent a hundred years ago.

EMOTIONS AWAKENED BY ANGEL VISITS.

THE joys of spiritual intercourse are the joys of the new-born soul, and the philosophy of spiritual intercourse is the philosophy of the enlightened soul. In these joys and in this philosophy the trembling heart finds a source of heavenly peace, and derives a pleasure which earth cannot afford. When the storm arises in the sky, and the clouds are blackened with their hidden wrath, the soul looks up to heaven for light; and when the rolling billows heave in the commotion of the angry winds, the radiance of the cheerful morn throws its calm upon the troubled deep. So when the world has become tempest-tossed and darkened in its course, and when the throbbing bosom has had no rest in its fearful agony, the blessed and blessing spirits have visited the earth, that the storm may sink into the silence of nature's harmony, and that the clouds may float from their azure home.—*Rev. R. P. Amber.*

PRESERVATION BY SPIRITUAL AGENCY FROM THE EFFECTS OF FIRE.

IN the third chapter of Exodus we read that while Moses kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, he came to Mount Horeb—

And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush; and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed.

In the third chapter of the Book of Daniel the narrative sets forth how Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, set up a gigantic image of gold in the plain of Dura, and commanded all people at the sound of music to fall down and worship it, under pain of being the same hour cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace. Certain Jews whom he had placed in high authority were accused to him of disregarding this mandate; whereupon, in rage and fury he commanded these men to be brought before him. They were brought to him, and the king enquired of them if this report was true, warning them that if they disobeyed him the threatened punishment would at once be visited on them. To this they answered boldly to his face that they would not serve his gods, nor worship the image he had set up.

Then was Nebuchadnezzar full of fury, and the form of his visage was changed against Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego: therefore he spake, and commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be heat.

And he commanded the most mighty men that were in his army to bind Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, and to cast them into the burning fiery furnace.

Then these men were bound in their coats, their hosen, and their hats, and their other garments, and were cast into the midst of the burning fiery furnace.

Therefore, because the king's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of the fire slew those men that took up Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego.

And these three men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, fell down into the midst of the burning fiery furnace.

Then Nebuchadnezzar the king was astonished, and rose up in haste, and said unto his counsellors, Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire? They answered and said unto the king, True, O king.

He answered and said, Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt: and the form of the fourth is like the appearance of the Son of God.

Then Nebuchadnezzar came near to the mouth of the burning furnace, and spake, and said, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, ye servants of the most high God, come forth, and come hither. Then Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, came forth of the midst of the fire.

And the princes, governors, and captains, and the king's courtiers, which were gathered together, saw these men, upon whose bodies the fire had no power, neither was an hair of their head singed, neither were their coats changed, neither was there any smell of fire had passed on them.

Then Nebuchadnezzar spake and said, Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, who hath sent his angel, and delivered his servants that trusted in him, and have changed the king's word, and have saved their lives, that they might not serve nor worship any god except their own.

Therefore I make a decree, That every people, nation, and language, which speak anything amiss against the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, shall be cut in pieces, and their houses shall be made a dunghill; because there is no other god that can deliver after this sort.

Then the king promoted Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, in the provinces of Babylon.

These accounts are not from the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, but from a book which Christendom professes to believe, not only as true, but as in a special sense sacred and divine; they are read in churches, we teach our children to read them; to call them openly in question, has, even in times within the memory of many of our readers, brought down upon the offender not only social obloquy, but legal pains and penalties. And yet, we cannot help asking, incredulously, does Christendom believe these things? Do the men of science—the Professors at the Royal Institution—believe them? Nay, do the members of our churches really and truly believe them, or do they only assent to them in the same sense that Clergymen give their “unfeigned assent and consent” to the Thirty-nine Articles, and to all that is contained in the *Book of Common Prayer*; that is, with certain reservations and an unlimited latitude of interpretation? Is it all a game of make-believe we are playing—one of the many “shams” against which Mr. Carlyle has not yet thundered?

No doubt popular lecturers at Mechanics' Institutions and elsewhere who know all about the laws of nature, and what can, and what cannot be; who, according to the advice of Professor Faraday, “set out with *clear ideas* of the naturally possible and impossible,” could easily demonstrate (were they but permitted, and had they the necessary courage) that these things never did and never could happen; and would congratulate themselves and their audiences on the superior enlightenment of the present age, consequent upon cheap lectures and penny newspapers. And yet, spite of chemical experiments and the magic lantern, Professor Pepper and the *Morning Star*, the “monster superstition,” stupid, obstinate brute, refuses to be either converted or to “clear the track.” He objects to being crushed, and in every age, even down to this “enlightened nineteenth century,” when the schoolmaster and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge are abroad, goes on relating and believing facts “which can't possibly be, you know,” to the great disgust of the *savans*; and very much, indeed, in some respects, as if said *savans* all this time had been writing, experimenting, demonstrating, orating and perorating to the inhabitants of Jupiter.

Indeed the perpetuity of the belief in spiritual agencies, and the constant recurrence in history of the facts which originate or sustain it, is one of those perplexing phenomena which, among other ends, seem specially designed for the botheration of

philosophers. It has an obstinate vitality; if it seems to die, there is always a resurrection for it. The ghosts will not be laid. Just now, in modern Spiritualism, there is a universal resurrection of the spiritual beliefs of past ages. Those whom "philosophy" supposed herself to have slain have risen to their feet an armed host, and "philosophy" has to "fight her battles o'er again" under greater disadvantages than ever, and with all the odds against her.

To speak now of only one form of this universal belief—that of preservation by spiritual agency from the effects of fire. The Scripture narratives we have quoted, if not fully paralleled, yet have their credibility vindicated by facts of corresponding order in later times, and, doubtless, produced by the operation of the same laws. The work of Jamblichus (written in the third century), *On the Mysteries of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Assyrians*, is a compendium of the knowledge of spirit-manifestation and the practice of spirit-communion which existed in the ancient world. In Sect. III, chap. iv., Jamblichus points out "the signs by which those who are rightly possessed by the gods may be known." One of the signs of those who are thus "a vehicle or instrument to the inspiring gods," is that "they are not conscious of the state they are in, neither as they were before, nor in any other way; nor in short do they convert to themselves their own intelligence, or assert any knowledge which is peculiarly their own." He tells us, as one indication of this, that—"Many through divine inspiration, are not burned when fire is introduced to them, the inspiring influence preventing the fire from touching them. Many, also, though burned, do not apprehend that they are so, because they do not then live an animal life."

Some of the early Christian martyrs gave illustration of their insensibility to the pain of fire to which Jamblichus here alludes, affirming that in the fire they felt no pain, that it was to them as a bed of roses. Polycarp, three days before his martyrdom, had a vision by which he knew his end, and told his friends "I shall be burned alive!" by the prospect. A letter giving an account of his martyrdom and the attending circumstances, was sent to all the sister churches. This letter states that he was the Bishop of Smyrna, of which he was the Bishop, and that he was sent to all the place of execution, "Be strong and quit thyself like a man," one saw and the voice. Then Polycarp, looking at the people, looking at the shaking his head at them, with a douth but half open, as one who speaks of the people, looking at the mouth of

another, and looking up to heaven, said, 'take away the wicked' Polycarp having then made a full and final confession of Christ, the executioner kindled the fire, and the flame began to blaze to a great height. When, behold, a mighty wonder appeared to us whose lot it was to see it, and who were reserved by heaven to declare to others what we had seen. For the flame, forming a kind of arch, like to the sail of a ship, filled with the wind, encompassed the body of the martyr, as in a circle; who stood in the midst of it, not as flesh, which is burnt, but bread, which is baked, or as gold and silver glowing in a furnace. . . . At length when these wicked men saw that his body *could not be consumed by fire*, they commanded the executioner to draw near, and to thrust his sword into him."

Speaking of others who suffered martyrdom with him, the letter says, "while they were under torments they were absent from the body, or, rather, the Lord Christ stood by them and conversed with them, and revealed things to them inconceivable by man, as if they were no longer men, but already become angels."

The Apostle John is said to have been cast into a cauldron of boiling oil, by order of the Emperor Domitian, and to have come out unhurt. And Strabo tells us that the priestesses of Diana at Castabala, in Cappadocia, were *accustomed to walk over burning coal*; and at the annual festival held in the temple of Apollo on Mount Soracte, in Etruria, the *Hirpi marched over burning coals*, and on this account were exempted from military service, and received other privileges from the Roman Senate.

In every nation, says Gibbon, the Deity has been invoked to confirm the truth, or to punish the falsehood, of human testimony. Out of this has grown the practice of "The Ordeal;" a solemn appeal to heaven to establish by some visible sign—by some manifest intervention—the innocence of persons wrongfully accused of some flagrant offence. The practice has prevailed extensively, and is of very high antiquity, and the ordeal has been of various kinds; perhaps the most ancient on record being that of "the water of jealousy," of which the account is given in the 5th chapter of the Book of Numbers. But the chief ordeal seems to have been the purgation by fire. We are not now considering the wisdom or folly, the piety or presumption of this usage; whether in certain conditions of society and under peculiar circumstances it might be justified; or, whether it is to be wholly reprobated in all cases. We refer to it only as evidence of the wide-spread belief that, as a matter of fact, ordinary natural effects have been averted by means of spiritual intervention. It has been a practice alike of the African and the Brahmin, the Pagan and the Christian.

It appears to have been well known to the ancient Greeks; for, in the *Antigone* of Sophocles, a person suspected by Creon of a misdemeanour, declares himself ready "to handle hot iron and to walk over fire," in order to manifest his innocence; which, the scholiast tells us, was then an usual mode of purgation.

In India, for the fire ordeal an excavation made in the ground is filled with a wood fire: into this the person accused must walk barefooted; and, if his foot be unhurt, he is held blameless; but if it be burned he is held guilty. It is still (or was till recently) in practice when satisfactory information cannot be obtained, among the Gentoos, and is of high antiquity.

Simplicius, Bishop of Autun, in the fourth century, is said to have cleared himself of a charge brought against him by taking up a handful of burning coal and holding it to his breast without injury, in attestation of his innocence; and St. Britius, Bishop of Tours, in the fifth century, is related to have cleared himself from a charge of incontinence in a similar manner.

During the middle ages the purgation by fire was one of the ordeals which prevailed for many centuries: it was a solemn appeal to heaven to vindicate the innocent when innocence could not be otherwise proven; and it was a test by which in England, and in various countries of Europe, that innocence could be legally established.

Blackstone, in his chapter "Of Trial and Conviction," writes:—"Fire-ordeal was performed either by taking up in the hand, unhurt, a piece of red-hot iron, of one, two, or three pounds weight; or else by walking, barefoot and blindfold, over nine red-hot ploughshares, laid lengthwise at unequal distances; and if the party escaped being hurt, he was adjudged innocent; but if it happened otherwise, he was then condemned as guilty. By this method Queen Emma, the mother of Edward the Confessor, is mentioned to have cleared her character when suspected of familiarity with Alwyn, Bishop of Winchester.—*Rudhouse's Hist. Mag.*, Winton, Book iv., chap. 1."*

* "In the cathedral at Winchester—if we are to believe the ancient annalists and the popular songs of succeeding ages—the widow of the victorious Canute the celebrated Emma who had been the wife of two kings and was now the mother of a third, passed the fiery ordeal, and *walked unhurt over nine red-ploughshares*. She came thither the preceding day from the Abbey of Winton, whither she had retired, and spent the night before the altar in prayer. When the morning broke there came the king, the bishops, and all the multitude of people, to witness this fearful spectacle; and when they saw her walk, supported by two bishops, over the burning metal, not merely unhurt but unconscious of it—thus being cleared by Divine power itself from the breath of calumny—the thousands of spectators made the vaults of the ancient minster and the vault of heaven itself, ring with their acclamations."—*Howitt's Visit Remarkable Places*, Vol. i., p. 428.



Dr. Henry observes in reference to the ordeals in ancient Britain, that, if we suppose few or none escaped conviction who exposed themselves to those fiery trials, we shall be very much mistaken. "For the histories of those times contain *innumerable examples* of persons plunging their naked arms into boiling water, handling red-hot balls of iron, and walking upon burning ploughshares without receiving the least injury. Many learned men (he adds) have been much puzzled to account for this, and disposed to think that Providence graciously interposed in a miraculous manner, for the preservation of injured innocence."

The ordeal was accompanied with religious service within consecrated walls, and the solemnity with which the Church superintended the appeal to Heaven invested it with a sacred character, and must have been awfully impressive. A form of ritual appointed by ecclesiastical authority has been translated and published from a document found in the charter-chest of an ancient Thuringian monastery, by M. Büsching, a well-known German antiquary. It will be familiar to many readers, from its being given by Sir Walter Scott in the historical Notes to his *Fair Maid of Perth*. It is here appended:—

A fire was kindled within the church, not far from the great altar. The person about to undergo the ordeal was placed in front of the fire, surrounded by his friends, by all who were in any way interested in the result of the trial, and by the whole clergy of the vicinity. Upon a table near the fire, the cooler over which he was to walk, the bar he was to carry, or, if he were a knight, the steel gloves which, after they had been made red hot, he was to put on his hands, were placed in view of all.

Part of the usual service of the day being performed, a priest advances, and places himself in front of the fire, uttering at the same moment, the following prayer, which is the first Mr. Büsching gives:—

"O Lord God, bless this place, that herein there may be health, and holiness, and purity, and sanctification, and victory, and humility, and meekness, fulfilment of the law, and obedience to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. May thy blessing, O God of purity and justice, be upon this place, and upon all that be therein; for the sake of Christ, the Redeemer of the world."

A second priest now lifts the iron, and bears it towards the fire. A series of prayers follows; all to be repeated ere the iron is laid on the fire.

These are the Prayers to be said over the Fire and the Iron.

"1. Lord God, Almighty Father, Fountain of Light, hear us:—enlighten us, O thou that dwellest in light unapproachable. Bless this fire, O God; and as from the midst of the fire thou didst of old enlighten Moses, so from this flame enlighten and purify our hearts, that we may be worthy, through Christ our Lord, to come unto thee, and unto the life eternal.

"2. Our Father which art in Heaven, &c.

"3. O Lord, save thy servant. Lord God, send him help out of Zion, thy holy hill. Save him, O Lord. Hear us, O Lord. O Lord, be with us.

"4. O God, Holy and Almighty, hear us. By the majesty of thy most holy name, and by the coming of thy dear Son, and by the gift of the comfort of thy holy Spirit, and by the justice of thine eternal seat, hear us, good Lord. Purify this metal, and sanctify it, that all falsehood and deceit of the devil may be cast out of it, and utterly removed; and that the truth of thy righteous judgment

may be opened and made manifest to all the faithful that cry unto thee this day, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The iron is now placed in the fire, and sprinkled with consecrated water both before and after it is so placed. The mass is said while the iron is heating,—the introductory scripture being,—“O Lord, thou art just, and righteous are all thy judgments.” The priest delivers the wafer to the person about to be tried, and, ere he communicates, the following prayer is said by the priest and congregation:—

“We pray unto thee, O God, that it may please thee to absolve this thy servant, and to clear him from his sins. Purify him, O heavenly Father, from all the stains of the flesh, and enable him, by thy all-covering and atoning grace, to pass through this fire,—thy creature—triumphantly, being justified in Christ our Lord.”

Then the Gospel:—“Then there came one unto Jesus, who fell upon his knees, and cried out, Good Master, what must I do that I may be saved? Jesus said, Why callest me good?” &c.

The chief priest, from the altar, now addresses the accused, who is still kneeling near the fire:—

“By the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and by the Christianity whose name thou bearest, and by the baptism in which thou wert born again, and by all the blessed relics of the saints of God that are preserved in this church, I conjure thee, Come not unto this altar, nor eat of this body of Christ, if thou beest guilty in the things that are laid to thy charge; but if thou beest innocent therein, come, brother, and come freely.”

The accused then comes forward and communicates,—the priest saying—“This day may the body and blood of Jesus Christ, which were given and shed for thee, be thy protection and thy succour, yea, even in the midst of the flame.”

The priest now reads this prayer:—“O Lord, it hath pleased thee to accept our spiritual sacrifice. May the joyful partaking in this holy sacrament be comfortable and useful to all that are here present, and serviceable to the removing of the bondage and thralldom of whatsoever sins do most easily beset us. Grant also, that to this thy servant it may be of exceeding comfort, gladdening his heart, until the truth of thy righteous judgment be revealed.”

The organ now peals, and *Kyrie Eleison* and the *Litany* are sung in full chorus.

After this comes another prayer:—

“O God! thou that through fire hath shown forth so many signs of thy almighty power! thou that didst snatch Abraham, thy servant, out of the brands and flames of the Chaldeans, wherein many were consumed! thou that didst cause the bush to burn before the eyes of Moses, and yet not to be consumed! God, that didst send thy Holy Spirit, in the likeness of tongues of fiery flame, to the end that thy faithful servants might be visited and set apart from the unbelieving generation; God, that didst safely conduct the three children through the flame of the Babylonians; God, that didst waste Sodom with fire from Heaven, and preserve Lot, thy servant, as a sign and a token of thy mercy: O God, show forth yet once again thy visible power, and the majesty of thy unerring judgment; that truth may be made manifest, and falsehood avenged, make thou this fire thy minister before us; powerless be it where is the power of purity, but sorely burning, even to the flesh and the sinews, the hand that hath done evil, and that hath not feared to be lifted up in false swearing. O God, from whose eye nothing can be concealed make thou this fire thy voice to us thy servants, that it may reveal innocence, or cover iniquity with shame. Judge of all the earth! hear us: good Lord, for the sake of Jesus Christ thy Son.”

The priest now dashes once more the holy water over the fire, saying, “Upon this fire be the blessing of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, that it may be a sign to us of the righteous judgment of God.”

The priest pauses, instantly the accused approaches to the fire, and lifts the iron, which he carries nine yards from the flame. The moment he lays it down he is surrounded by the priests, and borne by them into the vestry; there his hands are wrapped in linen cloths, sealed down with the signet of the Church;

these are removed on the third day, when he is declared innocent or guilty according to the condition in which his hands are found. "*Si sinus rubrum in vestigio ferri reperiatur, culpabilis ducatur. Sin autem mundus reperiatur, Laus Deo referatur.*"

Of course it has been said that all this was fraud, trick, priestcraft; that chemical agencies were applied to protect the body from the natural effects of fire,—that some liniment was used to anoint the soles of the feet,—that asbestos was mixed with a composition to cover the skin,—that the hands were protected by asbestos gloves, so made as to imitate the skin. But this is all pure supposition; there is no evidence to support it; it is simple conjecture as to how it is supposed these things *might* have been done, not evidence as to how they really *were* done. To prevent the defendant from preparing his hands by art, and in order to ascertain the result of the ordeal, his hands were covered up and sealed during the three days which preceded and followed the fiery application; and it is an entirely gratuitous conjecture of Beckman's that those in whose care the accused was placed made use of these opportunities to apply preventives to those whom they wished to acquit, and to bring back the hands to their natural condition. Even were the clergy, generally, base enough, and impious enough, to resort to these juggling tricks, and blasphemously appeal to heaven with a lie in their mouths, and with the consciousness of so monstrous a fraud, this could scarcely have been done without the connivance of magistrates and civil rulers, who were not always well-disposed to the Church, but not unfrequently looked upon the ecclesiastical authorities with a jealous eye. We know how hard it is for even a handful of conspirators to be faithful to each other, even for a short time; how comes it, then, that in a conspiracy so vast, organised into an institution, having its ramifications in so many countries, and extending over so great a period of time, no one blabbed the secret, no one betrayed his fellow-conspirators?* If the priests possessed a knowledge of the arts imputed to them, they certainly kept their secrets wonderfully well; and, especially when we consider that the accused was "surrounded by all who were in any way interested in the result of the trial," their contemporaries must have been singularly dull of sense and dull of wit not to have detected their frauds, leaving the discovery to the *conjectures* of their enlightened posterity. The truth is that these conjectures are mere guesses

* It is said that Albertus Magnus, in the thirteenth century, soon after the ordeal had fallen into general desuetude in Europe, gave a recipe for a kind of paste, of which asbestos was an ingredient, to protect the skin from the effects of fire; and which is affirmed to have been used by ecclesiastics in the ordeal. This, I believe, is the only thing of the kind that is alleged; and the recipe is confessedly of doubtful authenticity.

invented to meet the exigencies of theory, and to evade the inference felt to be otherwise inevitable, that these things could only take place by the intervention of some spiritual power, operating by some higher than merely physical laws. Leaving, however, the "dark ages" (so called, I suppose, among other reasons, because we are very much in the dark about them), and coming nearer to our own—to the beginning of the eighteenth century; and turning from the records of "benighted Catholics," to Protestant history, we come upon a very striking episode in illustration of our subject.

Most of our readers are acquainted with the history of the Protestants of the Cevennes, and the events of that history which so wonderfully manifest a protecting and spiritual power, and which are so well attested by contemporaries. One of the books written at the time is entitled *Le Theatre Sacré des Cevennes*, and is translated into English under the title of *A Cry from the Desert; or, Testimonials of the Miraculous Things lately come to pass in the Cevennes; with a Preface by John Lacy, Esq., London, 1707*. Beside quotations from contemporary works of repute, this book contains "the testimonies in form of twenty-six eye and ear-witnesses, now or lately resident in London." Twelve of these "did on the sixth of March, and the first of April last (1706), affirm their Depositions upon Oath, before John Edisbury, Esq., and Sir Richard Halford, Masters in Chancery." One of the Depositions is that of Durand Fage, one of the leaders of the Cevennois; and an eye-witness of the following scene, which I quote from his sworn Deposition:—

Cavallier having called a religious assembly near the tile-kiln of Serignan, betwixt Quisac and Somiere, on Sunday in August 1703, at about three in the afternoon, brother Clary, who was of our troop, a young man of about eight-and-twenty, who had care of the provisions, fell into an ecstasy. He declared that there were two persons in the assembly who came thither to betray us, and that if they did not repent of their design, he himself would discover them in the name of God. At these words, Cavallier, not questioning the truth of the inspiration, ordered about 600 soldiers to surround the congregation, and to suffer no one to depart. Clary continuing under inspiration, strongly agitated, his eyes closed, and his hands lifted up, immediately walked forward, and laid his hands on one of the traitors. The other, seeing his accomplice thus miraculously discovered, threw himself at the feet of Cavallier, confessing the guilt of them both, and imploring pardon. Cavallier ordered them to be bound and reserved for the judgment of the assembly: but Clary, still in ecstasy, cried aloud that there were some present who suspected an understanding betwixt him and the two seized: therefore, God would manifest his own power, and confound their disbelief. At that instant his agitation became greater than ever, and he cried out, in the spirit:—"Oh! people of little faith, do ye doubt my power, after all the wonders I have shown you? I tell thee, my child, that I will display my power and my truth. I command that fire be lighted, and that thou place thyself in the midst of it. Fear not, for the flame shall not touch thee."

When these words were heard, there was a loud outcry of those who had doubted, begging pardon, and declaring themselves satisfied: praying God to spare the trial by fire, for they acknowledged that He knew their hearts. But Cavallier ordered the fire to be made. I was one of those who fetched wood for

it, and the branches being dry, for they had been collected for the use of the kiln, the pile mingled with larger boughs was raised in the midst of the assembly. The fire was lighted, whether by himself or not I do not know, but when the flame began to mount, he went into the midst of it, and stood with his hands elevated, clasped together, and still in ecstasy. Clary had on a white blouse, which his wife had brought him that morning, and he went on speaking amongst the flames, though what he said could not be understood, for beside the assembly, which consisted of five or six hundred people, the circle was surrounded by the six hundred men under arms, and all were on their knees, weeping passionately, praying, singing psalms, and crying, "Pardon! Mercy!" The fire was made in a low spot, so that all round on the hill sides could see it, Clary in the midst of it, and the flames meeting above his head. The wife of Clary was near the fire in an agony of terror, and praying vehemently to God. I stood at her side supporting her, and encouraging her all that I could. There were near her also two of her sisters, her father, one of her brothers, and several of the relatives of Clary. Those who collected the wood also thrust the scattered branches into the fire, till the whole was consumed; Clary, at the end of about a quarter-of-an-hour, walked out of the burning cinders, still under inspiration, but wholly untouched by the fire. His friends rushed to embrace him, and to congratulate him on that wondrous proof of his faith. I was one of the first to embrace him. I examined his white blouse, and it was not in the least injured in the fire, nor was his hair singed. His wife and relations were in transports of joy, praising God. Cavallier ordered a general prayer and thanksgiving for this great miracle, which God had vouchsafed to confirm the faith and courage of his servants.

The affidavit of John Cavallier, who was also present, confirms this account of Fage in every particular. Nor was this the only instance of the kind.

To confound the murmurers, who had let in doubts of their chief, Cavallier, when two thousand of the Camisars were praying in the open air at Calvinas, ordered a great pile of vine and olive branches to be made. A young woman, accompanied by two young prophets, who exhorted her to have faith in God, approached it. She fell on her knees, and prayed with ever-increasing fervor that God would confer on her exemption from the power of fire. She commanded the whole multitude to kneel, menacing with the wrath of God all who refused to prostrate themselves before His glory, which He was about to reveal in wonders. She then arose, entered the flaming pile, walked through it, returned, entered, and re-entered again three times. The multitude bursting into tears, cried aloud in admiration of the marvels of God. Silence being re-established, she fell on her knees, and prayed that she might be permitted to take fire in her hands as if it were water, and that instead of burning, it should refresh her. She arose, took coals of fire in her hands, held them, and then casting them back, followed by the two prophets, she retired into the crowd rejoicing and blessing God.

These facts, however well established, are very astounding; and it may be asked, have we any facts analogous to them in modern experience—any facts vouched for by living witnesses whose testimony is worthy of credit? I answer, that we have; and I proceed to cite a few of them.

In the *Sacred Circle*, published in New York, 1855, and edited by Judge Edmonds, Dr. Dexter, and Mr. O. G. Warren, the latter gentleman at page 120, Vol. i., writes as follows:—

In the Old and New Testaments there are many miracles recorded. Some of them can be explained, and others not. A recent event offers a solution of one of these. Certain servants of the Lord were thrown into a fiery furnace heated to an extraordinary degree; but they were not burned; and there was

not even the smell of fire upon them. Something of a similar nature has lately occurred. A medium had been ordered by a spirit to *thrust his hand into a flame of hot fire*. He did so, at first with some natural hesitation, but finally held his hand in it for a considerable time without injury. This was many times repeated, and the hand was not burned in the least.

This miracle—and there have been several such—was explained by the spirits, as far as it could be explained. They alleged that they were able to envelope him (the medium) in an atmosphere that would resist the action of fire.

In the same volume, page 217, Judge Edmonds writes:—

I know that not long ago a medium was made to hold his hand in a flame a considerable time—long enough to have destroyed it—and yet it was not injured; and a second time was the act repeated and the hand was uninjured.

The following is taken from the *Spiritual Telegraph Papers*, vol. vi., published by Partridge & Brittan, New York, 1857:—

At the New York Conference, Mr. D. G. Taylor, a highly respected citizen of New York, related that at a circle held in his house in West 16th Street, ten persons being present, amongst them, Mr. C—, Mr. G—d, and Mrs. H. Robinson, then seated in the audience,—his son, a well-known medium, had during entrancement held his hand in the flame of a candle during the space of 70 seconds, and that the hand was removed wholly unscorched. On another occasion, at their weekly circle, the same medium and another (Miss M—) being both deeply entranced, were desired by the spirits to place each a hand at the top of the blazing fire, and retain them there, whilst the circle counted 50. They did so, and removed their hands wholly unscorched. Neither of the mediums recollected the act when awakened from the trance.

The same volume relates the following facts; they are given on the authority of Mrs. Emma Hardinge (the well-known inspirational speaker), now in London, and who has personally assured me of their truth:—

In Macon, Georgia, a coloured girl, who was an excellent physical medium, frequently exhibited the feat of thrusting her hand amongst the blazing pine logs, and removing it after some 60 seconds without the least injury. She always insisted, however, that she would only perform this feat when "Cousin Joe," whom she called her guardian spirit, was present and bid her do it.

At New Orleans, Louisiana, a negro by the name of Tom Jenkins, was well-known for his power of resisting fire under what he called the "fluence of Big Ben," a boatman formerly on the Mississippi river, and who since his death by drowning had come and made what Tom called "magic" for him. On one occasion Mrs. Emma Hardinge and a party of friends paying a visit to Tom he became entranced, took off his shoes and stockings, rolled up his pantaloons to the knees, and entered the pine-wood fire, literally standing in it as it blazed on the hearth, long enough to repeat in a solemn and impressive manner the 24th, and 25th verses of the 3rd chapter of Daniel.

The following incident is extracted from the *Spiritualist* of 1860, published at Macon, Georgia:—

Mrs. Lovejoy, of Cincinnati, being on a visit to this place, her a baby of four months' old, who is a remarkable medium, accustomed to sit around the cradle whilst the little baby lies as she has been here, and always receive satisfactory responses from friends, either by raps or rockings of the cradle. If the baby in circle, she never cries, but seems, by the happy smile over her face, the delight with which she crows along with the raps, to receive influence from the power which is operating.

Last evening (April 3rd), as we were holding a circle: I asked the spirits, why the Christians did not give the promised to the believers in the last chapter of St. Mark?

rapped out, by the alphabet—"Because the Christians of this century were believers with their lips, but too many of their hearts were far from God." They added—"They would shew what belief in the truth of Scripture meant, through that baby, to-morrow, and prove that it was something more than a service."

The next day (this morning), as I returned to dinner, I found my wife and Mrs. Lovejoy sitting in the verandah outside the house. They rose up and went into the parlour with me, also accompanied by Mr. Newman, my overcoat, from Mississippi, who was along with me.

On entering the parlour, we were all four horrified to behold the baby's cradle literally a mass of flames; a spark from the pine fire, probably, had flown out, and the cradle being incautiously left near the open fireplace, had taken fire, and was now wrapped in flames. I shall never forget the shrieks of the women, or my own feelings of horror at the sight; but Mr. Newman gallantly rushed towards the blazing mass, and, plunging his hands in, snatched the infant from the cradle, and rolled it in its blazing night dress on the matting of the floor, until the fire was extinguished. I seized a bucket of water at the door, brought by Sam for our horses, and hurled it at the cradle, by which the flames were soon put out; but the strange part of the story is, that the little one never cried, nor even whimpered, and that, though its night dress was burned to a cinder, not a single scorch can be found on its body, nor the least token of injury; even the bit of hair on its little bare poll is not singed.

Mrs. Lovejoy is now in bed, attended by my wife, in a painful condition of hysterical emotion; but the little angel—guarded sign of true Christianity—is merrily crowing in the arms of her nurse, Cherry, on the floor, at my feet, as I write.

E. HOFFMANN.

Mobile, April 4th, 1860.

These things were done in America. Let us come nearer home. The event I am about to relate took place in the Winter of 1860, at the house of a gentleman, in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park, and in presence of several persons whose names we have for reference if need be.

There had been some conversation relative to the narrative I have already quoted in the third chapter of Daniel. Mr. Home was entranced, and the spirit speaking through him rebuked the incredulity which had been expressed, Mr. Home at the same time, *in sight of all, laying his head on the burning coals, where it remained several moments, he sustaining no injury; not a hair of his head was singed.*

Still more recently, and to bring up our chain of testimony to this year of grace, 1868, a gentleman writing under the signature of "Honestas" communicated to a contemporary some experiences of Mr. Home's mediumship he had recently witnessed at his own house. Among other facts related by him in *Human Nature*, February, 1868, is the following:—

The four friends had now rejoined us. Movements of the table and loud raps at once occurred—Mr. Home falling off into a trance almost immediately. In his trance state, he delivered a very beautiful address, too long to be copied; then passing up to the hearth, placed his hands and then his face in the flames, and on the burning coals. *This fire test I have witnessed several times, and particularly call attention to it, as its interest is increased if we but look back to the records of religious persecutions of past ages. On this evening, I had the amplest opportunity of watching the exact movements, and quite satisfied myself of the fact that Mr. Home touched the burning coals. A lady present unable to resist her expressions of alarm as his face neared and closed*

upon the flames was reproved—Mr. Home extending his right hand towards her, and which had now become white and luminous, in reproachful warning, saying “Have you no faith, no faith? Daniel will take no harm.”

As “Honestas” had recently communicated a very remarkable phenomenon of a different kind in connection with Mr. Home of which he was an eye-witness,* and as he was known to us as a gentleman of intelligence and veracity, we at once wrote to him to furnish us a fuller account of this fire-test than that given in *Human Nature*, and he has favoured us with the following reply:—

“Sir,—I have been requested to give a minute account of the phenomenon of contact with fire, or ‘Fire Test,’ Mr. Home submitted himself to, whilst in a trance state; a partial description I have already given in *Human Nature*; and at first I thought it would be best to supply you with a transcript of the narrative I have already rendered, but on reperusal of my original notes, I find I had greatly pruned down the statement of accompanying circumstances, and as I am desired to be very minute, I will, as far as I can safely do so, transcribe from the original manuscripts.

“The evening on which the phenomenon I am about to relate occurred, had been full of interest, several very remarkable manifestations having taken place, such as the absorption of water by an unseen agency, and the retention of water in an open-necked bottle, though the same was *inverted*, and violently moved and swung about. Mr. Home who was all the time in a deep trance, now poured several drops of water upon his finger points, and I noticed a slight jet of steam rise, hissingly from the ends of his fingers, and accompanied by flames of electric light or odic of a violet bluish colour, half an inch to an inch in length; much resembling the drawings given in Reichenbach’s Works. Still continuing in a trance, Mr. Home now approached the fire, and, kneeling down before the hearth, proceeded to explain how great the power of spiritual beings is over matter, not because they worked miracles, but because of their superior chemical knowledge,—adding: ‘We gladly give down our power over fluids, our power over solids; you may now see how I handle burning coal;’ then laying his hand on the back of coal in the hearth with his hand, he took it asunder, and, *taking a large lump of coal from the palm of his hand* (the size of an orange), he walked up to Mrs. —, whose alarm had quite unbalanced her. *When the heat was so intense that it scorched his hand, all but scorching his wristband.*

* “New Spirit Manifestations.”

ing Mrs. —, said, 'That is a burning coal, A—; it is a burning coal; feel the heat of his hand. A burning coal will not hurt Daniel!—have faith!' *I closely examined his hand and by the light of the glowing coal I could trace every line in the palm of the hand.* The skin was not, as will be surmised covered by a glove, or steeped in a solution of alum, it was as clean as soap and water could make it. Mr. Home now explained that spiritual beings had the power of abstracting heat as a distinctive element, and to prove this he said, now mark:—

" 'We will cool it now—draw out the heat.' My doubts were by this time thoroughly aroused; I closely watched the process. On laying hold of the coal, which had become black, I found it to be comparatively cooled, and, taking it from his hand, I examined it carefully, so also the skin of his hand. At his request, I returned the coal into the palm of his hand; almost instantaneously, the heat returned; not to incandescence, only the caloric; on applying my hand to the coal, I burnt myself, and took conviction at the cost of a slight injury. I cannot say I doubted any more. The scrutiny I had submitted the hand of Mr. Home to precluded this; but, desirous of making certain of the fact of an unprotected surface of the hand of the medium being 'fire proof,' I took Mr. Home's hand, rubbed it, moistened it; not a trace of any foreign matter, and, strange enough, no smell of smoke, or the burnt smell of fire observable. Mr. Home, who was still in a trance, smiled good-temperedly at my persevering efforts to undo my own conviction. He then again addressed us. 'What we are doing, are not miracles; the cure of A— was no miracle; we only carried away some dyke in her nervous system, and set the functions free. We hope to do so for H—. We repeat, in truth, we perform no miracles; no raising of the dead; we watch our opportunity, and bring back the spirit to the body. All comes from our loving Father. Our power of faith is the test; whether miracles are true or not, faith is necessary.' Then addressing Mrs. —, 'Will you have faith now? The last time Daniel neared the fire, you lacked faith.'

"Mr. Home then resumed his seat, and proceeded to experimentalise on two decanters of water he had placed on the table in the early part of the evening, but my space will not allow me to detail the phenomena which then followed.

"On another evening, Mr. Home, after he had shown us some truly remarkable phenomena, all whilst in a trance, knelt down before the hearth, deliberately arranging the bed of burning coal with his hands, and commenced fanning away the flames; then to our horror and amazement *placed his face and head in the flames*, which appeared to form a bed, upon which

his face rested. I narrowly watched the phenomenon, and could see the flames touch his hair. On withdrawing his face from the flames, *I at once examined his hair; not a fibre burnt or scorched*—unscathed he came out from the fire test,—a true medium.

“I am aware that great incredulity will reward my narrative: I give what I have seen as a fact, refraining from explanation.

“That the fire test has played its part in the records of every race of people, the veriest tyro in history knows. Fire test was the crucial test of religious fanatics, whose unreasoning orthodoxy sought strength by imitating the wondrous phenomenon I have just been recording. How full of interest the inquiry into the history of the ‘Fire-ordeal,’ ‘Fire-test,’ ‘Fever-probe,’ becomes when viewed by the light of a fact fresh before us; and I only hope Mr. Brevior will take up the thread and unravel the mystery of the once terrible fire-test, which haunts the path of the historian as he travels back into the past of the human race.

HONESTAS.

“March, 1868.”

Thus then, the credibility of the narratives we have quoted from the Hebrew Scriptures is confirmed by, and they in turn confirm, the similar narratives which we find in various countries and centuries even to our own. Their range is too extensive, many of them are too circumstantial and well attested; the testimony to the facts is too clear, too independent and concurrent, to permit us to assign them wholly to imposture. Make what large and liberal abatement you will for fraud on the one hand, and credulity on the other, you cannot altogether dispose of the question in that way; and any attempt to do so can only be fitly characterised as itself an experiment on the credulity of mankind.

It is well known to Magnetists that there are certain netic states in which the body becomes insensible, even action of fire. St. Augustine (*De Civit. Dei*, L. xiv., relates a case in which this state could even be self-induced gives an account of one Restitius, a Presbyter, who pleasure deprive himself of all sense in a state of appar in which he seemed not to breathe, and was not affected by present sensations, even from fire. The same state may spontaneously, as well as from magnetisation. Baker (*Chron.* page 428) speaks of a William Foxley, who fell a Tuesday in Easter-week, and could not be awakened by pinching and burning, till the first day of next term, w full fourteen days. I need not give instances of in- under mesmeric influence, as this is a matter whic conversant with the facts of Mesmerism will disp.

would suggest that spirits may preserve from the effects of fire not only by some chemical or other action on the fire, flame, or burning substance, (as in the way explained in the letter of "Honestas,") but also by magnetic or other operation affecting the body to which the fire is to be applied; probably by magnetising the body in the same way as that with which we are so familiar, or by some similar method; or by surrounding it with a spiritual atmosphere impervious to the fire; as alleged by the spirits in the case quoted from Mr. Warren.

If our so-called philosophers were really so in the old and true sense of the word;—if instead of being merely "physicists," they were single-minded seekers after wisdom,—indifferent to fame, heedless of prejudice and clamour, fearless of reproach, resolved at any cost to buy the truth and sell it not; they would eagerly seek for the evidence which in the present time is being given to the truth of these facts, they would study these facts and the laws which govern them that they might carry out the true ends of philosophy;—to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge, to give us a deeper insight into the mysteries of being, and especially to enable us to comprehend more clearly and fully the properties and mutual relations of matter and spirit.

T. S.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS AND MR. FAY.

It is nearly four years since the Davenports first arrived in London, accompanied by the Rev. J. B. Ferguson, a gentleman whose great intelligence and kindly manners secured him the respect of all who had the pleasure of making his personal acquaintance. I believe I was the first person, in England, who privately witnessed the Davenport manifestations, and I afterwards arranged the two first *séances* given to a number of City gentlemen, at the Hanover Square Rooms, in September, 1864, when I added "my testimony to the undoubted genuineness" of the whole exhibition.* Since that period the career of the Davenports (in which it must be understood that Mr. William Fay has borne an important and most useful part) has been an extraordinary and chequered one.

The shameful conduct of the Press of this country towards these young Americans will, doubtless, be fresh in the recollection of every one. But, supported by the conscious integrity of their remarkable medium powers, they have boldly held their

own, and after a most successful tour of nearly three years through Continental Europe, they have returned to London to challenge once more, before their departure for America, public investigation and criticism; and upon their re-appearance at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 11th of April last, they were received in the most flattering manner by a crowded and enthusiastic audience. I was present at this *séance*, and it will be sufficient to say that the Davenports' mediumistic powers are not diminished, but, if possible, they are increased; especially in the cabinet exhibition, where hands, life-like in form and texture, were frequently seen before the doors were closed, and where, from the aperture, there were protruded at one time, two long naked femininely-formed arms, and also a group of not less than five hands of various sizes at the same instant.

I have obtained from Mr. William Fay some particulars of their receptions in the principal cities of the Continent; and it appears that, from various causes, these have been unequal, and in some instances unsuccessful, but upon the whole highly satisfactory. From the decided opinions of some persons, who said they could not succeed in Russia, they hesitated at first to visit that country, but the result, contrary to their expectations, proved a great success. They were at once received by the Emperor, and gave their first *séance* to him and the members of the imperial family, the Crown Prince being the one selected to sit with the Brothers in the cabinet.

The unqualified approval of the Czar was their best passport to the patronage of the nobility and aristocracy of St. Petersburg, before whom alone the Davenports exhibited; the high charges made in that city for their public and private *séances* tending to exclude all below a certain rank. Among some of the noble families to whom private *séances* were given were the Prince Constantine, Count Koucheleff, Prince Paskawick, the French Ambassador, the American Ambassador and many others; 38 in all. At their first public *séance* in St. Petersburg, the receipts amounted to the very large sum of £900.

As I may not have the opportunity of again speaking of the Davenports and Mr. Fay in this Magazine, I desire to convey to those of my friends in America, who introduced them to me the assurance of my conviction that the Brothers' mission Europe has been of great service to Spiritualism; that their public conduct as mediums—in which relation I alone know them—has been steady and unexceptionable, and that the certain developments may have taken place in America since their departure, which, in some few instances, appear to surmount the manifestations obtained through the Davenports, none

be more convincing—none, that I am aware of, so well adapted for a large audience. As I had the responsibility of first endorsing the reality and wonderful character of the phenomena produced through the agency of the Davenports and Mr. William Fay in England, so it becomes a duty for me to say now, that I have had no reason whatever to change my opinion of the genuine and marvellous character of their mediumship, which is entirely free from the imputation of trickery and bad faith of any kind.

BENJ. COLEMAN.

WHAT IS THE TALMUD?

WE must confess we could not have given any sensible answer to the question until the appearance of the article in the October number of the *Quarterly Review*. We propose to make a few short extracts from this article to show some of the characteristics of this wonderful and unique book of the ancient Jews. The writer alludes to portions of the book which would be of special interest to us, but unfortunately only in a way which does not enable us to show the Spiritualistic notions and phenomena which are recorded in it. For these we must wait for another historian. He says:—

“ Apart from the difficulties of explaining a work so utterly Eastern, antique, and thoroughly *sui generis*, to our modern Western readers, in the space of a few pages, we labour under the farther disability of not being able to refer to the work itself. Would it not indeed be mere affectation to presuppose more than the vaguest acquaintance with its language or even its name in many of our readers? And while we would fain enlarge upon such points as a comparison between the law laid down in it with ours, or with the contemporary Greek, Roman, and Persian laws, or those of Islam, or even with its own fundamental code, the Mosaic; while we would trace a number of its ethical, ceremonial, and doctrinal points in Zoroastrianism, in Christianity, in Mohammedanism; a vast deal of its metaphysics and philosophy in Plato, Aristotle, the Pythagoreans, the Neoplatonists, and the Gnostics—not to mention Spinoza and the Schellings of our own day; much of its medicine in Hippocrates and Galen, and the Paracelsus of but a few centuries ago—we shall scarcely be able to do more than to lay a few *disjecta membra* of these things before our readers. We cannot even sketch, in all its bearings, that singular mental movement which caused the best

spirits of an entire nation to concentrate, in spite of opposition, all their energies for a thousand years upon the writing, and for another thousand years upon the commenting, of this one book. Omitting all detail which it has cost much to gather, and more to suppress, we shall merely tell of its development, of the schools in which it grew, of the tribunals which judged by it, of some of the men that set their seal on it. We shall also introduce a summary of its law, speak of its metaphysics, of its moral philosophy, and quote many of its proverbs and saws—the truest of all gauges of a time.”

We must refer our readers to the article itself for the performance of this, in all but the quotation of a few of the wise sayings which we find scattered broadcast through its pages:—

“Jerusalem was destroyed because the instruction of the young was neglected.”

“The world is only saved by the breath of the school children.”

“Even for the rebuilding of the Temple the schools must not be interrupted.”

“Study is more meritorious than sacrifice—a scholar is greater than a prophet.”

“You should revere the teacher even more than your Father. The latter only brought you into this world, the former indicates the way into the next. But blessed is the son who has learnt from his father: he shall revere him both as his father and his master; and blessed is the father who has instructed his son.”

“Greater is he who derives his livelihood from work than he who fears God.”

“Six hundred and thirteen injunctions was Moses instructed to give to the people. David reduced them all to eleven, in the fifteenth psalm: ‘Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle, who shall dwell on Thy holy hill?—he that walketh uprightly,’ &c. The Prophet Isaiah reduced them to six (xxxiii. 15): ‘He that walketh righteously,’ &c. The Prophet Micah reduced them to three (vi. 8): ‘What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?’ Isaiah once more reduced them to two (lvi. 1): ‘Keep ye judgment and do justice.’ Amos (v. 4) reduced them all to one: ‘Seek ye me and ye shall live.’ But lest it might be supposed from this that God would be found in the fulfilment of his whole law only, Habakkuk said (ii. 4): ‘The just shall live by his faith.’”

“The real and only (good) Pharisee is he who does the will of his Father which is in Heaven *because he loves Him.*”

“Even for the sake of the tiniest babe the Sabbath must

be broken without hesitating, for the babe will keep many a Sabbath yet for that one that was broken for it."

"Do not believe in thyself till the day of thy death."

"Do not judge thy neighbour until thou hast stood in his place."

"Whosoever does not increase in knowledge decreases."

"Do not unto another what thou wouldst not have another do unto thee. This is the whole law, the rest is mere commentary."

"Be equally conscientious in small as in great precepts for ye know not their individual rewards."

"The laws has been given to man, and not to angels. The Scripture says he shall live by them; that means he shall not die through them. They shall not be made pitfalls or burdens to him, that shall make him hate life."

"As God fills the whole universe, so the soul fills the whole body; as God sees and is not seen, so the soul sees and is not seen; as God nourishes the whole universe, so the soul nourishes the whole body; as God is pure, so the soul is pure."

"There is no death without individual sin!"

"One hour of repentance is better than the whole world to come."

"This world is like a roadside inn, but the world to come is like the real home."

"For the righteous there is no rest, neither in this world, nor in the next, for they go from host to host, from striving to striving, they will see God in Zion."

"Generations upon generations shall last the damnation of idolators, apostates, and traitors, but there is a space of only two fingers' breadth between Hell and Heaven—the sinner has but to repent sincerely, and the gates to everlasting bliss will spring open. No human being is excluded from the world to come."

"Who is strong? He who subdues his passion. Who is rich? He who is satisfied with his lot."

"Repent one day before thy death. Repent to-day lest to-morrow thou might be summoned."

"The aim and end of all wisdom are repentance and good works."

"Even the most righteous shall not attain to so high a place in Heaven as the truly repentant."

"Love your wife like yourself. Honour her more than yourself."

"Whoever lives unmarried, lives without joy, without comfort, without blessing."

"It is woman alone through whom God's blessings are vouchsafed to a house."

"He who marries for money, his children shall be a curse to him."

"He who gives charity in secret is greater than Moses himself."

"Let the honour of thy neighbour be to thee like thy own."

"Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend."

Be discreet."

"If there is anything bad about you, say it yourself."

"It is a good sign in man to be capable of being ashamed."

"Do not live near a pious fool."

"The heart of our first ancestors was as large as the largest gate of the Temple; that of the latter ones, like that of the next large one; ours is like the eye of a needle."

"Drink not and you will not sin."

"Whosoever runs after greatness, greatness runs away from him; he who runs from greatness, greatness follows him."

"Commit a sin twice and you will think it perfectly allowable."

"When the end of a man is come, every one lords it over him."

"Teach thy tongue to say, I do not know."

THE PHILOSOPHICAL DIFFICULTY:

ADDRESS OF MR. J. W. JACKSON, TO THE SPIRITUALISTS
OF GLASGOW.

THE remarks which we have here to make may constitute a fitting pendant to the article on the French Mogalists. Mr. Jackson, the author of *Ecstasies of Genius*, and of various lectures on mesmerism, has long, like other magnetists, felt great difficulty in accepting the phenomena called spiritual, actually proceeding from spirits. Some years ago a course, on reading Mr. Jackson's mesmeric publication that he saw exactly where he was—that he was on reading to the chambers of Spiritualism, but had no rooms for which the staircase was built. Mr. Jackson's staircase still, and, to all appearance, likely to remain an address delivered some time ago to the Glasgow he assured them that he fully admitted the real phenomena which they attributed to spiritual influence.

was quite satisfied himself that spirits had nothing whatever to do with them. In this assurance we are persuaded that Mr. Jackson is perfectly sincere; and, still more, that he cannot possibly come to any other conclusion. It is the result of the pre-occupation of his brain with lucid magnetic theories, from which he can no more escape than the bird that is once enclosed in the net of the fowler. That he will ever persuade a single Spiritualist, however, to adopt his convictions, we cannot encourage him to hope. Louis Büchree, in his *Natur und Geist*, and *Kraft und Stoff*, and Carus Sterne, in his *Naturgeschichte*, have gone over the whole of his ground most elaborately and ably, but with the discouraging result of convincing nobody who had come to the examination of these phenomena with a mind free from professional theories. Without, however, wishing to tax Mr. Jackson with any unusual enormity of personal conceit, it must strike others, though it may fail to strike himself, as rather self-complacent to suppose that of all the twenty millions of persons of all ranks, countries, characters and acquirements, who have carefully studied these phenomena, he is the only one who has been endowed with acumen sufficient to penetrate into their real nature. Many men eminent for their habits of metaphysical research—many men of profound science—have tested the character of these phenomena, and have been compelled to adopt the spiritual theory as the only one capable of explaining them. Professor Hare, of America, entered on this inquiry with as strong a persuasion as any man has ever entertained that he should rout the spiritual theory altogether. As a man of practical science, a profound electrician, and an avowed disbeliever in revelation, he entered on the inquiry with the utmost care, and pursued it with the utmost pertinacity for two years, but he came out of it a firm believer in the spiritual agency—concurred in the manifestations, and a thorough Christian. Judge Edmonds, as a lawyer, went through the same laborious inquiry with the same result. Professor Mapes and Dr. Gray, of America, are also examples of philosophers as accomplished and as practical as those who are likely to follow in the same track. If philosophers, as Mr. Jackson affirms, be the only men capable of unravelling the mystery of these phenomena, here we have a number of them, and their decision is adverse to his position.

Mr. Jackson in a stately and *ex cathedra* style assures us that in his opinion physical laws will explain the whole of the phenomena. That such laws and others yet little known are at work in these matters, every one knows; but it seems to us to require very little acquaintance with these things to perceive that the laws which operate in them are conjointly resident in

spirits incarnate and spirits de-carnated. Mr. Jackson refers to the great fact that the intelligences involved in these phenomena have uniformly asserted that they are individual and actual spirits, and not mere laws and forces; have asserted this in every country and to every class of people; and he thinks he has an answer to this rather strong fact. In all ages and countries, he says, communications professing to proceed from spirits, have reflected the creeds and opinions of those to whom they came. Pagans, Greek and Roman philosophers, Buddhists, Brahmists, Chinese followers of Fohi and Lootse, Christian, Catholic and Protestant, all here received communications in accordance with their own beliefs. Nay, mythologic gods have appeared to mythologists; the Virgin Mary and Catholic saints to Catholics. Mr. Jackson's conclusion, therefore, is, that all these communications and apparitions are the objective results of the subjective powers, and spirits of those who indulge in these occult practices and speculations.

The fact is correct and historical; but the explanation, in our opinion, comes from a very different quarter. It is, and therefore ought to be satisfactory to Mr. Jackson, the result of a fixed law,—“like draws to like.” Beyond this, we know enough now to understand that spirits carry with them into the other world the views, opinions, habits, creeds, prejudices and self-wills which had taken possession of them here. The immense hosts of spirits “gone before” are always anxious to perpetuate their peculiar faiths and opinions amongst their successors on earth, and spare no pains or disguises to effect this. To the old Greeks and Romans they came in the shape of their gods; they delivered oracles to them as their gods; to the Roman Catholics they came as the Holy Mother, and as saints and saintesses. To those who think themselves philosophical they still come as Socrates, Bacon, Shakspeare, Franklin and the like, though with very little evidence of the intellect or genius of those great souls. As the Romans believed at the battle of Cannæ, their soldiers and those of the Carthaginians still continued the conflict in the air after they were slain; and as the hosts of Attila, in the battle of the Huns were said to do also; we believe and have no doubt, that every species of departed spirit, and that in hosts and countless battalions, are still zealously infusing their own views, and the views of their partizanships, with the minds of their successors on earth, and endeavouring to rule here still, and thus stir up the worst passions and practices of this afflicted world.

Now, though the forces operating in these phenomena profess themselves to belong to different churches and religions, different creeds and philosophies, they all agree in one point.

namely:—That they are individual spirits, and not mere forces, or laws physical or spiritual. Their evidence regarding this fact is clear, uniform, and persistent; and for this universal and unvarying expression there must be a cause, and that cause cannot be a lie. Why should mere laws, physical or spiritual, be lies? How can they be lies if they are laws and forces impressed upon the living cosmos by its Creator? Mr. Jackson, on reflection, must perceive the dilemma into which his theory has led him. And let him for a moment suppose that these powers, whatever they be, had as uniformly, as clearly and persistently declared themselves to be merely laws and forces. Suppose, in fact, that they had declared themselves unvowingly on the side of the philosopher? Does he not see with what an Io Pean of triumph they would have been received? With what a clamour and hubbub of intensified delight the philosopher would have avowed all attempts to declare them not laws and forces, but spirits? What impudence it would have been declared on the part of such spirit operators. "Poor, deluded deceivers," the philosopher would have said, "do they not perceive that these intelligent powers declare themselves laws and forces, declare it always and with one voice?" And they would have voted the spirit-operating contradictors to the lunatic asylum. It has not happened so, but on the contrary, and the philosophers must put up with it as well as they can.

Mr. Jackson highly applauds the saying of Sir David Brewster that "spirit was the last thing he would give in to;" he thinks he "never said anything more worthy of his well-won fame." Now, if any man ever acted a contemptible and unphilosophical part, it was Sir David on that occasion; and no man, we are convinced, was more aware of this than himself. If Sir David, when the phenomena were before him, had said, "These are very extraordinary phenomena, and deserving of the utmost examination by men of science; but at the same time, I demur as to their being produced by spirits," and had continued to say this, his conduct would have commanded general respect. That it has always been said by those present—and we know this from other unquestionable sources to be true—that he admitted the supernatural character of the phenomena, declaring that it upset the philosophy of his whole life. And these expressions he continued to repeat, till such ideas began to be ridiculed in the newspapers, when he hastened to eat up his own words, and to exhibit himself in a light which was by no means "worthy of his well-won fame."

Notwithstanding this sad spectacle of a philosopher, who, put to the test—notwithstanding Sir David's actually professing to doubt his own senses on the occasion—Mr. Jackson still gravely

asserts that scientific men are the only ones qualified to judge of these phenomena, and to bring to light what they really are. No idea can be more delusive. That scientific men are the best judges of their own natural laws and processes, we readily admit, but that in these phenomena there are laws in operation which they are totally ignorant of, and which they cannot possibly test by any apparatus or materials in their laboratories. Beyond and beside this, they are, from their prejudices and adopted theories, totally disqualified for a clear and effective examination of this question. Their minds have become stereotyped in particular theories to which the phenomena of Spiritualism run counter, and jar against violently. Mr. Jackson himself is a living proof of such men, being totally disqualified for the free and penetrating examination of such a subject. He believes in all the phenomena, but denies the conclusions drawn by the common sense of many millions of men, and can bring himself to believe that intelligences which can come and reason acutely, and make themselves seen, heard, and felt avowedly as individual spirits, are mere laws and forces emanating from, or existing in, the persons who perceive them. And what is really astounding is, that Mr. Jackson, whilst uttering so decided an opinion, shews that he has totally misunderstood the nature of the phenomena on which he dictates. He puts into the same category the "flowers, fruit, birds, etc.," "which form the stock wonders of the circle." He imagines them to issue from the vital forces of the circle itself, and to disappear and dissolve again rapidly. This may apply to the hand which appears at the Davenport *séances*, so far as this connivance is concerned, and to the flowers which were brought by the apparition wife of Mr. L. —, of New York; but the flowers, fruits, &c., which are produced at the *séances* of Mr. Guppy, and the birds which have appeared at these *séances*, are real earthly flowers and birds, which are brought through walls and doors of closed rooms, and remain. No flowers are generally carried away by those present and kept dried in books, or those of any *hortus siccus*. They have been planted and grown. One of the birds remains in a cage to this day. Some of the fruits are kept by those who received them. They were not produced by any physical power of the circle or any consistancousness of its ideas. They came whence no one knew, and could not, therefore, come in consequence of any internal power executed by the party assembled. They must be brought by beings—reasoning beings out of the flesh; and no philosopher can possibly propound a more simple or palpable theory than the universal one, that they are brought by spirits who affirm themselves to be spirits. Again, the iron collar which we now hear is made

to pass over the head of a youth in America, though seven inches less in interior circumference than the head, is not a collar evolved magically from the minds or the latent forces of the persons of the circle, but is a potential collar made without any hinge or opening by the blacksmith. The philosopher who shall explain this phenomenon must know a great deal more about matter than the most profound physiologist who ever lived; and in our single opinion, it can never be explained except on the hypothesis that matter, under the influence of spirit, is in a condition totally different from its condition when operated upon solely by natural laws, however subtle, irrefragable and potent.

We are so far from entertaining Mr. Jackson's idea that scientific men are the best qualified to examine these singular phenomena, that we feel sure that so soon as they are compelled, like himself, to admit the reality of the facts, their preconceptive and scientific prejudices will lead them vehemently to endeavour to treat them as the results of material laws, as he himself does. This will assuredly become the philosophical phase of the question, whenever the denial of the fact is at an end. We cannot hope that, on having made this step of advance, the philosophers will have got much nearer the truth, because they will, from habit, persist in seeking for the solution of the mystery in a direction in which it is not to be found. The plain sense of mankind will still march on far a-head of them.

We can recommend to Mr. Jackson, and to such enquirers, honest, earnest, truth-loving, as we have no doubt he is, nothing better in their present condition than to give a careful study to the "*Ontology*" of Dr. Doherty. They will there find a man as profound as any of them in practical science, in physics, metaphysics, and the purest psychology, who has made these things the study of a life; who has gone into the labyrinth of human nature, and epicosmic and pancosmic nature, with his eyes and his mind open, and has seen, examined, analysed, and tested all that came under his observation, with an intellect as discriminating as his love of truth is profound. We can at once tell Mr. Jackson and the children of his hope—the philosophers, all about forces and laws, both evolutive and determinative, and that all force, life, form, and quality evolve themselves from the invisible world, so that all these so-called spiritual phenomena now appearing are the result of the continued action of spirits within and without the veil of natural life. We have no hesitation in saying, that Dr. Doherty's system of philosophy is the only one at the present day which deals fearlessly with the phenomena of existence, and which alone can satisfactorily *explain them*. Whoever admits the correctness of Dr. Doherty's

theory of the world, as a great whole—and we do not see how its correctness can be denied—must necessarily become as firm a Spiritualist as a physicist, and must as necessarily admit the agency of spirits in all these phenomena, simply because he cannot stop at any secondary causation, but is borne on, as a matter of course, to primal causes, and to their action throughout the living universe.

THE WORD OF GOD.

BY A CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

THE great majority of those who bear the name of Christian assert that the Bible is the Word of God. But it may be profitable to inquire, how is it possible for a book abounding in self-contradictions as the Bible obviously does, to be the Word of the All-Wise and Infallible God? The early chapters of Genesis, down to the life of Abraham, are evidently not historical of mundane events; a considerable portion of the Old Testament treats of the Jews and their curious religion, which in a great measure has ceased to be observed even by the Jews themselves, and which we as Christians do not think it would be right to observe; the religion of the Old Testament, which enjoins slavery, polygamy, retaliation and war, is diametrically opposed to the religion of the New Testament, whose very essence is love and justice—love for the Supreme Will, and consequently justice in all our ways. The views which the Old Testament frequently presents of God, exhibit Him as endowed with human infirmities and instigated by most unworthy passions, whilst in one portion of the New Testament He is depicted so impartially beneficent that He makes His sun to shine on evil and the good, and sends His rain on the just and unjust; moreover, parts of the Bible are soiled with images of the grossest, the most cruel, and revolting nature. How such a book be the Word of God? Farther; this book, known to millions of the human race, whilst vast multitudes of devout religionists discard it as contradictory to their conceptions of the Word of God. Is it conceivable that the Father has not spoken to all these children; that He has not to them a gracious Word for comfort and guidance, since He must be equally with Jews and Christians objects of His love? Besides, this world is only one of innumerable worlds, all doubtless the abodes of rational beings. Our Bible

be their Bible. The history of the Jews and some of the records of the primitive Christians are surely not the Word of God to them. Neither can they be the Word of God to myriads of societies in heaven. Yet has the Lord made no revelation of His will to all these? Has He left them without His Word, which alone can teach them to be godly, useful, and blessed? Having thus expanded our views of the question before us, I may safely declare that God speaks to all His children as they are able to hear Him.

Now, this being the case, it is herein admitted that God speaks in the Bible to those who reverence it as his Holy Word. But as the Bible abounds in errors and contradictions, how can we find in it the pure and living Word of the Lord? It undoubtedly contains golden lights, which it cannot, with any good reason, be denied is radiated from the Sun of Righteousness; but it is also beclouded and darkened with superstition and falsehood, and it is marred by the traces of deadly crimes and cruel injustice. Whilst the good Christian finds refreshment for his spirit in the pages of the Bible, the narrow bigot and the fanatical and implacable persecutor find in the self-same book abundant justification for their intolerance and for all their dark and fiendish deeds. Light and shade, virtue and vice, are plainly discernible on the surface of what is commonly regarded as the Word of God. But beauty and deformity, salubrity and pestilence, fecundity and barrenness, wholesome fruits and poisonous substances, harmless and useful animals, and animals that are savage and destructive, are found in nature, which we nevertheless admit to be the work of the all-pure and perfect God. If, then, we cannot deny that nature is the work of God, although it is disfigured by innumerable disorders, destructive winds, barrenness, pestilence, &c., we cannot in reason deny that the Bible is the Word of God, because it also is stained with what is opposed to the very nature of God.

In my former essay, published in the *Spiritual Magazine*, I showed that nature owes its birth to the supernatural; that all mundane things are the products and manifestations of spiritual things; that every sensuous world is created by the Lord through the souls of its inhabitants, and is, therefore, a mirror in which their voluntary and intellectual condition is faithfully reflected; and that the good and evil in nature, or in any other external and representative world, are the effects and expositions of good and evil in human minds; the good flowing forth from the Lord's creative life in man when he voluntarily lives in agreement with it, the evil being produced by man's selfish opposition to this creative life, whereby he perverts it, distorts it, turning the grace of God into hatred, cruelty, &c., whence it descends into dis-

orderly forms in nature. Thus all natural forms and events are connected with their spiritual causes in man, and through these are connected either harmoniously or discordantly with the great First Cause of all things. Whatever is good and beautiful, whatever is noble and beneficent in the outer world, is a revelation, to those whose minds are open, of what is good and wise and orderly in God's kingdom in man; but whatever is foul and pernicious in nature is a revelation, to those who are truly enlightened, of what, through the preference of self-love to love of the Lord and the neighbour, is still impure and hurtful in God's kingdom in the human soul. Both the good and the bad, then, must be equally the Lord's Word to those who have ears that have learnt to hear; the former declaring that when we honestly and judiciously do good we are certain to reap good, and the latter declaring that whenever we violate the laws of life in ourselves we turn good into evil, blessing into cursing, and that the evil we have done will be sure to find us out, will rise up against us and condemn us, will punish us and correct us for our wickedness and folly. Thus viewed, the whole of nature is the Word of God; and as the Bible is a record of good and evil actions, of wise and foolish sayings, of parables and psalms and prophecies, constructed of natural imagery, and intended to shadow forth the states of the will and understanding of man, both the just and the unjust, it too is the Word of God to all who can read it aright.

But now the prospect widens before us! Cannot we see that there must be a Word of God in everything? In the daily and the weekly press, in domestic happiness and family afflictions, in battles and murders and sudden deaths, in false friends and sterling benefactors, in all kinds of histories, sciences, so-called sacred books, and mythologies, does not God speak to us, as we are willing to hear Him? If we can discern the signs of the times, or the temporary symbols that always surround us, we may see that these are all the Word of God, being unveilings of His presence and operations in us and of us, according to our state and free co-operation. every natural or sensuous thing has a spiritual unison, or discord, with the Infinite and Eternal far as we can apprehend Him, is goodness as it is, and then we shall distinctly see our Father will be, and shall hear His Word, whenever we are for it, in every object, whether right or wrong, recognised by any of our senses.

But who is to be the interpreter of this written on everything that is brought before us? The hierarchy claiming infallibility in the matter?

number of sects, each applauding the right of private judgment, but all persecuting to the utmost of their power every honest and independent mind that conscientiously differs from their conclusions? No; the world has had these interpreters long enough. The confusion they have produced there is no necessity to describe. What is required is that every one should hear for himself what the Spirit of God has to say unto him. Intuition, instinct, conscience, deep and holy feeling, the conclusions of sound judgment and good common sense, wholesome fears, truthful premonitions, are Words of God to those who receive them; and many are undoubtedly taught in this way who do not know a letter of a book. But this inner teaching is brought forth into shape and tangible form, it is put sensibly before man in events and circumstances; and the rightful interpreter of these, too, is the individual mind to which they are sent, aided, by whatever means, by the good and wise Spirit that sends them. Every available help may be used; the opinions of other men may be heard with all due respect, and may and ought to be examined as searchingly and minutely as possible in order to discover their real worth; but the individual judgment should be kept free, and should impartially decide for itself what is true and right, in other terms, what is the Word of God to it.

I have been able to sketch but the merest outline of this subject, which is of universal importance; but enough has been said to rescue the subject from the narrowness in which it has for ages been confined by the darkness of ordinary theological opinions. It may now be discovered by any one who will honestly and without prejudice consider the question, that it is the Lord God Himself who speaks in every call to duty—professional, mercantile, commercial, agricultural, political, social, domestic, and personal; that His Word is not a dead history, but a continuous inspiration; not a few barren speculations which the many are to receive on the authority of the few, but the still voice of God, saying to every man, "This is the way, walk thou in it"—the way being always the way of neighbourly love, and consequently the way of security and peace. This wide, holy, and satisfying view of God's Word destroys nothing, but would fulfil all things, or exhibit them as instinct with spirit and with life. Above all, this simple view of the Word of God, in place of encouraging the deluded belief that the duties which His Word enjoins are but a few ecclesiastical ordinances—all other works being secular, or non-religious, transacted necessarily according to worldly and selfish notions—plainly teaches that as God is speaking continually, instructing us in all things it is our duty to do, and warning us against doing what should never be *done, He, and He only, should be continually obeyed, and every*

act, however trifling, performed as an act of duty to Him. If He were so obeyed, as He ought to be, since His will is always best, this world would be a paradise.

3, Richmond Terrace,
Middleton, Manchester.

WM. HUME-ROTHERY.

PREMONITION.

(From a MS. of J. Cook, M.D., dated Leigh, September 18, 1765).

“EVER since I was three and twenty years of age I have had an invisible being or beings attend me at times, at home and abroad, that has by some token given me notice I should shortly certainly lose a particular friend or patient. They began from my marriage till the decease of my first wife, in May, 1728, when they were very troublesome about my house, as was noticed by our friends and neighbours. After that, they came seldom, and I really hope they will not leave me as long as I live, though my spouse wishes otherwise, to whom they are not so agreeable. Rarely has any patient, or any friend that I respected, departed, but I have some kind of sensible notice or warning of it, either by seeing, feeling, or hearing—a week, a month, and more, before their decease, and once only three days, when I actually heard the spiritual agent form an articulate voice, and utter these words with a pathetic emphasis: ‘I am gone’—which was fulfilled the next Monday morning by the sudden death of my cousin’s daughter, who was visiting at my house and well two days before.

“In 1728 I kept a book of account, where I entered every notice or warning, with the particular circumstances, and the succeeding event. The last hint I had was on the 6th July, 1765, at night, being from home attending a patient whom I lost on the 20th July following. I have many times been made sensible of the existence of a different kind of beings from us, subtile and volatile inhabitants of the air, who see and know our affairs here below, and have a concern for us and our welfare. Twice I have seen spectres, but heard and felt them innumerable. As no created space is void of all beings, should our gross atmosphere be without such inhabitants, suitable to such an element, and may be the lowest step in the spiritual scale, and the first gradation of a superior order. The histories of this sort cannot be without some foundation. Whiston as well as Le Clerc say the opinion of spirits is neither unreasonable nor unphilosophical, and may well be the nature of things.”

CHR. C.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

HAUNTING IN IRELAND.

WE should be glad to have a verification of the curious facts stated in the following extract from the *Derry Standard* :—

EXTRAORDINARY AND MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCES.—In this age of common sense and disbelief in superstition, to find circumstances impossible to explain by ordinary criteria, awes and astonishes more than mere rustics. Such circumstances have been occurring in the village of Tillymoan, situated about a mile from Claudy, Strabane. The house of a man named Speers has been the object of some mysterious destructive agency for weeks past. The owner was threshing oats in the barn, and in every sheaf he found two or three small stones—this went on so long that he found himself compelled to cease. Then he was startled by a noise in the stable, and he went in there carrying his flail with him, which he dropped behind the horse, that he might fetch away a tub from the animal's head, and lo! the flail disappeared, and has not since been found. Then the kitchen fire got scattered through the floor; the plates and dishes were smashed off the dresser, and the pots and cans began to walk about through the apartments. Then stones began to fly in all directions, cutting every one daring enough to approach the haunted dwelling. The panes of glass next began to be smashed; so, for safety, the windows were taken out and locked up in a press; but the mysterious visitors were too wise, for soon press, windows and chairs were smashed to pieces. The turf-stacks kept oscillating like a poplar tree; hammering constantly resounded from the chimney, and the stones kept flying in all directions, pelting and cutting and bleeding those venturesome enough to risk visiting the place. On Friday evening week the crowds gathered distinctly saw a pot come flying through the door and fall in smashed pieces on the street. A religiously-inclined inhabitant of the locality volunteered to lay the Evil One, and so he repaired to the spot in vaunted hopes of success. Alas for human calculation! The stones rattled about his ears in the fated kitchen, they fell on his wrists, spraining them; and on his feet, hurting them. The combat was too unequal, his opponents were invisible, so he considered retreat justifiable. Strange to say, the disturbances ceased on Sunday last, from about 10 a. m. to 5 p. m., when they began with renewed vigour. Not alone in the house, but through the owner's lands—though no farther—do the stones pelt away the crowds. The circumstance is an extraordinary one, and is creating an extraordinary amount of excitement far and near. For miles round the people flock to see and certify regarding the unusual wonder. The people have fled the house, and all about it and within are in fearful confusion. The event deserves notice and investigation from its many peculiarities.

We find the following extract in a subsequent number of the same paper :—

STRABANE.

THE LATE MYSTERIOUS PROCEEDINGS AT TILLYMOAN, CLAUDY.—The excitement in connexion with the above mysterious affair has not in the least subsided, but, on the contrary, has spread to such an extent, that on last Sunday and the preceding one large crowds from Strabane, Lifford and surrounding district, flocked to the residence of Speer, in whose house, it will be recollected, the mysterious work of destruction has been going on, to witness, as some of them expressed it, the performance of the Tillymoan ghost. However, I believe they were all, with one exception, sadly disappointed in their expectations, as the ghost was not at home to any of the numerous visitors who called to make his acquaintance. One person, a most respectable farmer, who resides in the

next townland to where Speer's house is situate, told me that while talking to Mrs. Speer on Wednesday, he observed smoke issuing from a portion of the roof which suddenly broke out in a bright red flame. The application of a few buckets of water had the desired effect, when all became tranquil again. To shew, he said, that this could not possibly be the result of accident, or of any mischief-making person, none were in the house at the time, with the exception of Mrs. Speer and himself. On Wednesday morning last, a little boy, who is an inmate of Speer's residence, was kindling the fire, when the coals were suddenly lifted off the hearth and scattered in all directions through the house. On Monday last, an incident, calculated to create much fun, occurred. Two policemen, who were passing through the locality, seeing a large crowd collected round Speer's, thought they too would go and see for themselves. They accordingly proceeded to the house, which they entered, and where a great many neighbours were already assembled. One of the constables finding no chairs or any other substitute for a seat, (those articles having been all previously smashed) leaned over an old chest, when with a loud, long crash in went the lid, precipitating the unfortunate guardian of the peace to the bottom, where he lay for some considerable time to the evident enjoyment of some of the on-lookers, while more taking it for the commencement of performance, beat a hasty retreat from the dreaded premises. Scarcely a day has passed for the last fortnight without some fresh manifestation of the presence of the terrible, yet invisible mischief-maker. Surely it is a subject calculated in many respects to excite curiosity, and one for many reasons calling for a strict enquiry into the whole affair.

THE QUEEN'S DIARY.

Several of the Sovereigns of Europe are adepts in spiritual belief and phenomena, and the Queen appears from the following extract from her *Diary*, to be wise and simple-hearted enough to express her feeling in the same direction. It is not strongly defined, but one can see, better than say what the Queen means, by referring to the "old shoe" and her "lucky house" at Balmoral, and the wind upsetting the Inkerman bonfire:—

An old shoe was thrown after us into the new house for good luck, when we entered the hall. The place is charming: the rooms delightful; the furniture, paper—everything—perfection.

September 10, 1855:—All were in constant expectation of more telegraphic despatches. At half-past ten o'clock two arrived—one for me and one for Lord Granville. I began reading mine, which was from Lord Clarendon, with details from Marshal Pelissier of the further destruction of the Russian ships; and Lord Granville said, "I have still better news," on which he read—"From General Simpson:—*Sevastopol is in the hands of the Allies.*" God be praised for it. Our delight was great; but we could hardly believe the good news, and from having so long, so anxiously expected it, one could not realise the actual fact.

Albert said they should go at once and light the bonfire which had been prepared when the false report of the fall of the town arrived last year, and had remained ever since, waiting to be lit. On the 5th of November, the day of the battle of Inkerman, *the wind upset it, strange to say, and now again, most strangely, it only seemed to wait for our return to be lit.*

The new house seems to be lucky, indeed; for, from the first moment of our arrival, we have had good news.

A STRANGE APPARITION.

WE are indebted to the Paris correspondent of the *Nation* for the following narrative:—

“My friend, Colonel Sir William D——, an officer in the British army, having seen much service in various parts of the world, has been for some time past residing in Paris with his family, consisting of his wife, two sons, and a highly accomplished and charming daughter. From Sir William and his daughter I have the following story, which I give—changing only the names and initials of the parties—exactly as they told it to me a few evenings ago:—

“‘The eldest son, when pursuing his studies, a very few years since, at the Military College of Sandhurst, near London, was on intimate terms with another of the cadets, whom we will call Hartly. Young Hartly was a general favourite in the college, a promising, active young fellow, fond of the sports usually played by young men in England, and especially addicted to cricket. On Saturday afternoon, young Hartly having been absent for some time from the college on a visit to his parents in London, the pupils all turned out for a game of cricket. It was a fine sunny afternoon; the cricket-ground was full of animation, and the game was going on merrily. Presently, to the surprise and satisfaction of all the pupils, young Hartly was seen to enter the ground, dressed as usual and looking in all respects exactly like his usual self. He went up to the ushers and shook hands with them, and with a number of the pupils. All present appear to have seen him perfectly, and to have felt pleased at seeing him come back. Presently he threw himself on the ground, took a cigar from his pocket, lighted it, and began to smoke, watching the game, meanwhile, with his usual interest, and every now and then commenting upon its progress, criticising this stroke, applauding that, and seeming as intent on the game as any of the players. At length he suddenly drew out his watch, and started to his feet, exclaiming, “I am wanted in London at four o’clock, and I must be off at once, for I have but just time to catch the train,” and rushed from the ground in the direction of the railway station. Much surprised at so sudden a departure several of the pupils took out their watches and discussed the chances of being in London by four o’clock, as it then wanted but a few minutes of that hour.

“‘Next day brought to the astonished inmates of the college the news of young Hartly’s death, which had occurred preceding day at his father’s house, exactly at four o’clock.

had fallen ill during his visit home, and, as was afterwards ascertained, had not once left his bed from the time of his falling ill. It was also ascertained that during the whole of that last day, through which he lay in a sort of quiet stupor, his mother had never left his bedside. "We've seen a real apparition for once in our lives!" was the shuddering admission of the cadets when the news of Hartly's decease reached them. But the awkwardness of such an admission, and the impossibility of classifying or explaining so inconvenient a fact as the visible and tangible presence of their comrade on the cricket-ground while he was really dying in his bed in London, were too obvious not to produce a certain reaction; and so it came to pass that, in course of time, the cadets gave up the idea of having "seen an apparition," and settled down on the more convenient hypothesis of an "hallucination." A few of the number, however, of whom young D—— is one persist firmly in their first belief in regard to this remarkable incident, and stoutly declare that they did see, touch, and hear the perfect image of their friend, though utterly unable to explain the nature of such an appearance."

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I do not observe that reference is often made in the *Spiritual Magazine* to the French periodicals on Spiritualism.

In the March (1867) number of the *Revue Spirite* there is an account given, if not of a new phase of spirit communication, yet of a large development of what has been experienced in the circle from visions, and, probably, in other circles also readers, and of which I, therefore, venture

The article is entitled "Communication with the *Société de Paris*, through the medium, I believe, of M. M. Bertrand, on the 1st of November, when the souls of the departed were seen in the remembrance of the dead—that being all

The new feature by which the *Revue Spirite* is distinguished is the delivery of the various spirits of a series of apparitions, forming a chain of doctrine in beautiful order, as taught by his Apostles, and which are to be given through the medium of the weaknesses, and to strengthen

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received my communication, and some of your opinions. I have made to the *Revue Spirite* of December, 1866, by M. Bertrand, and for the com-

the delivery of the various spirits together, form a chain of doctrine, as taught by Christ, and which are permitted to help our

A few of these aphorisms only are here appended :—

Love is a lyre, the vibrations of which form the Divine harmony.

HELOISE.

Love has three chords to its lyre: divine emanation, poetry, and song. Should one of these be wanting, the accord is imperfect.

ABELARD.

True love is perfect harmony, through which the soul is elevated. Passion impairs the accord by debasing the soul.

BERNARD DE ST. PIERRE.

To love is to be wise. Seek, then, love through wisdom.

FENELON.

You cannot be wise if you do not know how to elevate yourself above the malice of men.

VOLTAIRE.

A wise man is he who is unconscious of his wisdom.

CORNILLI.

Humility dreads pride, while he who thinks himself humble is not so.

RACINE.

You will err if you confound with the humble those who say they are so from affected modesty or from motives of interest. The contrary is the fact: truth is silent.

BONNEFOND.

Immutability does not exist in any form of words, but rather in the primary elements of thought.

LAMMERHAAR.

The doctrine of Jesus cannot be comprehended but by the heart. Whatever, therefore, may be the manner of its announcement, it is always love and charity.

BOSSUET.

Prayers said or written which are not understood leave but vague impressions, permitting the senses to be distracted by the pageantry of ceremonies.

MASSELOU.

Love will triumph, and that its reign be not delayed it is necessary, courageous Diogenes, to take the torch of Spiritualism and shew to mankind the true gangrenes which corrode the soul.

ST. LOUIS.

The Editor adds: "This sort of communication raises an important question. How is it that the fluids of so great a number of spirits are able to become assimilated almost instantaneously with the fluid of the medium, in order that the spirits' thoughts may be transmitted, where this assimilation is often difficult for a single spirit, and then accomplished only after a considerable time?"

The guardian spirit of the medium seemed to have anticipated the question, for the next day the following explanation was spontaneously afforded:—

"The communication which you received on All Saints' Day, as well as subsequently, although from various spirits, was obtained in the following manner:

"As your guardian spirit, my fluid is similar to yours. I place myself immediately above you in order to transmit in the most direct manner the thoughts and the names of the spirits which desire to communicate. Around me the spirits arrange themselves, dictating one by one the thoughts which I am to transmit.

"This is spontaneous—and what on that day facilitated so much the communication was the circumstance that the room was saturated with their fluids. The more perfect the fluid connection (*rapport*) between the spirit and the medium, the easier can communication be made; should that *rapport* prove insufficient, the spirit is compelled to establish a sort of magnetic current which is directed to the brain of the medium, and if the spirit desiring to communicate cannot establish that current, either on account of its inferiority, or from any other cause, recourse must be had to the guardian spirit, through which the connection may be established, as indicated above."

THE Spiritual Magazine.

JUNE, 1868.

LYON v. HOME.

THE interest taken by the public in the "great case of Spiritualism," as it was termed in the press, strangely belied the manner in which most people speak of Spiritualism, as the great humbug and imposture of the day. It is evident that there is much more belief in the probability of its being true than was thought possible some years ago. Perhaps in no law case for many years has there been so intense an interest excited as in this one, although Spiritualism was very barely connected with it, and in no way involved in the result. At first, the case was opened as one of the most aggravated and transparent attempts at robbery that could be conceived; and the public opinion ran so high that for two days Mr. Home was really in danger of serious personal injury from the mob outside, who thought they could satisfactorily dispose of the case by maltreating the defendant; but as it went on, and the character of Mrs. Lyon was developed by her own exertions, aided by the handling of Mr. Home's Counsel (Mr. Matthews), a surprising change came over the public mind. It was seen how little Mrs. Lyon was likely to be influenced by but her own violent will; and her husband's "spirit" called on by her, but at last in vain, to get over his difficulties. The poor public had to change its opinion towards the close, liked her quite as little as it had Home at the commencement. After the first day Richard Mayne, and of a strong force of police to protect the administration of justice; but Mr. Home soon rendered their services unnecessary. It was, however, to see even Mr. Home's Counsel h

in their first transports of unreasoning frenzy, and we do not remember another case in which this particular extreme of stupidity has occurred.

Mrs. Lyon's Counsel, so far as their voices could settle the question, were in no difficulty in pronouncing the whole range of the phenomena to be an unmitigated imposture and fraud. Of course, they knew nothing of the question, and had taken no pains to inquire; but from their superior wisdom, and the depths of their consciousness, they settled the question in that way. It does not add to one's opinion of the fair dealing of the Bar that they should dare to bring out their statements in such a fashion; and yet we fancy the public would applaud them for their hardihood. Still, we noticed in Court, on the part of many, an earnest curiosity and interest as some of the leading persons connected with the case, and who had given their testimony in favour of Mr. Home, were successively named. The extracts from some of the affidavits will be interesting to preserve.

It would be impossible for us to give any general account of the trial within our pages, and neither is it necessary to do so, for it has been fully reported in the daily journals, and moreover we learn that Mr. Home is already engaged upon a new volume of "Incidents of his Life," which will necessarily deal with the whole question of his adoption and disownment, and with the decision which has cast him once more upon the world. What we have given are the main points of interest to preserve in the history of Spiritualism. The judgment, as was to be expected, from having to face this question of Spiritualism, is against Mr. Home, who will however, we understand, at once appeal to a higher tribunal, when the whole discussion will come over again, and before it is done with, the public will have had plenty, and to spare, of the legal aspects of the question.

AFFIDAVIT OF ROBERT CHAMBERS, D.C.L.

"I, Robert Chambers, of No. 6, Gillespie Terrace, Saint Andrew's, in the County of Fife, in Scotland, doctor of civil laws, make oath, and say as follows:—

"I have a distinct recollection of being introduced on the 4th day of December, 1866, to the Plaintiff, Mrs. Jane Lyon, of 17a, Albert Terrace, Knightsbridge, London, by the Defendant Daniel Dunglass Home, who was then called Lyon. He had given me at his own rooms, in the presence of his friends, a detailed account, of his wonderful good fortune, and he took me to see the old lady who had adopted him as her son, and made him a rich man. I found her a quaint-looking old person living

in a second-floor lodging, such as one gets in London, for £2 a week. She, and the Defendant Daniel Dunglass Home, seemed already animated by all the affection of mother and son. Mrs. Lyon spoke of her past life, and told me she had had visions from youth. Mrs. Lyon's whole conduct and manner to Mr. Home was repugnant to the idea that she was under any undue influence.

"I also spent the evening of the 7th of December, 1866, at the house of a lady of rank in company with Mrs. Lyon and Mr. Home. Her whole manner was that of an affectionate mother towards a single and beloved child.

"I have known Mr. Home for many years and believe him to be of irreproachable character.

"I depose to the above facts, from my personal knowledge and recollection.

"ROBERT CHAMBERS."

AFFIDAVIT OF MR. GERALD MASSEY.

(Extract.)

"I, Gerald Massey, of Ward's Hurst, Ringshall, Hemel Hempstead, in the County of Herts, author, make oath, and say as follows:—

"On the 28th of December, 1866, I met Mr. Home and Mrs. Lyon for the first time. It was at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Carter Hall. Since that time I have seen a great deal of Mr. Home, and have never had the slightest reason to look upon him other than as a man of the most honorable character and kindest disposition, in fact, a gentleman whom I should judge to be quite incapable of any such baseness as has been laid to his charge.

"GERALD MASSEY."

AFFIDAVIT OF MR. C. B.

"I, Cromwell Fleetwood Varley, Beckenham, in the County of Kent, E say as follows:—

"I have been a student of philosophy for 26 years, of telegraphy for 21 years, and of the Atlantic Telegraph Company and International Company.

"About nine years ago I directed to the attention of the public an unexpected development

wood House, the oath and

and natural phenomena by projection of the human mind and Inter-

attention to the attention of the public in the form of a paper.

clairvoyant visions and communications, I determined to test the truth of the alleged physical phenomena to the best of my ability, and to ascertain, if possible, the nature of the force which produced them.

“Accordingly, about eight years ago, I called on Mr. Home, the defendant in this suit, and stated that I had not yet witnessed any of the physical phenomena, but that I was a scientific man and wished to investigate them carefully.

“He immediately gave me every facility for the purpose, and desired me to satisfy myself in every possible way, and I have been with him on divers occasions when the phenomena have occurred. I have examined and tested them with him and with others, under conditions of my own choice, under a bright light, and have made the most jealous and searching scrutiny. I have been since then, for seven months, in America, where the subject attracts great attention and study, and where it is cultivated by some of the ablest men, and having experimented with, and compared the forces with electricity and magnetism, and after having applied mechanical and mental tests, I entertain no doubt whatever that the manifestations which I have myself examined were not due to the operation of any of the recognized physical laws of nature, and that there has been present on the occasions above mentioned some intelligence other than that of the medium and observers.

“The subject of course offers many opportunities and inducements for fraud, and I only speak of what I have myself seen tested. Since my acquaintance with Mr. Home began I have pursued the enquiry, and I have found engaged in it able, learned and scientific men who are convinced as I am that the physical manifestations are but the introduction to an extensive field of mental and physical knowledge which will in a great measure explain and reconcile the belief of all ages and nations. I know of several instances both in Europe and America in which this course of study has awakened the perception of the purest and loftiest truths and principles. There have been no doubt cases in which the intellect has been too feeble for the stimulus, and has been overpowered by it, just as frequently results from excessive application to religion and other exciting topics, but such cases have not come within my own observation.

“Mr. Home, like several other non-professional mediums whose cases I have studied, was passive during the occurrence of the manifestations. He, like the other mediums, is extremely susceptible to external influences, and has a mind better suited to receive impressions than to prosecute enquiries. I willingly testify my entire conviction of his truthfulness and honesty.

“C. F. VARLEY.”

AFFIDAVIT OF DR. GULLY.

(Extract.)

I, James Manby Gully, of The Priory, Great Malvern, in the County of Worcester, doctor of medicine, make oath and say as follows:—

“I have known the above-named defendant, Daniel Dunglass Home, for seven years and upwards, last past, and have during that period been in the habit of attending him professionally, and also of receiving him in my house as a personal friend, and I have never had the smallest reason to doubt his character as a man of honour and proper moral feeling.

“I have during the past seven years witnessed both in my own house and elsewhere in the presence of the said Mr. Home many curious occurrences, which I am unable to explain, in the way of singular phenomena, such as displacement of objects without physical contact, &c., and from my personal and careful investigations (which Mr. Home himself ever urges) I am positive that it is not in consequence of any trick or device that such phenomena occur. I have even been witness to singular phenomena when the said Mr. Home was not in the same room, and also when he has been asleep. I have never known the said Mr. Home receive money for what is termed ‘a *séance*,’ but I have known him repeatedly refuse offers of as much as 20 guineas for a single *séance*.

“J. M. GULLY, M.D.”

AFFIDAVIT OF MR. S. C. HALL.

(Extract.)

“I, Samuel Carter Hall, of Bannow Lodge, Campden-hill, Kensington, in the County of Middlesex, Barrister-at-law, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, make oath and say as follows:—

“I have known Mr. Home for the last eight years, and have known him intimately and hope to know him still. The manner in which he has borne them, but tend to en- to all his friends, and have made those his friends w not otherwise have been so. In common with all I respect Mr. Home as a truthful, upright and gentleman.

“S. C.

AFFIDAVIT OF MR. D. D. HOME.

(Extract.)

"I, Daniel Dunglass Home, of 22, Sloane-street, in the County of Middlesex, one of the above-named defendants, make oath and say as follows:—

"I was born in Scotland on the 20th of March, 1838, and from my childhood I have been subject to the occasional happening of singular physical phenomena in my presence, which are most certainly not produced by me or by any other person in connexion with me. I have no control over them whatever; they occur irregularly, and even when I am asleep. Sometimes I am many months, and once I have been a year without them. They will not happen when I wish, and my will has nothing to do with them. I cannot account for them further than by supposing them to be effected by intelligent beings or spirits. Similar phenomena occur to many other persons. . . . These phenomena occurring in my presence have been witnessed by thousands of intelligent and respectable persons, including men of business, science, and literature, under circumstances which would have rendered, even if I desired it, all trickery impossible. They have been witnessed repeatedly and in their own private apartments, when any contrivance of mine must have been detected, by their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of the French, their Majesties the Emperor, Empress and late Empress Dowager of Russia, their Imperial Highnesses the Grand Duke and Duchess Constantine of Russia and the members of their august family, their Majesties the King of Prussia, the late King of Bavaria, the present and late King of Württemberg, the Queen of Holland, and the members of the Royal Family of Holland; and many of these august personages have honoured, and I believe still honour, me with their esteem and goodwill, as I have resided in some of their palaces as a gentleman and their guest, not as a paid or professional person. They have had ample opportunities, which they have used, of investigating these phenomena and of inquiring into my character. I have resided in America, England, France, Italy, Germany, and Russia, and in every country I have been received as a guest and friend by persons in the highest position in society, who were quite competent to discover and expose, as they ought to have done, anything like contrivance on my part to produce these phenomena. I do not seek, and never have sought, the acquaintance of any of these exalted personages. They have sought me, and I have thus had a certain notoriety thrust upon me. I do not take money, and never have taken

it, although it has been repeatedly offered me for or in respect of these phenomena, or the communications which appear to be made by them. I am not in the habit of receiving those who are strangers to me, and I never force the subject of Spiritualism on any one's attention. . . . Some of the phenomena in question are noble and elevated, others appear to be grotesque and undignified. For this I am not responsible, any more than I am for the many grotesque and undignified things which are undoubtedly permitted to exist in the material world. I solemnly swear that I do not produce the phenomena aforesaid, or in any way whatever aid in producing them," &c.

"I have been subjected to much persecution throughout my life, because of my conscientious belief as to the meaning and great purpose of spiritual phenomena taken as a whole. That belief I have not, like the plaintiff, foresworn. I have always courted the strictest investigation, although I have not condescended to notice all the attacks and anonymous slanders that have been circulated respecting me. The book shown to me at the time of swearing this affidavit, marked H 8, contains a correct list of upwards of 1,300 letters, with the writers' names, which I still retain (after having destroyed about 10,000), written to me by persons of every rank and class, including persons of the highest social, political, literary, and scientific position, who have investigated these phenomena, and corresponded with me about them. After the fullest opportunities of examination, they have formed different opinions as to their origin and meaning; but I believe that all are thoroughly satisfied of my entire honesty in the matter; and lately, while the Plaintiff's base and unfounded charges of fraud and imposition have been hanging over me, and during the months of January and February, 1868, these phenomena have been thoroughly tested by another scientific man, named Mr. Hawkins Simpson, the inventor of electrical apparatus, including one for printing at a distance by the telegraph—a drawing and description of which, were, as I am informed and believe, given in the *Engineer* newspaper of the 15th November, 1867. He has authorised me to make up the letter which is shown to me at the time of swearing affidavit, marked H 9, which he lately wrote and sent to the editor of a magazine, as the expression of his views on the subject, and of which the following is a true copy:—

"To the Editor of *Human Nature*.

"Dear Sir,—In reply to yours of 18th inst. that on the subject of Spiritualism I do not feel to say much that would interest men who desire precise and discriminating than the general run

of phenomena, both physical and mental. After having carefully tested varied phenomena due to Mr. Home's mediumship, I find from my MS. that the mere description of them would fill above 100 pages, with the needful notes concisely written; but going into mental and physical explanations—without which I cannot see how scientific men can feel the least interest in reading of hundredfold repetitions of instances of furniture moving, &c. That the physical effects are in Mr. Home's case produced without aid from electricity, ferro-magnetism, or apparatus of any kind I am well satisfied. They are *bonâ fide*—of that, no one who witnesses them can have a doubt, unless he be a sciolist, capable of misleading people in a reprehensive way, as has lately taken place at an institution—the patrons of which will some day have to be ashamed of such disingenuous devices. I believe that at least nine-tenths of the phenomena produced through Mr. Home will some day be shown to have nothing to do with aid lent by disembodied spirits; and it is to be regretted that professed Spiritualists, for with them lies the *onus probandi*, do not try to furnish better evidence (of scientific value) in behalf of their belief, than can be gleaned from such works as those of Edmonds, Tuttle, Hare, Wallace, &c. You will gather from these observations, that I believe little progress will be made in real knowledge of this subject (of theories there are more than enough), until both mediums and the individuals of the circles are better trained to intelligent and patient observation than at present seems to be the case.

“ ‘Yours faithfully,

“ ‘J. HAWKINS SIMPSON.’ ”

AFFIDAVIT OF MR. W. M. WILKINSON.

(Extract.)

The affidavit of William Martin Wilkinson, of 44, Lincoln's Inn-fields, Solicitor, says:—

“ The Defendant Home is a person of very delicate constitution, and extremely nervous sensibility. He has been, I believe, all his life subject to the occasional occurrence of peculiar phenomena in his presence. Such phenomena have been carefully observed by several of the most powerful sovereigns of Europe, and by persons of eminence in the leading professions, and in literature and science, and by practical men of business, under conditions when anything like fraud or contrivance were impossible. Various theories have been suggested by way of explanation connected with the abstrusest problems in biology and metaphysics. My own views on this subject are probably unimportant; but as charges and insinua-

tions are made against me, and the subject of Spiritualism is so misunderstood by the public, I have the right to say, that having had my attention drawn to certain remarkable occurrences, about 18 years ago, in the house of a relative, and which continued for nearly 12 years, I have since that time occupied a portion of my leisure in inquiring into the subject, and in arranging the various phenomena and comparing them with historical statements of similar occurrences. I have very seldom been at any *séances*, and that not for many years, having entirely satisfied myself years ago of the truth of most of the phenomena—that is of their actual happening—and I have at the same time and for many years formed and constantly expressed the opinion that it was wrong to believe in, or act upon, what might appear to be communications from the unseen, on their own evidence merely. I have invariably inculcated that no such communication should be received as of so much value as if it were told by a friend in this world, inasmuch as you know something of your friend here, and cannot know the identity or origin of the communicant. I have frequently referred to the passage in the Old Testament, in which it is said, that God sent a lying spirit, and to the directions given us in the New Testament, to try or test the spirits. I have pursued the enquiry under great misrepresentations and obloquy, and I intend to continue it as long as I can, and I believe that the subjects of spiritual visions, trances, ecstasies, prophecies, angelic protection, and diabolic possession anciently recorded have already had light thrown upon them and will have much more. I submit that I have a right to pursue an enquiry into psychological laws without being subjected to ridicule or abuse, and that the proof of supernatural occurrences is valuable in both a scientific and religious point of view. The mere physical phenomena which the public erroneously fancies to be the whole of Spiritualism, and which, of course, afford room for various imitations and fraud, are in my belief the most unimportant part of the subject, and have not for years engaged the attention of the highest literary and scientific attainments.

AFFIDAVIT OF MRS. S. C. HALL.

(Extract.)

“I, Anna Maria Hall, literary authoress, Carter Hall, of 8, Essex Villas, Argyle Row, the County of Middlesex, author, make the following statement:—

“Having known Mr. Daniel Home for several years, and being well acquainted with his character and habits, I can state that he is a man of high moral and intellectual attainments, and that he is a man of high literary and scientific attainments.”

him intimately as you only know a person who has visited in your house—having had the greatest affection for his excellent wife, and seen how bravely and honestly he bore up against evil report, seeking various modes of livelihood which would not have been necessary if he had not always refused payment for his mediumship, alleging that he felt he had no right to sell God's gift—having as I have said known him well and regarded him as a dear friend, it was a cause of great pleasure to me to hear that he had been found by a person who had declared her intention of adopting him as her son, and providing for him as if he had been born to her inheritance.”

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN'S TESTIMONY.

In addition to these affidavits and extracts, a portion of the preface of Professor De Morgan to Mrs. De Morgan's work—*From Matter to Spirit, the result of Ten Years' Experience in Spirit Manifestations*: Longmans, 1863—was read by Mr. Home's Counsel, in Court, and excited marked surprise and attention. It will be well to preserve the record of this testimony as one of the incidents of the trial.

Professor De Morgan says:—

“I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen, and heard in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me. But when it comes to what is the cause of these phenomena, I find I cannot adopt any explanation which has yet been suggested. If I were bound to choose among things which I can conceive, I should say that there is some sort of action of some combination of will, intellect, and physical power, which is not that of any of the human beings present. But, thinking it very likely that the universe may contain a few agencies—say, half a million—about which no man knows anything, I cannot but suspect that a small proportion of these agencies—say five thousand—may be severally competent to the production of all the phenomena, or may be quite up to the task among them. The physical explanations which I have seen are easy, but miserably insufficient: the spiritual hypothesis is sufficient, but ponderously difficult. Time and thought will decide, the second asking the first for more results of trial. . . .

“The Spiritualists, beyond a doubt, are in the track that has led to all advancement in physical science: their opponents are the representatives of those who have striven against progress. . . .

“ There is a higher class of obstructives who, without jest or sarcasm, bring up principles, possibilities, and the nature of things. These most worthy and respectable opponents are, if wrong, to be reckoned the lineal descendants of those who proved the earth could not be round, because the people on the other side would then tumble off. . . .

“ I have said that the deluded spirit-rappers are on the right track: they have the *spirit* and the *method* of the grand time when those paths were cut through the uncleared forest in which it is now the daily routine to walk. What was that spirit? It was the spirit of universal examination, wholly unchecked by fear of being detected in the investigation of nonsense. . . .

“ The followers of a theory are of two kinds; both equally apt to use it with effect. There are those who hold it tentatively, as consolidating existing knowledge, and suggesting the direction of inquiry: there are those who believe in it as representing the true cause. The first may be the wiser; but the second are likely to be the more energetic. Now the *Spiritualists*, so called, meaning all who receive the facts, or some of them, as facts, may be divided into those who believe that the communications *are* spiritual, those who do not see what *else* they can be, and those who do not see *what* they can be. All who inquire further, let them think what they may, will, if they shape their inquiries upon the spiritual hypothesis, be sound imitators of those who led the way in physical science in the old time. . . .

“ My state of mind, which refers the whole either to unseen intelligence, or something which man has never had any conception of, proves me to be out of the pale of the Royal Society. . . .

“ I hold those persons to be incautious who give in at once to the spirit doctrine, and never stop to imagine the possibility of unknown power other than disembodied intelligence. But I am sure that this calling in of the departed spirit, because they do not know what else to fix it upon, may be justified by those who do it, upon the example of the philosophers of our own day. . . .

“ What I reprobate is, not the wariness which widens and lengthens inquiry, but the assumption which prevents or narrows it; the imposture theory, which frequently infers imposture from the assumed impossibility of the phenomena asserted, and then alleges imposture against the examination of the evidence. .

“ I should have been well pleased to have borne equally upon both sides of the spirit controversy, but circumstances make this impracticable. The *Spiritualist* appeals to evidence he may have enough, or he may not: but he relies on *what*

been seen and heard. When he assumes that there is a world of spirits, it is no more than all nations and ages have assumed, and many on alleged record of actual communication, which all who think him a fool ought to laugh at. If he should take the concurrent feeling of mankind as presumption in favour of such a world—a thing which may be known—he is no more reasonable ground than the opponent, who draws its impossibility—a thing which cannot be known—out of the minds of a very small minority. He may be wrong, then, and I hold him too hasty: but his error is one which cannot be ascertained except by further use of his own method; he may work his own cure, if cure be needed. But the opponent philosopher, if *he* be wrong, is obnoxious to all that can be said against wrong reason. He takes a mode in which he can only be right by accident, and in which he can only guard against error by also guarding against truth.

“I began this preface by stating that certain phenomena, which I myself witnessed, had satisfied me of the existence of a real *somewhat* in the things called spiritual manifestations. My reader may desire to hear something about my own experience of these phenomena; and the more, as neither they, nor hundreds of others of the same force but different kinds, have produced either acceptance or rejection of the spirit-hypothesis. With the following preliminary explanation, I will state some things which have happened to myself in general terms.”

Then Professor De Morgan gives his experience, and at the close of his preface says:—

“The whole question may receive such persevering attention as shall worm out the real truth: or it may die away obtaining only casual notice, until a new outburst of phenomena recalls its history of this day. But this subsidence does not seem to begin. It is now twelve or thirteen years since the matter began to be everywhere talked about: during which time there have been many announcements of the total extinction of the ‘spirit-mania.’ But in several cases, as in Tom Moore’s fable, the extinguishers have caught fire. Were it the absurdity it is often said to be, it would do much good by calling attention to the ‘manifestations’ of another absurdity, the philosophy of possibilities and impossibilities.

“I feel sure that the decided conviction of all who can see both sides of the shield must be that it is more likely that P has seen a ghost than that Q *knows* he *cannot* have seen one. I know that Q *says* he knows it: on which *suprà, passim*.”

One would think that such a testimony as this and in such incisive words would be enough to settle the question as one for at least a respectful inquiry.

We find in the *Newcastle Chronicle* a story from which we make an extract:—

“THE SINGULAR SPIRITUALIST CASE.—ANTECEDENTS OF
“MRS. LYON.

“At a time when the shallow trickeries of mysteries of Spiritualism are being clearly revealed by the extraordinary suit commenced by Mrs. Lyon against the great ‘medium,’ Home, a brief recital of the romantic circumstances which marked the early life of one of them may not be found uninteresting. The Spiritualist, it will be remembered, has more than once avowed that the lady on whom he practised so successfully was the illegitimate daughter of a tradesman in Newcastle, and that this individual, afterwards becoming a farmer, contrived to marry her to a gentleman of wealth and standing in the County of Durham. However improbable this statement may at first have appeared, there seems now very little reason to doubt its general accuracy. From inquiries made in the locality where the most important events of her life took place, and from those by whom she is still kindly remembered, we learn that the misguided lady was undoubtedly the illegitimate daughter of a Mr. Gibson, who carried on business as a cheesemonger and butcher on the Sandhill, Newcastle, and also that some years of her early life were passed in misery and hardship of the most lamentable character. Reared amidst the destitution which forty years ago abounded in the neighbourhood of the Quay, it could scarcely be imagined that any escape was possible from the contaminating influences by which she was surrounded; but while pursuing her usual avocation as a vendor of sand and clay in the streets, she was unexpectedly brought under the cognisance of some friendly eye, and her deliverance speedily followed in a most remarkable manner. The father, who had lost sight of his child for some years, was at once apprised of her unfortunate position, and, being then in good circumstances, he resolved to atone for his previous neglect by devoting his life to her comfort and advancement. After cleaning and clothing the girl in a proper manner at his own house, he sent her to a boarding-school for some years, and then purchasing a house at Bishopwearmouth, on the banks where now stands the National and Marine Theatre, he resided there on a comfortable independence, and she continued her residence with him. At the same time he built a house on the banks of the Wear, not a mile distant from the theatre, which was then occupied by Charles Lyon, and which, with the large tracts of surrounding property, he had purchased from the

dental meetings between the 'squire' and the girl, whose good fortune we have described, resulted in her being led to the altar.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY PROFESSORS, AND SPIRITUALISM.

AN important correspondence has taken place in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.—It was opened by Professor Tyndall in a letter, from which he wished the public to infer that Mr. Home naturally shrunk from investigation by Mr. Faraday and all the clever Fellows of the Royal Society. Professor Tyndall jauntily speaks of his wish to meet the spirits, and says they have already given him "a name in heaven." If that be so, we should like to know what the name is, and whether it be anything like the one he has earned for himself on earth, with reference to Spiritualism, of "the incautious professor."

"MR. HOME.

"To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Sir,—A few years ago Mr. Faraday received various pressing communications from a gentleman who had been deeply impressed with the performances of Mr. Home, and who was exceedingly anxious that our great experimenter should analyze them. The invitation to do so amounted almost to entreaty, and at length Faraday expressed to me his willingness to gratify his correspondent if I would accompany him. I gladly agreed to this, for I had long wished to make the acquaintance of the spirits, and had tried to do so in Germany, France, and England. The invitation was accordingly accepted, Faraday claiming only the right to test the 'manifestations' by his own methods, and expressing his determination to publish in such form as he might deem fit the result of his examination of Mr. Home.

"The proposed investigation never took place.

"Since that time it has been my fortune to meet the spirits under a variety of circumstances. They have kindly dubbed me 'medium,' and given me 'a name in heaven.' Still, notwithstanding their civility, I cannot say that their acquaintance has been edifying to me.

"JOHN TYNDALL."

"SPIRITUALISM AND THE PROFESSORS.

"To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Sir,—If Professor Tyndall will kindly refer to the correspondence that passed between Professor Faraday and the gentleman he alludes to in his letter, he will ascertain that Professor Faraday's last letter was to this effect, that his time was so valuable that he could not attend a *séance* unless he could have a programme of what would take place. As my 'performances' are beyond my own control, this gentleman had the good sense without even consulting me to decline. My wife was at the time very ill, and we were lodging with a friend who kept a diary, and this fact was noted in her diary. For my own part I never saw one of the letters. It would have given me pleasure to meet Professor Faraday. In 1855, he refused to meet me, alleging that his religious scruples prevented his so doing. Professor Faraday would have been quite at liberty 'to publish in such form as he might deem fit' the result of his investigation. It will give me the same pleasure to meet Professor Tyndall and any two gentlemen he shall designate. On my side I will have at least two gentlemen whose names and position place them above the suspicion of aiding or abetting a fraud. I will meet Professor Tyndall and these gentlemen when and where they please, and under such circumstances as they may decide on. I must only crave their patience if nothing should occur at the first or even the second *séance*. A patient and candid investigation is all I ask. Having been much harassed, and not being in good health, I would postpone this meeting till some time in June.

"I am, Sir, yours obediently,

"D. D. HOME.

"Cox's Hotel, Jermyn Street, May 5, 1868."

The *Star*, of the 6th of May, had the follow

"Mr. Home has always insisted, that pressure on the spirits who visit him than ladies who give him money; that he has manifestations, and never attempts to extort fact, the law of spiritual visitation is very moving, and recognises only free and independent persons have tried to throw discredit on him. It is clear they have done so without reason, and told of Mr. Home tends to confirm the truth. A few days ago, the Emperor of the French is said to

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to meet him, with the expectation, no doubt, that something spiritual would happen; but Mr. Home declined the invitation, although Robert Houdin, the famous conjuror, was to have been of the party. We may be sure he would not have missed so good an opportunity of convincing these eminent sceptics if the manifestations had been dependant on his own will. Professor Tyndall mentions a similar circumstance, in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Professor Faraday and the Professor were invited to meet Mr. Home, by a gentleman who had been deeply impressed with Mr. Home's performances, and who was very anxious that Professor Faraday should analyse them. Both the Professors accepted the invitation; and yet, adds Professor Tyndall, meaningly, 'the proposed investigation never took place.' After this, who would venture to throw a doubt on any statement made by Mr. Home?"

Mr. Home wrote, in answer, to the editor of the *Star* :—

"Sir,—My attention has been called to a paragraph in the *Star* of this date, and as it is untrue in every particular, I would request your publication of this my contradiction. I have on more than fifty occasions met his Majesty the Emperor of the French, and could not have dictated who I should meet. I never on any occasion declined an invitation or request to meet any one named by the Emperor. In 1857, I dined with the Prince Napolcon, and after dinner there was a *séance*. As there were between 20 and 30 guests present, and I never have a *séance* with more than nine, I was left to select the persons who were to be present. By chance, I selected a gentleman well known to be one of the most clever conjurors in France, and this gentleman gave testimony that, whatever the power might be, it was not a conjuring trick.

"I have written to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in reply to Professor Tyndall's letter. The *séance* for Professor Faraday was to have been the 24th of June, 1861. I was then, with my family, lodging with Mrs. Crawford Parks, of 7, Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park. I send you an extract from her diary :—
'June 24. . . . A scientific gentleman who had written to disprove spiritual manifestations was to have joined the party; however, he requested to have a programme, which he said was due to him as a scientific man, and to his position. It being impossible to give a programme, he declined to join the *séance*.'

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

" D. D. HOME.

"Cox's Hotel, Jermyn Street, May 6."

Professor Tyndall then proceeds to "put his foot in it" in

the following fashion, and as the pupil and friend of Faraday to do him the great injury of publishing a letter of his which might well have never seen the light. Here began his great want of caution, and which reaches its climax by his unreservedly adopting the whole silly programme, and stating that he is going to investigate in "the month of June" in the spirit of Mr. Faraday's letter.

" FARADAY AND THE SPIRITUALISTS.

" To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

" Sir,—At a critical point in the history of English law and of English common sense I thought it my duty to publish the letter which appeared in your journal on the 5th of May.

" In a letter published in the following number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* Mr. Home impugns the accuracy of my statements. According to him it was Mr. Faraday, and not Mr. Home, who declined the combat.

" In your number of yesterday you were good enough to publish a note from me, suggesting the desirableness of having the letter of Mr. Faraday, to which I referred, made known to the English public.

" Thus the matter stands as regards published communications. I have also received others, to one of which, inasmuch as it very emphatically supports Mr. Home, it is now my duty to refer.

" Mr. W. M. Wilkinson, who is, I am informed, one of the most distinguished 'Spiritualists' in England, writes to me thus:—

" 44, Lincoln's Inn-fields, May 7, 1868.

" 'Dear Sir,—I have noticed your letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* about Mr. Home and the late Mr. Home's answer. I can fully corroborate there says about Mr. Faraday having refused last moment almost, unless he had a programme previously put into his hands. Sir I was who conducted the correspondence as soon as he saw this foolish demand meeting. Indeed, no one with any otherwise.

" 'If you knew of this I think you in your letters to the *Pall Mall*, because public a wrong impression of the real Mr. Home.

" 'I believe the question of what are facts, has gone much to

inquiry necessary, and that even if you should authoritatively pronounce that they do not happen, they would be found to occur notwithstanding. In fact, it would be seen that your saying a thing was impossible, would be no bar to its happening. I have known of such cases before in the history of science.

“ ‘Yours faithfully,

“ ‘W. M. WILKINSON.’

“ Thus Mr. Home asserts, and Mr. Wilkinson ‘can fully corroborate’ his assertion, that Mr. Faraday ‘refused to come at the last moment almost, unless he had a programme of the performance previously placed in his hands.’ Sir Emerson Tennent, according to this authority, like a sensible man, ‘stopped the proposed meeting.’

“ ‘To the law and to the testimony,’ then. Of his own free will, and unsolicited by me, Sir Emerson Tennent (whose correspondence with Faraday arose, not out of his conversion to Spiritualism, but from the desire to see a single experiment which perplexed him properly examined) has placed Faraday’s letter, accompanied by the following explanatory note, in my hands:—

“ ‘66, Warwick Square, Pimlico,

“ ‘May 7, 1868.

“ ‘My dear Sir,—Having seen in the *Pall Mall Gazette* the allusion made by you to the willingness of Professor Faraday to investigate personally the phenomena reported to him to have occurred in the presence of Mr. Home during the spiritual *séances*, I enclose you the letter which I received from Faraday, indicating the conditions under which he would be prepared to conduct the inquiry.

“ ‘On communicating them to the gentleman with whom I corresponded on the subject (an eminent Spiritualist, and a friend of Mr. Home, but who is since dead), I received from him a letter, dated June 17, 1861, declining the conditions, and the matter fell to the ground.

“ ‘Faithfully yours,

“ ‘J. EMERSON TENNENT.’

“ I think most of your readers will join me in thanking Sir Emerson Tennent for his prompt action in reference to the letter referred to. Here is the document:—

“ ‘Folkestone, June 14, 1861.

“ ‘My dear Sir Emerson,—I cannot help feeling that you are indiscreet in your desire to bring me into contact, with the occult phenomena, which it is said are made manifest in Mr. Home’s presence. I have investigated such in former times, during some years, and as much as I thought consistent with the self-respect that an experienced philosopher owes to himself,

It would be a condescension on my part to pay any more attention to them now; and I can only do so under the persuasion that all concerned wish to have the phenomena unravelled and understood, and will do all they can to aid in such a result. To settle whether I can go or not, I wish to put to you the following points:—

“1. Who wishes me to go?—to whose house?—for what purpose?

“2. Does Mr. Home wish me to go?

“3. Is he willing to investigate as a philosopher, and, as such, to have no concealments, no darkness, to be open in communication, and to aid inquiry all that he can?

“4. Does he make himself responsible for the effects, and identify himself more or less with their cause?

“5. Would he be glad if their delusive character were established and exposed, and would he gladly help to expose it, or would he be annoyed and personally offended?

“6. Does he consider the effects natural or supernatural? If natural, what are the laws which govern them? or does he think they are not subject to laws? If supernatural, does he suppose them to be miracles or the work of spirits? If the work of spirits, would an insult to the spirits be considered as an insult to himself?

“7. If the effects are miracles, or the work of spirits, does he admit the utterly contemptible character, both of them and their results, up to the present time, in respect either of yielding information or instruction, or supplying any force or action of the least value to mankind?

“8. If they be natural effects without natural law, can they be of any use or value to mankind?

“9. If they be the glimpses of natural action not yet reduced to law, ought it not to be the duty of every one who has the least influence in such actions to aid others in their development by assistance, and by the application of a mental or experimental, which the mi-
 hope them, and openness and method, either a devise?

“I do not wish to give up with this subject again. I do not hope of developing some new worthy of attention. I can not enter upon any further who profess to have uttermost. To this as critical upon the to the subject, as a

r to meddle formerly, in and nothing new a natural, will not ess those id to the re) to be in regard the germs
 a 2

of his discoveries. How could electricity, that universal spirit of matter, ever have been developed in its relations to chemical action, to magnetic action, to its application in the explosion of mines, the weaving of silk, the extension of printing, the electro-telegraph, the illumination of light-houses, &c., except by rigid investigation, grounded on the strictest critical reasoning and the most exact and open experiment? and if these so-called occult manifestations are not utterly worthless, they must and will pass through a like ordeal.

“As I do not want to debate this matter with those who have already made up their minds in a direction contrary to my own, but (if I see sufficient reason) only to work it out with such a desire to find incontrovertible proofs independent of opinion or assertion, so I wish you would show this letter to Mr. Home, and those who want me to meet him and them on his ground; after which you will know whether you should persevere in asking me. You will understand that I decline to meet any whose minds are not at liberty to investigate according to the general principles I have here expressed.

“Further, I claim the right of publishing the whole or any part of this letter, or any future written communication that may arise out of it, in any manner that I may think fit.

“Ever, my dear Sir Emerson,

“Your very faithful servant,

“M. Faraday.

“You will see that I consent to all this with much reserve, and only for your sake.—M. F.’

“This is the letter which Mr. Wilkinson, and such as he, pronounce ‘foolish.’ This is the fashion in which Faraday ‘refuses’ to meet Mr. Home.

“Leaving these facts to settle in the public mind, and more especially in the legal mind,

“I have the honour to subscribe myself,

“Your obedient servant,

“JOHN TYNDALL.

“Athenæum Club, May 8, 1868.”

“P.S.—I hold myself in readiness to witness and investigate, in the spirit of the foregoing letter such phenomena as Mr. Home may wish to reveal to me during the month of June.”

Professor de Morgan gives the new reading of the letters F.R.S., *Falsæ Rationis Sacerdos*. One “great use to mankind” of spirit-manifestations would be to teach the Royal Society that it does not know everything. Another important “use to mankind,” is the satisfaction to the mind in not having to believe that so many of the greatest and best of men, have been either

subject to the grossest delusions, or are quite unworthy of credit. What would the Royal Society say to Socrates, if he were to read a paper before that learned body describing his inward monitor, and the spirit-manifestations which occurred to him? and would a corroborative address from Plato, save the pair from being ridiculed as a couple of simpletons, though in the opinion of many, Socrates would more than compare with Tyndall, and Plato than Palgrave? One cannot help being struck with the difference in treatment which the professors expect for themselves, compared with that which they award to Mr. Home, or to any one who has had the fortune to be convinced of these facts. One must not, in criticising Professor Faraday's letter, say or suggest that it is anything but an expression of the very best and wisest and fairest way of dealing with the subject; nor that even his insisting on Mr. Home swallowing his whole insolent programme was a foolish thing on his part; but it is quite allowable for Mr. Faraday to imply that Mr. Home is a rogue, and that he had better quietly admit it at once, and for Mr. Tyndall to adopt Faraday's programme, and to praise his master for the moderation of his language. Really, after Mr. Tyndall asking him in the spirit of Faraday's letter to "admit the utterly contemptible character of the manifestations and of their results," can he reasonably complain if, now that he is caught in the flagrant offence of prejudging without inquiry, he should be told of it in strong language, such as he applies to Mr. Home? The moderation is not always to be applied to one side, and that the side of the people who decide without inquiry that facts known to millions are gross deception, and a disgrace to the civilization of the age. It must have been most galling to Professor Tyndall to find that he is shown up by a poor, despised medium, the first time he ventures into print, and that even his friends of the Athenæum throw it in his teeth and that all the Club are laughing at him. Mr. Home well exposed the Professor in the following letter:—

"MR. HOME'S REPLY.

"To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Sir,—I am very glad that Professor Tyndall has been so fortunate as to obtain the letter of the late Professor Faraday to Sir Emerson Tennent. It is the first time I have seen it, and all I knew of it was from the information given me by Mr. Robert Bell, who had arranged with Sir Emerson Tennent for a meeting. The time was fixed, and Mr. Faraday was invited, and Mr. Bell informed me that Mr. Faraday was to have a programme, having a programme. It was therefore my duty to do 'combat,' for I had nothing to do with

"Mrs. Crawford Parks, at whose house, 7, Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, I was at the time lodging with my family, was likewise informed to the same effect by Mr. Bell, and made an entry at the time in her diary. 'A scientific gentleman who had written to disprove spiritual manifestations was to have joined the party; however, he requested to have a programme, which he said was due to him and to his position. It being impossible to give a programme, he declined to join the *séance*.'

"But now that we have the letter itself (which I observe makes no condition that Professor Tyndall should be of the party, and I never heard that he was to have been present), it appears that the programme, or previous writing, was to have been of Professor Faraday's sole dictation, and I can quite understand that Mr. Robert Bell should have seen at once that it was useless to attempt any investigation with a person in the temper of Mr. Faraday's requirements.

"Only consider that I was to sign a treaty of which the following were two of the articles:—'7. If the effects are miracles, or the work of spirits, does he admit the utterly contemptible character both of them and their results up to the present time, in respect either of yielding information or instruction or supplying any force or action of the least value to mankind? 8. If they be natural effects without natural law, can they be of any use or value to mankind?'

"I would ask if this is the tone of a humble student and inquirer, prepared to analyze and ascertain facts, or whether it be not the sign of a mind far gone in prejudging the question at issue.

"When these matters first engaged public attention Professor Faraday had unfortunately publicly decided that they were due to involuntary muscular action; and as time went on, every development of them which proved the incorrectness of his explanation was received almost as a personal affront by him. This accounts, I believe, for the sub-acid tone of the whole treaty which he wished to impose on me through Mr. Bell, and which induced Mr. Bell to think that Professor Faraday was not likely to be a successful wooer of inquiry.

"I am sure that neither Mr. Faraday nor Mr. Tyndall have acquired their high reputation by investigating nature in any such spirit, for even hydrogen, or any long suffering gas, or even the spectrum analysis, would have felt insulted by being submitted to such conditions as those sought to be imposed on me as a preliminary to inquiry.

"Mr. Tyndall says that he is ready to witness and investigate in the spirit of Mr. Faraday's letter. From the attitude he takes up, I fully believe it, and as such spirit is not that of logic, nor

according to the true scientific method, I will wait until he can approach the subject in a more humble frame of mind.

"I firmly believe that both 'English law and English common sense' will be able to take care of themselves without Mr. Tyndall's assistance.

"Your obedient Servant,
"D. D. HOME.

"Cox's Hotel, Jermyn Street, May 9, 1868."

Mr. Wilkinson also wrote a letter to the *Pall Mall*, but instead of sending it direct to the paper, he enclosed it with a private note to Professor Tyndall desiring him to write his answer, and to send both together to the paper, in order that the public might read them together. Mr. Tyndall, however, has not yet done this. The following is Mr. Wilkinson's letter:—

"To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

"44, Lincoln's Inn Fields,
"11th May, 1868.

"Sir,—I am obliged to Professor Tyndall for the opportunity of seeing for the first time the letter of the late Professor Faraday. The late Mr. Robert Bell informed me that the proposed meeting did not take place on account of Mr. Faraday demanding to have a programme; and now that the letter is published, it appears to me that it fully justified Mr. Bell in the course he took. I had forgotten that it was Mr. Bell, and not Sir Emerson Tennent, who stopped the meeting; but the only material point is, whether the terms of Mr. Faraday's letter argued such a foregone conclusion in his mind, as to justify Mr. Bell in refusing to bring him and Mr. Home together.

"As Mr. Faraday has gone from amongst us, I do not wish to bring his name unnecessarily forward in the controversy. I am able to discuss the question with Mr. Tyndall, in consequence of his so gladly adopting the terms of Mr. Faraday's letter, and making himself responsible for them.

"To me, what Mr. Tyndall so highly approves, by expressing his readiness 'to witness and investigate in the spirit of the going letter,' is but little in accordance with a inquiry; and I shall be sorry for Mr. Tyndall's reputation, if he do not take an early occasion, least some of the articles, on which Mr. Faraday

"I shall be disappointed if Mr. Tyndall should, for instance, 'That it would be a condensation to pay any more attention to them now.' It is the fame and force of Mr. Tyndall that he has felt to investigate even the smallest phenomena the most admired for his fertility of resources

methods and experiments. I am sure, then, that he will not talk of condescending to inquire into what is evidently a new, and, to him, unknown subject.

“ I demur altogether to Mr. Tyndall’s right to impose any preliminary conditions of inquiry into any class of phenomena, because conditions assume some knowledge *a priori*, of which in this particular matter, I see little trace in Mr. Tyndall; but if he demand the right of administering conditions to Mr. Home, why should not Mr. Home insist on preliminary conditions and answers from Mr. Tyndall? I feel sure that Mr. Tyndall will agree with me that the Thirty-nine Articles do not apply in matters of science, but let us see how the case looks if it be held otherwise, and that Mr. Tyndall insists on retaining Mr. Faraday’s preliminary tests.

“ In an enquiry into the relations between spirit and matter, and into the existence of spiritual dynamics, it would obviously be important to ascertain that the person whose report was to settle the question, was at all events open to enquiry, and that his whole mind was not penetrated with the conviction that there is no spiritual world, that nothing supernatural has ever happened, or can ever happen in this world, that no account of miracles should be believed on any testimony—not even on his own—and that no written revelation has ever been made by God to man.

“ Now if conditions are to be the order of the day, I shall insist on distinct and frank answers from Mr. Tyndall, on these, and other essential preliminaries.

“ If he insist on having as one of his preliminaries an answer to the question whether what he is about to investigate ‘ can be of any use or value to mankind,’ I shall require him to answer whether the *cui bono* has been introduced into science as a bar to enquiry, and if so, when?* The history of science is full of instances in which centuries have elapsed between the observation of phenomena, and their application to useful purposes. More than a thousand years the world had to wait before the known qualities of conic sections were applied in carpentry, and it was many years before the first experiments in electricity ended in the electric telegraph.

“ The first question I believe should be as to the existence of phenomena, and if Mr. Tyndall should not approve of their existence, I do not feel that any apology is due from me, for I only observe them, and do not create them.

“ Mr. Tyndall kindly calls me ‘ one of the most distinguished

* We believe Mr. Tyndall admits that if the facts be true, he would feel obliged to lay them before the Royal Society, on his authority. This we think settles the question of their importance.

Spiritualists in England.' He might as well call me a 'distinguished gravitationist,' because I accept the phenomena of gravitation from observation and experiment. My distinction has been easily earned at the mere cost of sitting in a room with my eyes and my mind open. Mr. Tyndall is a really distinguished man, and may well be proud of his hardly-earned fame and high position, on which no one congratulates him more heartily than I do. It is from this that I would warn him to treat this subject fairly, and that for his own sake only, because it can go on without him.

"Your obedient Servant,
"W. M. WILKINSON."

MR. PALGRAVE'S JUDGMENT ON PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

On the 16th of May a letter from Mr. F. T. Palgrave appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, from which we make some extracts. Mr. Palgrave evidently thought that Mr. Tyndall was a long time in coming forward with his statement, and as he could not wait any longer for the answer, he determined to taunt him into activity, with what result will be seen in the Professor's answer. *Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?*

"SCIENCE *versus* SPIRITUALISM.

"To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Sir,—Few of the 'correspondences' which have appeared in your columns will have been read with greater interest than that between Professor Tyndall and Mr. Home. * * *

"If we put aside Spiritualists proper (as not likely to be convinced by any process of human reason) with those who (like your correspondent) are satisfied already that Spiritualism is no more than a second-rate species of legerdemain, it is certain that to the general or undecided public the verdict of Professors Faraday and Tyndall, yea or nay, after a fair and full trial, would be conclusive. * * * Mr. Faraday, after examining certain 'spiritualist' phenomena ten or twelve years ago (I think), elaborately proved that they were solely caused by common but unheeded mechanical causes, and his admirable exposition hardly commanded my conviction more completely than his simple *ipse dixit* would have commanded. But this is not the point which has now been raised. We are at present concerned with the challenge which passed between him and Mr. Home in 1861, and with Professor Tyndall's renewal of it in 1868. In this challenge (the transmi

which to Mr. Home he authorized), besides many contemptuous expressions, Faraday requires Mr. Home himself to admit the futility of the very art or science which he professed, and to be ready to aid in putting it down as a mischievous delusion, in case the verdict should go against him. Surely when we read this *we must confess with regret that this great man then fell into an error of judgment, which does really justify Mr. Home (ex post facto) in treating the challenge as unfair, and which, further, will justify him in declining any challenge conceived in a similar spirit?*

“ If he consented in any way to renew the trial, the common principles of justice, not to speak of the higher ground taken by the philosopher, demanded that (whilst defining such conditions as should ensure completeness of investigation) he should not demand such as carry with them the air that he has pre-determined the cause, and (in effect) require the antagonist, if defeated, to confess that he has been under an idiotic delusion. Indeed, I rather understate Faraday's conditions in thus describing them; the tone is that of a man who has decided that the other party is a rogue, and ought to be ready to confess it. Whether justified or not in holding such a view, Faraday's eminently fair and liberal mind would, surely, at a calmer moment, have recognized that this was precisely an occasion when he should have rigidly suppressed it. It is incredible that he would have accepted a converse ‘programme’ for himself, and Mr. Home (had the trial taken effect) would have been worse off than in that Greek city where the proposer of a new law had to plead with a halter round his neck. Such demands would have been quite inadmissible, even on the part of an advocate; but here Faraday was to act more or less as a judge in what other paragraphs in his own letter describe as a scientific investigation. *Mr. Home is surely right in observing that it is not in this spirit that Faraday approached any obscure problem in physics, or met any scientific men who entertained opposite views to his own. Had he done so, indeed, he would not have been Faraday the philosopher.*

“ As it was, Mr. Home's friend had a perfectly legitimate plea for refusing the challenge, and it will be a real misfortune should the transient and hasty error of a great man (unadvisedly made public after his death) be reiterated now, with the result of a similar ‘defeat of justice.’

“ I have ventured on these remarks, because, believing firmly that a fair trial would crush a mischievous delusion, it is of great importance that Spiritualism shall not gain an easy triumph by showing that science refused a fair trial. And (with all deference

to Professor Tyndall's position in his own sphere) it is impossible to read his letters of May 5 and 9, whether in regard to the tone or the argument, without seeing that (no doubt unconsciously to himself, or through the heat of controversy) *the manner in which he proposes to proceed is eminently unjudicial*. It is also exactly calculated to damage the cause which most of my readers will agree is the cause of truth. To advance to a scientific investigation with an air of infallibility (however well founded), to prejudge the case, and scatter obnoxious hints against the antagonist, will not indeed render 'Spiritualism' credible to honestly constituted minds, *but may naturally indispose them to a favourable view of the advocate of science*. As the matter now stands, there is a serious risk that what has happened will afford a triumph to folly, and grieve those who rely upon true scientific investigation to dissipate vulgar error by the sight of a good cause thrown away. If the trial proposed for June closes with Mr. Home's refusal of May 11th, the victory will not be with his opponent. For the sake of science and of truth, let us hope that it will be arranged in a more judicial spirit; that science will shew fair play, even to Spiritualism: and few of my readers will then doubt of the result.

Obediently yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

"Athenæum, May 13th, 1868."

We have some qualms in adducing Mr. Palgrave's testimony, notwithstanding that it so entirely admits that Professor Tyndall has been caught out the first ball, and that too by a novice at the game; for we find that Mr. Palgrave himself is open to the same charge of prejudging the case, which he blames Professor Tyndall for exhibiting.

Mr. Palgrave is a critic or judge by profession, and has already stood condemned by the public for exercising his faculty rather too much; having, indeed, fatuously introduced his art criticisms into the Government catalogue of the pictures in the last Great Exhibition, and which had to be vn in consequence.

Whilst blaming Professor Tyndall for of offering to investigate, Mr. Palgrave st investigation, states his opinion that hod "Spiritualism is a second-rate species of legerdemain;" in- as a report by Mr. Tyndall, after an a d settle it. We can hardly imagine a others of the same kind get such d exhibit such little knowledge of a supernatural so-called does not d Mr. Tyndall, but it has been exhibited a ages and by all nations, and we should

now consented to make Mr. Tyndall the final judge of a question which involves the existence of the spiritual world, and of whether there have ever been any footfalls outside its boundary. Mr. Tyndall, we consider, has definitely proved himself an improper person to sit as judge on any branch of this question, and we certainly do not see that Mr. Palgrave is more judicial, but it is quite an assumption on the part of these gentlemen that they are wanted at all to settle the question. It has been settled long ago, by persons more competent than they are. The observers and consequent believers in these phenomena are now reckoned by millions. Mr. Hepworth Dixon computes those in America alone at some millions, and these have all come to admit the facts, from actual experiment and observation. In what position would they stand, if Mr. Palgrave and Mr. Tyndall were to write some day to the *Pall Mall*, and tell the public, confidentially, that they had found out by seeing Mr. Home that "Spiritualism is no more than a second-rate species of legerdemain?" Would it settle the question? But suppose they reported that it was true that these phenomena happened as described,—what then? Unfortunately we can answer this question by a reference to experience. We have had quite as good people as Mr. Tyndall, who have reported in its favour, and the world won't believe a word they say; and such as Mr. Palgrave then calls them "Spiritualists proper, *as not being likely to be convinced by any process of human reason!*" If we inquire and are convinced, we are fools, or "Spiritualists proper;" and if we decide without inquiry we may be at the head of the Royal Institution, and call ourselves Professors.

It reminds us of the similar case of Dr. Justinus Kerner who examined the case of Frederica Hauffe, which he published under the name of the *Seeress of Prevorst*. It made a great stir among the scientific men in Germany, who said the Doctor was a silly dupe. In return, he told his critics that they might have come and seen for themselves, by merely crossing the brook, but instead of doing that, they all ran to their homes and got upon their high stools, and began writing about her case! When is this *method of the scientific men* to cease?

On the correspondence up to this time, the *Morning Star* remarks:—

"In 1861, it seems Sir Emerson Tennent was anxious that Mr. Faraday should investigate personally certain of the phenomena reported to have occurred in the presence of Mr. Home. Mr. Faraday had long before, as we all know, expressed his opinion on the general subject, and declared his conviction that the 'phenomena' were due to involuntary muscular action. He felt a profound contempt for the whole thing, for which we are

by no means inclined to blame him ; and he seems to have been a little annoyed at the attempt to draw him again into what he considered ridiculous and futile investigations. It is likely that if Professor Owen were invited to lecture on and dissect Barnum's Woolly Horse, he might reply somewhat tartly ; it is not improbable that Sir John Herschel would chafe at being invited gravely to investigate Parallax's theories about the shape of the earth and its relation to the planetary system. Mr. Faraday did reply in language which was not encouraging. *He prescribed certain conditions which it would have been utterly impossible for Mr. Home, whether that gentleman be the apostle of a new science or a mere pretender and humbug, to accept.* In fact, Mr. Home was invited, as a condition precedent to Faraday's entering on the investigation, to acknowledge that the phenomena, however produced, were ridiculous and contemptible. He was also required to pledge himself to the most entire, open, and complete examination—a condition which, of course, Mr. Faraday knew quite well Mr. Home could never accept. So the gentleman who was apparently acting for Mr. Home—we believe, the late Mr. Robert Bell—declined going any further ; and it does not appear that Mr. Home was particularly consulted in the matter at all. At the present moment Mr. Tyndall offers to investigate the phenomena, but he offers to do so 'in the spirit of Mr. Faraday's letter ;' and, of course, Mr. Home replies that 'as such spirit is not that of logic nor according to the true scientific method,' he declines to lend any aid to the inquiry. And there the matter ends, as it always has ended, and always must end.

"We confess we think the scientific men look rather foolish when they get into such controversies at all. Does Mr. Tyndall really suppose there is the faintest chance of his being allowed to investigate Mr. Home's 'phenomena' as he would inquire into a new astronomical or chemical discovery? If Mr. Home be not the sincere and supernatural endowed personage he claims to be, then, of course, the idea would be out of the question. But if he be, it is hardly more reasonable. The manifestations, according to him, will not take place, cannot anyhow be got to take place, under the conditions which are absolutely essential to ordinary scientific inquiry."

The castigation by Mr. Palgrave, however, instantly roused the Professor and his wrath, and he wrote to the *Pull Mall* a letter which will damage him more for the want of logic and for the passion it contains, than any other letter—short of Faraday's masterpiece in that way—in the annals of our controversy. It is curious that both Faraday and his successor should have so covered themselves with confusion in dealing with this unwelcome subject. "These be your gods, oh Israel."

"SCIENCE AND SPIRITUALISM. .

"To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Sir,—From time to time it has been my privilege to be instructed and edified by the notions of men and things with which Mr. F. T. Palgrave has favoured the English public, and I now find myself promoted to the distinction of being the object of his criticism.

"Mr. F. T. Palgrave knows the world, and the world's ways, and what it is desirable for the world to know and how that knowledge should be presented to the world, far better than I do. He is also intimately acquainted with the frame of mind in which a philosopher like Faraday ought to approach the study of reputed spiritualistic phenomena. It would, therefore, be presumptuous in me to contest the opinion of this eminent person that Faraday was wrong in writing that letter to Sir Emerson Tennent, and that I was wrong in publishing it. I would only ask permission to state, in a few words, the motives which induced me to act in a manner to which Mr. Palgrave applies the adverb 'unadvisedly,' a word which derives its power less from its intrinsic weight than from the elevation of the pen from which it falls.

"Recent events had revived the subject of Spiritualism. In the public courts of England *men with heavy scientific appendages to their names* had testified, on oath, their conviction that the phenomena reputed to manifest themselves in the presence, and through the agency of Mr. Home are '*not due to the operation of any of the known laws of nature.*' This solemn testimony had been circulated through the length and breadth of the land, and along with it a great deal of flying gossip regarding the relationship of Faraday to these spiritual phenomena.

"Though it involved a kind of jar to the sanctity in which I hold his memory, I thought it right that the world should learn from Faraday himself *what his latest opinions were in connection with this subject.** As a matter of mere authority, by which so many are guided, I thought his published opinion would be a wholesome corrective of the evidence to which I have referred. I also thought it desirable to sweep away the gossip which surrounded his name in connection with this subject. These were my motives for publishing his letter.

"Mr. F. T. Palgrave speaks of the letter as the '*hasty transient error of a great man.*' Now, as I before stated, willing to defer to the opinion of a gentleman so experienced

* We have a letter of his, in 1864, in which, too, he made a terrible blunder. We may, probably, give it, with some others, in our next number.—Ed.

well-informed, and so self-assured* as Mr. Palgrave that the letter was an error. Here he is on his own high ground, where his supremacy is indisputable. But how did he find out that the 'error' was 'hasty and transient?' I would ask him, with all distinctness, whence come these adjectives? From the region of fact or from that of imagination? If the latter—and this is the case—I would in all submission say that the *tendency of the imagination to assume a definite structural form, irrespective of fact, is a very perilous one,*† and that it will require a master equal to Mr. F. T. Palgrave to keep its possessor out of danger, if the imaginative faculty be allowed this licence.

"The simple truth is that *Faraday was not moved by either heat or haste* in writing that letter. *He thought over it, wrote it, and read it to me after it had been written, with the utmost coolness and deliberation.* Here, as in all other things, he endeavoured to 'walk circumspectly.' It cannot be otherwise than a source of regret to all of us that so eminent a judge as Mr. F. T. Palgrave should regard his endeavour as a failure. I was not aware, until I had seen the last number of your journal, that the letter of Faraday could be rightly described as a challenge to Mr. Home. Faraday responded, reluctantly, to the entreaty of a friend. He had spent time upon this subject; he had examined it *in his way*, and reached his own conclusions regarding it. He had not the slightest hope of adding to his own knowledge by further investigation. *He regarded the necessity even of discussing such phenomena as are ascribed to Mr. Home as a discredit, to use no stronger term, to the education of this age.* Still, when pressed to do so, *he overcame his repugnance, while avowing it in moderate language*, and for the sake of others he agreed to undertake an investigation which *he knew would be without profit to himself.*

"If, after having approached the subject in a spirit which might have secured the approval of Mr. F. T. Palgrave; if, after having *in this spirit* satisfied his own mind that *these reputed spiritualistic phenomena were only worthy of the scorn or the pity of all intelligent persons*, he permitted a modicum of that strong contempt with which he regarded the subject to ooze out in *undertaking a repetition of his task*; surely the honesty of making his feelings indirectly known by the series of questions he proposed, and to which he required no affirmative subscription, will, in the minds of simple people, be a set-off to the lack of that 'judicial' tact which Mr. F. T. Palgrave would have preferred.

"In all reverence I would now say, let the glorious shade rest. *I endorse the opinions and accept the responsibilities of*

* They are pretty well matched for self-assurance.

† Mr. Tyndall should regulate his own conduct by these wise words.

Faraday in this matter. In the spirit of his letter, which, cavil apart, was simply this, that he should be permitted to apply to the examination of this subject the methods which have made his name immortal, I will at any practicable time undertake to meet Mr. Home. I ask him to subscribe to no condition, to furnish me with no 'programme.' I only ask him to permit me to deal with him and his phenomena as I now deal with nature. If he fully and frankly grants this condition, the investigation can have but one of two results: either his phenomena will be proved delusive, or I shall be converted to the ranks of Spiritualism.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
"Athenæum Club, May 17, 1868." "JOHN TYNDALL.

"To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Sir,—The 'glorious shade' of Faraday has very little to thank Professor Tyndall for in bringing forward the letter containing the insulting programme which he had devised as a preliminary to investigating these phenomena. Mr. Palgrave made the only excuse that was open to relieve Faraday, when he spoke of it as the 'hasty and transient error of a great man,' unadvisedly published by his friend; but now again comes Mr. Tyndall to deprive him even of this poor excuse.

"The letter it seems was not dictated in either 'heat or haste,' and he thought over it, wrote it, and read it with the utmost coolness and deliberation. I am very sorry for it, because the letter is a rare specimen of want of balance; and it is unfortunate that Mr. Tyndall should indorse the tenor of it, and moreover, put such indorsement forward as his credential for an unprejudiced examination.

Mr. Tyndall ought to have been obliged to Mr. Palgrave for finding him a way out of the difficulty, but he insists on making the worst of it, and on attacking Mr. Palgrave in the true scientific method of the Royal Society. It is an amusing sight and perhaps it is not prudent in me to interfere between the combatants until they have exhausted themselves a little more.

"However, Mr. Tyndall has conclusively removed himself from the judicial bench in this matter, and which is of the least consequence since 'the phenomena' can occur without his indorsement.

"I am waiting to see his answer to a letter I wrote him week ago, for publication in your paper.

"Your obedient Servant,

"44, Lincoln's Inn Fields,

"W. M. WILKINSON.

"19th May, 1868."

Professor Tyndall had, through a mutual friend, incontin-

asked one of the - men with heavy scientific appendages to their names," to give him two facts on which he relied for his consideration. Mr. Cromwell Fierwood Varley, who, in addition to his scientific appendages, is quite competent, on the mere ground of having his eyes and ears in a healthy state, to vouch for the facts he narrates, kindly accepted Mr. Tyndall's invitation, and gave him the benefit of the following letter:—

— Fierwood House, Reckenhall.

— 19th May, 1868.

"My dear Sir.—Mr. Wallace has forwarded me your letter to him, dated 7th inst.

"In compliance with your desire, I will endeavour to describe briefly some of the 'physical phenomena' I saw on two occasions, in the presence of Mr. Home, together with the precautions I adopted to guard against trickery. To facilitate the explanation, permit me to premise, that the object of the *show* was to demonstrate to me that the physical manifestations were not the result of trickery, and that there was some other intelligence at work besides Mr. Home and the observers. I had repeatedly heard from well-informed people of extraordinary manifestations occurring in the presence of this much-abused gentleman, and became very anxious to ascertain for myself the nature of them.

"Having no introduction, I called one Tuesday morning in the Spring of 1860, at his residence, 134, Sloane Street, and told him that I was Electrician of the Electric and International and the Atlantic Telegraph Companies, that I was well acquainted with electricity, magnetism and other physical forces—that I had heard of extraordinary phenomena occurring in his presence, and was desirous of seeing them and of investigating their cause. I asked him if he would permit me to witness them. His answer was 'He would be delighted to do so.' At the same time he warned me that he could not promise that any manifestations would take place, that the phenomena were of a delicate character, and that it generally required several sittings before the necessary rapport was established to permit of anything decisive.

"The next day I received an invitation for myself and Mrs. Varley for Thursday - between seven and eight o'clock. Mr. Home was in his private apartments, and the drawing room into which I was introduced on the Tuesday, and in which the phenomena were exhibited on the Thursday, was over a chemist's shop.

"On each of the - I ascended the staircase to see if the floor was of - so as to permit of the introduction of - went into the shop underneath and examined the - bag room,

but there was nothing unusual. The room was rather scantily furnished, there was a couch, about a dozen chairs, and nothing else capable of concealing any quantity of apparatus.

“ Eight of us sat down to a large, heavy, circular table. I had previously arranged with Mrs. Varley to observe very closely, to look out keenly for anything resembling trickery, to observe the room, the furniture and those present for anything that might appear suspicious and if anything unusual happened to note it carefully and fix it in her memory, so that we might collate our observations. On a slip accompanying this I give you in confidence the names of those, who were present, all excepting one whose name I do not recollect, and their positions around the table. Finding so many ladies I felt some disappointment, fearing it would prevent a rigid scrutiny.

“ The lady, who sat on Mr. Home's left, *i. e.* between me and him (and whom I will call Mrs. A.) and who had devoted considerable attention to the subject, entreated me, as did Mr. Home, to use my utmost endeavours to satisfy myself with regard to the phenomena, and he again urged me on no account of etiquette or otherwise to hesitate to make a complete scrutiny.

“ I availed myself of this. After sitting at the table for 20 minutes the first phenomenon occurred. We heard a number of sounds or raps as they are frequently termed. I examined the table underneath while Mrs. Varley observed above. There were four full-sized gas burners in the room burning brightly, all hands were on the table, all feet, as previously desired by Mr. Home, were turned back under the chairs.

The following simple telegraphic alphabet was then explained to me:—

1 sound or movement, or action of any kind	<i>No.</i>
3 sounds	<i>Yes.</i>
2 sounds	<i>Doubtful.</i>

i. e. that neither *No* nor *Yes* would answer the question.

5 sounds or movements, &c. of any kind, the *Alphabet.*

i. e. that the *alphabet* was to be run over or repeated aloud, and on the right letter being reached the fact was indicated by three sounds. In this manner words could be telegraphed easily, though slowly, by any one capable of producing the signals in question. Mrs. A— audibly expressed a wish that I should be touched—immediately five sounds were heard and telegraphing commenced. We were informed by this means that the communicator was afraid to approach me. I made no remark, but simply kept a sharp look-out, and endeavoured to find whence the sounds proceeded. Shortly after, the table tipped up, first on one side and then on the other, remaining sometimes for

many seconds in the inclined position, having described an arc of about 30 degrees. I examined under and over the table—all hands were resting gently on it, and I could see no indication whatever, of any exertion of muscular force on the part of any of us. About this time the sounds became louder, and there were two distinct kinds of raps—the one being a lower, but louder note than the other. The lighter and higher sound communicated that it had now lost its dread of me, and would move my coat. It was pulled or jerked three times—about half a second of time elapsing between each pull. As these jerks were given to my coat, low down on the right hand side, between my chair and that of Mrs. A., the thought flashed through my mind, that this could not be accepted as evidence; but that, if my coat were pulled above the table, so that I could see it, it would be far more satisfactory. The instant this thought had passed through my mind, the flap of my coat, on the right-hand side, within a foot of my face, was turned up three times. Immediately, and in order to test it carefully, I *mentally* wished the left hand collar to be moved in a similar manner. Before the thought had been put into words in my own mind, the left-hand flap moved three times, as requested.

“Very shortly afterwards information was signalled that I should be touched on the knee; without moving I again inaudibly desired that my right knee should be touched three times, and instantly I felt three distinct pressures. I mentally said, ‘Left knee,’ and it was touched three times without waiting a second. I mentally said, ‘Right shoulder,’ and it was instantly touched, but I could see nothing. I then mentally said, ‘Left shoulder,’ and finally, ‘Top of my head,’ and was touched accordingly three times at each place. The whole occupying not more than 10 seconds. As I did not speak or move, or make any gesture, no one was aware of what had taken place until I described it to them. The table was tilted about a great many times, and by means of the signals we were instructed to stand up, which we did, resting our hands lightly on the table, the latter after rocking about for a little densely rose up bodily off the floor 14 or 15 inches, and then descended. I examined underneath the phenomenon, but there was nothing visible. I went well over the table and it certainly was not there. It then occurred to me, as my *unuttered* thought responded in the early phenomena, that after waiting three or four minutes the table rose about 12 or 15 inches and remained there I think more nearly a minute. I ment

in various directions, and it did so, before those thoughts had assumed the shape of words in my own mind.

“During a portion of the *séance*, as many as four distinct kinds of raps were heard at the same time, and as many people were putting questions and receiving answers at the same moment. When requested, the raps were produced on the walls, on the ceiling, on our chairs, which latter were distinctly shaken by them; and on several occasions, the whole vibrated sufficiently to simultaneously attract the attention of every one.

“Several of us, while seated in our chairs, were suddenly twisted round; and subsequent experiment showed that it required a good vigorous effort to perform a like operation by the hands. These twistings occurred to those who were far from, as well as those who were near to Mr. Home. The *séance* continued till about 11 o'clock; Mr. and Mrs. Home, as well as Mrs. A., pronounced it unusually successful, and expressed surprise at such a display of force at my *first* investigation.

“On returning home Mrs. Varley and I compared notes, I found that she had put a great many questions mentally and received answers as rapidly as I had.

“It was between 12 and 1 o'clock when we reached our dwelling at the other end of London, five or six miles from Sloane Street. Before retiring I requested Mrs. Varley to sit down with me in the drawing room, and once more think over carefully what we had seen together with the tests we had employed to guard against delusions; while so engaged, although five miles away from the medium, the sounds or raps commenced upon the walls of our own house.

“The next evening I received a letter from Mr. Home, in which he informed us of the fact that we had heard these sounds in our own house.

“I saw him shortly afterwards and asked him how he knew this, and he said that the same power which had produced the phenomena at his house, had produced the sounds in my own room, and had informed him of the fact and instructed him to write to me as an additional evidence.

“*Second séance at my own house, at Beckenham, Kent.*

“Present:—D. D. Home, a lady, a city accountant, a merchant, a gentleman, the first officer of a ship, Mrs. Varley, and myself.

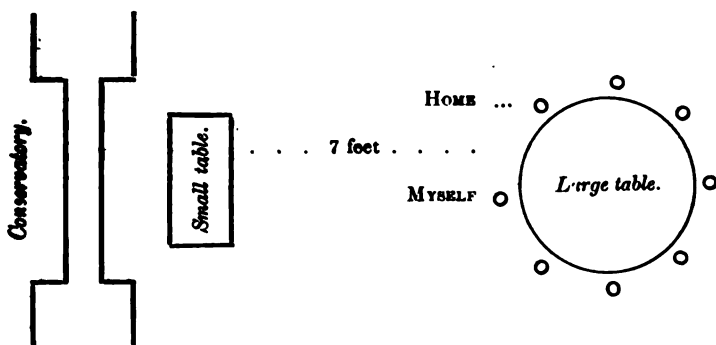
“I purchased this house in the latter part of 1863 while it was in course of erection, and before any of the flooring was laid; I am therefore well acquainted with its internal structure.

“In the summer of 1864, I requested Mr. Home to keep his

promise of giving me a *séance* at my own house, and I invited the people mentioned to meet him. He had never been in the house before.

"We had a great many phenomena similar to those already described; there were some, however, different from those I had seen in his house. During the course of the evening he became apparently nervous, and requested me to hold his hands, and said: 'Oh! look behind you'—and became somewhat alarmed.

"He then put both his legs over my left knee, and at his request I held both his legs between my legs, and grasped both his hands in my own. We all of us looked in the direction, which he indicated—there was a small side table close to the conservatory window, seven feet behind Mr. Home's back, Mr. Home and I being the nearest to it. We were seated thus:—



"Shortly afterwards the side-table began to move. This table is mounted on casters, and it was driven up to me by some invisible means, no one being near it, and while I had hold of both Mr. Home's hands and legs. A large ottoman, capable of seating eight persons, was moved all over the room, and we were all driven by it up to the pianoforte.

"*Imposture* was impossible. Phenomena of this kind were abundant this evening. As many of them occurred in the dusk of the evening they hardly come within the scope of your demand, *viz.* under a "bright light." I have witnessed the "physical phenomena" more than twenty times; but the higher *psychical* phenomena, which convey better proof to those who actually witness them than do the physical, have been witnessed by me more than a hundred times both in England and America.

"You may ask why I have not published this before. The answer is simple—you yourself know how all new things are received in this world of contention.

"I have endeavoured, whenever opportunity, health, and business would permit, to ascertain the nature of the force by which these phenomena are produced, but I have not progressed much farther at present than to find out the source whence the physical power is abstracted, *viz.*, from the vital systems of those who are present, and especially from the medium. The part of the subject under discussion, therefore, is not yet ripe for publication.

"As to the phenomena themselves, there are numerous accounts on record—some excellently authenticated, both in this and the previous century. We are only now re-studying what has been investigated by the philosophers who lived 2,000 years ago; and when some good Greek or Latin scholar, who has made himself acquainted with the character of the phenomena which have been presenting themselves so numerous since the year 1848, will properly translate the writings of those great men, the world will find out that what is happening at the present time is only a new edition of an old page of history, studied by keen intelligences to an extent that will redound greatly to the credit of those good and clear-headed old sages, who seem to have risen far above the narrow-minded prejudices of their age, and to have investigated the matter under discussion to an extent in some respects transcending our present knowledge.

"I am, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

"(Signed) CROMWELL F. VARLEY.

"J. Tyndall, Esq., F.R.S.,
&c., &c., &c."

Now here are specimens of some of the more ordinary phenomena. What has Mr. Tyndall to say to them? What would have been his tests? and where would they have come in? When the small table moved of itself to the large one, what could he have done beyond looking at it? When he asked mentally for the breast of his coat to be moved, what test would he have applied? Or does Faraday's "involuntary muscular action" account for these? Brewster would have got over the table moving by saying "it *appeared* to move." But what does Mr. Tyndall say? We fancy he will say that Mr. Varley's eyes and other senses deceived him. What proof is there of this assertion? Mr. Varley appears to have his senses in good order, and to make a good use of them. What evidence then has Mr. Tyndall that he cannot hear, and see, and feel? Mr. Tyndall must state his grounds for this large assumption of his, which in the absence of good grounds becomes itself incredible and absurd.

"SCIENCE AND SPIRITUALISM.

"To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Sir,—I venture to doubt the logic of the dilemma stated by Dr. Tyndall in reference to a meeting with Mr. Home. 'The investigation can have but one of two results: either his phenomena will be proved delusive, or I shall be converted to the ranks of Spiritualism.'

"There is surely a third hypothesis tenable with respect to so-called spiritualistic phenomena; namely, that they are neither wholly delusive, nor entirely caused by "spirits," but that they are, in part at least, real, and, as far as they are so, to be accounted for by natural causes.

"It is because, if these phenomena are pronounced by competent authority not to be "delusive," I believe that their explanation will lead, not to Spiritualism, or a knowledge of the 'spirit world,' but to a greatly extended knowledge of the interaction of bodies on each other, and particularly of the correlations of physical and psychological forces that I, with many others, rejoice in the prospect of a scientific investigation of the assertions of Spiritualists.

"If, however, these phenomena are real and naturally explicable, their explanation will tax all the ingenuity, not of physicists only, but of biologists and psychologists.

"That, if real, these phenomena should, in the first stage of their investigation, be attributed to 'spirits' is evidently in accordance with that general historic law formulated by Comte.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"J. S. STUART GLENNIE.

"Athenæum Club, May 19, 1868."

This letter of Mr. Glennie's, which has not attracted any remark from the combatants, really contains the very truth of the matter, and supplies the main reason why these phenomena have been investigated by so many who have never reached the truth. It is not investigation, however, which Prof. Tyndall wants, but to have a fling at Spiritualism, and to ridicule. In this he has not only failed, but has been completely ridiculous.

Mr. G. H. Lewes wrote a long letter, the burden of which was that men of science were quite right to refuse to devote valuable time in investigating the pretensions of Spiritualism, and that "had the tone of Faraday's letter been less offensive, it would have been no excuse for Mr. Home to neglect his investigation." Such sentiments are hardly to be expected from Mr. Lewes, and certainly it will require more than e-

to make them good. They appear to us to be the height of impudence and bold assertion.

The "men of science" don't like the same rules applied to themselves, which they insist on applying to Spiritualists, as is proved by the ferocity of the fight between Mr. Palgrave and Mr. Tyndall. The next letter is from Mr. Palgrave, in reply to Mr. Tyndall, and contains, in two full columns, some paragraphs which must have made Mr. Tyndall wince.

Referring to Mr. Tyndall's "unadvised" publication of the letter of Faraday, who might have said, "Save me from my friends," he proceeds:—

"But for this injustice, if it be such, Professor Tyndall, by publishing the letter, by proclaiming it to be the product of 'the utmost coolness and deliberation,' and by endorsing its contents, is solely responsible. What his qualifications to act as the guardian of Faraday's fame, and as the interpreter of his thoughts, may be, it is for the scientific world at large to decide; whether, in fact, to succeed to Faraday's chair be the same things as to succeed to Faraday. These are things beyond me. But 'laymen' may fairly claim to express themselves on other points, and there are those who, reverencing Faraday in another spirit than that of a slavish hero-worship, remember him as he was—a man above all things hating personal vanity, irritable arrogance, coterie worship, and rhetorical display; never prone to exaggerate the importance of the pursuits in which he was supreme, or think that they qualified him to dictate theology to others; not regarding himself as free from human fallibility, nor claiming exemption from ordinary rules of judgment, nor holding adulation honour; emphatically (if I may be allowed the pleasure of dedicating these insufficient words to so great a memory) *a man of honour and scrupulous conscientiousness, a gentleman, and a Christian*. Such a character presents an ideal of no easy attainment; but most of those who had the privilege of knowing Faraday, I hope, will judge my imperfect attempt to sketch it correct; and will agree *that as the absence of these qualities, or of qualities analogous to them, even the profoundest attainments in science are entitled to no respect and possess but little value.*"

This closes the *Pall Mall Gazette* correspondence. Their leading article upon it calls for little remark. It is in the pretentiously moderate and very unfair tone sometimes adopted by that paper. It is obliged to give its judgment against the incautious but chivalric Tyndall; but thinks that, now that he says he will investigate in the ordinary scientific methods, Mr. Home has no excuse for evasion! The *Pall Mall Gazette* insultingly adds, that if Mr. Home accepts, they will not insert

his letter, but "will try to repeat it to the world in a manner more generally intelligible and unequivocal than that which mediums usually employ." We fancy Mr. Tyndall found Mr. Home's letter to him sufficiently intelligible and unequivocal; but the impudence of these people is really beyond our comprehension.

The Professors have not been fortunate in their wild attacks on Spiritualism. Professors Faraday and Brewster both fell short of what might have been expected from them. Brewster, after seeing Mr. Home with Lord Brougham and Mr. Cox, could only say afterwards, that "the table *appeared* to rise," which was rather taking a rise out of the philosopher. Faraday said at the beginning, that the phenomena were due to involuntary muscular action, and he was never strong enough to get out of that absurdity; and now poor Mr. Tyndall has "been and done it" in the same fashion. And these are the high priests of investigation, whose report is to settle the question of Spiritualism! We would do all in our power to prevent such bigotted and prejudiced persons from assuming the ermine.

But let the matter as to examination and investigation be put on its right ground, namely, that scientific and literary men have the same opportunities of examination of the question as any one else, and that these opportunities are so open, easy, and common that many millions of people have already examined and satisfied themselves, many of them men of the highest science, learning, and ability. It would be stepping out of the way now to ask any scientific man in. The door is as open to him as to any one else. We protest against conceited, and on this question, profoundly ignorant men, treating it as some novelty just discovered in a corner, because they wilfully keep themselves uninformed of it. Spiritualism is a great fact, as much past the mere day of testing and proving as even the law of gravitation. When as many people have accepted it as would people the kingdom of Scotland several times over, it is surely ridiculous for such as Professor Tyndall to ask for some scientific nob to settle the question. If he wishes, let the nob do it on his own account.

But there is another objection which gentlemen should bear in mind. Their scientific men are not the best persons to do the work. This is not their province, and they have no speciality which they specially can examine it. They are *per contra* they have fierce and obstinate opinions, which cause them to be illogical. Tyndall has made himself a

DIVINERS.

A GOOD deal of attention was paid by the newspapers to certain alleged achievements of two diviners, or dowzers, about twenty years ago. They were West of England men named Adams and Mapstone. A farmer, near Wedmore, in Somerset, wishing for a supply of water on his farm, applied to Mapstone. Mapstone used a hazel rod in the usual way, and when he came over a particular spot, declared that water would be found 15 or 20 feet beneath the surface. Digging was, therefore, commenced at that spot, and water appeared at a depth of 19 feet. The other expert, Adams, who claimed to have been instrumental in the discovery of nearly a hundred springs in the West of England, went, one day, by invitation, to the house of Mr. Phippen a surgeon, at Wedmore, to dowse for water. He walked about in the garden behind Mr. Phippen's house, until the stick became so agitated that he could not keep it steady; it bent down at a spot which, he asserted, must have water underneath it. Mr. Phippen caused a digging to be made, and water was really found at the spot indicated. As a means of testing Adams's powers in relation to metals, three hats were placed in a row in the kitchen, and three silver spoons under one of the hats. Adams walked among the hats, and his rod told him which of them covered the treasure. Then three kinds of valuables—gold, silver, and jewels—were placed under three hats, one kind under each, and he found out which was which. On another occasion he dowse for water in the grounds of the Rev. Mr. Foster, of Sedbury, in Gloucestershire. Using the same method as before, he announced the presence of water at a particular spot, 20 feet beneath the surface. A pamphlet, published by Mr. Phippen, concerning these curious facts, attracted the attention of Mr. Marshall, partner in the great flax factory, at Leeds. Water was wanted at the mill, and the owners were willing to see whether dowsing could effect anything in the matter. Mr. Marshall invited Adams to come down and search for springs. On one occasion, when blindfolded, Adams failed, but hit the mark pretty nearly in the second attempt, excusing himself for the first failure, on the ground that "he was not used to be blindfolded." Of the main experiments, Mr. Marshall afterwards said, in a letter to the newspapers, "I tested Adams by taking him over some deep borings at our manufactory, where he could have no possible guide from anything he could see; and he certainly pointed out nearly the position of the springs, as shown by the produce of the bore holes, some being much more productive

than others. The same was the result at another factory, where Adams could have had no guide from what he saw, and could not have got information otherwise."—"Stick (not Table) Turning," in *All the Year Round*.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

POPULAR DEFINITION OF SPIRITUALISM.

On this subject Dr. R. T. Hallock, of New York, has the following sensible observations:—

"The popular use of the word, at best, is always in its smallest sense, but most commonly with no sense at all. That is to say, the word Spiritualism or Spiritualist conjures up before the popular imagination a variety of phenomena which are at once ascribed to common jugglery or automatic action of the brain, (or to other wise words having no relation whatever to the real facts they are used to explain,) and—that is all. Spiritualism and Spiritualists, by this easy, popular conclusion, are thus easily swept out of the popular regard. Our American Dictionary indicates a broader meaning. According to Noah Webster, Spiritualism is 'the doctrine in opposition to the Materialists.' That is it. The popular imagination has simply mistaken the proof of Spiritualism for Spiritualism itself. The facts are not the doctrine; they are simply the proof, and the only and all-sufficient tangible proof that there is a doctrine utterly opposed to that materialistic one, styled Rationalism, which that it *may be rational* is obliged to close its understanding against the Spiritualism of the past, and its senses against the daily evidence of its existence in the present."

MAX MULLER ON THE CONTINUITY AND GROWTH OF RELIGION.

In his "Essays on the Science of Religion" this learned professor writes:—

"There is to my mind no subject more absorbing than tracing the origin and first growth of religious thought,—not theoretically, or in accordance with the laws of thought or the Comtian, but historically, as if we were an trapper, spying for every footprint, every hole, every mark that might tell and testify of the former wanderings and searchings of the languages of mankind, in which

everything old is new, an inexhaustible mine has been discovered for researches of this kind. Language still bears the impress of the earliest thoughts of man, obliterated, it may be buried under new thoughts, yet here and there still recoverable in their sharp original outline. The growth of language is continuous, and by continuing our researching backward from the most modern to the most ancient strata, the very elements and roots of human speech have been reached, and, with them, the elements and roots of human thought.

“ But more surprising than the continuity in the growth of language, is the continuity in the growth of religion. Of religion, too, as of language, it may be said that in it everything new is old, and everything old is new, and that there has been no entirely new religion since the beginning of the world. The elements and roots of religion were there as far back as we can trace the history of man; and the history of religion, like the history of language, shows us throughout a succession of new combinations of the same radical elements. An intuition of God, a sense of human weakness and dependence, a belief in a Divine government of the world, a distinction of good and evil, and a hope of a better life, these are some of the radical elements of all religions.”

THE DAVENPORTS.

The numerous charlatans who attacked these mediums, and said “ they knew how the Davenport tricks were done,” have not taken advantage of their re-appearance in London to expose them. A Mr. Thomas Joseph Lee was so far deluded by the misrepresentations of “ the fraternity,” that he recently sent the Davenports a challenge in the following terms:—He, Mr. Lee, agreed to pay the Davenports their usual fee, provided he might furnish his own cabinet, ropes, and musical instruments; to select his own time and place for an exhibition, and invite his own friends only, who were to be chiefly members of the press.

The Davenports at once accepted Mr. Lee’s challenge, and found him out. He was only playing at “ Brag,” and though he lost the game, we are told he did not pay the stakes; and thus he leaves the Davenports to add this to the numerous instances they will have to report to their countrymen of an Englishman’s notion of “ fair play.”

THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

The following Address was presented to Mrs. Emma Hardinge, on Sunday, May 10th, at the Polygraphic Hall,

King William Street, Strand, at the conclusion of the series of Sunday Evening Services at the above place :—

To Mrs. Emma Hardinge.—We, the members of the Spiritual Church, and others who have been privileged to attend the services at the Polygraphic Hall, cannot let these services close, though it be, as we hope and trust, for a brief period only, without expressing to you our deep sense and grateful appreciation of your most valuable labours.

We feel how much we owe you—not only as the able public representative—the eloquent exponent and advocate of our deeply-cherished and much-misunderstood faith, but also for the instruction we have ourselves received from your Discourses; for the light you have shed upon our difficulties, and the healthful stimulus you have given to our higher and better natures.

We gladly recognize the free, reverent, catholic spirit, and the generous sympathies which have distinguished your ministrations; and we would cherish in ourselves, and promote in others, a like disposition and kindred feelings. The Spiritual Church—the Church of the future—the Church you have laboured to build up—must be no narrow communion; must rest on no shifting sands of human opinion; but on principles firm as the Earth, eternal as the Heavens, wide as Humanity. With loving heart acknowledging God as our Father, and all men as our brothers, and immortal life—with all its glorious opportunities of knowledge and of progress—as the destiny for all, we would be in fellowship with all true, earnest, devout souls of every clime and creed.

May the noble inspirations with which you are so greatly gifted, and by which we have so largely benefitted, be to you an ever-present strength, joy and consolation.

In conclusion, we beg you to accept this assurance of our hearts' best wishes and most affectionate respect.

Signed, on behalf of the members and friends of the Spiritual Church.

J. C. LUXMOORE, *Chairman.*

R. COOPER.

J. L. O'SULLIVAN.

G. DORNBUSCH.

W. TEBB.

T. SLATER.

T. SHORTER.

REMOVAL OF COFFINS.

At Staunton, Suffolk, in the early part of this century, several leaden coffins, with wooden cases, that had been fixed on biers, were found to have been displaced. The coffins were again placed as before, and properly closed, when another of the family dying, they were a second time found to be displaced. Two years after, the biers were viewed, when one coffin, heavy enough for eight men to be required to carry it, was found displaced, and on the fourth step that leads into the church. No satisfactory reason appeared for this displacement.

A PRESENTIMENT.

Ebenezer Elliott, in a note to his *Rhymist* in 1840, says :—“ About five years ago a woman in London on a visit to Bolton Abbey, that she would be drowned in the sea. For some time she refused to see it; the persuasion and ridicule of her friends

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On approaching the water, which was forty-five feet deep, she threatened, with seeming levity, to leap in, exclaiming, "I am gone!" A piercing shriek followed. She had taken the fatal plunge! A gentleman, a few yards below, caught hold of her bonnet, but the strings broke, and she was drowned.

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

Modern Spiritualism, as a public movement, began in the little village of Hydesville, New York, on the 31st of March, 1848. How eventful has been its history during the 20 years that have since elapsed!—how startling the facts!—how strange the controversies!—how great the revolution of ideas it has inaugurated! No modern movement can compare with it, either as regards the character of its facts—"stranger than fiction"—or the effect they have produced, and are still producing in the world. On the 31st of March last, its twentieth anniversary was celebrated throughout the length and breadth of the United States. The American papers that have reached us give full accounts of the large, enthusiastic meetings this celebration has called forth in all parts of the land. What a contrast! But 20 years ago, the poor children, who were the first mediums, hooted and mobbed! To-day, millions of earnest men and women meet to rejoice over the once-despised "Rochester knockings"—the heralds of a New Dispensation of Spiritual Truth, which has lightened many a heavy heart, and brought conviction of the great truth of immortal life to many a doubting soul, and joy and blessing to innumerable households. Neither the hostility of foes, nor the indiscretion of friends, have availed to stay its progress. Let us, then, thank God, and take courage. Truly, the world moves.

THE COMIC PAPERS (?) AND LYON v. HOME.

This case has afforded an opportunity for diagrams and jokes in the comic papers of which they have largely availed themselves, caricaturing Mr. Home in a manner most insulting to him. We don't know how the conductors of these periodicals justify to themselves such scandalous attacks on character and morality; but in the case of Mr. Home, and of anything relating to Spiritualism, nothing seems to be too gross. It would be a question why this is so, because surely the mere fact that such phenomena occur to Mr. Home, is not anything against his moral character, nor are they of such a nature as to deprive him of the ordinary rights or position of a gentleman. Even Lord Chief Baron, who has succeeded to the dignity of Lord Chief Baron, held at the "Coal Hole Tavern" by the originator of

entertainment, flooded London with his advertisements of the nock trial at which he presided, until as we are informed he was stopped either by the police or the Lord Chamberlain.

SPIRITUALISM IN NORTHAMPTON.

THE following letter from a clergyman gives additional evidence to that furnished in a previous number of the progress Spiritualism is making in this town and neighbourhood:—

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Northampton, March 27, 1868.

Dear Sir,—For some months past spirit communion has been steadily increasing in this town, until at last it has gained considerable attention from all classes. I am personally acquainted with many "believers," and I have heard upon good authority that there are a great number of circles in various parts of the town, and among all classes. But at present they are scattered and we do not know our strength; this state of things, however, we hope will not last long, as we are just about to form a society, the object of which will be to gather the private circles into one general organization, and to hold weekly meetings to investigate, discuss, and disseminate the great truths connected with ancient and modern spiritual manifestations.

The growing interest in Spiritualism is further shown in the controversies of the local press. A correspondent of the *Northampton Mercury* writes:—

I have seen a table weighing perhaps 20lbs. resist the efforts of a strong man to raise it from the floor; I have seen a table weighing a hundred-weight, lift itself with ease in answer to questions, and move to different parts of the room; I have seen a table answer questions "intelligently" for hours together; and I ask Mr. Harris for the "natural cause?" He says the late Professor Faraday "fully investigated the subject; I say Professor Faraday did no such thing, and I challenge Mr. H. to the proof. Professor Faraday endeavoured to prove from the known laws of physics, and from certain mechanical experiments and tests which he instituted himself, that table-turning was the result of "unconscious muscular agency." But he never investigated the facts given in evidence. In fact, he had never witnessed any of the manifestations;" and after the publication of his paper he absolutely refused to go to a *séance*, to which he was invited in order that he might test the "agency" in presence of the "facts." I have no hesitation in saying that the conduct of Professor Faraday in relation to this subject was unworthy of him as a scientific man.

Spirit communion is believed to be a natural phenomenon which invite and demand investigation. If those facts can "be explained by natural causes," let those causes be pointed out; but, in the meantime, let the facts stand as evidence for those who have not personally investigated the matter, and who are not imputing either "credulity" or "superstition" to those who believe in them. At least, to them at least is sufficient evidence—that "the facts are not due to supernatural agency."

A Mr. Christie writes in the *Northampton Herald* concerning the investigation of the above mentioned mesmeric phenomena with spiritual agency, as follows:—

It is surely impossible to account for the more extraordinary facts, such as foresight of future events, knowledge of the hearts, of medical science and foreign

languages—effects assigned by distinguished mesmerists to spiritual agency long before spirit-rapping came in vogue.

In proof of this, I beg to refer to the following admission of M. Delouze, that "the action of the mesmeric agent differs from that of all known bodies, and cannot be explained by any known properties of matter;" and to his further admission when pressed upon the point of the professed insight obtained by the magnetizee into the invisible world, "that there were circumstances which seemed to prove the intervention of *spirits*." See "Bibliothèque du Magnétisme, 1818." I may add that noted Spiritualists, in their turn, such as Mrs. de Morgan, wife of the celebrated mathematician, profess that these preternatural communications are effected by spirits *mesmerising* the medium.

Correspondence.

SPIRIT MAGNETISING.

Rose Cottage, Swindon, April 14, 1868.

To the Editor of the "*Spiritual Magazine*."

SIR,—Are there any recorded cases of mesmerism by departed spirits? I will tell you why I ask you.

Last night (Monday), I went to bed about half-past ten o'clock. I was sleeping alone, as my wife is away in London on a visit to our daughter. It is always my custom to close my eyes immediately on getting into bed, although I may lie awake, as I often do, for hours. Last night, I closed my eyes, as usual, but I was perfectly awake and conscious for—say, between one and two hours. All at once, while laying on my right side, and with the right side of my head resting on the pillow, I became conscious of sensations exactly analogous to those which are produced by the action of a very strong mesmerist. I felt the currents of electricity flow from the crown of my head, in a downward direction, to the bottom of my spine, and then in the same direction down the front of my body, extending to the knees. These sensations were extremely vivid, and lasted for something like half an hour, when all at once they ceased. Now, I have many times seen others mesmerized, and have myself undergone the same operation, so that I was able at once to verify the identity of my sensations with those which would be produced by an ordinary case of mesmerizing.

I ought to add that although I am not in the very best state of health, there was nothing in my condition, either of mind or body, last night, which could account for the experience I went through. I was in what may be called an ordinary state, mentally and bodily, and most certainly I was in no degree or manner in a state of excitement.—Yours respectfully,

FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG,

Minister of the Free Christian Church, Swindon.

[An instance of "Direct Spirit Mesmerism" is given in our number for October, 1867, and there are many instances of such experience.—Ed.]

SPIRITUAL RESURRECTION.

SIR,—I should like to ask the Reverend J. P. Hopps the following question:—Was the body in which our Divine Saviour rose from the dead, the *same body* in which he suffered and died? *If so*; and we are to be raised in *the likeness of His resurrection*—what becomes of his (the Reverend J. P. Hopps's) theory concerning a *spiritual resurrection only*? As this is a question of vital importance to all *Christian Spiritualists*, I must beg for a clear and explicit answer.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

FIDELES.



THE
Spiritual Magazine.

JULY, 1868.

MODERN FIRE AND OTHER PHENOMENA OF THE
EASTERN NATIONS.

THROUGHOUT the East, phenomena, such as were recorded in the article by "T. S.," recently, have in all ages been general and positive facts. They are attested by scores of travellers who have observed them as they have done other facts, even when they did not pretend to understand the real causes of them. Such facts are still witnessed in many parts of the East and South, and are to be found in the narratives of eye-witnesses of unimpeachable credit. M. Piérart, in that rich treasury of spiritual events of all times and kinds, the *Revue Spiritualiste*, has in the sixth and other volumes collected many of the most striking. In the last volume of the *Spiritual Magazine*, p. 71, under the head of "Rocking Stones," will be found an account of various ordeals by fire, water, boiling oil or metals. The reader referring to these will find some great historical instances of the fire-ordeal in addition to those mentioned by T. S. Most of the cases which we shall now extract from M. Piérart are such as are practised in the present times in various countries of the South and East, but as the fire-facts are almost invariably connected with others equally remarkable, and originating in the same spiritual agency, I shall give a few of those most numbers. In fact, the mediums of the East perform feats as great as those recorded of the magicians of Ancient Egypt, and still higher ones. They can turn stones placed in the hand of a boy or girl into dust, that dust into a serpent, and the serpent into a stone again; *Revue Spiritualiste*, vol. VI., p. 100. We know, too, that they can bury men alive for years, and recall them from the tomb at the end of the time.

I said that the facts referred to are of the present time, but we may go back a little to take the evidence of Tavernier, the traveller, in his *Six Voyages en Turquie, en Perse, et aux Indes*, 3 tom, 1712. Being at Baroch, a city between Agra and Surat, Tavernier tells us, in the suite of the English President of the district, and accompanied by an English clergyman, they found themselves in the presence of a group of Indians, called *Charlatans*, who were heating iron chains in a great fire to a red heat, which they then wound round their naked bodies, without the least appearance of suffering or burning.

These Indians then demanded whether their guests would like any fruit produced by their occult power. Tavernier asked for mangoes, and immediately one of them taking a piece of dry wood, cut himself with a razor under the armpit; anointed the dry stick with the blood, stuck it in the ground, and forth shot buds, branches, leaves, and flowers. At this the English clergyman became terrified, snatched the wood and tore off the flowers and leaves, declaring that no one should eat fruit from such a devilish tree; forbade the President to allow the phenomena to proceed, and threatened to excommunicate any one who persisted in witnessing such things.

The production of these flowers and fruit are spectacles of common occurrence in India now-a-days. Piérart quotes some very wonderful things seen by Major Levison, an English officer, amongst which was the production of excellent mangoes, one of which he eat, but could not prevail on a single native to taste.

Piérart next presents us with the Bokte Lama from the travels of Abbé Huc, in Tartary, Thibet and China. A Lama on certain days of high religious ceremony, before all the people, cuts himself open, takes out his bowels, places them before him, and whilst the blood is flowing in streams from him, the people prostrate themselves before him, and demand of him the revelation of secret things; of things to come; of the destinies of certain persons; to all of which the Bokte gives answers, which are regarded by the whole public as *bona fide* and sacred oracles. This done, the Bokte replaces his intestines, gathers up some of his blood with his right hand, breathes a few times upon it, and throws it into the air with a loud cry. He then passes his hand rapidly over the wound in his body, and all is sound again. The Abbé Huc, who relates this, is a man of high character for veracity. M. Huc has as little doubt about the reality of the written Tree of Kounboun, said to have ten thousand well-formed Thibetian letters written on its leaves, by some anomalous process of nature, and to be the only tree of the kind in Thibet. It is of a great but unknown age.

Amongst a variety of other wonders, the Count de Gobineau,

the Ambassador of France to Persia, a rationalist, but a sincere and good observer, says that everybody in Persia, the Mussulmans as well as the rest, assured him that the Nossayris, one of the principal sects in Persia, perform the following marvels. They fill with fire a large brazier in the middle of the room, and whilst a musician plays the *târ*, a little drum, also called *ombeck*, the Nossayri approaches the fire. He is agitated, he is excited, he lifts his arms and eyes towards heaven with violent contortions. Then when he is excited to such a pitch that the inspiration pours from his face and from every part of his body, he seizes a burning coal and putting it in his mouth, blows it in such a manner that the flames issue from the nose. He receives no injury whatever from it. He then seats himself in the midst of the fire; the flames mount up and play in his beard, and caress without harming him. He is in the middle of the fire, and his dress does not burn; finally he lays himself down in the brazier, and receives no hurt from it. Others enter a baker's oven in full ignition, remain there as long as they like, and issue again without accident. What these people do with fire, others do with the air. They throw themselves from rocks with their wives and children, without receiving any damage, from whatsoever height they fall. This is the manner in which a *Purzadeh*, a descendant of a *Pur*, explained these extraordinary phenomena: "Since," he said "everything in nature is God, so everything contains, secretly but plenarily the omnipotence of God. Faith only is necessary to put in motion and make apparent this power. Therefore, the more intense and complete the faith, the more marvellous will be the effects produced. It is not merely from the air and the fire that we can draw prodigies, but from objects in appearance the most contemptible. If we wish to call our interior virtue, whatever it may be, into action, we have only to apply the irresistible instrument of faith, and then, nothing is impossible." Such are the ideas of the Nossayris.

A great number of travellers in different countries of the East relate similar things, but we confine ourselves to recent facts, often repeated and easily proved. In her *Souvenirs de Voyages en Asie Mineure et en Syrie*, published in Paris in 1858, the Princesse de Belgiojoso, relates the following facts, observed by herself in 1852, amongst the Dervishes:—

"One fine morning, as reclining on my bed, I endeavoured, but in vain, to shake off the stupor and languor caused by the fumes of charcoal which issued from a stove which circulated through my closed room, I saw a man, dressed in a white mantle, with a grey beard, and a turban of green, surrounded by a turban of green; he had a frank and good natured.

chief of certain Dervishes, performers of miracles, whom the grand Muphti had sent to show me their operations. I offered him my warmest thanks, and expressed myself perfectly ready to witness the spectacle which they proposed. The old man opened the door, made a sign, and quickly re-appeared, followed by his disciples.

"They were eight in number, and I must confess, that if I had met them on my journey, at the corner of a wood, their appearance would have given me little pleasure. Their clothes were in rags, their long beards untrimmed, their visages pale, their forms emaciated, a something indescribably ferocious and haggard in their eyes, all which contrasted singularly with the open, smiling countenance and somewhat gay costume of their chief. These men on entering prostrated themselves before him, made me a polite obeisance, and seated themselves at a distance, awaiting the orders of the old man, who, on his part, awaited mine. I experienced a degree of embarrassment, which would have been still more painful had the *séance* been of my own ordering. Happily I was perfectly innocent, and this consideration gave me a little self-composure, but I did not dare to make the sign for commencement of, I did not know what. I expected a scene of the grossest imposition, which I should be obliged to applaud out of politeness, and of which I must show myself a dupe out of good breeding.

"I caused coffee to be served, to gain time, but the chief only accepted it. The disciples excused themselves, alleging the seriousness of the trials to which they were about to submit themselves. I gazed at them; they were serious as men who expected the visit of a host or rather of a revered master. After a short silence, the old man asked me if these children might begin, and I replied that it rested entirely with themselves. Taking my answer as an encouragement, he made a sign, and one of the Dervishes arose; he then prostrated himself before his chief and kissed the earth: the chief placed his hands on his head as if to give his benediction, and spoke some words in a low voice, which I did not understand. Then arising, the Dervish put off his mantle, his goatskin fur, and receiving a long poignard from one of his companions, the handle of which was ornamented with little bells, he placed himself in the middle of the apartment. Calm and self-collected at first, he became animated by degrees from the force of an interior action. His breast swelled, his nostrils expanded, and his eyes rolled in their sockets with a singular rapidity. This transformation was accompanied and aided, without doubt, by the music and the songs of the other Dervishes, who, having commenced by a monotonous recitative, passed quickly into modulated cries and yells, to

which the regular beating of a tambourine gave a certain measure. When the musical fever attained its paroxysm the first Dervish alternately raised and let fall the arm which held the poignard, without being conscious of these movements, and as if moved by a foreign force. A convulsive twitching pervaded his limbs, and he united his voice with those of his *confrères* whom he soon reduced to the humble rôle of assistants, so much did his cries exceed theirs. Dancing was then added to the music, and the protagonist Dervish executed such amazing leaps that the perspiration ran down his naked figure.

“‘It was the moment of inspiration.’ Brandishing the dagger, which he never abandoned, and every motive of which had made the little bells resound, then, extending his arm and suddenly retracting it, he plunged the dagger into his cheek so deep that the point appeared in the inside of his mouth. The blood rushed in torrents from both apertures of the wound, and I could not restrain a motion of my hand to put an end to this terrible scene.

“‘Madame wishes to look a little closer?’ said the old man, observing me attentively. Making a sign for the wounded man to draw near, he made me observe that the point of the dagger had really passed through the cheek, and he would not be satisfied till I had touched the point with my finger.

“‘You are satisfied that the wound of this man is real?’ he said to me. ‘I have no doubt of it,’ I replied, emphatically.

“‘That is enough. My son,’ he added to the Dervish, who remained during the examination with his mouth open, filled with blood, and the dagger still in the wound, ‘go, and be healed.’

“The Dervish bowed, drew out the dagger, and turning to one of his companions, knelt and presented his cheek, which this man washed within and without with his own saliva. The operation continued some seconds, but w^hnded man rose, and turned to one side, every tr^und had disappeared.

“‘Another Dervish made a wound^d he same ceremonies, which was healed in tl^e this terrified me. He was armed with a^l which he seized with his hands at the two ext^r rim: the edge of the concave side to his stom^{ach}. he executed a see-saw motion. A pur^{se} itself on his brown and shining skin, and allow it to proceed no further. He had seen nothing, that this was only children cut off their limbs with necessary, without causing themsel^{ves}.

believe he was contented with me, and judged me worthy to witness their miracles, by which I was not particularly flattered.

“But the fact is, I remained pensive and confused. What was that? My eyes, had they not seen them? My hands, had they not touched them? Had not the blood flowed? I called to mind all the tricks of our most celebrated prestidigitateurs, but I found nothing to be compared with what I had seen. I had had to do with men simple and ignorant to excess; their movements were made with the utmost simplicity, and displayed not a trace of artifice. I do not pretend to have seen a miracle, and I state faithfully a scene which I for my part know not how to explain. The next day Dr. Petracchi, for many years the English Consul at Angora, related many such marvels, and assured me that the Dervishes possessed natural, or rather supernatural secrets, by which they accomplished prodigies equal to those of the priests of Egypt.”

M. Adalbert de Beaumont who visited Asia Minor, in 1853, asserts the reality of the same wonders as the Countess de Belgiojoso. He says when the dancing Dervishes have reached the paroxysm of their excitement, they seize on iron red hot, bite it, hold it between their teeth, and extinguish it with their tongues. Others take knives and large needles, and pierce their sides, arms, and legs; the wounds of which immediately heal, and leave no trace.

The same astonishing manifestations take place amongst the Aissouas of Algeria. General Dumas in his work entitled *La Kabylie*, published in Paris by Hachette in 1857, gives many strange traits of the Zaouias, and believes them to be a remnant of the ancient Christian ascetics of the deserts of the Thebaid. Colonel Neveu in his work on the Khouans, was an eye-witness amongst the Aissouas:—“Seven musicians, beating Basque drums, produced a monotonous noise, which no doubt contributed to the excitement of the performers. In the middle of the place, which was kept clear, was a brazier, at which a negro was posted to keep up the fire. From time to time they threw into it incense and powdered aloes. Five or six men clad in ber-nouses, reclined around the furnace inhaling the aromatic odours, intended to act on the brain, and to produce exaltation. All at once, one of these men raised himself suddenly, and gave vent to guttural sounds, like those of a door which creaks on its hinges, or of a cat miawling. Without ceasing his cries, and conducting himself like an epileptic, the inspired man fell into the arms of a sort of camel-driver appointed to receive the *illumined* in the first agitations of the Divine Spirit. The *illumined* being then clothed in a sacred vestment brought by the hierophant, went off into a wild dance.”

This dance was kept up frantically until the man fell exhausted, and others successively went through the same process, and were laid down by him. "The drum having made a pause, the chief Aissaoua, seized a branch of cactus resembling in shape the wooden beater of a French laundress, bristled with spines like a branch of a gooseberrybush, thicker than a hand and as large as two hands. He rolled with delight his face on this spiny leaf, and then devoured it with avidity, manifesting the joy of a *gourmand* over a delicious meat. This delicacy despatched, he was presented with an iron shovel, large and intensely red hot. We felt the heat and saw its fiery glow as it was taken from the brazier. The chief Aissaoua seized it, and began embracing it in the reddest part. He then commenced licking it from end to end, putting out his tongue to its full extent, and passing it over the surface of the burning iron as a child over a paper of adhesive comfits. After this, removing it from his face, he tapped it repeatedly and slowly, and began to describe on it with his finger-end cabalistic signs. At the second sign, one of his nails, probably longer than his finger-end, met the fire and burnt, contrary to the programme, for an odour of burnt horn arose like that from the shoeing of a horse; a proof of the real heat of the shovel. In the meantime, the shovel, still red-hot in the middle, began to darken on the edges; he took it in his teeth, and, on his knees, holding his head in the manner of a dog which sets game, offered it to his guardian."

After this exhibition, others equally extraordinary took place. A very sharp sabre was held up in the air by two strong men, edge upwards, and two Aissaouas naked, and in succession, mounted on this edge, and threw themselves across it, the body balanced upon it, with the head hanging on one side and the feet on the other, without receiving any cut. Then another man, in a wild dance, thrust out one of his eyes with the end of a pole, and with the eye hanging down went on with his dance, and showed himself round to the horrified spectators. Put again into its socket, and the blood wiped away, the eye was all right and as well as the other.

Such are the liberties taken with matter by mediums in Eastern nations. It is clear that there are laws of matter utterly unknown to our physiologists, and which these nations avail themselves of; for the facts are known to all travellers, and it could do our physicists no harm to study them. It would be of immense benefit if our surgeons could give them a gentle touch, and heal them in a way which has never been. What a magnificent endowment would be theirs! Yet in Europe, science not only looks contemptuously at these marvellous powers, but

even prohibits their exercise when they come voluntarily forth. The Zouave is not permitted in France to perform the beneficent cures which God has put into his hands. God himself is laid under the malignant ban of human selfishness and professional bigotry. Licensed doctorship joining action with military jealousy puffs itself out, and tells God that he shall not do the good that He desires. What hundreds of poor afflicted creatures now in Paris, and other parts of France, are enduring agonies of pain, or are lying helpless and sorrowful, prostrated by paralysis or by the multifarious nervous maladies which tyrannize over humanity; and knowing that God, through the Zouave, could cure them at once if men would let him. And who are these men? Nominal Christians, and good servants of the devil. When shall that millennial time arrive, when Almighty God having indulged the devil and all his doctors and professors of obstructive science to the height of their folly and their greed, shall close the drama of His marvellous patience, and with one sufficient thunderbolt shall blast and burn out all their conspiracies against abused humanity, and shall take leave to "do as He likes with His own?"

W. H.

EVIDENCES OF SPIRITUALISM IN MODERN WORKS OF HISTORY AND LITERATURE.

PART II.

PREDICTIONS.

IN the year 1707, John Needs, a Winchester scholar, foretold the deaths of Mr. Carman, chaplain to the college, Dr. Mew, Bishop of Winchester, and himself. All these events took place within the year, as he said they would. His schoolfellows had made much sport over his predictions, and called him Prophet Needs. When Mr. Carman died at the time he had specified, people said that that required no great spirit of prophecy, as he was an old man; yet there was no apparent cause for his approaching death, much less that it should take place at a given time. The bishop's death was occasioned by an accident. As for Needs himself, he was quite well and young. Mr. Fletcher, the second master of the school, and father of the Bishop of Kildare, insisted and reasoned with him on the folly of his belief of his own decease, but without in the least shaking his conviction. With the utmost calmness and composure he only

replied that the event would verify his prediction. As the time approached he named not only the day but the hour, and as these approached, he, without any apparent anxiety, began to droop in frame. To deceive him, they put the town clock forward, but he saw through the deception, and said that as the church clock struck he should expire; and he did so.

This account, in answer to an enquiry of Bishop Trimmell, was confirmed by the then Fellow, Mr. Lavington, and this gentleman, when afterwards Bishop of Exeter, gave the same account to his friends.

AN APPARITION IN A SCHOOL.

On Saturday, June 22, 1728, John Daniels, a lad of about 14 years of age, appeared in the school of Bemminster, at 12 o'clock at noon, between three weeks and a month after his burial. The school at Bemminster was kept in a gallery of the parish church, to which there was a distinct entrance from the churchyard. On Saturday the master had dismissed his scholars, and soon after some of them went into the school again to seek for old pens. Hearing a strange noise down in the church, like the sounding of a brass pan, they ran out and told their schoolfellows in the churchyard, thinking it was done to frighten them. A general search was made, but nothing found. As they were again going into the school, they heard a noise as of a man marching in heavy boots, and, terrified at it, they all ran round the church, and when at the belfry, or west door, they heard a voice as of the minister preaching, and then of the congregation singing psalms. When all this had passed away, they got calm, and went to play at ball again in the churchyard; but on one of them going again into the school to fetch his book, he saw lying on a bench about six feet from him a coffin. Alarmed at this, he rushed out and told his schoolfellows, on which they all, twelve of them, thronged the door, and five of the twelve saw the apparition at some distance from the coffin, on the coffin, and the coffin was, that the door being shut at once. More probably, rest; but such things were

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"Take it;" on which the apparition immediately disappeared, and left the church in a thick darkness for two or three minutes.

On examination before Colonel Broadrep, all these boys, between nine and twelve years of age, agreed in all their relations, even to the hinges of the coffin, and the description of the coffin agreed with that in which the deceased was buried. One of the boys, a sedate lad of twelve, had never seen John Daniels, having only come to the school about a fortnight before Daniels died; yet he described him accurately, and took notice of one thing which the others had not observed, namely, that the apparition had a white cloth bound about one of his hands. The woman who laid out the corpse declared on oath that she took such a white bandage from John Daniels' hand, which had been put on four days or a week before his death, the hand being lame. The body had been found in an obscure place in the fields, and buried without an inquest, on the mother saying that he was subject to fits. After the apparition, the body was disinterred, and on examination of it, the jury which sate upon it brought in a verdict of *strangled*. No further light, however, could be thrown on the subject.

VALENTINE GREATRAKES, THE HEALER.

By an account of Greatrakes, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. XLIX., p. 22, it is shown that he experienced the same incredulity, calumny, and persecution, as all other such benefactors. The Bishop of Lismore, when crowds flocked to him from all the country round, and scores and hundreds were cured by him, cited him into the Ecclesiastical Court, and forbade him to lay hands on any for the future. We suppose that Greatrakes said, as the apostles did before him, "Whether it is right to obey God or you, judge thou." At least he did it practically, for he went on curing in spite of the so-called Christian bishop, but certainly not a follower of Christ, who forbade any one healing and doing miracles to be stopped. What a queer inversion of a Christian church, when a bishop of it stands forward and denies Christ himself in the face of the Saviour's most emphatic act and declaration. Such a church, take what name it will, is obviously Anti-Christ. The court of England—but what a court! that of the libidinous reptile Charles II.—was not wholly convinced of his power. How could such a den of filthy reprobates be convinced of anything decent, much more sacred and spiritual, yet it allowed him to go on, and he cured vast numbers in and around London. Still he was violently talked and written against, although the royal physicians, the celebrated Robert Boyle, the learned Cudworth, and Drs. Wilkins,

Whichcot, and Patrick, three bishops, Flamsteed, the royal astronomer, and many eminent lawyers and men of rank, bore full testimony to his cures. The writer of the article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* himself credits the report that his reputation was only built on the credulity of the public, as if the celebrated and acute men named were not capable of believing their own eyes. His reputation, he says, did not last much longer than that of James Aymor, 1692-3, in Dauphiny, who made so much noise with his divining rod. This writer says St. Evremont wrote a novel called *The Irish Prophet*, to ridicule Greatrakes' pretensions; and he also refers us to "A Humorous Account of Greatrakes' strokings," in King's Works, Vol. II., p. 46, and also *The Miraculous Conformist*, by Henry Stubbs, M.D., Oxford, 1666. Yet Greatrakes' reputation survives and grows greater as further spiritual developments confirm the facts of his time; and this writer himself confesses that, on the closest inquiry, nothing but what was most honourable to Mr. Greatrakes could be discovered.

CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING THE DEATH OF DR. HARRIS, PREBEND OF ROCHESTER, AND AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF KENT."

Dr. Harris was visiting at the house of Mr. Godfrey, of Norton Court, in Kent. On Monday Mr. Godfrey sent out his coachman and gardener to take some rabbits in their nets. They returned after their sport in great precipitation and alarm. They said that, at only a field's distance from the house, the dogs came suddenly running to them, and endeavoured to creep between their legs to hide themselves. Both the men declared that, looking about, they saw a coffin carried just by them on men's shoulders. Mr. Godfrey laughed at the occurrence, Dr. Harris and the rest of the family were gone to bed, and the men were desired not to say a word of this to any of them. Yet Mr. Godfrey, himself, to amuse Dr. Harris, who had often laughed at such things, went to his bedroom and woke him up to tell him of it. They had a hearty laugh, over the folly of the men, who, they said, had converted a black horse or cow in the dark into a coffin. The next day it was the subject of great mirth to the family. At the eating of the rabbits at dinner, Dr. Harris said, if the devil had a hand in catching them, they were well paid for all that. The writer of the article, who had the opportunity from relations staying in the house at the same time, one morning, as some one was relating a dream before, Dr. Harris said, he thought they were always their dreams. For his part, he said, if ever he

a dream, it would be one *he* had last night. "I dreamed," he said, "that the Bishop of —, in Ireland, sent for me to come over to him, and I returned answer that I could not, for I was dead; when methought I laid my hands along by my sides, and so died." At this time the doctor was as well as usual, but after eating the rabbits he became unwell, a physician from Canterbury was sent for, but he grew steadily worse. The rabbits, the source of so much jest on his part, were caught on the 31st of August, and he died on the 7th of September.

DREAM FULFILLED.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LVII., Part 2, p. 1062, there is a very striking fulfilment of a dream. One Adam Rogers, a man of good sense and repute, who kept a public house at Portlaw, a small hamlet nine or ten miles from Waterford, dreamed one night that he saw two men at a particular green spot on the adjoining mountain; one of them was a small sickly-looking man, the other remarkably strong and large. He then saw the little man murder the other, and he awoke in great agitation. The circumstances of the dream were so distinct and forcible that he continued much affected by them. He related them to his wife, and also to several of his neighbours next morning. Soon after he went out with a Mr. Browne, the catholic priest of the parish, and they came, accidentally as it seemed, to the very spot in the mountain where he saw the murder in his dream, and called the priest's attention to it. On the following morning he was extremely startled on seeing two strangers enter his house, about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, precisely like the two persons of his dream; he ran into an inner room and desired his wife to take particular notice of them. They both became very much alarmed for the little weakly man, though contrary to the appearance in the dream. So much concerned was Rogers, that he earnestly dissuaded the little man from going on, and promised to take him with him the next morning to Carrick. Hickey, the little man, seemed quiet and gentle in his demeanour. Caulfield, the large man, had a ferocious bad countenance. Rogers felt persuaded that something fatal would happen if they went on together, but did not like to tell Hickey his dream. When they were gone and the wife heard that Hickey had money about him, she blamed her husband greatly for not being resolute in detaining Hickey. They had not been long gone when the body of Hickey was discovered by some labourers—murdered and still warm—in the very place of Rogers's dream. The news quickly reached Portlaw, and Rogers and his wife hastened to the scene of the murder. They at once

recognized the body of Hickey, and that Caulfield was the murderer, who was apprehended on his way to Waterford, to have embarked for Newfoundland. When taken, he had a quantity of blood on his dress, and on his feet the shoes of the murdered man, which were new, and his shoes, an old pair, he had put on, which were the shoes of the murdered man. Rogers had noticed the difference of the dress of the two men. Rogers on the trial very minutely described the dress and appearance of the two men; and Caulfield, from the dock, shrewdly asked him whether it was not very extraordinary that he who kept a public house and saw so many people should have so very nicely observed the dress of two strangers. Rogers replied that he had a particular reason for it, and, being questioned by the court on this reason, and urged by the prisoner to state it, then mentioned his dream, and called on Mr. Browne, the Catholic priest, then in court, to testify to his having stated the whole fact of his dream to him, and shown him the place of the murder before it took place; and added how much his wife had blamed him for not stopping Hickey, as the two men must pass by the spot on their way indicated in the dream.

After sentence, Caulfield confessed to the murder, and it came out that Hickey had been in the West Indies two-and-twenty years, and falling into bad health, was returning to Ireland, his native country, bringing with him the produce of his industry. Being driven by stress of weather into Minchhead, he there became acquainted with Frederick Caulfield, an Irish sailor, much distressed for money. Hickey pitied and relieved him, and they agreed to go to Ireland together. It was remarked on their passage that Caulfield had often said, it was a shame such a young fellow as Hickey should have money, and he himself be without a shilling. They first landed at Waterford, and together attended the trial of a shoemaker for murder; but this had not produced any effect on the callous mind of Caulfield, though Hickey in Waterford bought Caulfield necessary clothes. Particulars of the life of Caulfield are added to that of his execution.

This account produced the usual crop of objections. It was argued that dreams were mere coincidences, and that even if true, were useless. In this instance, Rogers's dream did not prevent the murder, therefore it was unlikely that it was supernaturally sent; the whole of the matter being, as it were, a warning, and he who had the warning, and he who was the murderer, were both equally sensible of it, and his wife still more so; and that, if he does not obey, the blame lies with him, and not with the will of Providence. The whole of the matter was a warning to the head.

OTHER DREAMS.

A correspondent falling into the reasoning used in the above case—that is, “of the extreme danger of the popular belief in dreams”—gives another case, which again proves the extreme danger of *neglecting* striking and impressive dreams. Some years before the erection of the well-known lighthouses off the Isle of Alderney, called the Caskets, an islander dreamed that a ship had been wrecked near those rocks, and that some part of the crew had escaped to the rocks. He related this dream to some sailors the next morning, but they treated it as an idle vision. Again, however, the next night the dream recurred, and the following morning he persuaded a friend to take a boat and accompany him to the rocks, where they found three poor fellows nearly dead with cold and hunger, and brought them away. This circumstance, and the supposed loss of the *Victory* on these rocks, occasioned the erection of the three lighthouses there.

These cases shew how at that time of day the materialistic views were advancing, and what a distortion of reason they produced in the very plainest circumstances.

KNOCKERS IN MINES.

In Vol. LXV., Part 2, p. 559, of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, A.D., 1790, there is the following account in a letter from Lewis Morris, Esq., the antiquary, a native of Anglesea, to his brother William Morris, Esq., Comptroller of the Customs, Holyhead, dated Oct. 14, 1754. He introduces his remarks by an allusion to Hugh Lloyd, a famous necromancer of Carnarvonshire, of whom wonderful accounts are still alive amongst the Welsh, and whose so-called pulpit is seen in the midst of a wild mountain torrent, near Festiniog—that is, an insulated rock rising out of the boiling, roaring gulf of waters of the river in the deep and rifted glen through which it has forced its way. He declares himself not over-credulous about what are called supernatural things, but adds that scepticism is madness, and quotes Lord Bacon in support of his views. He then proceeds:—

“People full of conceit of their own abilities and knowledge will laugh at the Cardiganshire miners, who maintain the existence of Knockers in mines, a kind of good-natured, impalpable people, but to be seen and heard, and who seem to us to work in the mines—that is to say, they are types or forerunners of working in mines, as dreams are of some accidents which happen to us. The barometer falls before rain and storms. If we did not know the construction of it, we should call it a kind of dream that foretelleth rain; but we know it is natural, and produced by natural means comprehended by us. Now how are we or

anybody sure but that our dreams are produced by the same kind of natural means? However this may be, I must speak well of these Knockers, for they have actually stood my very good friends, whether they are aerial beings called spirits, or whether they are a people made of matter not to be felt by our gross bodies, as air and fire and the like. Before the discovery of Esgair-y-Mwyn mine, these little people, as we call them here, worked hard there day and night; and there are abundance of honest, sober people who have heard them, and some persons who have no notion of them, or of mines either; but after the discovery of the great ore these were heard no more. When I began at Llwyn Llwyd, they worked so fresh there for a considerable time that they even frightened some young workmen out of the work. This was when we were driving leads, and before we had found any ore; but when we came to the ore then they gave over, and I heard no more talk of them. The old miners are no more concerned at hearing them blasting, boring holes, landing *deads*, &c., than if they were some of their own people; and a single miner will stay in the work in the dead of night without any man near him, and never think of any fear of harm that they will do him: for they have a notion that the Knockers are of their own tribe and profession, and are harmless people who mean well. Three or four miners together shall hear them sometimes, but if the miners stop to take notice of them, the Knockers will also stop: but let the miners go on at their own work, the Knockers will go on as brisk as can be in landing, blasting, or beating down the *loose*; and they were always heard a little from them before they came to ore. These are odd assertions, but they are certainly facts, though we cannot, and do not, pretend to account for them. Let who will laugh, we have the greatest reason to rejoice, and thank the Knockers, or rather, God, who sends us these notices."

The German miners have the same experiences with their Cobolds, and the Welsh miners to this day declare that the Knockers are realities and very active ones, often pointing out fresh mines by their subterranean sounds of hammering and blasting, where no ore has ever before been suspected.

A DREAM FATALLY REALIZED.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1796, Vol. Part 1, p. 456, commencing with the amiable desire in a superstitious belief in the accomplishment of dream story. A poor chimney-sweeper, in the neighbourhood of Swindon, Wilts, lately dreamed that he should lose his children by water. This dream he communicated

and with an earnest solicitude entreated her stricter care and watchfulness over their family. In consequence the mother, when obliged to work in the field, in the absence of her husband, locked up the children in the house. But soon after, a neighbour wanting to borrow some common utensil, and knowing the place where the key was usually secreted, took it, opened the door, and proceeded to possess herself of the article she wanted. That done she again locked the door and returned the key to its hiding-place. But during her being in the house the eldest boy, about six years of age, had managed to steal out unobserved, and proceeding to a horse-pond not far off, fell in and was drowned. The father was so shocked at the fulfilment of his dream that he was seized with a delirious fever, and within a few days put an end to his own life. The writer refers the reader to the inhabitants of East Cott, the village where this occurred, and to the clergyman who had performed the melancholy funeral service over both father and son.

APPARITION OF MR. NAYLOR.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LXXI, part 2, p. 995, there is a curious letter from Mr. Waller, a Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, to Mr. Thomas Offley, a brother of the Rev. Mr. Offley, rector of Middleton Stoney, near Bister, in Oxfordshire, relating the apparition of a Mr. Naylor. The same account is also given by the Rev. J. Hughes, the learned editor of St. Chrysostom on the Priesthood, and also by the Rev. Richard Chambre communicated to the Rev. Dr. Townley, rector of Malpas. This is Mr. Waller's letter to Mr. Thomas Offley:—

“Milton, Dec. 12, 1706.

“Dear Sir,—What I now from friendship relate to you, I can soon produce my authority for. The man to whom the apparition appeared was one Mr. Shaw, who had one of the College livings in Oxfordshire, nigh your brother. This gentleman, Mr. Grove, Fellow of the College, called in last July in his journey to the West of England. On his return, he stayed three days with Mr. Shaw. One night after supper, Mr. Shaw told him that there had happened a passage which he could not conceal from him, as being an intimate friend, and as one to whom the transaction might have more relation than to another man. He said, about a week before that time, which was July 28, as he was smoking and reading in his study, about 11 or 12 o'clock at night, there came to him the apparition of Mr. Naylor, in the same garb as he used to be, with his arms clasped before him. Mr. Naylor had been a Fellow of St. John's, and a

neighbour of Mr. Shaw, and died two or three years ago. Mr. Shaw, not being wonderfully surprised, asked how he did, and desired him to sit down, which Mr. Naylor did. They both sat there a considerable time, and entertained each other with various discourse. Mr. Shaw inquired how they lived in a separate state. He answered, far different from what they did here, but that he was very well. He inquired further, whether there were any of their old acquaintances in the place where he was? He answered, "No, not one," but added that one of their old friends, Mr. Orchard, would die very quickly, and that he himself, Mr. Shaw, would not be long after him. He mentioned several other people's names; but who they are, Mr. Grove can not, or does not declare. Mr. Shaw asked him whether he would visit him again before that time, but he answered that he could not, for he had only three days allowed him, and further he could not go. Mr. Shaw then said, "*Fiat Domini voluntas*;" and the apparition left him."

The letter goes on to say, that Mr. Grove mentioned these particulars to Mr. Clark, Fellow of the College; to Dr. Balderston, the Vice-Chancellor, and to others; and the truth of the apparition was proved by Mr. Orchard dying on August 6th, and Mr. Shaw soon after, of apoplexy, in his reading desk; and thus concludes:—

"Considering these gentlemen (Mr. Shaw and Mr. Grove) as men of learning and integrity, the one would not have first declared, and the other spread the same, was not the matter itself serious and real. The rest I leave to your descant.

"EDM. WALLER."

That is all that Mr. Shaw told to Mr. Grove, and Mr. Grove to me.

THE KINGSLAND DOCTRESS.

Elizabeth Hughes, a stout woman, about 47 years of age, at Kingsland, Herefordshire, used to cure lameness, blindness, and all morbid affections, by stroking the parts. She was the wife of a labourer; and declared that this curative power had been revealed to her in a dream, when suffering much grief for the loss of a child. Her success must have been great—for, she said, that she made £2,000 by her practice—which could have been the case, if she had not produced decided and constant effects; yet, a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, signing himself J. P. Malcolm, probably a doctor, giving an account of her, in November, 1804, says:—"If she is not a desperate stupid fanatic, she richly deserves transportation!" For

For curing people? For, if she did not perform cures, they must be deceived, stupid fanatics indeed, who continued to go to her. It is the old story.

TOUCHING FOR SCROPHULA BY KINGS.

It is a curious question how far the cases attributed to touching by royal hands are to be credited. There are such numbers strongly attested that it is not readily to be all set down to base flattery or superstition. That such action should reside in kings, we must suppose to be not because they are kings, but that they are men with the mesmeric powers of men. These powers appear to be often effectually exerted by all sorts of men, and with accompaniments perfectly ridiculous, as from the blood of a royal so-called martyr, or a handkerchief brought from a tomb, as in the case of that of the Abbé Paris. In all these cases there is a strong faith in the recipient, and probably where that exists the amount of electrical or magnetic power in the manipulation need not be very great. In about half a dozen cases operated upon by Dr. Newton in my presence when he was in England, only two cures were performed, and they were on Spiritualists who had faith in his gift.

In some scarce tracts there are very curious cases of royal cures, namely:—

“The ceremonies for the healing of them that be diseased with king’s evil, used in the time of King Henry VII. Printed by H. Hills, 1686. London.”

“A miracle of miracles, wrought by the blood of King Charles I., of happy memory, upon a *mayd* at *Detford*, foure miles from London, who, by the violence of the disease called the king’s evil, was blinded one whole year; but by making use of a piece of handkerchief dipped in the King’s blood, is recovered of her sight, to the comfort of the King’s friends and astonishment of his enemies. The truth thereof many thousands can testifie. London, 1649.”

“A letter, sent to a noble lord of this kingdom, from an eminent divine, of a great miracle wrought by a piece of handkerchief dipped in his Majestie’s blood; the truth whereof he himself saw, and is ready to depose to it, and doth believe will be attested by 500 others if occasion require. 1659.”

“His Grace the Duke of Monmouth honoured in his progress in the West of England; in an account of a most extraordinary cure of the king’s evil, in a letter from Crookhern, in the county of Somerset, from the minister of the parish, and many others. Signed, Henry Clark, minister; John Stacky, clerk, and seven others. London, 1680.” Single sheet.

“Charisma Basilicon; or, the royal gift of healing strumææ,

or king's evil. By John Browne, chirurgeon in ordinary to his Majesty. London, 1684."

Authorities relating to the same, collected from the parties and their relatives; by the Rev. Mr. Robert Watts, LL.D., MS."

In this last work, we have the following "account of persons touched by his sacred Majesty, King Charles II., for the king's evil, from May, 1660, from a Register kept by Thomas Haynes, Esq., Serjeant of his Majesty's Chapel Royal:—

1660	6,725	1663	4,667
1661	4,619	1664	3,335
1662	4,271				

"Register kept by Mr. Thomas Donkley, Keeper of his Majesty's Closet, from May, 1667, to May, 1682:—

1667	3,073
1681	6,007
1682	8,477

The whole amounting to upwards of 921,000."

Now, there are most palpable causes of suspicion on the face of these facts—those of political and church partisanship. In the second place, if these cures were really effected by Charles II., the most debauched and selfish wretch who ever sat on a throne, most assuredly they were neither attributable to saintship, nor to the "divinity that doth hedge about a king;" but the ordinary possession of mesmeric power in the operator, and of faith in the recipient. But are we to believe that, from year to year in the single reign of the dissolute Charles, for 22 years, an average number of nearly 4,200 persons every year presented themselves for the royal touch, if it were notorious that no good proceeded from it? It is easier to believe that the kings—in this instance, his predecessors and successors—and the kings of France, too, possessed a mesmeric power, which, probably, almost every other person possesses, if he had faith and will to call it forth, than that for ages thousands of people yearly presented themselves for cure, if no cures were ever performed? The "Gullibles," as Mr. Melville Fay calls them, or the "large family of fools," in the phraseology of Oliver Goldsmith, in such a case, must be a large and gullible family indeed.

CONFESSIONS OF A NAVAL OFFICER

These confessions run through two or three of *Gentleman's Magazine*, and amongst a vast number of adventures in different quarters of the globe, in an easy, chatty tone, give some remarkable circumstances and presentiments from which I select the following

“On the score of superstition.”—The captain never thinks of such things as dates. The confessions given in 1809 and 1810, the time that of the great Buonaparte war, but these occurrences were evidently earlier. “Gibraltar was prepared just at that time. *L’Oriflame*, a well-appointed 40-gunship, had been taken by our *Isis* of 50. Captain Wheeler, immediately prior to close action sent for Mr. Deans, surgeon of the *Isis*, and entrusted to him certain particular injunctions about family concerns. The doctor attempted to parry funeral ideas, but was bluntly told—‘I know full well this day’s work, Cunningham will soon be your commander. All the circumstances of my life have been shown in dreams, my last hour is now come.’ He was killed early in the fight, and Lieutenant Cunningham succeeded to his command, and afterwards became post-captain in the *Oriflame* in Gibraltar Bay.”

“At the siege of Havannah, the *Namur* and *Valiant* took it day and day about to fight a sap-battery, and the relief of the people was effected every midnight, to save from observation of the Spanish garrison, one party’s approach and the others retreat. We had marched forty in number, a lieutenant leading, and myself, a midshipman, bringing up the rear, to relieve the *Valiant’s* party; William Moore, one of our men, made frequent calls to stop. These at length became quite frivolous, and finally Moore confessed that he had not stomach to fight, knowing that he should be killed. On coming up with the lieutenant, who blamed us for our delay, I was obliged to report Moore, and state the cause of delays. An officer, a hard-headed Scotchman, ridiculed his fears, and ordered a sword to be carried at his back. Moore, with an air of evident indignation stepped into line. We relieved the *Valiant*; there remained on the wall only a solitary gun, and our first discharge dismounted it. Elated with our success, all hands jumped upon the platform and gave three cheers, when a little devil of a gun took us in a line and knocked down five men. Moore, who was the first on the platform, was the first killed. From whence had Moore this fore-knowledge? He quoted no dream.

“In 1778, at the taking of Pondicherry, Captain John Fletcher, Captain De Morgan and Lieutenant Bosanquet, each distinctly foretold his own death on mornings of their fate.

“Captain O’Brien, of the *Chesterfield*, had been sent year after year to convey Indian ships from St. Helena to England, a tedious, creeping, hungry voyage, without any prospect of gain. Returning one November about the length of the Scilly Islands, a petty officer at six in the morning went to relieve another upon the fore-castle, whom he found upon his beam-ends, wrapped up comfortably under a foul-weather cloak. With a

rough shake and a "What cheer, dreamer?" this gentleman awoke, and presently related that they should catch a prize before breakfast. At daybreak never was there a sharper look-out. A strange vessel was seen, and captured actually before 8 o'clock, as had been foretold." Vol. LXXX., Part 2, p. 32.

Here steps in another correspondent, stimulated by the captain's narrative, and gives two cases of presentiment, which we may as well take in their turn:—"The first happened in 1760. On the morning of the battle of Warburg, in the last German war, a quarter-master of the second, or Queen's dragoon guards, a man of tried courage and long service, came to his lieutenant's tent, and complained of an unusual depression of spirits. Being rallied on his idle fears, and treated to some brandy, he went away, but soon returned, and declared that he was utterly unable to get the better of his impression; but that he determined to do his duty, as that would be his *last*. He commenced the fight bravely, and was the only man of his quarter-rank killed in the first charge with the enemy.

"The second instance occurred when the North Gloucester regiment of militia was encamped at Cox Heath, or on Warley Common—for I do not exactly recollect which—during the American war. A private of that corps, who was appointed sentry at the commanding officer's tent, upon the next relief begged the sergeant to allow him to exchange that duty with a comrade, whom he had agreed to pay, as he himself had had a dream that he should be killed upon that spot. The improbability of such a circumstance made the sergeant and all who heard it laugh heartily; and their raillery, and the representation of the folly of paying another on such a fanciful ground, induced him to do his own duty. But that very morning an officer's servant coming past with a gun on cock, and not aware of the fact, just as he came in front of the colonel's marquee, put his finger on the trigger; the gun went off, and shot the sentinel dead."

To return to our naval captain:—"Mrs. S. had sailed from Bombay with her husband and family, on their final return to England, but the ship made a round about voyage by China. Arriving in Canton River, the ship landed her passengers at Macao, a small island under Portuguese colours, but in reality controlled by the Chinese. Females were not allowed to go up the river, and the principal stores and baggage remained on board, and were not landed further. At Macao Mrs. S. dreamed that the ship had been consumed to the water's edge, and the loss was considerable.

On another occasion

story is connected with this Mrs. S. when in Bengal, sold his share in the ship, and instead of purchasing goods for the market in England, took bills from the Calcutta treasury on London. This appeared so imprudent that his chief mate, Peter Maitland, earnestly expostulated with him, but in vain. Captain Lindsay only returned for answer, "John Crockatt has been with me, Peter; neither myself nor the *Ajax* will ever reach England again." So it proved; Captain Lindsay died at sea, and the *Ajax* was taken near Havre by two French ships of war.

The naval officer adds, "I meant to close the chapter of dreams, but the nearest naval friend I have, who was a commissioned officer before a drop of water rolled under my foot, insists that I shall tell another, or that he shall tell it; so I give it in his words." In the year 1755 was struck the first blow of a war eagerly waged by this nation to rid her colonies. To watch a squadron of the colleaguuing French, several ships were sent towards America, and I had a berth in the cable-tier of the *Dunkirk*, under Captain Howe, then called Black Dick. Near the banks of Newfoundland, our butcher, as he turned out, told his dream. 'On this day, an enemy will give us battle, and I shall be the first man killed.' At sunrise, two strange sail were descried, and chase was given. "Well dreamt, old Poleaxe," sung out the watch below, as they were bolting up. On coming up with one of these ships, she proved to be the *Alcide*, a French ship of war. Every shot from either ship told, and the first broadside killed and wounded 18 of our men; and among the former, our butcher received his knock-down blow." Vol. LXXX., Part 2, p. 323.

REV. T. L. HARRIS.

WE find the following in the *Independent* of Laporte, Indiana, United States:—

A friend wrote to us to know the whereabouts of Mr. T. L. Harris, and what he is doing, saying that he heard that he had returned from England wealthy, and had bought a farm. All the information we can give is that he has been located some years at Wassaie, N. Y., where he cultivated grapes, established a national bank and a flouring mill. He has recently sold out at Wassaie, bank and all, and purchased land near Cleveland, on the lake shore, where he is going extensively into the vine culture. I am not aware that any religious movement is on hand. The whole affair presents nothing more than a common business concern. His few followers contend that he has some grand end in view, which manual labour is to form the foundation; but we recollect that when he went into the banking concern, it was going to revolutionize the world of finance. These mountains in labour bring forth nothing.

SPIRITUAL DISCOVERIES OF THE FRENCH MAGNETISTS PRIOR TO THE OUTBREAK OF SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

Répétous-le, le magnétisme a été le préparateur, l'annonciateur de l'intervention générale du monde invisible sur notre monde, qui caractérise au plus haut point le mouvement actuel de notre époque, et en constitue l'originalité et la solennité. Le magnétisme est le trait d'union entre le spiritisme secret et souvent veillé du passé, et le spiritisme patent et universel de l'avenir.

ONE of the most extraordinary facts connected with Spiritualism, though it has been made public in France, has as yet received no notice whatever in this country. It has formed the great topic of two popular works and has been commented on by the French journals—some of them, as *La Vérité* of Lyons, now, more is the pity, no longer in existence—giving ample details of the discovery. This remarkable fact is no other than that the Magnetists of France anticipated by at least half a century the revelations made at Hydesville, in the United States, in 1848. This great fact is brought to light by the publication of the correspondence of the two celebrated French magnetic philosophers, Messrs. Billot and Deleuze, in two volumes, in 1836. It has been strongly recommended to the French Spiritualists to reprint them. Though they were published in 1836, the correspondence commenced in 1829, and in it we find M. Billot asserting that there are none of these marvellous things that he has not witnessed during these last thirty years. This carries his knowledge of spiritual phenomena back as far as 1789, the period of the commencement of the French Revolution, into the period of Lavater, Jung-Stilling, Kerner, Goethe, San Martin, &c. These phenomena, not only known to but avowed by those distinguished men, were, it now appears, equally well known to Billot and Deleuze, who, as scientific men, had not only seen but revealed them. The sects of the Initiated and the occultists were well acquainted with these phenomena in the last two centuries, and the only difference to note was that they were familiar only to a few who kept the knowledge to a certain extent secret, and that now they are made public at large. But there is another fact equally noteworthy in this discovery of Spiritualism, which is, that this class of spiritualists were not disposed to the admission of the fact until they knew with what power

others resisted for many years the conviction that spiritual phenomena underlay those of magnetism, or in other words, Mesmerism. So in France, Dupotet, Morin, and the rest of them fought hard against this conviction, and so much so that M. Morin, the successor of Baron Dupotet, has constantly resisted the invitations of the Spiritualists to witness spiritual phenomena.

Here, however, we have the curious fact of two of the most celebrated magnetic philosophers of France, avowing after a concealment of the fact through a career of half a century, that they all the time, whilst prosecuting their magnetical inquiries, had become fully aware of other and still more wonderful phenomena supervening and arising out of those inquiries which they prosecuted with no such expectations. They arose like apparitions upon them, startling and astonishing them like the genius which stood before Aladdin when he rubbed his lamp, meaning only to polish it, and with no idea further from his mind than that his friction was the invocation of a spirit. So MM. Billot and Deleuze, experimenting only in magnetism, and expecting none but strictly natural though abstruse results, found that they were pressing on those secret and mysterious springs and laws of life which awake the attention of the inhabitants of the invisible, and cause them to manifest their presence.

It is still more remarkable that these two great Magnetists—who had published, each, work after work, and whose names were famous in that science—did not work in company or with a knowledge of each other's proceedings. They had each their own avowed theory, differing greatly one from the other, and these they had propounded and defended with that zeal and pertinacity which the leaders in science often do, till they had acquired a certain character of antagonism. All this time, however, their writings bore to the ordinary reader no traces of anything but the legitimate facts and doctrines of magnetism. But to these great antagonist magnates of science there was something in their language which awoke a more than ordinary sensation in each other, and opening a correspondence, they began to approach each other, putting forth the delicate feelings of an intense curiosity, grounded on a conviction that each possessed secret knowledge that he had not yet laid open to the light, and that this knowledge was, in reality, the property of both. They had each a consciousness that whilst they had been going along separate and even hostile paths, they had been treading the very same enchanted ground, and were twins in a life which they had hitherto hidden from each other and from mankind.

On the 24th of March, 1829, M. Deleuze wrote to M. Billot complaining that certain Magnetizers made their experimen

out of mere curiosity. To this implied censure Billot replied, on the 9th of April, that modern Magnetizers had many humiliations to suffer from the jealousies of their *confrères*, but he now abandoned his cause to God, who had done great things for him. "Yes!" said he, advancing more boldly, "I have seen, I have understood all that it is permitted to man to see and know!" Still going further in his enthusiasm, and stimulated by the conviction that Deleuze himself had arrived at discoveries like his own, he says, "Permit me to observe that all that you write seems to me to betray *une arrière pensée*. Your theory is only a solemn ruse to avoid scandalising the *esprits forts* who will have nothing of the positive."

The ice was now broken, and the two great Magnetists proceed to make a clean breast of it to each other. M. Billot, nevertheless, is by far the most open and ready to throw off the cautious disguise that they both had worn for so many years. It turns out in the end that they have seen nearly all the phenomena of modern Spiritualism—apparitions, elevations of the person into the air, the fact of material substances being brought by spirits, obsessions and possessions by spirits, and nearly all the wonders which the ancient philosophers and the priests of different churches have declared as truths—and all this, be it remembered, long before the knockings at Hydesville opened up the great drama of renewed spirit-intercourse in our time. But it will be interesting to trace this remarkable correspondence a little further in its natural course.

On the 27th February, 1830, M. Billot writes to M. Deleuze, assuring him that he stated to him the whole truth regarding the extraordinary phenomena manifested through his clairvoyante, Mademoiselle Mathieu, and that he will never deviate from this in his communication of his experiences; and he proceeds to reveal to him things which, he says, he will probably regard as reveries, and then adds, "You would not have combatted the theory of spirits for these forty years if, like me, you had had under your eyes and your hands the masses of facts which have compelled me to adopt it." He then gives some curious facts concerning a clairvoyante in a state of wakefulness.

Deleuze, on the 15th of June, writes that he has seen lucids in that state. "Dr. Ch. . . . reports having seen the same; and then he makes a candid confession—"I have suppressed many things because it was not yet the time to disclose them." On the 16th of June, touches on certain particulars which Deleuze in his writings had effected. . . . ; but he insinuates that he is quite satisfied to understand each other on these points. After . . . passages in Deleuze's

writings—"between us, Monsieur," continues Billot, "what need of so much reserve? In spite of your reticences, I understand you."

In his reply on the 24th of September, Deleuze treats of matter at great length, and at first professes to think that the only thing which proves the communication of spirits with us, are apparitions; but again, thawing a little more, he says, if his health permit, he will write an article in the *Hermes* on psychical phenomena, in which he will free himself from the reserve which he too, hitherto, imposed on himself, and of which M. Billot has divined the real cause. "These facts," he says, "are now so numerous and so well known that it is time to speak the truth."

On the 24th of June, 1831, M. Billot wrote to M. Deleuze, that in reading his works, he had seen that certain phenomena had been already familiar to him before he himself had entered on his career, and that there was nothing of the marvellous of which he had not been a witness during the thirty or forty years of his magnetic experience. "If you have not made mention of these things," he added, "you have lost your reason for keeping silence." To this M. Deleuze, on the 9th of July, replied that he had designedly avoided the statement of marvellous facts, considering it not always necessary to shew these to the incredulous, as being indeed not the most likely way to convince them.

Billot then went on much further with his cautious correspondent, who, though he did not reveal much, was forced to confess that his friend had penetrated into his secret, and that he knew a great deal. "The time," said M. Billot, "is come when I ought to have no further concealment from you. I repeat that I have seen and known all that it is permitted to man to see and know. I have been witness of an extacy, not such as Dr. Bertrand imagines, but I have seen magnetic clairvoyants with stigmata. I have seen obsessions and possessions, which have been dissipated by a single word; I have seen many other things, which others have seen also, but which the spirit of this age has not permitted them to reveal. I am an *esprit fort*, and that which the priests have not been able to do now for many years, magnetism has accomplished. The truths of religion have been demonstrated by it."

He then proceeds to relate some of these revelations, which very much resemble the teachings of the ancient philosophers, mingled with that of Christianity—doctrines which prepared the way for the inculcations of Spiritualism. Superior intelligences, he says, presented themselves; presided at *séances*, and manifested themselves by the delicious odours which they diffused around them. The ambrosia of the Mythologists; the odour of

sanctity of the Church were discovered to be realities. Evil and unclean spirits also presented themselves; but the clairvoyants immediately recognised them (July 23, 1831). These and other statements, M. Billot says, which he extracted from the journals of the *séances*, could never have seen the light of day, had he not deemed it for the interest of the great science to confide them to the bosom of prudent and discreet friendship; and on the 9th of September he announces that he is about to proceed to more substantial proofs of the apparition of spirits, such, as he says, it will be impossible to deny or to diminish; for these spirits were tangible; you both saw and touched them. Perhaps, he adds, M. Deleuze may think these things a little too marvellous for belief; but his doubt will no longer be pardonable when he may touch them himself, and touch them again. What he says on September 30th, must convince the most sceptical; there is neither illusion nor vision; he and his co-secretaries have seen and felt, and he calls God to witness the truth of it.

On the 6th of November, 1831, Deleuze writes, that he is greatly grieved that the state of his health and his great age will not permit him to make a journey to see M. Billot, as he most anxiously desires. That the immortality of the soul is proved to him, and the possibility of communicating with spirits; but that personally he has not seen facts equal to those cited by Billot. Nevertheless, persons worthy of all confidence have made the like reports to him. "I have this morning," he continues, "seen a very distinguished physician, who has related to me some of your facts, without naming you, and gave me many others of a like character. Amongst others, his clairvoyants caused material objects to present themselves. I know not what to think of all this, though I am as certain of the sincerity of my medical friend, as I am of yours. I cannot conceive how spiritual beings are able to carry material objects." M. Billot on the 25th of June, 1832, wrote that in the doctrine of Spiritualism the question is not of *opinions* but of *facts*: these are the things which lead to the truth, but neither the magnetizers nor the magnetized can reproduce these at will. He denies the assertions of some that somnambulists have the power to cause material substances to be light at will.

The writer of the articles in *La Vérité*, accepts this last assertion as a proof that the phenomena exhibited through the Davenportes are not genuine, because they can invariably obtain them. This is again an instance of persons theorizing on what they have not put to the test of experiment. The writer living at Lyons, has, it may be confidently assumed, never seen the Davenportes, and, therefore, rashly assumes the truth of an assertion of M. Billot, in the face of a widely and familiarly

known fact. The phenomena of the Davenports are both genuine and reproducible with almost perfect certainty on all occasions. The reason is that the Davenports are more thoroughly developed mediums for psycho-physical phenomena than any M. Billot had seen.

On another occasion M. Deleuze remarks that "the clairvoyant seizes *rappports* innumerable. He catches them with an extreme rapidity; he runs, in a minute, through a series of ideas which, under ordinary circumstances, would demand many hours. Time seems to disappear before him. He is himself astonished at the variety and rapidity of these reflections. He is led to attribute them to the inspiration of another intelligence. Anon, he perceives in himself this new being. He considers himself in the clairvoyant sleep a different person from himself awake. He speaks of himself in the third person; as someone whom he has known, on whom he comments, whom he advises, and in whom he takes more or less interest: as if himself in somnambulism and himself awake were two different persons." M. Deleuze finishes by urging M. Billot to publish his experiences, but with his habitual caution counsels him to suppress the most astounding facts. Billot heroically determines to victimise himself for the truth, to brave the sarcasms of the learned—"For," he observes, "to talk of spirits in France, where the majority of the Magnetists hold fast by their accepted theory, of merely material agencies, is to become an object of contemptuous pity." He was also aware of another difficulty—the uncertainty of securing successful *séances*: which whilst the causes affecting them are but partially understood, so often fail in the presence of the determinedly sceptical. These facts will only convince those who witness them, and often at the moment of exhibiting them, they disappear altogether, and create a triumph for the incredulous. They had yet to learn, that none but the earnest seeker of the truth will be able to obtain such phenomena,—an atmosphere of candour being as necessary for their development as sunshine, and not snow, is necessary for the development of delicate flowers and rich fruit.

Such was the correspondence of the two celebrated Magnetists, at a time when Spiritualism in its present phase was yet unheard of. The great facts of spiritual life thus bursting upon them in pursuance of their scientific experiments in magnetism, and in opposition to all their prejudices, as well as most contrary to their expectations, must be regarded as one of the most curious and most interesting events in the annals of Spiritualism. Besides the transport of material objects by invisible agents, the spirits which appeared to them, were solid to the touch as they have so often made themselves since; living persons were elevated

in the air in their *séances*. Dr. Schmidt, of Vienna, and Dr. Charpignon, of Orleans, also give some striking cases of delicious odours, or cadaverous effluvia issuing from pure or impure spirits which presented themselves: the most startling communications of facts otherwise unknown were made, and they had cases of obsession and possession as well as of successful exorcism.

After all the confessions of M. Deleuze, he afterwards was greatly tempted, like Sir David Brewster, to recover favour with his scientific and incredulous cotemporaries. Becoming one of the chiefs of magnetic initiation, he endeavoured to weaken or to neutralize the force of his avowals. A gentleman well instructed in these mysteries, wrote to him thus: "You have endeavoured to fortify your readers in your journal, against the system of the Magnetists of the North, who admit superhuman powers as intermediates in certain magnetic phenomena. I would take the liberty of observing to you that this is not at all a system with them, but the simple enunciation of a fact, that a great number of their somnambulists, raised to a high degree of lucidity, have asserted that they were illuminated and conducted by a spiritual guide." The answer of Deleuze is worthy of attention. "The facts which seem to prove the communications of souls separated from matter with those who are still united to it, are innumerable, as I know. These are existent in all religions, are believed by all nations, are recorded in all histories, may be collected in society, and the phenomena of magnetism present a great number of them. Yes, a great number of somnambulists have affirmed that they have conversed with spiritual intelligences; they have been inspired and guided by them: and I will tell you why I have thought it best not to insist on such facts and proofs of spirit-communication. It is because I have feared that it might excite the imagination, might trouble human reason, and lead to dangerous consequences." Deleuze did not, when thus challenged, walk backwards out of his previous avowals like some on this side of the water; he was only timid and cautious—not untruthful. The frank bravery of M. Billot in regard to a truth which he knew would be unpopular, is deserving of the highest praise.

The author of these valuable papers has given a number of other instances amongst the Magnetists who have arrived at the same conclusions as MM. Billot and Deleuze in the same manner. They have found themselves in contact with unmistakable spirits, when they have been expecting merely the operations of magnetic laws. Amongst these were M. Bertrand, physician, and member of the Royal Society of Sciences. Baron Dupotet declared that he had rediscovered in magnetism the

spiritology of the ancients, and that he himself believed in the world of spirits. "Let the *savan*," he says, "reject the doctrine of spiritual appearances as one of the grand errors of the past ages, but the profound inquirer of to-day is compelled to believe this by a serious examination of facts" (*Journal du Magnetism*, 1852, 1st series.) Dupotet asserts the truth of all the powers assumed by antiquity and by the church, by all religions, indeed, such as working miracles and healing the sick. "When," he says, "lightning, or other powerful agents of nature, produce formidable effects, nobody is astonished; but let an unknown element startle us, let this element appear to obey thought, then reason rejects it, and, nevertheless, it is a truth; for we have seen and felt the effects of this terrible power." Terrible, however, only when nature is not understood as Spiritualism has revealed it. "If," adds Dupotet, "the knowledge of ancient magic is lost, the facts remain on which to reconstruct it." He exclaims—"No more doubt, no more uncertainty, magic is rediscovered." He then gives a number of phenomena produced of a most extraordinary kind, and laughs at those brave champions of science who, far from danger, talk with a loud and firm tone, reason on just what they themselves know, and pay no regard to the practical knowledge of others; who, in fact, hug their doubts, as we, with more reason, hug our faith. These avowals were made in 1840, long before the American phenomena or those of Vienna were heard of. But as Spiritualism began to shew itself as a distinct faith, the majority of Magnetists took the alarm. They who, like Messieurs Bertrand, D'Huin, Puysegur, and Seguin, had stood on the very threshold of Spiritualism, began to step back a step or two, and to shroud themselves in mystery, and to shake their heads at the prospect of awful consequences in pushing further on such a path. "The magnetic forces cannot be explained," said Puysegur, "We have no organs," said M. Morin, "for discovering spiritual beings." "The real causes of apparitions, of objects displaced, of suspensions, and of a great portion of the marvellous," said D'Huin and Bertrand, "is inscrutable." Seguin, who thought that magnetism would revolutionize the whole of science—starts, and stands still—he finds himself on the brink of a precipice. Inaccessible to danger, however, M. Seguin would wish to pursue his researches, but wisdom commands him to stop on the edge of an abyss, which no man, he affirms, can ever pass with impunity.

What is the precipice which M. Seguin and his fellow-Magnetists see at their feet? Simply, the precipice of Spiritualism. The spiritual world opens before them when they desire only to deal with this. In the words of Baron Dupotet—"There is an agent in space, whence we ourselves, our inspiration and our

intelligence proceed, and that agent is the spiritual world which surrounds us." A step further, and the Magnetists were aware that they must cut the cable which held them to the rest of the scientific world, and float away into the ocean of spiritual causation. They must consent to forfeit the name of philosophers, and to suffer that of fanatics in the mouths of the material savans. There was a danger of their science merging into Theology and Religion. They were not prepared for this mighty leap, and there was no alternative but to shut their eyes and retreat into the regions of the material. The ostriches of modern science—they strive to thrust their heads into the first bank, and hope that the world of discovery will cease to revolve with them. It cannot be. We have arrived at the threshold of the world of causes, and the eternal procession of the Divine plans will force us into it. The apparitions which the Magnetists have seen will come again and again, for they are at our doors, and about our very chairs and beds. The telegraphic cable is laid between the two worlds, and there will be found those at each end who will continue to send messages to and fro. The Magnetists thus startled by unlooked-for sights, will have more and more of them. The very elements of their science are the elements which connect men and the angels, and they cannot tamper long with them without the invisibles, on whom they inevitably operate, ever and anon, shouting to them—"What are you about there?" They will have repeatedly to make the same confessions, late perhaps, but inevitable, of MM. Billot and Deleuze, that the truth is there and it must out. Amen.

Cahagnet should have been included amongst these Magnetists, but we propose to devote to him a more detailed notice.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

"WHO CARES?"

IN a recent article in the *Star*, abounding in those "hairs" of Spiritualism for which that journal stands pre-eminently, advises scientific men to have nothing to do with the manifestations. "Science had much better let them be." Such manifestations whatever they come from are "not for inquiry," and "scientific men" who "look on" and get into such controversies, "all diminish their business, and trouble themselves not with them." We hope Professor Tyndall, to whom this advi-

will be duly grateful for it. Let science, if it will, acknowledge itself incompetent to explain the manifestations; but in that case, let us no more hear that "Spiritualism is disproved by science." Science must either renounce the lofty pretensions so universally set up for her, or make good the claim, by fair, careful, patient observation and inquiry, pursued in the true scientific method.

But even "suppose there is some hitherto unknown eccentric force, in nature or supernature," which produces these manifestations and messages, the *Star* asks—"What then? We are inclined even to ask Who cares?" This inquiry, we fear, is but too faithful a reflex of the popular mind, under the blind guides that lead it. Spiritualism, say our public instructors, is pure humbug; or if it be not legerdemain and ankle-snapping, it is mesmerism, or "some hitherto unknown eccentric force;" or if not a new force, it is the old force—the devil; or—"who cares?" This last is the latest phase of modern sadduceism? Do the spirits "come to tell us anything worth knowing? That is, will Spiritualism pay? Will it put money in our purses? Will it add to our respectability? Will it tell us what consols will be? or who will be the winner of the Derby? Will it give us a new force that we can put in harness and set to work for us? If it can do none of these things—"who cares?" It has solved the problem which has divided and perplexed the thinkers of all ages—it has demonstrated the future life and the existence of a spirit-world; but "who cares?" It has banished the darkness of unbelief from the minds of millions, and established in its place a conviction of the certainty of the fundamental truths of religion; but "who cares?" It has done what neither science nor sermons had been able to effect in stemming that dark tide of materialism which had swept over the continents of Europe and America; but—"who cares?" It has established a telegraph and opened up communications between the visible and the invisible worlds; but—"who cares?" It has thrown light on the facts of history and of Scripture, and of the laws which govern the relations of mind and matter; but—"who cares?" It has given us clearer and brighter views of Divine Providence, of the purposes of human life, of our destiny in the great hereafter, and of the character of that spirit-world of which we are the citizens; but—"who cares?" It has brought hope, strength and consolation to bereaved and sorrowing hearts all the world over; but—"who cares?" Truly there are Scribes and Sadducees in England as there were in Judea who would not "be persuaded though one rose from the dead." Should such a manifestation occur they would soon persuade themselves it was only an "optical delusion," or at

most "some hitherto unknown eccentric force in nature or supernature." And unless it would tell them "something worth knowing," they would only ask concerning it—"who cares?"

ELONGATION AND SHORTENING OF THE BODY.

In a recent number of the *Banner of Light* is a letter by Mrs. Emma Hardinge, relating some particulars as to Spiritualism in London, one paragraph is as follows:—"I presume your readers may have seen in some of the English periodicals accounts of Mr. D. D. Home's last exhibition of phenomenal power, which consists in the extraordinary fact of his body being *elongated*. He appears during the process to be in his normal state, laughs and jokes over it, invites witnesses to place their hands on his feet to note that they are flat on the ground, and that the motion is in no way influenced by any muscular action of his own. The process appears to go on chiefly in the trunk between the ribs, and extends the body until his head rises up against the wall by measurement from five to eight inches. The phenomenon takes place in brilliantly lighted rooms, and conveys the most undefinable and strange aspect to the elongated medium. I have seen this remarkable phenomenal act three times, and on the last occasion it was succeeded by Mr. Home's being shortened, and without the least appearance of any voluntary contraction of the joints or motion from himself. I observed him actually and I may say fairly shortened, until he appeared to be a stumpy little man of about five feet high."

"DAYBREAK."

The first rays of *Daybreak* have reached us, and, no doubt, ere this, have penetrated into many a welcome home. It is a small, unpretending sheet—"a journal of facts and thoughts in relation to spirit-communion," specially suitable for the circulation among working-class people, and inquired for and for distribution at public meetings where Spiritism is the topic. The main object of the publication is the

We, of course, set out chiefly to commend to the eyes the facts of "spirit-communion." We hold that such a course is possible and lawful,—nay, that it may, with due care, become beneficial. We hold that the evidence of this is both varied and abundant; that any one who is really in earnest, as a lowly seeker after truth, will become acquainted with the facts on which we rely. We shall rather furnish *aids to enquirers* than to provide evidence to the incredulous. Our work is to investigate the laws that govern or regulate the material and the spiritual worlds, to point to phenomena

investigators may reap results, and, generally, to encourage seekers in this vast and wonderful science now once more presenting itself to the minds, and appealing to the hearts of earnest men.

The editor invites the hearty co-operation of all who sympathise with this purpose, and says, "But we particularly invite all to send us *questions*, which, to the best of our ability, we will answer." We are informed that the secretary of a Spiritualist society in this country has received during the past year 1,800 letters of inquiry concerning Spiritualism,—a sign that the subject is quietly but steadily arresting public attention. If Mr. Hopps's invitation meets with a like liberal response, he will soon have his hands and his paper full, and *Daybreak* will be a *Spiritual* "Notes and Queries."

VISIONS.

A relative of mine was returning, some 50 years since, from the Cape of Good Hope, with a little girl about six years of age. Early one morning, when at sea, this child cried violently, and stated she had seen her mother, whom she had left at the Cape in good health. The child was pacified with difficulty, and a note was taken of the hour when the vision was supposed to have been seen. Subsequently, it appeared that the child's mother had died about the same time.

The late Captain Mott, R.N., knew a sailor, who, when on the night watch, would see sights and hear noises in the rigging, and the sea, which kept him in a perpetual state of alarm. One day he stated that the devil, whom he knew by his horns and cloven feet, stood by the side of his hammock the preceding night, and stated he had only three days to live. He repeated this statement, having had a second warning. On the morning of the fatal day he went with others to the topmast, to perform some duty amongst the rigging; he bade his messmates farewell, stating he had received a third warning from Satan, and he should be dead before night. He went aloft with the foreboding of evil on his mind, and in less than five minutes he lost his hold, fell upon the deck and was killed immediately.

"THE SECRET OF SPIRITUALISTIC SEANCES DIVULGED."

Since the time when Mrs. Gamp *divulged* certain important secrets to Mrs. Harris, nothing so mysterious has been told to the public, than what appeared in the *Scientific Review* for June in the shape of a letter from JEAN BAPTISTE MANNET, *Bachelier de Lettres, &c.*, and which the editor has published

under the above title. The letter is dated the 1st May, but should have been written on the first day of the previous month, for it is a fine example of the *poisson d'Avril*. Our scientific men and periodicals are showing up very badly just now.

The "divulging" is as follows:—

The "workers" (*exploiteurs*) of spiritualistic *séances* work on the mind alone,—the proceedings may well be called *spiritual séances*,—and since no one appears to have had the opportunity, or the courage, to divulge the true nature of this species of gross imposture, pray allow me to give you the following simple narrative:—

Whilst residing in London about twelve months ago, as you are aware, I accompanied some friends to several of these *séances*, and was not long in observing that one of the conditions essential to the success of every *séance*, or in other terms, to render "the spirits favourably disposed," was to partake of tea or some kind of refreshment before the *séance* began. If I remember rightly, we paid five shillings each, or some such amount, and the "tea, &c." was included.

Now you know that I have been for several years interested in the investigation of the physiological effects of certain narcotic drugs, having begun some experiments on this subject during my prolonged residence in the East, and I was not a little surprised, after partaking of the "tea, &c.," at the very first of these *séances*, to feel coming on the—to me exceedingly familiar—effects of hemp-resin or *haschisch*! *The dose thus fraudulently administered must have been tolerably strong*, for, accustomed as I have been to experiment on hemp and similar drugs, its effects were, nevertheless, very powerful; this may have arisen, however, from the circumstance that I had not previously taken any for more than a year.

I will not stay here to dilate upon the effects—spiritual effects—that can thus be easily brought about. The action of hemp-resin is well known to European physiologists since the experiments of Dr. Moreau, Professor De Luca and others in France, and Dr. O'Shaughnessy in England. It will be sufficient for me to state that *the success of a spiritualistic séance depends upon the fantastic effects produced by this potent drug*. The usual exhilarating effects of small doses are, when larger doses are administered, quickly followed by an intense feeling of *bien-être*, a peculiar sense of happiness; it is, if we may so express it, a feeling of intense intellectual happiness. Shortly, however, another effect supervenes; the power of controlling the thoughts vanishes gradually, judgment disappears, and the mind becomes the faithful slave of any fantastic idea that may arise, or that is impressed upon it by any person present. In fact, we believe, or rather, *we realise most completely, everything that is said to us*. It is not unusual, at the same time, to feel oneself rising in the air; in fact, when simply walking across a room it is impossible not to feel that you are walking in the air, and not upon the ground; all sense of distance is completely gone, and in taking a few steps you imagine, or rather you feel, that you are travelling for miles.

You may now fancy some four or five *imbéciles* undergoing a *séance*! *If the "tea" or "refreshment" is, perchance, refused, "the spirits are not propitious," or "the séance is, unfortunately, not possible to-night;" the impostors are "very sorry, but it will be necessary to come another evening," &c.*

Fortunately for the deluded individuals upon whom this simple trick is practised, the taking of one dose of the poisonous drug is not usually followed by very serious consequences; otherwise, had some fatal accident occurred, the matter would long since have been investigated by some of your learned barristers.

"THE SCIENTIFIC REVIEW" ON THE INCAUTIOUS PROFESSOR.

"While we write these lines, a correspondence is going on *apropos* of Spiritualism between Mr. Home and Professor Tyndall. It appears that the late Dr. Faraday had communicated with some of Mr. Home's friends, who desired that

this great philosopher and good and sensible man should test, by actual experiments, the alleged facts of Spiritualism. The mantle of the departed prophet seems to have fallen on one who, whatever others may think, is, in his own opinion at least, thoroughly competent to succeed to the prophetic honour. Elisha Tyndall, accordingly, publishing a letter from Faraday, stating conditions under which he would experiment upon the spirits, winds up with the following postscript:—

“*P.S.*—I hold myself in readiness to witness and investigate in the spirit of the foregoing letter, such phenomena as Mr. Home may wish to reveal to me during the month of June.’ Oh that inveterate *I* of Dr. Tyndall! Will no kind friend tell him that self-assertion is but a fool’s fame? Is the first personal pronoun the only one in the grammar from which the new philosopher of Albemarle Street learned his English? We have already had occasion to comment on this weakness to which one of our great lights of science is unfortunately subject. We have already shown that in a page taken at random from one of his purely scientific treatises, the stark staring bold capital occurs no less than eight times. We admire Dr. Tyndall’s genius, we applaud his efforts in the pursuit of science, but we do seriously advise him to keep Dr. Tyndall a little more in the background, and to push the subject of his disquisitions somewhat more towards the front.

“In his correspondence with Mr. Home, we cannot help thinking that the philosopher gets rather the worst of it.”

The following is the copy of a letter, in April, 1864, from Professor De Morgan, to Mr. Joseph Paul, F.R.G.S:—

“Dear Sir,—I am perfectly satisfied that phenomena such as you describe are genuine, and this from what I have seen, and heard on evidence which I cannot doubt. What they arise from I cannot tell.

“The physical phenomena which you describe are beyond all explanation, but still there may be physical forces we know nothing of. The mental phenomena are vastly more difficult; there must be, so far as we can see, some unseen intelligence mixed up in the matter. Spirit or no spirit, there is at least a reading of one mind by something out of that mind.

“Yours truly,

“A. DE MORGAN.”

A SINGULAR DREAM VERIFIED.

The *Banner of Progress* (San Francisco) relates the following:—“While the plague was at its height in Alexandria, a Mohammedan merchant dreamed that eleven persons would die of the plague in his house. When he awoke he remembered the dream; and there being exactly eleven persons in the house, himself included, he became uneasy. His alarm increased, when, on the following day, the wife, two female slaves, and three children, died; but he became quite certain that his death was at hand, when, on the fourth day, his two remaining children, a woman servant, and an old man servant, sunk into the grave.

He accordingly made his preparations to pass into eternity—related his dream to some of his friends, and begged them to make inquiry every morning, and in case he should be dead, have him buried with the usual solemnities.

A cunning thief, who had heard the circumstance, took advantage of the merchant's fright to open his door in the night and when the terrified man called out, "Who's there?" to answer, "I am the Angel of Death," in order, while the merchant concealed himself underneath the bedclothes, and was quite beside himself, to pack up what effects he could find in the house and carry them away. Unluckily for him, he was seized with the plague and died on the stairs. The merchant, however, did not venture for many hours to put his head from under the bedclothes, till at length his friends came, heard from him what had happened, found the effects, recognized the thief, discovered the truth, and confirmed the strange accomplishment of the dream."

THE ROYAL SOCIETY PROFESSORS AND SPIRITUALISM.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN PROFESSOR FARADAY AND
THOMAS SHERRATT.

WE said in our last number that we should probably give some further letters of Professor Faraday of a subsequent date to that to Sir Emerson Tennent. We do this more to satisfy Professor Tyndall than our readers, because by this time they must have formed their opinion as to the value of Professor Faraday, Sir D. Brewster, and Professor Tyndall as unprejudiced inquirers. We wonder if Professor Tyndall will like to express publicly his approval of these petulant and conceited letters of Professor Faraday's, which display as much ignorance of the subject as they do arrogance in treating it.

We put no value whatever upon the adverse opinions expressed by Faraday, Brewster, and Tyndall; and to be consistent we would place no value whatever upon their favourable opinions had they expressed them. The defect is in their judgment, which has been proved to be so faulty, that we consider them as out of the question for the future as for the past.

Westmoreland Place,
Westbourne Grove North, W. Bayswater,
March 17th, 1862.

Sir,—Seeing in a leading article of the *Times* last Saturday, that you have a means of testing the table movements at spiritual *séances*, I venture to leave this note, asking as a favour that you will allow our small circle (three in number) to sit in your presence, either at our residence or your own, yourself joining it or not as you think fit. My object, indeed I may say *our* object, is to ascertain by the strict scrutiny of competent judges of magnetic forces, the verification of the communications, undoubtedly made to us, as being of a spiritual nature or otherwise. Until this last six months we were Tyros in matters of this kind, but our experiences since then, have been (to us at least) so surprising, that I have kept a list of them, which at some time will be interesting for perusal. I beg to say we are not connected in any way with the recognized mediums, and sincerely hoping you will give your consent for our sitting as before mentioned.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
THOMAS SHERRATT, Junr.

M. Faraday, Esq., F.R.S., &c., &c.

P.S.—Our circle consists (with myself), of my sister (the medium), and her husband.

Mr. Faraday's compliments to Mr. Sherratt—he refers him to the *Times* of June 30th, 1853, and to the *Athenæum* of July 2nd, 1853, for the method he employed for the investigation of table motions. He has no intention of returning to the subject. 17th March, 1862.

9, Westmoreland Place,
Westbourne Grove North, Bayswater,
31st October, 1864.

Sir,—I wrote to you some two-and-a-half years since about certain manifestations which had occurred to myself and relatives, of a kind generally known as of a spiritual character. I have been induced to keep an account of them, and the two numbers of the Magazine, which I take the liberty of inclosing, contain each a paper of mine on that subject. I would beg to call your attention more especially to that in No. 10, as being, as far as it goes, a result of our experiences; Magnetism being the means of producing them, but as that is a comprehensive word, I must leave others more skilled than myself therein, to define the

peculiar kind of production of those phenomena. Mr. T. J. Pettigrew, whom I have the pleasure of knowing, stated some time back in his *Obituary of the Associates of the British Archaeological Association*, that Mr. W. Newton (whom I also knew), had been, when young, a member with himself of a society formed for the investigation of scientific subjects and which had resulted in much good to all; and if I am rightly informed, you was also a member thereof. I hope, therefore, that you will look on the inclosed as an effort to follow in that direction, humble and distant though it be.

Allow me, with the greatest respect to remain, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

THOMAS SHERRATT.

Professor Faraday, F.R.S., &c., &c., &c.

1st November, 1864.

Sir,—I beg to thank you for your papers, but have wasted more thought and time on so-called spiritual manifestation than it has deserved; unless the spirits are utterly contemptible they will find means to draw my attention. How is it that *your name* is not signed to the testimony that you give? Are you doubtful even whilst you publish? I see no evidence that any natural or unnatural power is concerned in the phenomena, that required investigation or deserves it. *If I could insult the spirits* or move them to make themselves honestly manifest I would do it, but I cannot, and am weary of them.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

Thomas Sherratt, Esq.

M. FARADAY.

9, Westmoreland Place,
Westbourne Grove North, Bayswater,
3rd November, 1864.

Sir,—I have just had your letter, and trust you will pardon me for saying a few words in reply. I believe, Sir, that the power, spiritual or magnetic, or whatever it may be ultimately found to be (although from my experience of it, I believe it to be spiritual), would manifest itself to you, if you could be induced to sit at a *séance* with your mind prepared to do justice to any manifestations which might occur; it may be that you have sat, and possibly nothing occurred—as such things often happen to us—all I can say is, try again, and again, and you are sure to obtain them ultimately. Respecting my name not being in full to the papers in the Magazine, I beg to say that it is not customary in those publications to put the name in full. The editor, of course, knows me; and that particular Magazine has somewhat of a local status, it being undertaken by the

clerks of the Great-Western Railway Company. I am consequently well known to the majority of its readers. But besides that, I have inserted communications in the *Spiritual Magazine* and *Spiritual Times*, in several instances with my name and address in full. I am also a member of the Spirit Power Institute, and can assure you that in my own mind there are no doubts whatever of the nature of these manifestations. At the latter part of your letter you say if you could move the spirits to manifest, you would do so. I hope you will not be offended with me by again asking you *to sit*, depend upon it they *would* manifest themselves if you did so. Nay, more, you might possibly become a medium, as we term it, in which case all doubts would vanish from you as to the truth of these things; the grand point would then only be for a mind like yours to lead them into a proper channel. In conclusion, I must again ask your indulgence for thus intruding on your valuable time, but I also know the—or think I know the—importance of the subject on which I write, and that induces me to do so.

With my respects, I remain, Sir,
 Your most obedient Servant,
 Professor Faraday, F.R.S., &c. THOS. SHERRATT.

Royal Institution,

4th November, 1864.

Sir,—I beg to acknowledge your letter of the 3rd, but I am weary of the spirits—all hope of any useful result from investigation is gone; but as some persons still believe in them, and I continually receive letters, I must bring these communications to a close. Whenever the spirits can counteract gravity, or originate motion, or supply an action due to natural physical force, or counteract any such action,—whenever they can pinch or prick me, or affect my sense of feeling, or any other sense, or in any other way act on me without my waiting on them, or working in the light, can shew me a hand, either writing or not, or in any way make themselves visibly manifest to me,—whenever these things are done—or anything which a conjuror cannot do better—or, rising to higher proof,—whenever the spirits describe their own nature, and, like honest spirits, say what they can do; or pretending, as their reporters do, that they can act on ordinary matter,—whenever they initiate action, and so make *themselves* manifest,—whenever, by such like signs, they come to me, and ask my attention to them, I will give it; but until some of these things be done, I have no more time to spare for them or their believers, or for correspondence about them.

T. Sherratt, Esq.

I am, Sir, yours very truly,
 M. FARADAY.

9, Westmoreland Place,
Westbourne Grove North, Bayswater,
5th November, 1864.

Sir,—Permit me once more to reply to yours of this morning. I feel greatly honoured by the exposition of your views as to the utility of this spirit-power, and will briefly state what *I* have experienced, as in the cases of this kind, personal knowledge alone is reliable. 1. *This power can counteract gravity.*—I have repeatedly seen tables lifted from the floor, and kept suspended for some minutes, and, by an undulatory motion, keeping time to music: the hands of the sitters being on the top thereof, the room perfectly light. 2. *It can originate motion.*—I have seen a table move about a room without any person being near it, and this at my own residence. 3. *In supplying an action due to natural physical force, or counteracting it.*—I think this may be exemplified by the phrase called “Writing or Drawing Mediumship,” the hand being acted on without the knowledge by its possessor of its performance: in one instance, this has happened to myself. 4. *It can pinch or prick to my knowledge.* 5. *It can also affect the senses.*—I can testify to hearing, seeing, feeling. I do not know how these things can occur to your experience, unless you seek for them per *séance*; so far, therefore, you must *wait on them*. There are exceptions, however, to this rule, that is, when the person is a *medium*: in that case, they seek such person. I am not a medium, but my sister is. 6. *They can show their hands, &c.*—I have seen and been touched by them in several instances, and this in the daylight. There are works published, in which their nature, &c., are described. I beg to inclose a catalogue; and I can bear witness to the fact of *direct spirit-writing*. I have a specimen, written when I was at a *séance*. Of course, the before mentioned operations cease when the magnetic, or other force which called them into activity is lost. That, however, is the case with all applications of motive power. What I consider to be the defect of this power is, its non-reliability, as, for instance, say six persons hold a *séance*, and have communications; perhaps the next evening they hold another, and get nothing, and so on for a few times, when again comes the power with, probably, additional force; the conditions, both mental, bodily, and atmospheric, &c., being apparently the same. These are a few of the perplexities which only one like yourself can solve, that is, if you would induce yourself to do it. The only instance I am aware of, where the power seems continuous, is that of the Davenports, and although there is much in their manifestations open to criticism, yet having been to a *séance*, all my observations, combined with what I have seen in other instances, have

failed to cause me any doubts of their truth. I have written as much as the paper allows, as I know not whether I shall have the pleasure and honour again. You can always command my attention, my time, and with my best respects,

Sir, I am your most obedient Servant,
 Professor Faraday, F.R.S., &c. THOMAS SHERRATT.

Whilst we are on the subject, and to clear up once for all this Faraday question, we will reproduce some other specimens of his letter-writing of the same kind, asking in a derisive tone to see phenomena, which he might have seen any day by taking the ordinary means.

“ Royal Institution,
 “ 31st January, 1863.

“ Sir,—My opinion is in no way changed in character, but greatly strengthened. Nobody has ever been able to *shew me* the effect, therefore, I have no occasion to shew a cause. I do not believe those who say they have seen it. I doubt their competency to examine facts and evidence of facts, and think their statements as of no value for the cause of science and simple truth. When they can lift a table into the air in the presence of parties adverse to them in opinion, and can subject what they think can be done to strict and cross-examination, then it may be worth while to think about the cause.

“ Very truly yours,
 “ R. Cooper, Esq., “ M. FARADAY.
 “ Eastbourne.”

The following letter from the late Professor Faraday is later in date than the one given by Professor Tyndall as the last expression of his opinion, and it may be interesting to reprint it on that account, and to shew to what extent the same feeling of blind acerbity continued in his mind.

“ Royal Institution of Great Britain,
 “ 8th October, 1864.

“ Gentlemen,—I am obliged by your courteous invitation, but really have been so disappointed by the manifestations to which my notice has at different times been called, that I am not encouraged to give any more attention to them, *and therefore leave those to which you refer in the hands of the Professors of Legerdemain.*

“ If spirit communications, not utterly worthless, should happen to start into activity, I will trust the spirits to find out for themselves how they can move my attention. I am tired of them.

“ With thanks, I am, very truly yours,
 “ ‘The Brothers Davenport.’” “ M. FARADAY.

Professor Faraday as we have had occasion to shew was eminently unfortunate in his dealings with Spiritualism. The very meeting which he was asked to attend took place in the presence of the following gentlemen :—

Lord BURY, -	Messrs. J. W. KAYE,
Sir CHARLES NICHOLSON,	" J. A. BOSTOCK,
Sir JOHN GARDINER,	" W. J. RIDEOUT,
Sir C. LENNOX WYKE,	" ROBERT BELL,
Rev. E. H. NEWENHAM,	" J. N. MANGLES,
Rev. W. ELLIS,	" H. M. DUNPHY,
Capt. E. A. INGLEFIELD,	" W. TYLER SMITH, M.D.
Messrs. CHARLES READE,	" E. TYLER SMITH,
" JAMES MATTHEWS,	" T. L. COWARD,
" ALGERNON BORTHWICK,	" JOHN BROWN, M.D.
" J. WILLES,	" ROBT. CHAMBERS, LL.D., &c.
" H. E. ORMEROD,	" DION BOUCICAULT.

Mr. Dion Boucicault was constituted the reporter of the proceedings, and in a letter to the *Star* of the 12th October, 1864, occurs the following paragraph :—

At the termination of this *séance* a general conversation took place on the subject of what we had heard and witnessed. Lord Bury suggested that the general opinion seemed to be that we should assure the Brothers Davenport and Mr. W. Fay, that after a very stringent trial and strict scrutiny of their proceedings, the gentlemen present could arrive at no other conclusion than that there was no trace of trickery in any form, and certainly there were neither confederates nor machinery, and that all those who had witnessed the results would freely state in the society in which they moved that so far as their investigations enable them to form an opinion, the phenomena which had taken place in their presence were not the product of legerdemain. This suggestion was promptly acceded to by all present.

It was really unlucky for Professor Faraday to have *without investigation* left the phenomena "in the hands of the Professors of Legerdemain," as he did in his letter on the 8th October, and to find that on the 12th October, that 24 gentlemen of high reputation and ability should *after a careful investigation* agree to an unanimous resolution that "the phenomena were not the product of legerdemain.

Surely Mr. Tyndall will see cause to abate his admiration of Mr. Faraday's mode of treatment of this subject. We respect the memory of Faraday as a great man and a man who has rendered invaluable services to science. In this particular matter he was in fault from the beginning, and never could get himself righted from prejudice and error. Tyndall we also highly respect as a man of wide and most important directions, but still not of the highest. He is a great investigator; but he is more to blame because he has followed him into error with his eyes fixed on his example before him. It is a great blow to be thus confronted by the letter of Mr. Varley, written in his own mouth, and on which he has yet to be answered. We do not,

however, for the reasons we have given, care which way his opinion goes, for he can be no further use in this controversy. The opinion of a man who forms it without the necessary inquiry is of no value on either side of a controversy.

“ THE SPIRIT - RAPPERS.”

From the “ Weekly Dispatch,” May 10, 1868.

“ THE ‘ almighty ’ sovereign—is it not as supreme as the ‘ almighty dollar?’ Is the pursuit of wealth keener among the Americans than the British? Are there dirtier ways of grubbing and pot-licking in New York than in London? *Punch* hit the nail on the head when he made all Mincing-lane and Mark-lane, the Stock Exchange and Lloyd’s, take the side of Louis Philippe in the Revolution, and propose to give him a reception in his flight hither, until our men of business discovered that there was nothing in ‘ Mr. Smith’s ’ carpet-bag—that he was not nearly so rich as had been suspected. Our pictorial satirist depicted Bonus with *Times* in hand and the bristles on his bald head erect ‘ like quills upon the fretful porcupine,’ because he had been deceived in his Majesty—because Mr. Smith hadn’t five millions in the British funds after all! An ‘ adventurer!’—how we detest and despise him!—and what do we mean by the nick-name, but that merit and ability presume to aspire to distinction without a money qualification? Had Mr. Disraeli commanded the fortune of Lord Derby, how differently would the identical man have been regarded by public opinion!

“ The case of Lyon *versus* Home is already decided in the general estimation in conformity with this natural proclivity. We cannot bear that a fellow who has little of his own should be so lucky as to get £60,000 as a mere *pretium affectionis*. Nobody would care anything about the merits of the cause, but that it involves so much money. Envy and covetousness go hand in hand to set British public opinion against the beneficiary of such a windfall—chiefly because it is believed that he needs it, and because the supposed victim of his influence is a ‘ widow lady of large independent property.’ The British mind is so instinctively financial that it projects from its own consciousness very distinct and reverential ideas of thousands of pounds sterling. It does not philosophise upon the consideration that chance and fortune would equally justify their choice whether the money fell to the plaintiff or to the defendant. Probably, if the latter were wealthy already, the destination of the gift of Mrs. Lyon would be re-

garded as quite unexceptionable. The Scotch have a proverb 'The fat soo's aye fed.' Miss Burney makes Madam Duval leave none of her property to the poor Braughtons, but lavish it all on Evelina, who had too much already. To rain the shower of Danæ upon one who is supposed to stand in need of it—why everybody instinctively is jealous of a favour which might with greater propriety have been lavished, he thinks, on the more deserving individual who censures its misapplication.

"Mrs. Lyon, of illegitimate birth, has in law no relations, and, morally, no kindred ties. Left by her husband with £150,000, she hears of the marvels of spirit-rapping, and addresses two letters to Mr. Home, who answers neither. Be it observed, the defendant had not taken up the trade 'for the nonce.' He had proved the depth and earnestness of his own belief by the profession and practice of a quarter of a century, by manifestations which had kings, emperors and philosophers for their admiring and believing witnesses. In default of any encouragement, Mrs. Lyon obtrudes herself on the British Magus, and after a week's acquaintance, the old woman adopts the young man, and endows him with a son's portion. It is not, however, our intention to examine the details of the controversy as the subject of judicial decision, but to confine our observations to the single consideration on which, apparently, the decision of the Court will be made to turn.

"The real issue is this—whether the profession and the practice of spiritual communion and mediation refer to phenomena so obviously false and incredible that no sane person who avows faith in the manifestation can be other than a conscious impostor—whether the deception is so transparent and so gross that every professor must be a lying rogue and every believer a credulous dupe, scarcely to be regarded as capable of consent or of contracting. We take the strictly legal view of the question. If a verdict were to be returned, not according to our own assumptions, or *presumptione judicis seu hominis*, but according to the evidence, what would it be?

"We denounce as infidels all who cast doubts on miracles or inspiration. Spirit-raising pervades the whole of the Old Testament; every writer of the New devoutly believes in it—in lying spirits—in spirits that would deceive even the elect. It is the undoubting belief of every nation in the world, savage and civilised. Four hundred millions of Chinese have been familiar with mesmerism, spirit-rapping, mediums, for thousands of years. Socrates had his demon; Plato was a spiritualist; Sir Thomas More punished witchcraft; Bacon, James the First, tortured old women for riding in the air on a broomstick. In Germany, the Baltic States, England, and America, there are hundreds of

thousands of persons of education, astute wordlings, judges on the bench, physicians and divines who are Swedenborgians, to whom the invisible world is more populous, busy and real than the 'thick rotundity' on which they stand. Hepworth Dixon, after careful inquiry, reckons the spiritualists at four millions in the United States. After several *séances* attended with the most vigilant experimental observation, one of our most acute writers declared of Mr. Home, 'I have seen that which I would not have believed upon the testimony of anybody else, and which I could ask anybody to credit on mine.' It consists with our personal knowledge that British statesmen—Cabinet Ministers of both parties—entirely believe in the reality of the phenomena while unable to account for them—and in this they are kept in countenance by foreign Sovereigns and Ministers of State. Nay, there are many of our clergy who admit the preternatural character of the phenomena and attribute them to satanic agency, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mary and William Howitt, many of the most eminent authors of America, have the most undoubting faith in all that Mr. Home professes. Why, then, is it to be assumed, against all the evidence of truthful and intelligent witnesses, that in the words of Mr. W. M. James, Home alone is 'an adventurer?' What is his warrant for putting the case thus:—

"The question to be considered is, was this lady the victim of a gross imposition? Was this lady the subject of influence unduly obtained, and most unscrupulously exercised? I say, upon the materials before you, you can come to no other conclusion, and your Honor will make a decree which will fully restore to this lady the enormous amount of fortune which she has been deprived of, and which will protect the public against a new and dangerous fraud.'

"We like fair play. We do *not* like the world to blow hot and cold. We excommunicate as *anathema maranatha*, as heathen men and publicans, the most educated, pure-minded pious men, lights and dignitaries of the Church, who presume to throw the slightest doubt on the preternatural reality of miraculous legends; and yet we will not so much as tolerate an argument on the assumption of the verity of phenomena passing before the world of life, simply because they seem to be unaccountable except by 'metaphysical aid,' although they are avouched by a far heavier weight of living testimony of millions of persons educated and enlightened—emperors, kings, ministers of state, men of science, philosophers, judges on the bench, and statesmen in the cabinet. We do not desire that there should be left any doubt of the state of our own mind in reference to these wonders. We have not the least faith in them. We

believe them to be illusory. But how can those who, in the face of such testimony, scout the whole averments as inherently and *a priori* incredible, presume to denounce as infidels, and persecute as soul-destroying and God-denying sceptics, those who claim to examine and judge of narratives embodying the like agencies?"

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—The long-mooted question of Professor Faraday's alleged refusal to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism, seems to have been now finally settled by what appears in Sir J. Emerson Tennent's letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, dated 22nd May, in which he distinctly says, that Faraday "Spent some time in an unsatisfactory search for some physical principle to which such phenomena might be referable," and that he was "unable to discern any."

This being so, it is difficult to see upon what grounds Professor Tyndall can hope for better success; and considering the ample proofs repeatedly and publicly given, that these phenomena are not the result of contrivance (although some evil disposed persons have in this as in other branches of inquiry), occasionally, nay frequently, prostituted truth for the sake of gain or notoriety. The only real benefit that men of science can hope to confer by their investigation of this subject, is to set aside their prejudices, and proceed as Newton did in investigating the moon's motion; namely, by what Professor De Morgan calls the "Development of one of the most outrageous ideas that ever was conceived, and trying how its consequences worked." This "outrageous idea" proved, however, to be the actual truth, and to it we are indebted for the means of finding the longitude by observation.

Doubtless, the first advocates of this idea were stigmatized as lunatics, just as modern Spiritualists now are; but truth will prevail in spite of flippant denunciation and ridicule.

Your obedient Servant,
A. B. T.

A CHALLENGE.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I have taken no part in the recent controversy induced by Professor Tyndall's letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as I could not have added strength to the admirable manner in which you, Mr. Varley, and others have handled the subject. I know, however, of two well-qualified gentlemen, who wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, one a Doctor of Divinity, giving some personal experiences which I think would have been interesting to the public and damaging to the opponents of Spiritualism, but the Editor declined to publish them.

I now write to say that I am authorized by a spiritual message, to invite any two men of known scientific acquirements who are not committed for or against Spiritualism (which of course excludes Mr. Tyndall), to attend a *séance* at which I should invite the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and two of my own friends, thus limiting the party to six persons exclusive of the "medium." The only conditions being that the names of the party and the facts they may witness (in broad daylight) shall be published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Should my challenge be accepted I will inform you of the result.

Upper Norwood, June, 1868.

Your obedient Servant,
BENJ. COLEMAN.

STRANGE MANIFESTATIONS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—But very recently I came to Swindon, sceptical in respect to Spiritualism, with its manifestations and phenomena, as displayed in "*table-turning*," "*tipping*," "*rapping*," &c. I was, however, invited to the residence of Rev. F. R. Young, to witness a *séance*, where at the bidding of the spirits I was permitted to join the circle.

What I then saw appeared to me marvellous, if not incredible. Had not my faith in the sanity and the respectability of the persons then present been well founded, I should have viewed the whole thing as the result of imposture, which, to believe otherwise, would be utter infatuity, if not madness.

On my return home, I sat down with two other persons, who, like myself, were desirous of testing the invisibles, and formed a circle. Scarcely had we taken our places at the table before we were made conscious that spirits were present. The one that communicated with us had been in the spirit-world since 1849, but a scholar in my Sunday-school when in the flesh. In answer to questions, she detailed most minutely particulars relating to her own family and mine. The number of persons present at the services at Blackburn, the name of the preacher, and the absence of my wife from the congregation on that day, which was subsequently confirmed by letters received on the day following. In order that we might not be deceived, we asked for some other demonstrations, which it is in the power of these 'invisibles' to present.

Having received a promise from her that she would meet us again that day week, we dismissed her for the night. I ought to say, the demonstration we asked was a present of flowers, and on that day week I received bouquets from no less than 40 hands, the exact number of spirits counted out to us as occupying the room. True to her appointment, at the hour of ten we were made conscious of her presence, by tips on the table, when I asked for flowers; but was answered, by sundry tips, that I had received them. Not thinking this sufficient demonstration, I demanded more, and was bid to wait in darkness. Presently there came the odour of flowers of the sweetest perfume—a tingling sensation was felt at my fingers, and immediately I seemed whirled round with the rapidity of lightning, and before me were presented the most beautiful exotics. The person sitting next to me had a faint sense of their odours, as well as of the trance-like state into which I had fallen. The person opposite to me felt the vibrations of the table and its oscillatory movements, which he described, as "*standing and moving upon nothing*." This sensation over, I enquired if there was any special message in those flowers? I was answered by a "Yes," naming as many of the flowers as were presented to me by spirit agency; and of the names of those which had been received that day, I found that, in the language of flowers, they symbolized one thought.

I do not know if such manifestations as these are common with spirit-mediums; but to me it is a most extraordinary sensation and phenomenon, and has done much towards removing the doubts existing in my own mind, and quite confirmed the faith of those who sat beside me. Last night, a sitting was held, when a humorous spirit suggested that one of the ladies present might have a ride on the table, which she accordingly mounted. The table made a circuit round the room, when the lady suggested that she should be tipped like a load of bricks. To this request, the table tilted with a clashing noise, to the terror and dismay of its owner, but which, on examination, was found perfectly uninjured.

You are at liberty to make what use you think of this. If it serves the cause of Spiritualism to detail experiences, these are mine; and I shall be happy in communicating to you or to others future results of my inquiry.

W. BANKS.

Brunel Cottage, New Swindon, Wilts,
May 12th, 1868.



THE
Spiritual Magazine.

AUGUST, 1868.

EVIDENCES OF SPIRITUALISM IN MODERN
WORKS OF HISTORY AND LITERATURE.

PART III.

BUONAPARTE'S INTERVIEW WITH THE RED MAN.

“ AFTER the retreat of Napoleon I. across the Rhine, and his return to his capital, a visible change was observed in his habits and his conduct. Instead of wearing that livery of woe for the discomfiture of his plans of ambition, and the loss of his second grand army, he dismissed his usual thoughtfulness, smiles played on his lips, and cheerfulness sate on his brow. His manner became light and easy, and his conversation lively. Business seemed to have lost its charms for him; he sought for amusement and pleasure. Balls and entertainments succeeded each other, and the Parisians began to fancy that either Buonaparte was certain of making an advantageous peace with the Allies whenever he thought proper, or was convinced that his downfall was at hand, and, therefore, wished to spend the last weeks of his imperial dignity in enjoyment and ease. Another conscription had been ordered, and the legislative body had been dismissed; but these were signs of his existence, not of his activity. He remained busied in pleasure whilst the invaders crossed the Rhine, and, rapidly approaching Paris, threatened to destroy at once his throne and the metropolis. On a sudden his conduct experienced a second change; his face resumed its deep and habitual thoughtful gloom; his attention was engrossed by the cares due to his armies, and every day witnessed new reviews of regiments on the Place du Carrousel. Sleep could no longer seal his wakeful eyes; and his wonted activity, in which no other mortal, perhaps, ever equalled him, was displayed with more

energy than ever. All the time that he could spare from his armies and his cabinet he bestowed upon his state council. So striking an opposition between his present and his past conduct could not fail to excite a powerful agitation in the minds of the Parisians, and to make them strive to trace up a change so abrupt in the manners of their Emperor to its true cause. Precisely at this time, to the still greater astonishment of the whole city, the report of an interview of Napoleon with his genius, under the shape of a mysterious Red Man, transpired.

“ On the 1st of January, 1814, early in the morning, Napoleon shut himself up in his cabinet: bidding Count Molé, then Counsellor of State, and since made Grand Judge of the Empire, to remain in the next room, and to hinder any one troubling him, whilst he was occupied in his cabinet. He looked more thoughtful than usual. He had not long retired to his study, when a tall man, dressed all in red, applied to Molé, stating that he wanted to speak to the Emperor. He was assured that it was not possible. ‘ I must speak to him,’ he said, ‘ Go and tell him that it is the Red Man who wants him, and he will admit me.’” Awed by the imperious and commanding tone of that personage, Molé obeyed reluctantly; and trembling, executed his dangerous errand. ‘ Let him in,’ said Buonaparte, sternly.

“ Prompted by curiosity, Molé listened at the door, and overheard the following curious conversation:—The Red Man said, ‘ This is my third appearance before you. The first time we met was in Egypt, at the Battle of the Pyramids. The second, after the Battle of Wagram. I then granted you four years more to terminate the conquest of Europe, or to make a general peace, threatening you, that if you did not perform one of these two things I would withdraw my protection from you. Now I am come, for the third and last time, to warn you that you have now but three months to complete the execution of your designs, or to comply with the proposals of peace offered you by the Allies. If you do not achieve the one, or accede to the other, all will be over with you—so remember it well.’

“ Napoleon then expostulated with him to obtain more time, on the plea that it was impossible, in so short a space, to reconquer what he had lost, or to make peace on honourable terms. He opened the door—the Emperor followed, entreating him, but to no purpose; the Red Man would not stop any longer; he went away, casting on his Imperial Majesty a contemptuous look, and repeating, in a stern voice—‘ Three months, no longer!’

“ Napoleon made no reply, but his fiery eyes darted fury; and he returned sullenly into his cabinet, which he did not leave the whole day.

“Such were the reports spread in Paris three months before the fall of Napoleon Buonaparte, where they caused an unusual sensation, and created a belief that he had dealings with infernal spirits, and was bound to fulfil their will, or perish. What is more remarkable is, that in three months, the last wonderful events justified the Red Man’s words completely. More unfortunate than Cæsar, or Henry IV. of France, these presages did but fulfil his ruin, and not his death.

“Who the Red Man really was, has never been known; but that such a person obtained an interview with him, seems to have been placed beyond a doubt. Even the French papers, when Buonaparte was deposed, recurred to the fact, and remarked, that his mysterious visitant’s prophetic threat had been accomplished.”—*Gentleman’s Magazine*, Vol. LXXXV., Part 1, p. 122.

THE DEATH OF LORD LYTTTELTON AS FORESHOWN HIM.

In the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, Vol. LXXXV., Part 1, p. 597, occurs the following account, taken from a London paper:—“The death of the celebrated and erudite Lord Lyttelton, from the singularity of the circumstances, cannot fail to live in the memory of those who heard it. He professed to have been warned of his death, and the time thereof, as follows:—About a week before he died, he said, he went to bed pretty well, but restless. Soon after his servant had left him, he heard a footstep at the bottom of his bed. He raised himself in order to see what it could be, when one of the most angelic female figures that imagination could possibly paint presented itself before him, and, with a commanding voice and action, bade him attend, and prepare himself; for on such a night, and at the hour of twelve, he would surely die! He attempted to address the vision, but was unable; and the ghost vanished, and left him in a state more easily believed than could be described. His valet found him in the morning more dead than alive; and it was some hours before he could be sufficiently recovered to send for his physician. He thought it necessary to communicate the circumstance. Mr. Miles Peter Andrews was present for, being at that time one of his most intimate friends, he endeavoured to put it into ridicule, all knowing him to be a superstitious man, and tried to make him believe that they themselves certainly could not be deceived. He invited his house with company, and afterwards he would wish him. Mr. M. P. Andrews

him to Dartford, and therefore soon took his leave, thinking Lord Lyttelton quite composed on this subject, so that his friend's dream dwelt so little on his imagination that he did not even recollect the time when it was predicted that the great event would take place. One night after he left Pitt Place, the residence of Lord Lyttelton, he supposed that he might have been in bed half-an-hour, when, endeavouring to compose himself, suddenly his curtains were pulled open, and Lord Lyttelton appeared before him at his bedside, standing in his *robe de chambre*, and his night cap. Mr. Andrews looked at him some time, and thought it so odd a freak of his friend, that he began to reproach him for his folly, in coming down to Dartford Mills without notice, as he could find no accommodation. "However," he said, "I'll get up and see what can be done. He turned to the other side of the bed, and rang the bell, when Lord Lyttelton disappeared. Mr. Andrews's servant soon after entered, when his master inquired, "Where is Lord Lyttelton?" The servant, all amazement, declared he had not seen anything of his lordship since they left Pitt Place. "Pshaw! you fool," replied Mr. Andrews, "he was here this moment at my bedside." The servant persisted that it was not possible. Mr. Andrews dressed himself, and with the servants, searched every part of the house and garden; but no Lord Lyttelton could be found. Still, Mr. Andrews could not help believing that Lord Lyttelton had played him this trick, for his disbelief of the vision, till about four o'clock the same day, an express arrived to inform him of Lord Lyttelton's death, and the manner of it, by a friend who was present, and gave the following particular account of it:—

That, on the morning before Lord Lyttelton died, he entered the breakfast room between ten and eleven o'clock; appeared rather thoughtful, and did not answer any enquiries made by his friends after his health, &c. At dinner, he seemed much better, and when the cloth was taken away, he exclaimed "Richard's himself again!" but as night came on, the gloom of the morning returned. However, as this was the predicted night of dissolution, his friends agreed that it would be right to alter the clocks and watches in the house. This was managed by the steward, without Lord Lyttelton's suspecting anything of it; his own watch, which lay on the dressing-table, being altered by his valet. During the evening, they got him into some pleasant discussion, in which he distinguished himself with peculiar wit and pleasantry. At half-past eleven, as he conceived it, from the alteration of the clocks—but it was only eleven—he said he was tired, and would retire to bed; bid them a good night, and left all delighted with his calm appearance. During the day, not the least hint was given by any one to him of the dream; but, of

course, as soon as he had withdrawn, the conversation instantly turned upon it. The discourse continued till nearly twelve o'clock, when the door being hastily opened, Lord Lyttelton's valet entered, pale as death, crying out, "My lord is dying!" His friends flew to his bedside; but he expired before they all could assemble round him.

Lord Lyttelton's valet gave to them the following statement:—"That Lord Lyttelton made his usual preparations for bed; that he kept every now and then looking at his watch; that when he got into bed, he ordered his curtains to be closed at the foot. It was now within a minute or two of *twelve* by his watch; he asked to look at mine, and seemed pleased to find it keep time nearly with his own. His lordship then put them both to his ear to satisfy himself that they went. When it was more than a quarter after twelve by our watches, he said, 'This mysterious lady is not a true prophetess, I find.' When it was near the real hour of twelve, he said, 'Come; I'll wait no longer—get me my medicine; I'll take it, and try to sleep.' I just stepped into the dressing-room to prepare the physic, and had mixed it, when I thought I heard my lord breathing very hard. I ran to him, and found him in the agonies of death."

A FURTHER ACCOUNT.

In Vol. LXXXV., Part 2, p. 408, a correspondent gives us the date of this extraordinary event, saying:—"It appears that he died suddenly late at night on Saturday, November 27, 1779, in the 35th year of his age." In consequence of a desire for more information on the subject, a gentleman, signing himself only "M. J.," writes as follows in Vol. LXXXVI., Part 2, p. 421:—"Your correspondent, 'T. S.' Vol. LXXXV., Part 2, p. 408, mentions the marvellous account of Lord Lyttelton's death, and wishes to see it authenticated. Having bought Pitt Place, where he died, I can give the following copy of a document in writing left in the house, a heir-loom, which may be depended upon.

"Lord Lyttelton's Dream and Death (see *Admiral Wolsely's* account). I was at Pitt Place, London, when Lord Lyttelton died. Lord Fortescue, Lady Flood, and the two Miss Amphletts, were also present. Lord Lyttelton had not been long returned from Ireland, and frequently had been seized with suffocating fits. He was attacked several times in the course of the preceding month. While in his house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, he dreamt the night before his death he saw a bird fluttering, and afterwards a woman appeared in white apparel, and said, 'Prepare thyself, for thou shalt not exist three

days.' He was alarmed, and called his servant, who found him much agitated, and in a profuse perspiration. This had a visible effect the next day on his spirits. On the third day, whilst at breakfast with the above-mentioned persons, he said, 'I have jockeyed the ghost; as this is the third day.' The whole party set off to Pitt Place. They had not long arrived, when he was seized with a usual fit: soon recovered; dined at five; to bed at eleven. His servant, about to give him rhubarb and mint-water, stirred it with a toothpick, which Lord Lyttelton perceiving, called him a slovenly dog, and bade him bring a spoon. On the servant's return he was in a fit. The pillow being high, his chin bore hard on his neck. Instead of relieving him, he ran for help, and on his return found him dead.

"In *Boswell's Johnson*, Vol. IV., p. 213, Dr. Johnson said, 'It is the most extraordinary occurrence in my days. I heard it from Lord Westcote, his uncle. I am so glad to have evidence of the spiritual world, that I am willing to believe it.' Dr. Adams replied, 'You have evidence enough, good evidence, which needs no support. T. J.'"

Many, and extraordinary efforts have been made to get rid of this most circumstantial account of a spiritual apparition, and exactly fulfilled prophecy. It has been termed a fabrication, and the vision, a mere empty vision. The two accounts here given vary in some particulars. In the first it is said that he saw the apparition; in the second, that he dreamed the thing three times, of a fluttering bird, and of a woman in white. But the last account found in the house would seem to have been one written down from the talk of the servants. It is not consistent in itself. It talks of dreams, and yet makes Lord Lyttelton say he had jockeyed the ghost. The first account, which is that of the friends present is consistent and best authenticated. We have not only the ghost appearing to Lord Lyttelton, and all the endeavours on the fatal day by his friends to divert his mind from the subject, but we have the appearance of the ghost of Lord Lyttelton appearing immediately on his death to his friend Mr. Andrews, at Dartford Mills. It has been urged again that Lord Lyttelton was an invalid, was subject to fits, and might go at any time, but this in no way accounts for his going at the precise time announced by the spirit, although Lord Lyttelton had in imagination been carried over the fated hour by the alteration of the clocks and watches unknown to him. Again, it has been boldly asserted by sceptics that it was no doubt a case of suicide by poison, and that Lord Lyttelton only wanted to go out of the world in a manner to produce a great sensation. All this is sheer assumption, without a tittle of evidence or probability.

The account is as strongly attested as any fact in human life can be.

This Lord Lyttelton was the third lord. He was the son of the celebrated Lord Lyttelton, the author of a valuable and learned *History of Henry II.*; of *Dialogues of the Dead*, a popular and amusing work; *Observations on the Conversion of the Apostle Paul*, the result of studies in middle life, by which he had been converted from scepticism to a sincere Christian faith; and other works both prose and poetical. His son, to whom this remarkable manifestation was given, was also a man of great abilities and acquirements, but who had wasted and debased his endowments by a profligate life. Nervous, and out of health, he was just the man to be open to spiritual influences.

LETTERS FROM THE DECEASED.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1815 has the following statement, which facts of a like kind having occurred recently, under the most undoubted proof, render much more probable than it could appear at the time that it was written. The numerous specimens of spirit-writing possessed by Baron Guldenstubbe, and the letters written by the deceased wife of the New York banker, published by Mr. Coleman in this Magazine, are precisely of the same character. "The following most singular and extraordinary narrative has arrested the attention of the higher circles; its verification is not within our cognizance:—A distinguished foreigner, resident in this country, and intimately connected with Vienna, has been privately informed that, during the armistice, letters purporting to be letters from the late Queen of France had been secretly transmitted to the Emperor of Austria, in which the deceased invoked his imperial majesty most seriously to remember the sacred obligations of affection and consanguinity which had existed between them, and never to forget the inhuman and unexampled cruelties inflicted on herself and on her family; to be no longer a participator in murder, tyranny, and rapine. The awful crisis had arrived; his own happiness, here and hereafter, depended on his decision. These letters were short, impressive, and succinct, written in a handwriting which, when compared with the Queen's, was a perfect fac-simile; the impression on the paper was the same she used in correspondence with her husband. To increase the appearance of supernatural agency, the letters were found during the night in a mysterious manner, and after the most diligent inquiry and research. The Emperor paid a marked attention to their contents, and gradually became more and more restless, when he was addressed finally, and informed

in the most minute way of his own wretchedness and feelings; that his remedy was in his own hands; that, by joining the Allies, he would rescue Germany and save himself, and in two years regain his original title, and all his ceded dominions."—Vol. LXXXV., Part 1, p. 598.

DREAM FULFILLED.

In the same volume, p. 599, this statement is given:—"An elderly man, of the name of Williams, of the parish of Cury, whilst walking on the road, suddenly fell down, and expired. A remarkable circumstance connected with this awful event is that his daughter, who resides in Helston, dreamed on the preceding night that her father was dead; and on the arrival of a messenger to inform her of the melancholy tidings, she exclaimed, "I know your errand: my father is dead!"

THE OBI OF THE NEGROES.

Mr. Bryant, in his "Ancient Mythology," tells us that the symbolical worship of the Serpent was of the most remote antiquity, and very extensive, and that the Greek *Python* is the same as Opis, Aupis, Oub, and Ob. The woman at Endor, who had a familiar spirit, is called Oub or Ob; and it is interpreted Pythonissa. Moses, in Deuteronomy xviii. 11, forbids the Israelites even to inquire of those demons. The worshippers of Ob and Idcone were called charmers, necromancers, wizards, &c.; and it is a curious coincidence that the witchcraft practised by the blacks in the West Indies at this day is called Ob or Obi: and the negroes have a profound dread of those who exercise this art. A dramatic piece, called *Obi; or, Three-fingered Jack*, was founded on this belief and practice. The fact of the name and practice of Ob having descended from the most ancient times of Asia, to the present tribes of Africa, is a proof of the indestructible nature of these powers which were familiar to the primitive times and races.

DIVINING ROD.

Dr. Hutton in his *Recreations in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy*, says, "There is a peculiar property, it would appear, residing in some constitutions, which enables the possessor upon taking a hazel, or some other twig, to discover a spring beneath the surface of the earth. Upon the arrival of the person endowed with this faculty, upon a spot where water is to be found, the twig will be found to twist itself in the hand. Upon a bridge,

or in a boat, no effect is produced, the water must be under ground to produce the phenomenon." Dr. Hutton gives an account of a lady who, in consequence of an article in a former edition of his translation of Montucla, sent a message to him offering to shew an instance of this extraordinary faculty in her own person.

A Mr. John R. Lucas of Backwell Hill, Somersetshire, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LXXXIX, Part 2, p. 132, says:—"About seven years ago I was building a house upon a hill of limestone, where there was little probability of getting a spring of water; and a farmer having just left me, with whom I was in treaty for the purchase of a piece of land, my bailiff observed that the farmer was celebrated as a famous dewster, and could find out a spring of water if there was one. I asked him what was meant by a "dewster?" He replied one who, by using a rod of twig, could find out water.

"On this, the farmer was called back, and asked to try to find water. He took a rod of hazel, which he held in both hands, and bent like a bow. With this traversing the ground, he soon mentioned a spot where there was water, or *goods*, by which he explained that he meant ore, or *lapis calimmaris*, ore of zinc. The gentleman also tried, and soon felt a pressure on the rod, whenever he came to a particular spot. They dug down there, and soon came to old workings of lead ore, but there was no water; nor does it appear that they found water on the place. The farmer said that the rod was constantly used on the Mendip Hills to find out veins of calamy, *lapis calimmaris*. He said also that a steel rod would answer."

Another writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the same volume, p. 215, confirms the account of this power. He says the hazel should be fresh, as in winter it is dry and inflexible; that apple or other rough-barked rods would not answer, and that it is an error to suppose that the rod does not answer at, or on a bridge. He speaks of the twig being used on a bridge; but his account of this twisting is by no means

PRINCE HOHN

It appears that a Miss O'Connor, of Newhall, near Chelmsford, applied to a Dr. Badely, who published a case, in the same year, 1823, but that the true operating cause was faith and confidence." Howbeit, the regular practitioners see the

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confidence," they don't manage to inspire it? If faith and confidence cure when everything else fails, they must, of course, be the best of all medicines; and the faculty should, as a matter of course, use the best medicines.

ARGUMENTS AGAINST NEW IDEAS.

Amongst the numerous examples which history affords, and many of which have been brought forward from time to time, of the absurd arguments against new ideas, we may admit the following:—

At p. 73, Vol. XCIV., Part 1, of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, it is said:—"The science of phrenology is not likely to be long in fashion." That was 43 years ago, and phrenology is still in fashion, and much stronger than ever. In this and other journals of that period the jubilations over the folly of phrenology were more rampant and ridiculous than they are to-day over Spiritualism. In the same volume and same year, p. 512, there is a paper very argumentatively shewing the folly of railways, and treating Thomas Gray, the great advocate of them, as almost as much of a dreaming enthusiast as our contemporary clever fellows treat Spiritualists. The writer gravely asks, "Can he imagine that his scheme would be carried without affecting the interests of that numerous class of persons engaged in the present system of travelling, including coach-makers, harness-makers, with the manufacturers and workers of all the materials and implements necessary for these trades; the coachmasters, coachmen, innkeepers, horse-breeders, horse-dealers; the growers of beans, oats, hay, and all other food for horses? Will all these incalculable members stand still, and see their means of subsistence taken from them, by a system of general steam-engines, without one cry of complaint, one feeling of objection? Does the advocate of this novel scheme imagine that the immense demand for useful land, which a general railroad must occasion would excite no objection on the part of Government; none on the part of noblemen and country gentlemen, the beauty and comfort of whose estates would be destroyed by it? Is he aware of the smoke and the noise; the hiss and the whirl which his locomotive requires, passing along at the rate of 10 or 12 miles an hour, would occasion? That neither the cattle ploughing the fields, or grazing in the meadows, could behold them without dismay; and would leaseholders and tenants, agriculturists, graziers and dairymen, have no cause for complaint on that score?"

This is a fine specimen of arguing against the inevitable. Not all these obstacles enumerated, nor others, such as the enormous price to which it would raise iron, and the destruction

of innumerable interests not particularized, to which he was sure Parliament would never consent, availed. He concluded with denouncing railways, as "the greatest nuisance, the most complete disturbance of quiet and comfort in all parts of the kingdom, that the ingenuity of man could invent."

And yet, in that very month, it was announced in the same journal that a company was formed for constructing a railway between Manchester and Liverpool, the capital to be £400,000, in 4,000 shares at £100 each. That another company was established for making railways from London to different towns in Kent, capital One million, in 10,000 shares, £100 each. That another was to be made between Edinburgh and Glasgow. In the same place it is stated that Thomas Gray was still petitioning the Corporation of London for their countenance to a general system of iron railways, which, amongst other advantages, should carry the mails from London to Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds, in twelve hours, and to Glasgow and Edinburgh in twenty-four. So that up to the very moment when Thomas Gray's mighty scheme was actually becoming a reality, though he had been termed a Bedlamite for advocating it, there were people treating railways at once as a chimæra and a nuisance.

CURIOUS FACTS IN WITCHCRAFT CASES.

In the proceedings in these cases many facts occur which the psychologic experiences of to-day shew to have been real phenomena. In a case brought before the assizes at Chard, in 1658, in which one Jane Brooks, of Shepton Mallet, was accused of bewitching a boy, named James, by striking him and giving him an apple, this took place. One of the Justices, to prevent any possibility of legerdemain, caused all to stand away from the boy, and then the magistrate himself held him. On various occasions he went stiff, and appeared as lifeless as a corpse. On some women coming near him, he had suddenly become speechless, and remained so till they went away. On Jane Brooks coming near him he fell down and became perfectly cataleptic; but on her touching him, no one else had any effect on him, he would instantly rise and start forward. The Justice now had him blindfolded, and called on all to touch him, but motioned others which two or three successively did, but without effect. The Justice then called on the boy's father to touch him, but he refused. It was arranged that when he made the trial, he should be brought in by one Geoffrey Str. The boy instantly upon

he was afterwards touched by other persons without the least effect, but on Jane Brooks again touching him, he started and sprang out twice or thrice as before.

On this trial a man and his wife deposed that the boy being in the presence of Jane Brooks and another woman, in the garden, and only a few yards from the deponents, he rose from the ground before them, and mounted higher and higher, till he passed into the air and over the garden wall, and so was carried for about 30 yards, falling at the door of one Jordan, and lying for some time as dead. After Brooks and the other women were sent to prison, the boy was free from his attacks; Jane Brooks was condemned and executed for a witch. It is clear enough now that the boy was a very sensitive medium, and that Jane Brooks was another medium, who, by her peculiar magnetic power could throw him into a state of catalepsy or release him from it by her presence or touch. For the possession of the power which now merely affords an universal amusement, the Davenports, Home, Mrs. Guppy, and hundreds of others would in that day have swung from a gibbet, or been burnt at a stake, instead of presiding at curious *séances*.

Another woman, named Elizabeth Styles, who was also condemned as a witch, was declared by a number of respectable witnesses, when in her strange fits, so strong that though held down in her chair by four or five persons by the arms, legs and shoulders, she would be raised out of her chair four or five feet high, spite of all efforts to keep her down, and have her body stretched out and elongated far beyond her natural length. Some persons deposed that, when so stretched out, she appeared to have holes in her body, or rents, as if it were being torn asunder, but that afterwards her body immediately resumed its normal condition. Persons attending mesmeric lectures must have seen cases where no force could resist the efforts of subjects under manipulation. Making ample allowance, therefore, for all the extravagant evidence which people under the influence of fear and amazement gave in witch trials, the experiences of modern mesmeric and spiritual science are sufficient to prove that the phenomena of witchcraft were no delusion, and only the ignorance of the age could have attached a deadly penalty to the exercise of a mere natural power. In another trial—that of Alice Elgar at Salisbury in 1643—a gentleman of Malmesbury, a Mr. Bartholomew, gave evidence against a widow Orchard, who, having asked an alms at his house, and being refused, went away menacing revenge. Immediately a great cypress chest which stood in a chamber over the room where he was entertaining company was lifted up and fell so that it shook the whole house. Immediately they heard great cracks and the jingling of money.

There was upwards of £200 in the chest. Mr. Bartholomew, believing his chest broken into, hearing of the threats of Mrs. Orchard, hastened after her. On reaching the house, he found her door locked, but she looked out of her chamber window, and being accused by him of robbing his chest, replied that it was false; that the chest was not broken open, only the nails drawn, and that not a penny of his money was gone. On returning, and going up to examine the chest, he found the nails drawn as Orchard had stated, and the money out of the bags, but none missing; the lock, however, was filled with gold coins, and some of them so bent and crushed in amongst the wards that they could not be removed without considerable force. This poor woman was condemned and executed at Salisbury on this and similar charges; yet the power she exercised was by no means more wonderful than such as was exhibited day after day at Hanover Square Rooms, and since all over Europe by the Davenportes.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1832, we have the form of a license given by the Bishop of Gloucester, from his spiritual court, in the year 1743, to Mrs. Anne Smithies, of Lavenham, in Suffolk, for curing the king's evil by touch. This license was granted on evidence that Mrs. Smithies had already cured great numbers of persons by such means. This is on a par with bishops licensing clergymen to preach the gospel, when they have already declared that they were moved thereto by the Holy Ghost: the Holy Ghost being thus practically declared, by the Church of England, subject to bishops; not bishops to the Holy Ghost!

Here we close these curious extracts, or rather they are closed for us by the later editors of this journal, who, in the imagined enlightenment of the 19th century, had come to the conclusion that all such things as ghosts, hauntings, presentiments, and the phenomenon termed witchcraft, were altogether sheer delusion, and therefore rigidly shut out any further statements of this nature. Let us be thankful that it has not been in the power of either philosophy, so-called, or literary editorship, or the sneers of shallow sciolists, to repress the eternal forces of nature, which, issuing from this source—the invisible world—have continued to operate on this physical world, and, dispersing or despising the delusions of science itself, have led to a higher grade of science, and taken the last sting from the cruelties of law perpetrated by judicial ignorance on poverty and decrepitude.

QUESTIONS AND IMPROMPTU ANSWERS.

By MISS HARDINGE.

Question.—Is faith necessary in order to acquire knowledge?

Answer.—Faith is knowledge: the soul's knowledge of that which the intellect, the reason, the judgment—that is to say, the external or human sense whose cumulative powers are intellect, reason, sense and judgment, have not reached—that, I say, is the soul's knowledge, which the external mind has not attained to. Our souls are wiser than we know of; the attributes of our spirits are mightier far, than their exhibition through the mere external mask of the body. Hence, when the soul intuitively appreciates any knowledge, or forms any conception of truth which it has not acquired through any of the external or ordinary channels of information common to man and called knowledge, that is faith. Is faith then necessary to knowledge? To what kind of knowledge? All knowledge that the mind can acquire through the avenues of the senses, may be gathered first from observation or instruction, or from any of the ordinary modes of obtaining information, and then applied to the intellect according to its capacity to receive knowledge. That is the ordinary process by which intellect is educated, by which we arrive at what we call knowledge. Now be pleased to rehearse each one in his own mind that which you say you know. You understand by the words "you know" all that you have learned from infancy, all that you have observed in the daily habits of life, all that you believe, and which you have passed judgment upon, through the senses. Is this all that you know? You know the sun will rise to-morrow—you have faith in it—not alone, because astronomy lays down for you a certain amount of fixed abstract scientific knowledge; for we know that the exact sciences carry us up to a certain point, and then, like Babbage's calculating machine, they fail. Where are our exact sciences? Exact! According to our comprehension of the word, at some point or other they fail. Hence all that the knowledge acquired by the senses can inform you of is but a belief, or a hope, or a trust which you vaguely call knowledge. But there is something more within your soul. That spirit which communes with the Great Spirit, that consciousness which bears witness of the attributes of the common Father and Author of creation, that spiritual recognition of eternity and infinity which the soul alone possesses, assures us of permanence, eternal permanence—assures us of that which we do not know, and that is faith. Even so of our recognition of the

soul's immortality. Neither logic, nor reason, nor gospel creed, nor revelation put it into the heart of man to believe it—God himself wrote it there. When He made the soul He formed within it a witness, speechless, incomprehensible by aid of sensuous perception; but yet a faith that trusts in the soul's own nature, a recognition of its deathless character, a perception of its alliance with an Eternal Author which originated the idea of God, and has handed down the belief in immortality from one generation to another, and will carry us forward to its perfect realization in eternity. That is faith. Even so in those forms of spiritual manifestation, anciently called miracle, and at present modern Spiritualism.

I prefer to illustrate my position upon these points, because here, far more than any mere amount of knowledge that we can apply by sensuous perception to the mind, does the line of demarcation between faith and intellectual understanding arise. You require faith, it was said of old, for the performance of miracles. It was affirmed so by One in whom you all trust, by One whom the light of the growing ages has revealed in a broader and yet more divine view with every advancing step that we take in science; for we perceive not alone that He was true in morals, but we now recognise the deep philosophy of those hidden parables by which He communicated the eternal wisdom of God to those who could not comprehend Him., Amongst these communings, we find the constant demand for faith from those upon whom He would have exercised His divine and beneficent power. Wherefore did He ask that which could not be rendered to Him? for a condition of mind is not influenced by will—our will, as we term it, is but an outgrowth of our minds, not the master of our minds. That which we vaguely call will, is a result and not a cause, and yet Jesus demanded faith. Could He, the greatest of philosophers, the truest of teachers, have asked for that which was not possible to be given? No, but He required to know the conditions existing in His subjects ere He could perform the operations of His beneficent will. When the spirit whom He addressed recognised that the cure was with the Master, it was the knowledge that the cure was there—it was the adaptation of the subject to the operator—it was the recognition that he who was to be benefited was already in *rapport* with his benefactor; and where the spirits thus harmonized, and the magnetisms formed a complete chain of unison, the cure was inevitable. Even so to-day. Understand more analytically that mind is a substance—that it is the substance of the soul—the exhibition of the spirit's perception—and you will not peevishly demand faith, but you will question if it be there. If it be, assure yourself that it is the reaching out of one invisible soul to another—it

is already the perception between the magnet and the loadstone,—it is already the recognition between the needle and the magnet; I should say—it is the perception that there is a scientific adaptation of magnetisms, an absolute relation of spirits: and this is not knowledge, as you term it—you may call it indeed the knowledge of the soul, but faith is the highest and grandest description of knowledge. It is the perception to which human intellect alone can never attain, which scholasticisms can never teach; not all the power of optics, not all the aid of human instruments, can ever enable you to perceive your own soul. But by faith you respect it, you know it, you feel it, you acknowledge it, although you cannot see it. Not all the powers of scholasticism can teach you of a God so faithfully as God has already taught the poorest savage that has never drunk at the fountain of human knowledge. He feels his God about him; he beholds in the grand machinery of creation the writing of his God. He cannot tell you why—no human scientific knowledge put this perception within him, and nothing can improve upon it. I might repeat then that faith is the soul's knowledge; learning, scholasticisms, whatever cultivates the intellect, is the man's and the senses' knowledge.

Question.—What is the nature of the process of the separation of the spirit from the body upon the death of the latter? What time does the process occupy? At what moment is it completed? And what is the first experience of the spirit on finding itself free from the body and in the spirit-world?

Answer.—What, then, is the philosophy of death? We realize that everything in creation is bound together by an invisible, attractive, and repulsive spiritual part—a something which we may well call the soul of things. That something is the life of all things, but it is not the spirit. We do not believe that these fair blossoms think or will, or possess anything of intelligence, but they live, and the mystic life that has arisen with this sap from the root, and even now pulsates in every portion of this delicate organism, is fast passing out from it; and that mysterious life is the soul of this blossom, but it lacks the spirit. We find that as organisms improve, and in the gradual ascent of Nature through her vast laboratory, from the rude and heterogeneous form of the mineral world, up to the grand and orderly structure of living animated beings, that there is as much improvement in the elements of matter, as much in the beauty and usefulness of form, as there is at last in the manifestations of spirit. When this becomes associated with matter, we call forms living creatures. We recognize that just so long as the will, intelligence, and power that guide the organism remain

with the form, it continues a living creature. But remember, that the spirit alone and its departure from the body are not the only evidence of death. These blossoms shall die, the walls around you shall crumble and perish, the garments you wear shall wax old and decay, the mountains shall melt away, and the heavens shall shrivel together like a scroll, and this is their death—it is the passing out of the mysterious invisible principle that constitutes them an organism.

Now, in the process of human life, there is not a single moment but in which the atoms that constitute our body are dying. Some portions are perpetually being aggregated. These are new living atoms; some are strong, they maintain their integrity, and these we may call the manhood and vigour of the atoms, whilst others are dying, passing away. The death, therefore, of material forms, is not like the death of man, the death where the intelligence and the will depart. During our lifetime our bodies die many times. During our lifetime our spirits depart many times. Each night, in dreamless sleep, when the body is in perfect harmony, when the entire of the voluntary system of nerves is at rest, and nothing but the involuntary forces are still plying their ordinary and ceaseless round of motion, the spirit departs from the body—it goes to its natural home, to spirit-life. This, you will say, is analogous to death, not so. The life that lives in these flowers, the life that constitutes the strength of this substance, the life that sustains these walls, is still within the atoms; and that magnetic life is a silver cord, that binds the spirit even in its departure to distant spheres—it is a chain that binds body and spirit together—it is the golden bowl of life which is not yet broken. Though the spirit, therefore, may be far away, so long as the magnetic life remains—trance, somnambulism, catalepsy, all the various forms of seeming death, amounting to total unconsciousness, and suspension even of the apparent functions of life—this is not death, unless the magnetic life depart also. The philosophy of sleep is the temporary absence of the spirit from the body; that of death is the total absence both of spirit and body.

You ask what is the process of death? It is a process very various, and depends entirely on the nature of the organism. Some, as in extreme old age, the spirit departs from the body—that is the life waning; some, as in the case of the flower that perishes on the stem, the spirit passes with the life; some, as in the case of the necessary unconsciousness to surrounding objects, the spirit returns to the circle of the first starting-point. In such a case as this, it is but the spirit passing from one chamber to another—the natural process of the spirit.

gradually through the gates of death. So much of the spiritual body has already ebbed away from the atoms, that the mere action of death is but a spasm, the snapping of a cord ; it is but the deepening of a sleep, and the final passage of the spiritual body is like the evaporation of a thin air—a mere jet of gas passing through the brain—the last gate of life, the golden gate, through which when once the last flame of life—not spirit-life—has passed, the silver cord is not loosed, it is broken for ever, and never returns. How can I describe to you the passage of this life-flame, in all the infinite varieties of catastrophes through which the soul goes free? In the young and the strong, in the man full of life and vigour, the spiritual body departs, it is true, with the spirit, but very often only in part. Extreme tenacity of the magnetic life attaching itself to the atoms departs so slowly, so very slowly, that—start not! murmur not!—many and many a living form is enclosed within the sepulchre of death, but not until the conscious spirit has been so far removed from the body, and carried with it so much of the magnetism, that that which remains is unable to sustain the spirit. There is no consciousness, although I do allege—and the observation of clairvoyants and that of spirit-mediums again and again repeated will corroborate my statement—that thousands and thousands of forms are laid away in the grave ere yet the silver cord has been snapped. In other cases, the departure of the spirit is so violent and so sudden that the entire of the life-principle is expelled at once. The process of the expulsion varies therefore in time, but neither in degree nor in mode. It all passes from the extremities. The departing spirit, warned by some mysterious monition from without, or violently driven forth by accident, gathers about it, by attraction, all the various particles of the magnetic life, and these depart first from the extremities. They gradually cluster about the great life-centres,—the heart, the spine, and the brain ; from the brain last of all, for as this is the great galvanic battery, the mighty locomotive that generates the constant flow of life through the system, so this is the last point where the departing life rallies. Could you perceive, therefore, the ebullition of the last bubble of the life-principle, you would see it like a fine gaseous aerial form drawn out through the brain, and gradually resolving itself into the shape of humanity, and clothing itself about the spirit.

This is the ordinary process of death ; and in this passage, let me remark, that the last thought, be it what it may,—the last conscious thought of the soul always represents itself in the external form of the newly-born spirit. Hence it is that in those innumerable manifestations of the apparition of a departing soul, it is so constantly seen in the dress, or the last customary

appearance of its life. Thus it is that the soul so constantly appears to those who have beheld it at the moment of passing, even as in its mortal form, with all the surroundings of life, because such was the last conscious thought of the soul; and of its transition then, or of the moment of its awakening in spiritual life,—oh, what can we tell you? To some the passage is formed in what is called by spirits a sleep of death. There are some that sleep, some that wake not for days, or even for a longer period than this. There are others again who depart from this life, as it were, stepping, as I have said, from one chamber into another, and instantly behold themselves in all the surroundings of the spirit-world, which is enclosed within this natural world. It is a mighty change—a change as from darkness into sunlight—a change as from a prison into the broad free atmosphere of a glorious world. But all these changes are made in exact accordance with the state of the spirit, and with the state of the form from which the soul departs. In every condition, consciousness does not immediately ensue. There are at present in the world of spirits thousands, nay, millions of souls, whose passage has been so gradual, whose earthly affections have been so strongly centred upon this world, whose knowledge of aught but the world has been so limited, whose aspirations have been so narrowed by the earth, that they know not but that they are still upon the earth; for as there is a soul of things, as I have said—as there is a spiritual part in everything that is born into matter—and as, when the atoms drop off, the spiritual part remains, that is the furniture, that is the scenery, the surroundings, the habitations, the streets, dwellings, clothing of a spiritual sphere, corresponding to this world;—think of it, then! there are thousands and millions, walking your city streets, living in your midst, inhabiting a spirit-world, who scarcely recognize the difference between the natural and the spiritual worlds. We say this to bid you aspire, to ask you to elevate your thoughts above the grovelling attractions of earth; for you go to your own place—that place you make.

The philosophy of death is the Mount of Transfiguration. Whatsoever your spirit really is, what it has lived, what it has drawn to itself and poured out its magnetism upon, is now its world. Here you behold the physical sun lighting your earth; you recognize all your surroundings as physical. In the world of spirits they are of a purely spiritual character, and instead of shining, blazing or darkening upon you from without, they all proceed from within. Hence, if your mind is dark and your soul is grovelling, and there is no light within, it is thus that you are in the thick darkness that is seen and felt. It is because there is no light within, that unhappy spirits tell us they are alone

when they are in the midst of multitudes, that they are in darkness when the sun of creation is shining most gloriously upon them. Thus it is that in the darkest night, in the midst of the dungeon, in the cellars and in the gutters of physical life, there is glorious spiritual sunlight, for the angel brings his light within, for the shining and the lustrous soul reflects about him his own beauty, and creates his own scenery and his own landscapes. All this is almost inconceivable to you. But the philosophy of death is to transmute all the laws of matter into those of spirit, to cast off all the experiences of a physical world, and to liberate pure spirit with its magnetic body into the broad and glorious vistas of eternity, where every living creature goes to his place.

I would yet pause more on the nature of the first experience of the spirit, on finding itself free from the body and in the spiritual world; but I should have to dwell upon the experience of every individual in the race, for each differs from the other. Oh that it were my privilege to tell you of the wondrous modes, of instruction by which great hearts and mighty souls are taught, who have lived in darkness. Let me take one. Let me remember, some 400 years ago—surely it must be that—when in this same blooming month of April, the bells of many and many a great city throughout the whole land of Europe tolled, because the great-hearted thunderer of the Reformation was dead. The man, the brave, bold, stout-hearted monk, who had stood alone with his mighty breast, and with his bold brain, and his strong right hand, carried the battle axe of the Lord into the camps of superstition—he was gone! The world said he was dead, and they mourned him as such; they lamented for him, and they said the sword of the Lord and of Gideon was broken. 400 years ago, what knew he of our God? What did he realize of our spirit-world? How much did he recognize of the soul's destiny in progress, in work, in daily life, in practical experience? How much did this great and glorious enthusiast know of the realities of the spiritual existence, which is a continuity of this? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Yet, good, and true, and brave, could it be, in the order of creation, that this great soul and this glorious servant should be punished for the sin of ignorance, and for the fact that he lived 400 years before his time? They say—spirits who know him—that he sat at the feet of his God, as he demanded to sit; that he heard the eternal chorus of the saints in rest, as he hoped to hear it; that he beheld the white-robed legions of redeemed souls stretching away through the plains of infinity, away, away, away, into endless horizons of the heaven that he had taught of. They say that the glorious sound of an eternal hymn, unvarying, unchanging in phrase and prayer, "For ever, for ever,

for ever!" sounded in his spirit ears, and his heart was glad, and his great soul was bowed down in worship, and he stood amidst the noble army of martyrs, and the shining rolls of saints, where he belonged, in that heaven that he had taught of—in the heaven that he had sighed for; and that on, on for ever sounded the hymn; moveless and eternal, still they stood around. He knew not time. Ages to him or seconds it might be—he knew not time, nor movement, nor change; and there the great-hearted Reformer stood, sometimes in marvel how many ages had rolled over the praying worshipping saints. Sometimes he deemed it was but a moment; and then came the thoughts of earth. Then came the memories of love, of wife and children and friends—where, where were they? Nought to him now. Then came the memory of enemies, the enemies for whom the brave, great soul had prayed, the enemies whom he had forgiven, the enemies whom he had bravely fought, but whom in dying he had blessed and stood by their death-bed, and bid them be of good cheer. Where were they now? And, as he thought, pictures, fearful pictures of interminable realms, dark, dark, never-ending, deeper, deeper, lower, lower yet, while endless oceans of blazing fire, and while leaping flames and awful tossing billows of liquid destruction were borne up beneath his eyes, full, full of tossing arms, of agonized faces and of the wild, wild shrieks of never-ending woe, were sent up to his home of rest for "Pity! pity! pity!" to be answered by the chant of the saints, "For ever and for ever." "It could not be! It shall not be!" was the outspoken thought of the great heart. Down, down, down to them, down to those who suffered, down to those who needed help, he plunged. Lost, lost from heaven—it was nought to him, so long as one living creature needed his outstretched hand, heaven was lost to him—the heaven of his imagination. But even as he beheld the floating stars shining above his head and the gracious moon that long ago he had gazed upon in the earthly firmament, sailing in its stillness above him; even as he recognized the green field the tall forests, the castle, the tower, the slumbering city in moonlight, and the sleeping multitudes of earth with the calm eyes of angels on their silver thrones—he beheld these, figured in the glittering sky, one hundred had passed and he had been all these long, long years! to comprehend that heaven and hell were within him.

Such, friends, are some of the impressions that we have in spirit-land, such, some of the experiences, that we have in spirit-life. Pause with me, and ascend with that : soul, now searching for the God of Creation and not for the God of Theology—now-looking for the future of a hun-

world, and not for the imaginary Deity, fashioning creatures only for worship. Follow him through the long shining roads of stars, when he asks for his God's immensity, when he asks for the origin of the Infinite;—follow him through the long roads glittering with stars, set with suns;—follow him through double and treble suns and parti-coloured worlds, shining and gleaming, glittering, wheeling and turning in their magnificent pageant of eternity, and on for ever, until he hears the chorus of ten thousand millions rejoicing systems, shouting "End there is none! End there is none!" Follow him back again to earth, where he seeks to know God's laws, where he strives to comprehend his Creator's wisdom; follow east, west, north, south, watching how beautifully, how wonderfully every creature is adapted to its place, how beneficently the wise Creator has cared for the shining butterfly, and for the crawling caterpillar, and clothed the beast of the Arctic regions, and of the south, each with the warm or scanty covering appropriate to its nature;—follow him through the forest and behold how the various creatures, each one fed on leaf and blade of grass, and flower and air, and dew drop and supplied by the tender hand of the Infinite Father;—follow him through the growing worlds, through the wondrous birth of new systems, through the creation of satellites, through the formation of rings, through the bursting of the mighty catastrophic action of meteor, comet, planet, satellite, sun and star into fresh worlds;—follow him through the infinitely large to the infinitely little, and another hundred years have gone, and still the great master learns. And now he would know how to worship God, how to serve Him, now he asks permission, but to understand how to please Him, and back, back, back again to earth he wanders amidst the cities, and now by the side of the preacher, is whispering to him of a working God, of a loving God, of a Father, an eternal One, Who cares for every creature, Who has fashioned all in wisdom, placing them where they should be, and Who is calling them up through sorrow and tribulation to higher and higher states, and disciplining them through adversity. Follow him, as he stands by the side of the poor, the miserable, of the broken heart and the bruised back beneath the human lash, teaching them to raise their streaming eyes and trembling hands to Him who never fails them;—follow him to the couch of the rich, the great, the powerful; behold them stretched in pain, and hear his spirit whisper, ministering to them tenderly, and warning them that they are partaking of the common lot of suffering shared by all humanity; follow him, thus ministering in spirit-influence, thus pouring into the mind of sage and theologian, philosopher, inventor, every great and holy thought, every new and bright idea that spirit-land can give.

Another hundred years have passed, and now the spirit-tap has come, and, building their telegraphic bridge between the spirit-world and earth, on which are pressing crowds of shining feet, the hosts of God are pouring now on earth; and foremost in their ranks are these great-hearted students, who in bygone days have passed from earth in darkness, but learned again and yet again by the bright experience, by the strange but real teachings of spirit-land, foot by foot with you, progressing as your world progresses, no faster, yet no slower, keeping pace with you, never in advance nor yet beyond their age.

Such are some of the experiences of bygone days, and such will yours and every one of yours be when you pass the golden gate, when the fine and vaporous form of the magnetic life is all drawn out, when all is still and the last heart-throb is done; perhaps wondering strangely where they are; perhaps with your illuminated soul, prepared for the transfiguration, to drop the mask of earth, and stand as spirit, with all your thoughts, hopes, and purposes revealed; perhaps you may be one of those missionaries who will come to earth again to teach the world, as my brave pilgrim whom I told you has come; but whatsoever be your lot or fate, it will be that for which you are best adapted, for which you strive, for which you study, for which you fit yourself with every moment's life and experience. Oh, labour! awake, awake, ye sons of God; put on the armour of eternal light here, nor fear death's transfiguration; search God's ways, nor wait till the portals of the grave shall open to you and disclose the blazing mysteries of God, too great for your dazzled eyes to behold, and to compel you, like my pilgrim, to traverse centuries ere you find the real and true. But in this great philosophy of death there is one parting word that I would give you. Oh, trust Him! He is the God of the living, and not of the dead. With Him there is no death; with Him the promise that He made is not in vain, and there shall be no more death. Whatever be the form or mode of change, whatever be the disruption in the physical system, whether in violence or in natural decay, whether you drop like o'er ripe fruit, or violently rush off through the gates of life, expelled by the hand of murder, you are in the hand of Him the ever-living God; the change is for the better, the schoolhouse of instruction is far wider, the experiences of the hereafter are progressive. Trust to Him, and you shall go out no more in the darkness of the grave, no more in the shadow of the dreaded tomb, but through the arch of a risen life, piloted by the liberty-angel of eternity, to find yourself upon the mountain of transfiguration, a glorious risen spirit.

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.

It is well known that modern Spiritualism took its rise in the Fox family at Hydesville 20 years ago, and that the first manifestations which arrested public attention were made through the three daughters of that family, who are still living, and still retain their medium powers. Despite the most determined opposition from the press and the pulpit, Spiritualism forced its way into all classes of society, and it is at this day all but universally recognized as a truth throughout the American continent. It is not so well known that the Shaker communities "held perpetual intercourse with the invisible world," and had been accustomed to receive all kinds of spiritual manifestations for 16 years before the "Rochester knockings" were heard of.

The Shakers published no tracts and sent out no missionaries, the facts transpiring in their midst were consequently not known to the American people. Had they been known it might have saved the savans of that country the humiliation they must now feel in reading the history and witnessing the progress of Spiritualism in America.

The great majority of Spiritualists in England, I have reason to believe, have no knowledge of what is passing on the other side of the Atlantic, and therefore I have thought it would be interesting to the readers of this Magazine to learn some particulars of the present state of Spiritualism in America.

During the first few years of the movement there were several very ably conducted journals published there; but at the present time, notwithstanding that the believers are reckoned by millions, it is a somewhat singular fact that there is not one magazine, nor even a paper which is exclusively devoted to Spiritualism, though there are hundreds of professional mediums who live by exhibiting its phenomena, and almost as many public lecturers who expound its philosophy, and fill the halls which are to be found in almost all the cities of the Union. *The Banner of Light; a Weekly Journal of Romance, Literature and General Intelligence*, published at Boston—though it makes no claim in its title to being a *Spiritual* organ, is nevertheless chiefly occupied with the subject, and is the best medium of obtaining a glimpse of the movement in America. To its columns I am indebted for some interesting gleanings, which I extract for the information of the English reader.

Dr. Frederick Willis, a very intelligent contributor to the *Banner*, says, "Never since the first days of the Rochester rappings has there been a more profound interest felt in the great subject of Spiritualism than is everywhere manifest to-day. It pervades all classes, and meets one at every turn."

This is the same gentleman of whom I made mention in my *American Notes*, published in 1861, as the *Reverend* Mr. Willis, of Harvard University. Mr. Willis relinquished the church, I believe, by compulsion, and adopted the medical profession, and though but little heard of as a medium during an interregnum of several years his personal experiences are perhaps amongst the most remarkable upon record. With him occurred the first manifestation of natural flowers. Mrs. Kennison, of Quincey, near Boston, told me that during a severe illness, brought on by the persecution which Mr. Willis suffered from the professors and students of Harvard College on account of his spiritualistic mediumship, his bed upon one occasion was covered with natural flowers by the spirits, which were by the same agency gathered up into a bouquet and presented to him by spirit hands. Since that time the manifestations with him have been, it is said, of the most marvellous character, and at a lecture recently delivered by him at the music hall, Boston, he recounted publicly, for the first time, some of the facts attending his early struggles against the ignorance and bigotry with which he was assailed by the *learned* professors of Harvard, who have doubtless since found the same agencies at work in their own households. I had hoped to have given some particulars of Dr. Willis's lecture, which was listened to by a crowded audience with great attention, but the *Banner*, with a very proper consideration for Dr. Willis (who is about to publish the history of his life), has not reported it. As Dr. Willis is the solitary exception, as far as I know, of a well-educated physical medium, his book will doubtless be an interesting and valuable addition to the literature of Spiritualism.

The names and addresses of public lecturers and mediums advertised in the *Banner*, number, on an average, nearly 300.

The mediums exhibit every phase of spiritual phenomena; and some of these exceed in wonder anything of the same character which has been previously recorded.

The Eddy Brothers obtain manifestations similar to the Davenport's, but with this difference: they have sat in the light in full view of the audience, before the cabinet; whilst from within it, musical instruments were played, and hands, arms, and, on some occasions, even faces were shown through the aperture.

Laura V. Ellis, a girl, 14 years of age, exhibits publicly her mediumistic powers, which are also of the Davenport character.

Musical instruments are played by the invisibles, and some of the spirits talk in a loud and distinct voice.

Mr. and Mrs. Crandal, of Newport, are mediums for obtaining musical manifestations of a novel and very curious nature. The room being darkened, but not totally so, a performer takes his seat at the piano, and the members of the circle, including the mediums, sit round the room, holding each other's hands. The pianist commences, and is presently joined by a number of invisible performers playing in harmonious concert upon various instruments, or at least apparently so to the sense of hearing, there being, in reality, no musical instruments but the piano in the room; yet the sounds of powerful instruments, such as a big drum, cymbals, triangle, tambourine, &c. are heard, producing the effect of a regimental band. When the room is made quite dark, brilliant lights are seen, several at a time, expanding from the size of a candle flame to the size and shape of a fan.

Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, a well-known medium for the best class of physical manifestations, has been for some time in a very delicate state of health. Whilst on a recent visit with the family of Colonel Cushman, at Hyannis, Massachusetts, she had for the first time manifestations of spirit-voices, speaking and singing. Miss Cushman says that on one occasion four spirit-voices were heard singing in concert, accompanied by the sound of a spirit-harp; the sweetness of this spirit-music, Miss Cushman adds, was indescribably beautiful. One of the spirits, calling herself Belle, talked in a pleasant cheerful way for an hour at a time; her voice was as loud and firm, and her laugh as hearty as any mortal's.

A lady who was present, said she thought Belle must be an evil spirit. She quickly retorted, "If I am, you attracted me here. Like, you know, attracts like!"

There are instances given where uneducated mediums under spirit influence are mentally illuminated in a very surprising manner. Mr. J. L. Potter, of La Crosse, Wisconsin, makes the following statement:—In the town of Hampton, Wisconsin, there lived a young man by the name of Martin Carey, who could neither read nor write. He became a medium both for speaking and healing. He was controlled by the spirit of one Elder Fredericks, a Baptist minister, known when in life to several of the circle. The medium, when under the control of this spirit, would read and expound entire chapters of the Bible, and give other proofs by which the minister might be identified. The medium would also diagnose disease, and draw charts or diagrams of the human body, placing the organs correctly, and giving at the same time the scientific names of them.

Healing mediums, or at least those professing to have the

power of healing by "the laying on of hands," are very numerous throughout the States; but very few are vouched for. Dr. J. R. Newton is still the most renowned. In every city where he has visited there are numerous well attested cases of instantaneous cures of almost every description of disease and deformity.

The testimony as to the miraculous cures performed by Dr. Newton is overwhelming, and admits of no doubt that he is endowed in an eminent degree with this, perhaps the greatest of all spiritual gifts.

Dr. Newton has written to me to say that he has built himself a large establishment at Newport, Rhode Island, his native town, which he describes as the most beautiful and most healthy spot on the American continent. At this establishment he has settled, and there he continues his practice. He also informs me that a reverend friend of mine, who bore a letter of introduction from me, was present and witnessed a very remarkable case of cure performed in a few minutes, the particulars of which I shall doubtless learn from my friend on his return home. Dr. Newton says that he has a strong desire to visit England, and he hopes to do so at no distant day; in that event he will bring his family with him, and remain in London for a year.

I have ventured to assure him that he will be heartily welcomed here by many who have perfect faith in his sincerity and benevolent character.

Public lecturers and inspirational speakers of both sexes are numbered by hundreds; but, as in the case of healers, few are distinguished. Mrs. Emma Hardinge (now in London), Mrs. Cora Daniels, and Miss Lizzie Doten, are the inspirational speakers who have held the most prominent place before the American public for several years. Miss Doten frequently delivers at the close of her addresses an impromptu poem, spiritually dictated, and many of these poems are very beautiful. To shew the peculiar and sensitively impressionable character of Miss Doten's mind, Professor Gunning, of Boston, related to me the following fact:—Mr. Wiseman Marshall, of Boston, who possesses strong magnetic or will power, wrote out a short lecture and took his place in the audience unknown to Miss Doten. When she came upon the platform Mr. Marshall fixed his attention upon her, and in obedience to his will she repeated every word he had previously written.

In the lecture field there are several men of mark, including the venerable and highly respected Judge Edmonds, Robert Dale Owen, Professor Denton, Andrew Jackson Davis, Professor S. B. Brittan, Rev. J. M. Peebles, Thomas Gales Forster, and Dr. R. T. Hallock. Had space permitted I should have given extracts from addresses delivered recently at Convention

Meetings of Spiritualists by the two last-named gentlemen, which are unusually well reported in the *Banner of Light*. Mr. Forster appears to be a highly educated scientific man, and a very popular lecturer; and Dr. Hallock's original and very eloquent addresses are worthy of the best days of the controversy so ably conducted by himself—Judge Edmonds, A. E. Newton, S. B. Brittan, Dr. John Gray, and others, 10 or 15 years ago, in defence of the claims of Spiritualism, and which as I have more than once said can never, in my judgment, be surpassed in this or any other country.

Andrew Jackson Davis, the *Poughkeepsie Seer*, is well known in all countries where Spiritualism has penetrated. The early history of his life forms the most remarkable page in American Spiritualism. His name, too, will go down to posterity in connection with one of the most useful and practical movements, originated by him in 1863, in the establishment of THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS, which are now in successful operation in most of the leading cities of America.

When Mr. Davis proposed the plan, he described it as "An association for the mutual improvement of children of all ages, and of both sexes—an attempt to realise, partially at least, an ideal assemblage of *young minds*, which is actualised in the SUMMER LAND, where such children are constantly going from earth, and where they are received into groups for improvement, growth, and graduation."

Mr. W. A. Danskin, of Baltimore, a highly respectable and intelligent citizen, who has for many years been known as a prominent Spiritualist, writes to the *Banner of Light* attesting a very remarkable phenomenon which he has recently witnessed. Mr. Danskin prefaces his account by saying that though this particular class of spiritual manifestations has no special attraction for him, yet he extends his aid to uphold all classes of media who honestly and fairly submit their manifestations to candid examination, whether the phases be of an intellectual, sympathetic, or physical character. It appears that a youth about 20 years of age introduced himself to Mr. Danskin and said that he, like the Davenports, could be freed without any effort of his own however securely he might be tied.

The youth having assented to Mr. Danskin's conditions, was handcuffed and tied with 96 feet of small rope run through a board made to his size and perforated with a number of holes through which the cord was passed and knotted at the back, and one part of the rope was knotted round the boy's neck in two loops. The boy being placed in the dark in an adjoining room, walked forth to Mr. Danskin and his friends in four minutes and a half carrying the rope, fetters, and board in his hands. none of

the knots being untied; the loops which passed round his neck were just as they had been tied, and six or seven inches smaller than the medium's head. This fact made such an impression upon a gentleman who was present, that he had an *iron ring* made, seven inches smaller in circumference than the size of the boy's head, and brought it to Mr. Danskin asking him at his next *séance* to place it by the boy's side with the ropes and handcuffs, to see what would be done with it. This was tried several times without effect, but about 10 days after the iron ring was first brought, the boy, who was sitting in a dark room, Mr. Danskin and a number of his friends waiting in another, after a lapse of forty minutes called Mr. Danskin, who found the boy greatly excited, tied securely to a chair *with the iron ring round his neck*, and a portion of the rope around the ring. After carefully examining the ring the light was again extinguished, and upon entering the room in a few minutes they found the boy released from his fetters. This manifestation being repeated five or six times with the rope and handcuffs, they tried the experiment with the ring alone, and several times the iron ring was placed around the boy's neck in two or three minutes, whilst at other sittings 15 or 20 minutes would elapse before this extraordinary feat was accomplished, and occasionally the effort was unsuccessful.

The Rev. Mr. Forbes, the gentleman who suggested the ring, had another made, unknown to Mr. Danskin or the boy; this ring was marked by four indentations, and substituted by Mr. Forbes in the dark for the first ring, without the knowledge of any one except the smith who made it. The manifestation was successful, though it occupied a longer time and caused great exhaustion to the medium.

Mr. Danskin says, "*The first ring had been thoroughly magnetised by the invisibles and this had not.* Had I known the intention of the parties, I would not have permitted it; for although it was probably not meant to be unkind, it might have caused much annoyance and injury to the medium."

On another occasion, Mr. Danskin, a friend of his and the medium only being present, they joined hands, having thrown the ring some distance from them on the floor, and whilst sitting in this position, never having loosened their hold of each other, the ring was suddenly placed around Mr. Danskin's arm.

Most of these manifestations took place at Mr. Danskin's residence, and great interest having been excited by the wonderful phenomenon thus exhibited, he invited a party of twenty gentlemen, including one of the most learned and scientific celebrities of Baltimore to witness the fact. This gentleman, with two others, formed a committee to conduct the *séance*. The

ring was carefully examined and privately marked. The result was the same: after a few minutes, the boy walked into the room with the ring around his neck, and remained among the assembled guests for some twenty minutes to enable them all to make careful scrutiny of the astounding fact, that a solid iron ring, seven inches smaller in circumference than the boy's head, had, by some means, been placed around and taken off his neck in a few minutes. Mr. Danskin appends to his narrative a certificate, signed by thirty-one gentlemen, who attest the fact, and who say, "there was no possibility of fraud or deception."*

Mr. Horace Greely, editor of the *Tribune*, in his "Recollections of a Busy Life," gives a chapter upon his spiritual experiences, in which he admits that "the jugglery hypothesis utterly fails to account for occurrences which I have personally witnessed," and that "certain developments strongly indicate that they do proceed from departed spirits." But he complains that nothing of any value is obtained by the investigations—that "they did not help to fish up the Atlantic cable nor find Sir John Frankin," that Spiritualism has not made the body of believers better men and women. He thinks that "those who discharge promptly and faithfully all their duties to those who still live in the flesh, can have little time for poking and peering into the life beyond the grave. Better attend to each world in its proper order;" and, he adds, "All that we have learned of them (the spirits) has added little or nothing to our knowledge, unless it be enabling us to answer with more confidence that old momentous question—If a man die shall he live again?" The *Banner* comments in just terms of severity upon this strange chapter in a busy man's life. It is enough for me to record it as AN EXTRAORDINARY SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATION from America, so that our excellent journalists may be instructed by one of themselves. Be it known, then, that Mr. Horace Greely, the great Public Moralist, complains that Spiritualism does not make "better men and women—better husbands, wives, and children;" and though it certainly answers "that momentous question—If a man die shall he live again?" he thinks *that* is nothing compared with the importance of telling us how to fish up the Atlantic cable.

A SINGULAR DREAM.—THE "DOUBLE."

We have on record innumerable instances of remarkable dreams, and a goodly number of well-attested apparitional

* The law, whatever it may be, by which this ring phenomenon is accomplished, is, no doubt, the same as that by which the coat is removed and replaced in an instant with the Davenport, and by which solid substances are apparently brought through closed doors and taken away again.

appearances, both of the living and the dead, but I know of no instance of a dream and, so to speak, its embodiment in a tangible apparitional form, such as the following extraordinary case presents. Strange stories are of no value unless they are thoroughly well attested, and many therefore are not regarded with much attention which come to us upon the authority of chroniclers and witnesses who have long passed away.* The following case, however, I have received from a gentleman who cannot be reasonably discredited. The occurrence is of comparatively recent date, the actors are living in England, and I have their names and places of residence.

The Rev. George Blank lives at B——, in Yorkshire, and upon the authority of my informant, to whom he is known, he is described as “a perfectly credible, sensible, matter-of-fact man, not likely to be deceived.” His brother John resides at the town of A——, in Northumberland, where the brothers have some house property. Early one morning the clergyman awoke his wife and said, “I have had a very singular dream, and all the incidents are so strongly impressed upon my mind that I am disturbed and puzzled by them. I have dreamt that I found myself standing at my brother’s house in A——; that I rang the bell, knocked at the door, and made a frightful noise; and that at length arousing John, he appeared at his bed-room window in his night dress, and demanded to know who was creating such disturbance. I then began a long harangue, calling him all

* Mr. Charles Partridge, of New York, a gentleman well known among Spiritualists, with whom I am personally acquainted, related some years ago an incident that occurred to himself, which goes to prove that the spirit of the man, whilst the man himself is sleeping, may perform acts of which he in his normal condition is wholly unconscious. Mr. Partridge had written a note to the gentleman at whose house the celebrated “miracle circle” held their sittings, to ask the favour of joining the party at their next *séance*, which was granted. When Mr. Partridge came to the circle he was surprised to hear that the gentleman of the house had received a second note from him, couched in very offensive terms, which he, Mr. Partridge, denied having written. It was then shown to him, and he was obliged to admit that it was indeed his handwriting and his usual signature, but he protested that he had no knowledge whatever of its existence, and could in no way explain the fact. He then appealed to the spirit present, and the following colloquy ensued, the answers being written rapid through the medium’s hand:—“Who wrote the letter in question bearing my signature?” “You wrote it.” “If I really did write the letter, under what circumstances was it done?” “Perhaps I make too general an assertion when I say you, as you now are, wrote it.” “Explain, if you please.” “When you enter that state of unconsciousness known to you mortals as sleep, your soul is not always in your body. You wrote it when your body was asleep, and your soul was absent from it! It is not necessary a body should be dead that a soul should be absent from it. *Life, soul, and mind are three entirely different things, independent of the other. Your soul was absent although your mind and were in your dormant body.*” Mr. Partridge was then told the time and when and where it occurred, which tended to satisfy him of the possibility, but he had, as he avers, no recollection or knowledge of writing the note.

manner of names, and abusing him coarsely for having mismanaged some property of ours. I never used such language in my life, and the whole affair has a reality about it that I never experienced before after any dream."

Mrs. Blank naturally suggested that it was only a dream, and nothing more was thought of it until the second morning, when they were greatly astonished at receiving a letter from John, in which he informed them "that on the previous night he was roused from his bed by a tremendous knocking at his door, and upon going to the window, he beheld to his amazement his brother George, who used the most abominable language, abusing him about the house property. John descended and let his brother in, and the high words which ensued brought down John's wife, who feared that the brothers would come to blows. The interview, however, was brought to a close by George suddenly jumping up and rushing out of the house to catch the mail which would bring him home.

I have said that I know of no story like the foregoing; but its publication may bring out others of a similar character, which, upon equally good testimony, I shall be glad to receive and to record in this Magazine.

A FEW MORE WORDS ON SPECIAL PROVIDENCE AND PRAYER.

OBJECTIONS have been taken, on various grounds, to my article in the April number on "Special Providence and Prayer," which seem to me to call for a few words by way of explanation, and in further elucidation of the subject.

Exception has been taken to the instances given as "not proven" by sufficient evidence; and also, as being if true, insufficient to establish the view they were quoted to support. This objection, I may say, is founded on an entire misconception of the purpose for which these instances were adduced, which was not *demonstration*, but "*illustration*,"—to set forth by "example" what is "ordinarily understood" by the "doctrines" on which discussion was invited. Were instances ever so badly chosen this would not affect the argument they were designed to illustrate, which rests upon its own proper merits. I had premised that I was "writing chiefly for Spiritualists," and had assumed, as I think I was justified in doing, that "about the facts which constitute the premiss of the argument we apprehend there is no difference among well-informed Spiritualists;" for whatever may be thought of the particular narratives cited, Spiritualists are too

familiar with facts of this order to call in question the general truth of such occurrences; the point immediately at issue was not as to the truth of this class of facts, which on both sides is admitted, but as to their bearing on the subject in controversy. For further facts in evidence I referred to a previous article.

Again, the correspondent who had invited the discussion of the subject intimates that "as regards the efficacy of prayer, the enunciated doctrine appears at variance with recorded experience;" and he especially refers to cases of instantaneous cure of long-standing diseases "by prayer *alone*, after all natural means had failed." But I entirely fail to see any "variance" between these facts and my statements; they might more appropriately be quoted in illustration of them, though the averment that "these cures have been wrought by prayer *alone*," if intended to be understood in its strict literal sense is, I think, unwarranted either by philosophy or religion; as a moment's reflection will suffice to shew. Our supplication to the Almighty that the sufferer may be restored to health is itself an acknowledgment that the power of cure rests not in the prayer, but in Him. Whether that power operates by direct communication, or by ministering spirits, through the will and magnetic force of an interceding friend, or through the faith of the suppliant sufferer, and the quickening of the nervous and vital powers, matters not: prayer is simply the condition, or, one of the conditions of cure, not its efficient cause. It does not even follow because prayer is the only *visible* means of cure, that therefore it is the only means actually put in operation to that end.

In attempting to give to the subject of prayer a more broad and comprehensive signification than that under which it is often conventionally regarded, I by no means derogate from its value or its sanctity. Praise and prayer ascends from every creature, but from each according to its kind. "All Thy works praise Thee, O God, and Thy saints *they* bless Thee." That which in the animal is instinctive, in man is rational, spiritual, and can alone, as a conscious, voluntary, intelligent state and act, be fitly characterised as worship in its highest sense; for in him alone is it communion with a kindred, though an infinitely higher, nature. Hence, true prayer (for we speak not of perfunctory gabble, or of prayers worked off by machinery and set in motion by the wind),—the earnest aspiration of the soul for God—that it may be lifted nearer to Him—that its springs of action may be quickened by its nearer communion with Him, and that it may be filled with His infinite purity and peace cannot fail to elevate the worshipper; to purify the fountains of his life; to strengthen him for all needful and noble work. Nay, more.

by rendering him through higher states more open to influx from the spirit-world, by inducing more receptive conditions, and through the intimate relations existing between soul and body, it is eminently conducive to the communication of health, the restoration of the bodily powers, and other temporal blessings. Prayer is, however, eminently a spiritual act, and though it may conduce to even our physical welfare, its blessings must be looked for in the spiritual rather than in the temporal sphere. It is true, as our correspondent avers, that many a want is in earth-life unsupplied; many a petition spoken and unspoken is not granted. The sense of want—the desire—must exist as a necessary antecedent condition of supply, but it is not a compelling power, and though the want may be real, and the desire sincere, there may be many reasons we know not of, but present to a higher wisdom, why the boon should be withheld. Some reasons, however, why this may be, are sufficiently obvious.

In the first place, it is a wise ordination of Providence that the material is subordinate to the spiritual. Our present life must be regarded not as if it were isolated, and had no further issues, or as if it were given us as to the inferior creatures, for itself alone; but chiefly in relation to its influence in preparing us for the higher spheres of action—the true eternal life beyond the visible fleeting shows of time. In this view, a temporal good, such as health, may be withheld, notwithstanding our prayers, that thereby a spiritual good may be outwrought. If, then, the main purpose of human life on earth is the education of character, pain and suffering in some form or other may be part of the necessary discipline to that end. How often do we see the dross purged from the fine gold of character by thus passing through the fires of suffering! Nor are its uses limited to the sufferer. How many a blessed and much-needed lesson of humility, patience, resignation, of pious trust, of kindly feeling and sympathy with others is learned upon the sick bed! How often has it been the means of drawing out the affection and tender care, and helpful solicitude, and many another noble quality in the family and household! How often has the example of suffering borne with meekness and fortitude been as it were a daily sermon, more eloquent than speech!

Sweet, too, are the uses of adversity! Lear, as king, in the plenitude of absolute authority, is self-willed, proud, passionate, pitiless, resentful of honest advisers, but drinking in base flatteries with greedy ear; duped by large speeches and hollow protestations, and blind to that true deep affection which cannot heave the heart into the mouth, but can only "love, and be silent." But Lear, stript of power, destitute and friendless,

wandering in the wild night, his grey discrownèd head exposed
and driven

To hovel with swine and rogues forlorn
In short and musty straw,

learns to feel for "houseless poverty:"—

Poor naked creatures, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you,
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, Pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the Heavens more just.

And so, God as the Great Physician often prescribes suffering, sickness, adversity, as the "physic" needed to the cure of selfishness—the soul's deep-seated inveterate disease. And so, and often only so, like Lear, through sharp, bitter experience, we gain a depth of insight, a large and generous sympathy to which in prosperity and power we could not have attained.

It is then happy for us that in respect of physical and temporal good our prayers are not always answered, or rather, that they are answered better than in the particular modes which we in our short-sighted wisdom had desired.

Nor should pain and sickness be regarded as arbitrary, penal inflictions. They are the sentinels that warn us of danger, the guardian angels that watch over and protect us from destruction. When the young child places his hand in the fire, but for the instant monition of pain he would probably suffer it to remain there till the hand was utterly burned. But for the sharp pangs of cold and hunger where would have been the original incentive to exertion? And but for the physical evils flowing from ~~our~~ many would suffer their appetites to run riot? But plague, sweating sickness, cholera, and fever, our would still be laden with miasma and pollution, be swarmeries of vermin, reeking with foulness and suffering are our kind beneficent instructors to study our own nature, its relations to the and the conditions on which its health and They may be called our physical conscience, we trespass, and by sharp rebukes urging of wisdom and safety. They are God's voice from a loftier eminence, and with more un- conditions for good and evil, than either the Ebal—"Thou shalt hearken diligently unto Lord thy God, to observe and to do all his c-
Could man neglect these commands, or

impunity, trusting to the efficacy of prayer and the interpositions of Providence to repair the breach of them, and avert their consequences, not only would the Order of the Universe be inverted, but he would be himself immeasurably degraded; instead of a free, active, rational, progressive being, with large discourse looking before and after; no longer relying on the constancies of Nature, or the exercise of his own intelligence, or impelled to vigorous thought and action by his necessities and constitution, he would be no more than a passive instrument;—a mere animal, moved wholly by forces from without, or by implanted instincts; whose course, as he drifted on his path, might indeed, be watched by higher natures with a sort of pitying interest, but with no communion of sympathy, no sense of fellowship, no touch of that common nature which makes the whole world kin.

That the actual course of the Divine Providence is in all respects the best for us, is alike the faith of genuine piety and of enlightened reason. It is asked,—why those occasional instances of its manifestation which stand out so marked in some experiences are not constant and universal?—would not this more fully evidence the reality of a spiritual world and an overruling Providence? I think not. Were they thus common, were prayer uniformly followed by the attainment of that which we desire, not only would our apprehension of the true providential nature of these facts be dulled by their regular recurrence, but this regularity would itself be urged as evidence that they occurred by some law of natural and necessary sequence—that so far from being evidence of any spiritual and divine administration, they actually excluded such an hypothesis,—just as we are told that the uniformities of Nature exhibit only the necessary operation of forces and laws, and exclude the hypothesis of a Personal Being—the Ordainer of this universal Order. That which we demand as evidence would in fact destroy its very character to us as evidence; would defeat the very end for which we seek it. On the other hand, were there no such instances the believer might well be disheartened and the scoffer would stand rebuked. The withdrawal of that which has been to so many a solace and a stay, which has so largely contributed to sustain the faith of men in an invisible world and a Divine Providence would be, indeed, an irreparable loss!

God requires all men to be faithful to their several gifts, and these, in measure, are different in each:—to one, mechanical skill, that he may exercise it in invention or in handicraft; to another, perception of beauty in colour and form, that he may give to it expression on glowing canvas or breathing marble, filling the galleries of the mind with forms of truth, loveliness and grace,

and that he may interpret something of those inner subtle meanings and relations, growing out of that spiritual element from which all things subsist, and which we so dimly comprehend. The man gifted with natural sagacity and forethought is bound to exercise his penetration and his prudence, though not for himself alone. And he who more than his fellows, is endowed with the affluence of earnest faith,—with a deep and abiding trust in the goodness and loving care of the All-Father, and who feels within him the call to some earnest and self-denying work, shall not he, too, be true to his nature, and shall not he receive according to his faithfulness and his needs? For they whom Providence thus signally marks out are not men in whom prayer and trust minister to selfishness and indolence, but men whose hearts are filled with some worthy self-denying purpose;—to teach the ignorant, reclaim the erring, provide for the orphan, or some other form of missionary and apostolic labour. As God raises up leaders of men, inventors, statesmen, poets, so he from time to time raises up these men,—among other purposes, as living examples of the sympathy and intimate relation between the natural and the spiritual worlds, and of a Divine Order ruling Nature, and beyond it. This, at least, however imperfectly I may have expressed it, seems to me something of the Philosophy of Special Providence and Prayer. T. S.

WILLIAM HOWITT ON "SPIRITUALISM."

WE extract the following vigorous exposition from *The Dunfermline Press*, July 4th:—

"A correspondent who found fault with our animadversions on 'Spiritualism,' as contained in an article, entitled 'Imposture and Credulity,' which appeared in the *Press* of June 13, sends us the following letter on the subject from William Howitt, of London. As some of our readers will no doubt like to hear what so eminent a *litterateur* has to say on so keenly contested a subject, we make no apology for occupying so much valuable space with his communication. The letter, it will be observed, is addressed to our Alva correspondent, who is himself an enthusiast on the subject:—

"Sir,—I am much obliged to you for a copy of the *Dunfermline Saturday Press*, containing the letter of 'A Working Man,' and the editor's remarks upon it. The 'Working Man' is perfectly right both in his facts and his arguments. It is true that Spiritualism, since its revival in America about twenty years ago—for it is only a revival, having existed in every age and country before, and numbered the greatest

intellects of all those ages and countries—has made more rapid, and at the same time, steady progress, than any other cause whatever—Christianity not excepted. In that short space of time it has attracted *Twenty Millions* of adherents. And by what means? Not by violent and fanatic agitation; not by vehement preaching and partizan canvassing; but simply by a calm and sensible examination of its facts. The editor of the *Dunfermline Press* says that 'a cause is not to be decided by numbers.' True, but numbers, and intellect, and character combined, must determine the value of any cause. And who are the men who have in every country embraced Spiritualism? The rabble? the ignorant? the fanatic? By no means. But the most intelligent and able men of all classes. When such is the case, surely it becomes the 'majority of reflecting men,' to use the words of your editor, to reflect on these facts. Let numbers go for nothing; but, when the numbers add also first-rate position, pre-eminent abilities, largest experience of men and their doings, weight of moral, religious, scientific, and political character, then the man who does not look into what these declare to be truth, is not a reflecting, but a very foolish and prejudiced man. Now, it is very remarkable that, when we proceed to enumerate the leading men who have embraced modern Spiritualism, we begin also to enumerate the pre-eminent intellects and characters of the age. In America you justly say that the shrewd and honest Abraham Lincoln was a Spiritualist. He was a devoted one. So also were, and are, the Hon. Robert Dale Owen and Judge Edmonds, so was Professor Hare. You are right in all these particulars. In fact, almost every eminent man in the American Government is a Spiritualist. Garrison, whom the anti-Spiritualists were so lately and enthusiastically fêting in England, for his zealous services in the extinction of negro slavery, is an avowed Spiritualist. Horace Greeley, the editor of *The Tribune*, a man whose masterly political reasoning has done more than any man to direct the course of American politics, is a devoted Spiritualist. Longfellow, the poet, now in England, and just treated with the highest honours by the University of Cambridge, and about to be fêted by the whole literary world of England, is, and has long and openly been, a Spiritualist. But I might run over the majority of the gréat names of America. Turn to France. The shrewd Emperor, the illustrious Victor Hugo, the sage and able statesman Guizot, one of the most powerful champions of Christianity, are Spiritualists. So is Garibaldi, in Italy. In England, you might name a very long and distinguished list of men and women, of all classes, Spiritualists. If you had the authority you might mention names which would startle

little those who affect to sneer at Spiritualism. It is confidently said that a Spiritualist sits on the throne of these realms, as we know that such do sit on those of the greatest nations of Europe. We know that the members of some of the chief ducal houses of Scotland, and of the noble houses of Ireland and England are Spiritualists. Are all these people likely to plunge their heads and their reputations into an unpopular cause without first looking well into it? But then, the opponents, the scientific don't affect it. They must greatly qualify this assertion, for many and eminent scientific men have done the sense and the courage to look into it, and have found it great truth. The editor of the *Dunfermline Press* remarks on your observations regarding Robert Chambers, that *Chambers' Journal* of the 13th of May last, has a certain article so flattering to Spiritualism. True, but not the less is Robert Chambers an avowed Spiritualist, and boldly came forward on the Home and Lyon trial, to express his faith in Mr. Home. The editor might quote articles in the *Times*, the *Standard*, the *Star*, and the *Daily Telegraph*, against Spiritualism, yet it is a well-known fact that on all these journals some of their ablest writers are Spiritualists; but it is not always prudent for a man to say what he is. This is not an age in love with martyrdom. It is as to the scientific men. The editor is very ill informed when he says that Faraday 'speedily stripped Spiritualism of its mystery.' Nothing is better known throughout all London circles than that Faraday, on that occasion, made a gross blunder, and became the laughing-stock of even scientific men for it. He attributed the turning of tables to involuntary muscular motion in the persons who, at *séances*, put their hands on them. It immediately tables not only moved, but rose into the air out of the reach of any hands. I, and thousands, have seen them do so often. Such things are more common than the rising of balloons. Nor was the moving of table only an extraordinary phenomena. Knocks were heard on floors, on walls, and on the outside of the reach of hands. Every one who has been at the *seances*—and all Europe has now seen them—knows that instruments fly about visibly in the air, quite independently of the hands. In the *séances* in London, attention is given to men of the highest intelligence and to the most distinguished names; and even come through locked doors and in the presence of spirit hands are felt, spirit voices heard; instruments that no hands can touch; drums and singing are done by no visible means. It is not true that all these things from day to day are done by eminent lawyers, and literary men. It is not true that these things which made Faraday see

may make of himself, and which made him take care not to commit himself a second time. But people, you say, continue to remark, 'If scientific men *would* but examine these things?' In the first place, I have always asserted that scientific men are not the men to decide such questions. They have their prejudices and their theories which disqualify them. They have no instruments to lay hold of spirits; they mock at all their retorts, their galvanic and electrical batteries, and their chemical tests. In all ages the learned have been the opponents of new ideas. They poisoned Socrates, they crucified Christ, they declared him and St. Paul mad. When Newton promulgated the doctrine of specific gravity, they jeered at it; and his biographer says that at the time of his death not forty persons out of England believed in it. When Solomon de Caus, in France, discovered the power of steam, they shut him up in the Bicêtre as a madman. Columbus was declared a madman by the learned men of Spain for asserting that there was a great continent westward. When Franklin sent the account of his identification of lightning with electricity to the Royal Society of London, it refused to print it; and it was not till Dr. Fothergill published the paper that it reached the community at large. In his turn Franklin treated Mesmer as an impostor; and, in fact, we might run over a whole volume of proofs of the total unfitness of scientific men, as a class, to judge of new facts and ideas. And yet numbers of scientific men have embraced Spiritualism. Dr. Hare, mentioned by you, was a great electrician, rated by the Americans little, if any, inferior to Faraday. He did exactly what people now want scientific men to do. He thought Spiritualism a humbug, and went regularly into an inquiry in order to expose it. But it did—as it has done in every case that I have heard of, where scientific men have gone candidly and fairly into the examination—after two years of testing and proving, it convinced him of its truth. Dr. Elliotson, a very scientific man, and for years violently opposed to Spiritualism, so soon as he was willing to inquire, became convinced, and now blesses God for the knowledge of it. Dr. Ashburner, his fellow editor of the *Zoist*, has also long been an avowed Spiritualist. Mr. Alfred Wallace, a scientific man and excellent naturalist, who was on the Amazon with Mr. Bates, has published his conviction of its truth. Sir Charles Wheatstone, some time ago, on seeing some remarkable phenomena in his own house, declared them real. And just now, on the Home and Lyon trial, the public have seen Mr. Varley, a man of first-rate science, the electrician to the Electric and International and the Atlantic Telegraph Companies, come forward and make affidavit of his having investigated the facts of Spiritualism, and found them real. Now, after such cases, why this continual cry

out for examination by scientific men? Scientific men of the first stamp *have* examined and reported that it is a great fact. Scientific men by the hundred and the thousand have done it, and yet the crowd go on crying for a scientific man. Why? Simply because it is much easier to open their mouths and bleat as sheep do in a flock than exert their minds and their senses. It is time that all this folly had an end. There are now more Spiritualists than would populate Scotland seven times over at its present scale of population; and surely the testimony of such a multitude, including statesmen, philosophers, historians, and scientific men too, is as absolutely decisive as any mortal matter can be. And pray, my good friend, don't trouble yourself that your neighbours call you mad. You are mad in most excellent company. All the great men of all ages who have introduced or accepted new ideas were mad in the eyes of their contemporaries. As I have said, Socrates and Christ and St. Paul were mad; Galileo was mad; De Caus was mad; Thomas Gray, who first advocated railways, was declared by the *Edinburgh Review* mad as a March hare. They are the illustrious tribe of madmen by whom the world is propelled, widened as by Columbus, and enlightened as by Bacon, Newton, Des Cartes, and the rest of them, who were all declared mad in their turn. And don't be anxious about Spiritualism. From the first moment of its appearance to this it has moved on totally unconcerned and unharmed amidst every species of opposition, misrepresentation, lying, and obstruction, and yet has daily and hourly grown, and spread, and strengthened, as if no such evil influences were assailing it. Like the sun, it has travelled on its course unconscious of the clouds beneath it. Like the ocean, it has rolled its billows over the slimy creatures at its bottom, and dashed its majestic waves over every proud man who dared to tread within its limits. And whence comes this? Obviously, from the hand which is behind it—the hand of the Great Ruler of the Universe. For my part, having long perceived this great fact, I have ceased to care what people say or do against Spiritualism; to care who believes or does not believe; who comes into it or stays out; certain that it is as much a part of God's economy of the universe as the light of the sun, and will, therefore, go on and do its work, without our effort to oppose or advance it.—Yours faithfully,—WM. HOWITT.

“P.S.—I do not enter into the Home and Lyon question. Whatever may be the real merits of that case, Mr. Home, as you say, is but one small atom in the great system of Spiritualism. Its truth in no degree depends on the individuals who profess it any more than does Christianity on its individual professors.

“Mr. W. Gray, Weaver, Alva.”

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

PREDICTION OF DEATH.—CAPTAIN DE MORGAN.

IN the "Evidences of Spiritualism in Modern Works of History and Literature," in our last number, at page 308, it is said, "In 1778, at the taking of Pondicherry, Captain John Fletcher, Captain De Morgan and Lieutenant Bosanquet, each distinctly foretold his own death on mornings of their fate." This was taken from the *Gentleman's Magazine*. We have the authority of Professor De Morgan to say that Captain De Morgan was his grandfather, and that it is true, according to family tradition, that he distinctly foretold his death, shortly before it happened, at the siege of Pondicherry, in 1778, as stated. He saw that the sap was improperly exposed to the fire of the besieged, and he represented that to the Chief Engineer, who, however, could see nothing wrong. They went together to the Commander-in-Chief, who naturally sided with the Chief Engineer. Captain De Morgan said that he had nothing left but to make his will; and his head was taken off by a cannon ball in due course. Professor De Morgan supposes that the other officers, Fletcher and Bosanquet, must have been posted in the same part of the sap, and had the same presentiment, and for the same reason. This explanation certainly shews that those officers were in a very perilous position, calculated to impress upon them pretty strongly that they should get killed; but it does not, perhaps, quite clear up the presentiment that they should be killed on that very day.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS AND THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

There has been a long correspondence between the secretary of the society and Mr. Cooper, with respect to "a scientific investigation" of the Davenport and Fay phenomena. It ended in a meeting at which a committee was present, who reported that "they had seen nothing which was not capable of easy explanation." We are informed that the *séance* was decidedly a poor one, and which the Davenports attributed to the extremely zealous scepticism of the committee who clustered round the cabinet, destroying the condition of insulation, to secure which alone the cabinet is used; and worst of all, that they tied the mediums so tightly as to produce considerable pain—the system adopted being to tie the wrists together, and then to wind the cord between the wrists, so as to increase the tension. The committee did not feel the pain, and so they decided the

Davenports did not feel any, and they did not see fit to slacken the cords. These scientific investigations appear to us to be very unscientific, and self-destructive. We hope there will be no more of them.

THE BROTHERS DAVENPORT AND MR. FAY.

These gentlemen are now returning to America after several years' sojourn in Europe, and after having performed some thousands of times in the principal countries of Europe, and having submitted to the strictest investigation by all classes of persons, from Emperors down to conjurers, and roughs of the lowest kind. But all this goes for nothing, whenever some person chooses to awake from his lethargy, and to ask for "a scientific investigation." A scientific investigation means generally the insisting upon preliminary conditions, which would render it impossible to do anything. This was made pretty clear by the Faraday-Tyndall manifestoes. The last instance of the kind is furnished by a Mr. Hopley, who has published a pamphlet of his correspondence with Mr. Cooper requesting such an investigation, and which came to nothing, as we hope all such will do. We have before us a letter of Mr. Paget, the eminent surgeon, who was to have been on the committee, and we remember to have seen a former letter of his, in which he said he would decline to investigate anything that occurred in the dark. Seeing that the most wonderful phenomena of the Davenports and Mr. Fay occur in the dark *séances*, he would not have made a first-rate investigator. How would he have shown the phosphorus lights flying about the room in the light? We wonder he does not object to the stars, for not being visible in the daytime; or like the negro, wonder why the moon only shines on the light nights, when it would be so much more useful in the dark nights. It is a pity Mr. Hopley went to the expense of printing his futile correspondence.

RECENT ALLEGED CASE OF CURE BY DR. NEWTON.

The Reverend Frederic Rowland Young, Unitarian minister of Swindon, Wilts, has for years been a severe sufferer from neuralgia in the head: the effects of it have been so prostrating as to incapacitate him frequently for the discharge of his ministerial duties. At one period, he was obliged to retire from them for a whole year. At times the attacks threw him into a state of utter insensibility, in which he would frequently continue for many hours. Finding all medical aid useless he, this spring, sailed for the United States, to try what Dr. Newton could do

for him, by laying on of hands. He has written to his friends, assuring them that he finds himself quite cured; that he has witnessed extraordinary cases of cure in other persons, by Dr. Newton, and that he believes he has himself acquired considerable healing power, which he means to test on his return. We have seen his letter containing these particulars; and we have just received a letter also from Dr. Newton, in which he says, he believes that "Mr. Young is cured of his neuralgia." That "Mr. Young witnessed a good cure of a young lady brought here on a bed—not having walked for three years. By a few minutes' treatment she was restored to health, and walked a full mile. This case influenced many others from the same place. I was sent for thither, to see a man so low with paralysis that he was given over by the physicians, who said that he could not live 24 hours. By a few minutes' treatment he was perfectly restored to health. I have seen him since, and he is as well as any man."

Dr. Newton adds, "I write these things knowing the interest which you take in the law of healing, the greatest of all powers for the establishment of our faith in communication and influence from the spirit-world."

Mr. Young intends to publish the particulars of his cure on his return, with other facts witnessed by him amongst the American Spiritualists. This brief announcement may prepare the way for still more interesting information.

HOME AND LYON.

We are informed that Mr. Home has entered his appeal to the Lord Chancellor against the recent decision of the Vice-Chancellor Giffard. Mrs. Lyon having refused to return the valuable jewellery and other articles lent her by Mr. Home, he has brought an action against her for the return of them, and it was to have been tried at the next assizes for Guildford, but she has since offered to return the jewellery.

THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE" AND MR. TYNDALL.

We have had forwarded to us the copy of a letter addressed by Mr. Jencken to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, during the controversy raised by Mr. Tyndall. It did not suit the *Pall Mall Gazette* to give it insertion; and we hear also of letters addressed to it by other persons of eminence and repute, of whom Mr. A. R. Wallace was one, but which, being in favour of Spiritualism, were refused insertion. This is the paper which says of itself, that it is written by gentlemen for gentlemen. If this be so, we are glad they have mentioned it; for otherwise we should certainly

not have known that gentlemen acted in such a manner. These gentlemen systematically excluded every letter in favour of Spiritualism, and only admitted Mr. Home's letter as a gentleman turns a rat out of a trap to set his dogs upon it. So the silly letters of Messrs. Tyndall, Palgrave, and Lewes swam together among the apples in a very happy way.

Professor Tyndall, instead of answering the letters which have been addressed to him, has got the *Pall Mall Gazette* to reprint some former inconclusive remarks of his. We invite him to give us his remarks upon Mr. Varley's letter. The following is Mr Jencken's letter:—

“To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

“Sir,—I am somewhat surprised that Professor Tyndall should have volunteered to have re-opened the *questio vexata* of the fact of the happening of spiritual phenomena, but as he has done so it may not be considered out of place to answer his letter by stating some of the phenomena I have witnessed, and which were quite conclusive as to the occurring of these manifestations, without any aid from external human agency. The learned Professor lays great stress upon the fact of his muscles having stopped the movement of the table, and further, that the raps or knocks he heard were not such as to be beyond doubt, sounds produced by agencies not human. I will accept the challenge on these two points, namely, movement of a body and raps or knocks produced by an agency apart from any one in the room. The *séance* I am about to narrate was held at the house of a lady whose name and position preclude all possibility of connivance. The witnesses present—and more particularly the two gentlemen who examined the phenomena as they occurred—were men in a very prominent position in life, and if title can add to the value of testimony of a witness they possess this qualification also. The table we were seated at did not move, table, an oval shaped drawing room table, at a distance seven feet from Mr. Home, tilted, and loud raps were it. It was then suggested that these two gentlemen should themselves on the floor and watch the movements, and the room was well lighted, and the candles so placed a clear light upon the table, made their investigation. The table tilted, then raised itself off the floor, and remained suspended in space for about a minute, and then gradually descended. Again it raised itself, and loud knocks were heard on the pedestal, upon the table, and on the table; and, what adds to the interest, questions were answered by knocks upon the table, and I put it to the

other way he would have investigated? The unexplained part remains, and until the statements of men such as Mr. Varley and Mr. De Morgan, whose veracity cannot be doubted, are disproved, the public have a right to say that the learned professor has been too hasty in his conclusions.

“ Your obedient Servant,
“ H. D. JENCKEN.”

LETTER FROM PROFESSOR GUNNING.

MR. COLEMAN has sent us for publication the following letter, which he has just received from Professor Gunning, of Boston, the geologist, who is already favourably known to our readers, and in America as an eminent geologist:—

“ MY DEAR MR. COLEMAN,

“ The memories I cherish of friends I met on your island, and of your faith, prompt me to send you a few words—not about ‘American Spiritualism,’ for I am not one of its apostles—I am what in our war times we call ‘a bummer’—that is, I forage for truth on my own account. As to ‘American Spiritualism,’ there is so much abysmal nonsense in it that it takes a brave soul to search through all this for its sense and its philosophy. But this must be done by some one. In the service of the race it must be done. The mole and the bat have their place in the scheme of nature, and must have their place in our zoology. Quite as important are they to science, as the eagle and the lark. As well attempt to read the mole out of existence on *à priori* views of nature as to read the ‘rap,’ or the ‘trance’ out of existence on *à priori* views of spirit. I talked with one of your highest English thinkers, and in the course of the conversation he referred to a great naturalist. ‘Mr. Spencer,’ said I, ‘do you know that Mr.— has become a Spiritualist?’ ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘and I am greatly surprised.’ ‘Did you ever look at the phenomena?’ ‘No,’ he said, ‘I never did. I have settled this question in my own mind on *à priori* grounds.’ Now, Herbert Spencer, for whose power as a thinker no one has a higher respect than myself, is writing a great work on psychology; and he settles these questions of Odyle, of trance, of obsession, involving the very *nature* of the soul and its powers, on *à priori* grounds. The *savans* had settled the impossibility of meteoric stones, *à priori*. But things settled in that way won’t stay settled. I am of such mould that my philosophy must creep along over facts.

"A few weeks ago a gentleman of great intelligence invited me to come to his house and pass an evening. I called accordingly, and he told me that certain strange phenomena occurred in the presence of his little boy Harry who is only seven years old. The evening was already far spent and the child was sleepy. His father placed him on a little chair near a centre table, which he did not touch. No one touched it. Soon we heard raps—a shower of raps all over the table. They continued, loud and strong, for some minutes, and then died away, growing fainter and fainter till they were gone. I observed then that little Harry was asleep. I roused him and the raps began again, strong as at first. Again they grew fainter as the child grew drowsy, and when he fell asleep, they ceased altogether. This was something new to me. I am convinced that it has an important place in the philosophy, which is to explain the 'rapping.' Some wise men will say, 'it explains the whole thing. When Harry was awake he could rap, when he went to sleep he couldn't.' A trim reckoning! but it won't do. Of one thing you may be perfectly sure. *The child has no conscious agency in causing these raps.*

"My host said 'I wish you would talk with that. I think you'll find intelligence at the other end.' We agreed on certain symbols, and the intelligence gave me the name of Eben C. Frost, teacher of music. We had never heard of such a man. Some common places were spelled out and I said, 'Mr Frost, is your wife with you? A loud No! 'Perhaps I am too fast, were you married?' Three faint, hesitating raps, as if to say 'Y—e—s—doubtfully—married.' He, it—whatever you please—went on to say that he had been unhappily married, and then he gave me a message to deliver to an eminent reformer living in another part of the State. Sometime after this I spent an evening with this gentleman. I told him I bore a message to him from an old friend. 'Who is it?' he said. I answered, 'Well, I never heard of him; he introduced himself to me as Eben C. Frost.' 'You're certainly mistaken,' said my friend, 'I know a man of that name, but he died two years ago.' 'Well,' 'this man told me that people called him dead, but he wasn't dead.' I told my friend what was said at an unhappy marriage, and gave him the message. He told me that Frost had been unhappily married, separated from his wife, but that few, even of his friends, knew it. He told me the message was characteristic, and the incident referred to, was correctly stated.

"Now, what shall we make of all this? Suppose a telegraph office and a message comes to you. It is rapped out on the dial as this message was on the

are very sure an intelligence controls the other end. You are *not* sure who it is. He gives you a name. You have never heard of it. He gives you incidents in his life. You afterwards learn that there *is* such a man, and the things told you by telegraph were characteristic of him. You will say, now he is identified. But some things he telegraphed to you were trivial, silly, utterly unworthy of him. Here is a perplexity. The cases are parallel. Some things which professed to come from Frost were stupid beyond endurance. At this stage of the investigation many intelligent men are repelled. We have nonsense enough on this side, and do not care for phenomena which seem to prove that if death clothes a man with immortality it strips him of his brains. We can see how the power to telegraph rose and fell with the ebb and flow of Odyle—that vital battery in the organism of the child. How does the battery affect the quality of thought?

“In another letter I shall have something to say about the celestial nonsense of Eben C. Frost, aforetime terrestrial teacher of music.

Very truly yours,
W. D. GUNNING.

Boston, U.S.A.”

Correspondence.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

DEAR SIR,—At your request I reply to the question of “Fideles.” I did not reply before, because I did not like his curt demand for “a clear and explicit answer.” I am not in the habit of giving answers that are *not* “clear and explicit.”

First,—I do not know whether “the body in which our Divine Saviour rose from the dead” was “the *same* body in which he suffered and died.” I rather think not, especially when I remember that, after his resurrection, when “the doors were shut,” he came suddenly “and stood in the midst” of his disciples.

Second,—I do not believe that the reference to being raised “in the likeness of His resurrection” has anything to do with any resurrection after death. The passage occurs Romans vi., 5, and any one may see that the apostle is speaking of rising to newness of life *here*, after baptism.

Third,—I have no “theory concerning a *spiritual* resurrection *only*.” I only say what St. Paul says when I affirm that “there is a natural body *and* there is a spiritual body.” The first dies, is buried, and disappears for ever: the second “enters into life.”

Fourth,—I do not know what will become of my body, and I do not care. I only hope I shall never have it back again when I once get rid of it.

Fifth,—When “Fideles” talks of a “*spiritual* resurrection *only*,” it is to me as though a man talked of bank notes “only” when it was a choice between bank notes and coppers.—Heartily yours,

Dukinfield, July 10, 1869.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS.



THE
Spiritual Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1868.

QUESTIONS AND IMPROMPTU ANSWERS.

By MISS HARDINGE.

Question.—Is all imagination simply in sight, or is it possible to imagine things which do not really exist.

Answer.—Analyze your imagination. Can you point to any idea that is not a reflection of the past, a refraction of the present, or a prophecy of the future? No, there is not in the whole realm of nature one single original idea in the mind of man. When I say “original,” I mean that there is no creative power in the mind of man—nothing but a reproductive one, and therefore as all that you can conceive of, imagine, dream, hope, or believe in, must have some shadow of past, or future, or present, so I say that imagination, however wild, is either the intuitional perception of truth, the prophecy of the future, or the broken or refracted light of the present.

Question.—(By a Lady.)—There are some ladies very desirous to hear Miss Hardinge say a word about the present standing of woman; that is, the worth of the women of the present age.

Answer.—The best evidence we can offer you of what is the work of woman in the present age is the fact that our questioner is a woman, that her question is received with respect rather than with the sneer that a few short years ago would have greeted the tender voice of woman in a public assembly. I consider that the fitting place and mission of woman is to be a helpmeet for man, and when I say this I mean not as the dependent, but as the equal of man. And in equality I signify equality of respect, equality of duty, equality of crime and virtue.

but not of physical powers. I believe that nature has drawn an impassable line of demarcation between the physical capacities of man and woman. That is, wherever the one appears to trench upon the place of the other, it is an abnormal rather than a normal growth, it is an exception rather than a rule. I believe that the place of man is strength, activity, and all that admits of life in the external, especially related to strength and activity. I believe that the place of woman is love and beauty and kindness; that she is the poetry of life, that she is the love of life, and the intuition of life, and that her duties relate chiefly to all that belong to the spirit and to the internal. I believe that the form of both is so wisely and wonderfully adapted to these two spheres that it is impossible to mistake them; in the meantime this position of both has not been recognized, and it has not been recognized from the peculiar demands which life has made upon the aggregations of humanity in societies.

The first demand of the age, in the rudimental states of human life called barbarism, was upon strength. Man must be a builder, a hunter; whatsoever occupations he followed demanded the largest amount of strength, and taxed the physical system to the utmost extent; hence strength and physical power became the world's first wealth, its first government, its first aristocracy. In this foundation of society, woman, physically the weakest, physically unable to bring to life's duties the element of wealth, which was then imperatively needed, became subservient. Her beauty, captivating the stronger man, he placed her by his side, first as the dependent, and next as the ornament, and last as the joy. Hence we find that the earliest ages of barbarism are always marked by the disgraceful institution of polygamy. We find that with the first enunciation of the pure, the just, and truly divine teachings of Jesus, woman rises instantly to her place as the companion of man. She is judged side by side with him, in the darkest and most disgraceful of all crimes. The Magdalen, kneeling at the feet of the Master, is not condemned by God, so long as there is a man that shares her crime uncondemned. She takes her place, therefore, in the Christian religion with the founder of the Christian religion. She is the first at the Cross, the first at the Tomb; she is the truest in her intuitions to recognise the divinity of the mission. She prays for Him when others scourge and mock Him. She at once marks her place by the side of the Divine Master, by the recognition that she falls chiefly through the excess of her love; and from this point her history is one of gradual progress.

Society moves slowly; it is well that it should do so. It is well that old and established forms should be girded around by conservatism lest we as rashly adopt falsehood as truth; and

hence I repeat society's slow movement is good, it ensures the gradual trial, the practice and the full development of every new truth. And so has it been with the gradual acceptance of woman's place, as no longer as the toy, or ornament, or subject merely of man, but as his helpmeet, as the companion who shall assist him, assist him by her love and her beauty, whilst he is her helpmeet, assisting her by his strength and his experience. This age in especial is the age of utilitarianism, and all things are being brought to the standard of utilitarianism. Religion is there—we are tried in the balances; and governments are there, and the disruptive principle that is agitating the masses and disintegrating them, and making individuals where we formerly had only masses. It is the best proof that utilitarianism is at work and trying all men and all institutions. And in this great trial the powers of woman are being placed in the balance, and her peculiar possibilities are all and each being tried. And what will they amount to? I will venture merely to make a prophecy. The time is coming when every woman shall be permitted to do that which her Creator has fitted her for, and that shall be accepted as her place and mission. The time is at hand when it shall be recognised, that the parable of the ten talents was meant for woman as well as for man, and that whatsoever God has fitted woman to do, he demands back of her with usury; and woe be to him, husband, father, or governor, who stands between the Creator and the creature. And the fact that that time is at hand is recognized first by the fact that our angels, our heroines, call them by either name, and you will call them fitly, have dared to enter the camp, have dared to stand by the side of the dying soldier, and to minister to him in scenes hitherto deemed the most unfit and inappropriate for the presence of women.

The fact that woman shall take this place is proved by the signs of the times, which permit her now, even in despite of the sneer and the scoff and the bitter rebuke—in despite even of the anathema, in some instances, of Churchmen—permit her to speak, when her God has endowed her with a power to move mankind by the tone of her voice, to proclaim the thought that her Maker has given her in the speech which He has given her also to clothe that thought withal. That is another sign of the times. And yet another sign of the times is in the recognized fact that God has better fitted woman for the duties of nurse and physician, and ministering by the side of the sick bed, than even the strong and wise men; for He has given her clear sight, clairvoyance—that mystic power that penetrates with the spiritual eye where the natural cannot search. The fact that women are the best and most numerous clairvoyants of the day, is a hint that there is a demand gradually making itself into a supply for

women as physicians; I do believe that as priest, physician, teacher, nurse—as minister in every department that demands sympathy, intuition, clear sight, patience and endurance, woman will take her place. I do believe that in this age of utilitarianism, man can no longer keep woman back from that which her God has intended her to do. In the meantime I would counsel any who may expect from me some statement of the mode in which we propose to assume what we may conceive to be our rights—I would urge upon those who listen to me to beware how they ask for those rights by legislation, by any external forms that rob woman of the grace, the beauty, the gentle holiness of her nature. Let her be woman still—let her perceive that the doors are opening on every side—that it needs but her own firm step, armed with her womanly purity and all of womanly graces that she can carry with her—let her recognise this, and man's hand will not be raised to drive her back. On the contrary, it is because woman has too often failed to perceive those very points of attraction that make her woman, and sought to exchange her nature for that of man, that she has been repelled with scorn and dislike from many spheres which she could have gracefully occupied, and still more gracefully with all the attributes of woman about her. I have no fear but that our Creator and our creature-brother man, will, in this day of utilitarianism, accord to us all that we can ask, all that we can do, if we will be but faithful to ourselves. And when I say this, it is with the belief that we are not wholly so. I will ask woman to commence where her Divine Teacher commences, by first equalising herself and her sex in right and wrong.

Woman! determine that whatsoever is wrong in woman is wrong in man. Woman! visit upon man every crime that you brand upon the brow of woman. It is for you to do it, and not for man. So long as society, especially female society, extenuates the faults of men, they know them not themselves—so long as man is taught by the voice of society—especially of the voice dearest to him—only to regard his crimes as mere gallantries, but woman's crime as unpardonable, who is to be man's teacher? Woman! that lot has fallen to you. If you ask for your rights, first commence by considering your sisters' wrongs. Woman! consider again that you are the founders of the next generation in the education of your daughters. If you require right yourselves, if you lament that no wise mother has educated you to take any other place in society than that of a mere speculator in the matrimonial market—if you lament that you have had no place made for you, but the waiting dressed and adorned until some man should give you a place in society, oh! correct this lamentable and degrading position with your daughters. I ask

that every living creature shall be a worker—that every single hand shall be raised to help on the chariot of creation. I ask that every man, woman, and child shall have a place and a mission, and work to do. God has assigned it to us when He gave us powers, energies, talents, and intellect. There is not one of us but who should fill some place advantageously. If the gifts of fortune are so showered upon us that there is no impetus to labour, think of the poor, think of the helpless woman surrounded by piteous little children crying for bread, half clothed, and yet compelled to leave them huddled together in danger and hunger, and filth, and misery, and ignorance, whilst she goes forth to work. Oh, woman, there, there is your place, as teacher to the poor—as a missionary angel in the haunts of darkness. Lament not that the world is full of wrong, so long as you keep your hand back from helping it on to right. Oh, woman, as physician, as physician to those who cannot help themselves—whilst I acknowledge that there is no profession in the known world, no records of any profession so marked with benevolence as that of medicine—whilst from the beginning of time to the present day the warmest hearts and the kindest and the most faithful workers for man's good have been ever found amongst the ranks of the medical profession;—I would ask, if woman can be physician, if she can minister to the sick, if she can alleviate suffering, may not a profession so adorned, so graced by benevolence, so stamped with the record of the noblest and the kindest deeds, be shared most gracefully by the favoured daughters of fortune? May not they minister tenderly, while the rude and savage hands of those ill-paid, brutal, and ignorant crowd, unhappy paupers out of life, instead of ministering them back into life.

Oh, there are spheres for every one of us—the princess on the throne, the humblest girl who labours in a factory. No woman should ever look upon her fair young girl, without recollecting that God has planted her in the garden of life for some other purpose than merely to wait to be culled by the hand of man. Can any ability, any power, any good work, or any intellectual position that woman has—can these render her less fit to be the companion of man? Deem it not; let her be the helpmeet for him. Be assured that when her intellect elevates her into his companion instead of his listener, though your club-houses may be deserted, your homes will be more full. I have said too much perhaps on such a question, but I have said enough to shew my questioner that there is yet a vast field for study; and I for one most earnestly thank her, and humbly entreat of her to pursue the subject at other times and seasons to a yet wider issue than this one short address can present her with.

Question.—If we admit that man is a responsible being, to whom is he responsible? and does the responsibility extend to his thoughts and feelings as well as to his actions?

Answer.—If man were not surrounded by the bond of laws, he is not a responsible being. Just so long as he finds himself hindered on every side by law, he is assured that he is responsible to the lawgiver. No matter in what direction you turn, a law hinders you. You are not responsible to yourself; you may suffer pain if you choose, you may prefer pleasure if you desire it; but just so certainly as you find that you are compelled to endure pain, or shall reap pleasure, you find that you have no choice in the matter. The fact of the law proves your responsibility. I do not propose to define for you a theological God to whom you shall be responsible, as you are taught by sect, or creed, or dogma, country or clime. I do believe in God, the great Spirit, the mighty Lawgiver, the universal Father; and though I know that His ways are kind—though I recognize that all works together for good—though I bow down before His exceeding beneficence—though I believe He loves this flower and has made it beautiful, that in his beneficence He has made it beautiful, not only for its own sake, but for ours—though I do know He has given it food, light, air, sunbeam and dew, and cared for it as much as he cares for us,—though even this little leaf proves to me God's goodness, I find that God's justice is equal to his love—for if we violate one single point of law, behold we pay the penalty. In whatsoever direction, it matters not, there it is; and it is to Him, the Lawgiver, the framer of the law, that we are responsible through ourselves. We are the evidence of our responsibility; and mark! we carry forward, we Spiritualists, that responsibility beyond the grave. It is well for the Materialist to say, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die;" but we Spiritualists know we cannot die, and if there is any truth in the fact that the soul's immortality is proved by the returning spirit, it is a truth that that responsibility follows us into the hereafter in yet more terrible shape, and although I believe God's love is there, his justice is still with us.

Are we responsible in thoughts and feelings as well as actions? I have said we do not originate our thoughts. I have said, and pleaded, and argued, to prove that no idea within us is a creation of our own. How then can we be responsible for thoughts and feelings? No more than we are responsible for organisms, diseases, or disabilities. But we do not let those alone. We do not suffer disease to consume us, nor deformities to remain unchecked, nor disabilities to prey upon us: we resort to means to modify and change and alter them. And precisely

after the same fashion shall we deal with our thoughts and our feelings. If they tend to that which we are instructed to know is wrong—call it by what sophistry you may—I say wrong—when it impinges on the rights of another—if we find that our thoughts are thitherwards, are there no possibilities of calling in the aid of a moral as well as of a physical physician? Are there no medicaments for soul as well as for body? I say yes—knowledge, teaching, struggle, strife, hope, faith, aspiration, admiration of the beautiful, study of the good, schooling of mind and discipline of body, are all just as possible for the mind as they are for the physical system. I assert therefore, that we are not only responsible for our deeds, but primarily for our thoughts and feelings, for our deeds are the children of our thoughts and feelings. What we do is the expression of our thought. Supposing that we crush back the thought, and do something in place of that which we had thought to do, why we have created or developed a new thought, and whatsoever we do, I repeat, is first created within our brain—it has a spiritual origin—and therefore it is to the spirit that I charge you to apply all your medicaments and all your legislation. Bring to bear upon it your highest knowledge. If you are the creature of circumstances you are also a creature unto yourself. If you are a creature of motives, why endeavour by wisdom, schooling and instruction, to implant a fresh study of motives, where the original ones are wrong and pernicious. By these means we shall not only be responsible to our Creator, but shall also recognise our responsibility to ourselves. For there is a dual action everywhere, and as God has entrusted us with life, He has given us the responsibility to ourselves. As every movement, every thought, and every feeling, therefore, is charged with responsibility, oh, Spiritualists, how great is yours! You who can see the light and pursue the issues of this life beyond the grave—can recognise not only the results of thoughts, feelings and actions here, but can now trace them into the great hereafter. I may not dwell on this theme, but as the mantle of the prophet has fallen upon me, look to it, for the world expects from modern Spiritualism, that it shall prove another Elisha to mankind.

SOMETHING CURIOUS ABOUT SUICIDES.—The legal journal, *Le Droit*, in reporting the suicide of a gentleman in the Rue de Provence, without any known reason, states that his immediate predecessor in the apartment and the occupier before him, both laid violent hands upon themselves, and upon the strength of these curious facts broaches the theory that suicide is often attributable to mysterious local influences. In support of the doctrine it is said that Napoleon I. ordered the destruction of a sentry-box in which several soldiers had successively destroyed themselves.

THE DARK PASSAGE.*

CONFIDENCE in a future life does not wholly remove the apprehension with which the passage from this life to the other is regarded.

Many do not fear death as death; what they dread is the moment of transition.

Is there, or is there not suffering in the passage? That is the question which troubles the mind, and which raises the apprehension of suffering which no one can hope to escape from.

A terrestrial voyage may be declined, but from this final journey neither rich nor poor can be relieved, nor is it in the power of either rank or fortune to alter its conditions.

When we behold the calm which attends the death-beds of some, and the convulsive agonies which afflict those of others, we may infer that the sensations experienced are not always the same. What do we learn from this? Who will describe to us the physiological conditions under which the separation of soul and body takes place? Who can convey to us the impressions of that supreme moment? On this point science as well as religion are mute. And why?—Because both the one and the other are equally ignorant of those laws which regulate the relations between matter and spirit: science is arrested on the threshold of physical life—religion on that of spirit life. Spiritualism alone bridges over the chasm; it alone is capable of explaining the manner of transition, by the distinct ideas it conveys of the nature of the soul, and through the descriptions given by those who have quitted this life.

A knowledge of a fluid that forms the bond between soul and body is the key to this mystery, as it is to many others.

It is an admitted fact that inert matter is insensible, and that it is the soul alone which experiences sensations, whether of pleasure or pain. During life all disorganization of the body is transmitted to the soul. It is the soul then which suffers, not the body; the body is but the instrument, the soul is the patient. After death, the body being separated from the soul may be mutilated with impunity, because it feels nothing. The soul when it becomes isolated can receive no injury from the disorganization of the body; it has its own sensations, the source of which is no longer in tangible matter.

The spirit, according to the revelations from the spirit world, is supplied with a magnetic-fluid envelope, called *périsprit*.

* Translated from *Le Ciel et l'Enfer, ou la Justice Divine, Selon le Spiritisme*.
PAR ALLAN KARDEC.

This magnetic fluid is so intimately connected with the living body that the one cannot be conceived without the other.*

During life, the *périsprital* fluid penetrates all parts of the body, and becomes the vehicle for the transmission of all physical sensations, while at the same time it is the medium of communication from the soul by which all movements of the body are directed. At the extinction of organic life soul and body are separated by the rupture of the fluid which unites them. This separation is, however, never sudden; the *périsprit* disengages itself little by little from all the organs in such a manner that the disunion is not fully accomplished until every atom of *périsprit* is withdrawn from every molecule of the body. The painful sensations experienced during the rupture are due to the number of points of contact existing between the *périsprit* and the body, and the greater or less time required to effect the severance. Let there be no self deception therefore.

The suffering which accompanies death will depend more or less upon certain conditions. It is to these conditions we now desire to draw attention.†

* The distinction between soul and body was recognized by the ancient philosophers and by the fathers of the Christian Church. The soul was by Plato conceived to be the image of the spirit—a kind of involucre to the spirit; and Professor Bush (professor of Hebrew, New York University) says:—“As it is through the gross material body that the soul manifests itself in the present world, so we are warranted in believing that it is through the soul that the spirit manifests itself in the other world; in other words, it performs for the spirit the office of a body, and is consequently so termed.”

† The author of *From Matter to Spirit* corroborates this statement by a practical illustration. A trustworthy medium traced with a pencil a recumbent figure, evidently meant to represent a dying person. From many points of the figure the hand of the medium formed long lines, which met in a point, placed carefully at a short distance above the figure. As the lines were multiplied the point was also increased in size, till it became a small globe or circle. From that circle other lines were drawn out to represent the body and limbs of another and smaller figure. To the larger figure below and the smaller one above were affixed corresponding numbers. From this diagram it appeared that the process of death and the entrance into another state is as natural (in the sense of orderly) an event as the birth of a child. No more real mystery, nothing more supernatural (in the sense of miraculous), accompanies a departure from, than an entrance into, this world; for that which passes the ken of mortal eyes is not necessarily outside the order of creation.

The lines drawn from the incumbent figure and meeting above represent *spiritual fluid* (*périsprit* of M. Kardec). This will be recognised as that subtle element of the body, which, drawing nourishment from its surroundings the essential agent of vital force, of will power, and even of thought and feeling. That it quits the body at death is certain—for it is not, like the material left to decay.

“As the butterfly’s folded wing can be traced under the shell of the chrysalis and may even in its rudimentary state be seen in the caterpillar before its change, so every portion of the resurrection body is contained and wraps during life in the material form. This is the teaching of our invisible companions. Similar descriptions have been given by many seers and mediums each one ignorant of what had been said by others.”

The four following cases then may be regarded as embracing the extreme conditions, within which there will be found innumerable modifications:—

1st.—If at the moment of extinction of organic life the *périsprit* is completely disengaged, the soul experiences no suffering.

2nd.—If at that moment the cohesion of both elements remains still in force, the rending asunder reacts most painfully on the soul.

3rd.—If the cohesion be feeble, the separation is effected with ease, and without shock.

4th.—If, after the complete cessation of organic life, there still remain many points of contact between the body and the *périsprit*, the soul will continue to experience the effects of the decomposition of the body, up to the moment when the last connecting link is broken. Hence, we conclude that the suffering which accompanies death depends on and is proportioned to the adherent force which unites the body to the *périsprit*; that every thing which can aid in diminishing this force, and which will insure a rapid disengagement, renders THE PASSAGE so much the less difficult; and that conversely, if the disunion be obviously attended with no difficulty, then no painful sensations are experienced by the soul. A notice of another important fact must not be omitted. At the moment of disengagement, the soul *almost always* experiences a sort of numbness, or torpor, which paralyses its faculties, and neutralises, in a considerable degree, its sensations. It is, so to say, thrown into a cataleptic state, which prevents it from being a conscious witness of the last sight. We say *almost always*, because there are cases where consciousness still continues. "Trouble" must therefore be looked upon as the normal condition at the moment of death; but the duration of perplexity is undetermined; it varies from a few hours to some years. In proportion as it is dissipated the soul is in the condition of one awakening from a deep sleep, with the ideas confused, vague, uncertain, and every thing seen, as it were, through a mist. Little by little the atmosphere seems to become clearer, the memory returns, and with it self-consciousness. But this awaking is very different with different individuals. With some it is calm, and accompanied by delightful sensations; with others, it is full of anxiety and terror, weighing upon the soul like a hideous nightmare. The last moment is not therefore the most painful, because, generally, the soul loses its consciousness; but previously to that it suffers from the disorganization of the material substance of the body during the mortal agony, and subsequently, from anxiety and bewilderment, though not always. The intensity and duration

of suffering, as we have said, depending upon the affinity, existing between the body and the *périsprit*; the greater that affinity, the longer and more difficult are the efforts made to accomplish the severance. There are, however, cases where the cohesion is so feeble, that the disengagement is effected naturally—the soul is separated from the body as a ripe fruit is detached from its branch. In such cases death is calm, and the awakening peaceful.

Again, the facility with which the disengagement is effected depends upon the moral condition of the spirit; the affinity subsisting between the *périsprit* and the body being due to the force of sympathy between it and its material envelope. The attraction is therefore at its maximum where the thoughts are concentrated on this world and its sensuous enjoyments; and at its minimum where the purified spirit has already identified itself with spirit life. The difficulty of the separation, then, has direct relation to the state of purity and dematerialization of the soul; and it will depend upon each individual to render the passage more or less easy or difficult, agreeable or painful.

- This view is confirmed not only from theoretical considerations, but from direct observation. It remains then to examine the effect which the kind of death has upon the last moment of existence. When death is the result of the natural exhaustion of the vital forces from age or disease, the disengagement of the *périsprit* takes place gradually; where the soul is dematerialized, and the thoughts are already withdrawn from earthly things, this disengagement is almost accomplished before organic life is extinct, the body still retaining its vitality when the soul has already entered into spirit life, and is only retained in connection with the body by the feeblest links. These links are readily severed without suffering at the last movement of the heart. Under such conditions the spirit may have regained its lucidity and become the conscious witness of the extinction of the life of the body. It experiences little, if any, anxiety—only a moment of peaceful slumber, from which it awakens with an indefinite sense of hopeful joy.

On the other hand, where the life has been one of materiality—of a continuous and pertinacious gratification of the senses; where there has been no exaltation of the spirit; and where the future has had no place in the evolutions of the mind, the union with the body becomes most tenacious. In such cases the disengagement of the *périsprit* is accomplished only by violent efforts—the struggle which the spirit has to sustain being marked by the convulsive agonies which the death-bed exhibits before the chain is broken.

Seeing nothing beyond this world, the spirit attaches itself more strongly to organic life; under the apprehension of losing it, it clings the more closely to it. In place of yielding to the natural influence by which it should be attracted, the spirit resists with all its force, and so prolongs the struggle for days, for weeks, it may be for months.

It appears, however, certain that at the moment of separation, the spirit does not retain its lucidity. Disquietude and anxiety have prevailed some time before death takes place; nor is this allayed in the state of isolation into which it is plunged.

When death at length occurs, the spirit thinks that it still lives; but it does not know whether that life is material or spiritual, and it struggles on to the moment that the last link of the *périsprit* is severed.

Very different is the position of the dematerialized spirit, even when the body labours under the most severe disease. The fluid bonds by which it is united with the body being feeble are readily disengaged and without shock; then is experienced that confidence in the future, of which it has already had not only a presentiment, but an absolute conviction, and which enables it to view death as a release, and the suffering attending it as a trial; hence, a moral calm, and tranquil resignation which tend to assuage in a large measure any pain to which the body may be subjected. After death, the bonds being at once broken, no painful reaction is felt: the waking is accompanied by a joyous feeling of deliverance from a heavy burden, and an assurance that there shall be no more sorrow.*

Death, when produced by violence, does not take place under precisely similar conditions. No partial disintegration has led previously to the separation of the *périsprit* from the body; life in all its vigour has been suddenly arrested. The separation of the *périsprit* does not commence until after death, and in this case, as in others, it does not take place instantaneously. The spirit taken unawares is, as it were, stunned; it supposes, however, that it is still connected with a living body, which illusion continues until it is enabled to realize its actual position. This intermediary state, between corporeal and spiritual life, is one of great interest, as it presents the singular phenomenon of a spirit looking upon the fluid of the *périsprit* as though it were the body itself, and through which it experiences all the sensations connected with organic life. And here, an infinite variety is exhibited according to the character, the attainments, and the degree of moral advancement of the spirit.

* "An oratory has been formed in our heart, wherein to retire from time to time to converse with Him in meekness, humility, and love."—*Practice of the Presence of God.*

For the spirit already purified, the time of probation is short, because the disunion being already contemplated, the rupture, however sudden, only realises the more readily what had been anticipated. Not so the unprepared spirit, with it the period may be prolonged for years. In cases of ordinary death this diversity is not unfrequent. In the one case there is no absolute suffering; in the other the struggle is long and terrible. In cases of suicide it is peculiarly awful, the *périsprit* clings to the body in every fibre. The convulsions of the body react upon the soul and produce fearful suffering. From the evidence we have upon this subject we draw the following conclusions:—

The suffering to which the spirit is subjected is proportionate to the length of time occupied in the disengagement of the *périsprit*.

The rapidity of the disengagement is proportionate to the moral progress of the spirit.

Death for the purified spirit is simply a sleep of a few moments' duration; exempt from suffering, and where the waking is joy.

The inference is plain. In order to accomplish the purification of the spirit, all evil tendencies must be suppressed; all passions overcome, in the full confidence that the exercise of such self-negation will, in spirit life, receive its reward.

Of all philosophical doctrines, then, Spiritualism is that which should exercise the most powerful influence through the steadfast faith which it engenders.

The contemplative mind will not limit itself to the simple expression of belief, it desires to assign a reason for such belief.

Spiritualism demonstrates the reality of a future state. Through Spiritualism it is, as it were, seen and touched, and doubt is for ever driven from the mind.

The ephemeral gratifications of physical life vanish before the glorious realities of spiritual life; and the spirit, elevated by its immediate connection with the spirit-world, feels the bonds by which it is attached to this life weakened, if not partially severed; and its entrance to that other life is one of hopefulness and joy.

The perplexity inseparable from the transition is of short duration, because no sooner is the barrier passed, than self-consciousness is restored.

Nothing appears strange, and the spirit speedily comprehending its position, rejoices in its freedom and is prepared to enter upon its glorious destiny.

We would by no means be understood to assert that Spiritualism is indispensable to the attainment of this result; neither

do we presume to offer it as the only security for the salvation of the soul. We do, however, venture to say that it will be found to facilitate "the passage" by the knowledge it imparts, the sentiments it inspires, and the ameliorating dispositions it engenders in the mind; above all, by the means it affords to every one to aid in the disengagement of other spirits at the moment of quitting this terrestrial envelope, and of shortening the period of trouble and perplexity by means of prayer and evocation.

Fervent prayer—which is spiritual magnetism—promotes the disengagement of the *périsprit*; and evocation, conducted with judgment and prudence, and by words of kindness and encouragement, rouses the spirit from its torpor, and restores it more readily to self-consciousness; while, if it suffers, it may be led to repentance, which is the first condition to be fulfilled before it can hope to obtain any alleviation of its sorrows.

M. Kardec adds a series of remarkable communications, made through various mediums, by spirits recently disembodied, and which painfully illustrate the importance of his argument.

NOTES ON SPIRITUALISM AND SPIRITUALISTS IN THE UNITED STATES, IN 1866.

No. VI.

ASSUMING that individuals have so far fulfilled primary claims that a portion of their time can be legitimately given to the service of the community—an assumption which ought to be a matter of course, in relation to every adult and adolescent person of average faculty,—I know not of any more beneficent or hopeful occupation of their energies, than that of training the generation which is to succeed them in the business of life. And of all circumstances calculated to influence the progress of the race, surely none can exceed in importance early education. It was therefore with the deepest interest that I watched the new effort put forth by the Spiritualists of America to establish an improved system, not of instruction merely, but of genuine education of powers, true education, development related to all the characteristics of the human being. As yet the effort may be said to be but incipient, or tentative, compared with the contemplated expansion and perfection of the work; but the progress already made inspires good hope for the future, and the day is probably not very far off when some of the distinctive

features of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, at present confined to one day in the week, will be found incorporated with the educational processes of the other six days, and a system of universal education more unique and perfect than any hitherto realized be the result.

• It was not merely a necessity, considering the means at the disposal of the originators, but it was also a fine thought to commence with the Sunday-school. To transform that usually dolorous place into a scene of radiant happiness; to dispel its artificial gloom, by letting in the sunshine of natural cheerfulness; to make reverent acknowledgment that the body is of God as well as the spirit, and make provision for the restless muscle of childhood as well as for its active brain; to afford food for the ideal faculty, the sense of beauty, the love of colour, melody, rhythmic motion; to find modes of action, in short, for all the faculties which our present Sunday-school system ignores or desecrates, and to work all into a harmonious scheme, presenting the religion of love casting out that of fear, and yet not weakening, rather strengthening, the sense of duty, the reverence for order, the aspiration for excellence in all relations;—this was surely a grand design; and this is really the object sought to be accomplished by the Spiritual Lyceum.

The best Sunday-school, strictly so called, I have ever seen, was that attached to Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, under the pastoral charge of the celebrated Henry Ward Beecher. It was a sweltering day in July when I visited this school, under the guidance of a fellow-Spiritualist, one of the leading elders in the Church. Many families being absent at watering-places and in the country, the number of children present was not over half of those connected with the school, and capable of being accommodated in the grand room it is held in. That number, my friend told me, was about 800. The exercises gone through on this occasion were few—brief lessons in classes, and several hymns sung in parts by the whole school, with the accompaniment of an organ, skilfully played by a gentleman who was also the composer of some of the music which was sung. This school is large enough to have a hymn-book of its own, in which the music associated with each hymn is also printed; and the children being taught to sing by note and in parts, a higher degree of musical excellence than is usual in Sunday-schools may readily be accorded them. The room was admirably arranged for the ordinary work of a Sunday-school. The barbarism of seats without backs, so often to be found with us, was not to be seen there; and in the centre of the room a beautiful fountain played, the water falling into a circular enclosure below containing pools stocked with gold fish, and attached by channels

were tankards by which the children were enabled to quench their thirst as occasion required. This was certainly a delightful feature, an elegant thing in itself, impressing its quiet culture on the children, and very useful in the season when the thermometer ranges high. The heat on this day and for many previous days had been so intense that Mr. Beecher had made it the theme of his morning's discourse, while the air was kept in motion by a thousand fans in the hands of his enraptured hearers. The children in this school were remarkably well dressed, clean, and cheerful. In this respect the whole character of the place was superior to that of our schools. Cheerfulness, even pleasantry, was not a violation of rule, but appeared to be acknowledged as a legitimate condition of the religious mind. No doubt the greater freedom exhibited in this school is mainly attributable to the joyous, whole-hearted audacity of the pastor, whose practice, in happy inconsistency with the orthodox theory still nominally maintained in his church, is to attract by love rather than compel by fear. It is not improbable that this characteristic of cheerfulness may prevail more in the United States generally than with us, but I had no opportunity of personally observing it in other places.

Compared with the Spiritual Lyceum however, even this school, admirable as in the relations indicated it was, and so much in advance of the ordinary thing in this country, must be regarded as defective. Not only is its formal teaching an inconsistent theology, a remnant of the exploded fallacies of a bygone age, but its scheme does not include, at least did not seem to me to include, provisions for many parts of the human being expressly contemplated and provided for in the Progressive Lyceum. This development of Spiritualism in America, indeed, distances all Sunday-schools of which we have yet heard not more by its breadth and catholicity of intellectual and moral culture, than by its acknowledgment of, and provision for, other necessities and wants of childhood, which, if not desecrated by the term low, or lower, and purposely suppressed, are, at any rate, as already said, ignored and neglected. For the first time in religious culture has the natural restlessness of children been recognized as a legitimate thing, and even utilized to an admirable end. So also of the sense of beauty in form, colour, tone, and in the rhythmic and combined action of numbers, &c. So of the ideal faculty in general, which delights in symbols, in the harmonies of sense and sound, action and idea, fiction and fact. The religious culture of the physical system and of its usually ignored or degraded powers in harmony with all that is holy in the ordinary conception of religion, is the distinguishing characteristic of the Lyceum. The realization of the plan varies of

course with different localities and the different agents working it out, but a clear and positive idea is presented, towards the actualization of which all the managers work with more or less ability and devotion. Mr. A. J. Davis, who is its exponent, disclaims all originality for himself in its conception. He says, (*Manual*, page 10,) "The plan is not original with me. It is an attempt to unfold and actualize on earth, partially at least, a progressive juvenile assemblage like those of the Summer Land; whither children are constantly going from earth, and where they are received into groups for improvement, growth, and graduation."

"This Sunday meeting of the young," he adds, "may appropriately be styled the 'Children's Progressive Lyceum.' It is something truer and higher than what is ordinarily called a 'Sunday School.' It embraces within its plan the healthful development of the bodily functions, the conscientious exercise of the reasoning faculties, and the progressive unfolding of the social and divine affections, by harmonious and happy methods."

I regret that circumstances prevented my personal examination of the more famous Lyceums, those of New York and Philadelphia; the former being the first established in the United States, and under the personal superintendence of Mr. Davis himself. It was not till I reached Cincinnati that I saw one in practical operation; but the memory of the Sunday forenoon which I spent there is one of the most charming recollections of my experiences in America. I had some trouble in discovering the place where it was held—one of the grounds upon which I ventured to dispute the validity of the notion that half the population were Spiritualists—but when reached I found it a commodious hall, very well adapted to the uses of a Lyceum. The exercises had begun ere I entered, and the buzz of happy activity in lessons pervaded the room. Two long rows of seats with backs were arranged across the room, at convenient distances, and in parallel lines, with ample avenues at the sides and in the middle, to allow of marching exercises. Each seat accommodated six pupils; six boys, say, on one side, and the corresponding seat six girls on the opposite side. These two together form what is called one group, which, when full, consists of twelve members; and a full Lyceum consists of twelve groups, ranged according to age, from four to fifteen years. The scheme, however, contains within itself the means of extension. Where numbers exceed those stated, a second Lyceum begins to be formed, and, if the accommodation is sufficient, may be held on the same floor. The groups of the one are duplicates of those of the other, with analogous but not the same names. In the case under notice there was only one, and the names of the various

groups followed the directions given in Mr. Davis's *Manual*. Each group had its little banneret, and each pupil a corresponding badge. Thus the youngest formed of those of four years of age was called Fountain Group, colour red, symbol opening love; next, five years, Stream Group, colour pearl, symbol reciprocal love; and so on with their fanciful titles, colours and symbols, always pretty and significant, up to the twelfth and last called Liberty Group, with its white badge symbolizing, from its combining all colours, love of harmony. It was a beautiful sight to see the perfect order, yet cheerfulness and freedom which prevailed, the personal cleanliness and good looks of the children, and the enlivening effect of their simple and appropriate decorations. These decorations besides educating the eye to beauty perform a very important part in securing order. "Sometimes," says Mr. Davis, "we do not distribute badges to the groups; especially if there has been *time lost* from lack of punctuality on the part of leaders and members. This deprivation is quite 'a trial' to the little ones, and even older persons do not escape the feeling of *penalty*, and the effect is to secure prompt attendance and better discipline. No army wants to be deprived of its colours." On the present occasion no penalties had been incurred; all was sunny, loving, delightful, just what the air of a *children's* educational place should be.

As the exercises proceeded, I felt however, a relative deficiency of the reverential element; and noted a greater amount of simply formal catechetical tuition than seemed appropriate to a school whose design was to elicit fresh thought. These specialities were, of course, not necessarily in the system but rather in the management of this particular school, and as it had not been long established, part of them was possibly referable to want of experience in the conductor. This particularly was no doubt the case in the examination of the school *en masse* as follows:—

Conductor.—"What is the lowest kingdom in nature?"

All.—"The mineral kingdom."

Con.—"What is next above the mineral?"

All.—"The vegetable."

Con.—"What kingdom is next higher than the vegetable?"

All.—"The animal kingdom."

Con.—"What next superior?"

All.—"The human kingdom."

Con.—"What kingdom is that called which is just above the human?"

All.—"The spiritual kingdom."

And so on through the "angelic," "celestial," "heavenly," following Davis's classification, ending in the "Divine or Father-

God," without the slightest attempt to ascertain whether the children appreciated the meaning of any of the terms thus pattered off. This was, to me, the least satisfactory part of the proceedings, and only showed how the best designs may be frustrated by the incompetent treatment of details. I was strongly reminded of the old Scotch system of *Shorter Catechism* by rote learning, in which I had wasted so large a part of my own early years. After this, it was a relief when, at a signal from the conductor, the children with admirable order and alacrity took their places, and went through a useful series of gymnastic exercises, called "wing movements," in which the whole muscular system is gently but effectually excited, the circulation rendered vivid, all sense of weariness dispelled; and at the close the pupils returned to intellectual discipline with renewed zest. Following this, the leaders and members of the various groups engaged in conversation on the lessons given out the previous Sunday; then new lessons were given out for next Sunday; then came singing and recitations, in which latter, a little fellow from one of the middle groups distinguished himself by taking the platform, and giving a pretty long poem, which he had mastered during the week. These exhibitions are encouraged in the Lyceums, in order to give the children confidence. The badges of each group were now taken off, the little bannerets or "targets," as they are called, removed, and the most meritorious pupil of each group taking rank with these emblems, marched at the word of command, and deposited them in the most orderly manner in the chest appropriated to them. This done, and the children returned to their places, the whole groups now rose, and the leaders having taken position behind their respective groups, so as to keep them always in front, and thus under proper surveillance, a beautiful series of marching evolutions took place, sometimes in single, sometimes in double file, accompanied by both instrumental and vocal music. At the conclusion of the march, the pupils being massed conveniently near, a lady who had assisted very actively, and with much enthusiasm in the preceding operations, gave a spirited address, which the children seemed greatly to appreciate. This lady was an inspirational medium, and then spoke under influence. Eloquent, warm, and motherly, she touched the highest keys of human sentiment which were reached that day, and gave the tone of practical religious earnestness which was just wanted to close the services of the Lyceum.

After these "parting words" the children dispersed, but not so the elders. There were a number of visitors there besides myself, and they and the officers of the institution mixed in friendly conversation. I stood aside rather as an observer,

but by-and-by found myself the centre of a circle formed by several ladies, who had approached where I was, and were soon afterwards joined by some young men. The medium who had just so eloquently spoken to the children was in earnest conversation with two ladies in deep mourning who had had some recent bereavement. Turning from them, she fixed a flaming eye upon me, and addressed an impassioned valedictory message to my conscience, asserting that the world had work for me to do which I could not set about too soon. This, of course, drew all eyes upon me, but I was soon relieved by her sudden return to the mourners, with whom she spoke in equally earnest tones. The poor ladies were weeping and under deep emotion, and their comforter with excellent intent, but I thought defective sympathy, exclaimed "No tears, no tears!" As she had challenged me to evangelistic work, I thought the present moment the best to begin, and so with the design of correcting the somewhat narrow sentiment in her "no tears," and of justifying the mourners' emotion and its effects, I turned to the ladies and recited the following poem:—

Whence are these tears, that come with sudden start,
In spite of nerve that struggles to restrain?
From overflowing cisterns of the heart,
Or wells within the brain?

That heart-beats have to do with them, I know—
Quick beats of joy, slow beats of weary dole:
And, whether out of heart or brain they flow,
Close kin are they with soul:

Fine mists of thought condensed to dewy speech—
Pearls of emotion from their shells set free—
Wavelets that come with treasure to the beach
Of life's mysterious sea:

Naked affections from their Eden driven,
To seek another through this world's unrest—
Embodied spirits from the little heaven
Each keeps in his own breast:

Akin to all that we most sacred hold—
Twin-born with thought, affection, joy, and care—
Twin-born, but how, we never may unfold,
Nor heaven itself declare.

They are not what they seem. If we despise
The weak creations of our childish years,
A higher wisdom comes to recognise
The sacredness of tears.*

As this poem culminated in its final thought a change took place in the countenance of the previous speaker; her inspirer had vanished and left the field to the profounder seer. The mourners were comforted, and their very tears dried by the vindication of their sacredness. The group broke up, and the

* From *Poems* by Robert Leighton, p. 169.

visitors withdrew. I was accompanied by a very intelligent youth—one of the *leaders* or teachers—himself the only Spiritualist in his family, and obliged to endure his father's frown and the well-meant but ignorant commiseration of the others for his devotion to the noble work which these rude notes have so imperfectly indicated. From him I learned somewhat of Spiritualism in Cincinnati, and his statements concurring with my own experience otherwise, formed part of the ground of the widely different estimate I made of the numbers of the faithful in the United States from that put forth by Judge Edmonds. As to this I may here remark that several American correspondents, whose means of judgment are ample, have recently confirmed my estimate rather than that of the respected Judge.

I conclude the allusions to the Children's Progressive Lyceum by expressing the hope that the system may be universally introduced, with appropriate modifications, into this country. A beginning has already been made in Nottingham, I understand, and possibly in other places. Nothing is more needed than to supplant all that is *effete* and pernicious in our present Sunday schools. The *Manual* of Mr. Davis will answer well for conveying to conductors an excellent general idea of the system, and much of its details may be copied with great advantage; but it should not be slavishly followed. Mr. Davis himself, I feel persuaded, would be the last to wish it so. His delight would be rather to find that his fecund principle had found new development, and that the beautiful variety appropriate to new conditions had been allowed freely to demonstrate itself. Conductors here should therefore consider well the whole scheme in relation to their own surroundings, and let their minds work out every detail until they become inflamed with an enthusiasm to realize their own conception. Thus only can they hope to succeed in avoiding mechanical formalism, and in bringing out a living growth which shall produce fruits worthy of the originating cause.

A. L.

APPEARANCE IN THE HEAVENS OVER THE VILLA OF THE MEDICI
AT THE DEATH OF LORENZO DI MEDICI.

Marsiglio Ficino, in the dedication of his translation Plotinus, tells Pietro di Medici, that at the moment of the death of his father, Lorenzo di Medici, he beheld, as it were, his soul escaping from its earthly fetters under the emblem of a star of unusual brilliancy, hovering over the Medici Villa, and following for three successive days by wonderful coruscations of flame around the place.—*Life of Michael Angelo*, By WARFORD.

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

SPIRIT VOICES.

OF all the phases in which spiritual phenomena have been presented, none interest me so much as that of SPIRIT VOICES; which, though not new, has but recently become more fully developed; and which at once annihilates all the theories propounded to account for the manifestations witnessed in the earlier days of the spiritual controversy! "Odylic force," "mundane influences," "reflex cerebral action," "cracking of the toe joints," "electricity," and "legerdemain," all vanish before the fact that now THE SPIRITS SPEAK AUDIBLY AND FLUENTLY, frequently upon subjects and facts not known to those present, and above and beyond the mental state and education of the mediums.

If my statements are true upon these points—and I have no hesitation in solemnly re-asseverating that *they are true and incontrovertible*—then it becomes all serious investigators to cast aside idle, untenable explanations and unjust suspicions of the mediums through whose special natural powers these spirits are enabled to speak, and deal with this interesting phase of spiritual development *as a fact*, that we may more speedily progress onwards and realise other facts which are, no doubt, in store for us.

The following conversations and incidents with the spirits John King and Kate, which have occurred since my last account was written, tend to support my conviction of the reality of these voices, and that they proceed from distinct individual incorporeal entities.

On the day after I received the letter from Lord Lytton, published in the December number of this Magazine, I was at the Marshalls, with Mr. Charles Blackburn, of Manchester, and two of his friends. After we had taken our seats at the table in the dark room, I took from my pocket the letter, and asked, "Do you know the writer of the letter I hold in my hand?"

John.—No. Is it from S——? (mentioning the name of a person I know well, but of whom I was certainly not thinking.)

B. C.—I thought you would be sure to read the name in my mind; but if you cannot, I will tell you, as I wish to hear what you have to say upon the subject of the letter.

John.—Well, I don't know. Tell me the name.

B. C.—It is from Lord Lytton—better known to you, perhaps, as Sir Lytton Bulwer. He says he doesn't believe in the spiritual origin of these manifestations.

John.—Oh, don't you believe that. He's had plenty of evidence. We surprised him more than twelve years ago when we told him the name of his mother!

B. C.—What was his mother's name? I don't know it.

John.—Eliza!* Don't he believe in Spiritualism? Well, he ought. He knows all about magic, the philosopher's stone, and the elixir of life! Elixir of death it should have been called, for they poisoned many with it! Those old fellows never did find the philosopher's stone nor the elixir of life; but in their search for them they made many valuable discoveries in chemistry, so science was helped.

At this moment John turned to Mr. Blackburn and his friends and talked to them, whilst Kate spoke to me.

B. C.—You have heard the conversation, I suppose? I am reading one of Bulwer's books—"A Strange Story." Do you know it?

Kate.—Yes. *It is* a strange story! Isn't that a wonderful scene in Australia when Margrave and Fenwick are making the elixir of life, and the *prairie* is set on fire?

I may here remark that though I had read the story in weekly parts as it at first appeared, years ago, I had entirely forgotten this scene, and it was not until I returned home and looked at the last chapters of the book that I obtained corroboration of Kate's reference to it. Observe too the word *prairie* is peculiarly American. Had the scene been laid in America it would have been correct to have used that word, but in Australia it is called, "The Bush."

At another *séance*, I was abruptly asked in midst of other conversation by John:

Are you any relation to — ?

B. C.—No. But I know him; and, by the way, a striking incident occurred on one occasion, when we were travelling together. Do you know to what I allude?

Kate.—Was there an accident to the train? No.

John.—You had the windows smashed though!

B. C.—No; we had not, nothing of the kind occurred.

John.—Yes; something of the kind did occur, you forget.

B. C.—Well, I certainly do not remember, but you can perhaps, recal it to my memory?

John (in a very emphatic manner).—Didn't they smash the windows when you arrived at H— ?

* I have since referred, and find it was Elizabeth.

The allusion here, though not strictly correct, is very curious. I was at that time on my way to H—, where, on a *subsequent* visit, the windows were smashed. The gentleman with whom I was travelling had nothing to do with it, and as it had not occurred then, that was not of course the incident to which my question referred, but my conversation with this gentleman throughout the journey had reference to the affairs of H—, in which place he was interested, and where, during a riot shortly after, I narrowly escaped injury from stones thrown by the mob, which smashed the windows of a room in which I was seated.

It is certain, as will be seen, that I was not thinking of that circumstance when John so positively spoke of the window smashing, and it is equally certain that the Marshalls knew nothing about it.

On another occasion I accompanied two professed sceptics to a "candid examination of the subject." In the dark *stance* John suddenly exclaimed, "What are you going to do with that match-box, L—?" I said, "He has not got the match-box." "Yes he has," John said, "and he's going to strike a light!" I, having the match-box in my hand, struck a light, and found that John was right. Mr. L— had taken a fusee-case from his pocket with wax tapers in it, which he had in his hand, and he admitted that he was about to strike a light when John stopped him. This gentleman, nevertheless, and the friend who accompanied him, came to the conclusion and openly declared that the whole thing was an imposture.

Accompanied by two ladies, I made a recent visit to the Marshalls, when a novel incident occurred. John King was unusually pleased with his visitors, and was especially complimentary to one of the ladies, whom he familiarly addressed by her Christian name. "I am going," he said, "Some day to fish for diamonds and pearls! I will make you a present of a diamond or a pearl if I can find one."

I remarked that he said many things he did not mean, if he could fish up pearls he had better do it at once. "Well," he replied, "I'll go and try," and apparently he withdrew from our presence.

"Has John really gone," I asked Kate, "to get a pearl, do you think?" "Yes, I believe so; but I think he is more likely to fish up a periwinkle."

Presently John returned, and said, "Agnes, put your handkerchief upon the table," which she did. "Coleman, put yours upon the table," which I also did, and in a very short time the handkerchiefs were returned to us, each having a small double knot tied at the corner, and in each we actually found a pearl. The lady's, was a singularly shaped *double* one, mine was much

smaller; both however are real pearls, and we have them now. I asked John to tell us where he got them: he facetiously said, "Got them! why, from the bottom of the sea, of course, I picked them out of the eyes of a skull; I will try for a diamond the next time."*

I have said that the character of some of these vocal communications is above and beyond the natural mental condition and acquirements of the mediums. But there is also a super-ordinary knowledge exhibited by John King—(not Kate, who is notably inferior to John, and whose remarks are rarely more than mere common-place gossip)—which is very remarkable, and beyond the power of any man's natural faculties, showing an intimate acquaintance with historical facts and the private history of individuals; presenting a psychological problem of deep interest and significance, upon which I may throw some light though I cannot hope to solve it. Here is a curious illustration of this faculty which took place at a sitting in company with my friend Mr. T—.

I asked John how he became acquainted with so many matters of private history. His reply was, "I read it in the brain of each individual, where all the prominent acts of his life are stereotyped." "Well," I said, "now give me proof that you possess that power, read *my* history! You will I know be gentle with me, no man would like to have every act of his life laid bare before strangers; but I will trust to your discretion." "No," John said: "if I speak I will speak plainly; must I go on?" "Yes," I said; "go on; it is too interesting to lose the chance of obtaining some proof of your strange power."

He then commenced with my history at the age of twenty, and proceeded to read off with perfect accuracy some of the leading events of my life, up to within the last few years, when he rather startled me by saying that "I had been the ruin of a man." "No," I said, "I hope not." "Yes," he insisted, "you did." "How was that? Explain what you mean." "Why, didn't you drive — out of the country?" And I was at once reminded of one of the most anxious struggles in which I have ever been engaged—an episode of my life well known to my friends—which eventuated in the defeat of my adversary and his leaving England.†

* Since then I have had a much finer pearl, with several small diamonds, given to me by John, under similar conditions.

† The following extracts are made from Swedenborg's *Heaven and Hell*, 468-464, to which my attention has been directed since the above-named *séance*:—

"Every particular of man's thought and will are inscribed on the brain.
 "The signification of man's Book of Life spoken of in the Word is

By the foregoing statements, and by others of a similar character made by me in former numbers of this Magazine, it will be seen that I have taken much pains to satisfy myself of the reality at least of the voices heard in the presence of the Marshalls. I entirely dissent from the *dictum* of those who would discourage investigation in dark circles, because they afford facilities for fraud.

Darkness is the condition required at present with us for exhibiting this phase of spirit power, and no earnest investigator would think of losing the chance of obtaining any of the phenomena which we have been hitherto enabled to secure *only* in the dark, by ignoring that condition, to please the sceptical. We know that every new phase of spiritual manifestations has been discredited by the Spiritualists themselves; but time and patience have, under new conditions, established their reality; and this it appears is now about to be exemplified in this case by the *spirits speaking in the light* without any prepared conditions on our part, though doubtless a special and peculiar combination of harmonious conditions must be found to effect it. Mr. H. L. Thompson, of 22, Congress Street, Boston, has recently written to the *Banner* to say that whilst he was spending an evening with four ladies, a spirit voice unexpectedly joined in the conversation when they were seated in a fully lighted room. Mr. Thompson was asked to sing, and he says, "When I reached the second verse a voice at my right hand joined in singing to the end of the song. It was not the voice of any of the ladies present—it was certainly not mine. It was a manly bass voice," &c.

GHOSTS NOT ENTIRELY GOT RID OF.

"Ghosts do not appear to have been entirely got rid of. At any rate some invisible power has been at work again during the past week at a farm house in the parish of Muchelney, near

now evident; namely, that all his actions, and all his thoughts, are inscribed on the whole man, and appear when called forth from the memory as though they were read from a book, and as though seen in effigy when viewed in the light of heaven. . . . Whatever is received in the spiritual memory is never blotted out, for it is inscribed on the spirit itself; thus, the spirit is formed according to the thoughts and acts of the will. Let no man, therefore, suppose that anything which he has thought secretly, or secretly done, can remain secret after death. . . . Let him be assured that every act and every thought will be laid open then as clear as day. . . . I am aware that these things will appear like paradoxes, and be scarcely believed, but nevertheless they are true. . . . There is nothing, however, concealed here, which is not made manifest hereafter in the presence of many. According to the Lord's words, '*There is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed: neither hid, that shall not be known. Therefore, whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the house-tops.*' Luke xii., 2-3."

this town. The matter was referred to several weeks ago, since which time there has been a lull. During the past few days, however, the 'spiritual manifestations' have been very strong and frequent, and scores of persons have been attracted to the house and premises where the strange noises and queer doings have taken place. At least a dozen reports of the affair have reached us; some of which contain such startling statements that we can scarcely venture to publish them without making enquiries. One correspondent compares the noises heard to a volley of musketry and hard blows with a sledge-hammer on a block of wood. Another says the doors have been opened and closed, and have moved to and fro frequently and rapidly, without any visible agency, whilst the windows have rattled violently, and at times the walls of the house appeared to shake. Other statements are to the effect that the inmates of the house have felt their beds shaken, and have had bolsters and pillows removed from under their heads; that the furniture has been moved about in various directions; and the occupier of the house has given notice to quit at once."—*Taunton Courier* June 17.

THE WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS.

SALLUST, THE PLATONIST.—DEMOPHILUS, THE PYTHAGOREAN.

WE know nothing certain concerning Sallust, the Platonic philosopher, save as the author of a treatise *On the Gods and the World*, which has been translated into English by Thomas Taylor, the Platonist, and who characterises it as, "a beautiful epitome of the Platonic philosophy." Some of its more striking passages are here subjoined.

In the chapter "Concerning Intellect and Soul; and that Soul is immortal;" he has these observations:—

Every worthy soul uses intellect; but intellect is not generated by body; for how can things destitute of intellect generate intellect? But employing the body as an instrument, it does not subsist in body: in the same manner as no artificer of machines subsists in his machines; and yet many of these, without any one touching them, are moved from place to place. But we ought not to wonder if the rational soul is often led astray by the body; for arts themselves when their instruments are damaged are incapable of operation.

These reflections lead him in the next chapter to some considerations "Concerning Providence;" in which it will be seen he anticipates the argument of *Paley* and the *Bridgewater Treatises*:—

From hence also we may perceive the providence of the gods; for how could order be inserted in the world if there be no one who distributes it in order?

From whence too could all things be produced for the sake of something; as, for instance, the irrational soul that there might be sense; the rational, that the earth might be adorned? From natural effects likewise we may perceive the operations of providence, for it has constructed the eyes of a diaphanous nature for the purpose of seeing; put the nostrils above the mouth, that we might distinguish disagreeable smells: and of the teeth, the middle are fashioned sharp, for the purpose of cutting, but those situated in the most interior part of the mouth are broad, for the purpose of bruising the aliment in pieces. And thus we may perceive in all things, that nothing is constructed without reason and design. But since so much providence is displayed in the last of things, it is impossible that it should not subsist in such as are first: besides, divinations and the healing of bodies, take place from the beneficent providence of the gods.

There is some vigorous reasoning on the old knotty problem "From whence Evils originate, and that there is not a nature of Evil." I give the entire chapter:—

But how came evil into the world, since the gods are good, and the producing causes of all things? And, in the first place, we ought to assert that since the gods are good, and the authors of all things, there is not any nature of evil, but that it is produced by the absence of good; just as darkness is of itself nothing, but is produced by the privation of light. But if evil has any subsistence, it must necessarily subsist either in the gods or in intellects, in souls or in bodies: but it cannot subsist in the gods, since every god is good. And if any one should say that intellect is evil, he must at the same time assert that intellect is deprived of intellect: but if soul, he must affirm that soul is worse than body; for every body, considered according to itself, is without evil. But if they assert that evil subsists from soul and body conjoined, it will certainly be absurd, that things which separately considered are not evil, should become evil from their conjunction with each other. But if any one should say that dæmons are evil, we reply, that if they possess their power from the gods they will not be evil; but if from something else, then the gods will not be the authors of all things: and if the gods do not produce all things, either they are willing but not able, or they are able but not willing; but neither of these can be ascribed with any propriety to a god. And from hence it is manifest that there is nothing in the world naturally evil; but about the energies of men, and of these not all, nor yet always, evil appears. Indeed, if men were guilty through evil itself, nature herself would be evil; but if he who commits adultery considers the adultery as evil, but the pleasure connected with it as good; if he who is guilty of homicide considers the slaughter as evil, but the riches resulting from the deed as good; and if he who brings destruction on his enemies considers the destruction as evil, but taking revenge on an enemy as good; and souls are by this means guilty; hence evils will be produced through goodness, just as while light is absent darkness is produced, which at the same time has no subsistence in the nature of things. The soul therefore becomes guilty because it desires good, but it wanders about good because it is not the first essence. But that it may not wander, and that when it does so, proper remedies may be applied, and it may be restored, many things have been produced by the gods; for arts and sciences, virtues and prayers, sacrifices and initiations, laws and politics, judgments and punishments, were invented for the purpose of preventing souls from falling into guilt; and even when they depart from the present body, expiatory gods and dæmons purify them from guilt.

In the chapter headed "After what manner Things Perpetual* are said to be generated;" he argues:—

* "The Platonic philosophy makes a just and beautiful distinction between *το αἰδιον*, the perpetual, and *το αιωνιον*, the eternal. 'For the eternal,' says Olympiodorus, 'is a total now exempt from the past and future circulations of time, and totally subsisting in a present abiding now: but the perpetual subsists indeed always, but is beheld in the three parts of time, the past, present, and

He who produced all things through power, caused all things to be co-existent with Himself. And since this power is the greatest possible, not only men and animals were produced, but also gods and dæmons. And as much as the first God differs from our nature, by so much is it necessary that there should be more powers situated between us and Him; for all natures which are much distant from each other possess a multitude of connecting mediums.

In the chapter "How the gods who are immutable are said to be angry and appeased," he writes:—

But we, when we are good, are conjoined with the gods through similitude; but when evil, we are separated from them through dissimilitude. And while we live according to virtue, we partake of the gods, but when we become evil we cause them to become our enemies; not that they are angry, but because guilt prevents us from receiving the illuminations of the gods, and subjects us to the power of avenging dæmons. But if we obtain pardon of our guilt through prayers and sacrifices, we neither appease nor cause any mutation to take place in the gods; but by methods of this kind, and by our conversion to a divine nature, we apply a remedy to our vices, and again become partakers of the goodness of the gods. So that it is the same thing to assert that divinity is turned from the evil, as to say that the sun is concealed from those who are deprived of sight.

In the chapter following this, headed—"Why we honour the gods, who are not indigent of any thing;" he says:—

Since the providence of the gods is everywhere extended, a certain habitude, or fitness, is all that is requisite in order to receive their beneficent communications. But all habitude is produced through imitation and similitude; and hence temples imitate the heavens, but alters the earth; statues resemble life, and on this account they are similar to animals; and prayers imitate that which is intellectual; but characters, superior ineffable powers; herbs and stones resemble matter; and animals which are sacrificed, the irrational life of our souls. But from all these nothing happens to the gods beyond what they already possess; for what accession can be made to a divine nature? But a conjunction with our souls and the gods is by this means produced.

In the next chapter "Concerning Sacrifices and other Honours which are of no advantage to the gods, but are useful to man;" he thus continues in the same strain:—

The felicity of everything is its proper perfection; but the proper perfection of everything consists in a conjunction with its cause: and on this account we pray that we may be conjoined with the gods. Since therefore life primarily subsists in the gods, and there is also a certain human life, but the latter desires to be united with the former, a medium is required; for natures much distant from each other cannot be conjoined without a medium; and it is necessary that the medium should be similar to the connected natures.

With this treatise, Mr. Taylor has bound up the *Sentences*

future: hence we call God *eternal* on account of His being unconnected with time; but we do not denominate Him *perpetual*, because He does not subsist in time." Χρη δε και τουτο μη αγνοειν, οτι ετερον εστιν αιωνιον, και ετερον αιδιον το γαρ αιωνιον εστι το ολον, ως ολον νυν το εστερημενον παρεληλυθε χρονου και μελλοντος, ολον δ'εν τῃ καθεστωτι νυν υπαρχον· αιδιον δ'εστιν ο αυτο μεν αιι υπαρχει, εν δε τοις τριστι χρονοις θεωρουμενον· οθεν αιωνιον λεγομεν τον θεον, δια το μη εν χρονῳ το ειναι εχειν, αιδιον δ'ου λεγομεν, επ ουτε εν χρονῳ εχει το ειναι.—Olympiodorus in *Arist. Meteor*, p. 32. Hence world may be properly called *perpetual*, but not *eternal*, as Boethius well serves; and the philosopher Sallust, well knowing this distinction, uses, with great accuracy, the word *perpetual* in this chapter instead of the word *eternal*.
TRANSLATOR.

of Demophilus, a Pythagorean philosopher. Mr. Taylor considers these *Sentences* to have been collected from the works of more ancient Pythagoreans, by whom they were employed as proverbs. They make only a few pages. I select from them the following :—

Divinity sends evil to men, not as being influenced by anger, but for the sake of purification;* for anger is foreign from divinity, since it arises from circumstances taking place contrary to the will: but nothing contrary to the will can happen to a god.

Gifts and victims confer no honour on the divinity, nor is he adorned with offerings suspended in temples; but a soul divinely inspired, solidly conjoins us with divinity; for it is necessary that like should approach to like.

It is better to converse more with yourself than with others.

Endeavour that your familiars may reverence rather than fear you; for love attends upon reverence, but hatred upon fear.

The unjust man suffers greater evil while his soul is tormented with a consciousness of guilt, than when his body is scourged with whips.

No one is free who has not obtained the empire of himself.

Since the roots of our natures are established in divinity, from which also we are produced, we should tenaciously adhere to our root; for streams also of water, and other offspring of the earth, when their roots are cut off, become rotten and dry,

The strength of the soul is temperance; for this is the light of a soul destitute of passions: but it is much better to die than to darken the soul through the intemperance of the body.

He is a wise man, and beloved by Divinity, who studies how to labour for the good of his soul, as much as others labour for the sake of the body.

The Divinity has not a place in the earth more allied to His nature than a pure and holy soul.

Our nineteenth century philosophers, with all their science—and our theologians, with all their advantages, might learn something, we think, from these old by-gone seekers after wisdom.

T. S.

DREAMS OF MARY PENNINGTON AND HER DAUGHTER.

AMONGST the highly-born and refined ladies who at the rise of Quakerism received “the Truth” as set forth by the burning words of George Fox, none were more distinguished than the Lady Springett, better known by her later name of Mary Pennington. Lady Springett, by the early death of her pious and chivalrous husband Sir William Springett, was left a youthful and beautiful widow. Her mind, as well as that of her husband, had been filled with hunger and thirst after truly

* The original is *αγνοησις*, but it should doubtless be *αγρευσις*, agreeable to our translation.

spiritual life. For a time she had sought for this sustenance amongst the Independents. But nowhere did she discover fully what she desired. "I began," she says, "to loathe, whatever profession any one made, holding the professors of every sort worse than the profane; they boasted so much of what I knew they had not attained to. * * * So for some time I took no notice of any religion, but minded recreation, as it is called, and went after it into many excesses and vanities, as foolish mirth, carding, dancing, and singing. I frequented music assemblies and made vain visits where were jovial feastings. * * * But I was not hurried into these follies by being captivated by them, but from not having found in religion what I had sought and longed after. I would often say to myself, 'What are they all to me?' I had rather serve the Lord, if I could indeed feel and know that which would be acceptable to Him. One night in my country retirement I went to bed very sad and disconsolate; and that night I dreamed I saw a book of hieroglyphics of religion respecting things to come in the Church, or religious state. I dreamed I took no delight at all in them, and felt no closing of my mind with them, but turned away greatly oppressed. It being evening, I went out from the company into the open air, and lifting up mine eyes to the heavens I cried out, 'Lord, suffer me no more to fall in with my false way, but shew me the Truth. Immediately I thought the sky opened, and a bright light like fire fell upon my hand, which so frightened me that I awoke, and cried out. When my daughter's maid (who was in the chamber) came to the bed-side to see what was the matter with me, I trembled a great time after I was awakened.

"In the condition I have mentioned," she continues, "weary of seeking and not finding, I married my dear husband Isaac Pennington. My love was drawn to him because I found he saw the deceit of all mere notions about religion; he lay as one that refused to be comforted until He came to His temple 'who is Truth and no lie.'"

This Isaac Pennington was son of Alderman Pennington, a distinguished man of his day. Alderman Pennington had served as High Sheriff of London in 1638, was elected member parliament for the City, and made himself conspicuous in House by his advocacy of the rights of the parliament and people. In 1642, he was chosen Lord Mayor of London and afterwards appointed Lieutenant of the Tower. He was of the Commissioners of the High Court of Justice for the reign of Charles I., but he did not sign the warrant for his execution. He received the honour of knighthood from the Speaker of House of Commons, and in 1649 was made a Member of

Council of State. Thus Alderman Pennington was a man of honourable standing in his day and generation. Nor was the son Isaac less honourable nor less distinguished although his was a different sphere of usefulness. In the history of early Quakerism he became a remarkable actor, "a great and shining light." "To be, to do and to suffer" were the three vocations of his religious experience, leading a life of purity and holiness, speaking and writing the truth, and suffering for its sake long seasons of imprisonment, which ultimately cut short his honourable career. The accomplished and lovely Lady Springett transformed into the sober-minded, ever active and energetic Mary Pennington, the ministering spirit of gentleness not alone to this good man her husband, but to a wide circle of "sufferers for truth's sake, manifested in her later career the entire fulfilment of her prophetic dream as given above, for in very truth a bright light fell direct out of heaven upon her, making clear all that had previously been dark and perplexing, whilst this heavenly illumination specially rested with consecrating influence upon her hand—the symbol of operative power. She might truly have been termed an inspired *hand* for the service of God's people, and was in many senses, '*a handmaid of the Lord.*'"

Upon the death of her husband—when drawing up, as was usual with the early Quakers, "a testimony" as it was termed, to his moral and religious life—she writes as follows:—

"Ah me! he is gone! he that none exceeded in kindness, in tenderness, in love inexpressible to the relation of wife. Next to the love of God in Jesus Christ to my soul was his love precious and delightful to me. Yes, this great help and benefit is gone; and I, a poor worm, a very little one to him, compassed about with many infirmities, through mercy was enabled to let him go without an unadvised word of discontent or inordinate grief. Nay, further, *such was the great kindness of the Lord shewed me in that hour, that my spirit ascended with him that very moment the spirit left his body, and I saw him safe in his own mansion, and rejoiced with him there.* From this sight my spirit returned again, to perform my duty to his outward tabernacle."

It may seem difficult to accept in its literal sense the extraordinary statement above quoted. But there is no reason to question that it was intended by the writer to be accepted in such a sense. This experience is by no means without its parallel; indeed the writer is acquainted with a lady now living, who beheld, whilst setting at the death-bed of her father, his spirit received up into heaven, together with circumstances which afforded ineffable consolation to her sorrowing heart, and who then, like Mary Pennington, was enabled to return to

the external world again and "perform her duty to his outward tabernacle."

Mary Pennington's daughter by her first marriage, Guilielma Springett, married the celebrated William Penn, and as "Guli" Penn, is endeared to the hearts of all persons conversant with the annals of the Society of Friends, as "the very Queen of Quakerism." She also appears, to judge from the following extracts taken from one of her letters addressed to Margaret, the wife of George Fox, to have been not only "a dreamer of dreams," but also a believer in their prophetic character. The letter refers to some time of internal disquiet and disunion in the religious body itself rather than to any external persecution. Thus runs the letter:—

"Dear and honourable friend, M.F.,

"With salutations of true, constant, faithful love is my heart filled to thee. I feel it in that which is beyond words—in the unity of the spirit of Truth.

"It rises in my mind, as I am writing, something that I saw concerning thee in my sleep long ago, about the time of the beginning of these bad spirits (evil conditions?). I thought I saw thee and dear George and many friends in a meeting, where the power of the Lord was greatly manifested; and methought there came in dark wicked spirits, and they strove exceedingly against the (Divine) Life that was in the meeting. Their chief aim was at thee and George, but mostly at thee. They strove to hurt thee, but methought thou gottest so over them that they could not touch thee, but only tore some little part of thy clothes and thou escaped unhurt. Then a sweet rejoicing and triumph spread throughout the meeting. That dream was long ago, and the Lord has so brought it to pass that thy life now reigns over them all. It was thee they began with, but the Lord has given and will (further) give thee the victory, to the joy and comfort of thy people."

The above information has been obtained from a little work entitled *The Penns and Penningtons of the Seventeenth Century*, written by Maria Webb, the author of the no less interesting little work *The Fells of Swarthmore*, and published by F. B. Kitto, London, 1867. It is a book specially attractive as giving a graphic picture—drawn from authentic sources, public and private—of the external lives and religious experience, sufferings, and triumphs of a little circle of refined and cultivated people, who, occupying no obscure position in their own day, will be more and more regarded as prominent amongst the saints and martyrs of the English struggle for religious truth and freedom, when its history shall come to be faithfully set forth before us.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM: SINGULAR CONFIRMATION OF ITS TRUTH.

On the night of Thursday, the 2nd of April last, a man named John Charlesworth, by trade a limewasher, residing at Gee Cross, near Hyde, Cheshire, was missing. He had that day been engaged following his employment in Newton. He was assisted by a man named Kennedy, and when their day's work was done they had something to drink, after which, with that pertinacity which frequently attends drunken men, they decided to go through the fields home. Kennedy, finding it impossible to get Charlesworth home, left him in the fields, and from the circumstances which transpired at the inquest, it would appear that Charlesworth, on coming to himself, tried to proceed homewards, and doubtless missed his way and walked into the reservoir belonging to the Godley Cotton Mills, where he was found in consequence of information which had been conveyed to his friends by spiritual manifestations, as the following narrative will show:—

On Thursday, the 16th inst., a person named Mrs. Savage, and Hannah Charlesworth, the deceased's sister, met together at the house of the deceased. Mrs. Savage, having seen spiritual manifestations before, proposed to have a sitting at the table, and asked Miss Charlesworth to join her. They put their hands upon the table, and had not sat more than five minutes before they received a communication. In answer to the question whether there was a spirit present, it answered that there was by giving one rap with the leg of the table. They asked it to tell them whether "John" was in the water, and if he was to give three raps, which it did. Mrs. Savage asked if he would be found, and the table gave three raps in reply in confirmation. Mr. Joseph Jackson, grocer, Newton, near Hyde, Cheshire, a cousin of the deceased's, went to a lecture delivered in the Temperance Hall, Hyde, by Mr. J. F. Morgan, of Manchester, on the subject of "Modern Spiritualism," on the Sunday following this, the 19th April inst., being a believer in Spiritualism before. He had heard the statement given above by Miss Charlesworth, and having to pass the house of Mrs. Savage on business on Monday, the 20th inst., decided to call upon her. Mr. Jackson mentioned the circumstances attending the first sitting in Gee Cross, and he asked Mrs. Savage if she thought they could not get some manifestations if they two were to try, and Mrs. Savage said she thought they might do, and they sat down at the table. In about ten minutes afterwards the table began to move. Then Mr. Jackson asked if a spirit

was present, and if so to give them one rap, which it did. Mr. Jackson asked the spirit its name. It gave the initial letters of the alphabet, "J. C." He then asked if they were to understand that that was the spirit of the deceased, John Charlesworth; it answered "Yes," by giving three raps as requested. He further asked if the body was in the water under the railway arches near the Godley Mills. It gave an affirmative answer and these questions were repeatedly confirmed. It may be as well to mention here that the reservoir in question had at this time been dragged and searched twice, under the direction of the police, at one time for more than six hours without having found the body. In consequence of his successful answers, Mr. Jackson then asked the spirit if it knew who it was that was asking these questions; it answered "Yes," giving an affirmative answer upon the name of Joseph Jackson being spoken. Mr. Jackson then asked the spirit if it would be kind enough to come to his (Mr. Jackson's) house, and give him further manifestations at his own table. It answered that it would, and has done so five times since. At the subsequent sittings held at Mr. Jackson's on Tuesday, the 21st instant, twice on Wednesday, the 22nd instant, these questions, with a number of others, were put to the spirit of the deceased, and answered in the affirmative. Among other things the spirit said that his sister would be present when his body was taken out of the water but that his wife would not. In consequence of these manifestations, Mr. Jackson requested Mr. Harding, the occupier of the Godley Mills, to allow the water in the reservoir to be run off. He did so. When the water had been lowered, on the Friday morning, about 30 inches below its usual height, Mr. Jackson requested it to be lowered still further—himself and deceased's father having examined the reservoir—but Mr. Harding considered that it was sufficiently low, in fact he stated that he thought the body was not there. However, at the earnest request of Mr. Jackson and the friends of the deceased, the water was still further lowered, and Mr. Jackson had the satisfaction of having his labours brought to a successful issue by himself finding the body on the morning of Saturday. The body was taken out of the reservoir in the presence of the deceased's sister, but his wife being at work at the mill did not witness the finding of the body, thus, singularly enough, in this particular also confirming the previous information. On the Saturday evening Mr. Jackson had further manifestations, the spirit informing those present who it was that had recovered his body and that he knew what the verdict was as given at the inquest. He recognised all the persons in the house, including two neighbours who came in whilst the manifestations were taking place.

and also gave the correct number of persons then present. He said that the burial of his body would take place on the next day, Sunday, April 26th. At this time this was very improbable, as it was thought (the body having only been recovered that morning) arrangements could not be made, but these difficulties were overcome, and the body was interred at St. George's Church, Hyde, on Sunday, the 26th inst., as the spirit had told Mr. Jackson. The spirit of the deceased was again present with the friends at his father's house on Sunday evening after the funeral. He said he was happy, and that it was a great pleasure to him to come and converse with his friends.

The chief facts revealed by these manifestations having been made known by Mr. Jackson to several people on the Wednesday previous to the body being found, caused this investigation to be made. This narrative has been compiled in answer to questions put to Miss Charlesworth, Mr. Joseph Jackson, and Mrs. Jackson, by Joseph Ogden, reporter, Hyde, in the presence of James Higinbotham, greengrocer, Hyde, and John Smith, secretary to the Co-operative Society, Hyde, who give their names as attesting witnesses to this report, taken at the house of Mr Jackson, on Wednesday, April 29th, 1868, and is subscribed by the parties hereto present at the same time.

HER
HANNAH X CHARLESWORTH.
MARK
JOSEPH JACKSON.
ELIZABETH JACKSON.

Witness the signatures of the said parties hereto:—

JOSEPH OGDEN, Reporter, Hyde.
JAMES HIGINBOTHAM, Greengrocer, Hyde.
JOHN SMITH, Sec. Co-operative Society, Hyde.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THEODORE PARKER ON THE PROSPECTS OF SPIRITUALISM.

“ IN 1856 it seems more likely that Spiritualism would become the religion of America than in 156 that Christianity would be the religion of the Roman Empire, or in 756 that Mohammedanism would be that of the Arabian populations.

1. It has more *evidence of its wonders* than any historic form of religion hitherto.

2. It is *thoroughly* democratic; with no hierarchy; but *inspiration* is open to all.

3. It is no *fixed fact*, has no *punctum stans*, but is a *punctum fluens*; not a finality, but opens a vista for the future. Its present condition is no finality.

4. It admits all the truths of religion and morality in all the world-sects."—*Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker.*

HAS LITERATURE GAINED BY REPUDIATING THE
SUPERNATURAL?

The Academia, a Journal for the Universities, Schools, and Colleges of Great Britain, in its issue of June 6, has the following sensible remarks. We hope the Professors in the Universities, Schools, and Colleges of Great Britain, for whom this Journal is designed, will take to heart the important queries here propounded for their consideration.

"Whether English literature has gained or lost by the total repudiation of the 'supernatural,' is not a question to be determined hastily, even by those who have the greatest contempt for things unseen. What amount of purifying influence may exist in the constantly pervading influence of a lively faith in the supernatural; how far such an influence may tend to purity, to morality, to the caring more for things to come and less for things that pass away, are questions not to be rejected with the summary flippancy of complacent minds. We are discussing the point in a philosophical rather than in a religious spirit (for religion does not immediately enter into the purpose of our journal), and every thinking person must regret the materialistic tendency of our times to ignore the value of everything which does not present some *tangible* advantage to the holder, or which does not propose an increase of creature comfort or of worldly honour as the highest feature of its merit. Now, philosophically speaking, such a spirit is a gross mistake; for discontent, and restlessness, and emulation, and, therefore, crime and misery, follow in its wake."

DIVINING THE THOUGHTS AND MOTIVES OF OTHERS.—WANT
"AN INTERMEDIATE PLATFORM."

"PSYCHOLOGIST" in *Notes and Queries*, June 4 attention to this "special power of perception possessed by individuals," which he regards as "an exception, which may be allied to clairvoyance, and may be reconcilable with known mental processes." It is or commented on, "probably for the reason that the endowed conceal the questionable mental 'gifts,'" the readers of "*Notes and Queries*," to assist & m.

inquiry by contributing any trustworthy facts within their own experience bearing upon the subject."

Turning his attention for a moment to Spiritualism, "Psychologist" queries whether it is not possible for the Scientists and the Spiritualists to "establish an intermediate platform, which might bridge over differences, and, become a stand-point from which both sides could be impartially reconnoitred? The present controversy and investigation with regard to the merits of Spiritualism will not be in vain if the result be to extend our knowledge of those wonders which are only termed 'phenomena' because unfamiliar to our everyday experience. We comprehend little at present of the mutuality or reciprocation of mental and material forces—the correlations of consciousness and organization, and the connection between physical and psychological conditions in the production of so-called phenomena, which are now arbitrarily accounted for according to the mental bias of the persons who are cognizant of them, or who venture to give an opinion regarding them."

This is all very well, and we would only add, that such an "intermediate platform" already exists, and we cannot even conceive of the possibility of any other. This platform is that of the facts themselves apart from any notions or theories about them. These facts carefully observed and classified may be regarded as the several planks composing it; it is a free platform open to all fair unprejudiced investigators of whatever school, and forms the only "stand-point from which both sides can be impartially reconnoitred," and, which is of more consequence, it is the only stand-point from which any school of thinkers can get to the roots of the question, and arrive at the truth concerning it.

THE ZOUAVE JACOB.

We hear from a friend living in Paris that the Zouave Jacob is again in full and free work as a healing medium. His persecution lasted so long as he was under regimental orders, stimulated by the priests and doctors. Still, new difficulties arose when he endeavoured to obtain a place to dispense in. His convalescent friends, full of promises before, deserted him. The Count de Chateau Villard, who, with his wife, had been cured of long-standing illness, and who had sounded loud trumpets for Jacob in the papers, in which he asserted himself ready to sacrifice his hotel in Paris to the curative practice of the Zouave, afterwards thought it convenient not to allow the permission. This man had positively offered a life lease to Jacob: so soon does gratitude even for the greatest benefits cool.

The Zouave was bandied about from one place to another, until at last he and his father took a *maisonette*, at 10, Rue Descamps, Passy, where daily vast numbers of people congregate, and many are cured. With all his powers, adds our friend, this man is a most intractable, disagreeable fellow, with a sort of conceit about him which must much impede his work. He will not allow his father to accept a single shilling, when he might get his living out of gifts from those well able to make them, as Dr. Newton, of America, does, who with the money of the wealthy assists the poor, as well as cures them by his delegated power. When reasoned with on the subject, he replies, that if he cannot pay the tradesmen and his rent, he will go to prison. There is besides a needless rudeness and discourtesy about him on many occasions, which are greatly to be regretted. So it is, no man or work on earth is perfect. We admire the independent, disinterested feeling of the Zouave, but we lament that he does not see, by accepting gifts from the wealthy in return for health and comfort, he could essentially extend the benefits of his noble endowment. Can none of his real friends convince him of this?

A SOMERSETSHIRE "GHOST" STORY.

The haunted house at Muchelney is one of those extraordinary cases which puzzle the scientific, furnish food to the superstitious, and excite the sneers of the supercilious and would-be knowing. The farm-house, an old substantial one, stands alone at the entrance to the village of Muchelney, about three miles from Langport. Its only occupants are Mr. Travis, his housekeeper, and a young servant girl. Soon after Christmas last a slight shock of an earthquake, as supposed, was felt in the neighbourhood, and since then the farm-house has been the scene from time to time, of noises and "manifestations." The most common form is noises resembling at first the running of fingers over a hollow partition, or as if passing rapidly upstairs, and always ending abruptly with a kind of discharge as loud as that of a rifle, but with no reverberation whatever—merely a dead thud—often followed successively, kept up at intervals for days together, and then becoming silent for weeks. In some time the tin cover of a copper in the kitchen was wont to be thrown violently off upon the floor, and the bells about the house to be set ringing. But these are at present quiet, and the newest manifestation is in one of the passages where a chair stands, with a table near against the wall, and over it a bridle bits hung upon nails. About a fortnight since, during Mr. Travis's absence in the hay-field, the housekeeper

servants were terribly alarmed by the table being suddenly turned violently upside down, and the bits thrown off the nails upon which they were hung. The females immediately summoned Mr. Travis, who came in, and expressing his determination to judge for himself, took a seat near the table and watched. He had not been seated five minutes ere the table was again suddenly dragged, as it were, along the floor, and dashed down. We plainly saw the breakage which resulted, and heard the story from Mr. Travis's own mouth. It was only one of several stories of an equally startling nature. The mysterious part is that the walls are entirely unshaken, and the floors undisturbed.—*Pulman's Weekly News.*

WITNESSES TO THE ELONGATION OF THE BODY.

Mr. John F. Morgan, Secretary and Lecturer of the Manchester and Salford Temperance Union, in a lecture on Spiritualism at the Temperance Hall, Hyde, fully reported in the *North Cheshire Herald*, for July 11th, read a letter on the above subject from Mr. Home, from which the following is an extract:—

“The Viscount Adare; the Master of Lindsay; J. Hawkins Simpson, Esq. (a scientific gentleman); H. D. Jencken, Esq. (barrister-at-law); J. C. Luxmore, Esq.; Mrs. Jencken; Mrs. Hennings; Mrs. Scott Russell; Mrs. Hardinge; Mrs. Floyd. These my dear Mr. Morgan, are the principal witnesses to my elongation.

“July 4th, 1868.”

“Yours for the truth,

“D. D. HOME.

[We may add that the above statement has been personally corroborated to us by four of the witnesses above named.—ED.]

SWEDENBORG'S BIOGRAPHER AND SPIRITUALISM.

“A letter appears in the *New Church Monthly*, from Mr. White, of London, defining his position on Spiritualism. It has the true metallic ring of an independent English New Churchman, who, of course, is unpopular with the “hierarchy.” Here is a specimen brick from his letter. He says:—

‘I have never had any very lively interest in Spiritualism. John Bright has a charm for me with which no ghost can compete. In saying so, I do not flatter myself, but only confess to a certain incompetency. *The wider a man's sympathy the greater the man.* It would be well if I cared more for ghosts. Sympathy means life to the extent of the sympathy; apathy means death to the extent of the apathy. Yet we constantly find people taking credit for their apathy, as if ‘don't care’ was something to be proud of. . . . I have no superstitious aversion to Spiritualism. On the contrary, I should be glad to converse with spirits, if I could do so on Swedenborg's terms. What I complain

of is, that while no 'medium,' I should suffer all the odium of 'mediumship.' It is hard to have the reputation of a wizard without a wizard's faculties. Only the other day, I could scarcely persuade a lady that I was not as familiar with the other world as with this. Thus you see I have been branded 'Spiritist' to some purpose. Certain lies have a currency which truth might envy.'"—*Independent, U. S. A.*

ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS.

The Boston Investigator (the organ of the American Secularists), in its issue of January 15th, contains a letter signed "Wm. P. Lippincott," detailing certain experiences with Mr. J. V. Mansfield, the well-known medium of that City. Mr. Lippincott, says:—

"On the 20th of May last, I wrote the following: 'My dear wife, Almira F. Lippincott:—If you still have a conscious existence, you probably know how anxious I am to know it, and to know that you are happy; and, to test it, I will send this to some medium, after keeping it awhile, and I wish you to tell me, through that medium, who Rachel Cary was, and in what way you protected her and her children, years ago, in Philadelphia, in time of danger.'

"This, with a few other unimportant words, was written on a piece of yellowish-brown paper, five by six inches square, and folded into a square of one and a half inches, which made it twelve folds thick, and four half-folds besides. This was then folded in the same kind of paper, and glued all over—not pasted, but *glued* with such glue as cabinet makers use. Then another covering of paper was put on the fresh, soft glue, and then another, and another, until the written note was within seven thicknesses of paper, all compactly glued together. When the fourth course was on, it was all round the edge with a needle and black thread. The stitch what sailors call a 'marlin hitch' was sewed wise all glued over, and the number of d noted. Then, when thus finished, it was a action of another person, and he took pen an es over the finishing lapping edges of the ge was then two inches by two and a quar about three-eighths of an inch thick.

"On the 5th of September, to J. V. Mansfield. In the course of ed, without having been opened. Tl , I am as certain as that I am now ras sent for to whom it was submit he found his crosses all right, and en opened. And then, in his pres x

was opened; cut open, as the only way we knew of getting it open; and then, for the first time, others beside myself, saw and knew what I had written; no man, woman or child knew it before, except myself.

"To guard against the objection that might arise, that I had fabricated a case to suit the answer, another note was written, stating how and from what Rachel was protected. This note was also securely glued up, and put in the possession of the man above alluded to, and was a secret to all but myself after the first note was opened and read.

"The glued note returned by Mansfield was accompanied with an answer, from which the following is an extract:—

"You wish to know, as near as I can magnetize your query, who it was that I protected from violence, or the strong arm of the then law, years ago in the Quaker city. Well, as near as I can recollect, it was R. Cary.

"(And signed,) 'Almira F. Lippincott.'"

TRUE FAITH.

One evening, we are told, after a weary march through the desert, Mahomet was camping with his followers, and overheard one of them say, "I will loose my camel and commit it to God;" on which Mahomet spoke, "Friend, tie thy camel and commit it to God."

SPIRITUALISM IN NOTTINGHAM.

We understand that the Spiritualists in this town have a small hall capable of holding about 150 persons; that they hold on an average three weekly meetings, to which the public are admitted, the attendance being so great as to necessitate the sending away, for want of room, many inquirers. In addition to the public meetings, six or eight private circles are also held.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

At the Fourth Annual Convention of the above Society held in Cambridge Hall, Newman Street, London, on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd June, Mr. Robert Cooper took the chair, and delivered an address. The hon. secretary, Mr. Green, read the Report for the past year. It referred to the efforts made to carry out the recommendations offered at last Convention in respect to lectures, mediums, and correspondents, and the promotion of Children's Lyceums, and to the progress of some of the Societies of Spiritualists in the larger towns; of these, some had thirty to forty members, and from three to thirty mediums connected with them. The secretary had received upwards of 1,900 letters from persons in all

classes of society, and had distributed a considerable amount of Spiritualist literature. The report was unanimously adopted. Mr. Harper read the financial statement for the past year, which showed a slight balance due to the treasurer.

Members of the Convention reported the progress of Spiritualism in their several localities, and Signor Damiani gave a report of the progress of Spiritualism in Italy and in France.

Mr. Green read a paper by Mr. Etchells "On the Occult Forces;" Mrs. Spear read a paper on "Spiritual Culture;" Mr. Harper read a paper on "The Embryology of the Human Spirit;" and also read a paper from Mr. Hopewell, of Nottingham, on the Children's Lyceum there; and Mr. Burns illustrated the same subject from personal observation. The President, Mr. Spear, Mrs. Spear, and Mr. Burns, were appointed a committee to obtain and circulate information as to the best means for promoting and conducting Children's Lyceums.

The reading of the various papers was followed by discussion. A long discussion also took place on the subject of Organization, but without leading to any definite resolution. The Convention was informed by Mr. Tebb that some friends were making an effort to establish a Spiritual Institute and Publishing House in London.

The following Resolutions were adopted by the Convention:—

"Whereas this Association learns that the Fourth National Convention of Spiritualists, held in Cleveland, Ohio, September, 1867, passed the following resolution, viz.:—'Resolved, that this Convention hail with satisfaction the progress of Spiritualism throughout the world, and recommend the appointment of a committee at this time, whose duty it shall be to correspond with the leading friends of progress and Spiritualism in Europe, with a view to co-operation in the work of promoting an international circulation of the literature of Spiritualism, and to encourage missionary labours, and to correspond with eminent Spiritualists abroad in reference to a World's Convention, to be held in London in 1868: J. M. Spear, H. T. Childs, M.D., and Col. D. M. Fox, were appointed by the chair;'—therefore resolved, that this Association heartily responds to the excellent sentiments and noble purposes expressed in the above resolution; and our worthy President and Mr. J. M. Spear are now requested to co-operate with the above-named American Committee in calling a World's Conference, and in such other labours as shall, in their judgment, aid in the extension of our beloved faith.

"That while this Association looks with favour upon all movements that tend to elevate and improve mankind, it takes special interest in the efforts now being made in this kingdom and in other countries in behalf of women.

"That the next Convention of this Association be held at such time and place as the Central Committee shall determine, and that reasonable notice of the same be given through the Spiritual publications of the kingdom."

Thanks were also voted to honorary lecturers for the past year. The following honorary lecturers were during the past year. The following honorary lecturers were by the Association:—

Mr. J. M. SPEAR, <i>London.</i>	Mr. COOPER
" WM. TEBB "	" H "
" JAS. BURNS "	" D "
" WM. WALLACE "	" Jc "
" LIVERMORE "	" T "
" JOHN F. MORGAN, <i>Manchester.</i>	" R "
" WITHAM "	" "
" ANDREW LEIGHTON, <i>Liverpool.</i>	" "
" R. HARPER, <i>Birmingham.</i>	" "
" A. BALDWIN "	" "
" A. FRANKLIN "	" "
" HITCHCOCK, <i>Nottingham.</i>	" "
" SIMKISS, <i>Wolverhampton.</i>	" "

The following officers were elected for:—
 Mr. Robt. Cooper, Eastbourne, Sussex; V
 Rochester Road, Camden Road, London; V
 Place, Soho Hill, Birmingham; Hon. Secs

House, Brotherton, Yorkshire; Foreign Correspondent, Signor Damiani, 2, Pembroke Villas, Clifton Park, Bristol. The following central committee was appointed to conduct the Society's general business for the ensuing year:—Mr. and Mrs. Spear, Mrs. Wm. Tebb, Dr. Wilmshurst and Mr. Everett, all of London; Mr. John Hodge, Darlington; Mr. Etchells, Poole; Mr. John Scott, Belfast. A vote of thanks to the Chairman closed the proceedings.

Notices of Books.

SPIRIT-LIFE IN GOD THE SPIRIT.*

THIS is one of the noblest sermons it has been our privilege to read. We are sometimes asked—"What are the relations between Spiritualism and Religion?" and in our own way we have essayed at various times, in part at least, to answer the inquiry. But the subject is a large one: it may be approached on many sides, and studied under different lights. Every real addition to our materials for thought upon it should be welcome; and this sermon by Mr. Hopps, is a contribution to it of no slight value; entering as it does with great clearness and force into the very highest regions of the inquiry. Mr. Hopps is an independent and intrepid thinker, one of those rare minds in which the most free and vigorous action of the intellect isochronises with the full play and exercise of the religious affections. The thought in this discourse is so connected and closely woven, that it is difficult to convey a fair idea of it by isolated passages. But we feel reluctant to leave it without giving the reader a specimen of its quality, and which, we think, will amply justify our commendation of it: we therefore quote from it the following:—

ON THE OUTER AND THE INNER-LIFE.

There is an outward life that we live before man—nay, an outward life that we live before ourselves, since the very fewest of us really go down to the depths even of ourselves. But the real life we live is the wonderful life within, of what we think, what we desire, what we love, what we purpose, what we plan,—what we *are* as distinct from what we *seem*; for these are distinct, even where there is no conscious self-deception or hypocrisy. For this inward man is, in truth, a little world to itself; with kings and slaves, with temples and markets, with buying and selling, sinning and praying, living and dying—all, all in that little world of the mind and heart, hidden often, even from ourselves, behind the earthwork of the flesh; and *that* is what is "*in God*." I, for one, do not desire to escape from this, though the thought of it may well cause us to pause and consider what we are. But whether I accept the fact or not, there it is, staring me in the face,—that I think and plan, and love and hope and fear, because God

* "A Sermon preached by the Rev. John Page Hopps, before the Provincial Assembly of Presbyterians and Unitarian ministers and congregations in Lancashire and Cheshire, at their annual meeting, in Manchester, June 18th, 1868."—*The Truthseeker*, July, 1868.

The Sermon was preached from the following texts:—"God is a spirit."—John iv. 24. "In Him we live, and move, and have our being."—Acts xvii. 28.

supplies me with spiritual vitality—that a blaze of light illumines my inner self, night and day, and that the one being in all the universe who knows me utterly is He who made me and possesses me—the great Spirit-God. . . .

For that is the great essential quality of spirit, that it is in immediate contact with the vital principles of things—that it has not, therefore, to go through the clumsy and laborious processes known to men in the flesh, who have to work as yet with gross material substances, and who have therefore a gross material body to work with; but it is the quality of a spiritual being to *think* and to create, to *love* and to have; and what with us is labour is with such beings reflection; and what with us is toil is with them consideration; and what with us is endeavour is with them will; and what with us is place is with them affection; and what with us is nearness is with them sympathy; and what with us is distance is with them unlikeness. Is this a mere dream, a guess, a speculation? If so, consider whether we have a real God at all, or whether *He* also is not a dream of ours, a guess, a speculation? For God, whom we deem the greatest reality of the universe,—nay, the reality of all realities—is a Spirit; and what we affirm of Him as a Spirit, we may and must affirm of spiritual beings who “have their being” in him; and if to be a spirit is to be shadowy and unreal, then is God, the Great Spirit, shadowy and unreal; and if to be a spirit is to have *lost* the substantial and the real, then has God lost (if He ever possessed) the substantial and the real: but if, as I affirm, and as common sense, ay! and true philosophy, enlightened science, and sound religion would teach if let alone,—if to be a spirit is to live at the very *fountains* of being, in immediate contact with everything that is *most* real—is to be at the *source* of all vitality. then is God, the Great Life-possessor and Life-giver, the Being, of all others, who is most real: and if *He*, as the Great Spirit, is that, then we who are here said to “have our being” in Him have as yet to enter upon our full and unfettered life which is only dimly fore-shadowed and roughly indicated here. Yes! these beating pulses tell of tides which flow from that great invisible sea: these restless thoughts can only find their explanation and can only find repose in Him: these anxious hearts, eager for love and loveliness, hungering and thirsting for perfection, yet pining amid dust and ashes, find their true life alone in Him. Yea, Lord! even “our *wills* are ours, to make them thine.” In Thee, and in Thee only, can we find what it is to live.

Mr. Hopps proceeds to point out how this truth “is vitally related to all the great discoveries and inquiries of our time;” and to shew that “its bearing upon history and science is as real as its connection with history or religion.” But with this introduction we must leave the reader to the careful perusal of the sermon. Sermons are proverbially insipid and seldom bear reading. This one is, however, an evidence that they need not necessarily be so.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the “Spiritual Magazine.”

DEAR SIR,—For the encouragement of our friends, I venture to send you a short report of the work we have been doing in Hyde near Manchester. On March 21st, my spirit-friend, Washington Wilks, told me to lecture on Spiritualism, and advised me to commence at Hyde. Accordingly, I arranged for a lecture in the Temperance Hall, Hyde. On Sunday, March 29th, Mr. Robert Harper of Birmingham occupied the chair, about 40 attended the lecture, some interesting discussion took place, and I resolved to visit Hyde again; accordingly on the 19th of April, I delivered my second lecture there, and was assisted by some of our friends from Manchester, Mr. Reuben Sutcliffe occupying the chair. The

interest had so far spread that about 200 persons attended. A few days afterwards a circle was formed and a communication was obtained from a man whose body had been missing some time; the information proved literally correct and led to the finding of the man's body in a reservoir near Hyde. A full account of this fact was published in the *North Cheshire Herald* fully authenticated by the names of the witnesses. On the 10th of May, the Temperance Hall was not near large enough for the lecture; 500 were crowded in the Hall and numbers could not obtain admission. On Sunday July 5th, the Hall was again crowded to hear my fourth lecture, the subject being "The Phenomena of Spiritualism; can they be accounted for by Natural Laws." The interest manifested there is very great; many are investigating the subject, and a goodly number have been convinced that the phenomena can only be accounted for by spiritual agency. The thanks of all friends of progress are due to the Editor of the *North Cheshire Herald*, for the lengthy reports he has given from time to time of the lectures, and for allowing free discussion in the columns of his paper; some 20 letters have already appeared. I am sure if our friends could arrange for lectures to be delivered in their neighbourhoods on this important subject, Spiritualism would not long remain so unpopular as it is. It is true: then why so much apathy amongst its believers?

Yours for the truth,

JOHN F. MORGAN.

6, Derby Street, Waterloo Road,
Manchester.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN 1868.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—As if Friday, the 17th day of July, 1868, about 10 o'clock, p.m., with two gas burners alight.

Picture to yourself my drawing room, 16 feet by 34 feet, without a break or chandelier. A heavy loo table, 4½ feet in diameter, round which were 10 chairs: seven of them occupied, by Mr. Home, my mother (83 years old), three grown-up daughters, one son, and me. The other three chairs were vacant, to represent my late wife, my late daughter Marion, and son Walter. I had placed on my wife's chair, her last silk dress, bonnet, and black lace scarf; on my daughter's chair, the flannel robe she wore up to the day before her passing away; and on my son's chair, his neck-tie and New Testament.

1st Incident.—My accordion having made sounds which read off were "HYMN OF PRAISE," a mellow, joyous, jubilant voluntary of praise was brilliantly played, exciting in us wonder, joy, and thankfulness. No human hand touched the keys, but lights like stars were seen moving up and down on the keys during the hymn of praise.

2nd.—The accordion shortly after, when placed on the table, gently rose in the air about four inches, and floated about three feet round the table.

3rd.—The family sang the hymn, "What are these arrayed in white?" and then my aged mother in her chair gently *rose bodily in the air* three times, the last time her knees were level with the rim of the loo table; her hands were crossed on her breast.

4th.—My late wife's bonnet, was raised from the vacant chair, and carried opposite to my youngest daughter Edith.

5th.—My late wife's chair, with the dress on it, then *rose in the air*, bent towards and leaned on my mother's breast. The chair returned or rather floated back to its place.

6th.—The dress on the chair, began to move. It rose horizontally like a living substance, moved over to, and on my mother's knee in the sight of us all, and then passed to the rear of Mr. Home's chair.

7th.—My late daughter's chair, next mine, having on it the flannel robe extended on the back and seat of the chair, then moved up closer to the table, but there not being room, vigorously pushed my chair, and removed it a little

to one side, and so was ranged with the other sitters. We all then sang the hymn,

"Give to the winds your fears,
Hope and be undismayed, &c."

844.—My spirit daughter's chair then quietly glided away from the table, passed round the rear of mine, came to my left side (Mr. Home and chair being carried to the rear), took the vacant place at the table, and then, with an undulating motion, floated up off the ground to a level with the rim of the lloo table. The accordion at the same time playing a sweet gentle strain of music.

944.—The accordion commenced playing the air, well known to teetotalers, "Taste not the cup;" my family, knowing the air and the words, chimed in. We were wondering why such a song should be played—my son Arthur said—"It is an answer to my mental question 'Shall I give up teetotalism, and do as others?' After this advice I will not take the cup."

Other phenomena took place, and at last the sounds gave out, "God bless you all!" We said, "Amen—May God bless you!" Then a jubilant gush of sounds came on the table and all ceased.

We as a family then sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and the sitting closed.

Enmore Park, South Norwood.

I am, yours truly,
JNO. JONES.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—As the important question of Special Providence and Prayer has so far been presented only in one aspect through the able writer "T. S." in your periodical, and as many eminent Spiritualists hold opinions wholly different from his, I venture to throw out some suggestions, in the way of enquiry, chiefly bearing upon the other aspect of the discussion.

In the August number the writer alluded to seems to think that if prayer were uniformly followed by concession, this "regularity would itself be urged as evidence of some law of natural and necessary sequence," which would dull our apprehension of the boon; and, further, that the withdrawal of the belief in Special Providence would neutralize "the faith of men in an invisible world, and a Divine Providence," and "exclude the hypothesis of a personal being" in the Deity.

Although expediency is a questionable basis of faith in a mere matter of fact, I would yet suggest the enquiry whether a rational faith in the immutability and fixedness of God's eternal laws, as universally manifested throughout the entire realms of nature, is not more assuring and comforting, and more in accordance with an enlightened notion of "Divine Providence," than a weak unreasoning faith which hopes that God will interfere with the regular and uniform operation of his laws upon a prayer or petition to that effect being offered up to Him by individual men? Is not a belief in the local and universal government of God—which is the perfection of love and wisdom—adequate to supply the demand of the pure and reasonable intellect? a belief in the perfection, the unchangeableness, the universality of the principles of divine government and legislation? Are not ignorance, doctrinal education, and desire, in numerous forms and combinations, the causes of a belief in special or immediate providences? What can be more assuring to the well-balanced mind than the contemplation of the great and wonderful law of natural and necessary sequence, under which, as described by the poet,

"One common soul

Inspires, and feeds, and animates the whole,"

forming one grand, universal, continuous, and unbroken chain of cause and effect from the lowest to the highest, "without variableness neither shadow of turning."

As A. J. Davis, the celebrated Spiritual seer, says:—"Conceive of all this, ye searchers and worshippers of the Infinite, and then it may truthfully be said that the human mind has, for the first time on this earth, formed a philosophical conception of the structure and character of that Holy Being, whose residence is fixed eternal in the heavens!"

A. B. TIETKENS.

[So far from being a "weak and unreasoning faith," the belief in Special Providence rests upon the facts of human experience, is a legitimate deduction from them, and but for these facts could have had no existence. It is, therefore, grounded not in "ignorance," but in knowledge, and is independent of "doctrinal education and desire." It is held that the Divine Providence works not by *interference with* natural laws, but by operating *through* and from *beyond* them;—through spiritual agencies and spiritual laws acting upon both spirit and matter. The spiritual being the sphere of causation—of free potencies acting upon the physical—the world of effects, through its law of natural and necessary sequences.—T. S.]

THE DOUBLE.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

London, 6th August, 1868.

SIR,—While sitting one evening lately in a lower parlour with my daughter, she heard footsteps in the parlour above, which being also heard by a little dog on her lap, it began to bark. She remarked to me that it certainly must be the double of my sister, my brother and sister being from home and no one in the room.

When she visited a clairvoyant two days afterwards, where she is accustomed to meet the departed spirit of her mother, she asked her mother respecting the matter, and was informed it was not what we call the double of my sister that appeared, but that of my brother; stating circumstances that had led to it, and which double they, (the spirits,) called his brother-spirit.

I have thought the incident remarkable, as evidencing that the departed ones know of, and recognize what we call the double, and therefore it is not probable as is now believed by some, that it is only the spirits of living persons that manifest at our circles.

It may fairly be presumed that if the spirit of a resident of the earth can appear and manifest when for a short time out of the body, so can the spirits of the departed that have entirely left the body.—I remain, Sir, yours, &c.,

T. BLACKBURN.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

9, St. Mark's Crescent, Regent's Park, N.W.

August 3rd.

SIR,—Will you allow me to suggest that much good would be done by printing separately the letters of Mr. VARLEY and Mr. SIMPSON, which appeared in your June number, together with that of Mr. HOWITT, in your number of this month. These would occupy ten or twelve pages, and might be sold at 2d. singly, or 1s. a dozen to give away. I would take two or three dozen with pleasure, to give away to scientific friends, and I am sure many would do the same. If headed, *Men of Science on Spiritualism*, quantities would sell at the Railway Bookstalls, and if a copy were sent to every newspaper and periodical in the kingdom, such a proportion of them would *notice* or *even reprint it*, as to prove an excellent antidote to the general one-sidedness of the press. Hoping this may be practicable, believe me, your well-wisher,

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

[We should be happy to see these letters reprinted and widely circulated as suggested by our correspondent.—EDITOR.]



THE
Spiritual Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1868.

THE MUCHELNEY DISTURBANCES.

A VERY interesting narrative of a visit to the scene of these disturbances (to which attention was called in our last number) is given in *The Western Gazette and Flying Post* for July 31st. In the editorial summary of the week, the editor says:—

“In our third page will be found a full account of a visit which we have paid to the scene of the Muchelney disturbances, and we commend the narrative to the careful attention of every student of natural philosophy, who, while uninfluenced by superstition, is not tied to any rigid theory as to what is possible and what impossible.”

We give the article entire:—

“Our readers will remember that, during the last two or three months, our paper has contained, almost weekly, accounts of some mysterious disturbances that have taken place, at irregular intervals, at the house of Mr. Travis, a farmer at Thorney, a small hamlet situated between Muchelney and Kingsbury Episcopi, about two and a half miles from the town of Langport. The eye and earwitnesses to these strange manifestations were so numerous, intelligent, and respectable, that we found it difficult, even in our most sceptical moments, either to disbelieve their statements, or to regard them as the victims of an elaborate hoax. Thinking, however, that on so extraordinary a subject, the evidence of our own senses would be more satisfactory than the statements of any number of witnesses, we sought permission to investigate the affair for ourselves. This was promptly and courteously granted, and, at seven o'clock last Friday evening, we, in the company of three friends, arrived at ‘the haunted house,’ as the scene of the strange phenomena in question is familiarly called. Mr. Travis—a jolly

comfortable-looking yeoman, apparently of the modern school, met us on the lawn and gave us a hearty greeting. As we crossed the threshold, and were in the very act of asking whether anything had been seen or heard lately, we were startled by a series of three or four sharp, vigorous raps. The sound, proceeding apparently from the middle of the house, was like that which would be produced by striking a hard table very rapidly with a small hammer. Our surprise at this singular greeting having been duly expressed, our host described to us the phenomena that had immediately preceded our arrival. He said that, a short time previously, he, and a relative of his—a gentleman from the neighbourhood of Glastonbury, were on the farm premises at a considerable distance from the house, when they heard what they thought was a vehicle approaching rapidly. Thinking it might be a trap containing our party, which they were then expecting, they hurried back to the house and found that the noise they had heard was caused by the violent shaking, by some invisible agency, of the door which opens out of the kitchen into the passage. Soon after these motions had ceased, the house bells began to ring gently, and the ringing was succeeded by knockings similar to those which greeted us as, a few minutes afterwards, we entered the house.

“Mr. Travis’s household consists of himself, his housekeeper (Mrs. Hawker), Miss Travis (a relative), and a maid servant. These were all present on Friday evening, as well as Mr. Kiddo—the gentleman to whom we have before referred. The arrangements of the ground floor apartments are as follow:—The front door opens into a wide passage, having a large sitting room on the right, and a smaller one on the left, of a person entering. Immediately opposite the door of the larger room, the passage turns sharp to the left, and terminates at the kitchen door. The total distance from the front door, round the right angle formed by the passage, to the kitchen door, is probably not much more than eight or nine yards. Another door opens out of the kitchen into a back court, which, in its turn, communicates with the farm premises.

“One of our party was a believer in Spiritualism; and as he thought that if the disturbances were due to spiritual agency, a sitting, or *séance*, might be the means of obtaining some explanation of them, we formed a circle and impatiently awaited the result. That proved to be nothing. No sign of such movements as we have seen in other tables under similar circumstances was observed, and we presently gave up the sitting in despair. Our Spiritualist friend attributed this failure to the fact that there was no ‘medium’ among the sitters.

“For an hour or more after our arrival, we listened in vain

for more knockings; but, soon after eight o'clock, we heard a number of raps proceeding apparently from the kitchen. We at once ran into that room and found the servant there. She said the noise had proceeded from the direction of a deal table which was standing opposite the back door. As the girl was in the kitchen alone at this time, it would have been easy for her to produce the sounds we heard, and if nothing more had ever been seen or heard than such knockings, under similar circumstances, we confess we should be strongly disposed to suspect the girl of being at the bottom of the affair. But, after what we saw later in the evening, and what had been described to us by Mr. Travis, and a number of other reliable witnesses, we find it impossible to accept this explanation of the mystery.

"We had not left the kitchen long when we heard, from the same direction, a noise as of a heavy table being dragged over a stone floor. Again we ran into the kitchen, and found that one end of the deal table before-mentioned had been moved about a foot from the wall. The housekeeper was in the act of stepping out of the back door, and, on seeing us running into the kitchen, she said—'Oh! it is nothing this time. I believe I must have dragged the table with my dress, for it moved as I passed the corner.' The servant, who was at the other end of the kitchen, declared, however, that her mistress was mistaken. She was certain, she said, that her dress did *not* touch the table, as she was looking in that direction when the lady walked towards the door. She asserted, moreover, and in this statement she was supported by the other inmates of the house, that the table had several times before moved away from the wall in the same manner. Not feeling quite satisfied, we requested Mrs. Hawker to pass the table again, dragging her dress against the corner as roughly as she could. This she did repeatedly, but found it impossible to move the table, which contained two heavy drawers, without actually lifting it with her hand, or pre her side firmly against it. As both Mrs. Hawker and I were certainly present when the table moved, our readers will, of course, credit them with a trick. The part of the evening's business, however, was yet to c

"We were standing at the front door, chatting at had seen (all the inmates of the house, except the s either with us or in the larger sitting room) when we great noise in the kitchen, as of something heavy being violently upon the ground. Within three seconds our party were at the kitchen back-door, looking upon the table to which we have before referred. across the door-way upside down, with its leg

upright in the air. We were fairly on the spot when the servant, who had been into the barton, and had, she said, heard the noise while there, made her appearance at the opposite side of the court, running towards the door. We placed the table in its normal position, and made a careful examination of the locality, without discovering anything in the slightest degree suspicious.

“One more piece of furniture-tumbling completed the evening’s performance. On one side of the passage, and within two or three feet of the kitchen door, there stood a mahogany table, perhaps three feet long and two feet wide. Mr. Travis had described to us, early in the evening, a number of extraordinary gymnastic feats which this piece of furniture had performed at different times. Indeed, it bore the marks of very violent usage. The top was split from end to end, and pieces of veneer were missing in various places along the edges. At nine o’clock, several of Mr. Travis’s labourers were in the kitchen, taking their supper. The passage door was wide open, so that they could see the table, and the clock which stood near it. At the opposite end of the passage, the door of the large sitting room, in which several persons were talking, was also wide open. The distance from one door to the other greatly exceeded 15 feet. One of our party had just left for Langport, and the rest of us were at the front door with Mr. Travis, preparing to leave, when we were startled by a noise very much like, but far louder than, that which accompanied the falling of the kitchen table. This time, moreover, it was accompanied by a shrill scream. We were within four or five paces of the spot from which these sounds proceeded (the inner passage), and were there in a twinkling. The mahogany table, in two or three pieces, was lying close to, indeed almost within, the kitchen doorway, in full sight of the men who were at supper. The servant, pale and breathless, with her hand pressed upon her side, was lying back upon the stairs, which leads out of the passage opposite the clock, and is therefore within a few inches of a straight line with the entrance passage in which we were standing when the crash occurred. We picked up the pieces of the table and propped them up against the side of the passage as well as we could, and then made inquiries. One of the men, who sat opposite the passage door, said he saw the table rear up at one end before being dashed violently on the floor; and the girl said that, as she was passing, either the table, or one of the pieces of it, struck her on the side, and threw her into the staircase in the position in which we had found her. If her fright was assumed, all we can say is—that she is an inimitable actor. We noticed that, when passing the remains of the table some time afterwards she

unconsciously put out her hand towards it, as if to protect herself from another surprise.

"This grand smash of the mahogany table was the last act of the evening up to ten o'clock, when we left.

"It may not be amiss to recapitulate the various manifestations which occurred while we were present, and to see which of them (if any) might have been caused by trickery. They were as follow :—

"1.—The knocking on our arrival.—As we were not fairly in the house when this occurred, and have no idea whence the sound came and where the inmates were at the time, we may pass this over.

"2.—The knocking in the neighbourhood of the kitchen table.—In this case, the servant was alone in the kitchen, and certainly may have caused the noise.

"3.—The movement of the kitchen table.—This occurred when both Mrs. Hawker and the girl were present, and may have been the result of either accident or design, though we cannot see how it could have resulted from the former.

"4.—The overturning of the kitchen table.—This was the only occurrence at which nobody was present. It was, we believe, utterly impossible that the girl could have caused the upset with her hands and then escape to the spot at which we first saw her, before our arrival. If she *did* play any trick, moreover, she played it, in this case, at the imminent risk of detection, for the table was visible from the farm premises on one side, and (through a window) from the inner passage on the other, and some of our party or of the other inmates were in the passage well nigh every minute.

"5.—The overturning and smashing of the passage table.—Here the girl was present, but it is inconceivable that she should have ventured on such an act of violence as the destruction of a table in a place where she was overlooked from both ends of the passage. We doubt, moreover, whether, by the exertion of her utmost strength, she could have caused so much noise and destruction. The effect of this last smash was, indeed, to render one of our party exceedingly nervous, and to cause him to declare to Mr. Travis that he would not sleep in house a single night for £1,000.

"We do not assert that it would be utterly impossible for a skilled conjuror to produce by mechanical means all the effects we have described. Were ours the only evidence bearing on the case, we do not know that we should greatly blame our readers for remaining sceptical. It is only when the accumulated evidence of Mr. Travis and his household, and of scores of respectable witnesses, is viewed together, that the impossibility

of accounting for all the phenomena by the hoax theory becomes apparent. We will give, as briefly as we can, an account of what has been seen and heard by others, and we may add that the versions of the different witnesses are perfectly consistent with each other.

“The disturbances commenced in Easter week, and have continued at irregular intervals ever since. Sometimes nothing is heard for several days, and in one instance, we believe, Mr. Travis had a fortnight's peace. But any long interval of quiet seems to be always dearly bought, for the agents that produce the rows appear to return like ‘giants refreshed,’ and to make up, by greater activity than ever, for their loss of time. During the first week or two, Mr. Travis heard none of the knockings himself. They were heard in the daytime, during his absence from home; and when his housekeeper and servant complained to him, on his return in the evening, he laughed at them, believing them to be the victims of some hoax or delusion. At last, he heard the noises himself, and was soon satisfied that there was neither delusion nor hoax in the case.

“The noises are not confined to any particular part of the house, but appear to proceed, at different times, from every corner of every room, upstairs and down. It is not always easy to tell where they *do* proceed from, for they appear to possess the peculiarities of a ventriloquist's voice. If the hearer runs to the spot from which he fancies the sound proceeds, he not unfrequently finds, unless it has ceased in the meantime, that he appears to have changed places with it. Another peculiarity about the sounds is, that the dogs take little or no notice of them. Mr. Travis has dogs which, he says, rouse the whole family with their barking if they hear the slightest footstep in or near the house by night. But they have seldom indicated that they even so much as hear the very loudest of the knockings, whether by night or by day.

“The knockings vary as much in loudness as in locality. At one time, they are like a regular gentle knocking, travelling round and round the room; at another time, they can be compared only to the beating of the floors with mallets or to a volley of musketry. On some occasions, the noises have been terrific. The people of the village have heard them as they sat in their own homes, listening to the unearthly row for hours together. The number of excited persons who have thus assembled has sometimes been so great that the presence of the police has been rendered necessary. One day, Mr. Travis cleared the house and locked the doors, stationing a policeman at the back, and watching the front himself. To use Mr. Travis's own words, fifty men with mallets could not have caused the awful row which

was heard while the house was thus watched, for the loudest knockings appeared to proceed from every part of the house almost simultaneously.

“But, as was proved during our visit, the manifestations are not confined to noises. The metal cover of the furnace in the kitchen has been several times thrown off and dashed violently against the floor. A number of bits which were hanging over the mahogany table whose end we witnessed were once thrown off their nails and scattered about the passage; and the table itself was, *in Mr. Travis's presence*, violently overturned, just as it was during our visit. At three o'clock one morning, Mr. Travis was awoke by knockings of the ordinary kind upon the wall of his bedroom. They gradually increased in force, and terminated with a tremendous blow which dashed open the door. Except in the case of the tables, no damage appears to have been done amid the most violent of the manifestations. After a period of unusually high jinks, a little fine white dust such as might be supposed to have fallen from white-washed wall or ceiling, has been noticed in some of the rooms; and, in one case, a number of flat irons were so nearly shaken off a shelf in the kitchen that it was thought desirable to remove them.

“Many persons will, no doubt, wonder that anybody can be found to live amid such infernal revelry. The truth is—one soon gets accustomed even to such disturbances as these. Mr. Travis and his family are evidently conscious that they run no risk of serious bodily injury, and they have come to look upon the phenomena as simple nuisances. The females confess, indeed, that they feel somewhat nervous when, after a few days cessation, the noises begin again suddenly; but they plead guilty to no other emotion. The men employed on the farm appear to be on very easy terms with the unknown agencies, and, on the recommencement of the noises after an interval of silence, they are heard to remark—‘There's the old 'un again!’ or words to that effect. Their appetites were evidently unaffected by the destruction of the table on Friday night. Their anxiety appears to be confined to any possible bad effects that may be produced on the cider. Mr. Travis says that one of them told him he didn't care if ‘they’ (the spirits, or whoever else the agents may be,) would only leave the casks alone, and not pull out the corks.

“So much for the facts. By this time, our readers are, no doubt, anxious to hear on what theory we account for them, and will, perhaps, be disappointed to hear that we have formed no theory at all. Such however is the case. We should like some scientific man to observe the phenomena for himself, and then

tell us, if he can, how they are to be accounted for. Unfortunately, we have few *really* scientific men. We have plenty of so-called philosophers, who construct their theories first, and then endeavour to make the facts fit into them, instead of carefully ascertaining the facts first, and deducing a theory from them afterwards. Of course, a great philosopher cannot be expected to investigate a 'trumpery ghost story' or a 'silly haunted-house tale.' He *knows* that it is *impossible* for a table to move without hands, and it would, therefore, be only a waste of his valuable time to inquire whether a table has ever done so or not. This, we fear, is the view which too many of our all-knowing *savans* will take of the Muchelney business. But is such a view truly philosophical? Do we know everything yet? Are there no natural laws or forces yet to be discovered?—no exceptions, or apparent exceptions, to the operation of known laws to be determined? And, unless our knowledge of Nature and her marvellous doings is perfect, by what right do we set bounds to the possible, and pooh-pooh everything which appears to our weak vision to transgress those limits? Is it not equally true of the physical creation as it is of the moral world that

"Tis but a part we see, and not the whole?"

"In view of the marvellous discoveries of late years, a cautious man will be very chary about using the word 'impossible.' A great French astronomer once said that no true philosopher would ever use it except with reference to the exact sciences. We may safely assert that it is impossible that one and one can ever make three, or that the three angles of a triangle can ever make more or less than two right angles; but, once clear of mathematics, we can never be safe in using the word 'impossible.' We borrow an illustration.

"Christopher Columbus has just returned to Europe from the long and perilous voyage which has revealed a New World to the wondering nations of the Eastern Hemisphere. As he lands from the crazy cock-boat which he dignifies by the name of 'ship,' and looks back upon the weary waste of waters whose billows have had him for a plaything during so many long months, a seer, looking forward across three centuries and a half of progress, steps up to him, and tells him that, in a far-off future, ships, unaided by sails and in defiance of winds and tides, will regularly cross the great ocean on which he has been so long afloat in nine or ten days, and with all the certainty and punctuality with which a short land journey may be performed on a good road. Still more marvellous! the prophet assures him that, at a rather later period, one man shall stand on the western shore of Europe and another on the eastern shore of the New

World, and that these two shall converse with each other across the mighty gulf of storm and fog as intelligibly and almost as rapidly as if they stood face to face. What says the discoverer of America to these bold predictions? He exclaims—'Impossible! The man is mad. Seize him!'

"And would not Columbus have been perfectly justified in regarding such a prediction as an evidence of insanity? His knowledge of the forces and laws of nature was extremely limited, and anything that appeared to him contrary to the teachings of his little experience would necessarily be declared impossible. There is less excuse for us if we, reasoning from our own more extended, but still imperfect, experience, declare anything to be beyond the bounds of possibility. A generation that sees two men on opposite sides of the globe conversing with each other by means of a ubiquitous agent that is known only by its effects, can surely believe in almost anything except the incorrectness of the multiplication table.

"In Mr. Dale Owen's remarkable work entitled *Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World* will be found accounts of a number of cases similar to that which we have described. It is impossible to explain these away except on the theory that, in each instance, a number of persons of intelligence and respectability combined to palm off upon the world a silly fiction. One of the cases mentioned is that of John Wesley's father's house, which, if we are to believe John Wesley, his brother and sister, and other equally reliable witnesses, was, for several weeks, the scene of disturbances very similar to these at Muchelney. If we understand Dale Owen, the object of his work is to trace these and similar phenomena to spiritual causes. We do not wish it to be understood, because we have mentioned his book, that we necessarily accept his theory. As we before said, we have no well-defined theory on the subject; but we are convinced that there is no trickery in *this* case, that the phenomena are due to causes of which Science has, as yet, taught us nothing, and that we should act in an unphilosophical spirit if we rejected the evidence of our own and others' senses because of its apparent inconsistency with the little which we happen to know of Nature's laws."

LITERARY COMPOSITION DURING SLEEP.

It was during sleep that Henricus ab Heeres, a very celebrated Dutch author, composed all his works. Once awake, he had only to transcribe from memory.

JAMES NAYLER, A CONFESSOR OF "THE INDWELLING DEITY."

CHAPTER I.

"At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I is you."—*Words of Our Lord Jesus Christ.*

"Yesterday
I pitched my tent on the highest throne.
I drank, crowned by the Beloved,
The wine of Unity from the cup of the Almighty."

Dervish Breviary.

"Godly men are called God-like, for God lives, forms, ordains, and works in them in all His works, and doth, so to speak, use Himself in them."—*Tauler.*

"A meek man must be *de-formed* from the creature, *con-formed* to Christ, and *trans-formed* into Deity; yet the *divine* 'Thou' and the *human* 'I' continue to exist."—*Suso.*

"He is in us, and we in Him; and if our lives are holy we may know ourselves to be God. Man is the living book of God."—*Böhme.*

"What then is the evidence that God is God? That He should be able to appear objectively to sense and spirit, but also to reveal Himself subjectively from His infinite imminence within, descending, so to speak, from the heights of being, which are above our consciousness, and literally giving Himself to us by procession of His life into our own through a divine respiration, so that we may feel that He dwells within us and we in Him."—*Harris.*

"THE secret of all religions," it has been remarked by an original thinker of our own day,* "is God-possession." The recognition of the presence of the Divine Spirit within man, not alone vaguely, but as a literal fact, that God, as "the Breath of Life," breathes through the soul, operating upon the heart and intellect in contradistinction to that will and operative spirit which man has learned to regard as his own individuality, may assuredly be regarded by us as the entrance into the penetralia of the soul's temple; as the unveiling of the recess of mysticism; as the arrival at the goal of all religious pilgrimage.

Indeed, this recognition of the literal fulfilment of Christ's promise to His disciples, *that He would be "in them"* in the form of the Holy Ghost, and this, too, "until the end of the world," must truly be the seal and crown of the religious life. Doubtless it is the reception of "the white stone"—the undefiled, pure truth—containing "the new name," or nature, which can alone "be read" or comprehended "by him to whom it is given." Doubtless it is what is termed "the reception of the bridegroom"—or not less, of "the bride"—the mysterious "Sophia or divine wisdom;" that mystical espousal of the invis-

* John E. Dove.

ble and spiritual with the visible and material, in its most sacred and refined form, and which being universal—since it is of God, who is universal—has, as it would seem under the needful conditions, manifested itself in all ages and amongst all nations according to the moral and intellectual culture of mankind, giving forth in the early times poetry, myth, and fable, as well as in later ages, literal, individual, and widely-spread fact.

These highly-favoured human beings—these seekers and finders of God, who, recognizing within their own awe-stricken individuality this sweet and sublime presence radiating through them like burning flame through a lamp, and impelled by this living fire of truth, to proclaim unhesitatingly—because undoubtedly—the stupendous fact that God does indeed tabernacle with man in the “temple made without hands”—a fact as yet hidden by the veil of outward sense from their less spiritually transformed brethren—are not alone the witnesses and confessors of the Holy Ghost, in varied ages, but also its martyrs.

A History of the Confessors of Indwelling-Deity, or, in other words, of “God-possession,” would present before our vision a mighty and august assembly. It would comprise the subtlest and most philosophic minds which have left their indissoluble impress upon ancient oriental revelation of truth adapted to the varied families of Asia; upon the Schools of Philosophy in Greece and Alexandria; and descending through the Middle Ages, and gathering up in its course the most transcendental spirits of Europe, male and female, would be seen to roll forward like a mighty flood until it reaches our own times. This tide of ardent souls has been composed invariably of the most heretical of all heresies. They have been “the stumbling blocks” and “thorns in the flesh” even of their own co-religionists; they are those who have been most severely “wounded in the house of their friends.” They have penetrated one degree beyond the experience of their enlightened fellow-explorers in the realms of truth, and have, in their turn, even by the hierophants of the New Revelation, been denounced as deceivers and blasphemers.

As an illustration of a man making claim to the profession of this intimate union with God, we have selected the life of the Quaker, James Nayler, because from the comparative proximity of his age to our own time, we can the more readily recognize and realize the man; and because his career presents examples of almost every phase of the subject, and evidence sufficient, the writer thinks, to warrant the belief that he truly possessed the divine gifts to which he laid claim, also because this life affectingly illustrates the aberrations of a fallible human

nature, unequal under all temptation to hold itself sufficiently upright to sustain so august a condition, and the consequent fallings away from it unwittingly into the dire weakness and suffering of simple humanity.

“By their fruits shall ye know them;” and thus we will leave it to our readers to pass judgment upon James Nayler the sufferer, as to whether his words and actions were sometimes of God or no; to pass judgment when they shall have witnessed the triumph of his meekness and penitence over the bitterness of his spiritual fall and his physical sufferings; and how his tender and gentle nature became ever more tender and Christ-like through the bitterness of his purgation.

Our authorities are a pamphlet entitled *The Life of James Nayler, wherein it is attempted to include more particulars respecting him than are to be found in any one account extant; Bess's Sufferings of the People called Quakers; Sewel's History of the Quakers; James Nayler's Writings*, published shortly after his death; &c.

James Nayler was born of honest parents, in the parish of Ardesley, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire, about the year 1616. His father, in one account, is stated to have been a “husbandman,” nevertheless having “a competent estate to live on, with industry, according to the manner of the country where he dwelt.” James, is said to have received a good, plain English education, and to have written well. About the age of twenty-two he married, and removed to Wakefield. The Civil War breaking out in the following year, he became a soldier in the army of Fairfax, and afterwards a quarter-master under Lambert. Sickness, however, disabled him, and detached him from his military employment, and he returned to Wakefield. During this time his religious profession was amongst the Independents.

In the year 1651, George Fox, already fully entered upon his apostolic career, appeared at Wakefield; and amongst various men and women whose hearts were touched by “the Truth,” as set forth in the words of that earnest and truly inspired man, was James Nayler. In the beginning of the subsequent year, we read in his own words that, “as he was in the field at plough, meditating on the things of God, *he heard a voice*, bidding him go out from his kindred and from his father's house; and had a promise given with it, that the Lord would be with him; whereupon he did exceedingly rejoice that he had heard the voice of God, whom he had professed from a child, and endeavoured to serve; and when he went home he made preparations to go, but not being obedient, the wrath of God was upon him, so that he was made a wonder, and it was

thought he would have died. (What is precisely intended by this is not clearly expressed.) After this he was made willing, and began to make some preparation, of apparel and other necessaries, not knowing whither he should go. But shortly afterwards going a "gateward" with a friend from his own house, having on an old suit, without any money, having neither taken leave of wife or children, not thinking then of any journey, he was commanded to go into the west, not knowing whither he should go, nor what he had to do there. But when he had been there a little while, he had given him what to declare. And ever after he remained, not knowing to-day what he should do to-morrow.

In various contemporary memoirs we come upon casual references to Nayler, as he was then wandering up and down through England upon his apostolic mission; now alone, now accompanied by others of his co-religionists. He was with George Fox upon his singular and (especially to Fox, as it proved in the sequel) momentous visit to Swarthmore Hall, in Furness, the seat of Judge Fell, when Margaret Fell, the judge's wife—afterwards, in her widowhood, married to George Fox—and all her "large household" were incontinently convinced of sin, and embraced the "New Truth," as set forth by the burning words of Fox (*vide* "Testimony of Margaret Fox," *Fox's Journal*). In later days, not unfrequently, was Nayler received at Swarthmore Hall, and his "wounds dressed," and his spirit strengthened to endurance by the lady of the Hall; for poor Nayler met with no gentle usage, as we shall see further on, in the public carrying out of his mission.

But perhaps the most graphic picture of him we find—slight though the sketch be—is in the quaint autobiography of Thomas Elwood, the friend and scholar of Milton, who had met him at the house of a neighbour, before he himself had joined the Quakers. There was a discussion upon predestination, which was strongly supported by Elwood's father, when Nayler interposed, and "handled the subject with so much perspicuity, and clear demonstration, that his reasoning seemed to be irresistible," and this the more surprised young Elwood, "as the appearance of James Nayler was that of a plain simple husbandman or shepherd."

We will now continue our narrative pretty much in the words of our authorities. In 1652, notice being had by the priests that James Nayler would meet with some of his friends, about a mile out of Kendal, at the house of a widow, the town of Kendal was raised against him; but being long in getting the company together, the time of the meeting was over. However, they had placed spics on the steeple and

other high places to observe James, and which way he passed; and as he was coming towards Kendal, two priests with a justice of the peace and some other magistrates, with a great multitude following them, met him, and one of the priests said to him, "Nayler, I have a message from the Lord Jesus Christ to thee, but this is not a convenient place." To which James answered, "The Lord Jesus Christ is no respecter of places." The priest then delivered what he called his message, thus: "I conjure thee to tell me by what power thou inflictest such punishment upon the bodies of creatures?" (referring to the divine power attending the ministry of Nayler, and others of those early witnesses to the Truth, and which wrought so effectually on the spirits of some of their hearers, that their bodies were affected therewith, to the surprise of the priests, and such as were not acquainted with the nature of those operations; and which, therefore, the priest ignorantly called *inflicting punishment*). James answered, "Dost thou acknowledge it to be done by a power?" "Yes," said the priest, "I have the spirit of God, and thereby I know it is done by a power." James said, "If thou hast the spirit of God, as thou sayest thou hast, then thou canst tell by what power it is done." The priest said, "When God cometh, He comes to torment the souls and not the bodies." James replied, "He comes to redeem the souls."

After which discourse the priest began to accuse him of many things before the justice and magistrates, as that he taught people to burn their Bibles, children to disobey their parents, wives their husbands, people to disobey their magistrates, and such like accusations. To which James replied, "Thou art a false accuser. Prove one of these things here, if thou canst, before the magistrates." But not being able to prove anything, he went on accusing James, "for holding a light that doth convince of sin, which," said the priest, "all have not." James replied, "Point out one of this great multitude that dare say he hath it not." He answered, "These are all Christians; but if a Turk or an Indian were here, he would deny it." James said, "Thou goest far for a proof; but if a Turk were here, he would witness against thee."

The people growing disorderly, the priest turned away, saying, "There will be a disturbance." James replied, "These are thy Christians; and this is the fruit of thy ministry." The justices endeavoured to prevent the people from abusing him; yet many ran before to a bridge which he was to pass over, swearing that they would throw him off the bridge into the water, but he undismayed passed through the midst of them, testifying against their fury, and receiving no harm. Thus he

passed through the town and market place, declaring boldly the Word of the Lord, who restrained the rude people from tearing him, though they continued shouting, crying out, and throwing stones at him for above a quarter of a mile out of the town.

At another time, James being at a meeting at Orton, five priests came thither, and many people from all parts. The priests asked him many questions, to which he gave such answers as prevented their purpose of ensnaring him in his words; however, the next First-day (Sunday), they had prepared their sermons against him, representing him to the people as a blasphemer, and as denying the resurrection and humanity of Christ, and contemning all authority; and some of them, as their hearers reported, said it would be doing God good service to knock him down. Having thus prepared the ruder sort of people, one of the priest's sons, got a great company of them together next morning, who beset the house where Nayler was, threatening to knock out his brains against the wall, and to pull the house down, if he would not come out. But he answered them, thus, "You did not use me so civilly the last time I was among you, but if any have a mind they may come in, the doors are open." Which answer being told to the priests, the rabble rushed violently into the house, took him by the throat, and dragged him into a field, where a justice, sent for by the priests, was present. Then they struck off James's hat with a pitchfork, and the justice commanded him to answer such questions as the priests should ask him. Whereupon one of the priests asked him many questions, as concerning the Resurrection, the humanity of Christ, the Scriptures, and other things, to which he answered scripturally. At length, being asked "If Christ was in him?" he answered, "I witness Him in me in measure." The priest asked him, "If Christ was in him as man?" He answered, "Christ is not divided, for if he be, he is no more Christ; but I witness that Christ is in me, in measure, who is God and man." The priest said, "Christ is in heaven with a carnal body." To which James answered, "Christ filleth heaven and earth, and is not carnal, but spiritual; for if Christ be in heaven with a carnal body, and the saints with a spiritual body, that is not proportionable, neither was that a carnal body that came among the disciples, the doors be shut. For Christ is a mystery, and thou knowest him not."

When after much conference, the priest got little advantage he became angry, and warned the people not to receive him in their houses, and so turned from him. Then the people began to abuse some of the Friends present; but James Nayler said to the justice, "Surely you will set us peaceably into the

again?" but he also turning away as if he meant to leave them to the mercy of the rabble, James said, "The will of the Lord be done;" at which, the justice being moved, returned, saying, "We will set them in the house again," and did so. This displeased the priests, who were heard to say, "If we let him go thus, all people will run after him;" whereupon they agreed that he should be brought before the justice again. Then the priests and justice mounted their horses, and went to an ale-house at some distance, and the rabble, having seized James again, hurried him after them. When they came, the justice told him that if he would not put off his hat he would send him to prison. Then they concluded to commit him to prison for that pretended contempt, and also as being a vagabond, saying, "None there knew whence he came," which was but a quibble, for they had shut his acquaintance out of doors. On the morrow, he and his friend, Francis Howgill (who had followed him), were sent to Appleby Gaol.

At the sessions held at Appleby in the month called January, 1652, James Nayler was tried on an indictment for blasphemy.

The indictment having been read, wherein he was charged with saying that "Christ was in him," and that "there was but one Word of God," Justice Pearson and Colonel Briggs began questioning him regarding his birth, condition, former life, and supposed call to God's service; to all of which questions Nayler returned clear and concise answers; the words and purport of which have been embodied in the commencement of this narrative.

Colonel Briggs.—What was the promise thou hadst given? (referring to James Nayler's words, that when "the Voice" called to him whilst ploughing, that "He had a promise given him.")

Nayler.—That God would be with me. Which promise I find made good every day.

Col. Briggs.—I never heard of such a call as this in our time.

Nayler.—I believe thee.

Justice Pearson.—Is Christ in thee?

Nayler.—I witness Him in me; and if I should deny Him before men, He would deny me before His Father, which is in heaven.

Justice Pearson.—Spiritual you mean?

Nayler.—Yea, spiritual.

Justice Pearson.—By faith, or how?

Nayler.—By faith.

Justice Pearson.—What difference then between the ministers and you?

Nayler.—The ministers affirm Christ to be in heaven with a carnal body, but I with a spiritual body.

Justice Pearson.—Which of the ministers say Christ is in heaven with a carnal body?

Nayler.—The minister, so called, of Kirkby-Steven.

(Priest Higginson stood up, and affirmed it again, openly before all the court.)

Nayler.—If Christ be in heaven with a carnal body, and the saints with a spiritual body, it is not proportionable; neither was that a carnal body which appeared among the disciples, the doors being shut, and appeared in divers shapes.

Question.—Was Christ man or no?

Nayler.—Yea, He was; and took upon Him the seed of Abraham, and was real flesh and bone; but this is a mystery not known to carnal man, for He is begotten of the immortal seed, and those that know Him, know Him to be spiritual, for it was the Word which became flesh, and dwelt among us; and if He had not been spiritual, He had not wrought by redemption.

Justice Pearson.—Is Christ in thee as man?

Nayler.—Christ filleth all places, and is not divided; separate God and man, and He is no more Christ.

Justice Pearson.—If we stand to dispute these things we should have the ministers.

Nayler perceiving Priest Higginson offended, because he had told of his saying Christ was in heaven with a carnal body, said, "Friend, I had not accused thee, had I not been asked what was the difference between the ministers and me. For I am not come to accuse any, for I am against accusation."

* * * * *

Colonel Briggs.—Didst thou not write a paper wherein was mentioned, that if thou thinkest to be saved by that Christ which died at Jerusalem, thou art deceived?

Nayler.—If I cannot witness Christ nearer than Jerusalem, I shall have no benefit of him. But I know no other Christ but that who witnessed a good confession before Pontius Pilate, which I witness in me now.

Colonel Briggs.—Wilt thou deny thine hand?

Nayler.—I will not deny my hand, if I may see it; and I desire that I may have so much favour that that paper may be kept as an evidence either with or against me.

* * * * *

Thus it appearing, after a long examination, that the priests could not make out the charge of blasphemy exhibited against Nayler, he was discharged by the Justices from his imprisonment, which had continued about 20 weeks.

IT IS ALL CLAIRVOYANCE!

By R. H. BROWN.

SUCH is the objection made by a great number of those who have slightly investigated the Spiritual Phenomena of the present time. Thus it is that Spiritualism has come to the aid of Clairvoyance. Before the advent of Spiritualism, Clairvoyance was the great mysterious humbug of the day and all the wise and scientific men of the land shook their heads and lamented the credulity of human nature, and the superstitious, wonder-loving ignorance of the masses. Spiritualism has forced the world to admit Clairvoyance, because there is no middle ground. These things are either what they profess to be—the work of spirits—or they are the result of Clairvoyance and Magnetism. It was thus, also, that Magnetism came to the aid of Phrenology, and proved it to be true.

It is all Clairvoyance! But what is Clairvoyance? The phenomena of Clairvoyance may be briefly described as follows: Persons thrown into the somnambule trance by Magnetism, through the agency of an operator, or falling into the same state involuntarily, have been known to see without the aid of the physical or external organs of vision, and *without the assistance of light*. Books are read as well in the darkness of night as in the full glare of noonday. Objects and scenes, at great distances, far beyond the reach of the external organs of vision, are seen and described. The clear sight of the clairvoyant mind not only penetrates through the most opal and dense substances, but also sees the thoughts that bud and blossom in the inmost recesses of the soul. The past is illuminated, and its most hidden passages revealed; and the future, hidden by an impenetrable veil from the normal eye, prophetically presents its yet unrolled panorama, and stamps upon the clairvoyant mind the impress of its coming form. This is Clairvoyance. Now let me ask the candid investigator *what it is that sees without the physical eyes, and without the assistance of light?*

It is evident that neither the optic nerves nor the crystalline lens are employed by those who read a book, amid the darkness of midnight, unaided by a single ray of light. The answer to this question is all-important, for therein hidden lies the golden key which will unlock all the mysteries of Spiritualism. What is normal sight? What is it that *sees* when the natural or external eye, together with light, are the mediums of perception? It is evident that the mere fluid called light cannot see, neither can the lens or humours of the eye, nor the optic nerve, nor a



combination of these; for light and visual organs are only the mediums by which perception is conveyed to that mysterious something which lies hidden within. In ordinary or normal sight three things are employed—the object, the eye, and the light which serves as the connecting link or medium of contact between the eye and the object. The eye, like a beautiful and delicate camera obscura—paints with fidelity the picture of the exterior world upon the retina. It is the immortal soul which stands behind the curtain, and gazes on the shifting panorama. Let the soul be absent, and sight ceases, though the organ be perfect; it becomes but a common camera obscura—the mere arrangement of parts for the production of a picture. The picture is perfect, but there is no spectator. When a person falls into a state of profound abstraction, the eyes, though open, often cease to convey any idea of sight to the soul. This is because the attention of the spectator behind the curtain is turned in another direction; he does not regard the panorama which moves along the darkened curtains of the eye. The Materialists reply to this, that sight is not the result of the attentive perception of the soul to the pictorial sensations of the optic nerve. They tell us that the soul has no separate and distinct existence apart from the body. Light, they claim is but sensation, and sensation is the result of organization. When the organization ceases (they argue), sensation will cease—that of sight together with all other sensations; and that when sensation ceases, the whole being ceases to be, for organization and sensation, say they, compose the whole of man—there is no soul. (see Baron d'Hollbach's *System of Nature*, chap. xiii., for an able statement of the Materialistic argument).

This method of argument is plausible. At the moment that sight is proved to exist *without the use of either light, sensation, or any of the physical and material organs of vision*, the whole pyramid of their logic falls to the ground. Its base is thrown from its foundations, and the whole fabric of their laboured art crumbles to atoms.

Thus it is that Clairvoyance furnishes the most conclusive answer to the ingenious ratiocinations of the Materialists, and presents the most satisfactory proof of the existence of the soul, separate and apart from the body, residing within it, generally employing its organs for the reception of ideas, but at times acting independent of them, and obtaining information without their aid. By Clairvoyance we have thus shown the truth of the first proposition upon which Spiritualism rests—the existence of a dual nature in man, a soul as well as a body. We have unlocked the casket, and shown within it, shining with celestial

radiance, the jewel which it contains. But we are not content to rest satisfied with this; we will not leave the subject until our whole case is demonstrated. The second proposition, which lies at the basis of the new philosophy, is the existence of a "spiritual body," interfusing and permeating the physical, material, or "natural body."

If, in an obscure field, you should pick up the fragments of the bones of an arm, the inference that there had once been a full and complete organization, of which the fragments before you were a part, would be logical and correct. The train of reasoning by which your mind would instantaneously deduce that conclusion, if analyzed, would be as follows: The whole is equal to the sum of all its parts. In all the works of nature all the parts are *adapted* to each other. The whole cannot exist without the existence of all its parts. A single part cannot exist without the existence of all the other parts to which it is *adapted*. Here is a part before me—it is an arm; an arm is *adapted* to a human body; it is a part of such a body; therefore such a body must have existed. The nature of each part is *adapted* to the nature of the whole. This part is physical and material: therefore the whole must have been physical and material. And the final conclusion to which you arrive is, that the arm must have been a part of a human body, physical and material in its nature. It is thus that the Naturalist is enabled, from the fragment of the skeleton of an extinct antediluvial animal, to reconstruct the whole, and draw the portrait of a creature which existed before the Flood, and whose kind ceased to be thousands of years before the creation of man.

Of the logical accuracy of this method of reasoning, and the absolute verity of the conclusions it draws out, there cannot be the slightest doubt.

Let us, then, apply this method of reasoning to the subject under consideration.

The clairvoyant mind *sees* without the aid of light, or the assistance of the external or physical eye.

The soul does not leave the body to place itself in direct contact with the object seen; therefore the mind must have some medium of sight. This medium of perception is neither light nor the optic nerve. What, then, is it? It is not the odic force simply, for there must be some means *whereby the character of the impression conveyed by the odic force is determined and individualized*—some agency whereby the impression of sight is made distinguishable from that of hearing, or the impression made by an abstract idea. It is the peculiar function of an organ to individualize and characterize the nature of an impression received. A simple object—for instance, a tree—makes upon

the physical body a multitude of impressions, and it is the various organs of the body which individualize these impressions. The impression which the size, form, and colour of the tree makes is individualized and characterized by the organs of sight. The impressions which its hardness and impenetrability make are individualized and characterized by the sense of touch. If it were not for this, the mind would receive a mass of confused impressions, without possessing any means to analyze, arrange, or distinguish them. As a prism separates and individualizes the various colours which compose a ray of sunlight, so the senses separate and individualize the combined impressions which an object makes upon the physical organism, and presents them in an orderly and defined spectrum to the mind. If the reader has followed with close attention our train of reflection, he will be prepared for the conclusion to which we have arrived, to wit: If the mind *sees* without the aid of light or the assistance of the optic nerve, it must have *some other medium* by which the simple impression of sight can be individualized and presented separate and distinct from all other impressions; or, in other words, that there must be a spiritual *organ* of sight, distinct and separate from the physical *organ* of sight. The remainder of our task is now simple and easy; for if there is a spiritual organ of sight, there must also be a spiritual organ for the individualization of all the other impressions. In nature each part is adapted to all the other parts, and the existence of one part presupposes the existence of all the other parts. If there is a spiritual organ of sight, there must also be a complete spiritual organization or body interfused with and permeating the physical body.

Nature, our wise and powerful mother, foreadapts every thing for the conditions amid which she intends it shall live. How shall we escape the conclusion, that by adapting the soul to another state of being, and endowing it for that purpose with the power to exist, act, think, see, and hear, without the aid of the body, and separated from it, Nature has given us her solemn and sacred guarantee that we shall live hereafter? To arrive at any other conclusion is to charge Nature with the weakness of creating that which is useless, and God of the folly of adapting man to a sphere of existence which he does not intend him to enjoy. All the arguments which have ever been made against the immortality of the soul are based upon the idea, that the soul has no identity of being separate from the body. From which premise the conclusion is correctly drawn that the soul and body being one in substance must perish together. But Clairvoyance demonstrates to us that this premise is false, and teaches us that the soul and the body are not one in substance, but, on the contrary, that the former can think, act, see, and

hear without the aid of the latter, and independent of all its organs. It is thus that Clairvoyance with a mighty hand crushes to powder the laboured logic of the Materialists, and places the belief in our immortal nature upon a firm and scientific basis. But again, Clairvoyance, by demonstrating the truthful character of the teachings of *Intuition*, has afforded conclusive proof of a higher sphere of existence. God has given man two methods of attaining a knowledge of truth—*Intuition* and *Reason*. The one is intended to prove the correctness of the other, thus affording man the highest evidence of truth, by giving him the power to arrive at the same results by two distinct and totally diverse mental operations. What *Intuition* and *Reason* both affirm to be true, no man need doubt.

It is true that neither is infallible, and he who expects to find any *human* faculty infallible in its nature, only betrays his own ignorance of the laws of mind and matter. Nevertheless *Intuition* is a faculty of the soul, just as reliable as that of *Reason*, and the teachings of the one may be reposed upon with as much confidence as those of the other. Clairvoyance has demonstrated beyond all cavil the truthful character of *Intuition*.

What does *Intuition* say in regard to the immortal nature of the soul?

There is not a clairvoyant in the world, no matter what may be his *normal* belief, who does not affirm the existence of the soul after death has destroyed the clay-built palace wherein it dwells during its brief residence upon earth.

Many philosophers have puzzled themselves about the theory of "*innate ideas*." And the belief in our immortality has been classed as an "*innate idea*." But the philosophers may learn a lesson from Clairvoyance. It is no "*innate idea*," but only the divine voice of *Intuition*, which, deep within each man's soul, proclaims a life to come.

We must look to *Intuition* for the true cause of that faith in a future beyond the grave, which has prevailed in all nations and all ages.

Clairvoyance, then, in demonstrating the truthfulness of *Intuition*, has also demonstrated the immortality of the soul.

We have now arrived at the last of the propositions which is to be considered—the proof which Clairvoyance affords of the *power* of spirits who have left the earth-form to communicate with those who remain behind.

As a matter of course, this portion of the argument, as well as the former, is addressed only to such as believe in the phenomena of Clairvoyance. To those who are yet so far behind the great age in which they live as to doubt or sneer at magnetism

and psychological science, all that has been said or will be said by the writer can be of no use. Such persons have yet to learn the *a b c* of that great science which lies at the basis of all others, and is the most important of them, for "the proper study of mankind is man."

In order to make it plain that Clairvoyance does afford scientific and conclusive proof of the power of spirits to communicate with us, it will be necessary to refer to some of the familiar and ordinary phenomena of "animal magnetism." Those phenomena may be divided into three classes:

1st. Profound abstraction, magnetic sleep, and insensibility to all external influences.

2nd. Sympathetic Clairvoyance.

3rd. Independent Clairvoyance.

Attention is more particularly requested to the second class, *viz.*, Sympathetic Clairvoyance. The *subject* while in this state is almost entirely under the control of the *operator*. No vocalization of the will of the positive *operator* is required to induce obedience in the negative *subject*. The simple concentration of the unspoken will is all that is required to direct and control the subject. So great is the sympathy induced between the two, that the will of the one acts freely upon the muscular system of the other, and compels him to rise up, sit down, walk, stand, or talk according to the volition of the operator. The nervous systems of the two are united by a constant interchange of the odic fluids. This union is as perfect as in the case of the "Siamese Twins," who were united by a continuous branch of nervous fibre. The result of this intimate union and fraternal sympathy between the operator and the subject is, that the thoughts of the one are known to the other. An idea evolved in the mind of the operator, *though unspoken*, immediately becomes present in the mind of the subject. But you will remember that the will of the operator also has control of the muscular system of the subject. Hence, no sooner an idea of the operator present in the mind of the subject than the operator will that idea to be spoken by the subject. The subject is compelled to speak it. In other words, the operator for the expression of his own silent thoughts controls the organs of the subject.

EXAMPLE.—A, in the presence of C, throws him into the *sympathetic clairvoyant* state. When done, A silently thinks in his own mind, "this evening, friend C." Now by virtue of the sympathy between the *operator* A and the *subject* B, the idea is immediately impressed upon the mind of B, and he speaks it there. A now silently wills B to speak those words.

compelled to do, and so he turns to C and says, "Good-evening, friend C." Thus you perceive A, instead of using his own organs of speech, has employed those of B. In other words, A has been speaking to C *through a medium*. This is an experiment which the writer of this article has performed with success.

It will be observed that the *body or physical organism of the operator was not employed in the above experiment*. The operator used two things only: first, his will; second, an odic force which was controlled and directed by his will, and made the agent for the transmission of his thoughts and commands to the subject.

It is evident, therefore, that though the operator *be deprived of his body*, he will not lose the power to control and speak through B, provided he yet retain the power of volition and the command of the odic force.

It needs no argument to shew that the escape of the soul from the body will not deprive the soul of the power of volition. The will is an essential attribute of the soul. Without volition a soul would not be a soul, and nothing short of a total annihilation of the soul can destroy its volition. The whole is equal to the sum of its parts. If the whole is immortal, all the parts must be immortal. Hence we see that the immortality of the will is just as certain as the immortality of the soul. But will the disembodied volition still retain command of the odic force? There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. This spiritual body is very rare and refined in its nature, but is yet less refined than the soul enshrined within it. The soul therefore needs some agent by which it can put itself in connection with that spiritual body. The soul cannot come in direct contact with that body; it requires an agent which may transmit its commands to the various parts and members of the same.

What Nature requires, Nature supplies, and such an agent exists. The agent which serves to put the soul in connection with its new spiritual organization is an etherealization of what we term the odic force or vital fluid. It has been termed spiritual magnetism, in contradistinction to animal magnetism. Hence we have surviving the destruction of the human form the only two conditions needed to enable A to control and speak through B. This, then, is the true philosophy of the method by which spirits speak through media. It is sympathetic Clairvoyance in both cases. In the one case the *operator* is a spirit *in* the form; in the other case, the operator is a spirit *out* of the form. In both cases the subject is the same. In the former case, the spirit *in the form* uses his will, and the odic force evolved from his physical organism. In the latter case, the spirit *out of the form* uses his will, and the odic force flowing from his spiritual

organism. The analogy between the two is perfect, and the means used are the same.

We have thus shown that spirits not only exist, but also exist in the full possession of all the powers required for them to communicate with us. If they possess such power, why should they not exercise it? How can they refrain from exercising it?

When the arisen spirit of a mother gazes upon the form of her child bowed to the earth with grief, and refusing to be comforted because he believes he shall see her no more for ever, how can she withhold the gentle words of love and consolation, the joyful news that she yet lives and can speak to him in her old familiar way?

IS IT POSSIBLE ?

WHEN we state that under this title, in *All the Year Round*, "conducted by Charles Dickens," there was recently an article in which the writer seriously suggests the possibility of spirit-manifestation, and gives several remarkable instances in evidence, many of our readers will echo the writer's question—"Is it possible?" Of course, there is the usual fling at Spiritualism as "a moribund absurdity"—no article on the subject in a popular journal would be considered complete without it; but, having sprinkled his few grains of incense on the altar to Mrs. Grundy, in order to shew that he is not one of the proscribed and despised heretics, the writer proceeds to set forth the heresy and some facts in support of it, after the following fashion. We abridge the article, but present its principal passages:—

"The expression may seem a strong one; nevertheless, history bears out the bold assertion that there are few things in the world easier to accomplish than a declared impossibility. Any gentleman addicted to compilation might produce, in a very short space of time, a handsome volume descriptive of schemes and theories which—during, say, the last hundred years—have been authoritatively pronounced impracticable—are now in full swing, and provoke no more astonishment than the phenomenon of a hansom cab.

"That craven spirit, so ready with its impossibilities, has, fortunately, two results—a good as well as a bad. If, on the one hand, it discourages the more timid class of philosophers, it stimulates the bolder to more minute and determined enquiry. There is no ingress here, sigh the former. If there be a road, let us find it, say the latter.

"The key to every scientific mystery is not hung up outside

the door. It is found in unlikely corners. It has to be scrubbed, fitted, tested, till, freed from the rust of disbelief, it suddenly slips into the corresponding socket, and a vast new sphere lies enfranchised before the student's delighted eyes.

"Seeing what have been the realised issues of modern inquiry, it is sometimes amazing to notice through what an atmosphere of coy hesitation, a new and reasonable theory has frequently to force its way, more especially if it partake of that character to which the much-dreaded charge of 'superstitious credulity' may by possibility attach. And yet it should *not* surprise us. Few have the courage to defy ridicule, to despise the despisers, and hold on their steady course of investigation and experiment, comforted—if that be necessary—by the recollection that derision, while it has rooted up some worthless weeds, has been equally directed against flowers of knowledge, the most sacred and precious to the heart of man.

"We come to the point at issue. Can the spirits of the departed reveal themselves, under any conceivable conditions, to the outward senses? To collate the mighty mass of testimony adducible in favour of such a possibility, would occupy an average lifetime; and then where is the Solomon who shall decide? It is a question of veracity—of impression. Ghosts give no certificate, leave no mark, save on the mind and memory of the seer, and this mysterious countersign is lost to all but him. We are cast back, for confirmation that will wholly satisfy our reason, upon the consideration of the question that heads this paper—'Is it *possible*?' Is it possible that pure spirit can communicate with spirit still incorporate, and that through the channels which are characteristic of this present state of being? If the freed can reach the captive spirit only through the latter's material eye or ear, it would seem to infer the necessity of a corresponding material presence or tongue. If spirit could act on spirit irrespective of the fleshly bar, the revelation might be as distinct as if every outward sense had been accessory to it. Yet in no instance that can be regarded as authentic, has it occurred that a mere mental impression has been the means of imparting those circumstantial details, which give to what are called ghost stories such solemn tone and dread reality.

"From hence arises a question which, in a paper intended to be suggestive, not argumentative, shall be dismissed in a few lines. Is it not *possible* that, in that convulsive moment which separates soul and body, there may be evolved a transient condition of being, which neither body nor spirit—semi-material—possesses some of the attributes of both? It may be regarded as the veil of the disembodied spirit—a fluid vaporous essence,

invisible in its normal state—but, for the brief space of its new condition, exercising some of the properties of matter.

“If it be objected that this fluid substance, in a form so subtle, can in no wise act on matter—cannot influence eye or ear—how is it that, from the most subtle fluids—electricity, for example—are obtained the most powerful agents? or why do mere changes of light exercise chemical action upon ponderable substances?”

“Granting the possibility of the existence of such a transition state, the supernatural features would be referable to the circumstance that the spirit, as the surviving and superior essence, accomplishing what was impracticable while it was wholly clad in clay, might annihilate time and space, and, in the image and reflex of the form from which it has hardly departed, be itself the bearer of the tidings of dissolution. Who can say but that these mysterious visitations instead of being, as some allege, the suspension or supercession of natural laws, may prove to be rather the complete fulfilment of one of the most beautiful and interesting of the marvellous code?”

“Let us see how far the theory thus hastily sketched out is applicable to known examples.

“If we commence with an instance so familiar to many readers as the famous ‘Lyttelton Ghost,’ it is because that singular narrative supplies us with a double apparition—because, though related in many a mutilated form, it has never, to the writer’s knowledge, been given entire—and because his—the writer’s—mother, when a girl, heard it from the lips of an actor in the tale, Mr. Miles Peter Andrews—a frequent guest of her father, Sir G. P——, of Theobald’s Park, Herts. Sir G——, suffered much from gout, and the hours of the establishment were usually early; but, on the occasion of Mr. Andrews’s visits, no one stirred till midnight. It was five minutes before that hour that Lord Lyttelton’s ghost had appeared to him; and though, at the time we speak of, fifteen years had elapsed, he was not wholly free from certain nervous emotions, which made him prefer to pass that never-forgotten moment in company.

“It was in or about the year 1775, that Lord Lyttelton, while resident at Hagley Park, made the acquaintance of a family living a short distance off, at Clent, and consisting of the father, mother, son, and four daughters, of whom the eldest was married to a Mr. Cameron, and had, it was said, demeaned herself in a manner to create some scandal.

“Upon the death of the father of the family, which occurred in June, 1778, the intimacy increased, and the gay and agreeable lord was firmly established in the good graces of his “Clentiles,” as he called them, to whom on New Year’s Day, 1779—the last

he was destined to see—he addressed an epistle burlesquing, with more wit than propriety, the language of apostolic writings.

“Accepting this specious address in the spirit its author no doubt intended, the unsuspecting mother not only read it to her children, but encouraged the visits of the supposed moralist, until the young ladies, to the astonishment of all who knew Lord Lyttelton’s real character, were seen actually residing at Hagley Park! The mother’s eyes were now open, but too late. She had lost control of the girls, and when, in September of this fatal year, 1779, Miss Christian accompanied his lordship to Ireland, an Irish lady being of the party, the consciousness of her own indiscretion threw the unhappy lady into an illness from which she never recovered.

“Early in November the party returned from Ireland, and, being met by the two other sisters who had remained at Hagley Park, all went together to reside at Lord Lyttelton’s town mansion, situated in Hill-street, Berkeley-square. Here, on the night of Thursday, the 26th of November, occurred the famous vision, which, whether or not it may be held to connect itself with the event it purported to foreshadow, certainly rests upon evidence too strong to admit of rational question.

“Lord Lyttelton’s bedroom bell was heard to ring with unusual violence, and his servant, hastily obeying the summons, found him looking much disordered. He explained that he had been awakened by something resembling a fluttering white bird. Having, with some difficulty, driven this object away, he had been still more startled by the appearance of a figure in long white drapery—a woman of majestic presence—the image (as he afterwards averred) of the mother of his young guests.

“‘Prepare to die, my lord,’ said the apparition; ‘you will quickly be called.’

“‘How soon—*how* soon?’ Lord Lyttelton had eagerly asked. ‘In three years?’

“‘Three *years!*’ was the stern rejoinder. ‘*Three days.* Within that time you will be in the state of the departed.’

“The figure vanished.

“This incident made a deep impression on his lordship’s mind. Making no secret of what had occurred, he related it not only to the party in his house, but to many friends—among others, to Lords Sandys and Westcote. The latter, who was a connexion, and, after Lord Lyttelton, the representative of the house, made light of the matter, and advised him to devote his thoughts, preferably, to a speech he was to make in Parliament a few days later.

“Lord Sandys gave better counsel. ‘My dear fellow, if you believe this strange occurrence, and would have *us* believe it, be

persuaded to make some change in your doings. Give up, by all means, that silly frolic you told us of—I mean, of going, next Sunday I think, to Woodcote. But I suppose it is only one of your fine devices to make us plain people stare. So drink a cup of chocolate, and talk of something else.’

“The ‘frolic’ alluded to by Lord Sandys was a projected visit, on the Sunday following, to Woodcote, or, as it has been more recently called, Pit Place—a country seat at Epsom, stated to have been won by Lord Lyttelton from Lord Foley at play.

“That the apparition was discussed in the interval is further attested by Madame Piozzi.

“On Saturday, a lady from Walcs dropped in, and told us she had been at Drury Lane last night. ‘How were you entertained?’ said I. ‘Very strangely *indeed*,’ was the reply; ‘not with the play, though, for I scarce knew what they acted, but with the discourse of a Captain Ascough, or Askew—so his companions called him—who averred that a friend of his, the profligate Lord Lyttelton, as I understood by them, had certainly seen a spirit, who has warned him that he is to die within the next three days, and I have thought of nothing else ever since.’”

“No further accounts reached the Thœales until Monday morning, when the return of the scared party of guests from Epsom brought the first tidings of their entertainer’s death.

“Not quite the *first*. On the Sunday night, Mr. M. P. Andrews, who had been invited to join the mad party to Woodcote, but had declined on account of an engagement to the Pigous, in Hertfordshire, had retired to bed at the mansion of the latter. At a few minutes before twelve—so he was accustomed to relate—Lord Lyttelton “thrust himself between the curtains, dressed in the yellow nightgown in which he used to read, and said in a mournful tone, ‘Ah, Andrews, it’s all over!’ ‘Oh,’ replied I quickly, ‘are *you* there, you dog?’ and, recollecting there was but one door to the room, rushed out at it, locked it, and held the key in my hand, calling to the housekeeper and butler, whose voices I could hear, to ask when Lord Lyttelton arrived, and what trick he was meditating. The servants made answer, with much amazement, that no such arrival had taken place; but I assured them I had seen and spoken to him, and could produce him; ‘For here,’ said I, ‘*he is*, safe under lock and key.’ We opened the door, and found no one.”

“Let us see what at that precise moment was passing in Surrey. According to the testimony of Williams, Lord Lyttelton’s valet, whose story never varied in the slightest degree, and was confirmed in every particular by Captain Ascough, the party had arrived from London in the highest

spirits, and, being joined by other young people of the county, prolonged their merriment until past eleven. Soon after that hour Lord Lyttelton, looking at his watch, observed:

"Well, now I must leave you, agreeable as you all are. I must meditate on next Wednesday's speech. I have actually brought some books with me!"

"But the ghost—the ghost!" exclaimed one of the careless party, laughing.

"Oh, don't you see that we have bilked the——?" (a coarse expression,) returned his lordship. (Another of the party affirmed that he had said 'jockeyed the ghost.')

"He escaped from them, ran up to his chamber—one of the smaller—still chosen at Pit Place as the 'carved chamber,' from the carved oaken facing to the doors. His servant had placed the reading table, lamp, &c., and assisted his master to put on his yellow gown.

"Lord Lyttelton then said: 'Make up my five grains of rhubarb and peppermint-water, and leave me. But did you remember to bring rolls enough from London?'

"I brought none, my lord. I have found a baker here, at Epsom, who makes them just as your lordship likes.' He was stirring the mixture as he spoke.

"What's that you are using? A toothpick? You lazy devil, go fetch a spoon directly.'

"Williams hastened away, but had hardly quitted the room when a loud noise recalled him. His master had fallen sideways across the table, bringing it, books, lamp, and all, to the ground. He raised him.

"Speak to me, my lord. My dear lord, speak.'

"The dying man gasped, and strove to answer, but 'Ah, Williams!' were the only intelligible words, and these were his last.

"Williams, his watch in his hand, flew down to the revellers below.

"Not twelve o'clock yet' (it wanted five minutes), 'and dead—dead!'

"It remains to be added that, owing to circumstances never fully explained, tidings of the death of their mother, *on the Thursday night preceding*, only met the young ladies on their arrival in town on that dismal Monday.

"The coincidence of the result with the previously-announced prophecy, suggested to the incredulous an idea that Lord Lyttelton had determined on self-destruction. A hundred circumstances united to negative this mode of explanation. Of a genial, easy temperament, immersed in the excitement of politics, a successful gambler and turfite, in a position of great prosperity, Lord

Lyttelton could have had little inducement, at the age of thirty-six, to terminate a life which, to a man of his feelings and principles, left nothing to desire.

"If, then, such a theory as has been suggested at the beginning of this paper may be regarded as *possible*, is it not under circumstances like these it might be found taking practical form? To whom would the dying thoughts of the heart-broken mother so naturally turn as to him who had broken up a respectable home, blasted her children's fair fame, and laid her on that couch, alone, to die? As for the solemn augury uttered by the visionary form, we know with what strange prophecy the words of the dying have been found fraught. How much more may not be imparted to them, as the speaker stands so much nearer infallible truth, as on the very boundary-line betwixt the beings?

"With the single additional remark that Mr. M. P. Andrews always declared that a compact existed between Lord Lyttelton and himself, that whichever departed first should visit the other, we turn to incidents of kindred character, but more recent date.

"Several years ago (so commences a story related to the writer by a lady well known in London society), the brother of Colonel C—— was killed in battle, leaving a widow and one little girl.

"The widow subsequently married a German baron, and the little girl, Maud, was brought up entirely in Germany. The latter was about twelve years old, when her mother, being attacked with an illness that threatened to prove fatal, became very uneasy about the probable future of her child, and feeling, one evening, more depressed than usual, called the little Maud to her bedside. She warned her that their parting was near, and enjoined the weeping girl to write immediately to Mrs. B—— (a friend of many years' standing), entreating her to come at once, to receive her last embrace, and take charge of her orphan child.

"Maud obeyed without delay, but the dying woman's eyes were not gladdened by the appearance of her friend. The summons had reached its destination, but the absence of her husband, without whom she felt unwilling to travel so far, had induced Mrs. B—— to postpone her departure, consoling herself with the hope that her friend, being naturally of a nervous and desponding temperament, had somewhat magnified her own danger.

"Mrs. B—— resided at Hampton Court, and here it was that, on the night of the 9th of November, a curious incident occurred. Retiring to her room between eleven and twelve, she rang for her maid, and the latter not appearing as promptly as usual, went to her still-open door to listen if she was comin

Opposite to her was a wide staircase, and up this came, noiselessly, a figure which the lamp held by Mrs. B—— shewed to be that of a lady dressed in black—with *white gloves*. A singular tremor seized her. She could neither stir nor speak. Slowly the figure approached her, reached the landing, made a step forward, and seemed to cast itself on her neck; but no sensation accompanied the movement! The light fell from her hand; she uttered a shriek that alarmed the house, and fell senseless on the floor. On recovering, Mrs. B—— related minutely what she had seen, her memory especially retaining the image of the *white gloves*; but nothing more than the usual unsatisfactory solutions were propounded, nor does it appear that the occurrence was at all associated with the dying baroness in Germany.

“ In a few days, however, came a letter from little Maud, announcing that her mother was no more, that her latest thoughts were directed to Mrs. B——, and her sole regrets the not being permitted to embrace her before her spirit passed away. She had died a little before midnight on the *9th of November*.

“ Mrs. B—— hastened to Germany to claim her orphan charge, and then was added a noteworthy confirmation of the vision. Little Maud, in one of their conversations, observed:

“ ‘ Mamma had a curious fancy. On the night she died, she made the baron promise that she should be buried in her black satin dress—with *white kid gloves*.’

“ The request had been complied with.

“ The following example is of yet more recent occurrence, and took place in one of the large and fashionable mansions in the district of South Kensington, which had been taken by a family whose name can only be designated by the initial L.

“ On the first night of their occupation, the lady of the house, while arranging her hair at the glass, saw in the latter the reflexion of the figure of a man. He was old, of strange appearance, and was seated in an arm chair that stood near her bed. He wore a grey coat with a cape, and had spectacles.

“ The lady possessed strong nerves, and after the first moment of surprise, finding that the spectrum did not disappear, came to the conclusion that her vision was affected by some disarrangement in the system. Resolved to test it, she turned calmly round, walked straight to the mysterious object, and sat down upon its very knees! She found herself alone in the chair.

“ The next morning she sent for her doctor, and related to him what had occurred, laughing merrily at the remembrance of her visitor’s grotesque appearance. Observing that the doctor hardly participated in her mirth, she inquired if he for a moment believed that what she had witnessed had any material existence?

“‘I do not say that,’” was the answer ‘but there is this singular coincidence in the matter, that your description of the man’s person agrees precisely with that of an old gentleman living—or, rather, who did live—a few doors from hence. He was missing all yesterday, and was found dead in a piece of ground prepared for building, late last night, with every appearance of having been murdered. His age, dress, his very spectacles, were exactly as you describe.’

“An example of a similar kind happened two years since in Dumfriesshire. A man employed in the quarries was walking home late, by moonlight. Suddenly he came upon two objects lying on the road, which resolved themselves, as he approached, into the bodies of his brother and nephew, workmen in the same quarry, with whom he had parted, still at their work, half an hour before. Stooping to touch them, they faded into the white dust on which they seemed to lie! In alarm and amazement, he hastened back to the quarry. An accident had occurred a few minutes after he had left, which cost several lives. Among the victims were his brother and his nephew.

“Nothing would be easier than to fill fifty pages with similar examples. These, however, will suffice to illustrate the theoretical principle on which we base the presumption of possibility. Of the differing modes of operation it is in vain to speak. One thing only seems clear, that it is not always, as in the case last quoted, a mere reproduction of the dying or deceased image, but is endowed with the power of presenting the appearance of action and vitality, and imparting impressions entirely foreign to such as would naturally arise from a contemplation of the scene actually passing.”

We omit the story of the Tyrone ghost given by the writer, as we hope to present a fuller version of it in a future number; but we may remark that there is appended to the article a “Note by the conductor,” in which he gives an anecdote which is worth preserving, though it apparently belongs to another class of the spirit mysteries than that of which the writer of the article has been treating, namely, to the apparition of spirits to the living, Mr. Dickens says:—

“Of the broad margin of allowance that must always be given for coincidence in these cases, we had personal experience very long ago. We dreamed that we were in a large assembly and saw a lady in a bright red wrapper, whom we did not know. Her back being towards us, we touched her shoulder, and she looking round, she disclosed a face that was unknown to us, and, on our apologising, said, pleasantly: ‘I am not mentioning a name, not the name of any friend or acquaintance we had, although a well-known name. The dreamer

usually vivid, and we awoke. On the very next evening, we recognised (with a strange feeling) coming in at the open door of our room, the lady of the dream, in the bright red wrapper. more extraordinary still, the lady was presented by the friend who accompanied her, as Miss N—, the name in the dream. No circumstance near or remote, that we could ever trace, in the least accounted for this. The lady came on a real commonplace visit, in pursuance of an appointment quite unexpectedly made with the lady who introduced her, only on the night of the dream. From the latter, we had no previous knowledge of her name, nor of her existence.”

JACOB, THE HEALER.

“ To another, the gifts of healing by the same Spirit.”—*St. Paul.*

JACOB, the Healer,—no longer the Zouave, resides at No. 10, Rue de Camps, Passy, Paris. The house is a suburban one, having an enclosed or rather walled-in forecourt, about 30 feet by 16. He refuses to see “sightseers,” therefore any one visiting Paris, and desiring merely to see “Jacob the Zouave,” will be disappointed. Money has been freely offered to Jacob by those who have been cured and also by others; but he respectfully refuses, saying, “The power is not of me; if I sell it it may leave me;” but he does not object to the patients, or their friends buying his “carte” portrait from his father, the cost of which is a franc.

Having taken the journey from London to Paris solely to gain certain knowledge as to whether Jacob was the possessor of the spiritual gift of healing, I found myself at Passy, walking down the Avenue d’Empereur on Thursday afternoon the 10th of September 1868 about 2 o’clock, and on turning into the opening on the left hand, also found myself in the Rue de Camps. Before the house No. 10, there were about a hundred men and women, a carriage, a country cart, and a donkey cart; and in them couches and chairs with invalids. Among the persons standing on the pavement were the palsied, the lame, the blind, the rheumatic with distorted hands and feet, and others evidently internally ill. The gate bell was rung by one of the crowd. The door was opened by the father of Jacob, and a pass or ticket was given to each, having on it a number—say 8,017: several other persons pressed in and got tickets, then returned to the street, and the door was shut. This was repeated till about a

quarter to three o'clock, when the gate was opened, and all pressed into the fore court till it was full. I entered in with the rest, and found bench seats placed round on which the invalids sat. On a rough calculation 90 persons were in the forecourt; one third were outwardly afflicted, one third inwardly so, and the other third were friends of the afflicted. At a quarter to three o'clock, the invalids were called in rotation according to the number on their ticket; about 28 entered the house, and the door was closed. In about half an hour the door opened and the 28 came out, and 28 others were let in, in the same manner; and so it continued till all had passed in.

Anxious to see Jacob and his method of curing; I suddenly remembered that my eyesight was bad (having some eight years ago suffered intensely from inflammation), and on asking for a ticket I received one, and determined to use it. The following day (Friday), therefore, I was again at No. 10, Rue de Camps, saw the same kind of scene as before, and, in due course, passed through the doorway into a room about 12 feet square. The lame—the palsied, the afflicted in various ways—nearly all workmen and workwomen—were seated round the room silent. A side door opened, and Jacob entered dressed in ordinary black clothes; he is of ordinary height, firm build, black hair, and respectful manners. As he walked into the middle of the room, he clasped his hands, glanced at the chest of each of the patients, and then stood silent. Quickly he half turned round suddenly, looked at a young woman behind—resumed his position—turned again to the woman, went up to her and took her hand. I saw it was distorted. He earnestly but kindly spoke to her, then passed on to the next patient, and so on round the room. Whether the ailment was external or internal, he at once placed his hand on the place afflicted, and the invariable answer to him was, "*Oui, Monsieur.*" In no case did he look rough, or speak roughly; on the contrary, his voice was often tender when speaking to the patients. Some three or four he called out into the centre of the room, laid his hand on them; then requested them to exercise their hands, feet, legs, and spine, in positions indicated, and evidently they were surprised at the ease they did what he directed. . . difficulty in understanding "spoken French," is very great and so I had to gather knowledge by seeing. Jacob up to me in turn, put his fingers at once on my eyes, said, "You will be cured, do nothing to them, avoid coffee, and roast food, and come here in 20 days." I involuntarily placed my fingers to my eyes, they being somewhat tired with earnestly watching the scene around me. He saw it; requested me not to do so; then put his fingers again on

eyes; passed on to the remaining patients, and then quietly stepped into the middle of the room, spoke earnestly to several of them, and retired. As he was passing through the door, he turned, gave me a quick glance, spoke to a French lady who understood English requesting her to inform me as to certain details. As the patients were leaving—in answer to my enquiries—the lady stated she was suffering internally—that when Jacob came in she felt at once as if something had laid hold of her, creating in her a trembling, and that she felt a change going on in herself. She added that the woman next to me had been there once before with arms and hands much contracted, and that at Jacob's request she had come this the second time, and was now able so to use her limbs that she declared herself cured.

How these cures are effected may be learned from Jacob's assertion to a friend of mine at Paris:—"I see the diseases, and sometimes from 20 to 30 spirits acting on the invalids, while I am standing in the room looking on." No wonder Jacob claims no merit—takes no remuneration.

The consecutive number on my ticket was 8,297, and as the first on Thursday was 8,017, and other patients were waiting their turn, we may fairly take 150 persons as the daily average number of Jacob's patients.

Enmore-park, Norwood Junction,
15th September, 1868.

JNO. JONES.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT BY A LADY.

As for Jacob, the truth is that he has never been in any way "persecuted," either by the Government, the Marshal, the priests, or the police. *This* I know from himself, from his father, from M. Dufaget, and from his superior officers. The officers said, "Do one of two things—if you wish to set up as a *guerisseur* (physician), leave the army; if you wish to stay in the army, give up this pursuit which keeps our barrack-yards crowded, pesters us with incessant letters, and makes a fuss and a scandal about one of our men that is subversive of all propriety, order, and discipline." When with Mrs. G., I saw the colonel at Versailles, he said ours was the nineteenth application received by him that day on account of Jacob, and that he was literally driven to his wits' end by the worry. Jacob had only to let himself be bought out by friends, or to send a proper petition to his colonel to be let off scot free. His pride prevented his doing either. Since his term expired he has not been interfered with by anybody. He has a little house near this, and receives from 80 to 120 people daily, all of whom are *offered*, as they go in, a photograph of him, for which they pay *one franc*. I do

not know that he would refuse admission to those who refused to buy his photograph, but, practically, everybody buys it, and many pay, voluntarily, many francs for it. He is rude; and I could tell you things on this head that it would grieve you to know, just as it has grieved me: for the man is, undoubtedly, a great medium, and will evidently cease to be assisted by the higher spirits if he go on in this unchristian style.

TWELVE MONTHS' SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA.

By J. H. POWELL.

It is now about 12 months since I left England for America. My experiences have here been varied and instructive. It would need a volume to write in full all I have experienced which would interest the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine*. I will, however, as briefly as I can detail some of my principal experiences in Spiritualism during the past 12 months.

At Hammenton, New Jersey, I spent a few hours with Mrs. J. M. Peebles, whose husband is western editor of the *Banner of Light*, and a man of genuine soul, loved by all who know him. Mrs. Peebles showed me a number of pictures produced under spirit influence, one of which I deem worthy special mention: it is a crayon drawing of the head of Christ. I was so transfixed gazing upon it that I can never forget the expression of that tenderly human face. The experience of Mrs. Peebles is similar to that of the celebrated painter and poet Blake. She describes seeing in vision the model from which, three years later, she drew this head of Christ. I have no words to do justice to this truly beautiful masterpiece of art.

I was called to lecture at New York, and whilst there resolved to improve the occasion by visiting mediums and carefully noting manifestations. My first visit was to Dr. J. P. Bryant, healing medium. When I visited him I was suffering from a severe attack of bowel complaint and bronchitis. I was ushered into a large magnificently furnished room, 308, West 34th Street, New York. I lost no time in acquainting the doctor with my bodily condition. He very kindly offered to treat me free of charge, and bade me come to him as often as I pleased. He commenced operations giving me some sharp pommellings about the shoulders and chest and "laid on hands" to my benefit. I left the doctor promising to

dine with him the next day (Sunday). At my lecture in the evening I met Judge Edmonds, and arranged to visit him at his town address.

I owe it to a second treatment at the hands of Dr. Bryant, that I was enabled to go through my duties at Masonic Hall.

Dr. Bryant is under the medium height, about 40 years of age, and his countenance expresses the intelligence and benevolence of his character. He treats his cases scientifically, and makes no promises to effect hasty cures, but few of his cures however fail to be lasting. He tells his patients beforehand the length of time he will require to effect a permanent cure, and never promises to work "miracles."

The doctor has been out to California, where he performed many wonderful cures. He had in six months no less than 13,552 patients, of whom 80 per cent. were either cured or considerably benefitted by his treatment. I saw many reports from the California and Western Press testifying to Dr. Bryant's wonderful healing powers. I was invited to go and see the doctor's crutches—quite a number of them—which he keeps at Brooklyn, mementoes of his triumph over disease, but I had not the time.

I paid a visit to Judge Edmonds, and spent a pleasant time with him. I said little during the interview, being desirous of hearing all I could from so good an authority on spiritual matters as the Judge is on all hands admitted to be. I dare not attempt to detail the varied and wonderful experiences epitomised by the Judge. He talked much of English Spiritualists, especially of our mutual friend, Wm. Howitt; and after offering objections to organization amongst Spiritualists (wherein I differ from him), went into the subject of his letter in the *Spiritual Magazine* relative to the numerical strength of Spiritualists, contending that there are in and out of the churches in America alone, no less than *eleven million* Spiritualists; a computation I see no objection to if we accept the wide and comprehensive definition of Spiritualism adopted as the motto of the *Spiritual Magazine*.

I paid a visit to Chas. H. Foster, who received me kindly at his rooms, 29, West Fourth Street, New York. I had no opportunity of witnessing Mr. Foster's manifestations when he was in England, but from accounts I had heard and read of him I was anxious to take advantage of the opportunity to sit with him.

Mr. Foster is under 30 years of age, has a tendency to corpulency, and looks like a man that enjoys the "good things of earth." His face is full and flushed,—his manner agreeable,—and his appearance—somewhat feminine—gives one the idea of an easy-going don't-care sort of being.

Two gentlemen entered, one a young man connected with the army who sat at the table ready to test Mr. Foster's medium powers; his friend did not sit for manifestations. Mr. Foster handed the young man a number of pieces of paper, and requested him to write the names of spirit-friends upon them and roll them into pellets. This was done without the medium obtaining the chance of a glimpse even of the pencil. I counted the pellets, nine in number. In an instant the medium commenced operations and with marvellous readiness handed him seven of the pellets, which on being opened answered to names spoken aloud by the medium. One name was then given in blood-red letters on Mr. Foster's arm, another by writing, the medium holding a piece of paper with pencil on it under the table.

Next came in a company of seven persons; two gentlemen and five ladies, who sat round the table. Mr. Foster supplied them with nearly 40 pieces of paper, and whilst they were all engaged writing names on the pellets, he came and sat on the sofa near me and entered freely into conversation. I am positive he did not watch the movements of the company with the pellets. When all were ready Mr. Foster retook his seat at the table and called out the names in full of the spirits whose names were written on the pellets,—and as he spoke a name, he handed the pellet containing the same name to the person who had written it. This was done with the majority of the great heap of pellets without a mistake.

In one case Mr. Foster's hand was moved to draw a primrose, on which he wrote the initials H. C. He then handed a pellet to a lady. She opened it and the name H. C. Primrose was upon it. Tears filled her eyes at this beautiful manifestation.

A little later Mr. Foster said,—“Two spirits are here together.” He drew a lily and spoke the name “Addie.” He then handed to one of the circle a pellet on which was written Lilly and Addie. I was unable to stay to the close of this sitting, and left with the promise to return another day for a special sitting.

On the following Sunday, February 23rd, I paid a second visit to Mr. Foster, and was fortunate in being allowed to sit with him. I took a long slip of paper and wrote at one end, the following:—“Father, Mother, Marion, Francis Short, Humphrey Short.” I folded the paper so as to conceal what I had written and handed it to the medium. Immediately he said, that a spirit claiming to be my mother was present, and he gave her name, Sarah Powell. I wrote, concealing the question—“Have you seen father since he has been in the spirit-world?” The answer came through Mr. Foster's hand—“I saw him as soon as he entered the spirit-world.” I then wrote—“Was father much distressed on entering

the spirit-world?" The answer came the same way—"He is not distressed." "Did the knowledge we were instrumental in bringing to him of Spiritualism afford him any consolation?" The reply immediately was—"Yes. He gained much consolation through it." Mr. Foster said—"There is a spirit present who will give the initial letters of his name on my arm." He turned up his sleeve, and, lo! in blood-red letters appeared on his arm, F. S. He then wrote the full name correctly—Francis Short. From the alleged spirit of Francis Short, the medium wrote—"I am glad to make a communication of my presence this time. Your dear Marion is standing by your side. She is glad to come to you." "Have you any message to send to your sister? (my wife.)" The answer came—"Tell my dear sister that I shall ever be near to guide and direct her at all times. I shall assist her in all her undertakings and she will be happy." I asked Mr. Foster for a description of Marion, my darling daughter, who left the earth-life some 14 years ago. He said—"She looks about 16 years of age and holds flowers in her hand." The message she gave was—"I am always with you." At a later period was written—"Angel ones have directed your footsteps to the New World for a wise purpose, and although you have found stumbling-blocks in the way, they are to be removed. We know in our world that you will prove worthy, and friends will arise to assist you, and the light of the heavenly world will shine on you, and remove all obstacles from your pathway, and your journey through life will be smooth.—MARION."

Mr. Foster next wrote the name, Humphrey Short, and the sitting was over.

The whole of this communication through the mediumship of Chas. H. Foster was to me in every way satisfactory. I gave the medium no chance to deceive me, had he been so disposed. A day or two after my sitting with Foster, I met J. V. Mansfield, medium for answering sealed letters, at a private musical *soirée*. He very courteously invited me to his rooms, 102, West 15th Street, New York. Accordingly I paid him an early visit.

Mr. Mansfield is about 50 years of age, of strong bilious nervous temperament. He is above the medium stature and size, and exceedingly gentlemanly. I watched his movements during the process of obtaining communications. His left side, which has been twice paralyzed, he tells me is alone influenced by the invisibles. I inquired if he wrote from brain impression. He said, "No"—and described the peculiar movements of his hand and fingers which always accompany spirit communications through him. He told me that in the earlier stages of his development, the thought occurred to him that if his right hand could be educated to imitate the movements of the left, intel-

ligible messages might be written. This turned out as he supposed, and the results are truly astounding.

No other medium that I have seen exhibits in so marked a degree the peculiar mediumship which distinguishes Mansfield's from others.

He showed me a number of letters sent to him for answers; some were sealed with five or six seals, others were sealed, and riveted with brass and copper rivets. These letters all so carefully sealed, riveted, and marked, lay by to be answered. In some instances the names and addresses of the writers have to be discovered from the contents in order to send the answers per post.

I was requested to sit at the table and write the names of spirit-friends at one end of a long slip of paper. I did so, taking care to fold the paper so that the names could not be seen. I wrote—"My dear father, William James Powell, are you present?" Mr. Mansfield took the paper. In a few seconds his left hand kept up a series of movements of an intermittent or spasmodic character, whilst with the right hand was written—"Thank you, thank you, my dear son, for this assurance I have you keep my memory green in your heart of hearts. Yes, my son, well, very well do I know how much you have sacrificed in the past for truth's sake, and, although you have laboured early and late to convince the unbelieving ones that 'If a man die, yet shall he live again,' you have found it difficult to keep body and soul together, and for this, and to breathe a freer atmosphere, you left your native land to come to the Land of Freedom, so called. But, my son, you find even where you are that you have scepticism and selfishness to contend with. Yet for all this you took a step in the right direction when you embarked for America. Do not, my son, be in the least discouraged. Better days are ahead for you and yours. Try and follow the dictates of the inward monitor and you will yet have the satisfaction of your soul.

"Your spirit-father,

"WILLIAM J. POWELL."

It will be observed that I wrote my father's name, William James Powell. In the spirit-communication, only the initial letter of the James is given. I now remember that my father's practice was to write his name, Wm. J. Powell, or William Jas. Powell. I do not remember that he ever wrote James in full when giving his name.

Taking another slip of paper, I wrote, holding the pencil as lightly as I could so as to make the writing scarcely decipherable—"My dear mother, Sarah Powell, if you are present, kindly say a few words to me." Folding the paper as before I handed it to Mr. Mansfield. For some minutes nothing came. At last

his left hand took up its accustomed movements whilst his right hand wrote a communication commencing—"Can it be, my dear son, you have thought to call me to you from my happy abode, and, my son, I was with you yesterday, (alluding to my sitting with Mr. Foster) and so was your dear father." This was signed,

"Your loving mother,

"SARAH POWELL."

Taking another long slip of paper, I wrote—"My dear daughter, Marion, will you kindly give a communication to me and your mother?" I folded the paper this time in at least a dozen folds. Mr. Mansfield was a long time before any response was given, much longer than before. I sat watching in silence his every movement, feeling a strong desire for some message from the loved one. I was disappointed. Mr. Mansfield wrote—"Will my son be patient. The messenger has gone for my grand-daughter. She will be with you before you leave, and I trust, speak with you. Our spheres are not the same. Therefore we are called by messenger.

"Your spirit-father,

"WM. JAS. POWELL."

This answer was altogether unexpected. Yet it was to me as good a test as I could wish of the presence of some invisible intelligence, the name too was signed in my father's usual style.

I am quite satisfied that all theories of "trickery" ever invented utterly fail to solve the *modus operandi* of Mr. Mansfield's truly marvellous test manifestations. Mr. Mansfield disclaims the gift of "clairvoyance," sometimes offered as a solution of the mystery. He sees, as indeed, logical minds must see, that invisible intelligences are the *bonâ fide* agents in the production of the phenomena.

Mr. Mansfield spent three years in California, and kept a journal detailing his experiences and tests, which he sent by instalments home to his wife. The entire journal fills 16,700 pages of letter paper. Mrs. Mansfield has shown her appreciation of her husband's labours by having the journal bound. It forms quite a library.

This must suffice for the present. I will in my next detail my experiences with Anderson, the spirit-artist, and other mediums.

Boston, Mass.,

August 29th, 1868.

PRAYER.—The effect of prayer upon ourselves is to bring us nearer and nearer yet to God; not in the sense that He is moved, approaches, or answers our finite supplications, by change of His eternal purposes; but prayer connects us with Him, by drawing us up to Him.—EMMA HARDINGE.

Obituary.

DR. ELLIOTSON.

THE *Morning Post* of August 3rd has the following announcement:—

“ We have to record the decease, a day or two since, of one of the most remarkable scientific men of the century, who attained to the highest rank of the medical profession, and who was held in the greatest esteem for the daring and successful character of his innovations; and yet who, after living down and conquering aspersions cast on him, has lived long enough to be almost forgotten in the busy round of life. Dr. Elliotson was born somewhere about the year 1785, and studied at St. Thomas's and Guy's Hospitals. He was one of the first physicians to adopt the stethoscope in the diagnosis of lung and heart diseases. In the course of his practice at University College Hospital certain phenomena developed themselves in the cases of two young girls named Okey, and Elliotson was thus led to investigate mesmerism, and with his characteristic boldness and love of truth he published the results fearlessly. He was at this time enjoying as large a practice at the West End as had ever been the lot of any physician. The result of his bold utterance of the truth was that his learned brethren persecuted him, and his practice fell off to the extent of £5,000 per annum, and in 1838 he was obliged to resign his professorship. His practice, however, rose in time till it was larger than before, and he became noted for his mesmeric knowledge, which he cultivated assiduously. He continued through good and evil report to publish the results of his experiments, and established the *Zoist*, which he maintained for 12 years, the volumes of which form a history of this branch of science. He was founder and president of the Phrenological Society, and was president of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London. In 1849 he founded the Mesmeric Hospital, which has been a great blessing to many. During the greater part of his life he was an unbeliever, and while investigating mesmerism sneered at the accounts which he heard of spiritualistic phenomena, and denounced all mediums as impostors. He also wrote an elaborate treatise denying the existence of an immortal soul, and arguing that the Hebrew word ‘nephesh,’ translated ‘soul,’ had no other meaning than ‘life.’ In the year 1863 he was at Dieppe, and was introduced to Mr. D. D. Home, who told him he had acted

wrongly in calling him an impostor when he really knew nothing of him. He then spent some time in investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism aided by the sons of his friend Dr. Symes. The result was that he expressed his conviction of the truth of the phenomena, and became a sincere Christian, whose handbook henceforth was his Bible. Some time after this he said he had been living all his life in darkness, and had thought there was nothing in existence but the material; but he now had a firm hope which he trusted he would hold while on earth."

We may add to the foregoing notice, that not only was Dr. Elliotson for the greater part of his life—until he became a Spiritualist—an unbeliever in revelation, but a Materialist of the most uncompromising and determined type,—the acknowledged head of that school of Physiology of which Lawrence and Engledue were the champions—which regards man as a merely corporeal being,—the faculties of the mind as synonymous with functions of the brain, and in what is usually regarded as evidence of his spiritual nature sees only the results of cerebral action. These views he set forth with great force in his elaborate work on *Human Physiology*; and they were eagerly caught up by the atheistic secular party in this country, and reproduced in lectures, articles, and tracts; and his name (which since he became a Spiritualist they appear to have almost forgotten) was constantly in their mouths as that of an eminent authority on the subject. When Modern Spiritualism was introduced into this country, Dr. Elliotson was one of the sturdiest and most scornful of its opponents. Not only did he denounce it in the *Zoist*, but he gave a series of wood-cuts in that Journal to accompany the text, showing how the "rappings" were effected. On this question of Spiritualism, he joined issue with, and separated himself from his old friend and colleague in Mesmerism, and in the establishment and management of the *Zoist*—Dr. Ashburner; to whom it must have been a source of great satisfaction after years of estrangement, that Dr. Elliotson's conviction of the truth of Spiritualism was the means of re-establishing their former intimacy and friendship.

Spiritualism was not with Dr. Elliotson a conviction barren of results. It revolutionized the philosophy of a lifetime, as he was always ready to avow, bitterly lamenting the misdirected efforts he had made, however conscientiously, in the promulgation of materialistic principles. He became a thoroughly changed man, and changed in all respects for the better. Humbled by the recollection of past errors, his nature became softened, his demeanour more gentle, and he bore his losses and sufferings with patience and fortitude.

Some of our correspondents have expressed doubts of the efficacy of prayer. Dr. Elliotson affirmed that he could no longer entertain any question of it, as he had personal and constant evidence of the efficacy of prayer in his own experience.

To those who question as to the strength of evidence which Spiritualism presents to the scientific investigator, or as to its origin and effects, this brief record may be useful. Let the tree be judged by its fruits.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

MOURNING COSTUME.

ON this subject the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has the following sensible remarks: we commend them to the consideration of Christians generally, and of Spiritualists in particular.

“It is a matter of education. In so far as high colours have come to signify gaiety and pleasure, there may be a good reason for dismissing them. If one would mark one’s grief, why not by the colour chosen by the Bible to express spiritual things? White signifies purity, triumph, spiritual gladness, and this ought not to be un congenial to the moods of Christian grief.

“It is not the custom of our people to symbolize their feelings by a change of dress, with this solitary exception. If a man becomes bankrupt, or has his house burned down, or loses heavily in commercial operations, or has a son in disgrace, or a child misled by evil company, or any other experience of grief, he does not change his garb. The one solitary and exceptional case is bereavement! But there is in domestic sorrow a delicacy, or ought to be, which would shrink from an ostentatiousness such as mourning apparel cannot fail to have. No one has a right so to express his sorrows as to intrude them upon every eye wherever he goes. Custom has justified it, otherwise it would be esteemed an indelicacy for one to be a walking advertisement of one’s own private griefs. But, even if one were permitted to announce this one side of domestic experience by change of garb, the question still remains whether expression should be given to the weakness of natural feeling, or the triumph of Christian faith. Whether we should symbolize the darkness of the grave as unlightened nature shews it, or the grave made by the triumph of our Saviour and the glories of immortality beyond it? We may be sure there is something wrong

in a Christian community where death is surrounded with associations of terror, where the young are reared to a horror of the sepulchre, where present grief rises up like a dark cloud and shuts out the heaven; where—in sermon, service, conversation, and dress—everything conspires to shroud death and the grave with darkness. Has sorrow a right to be selfish? May it bear false witness against immortality? Has a Christian under bereavement a right to declare by his conduct, “There is no light in the grave, none beyond it, and no comfort for the bereaved, but only black, black sorrow?” I never met one muffled in black from head to foot without a certain horror. The smell of crape is to me like the smell of a charnel-house. Did it never occur to mourners to ask, what, if those for whom I grieve were to speak to me out of their blissful abode in heaven, would be their choice—that I should be shrouded like one in despair, or robed as one who mourns, but with Christian hope?”

MR. D. D. HOME.

We are glad to find that Mr. Home has been well received by his old and influential friends in Germany, where he has recently been staying for a few weeks. It is a practical and pleasant commentary on the injustice done him by the public and the press in England. As soon as the Emperor of Russia heard of his arrival in Germany, he sent an aide-de-camp to him, to desire him to come and stay with him. He has already paid a short visit to the Emperor, and was to repeat it after a few days' interval.

THE MUCHELNEY DISTURBANCES.

We give in this number a detailed and very ably written account of a visit to the scene of these remarkable occurrences, which are creating quite an extraordinary sensation in the neighbourhood, and indeed far beyond it. The local press teems with paragraphs and articles on the subject.

Pulman's News gives several articles on the subject. In one of the latest we have seen, it relates that a large table in the passage, which had been frequently overturned without visible agency, was “again upset and broken to pieces in open day, and in the presence of several persons;” and it mentions, as a new phenomenon in the case, that—

Miss Hawker, while sitting in the dining-room, suddenly felt herself pushed, as it were, out of her chair. She jumped up, and the chair fell completely over. She had felt this once before, some weeks ago, but considered that it might have been caused by some movement of her own. This time, however, she was convinced that such could not be the case, for in a few seconds one of the empty arm chairs suddenly performed a similar somersault. The servant was then in the kitchen.

The editor says :—

Numerous intelligent people have carefully but vainly endeavoured to elucidate the mystery. The unanimous testimony is, that, whatever the cause, there are no grounds whatever for the suspicion of trickery and collusion. Mr. Travis himself, we would stake our reputation, is too respectable and too honourable a man to be a party to any trickery. The two ladies, his relatives, are totally above anything of the kind. The servant, an intelligent-looking girl, is often not in the house when the mysterious noises are heard and the furniture is knocked about. Moreover, these things happen in broad daylight—rarely at night—and often in the presence of several people who could not fail to detect collusion, and whose testimony is in all cases exactly similar. We feel most thoroughly convinced of the good faith of the entire household, and should not once refer to it but for the satisfaction of those distant readers who, being personally strangers, perhaps not unnaturally are suspicious of the *bonâ fide* nature of the marvellous things about which they have read.

Another local journal relates that :—

One gentleman, who is well known at most of the markets in the county as a corn merchant, had his curiosity gratified a night or two ago by being allowed to remain in the house. In the dead waist and middle of the night the noises came on so violently that he hastily quitted the premises, and refused to go home alone, so frightened was he. Consequently he had to be conveyed to his residence, and has since been relating his experience to numerous circles. Religious zealots have visited the house, and three of them have held special meetings to exorcise the hobgoblins.

The *Bristol Daily Post* says :—

Correspondents assert that the house is undoubtedly haunted; indeed, it appears from their several statements that the invisible powers have everything their own way, for it is said that even the walls shake at times, while the doors and windows are opened and closed again very frequently in a most forcible manner. Beds shake so violently as to cause the inmates of the house to get up in the middle of the night; pillows and bolsters are taken from beneath the drowsy occupants of said beds; noises, ranging from the reports of many muskets to the distant boom of a field-piece, are heard in different parts of the house, and, in short, the inmates have been horrified almost to death's door. . . . However extraordinary it may appear, scores of persons attest the accuracy of the statements made above. A large number of persons from this town and from all the neighbourhood have visited the house to hear the noises and to see the strange pranks. Most of them avow, without the least hesitation, that no human agency could do what they have seen done and escape detection.

And it adds :—

If there be really anything true in the doctrines which they (the Spiritualists) preach, they may make converts by the hundred in this neighbourhood, for scores of persons have become favourably disposed towards them in consequence of what has taken place at Muchelney.

MYSTERIOUS BOMBARDMENT OF A HOUSE IN LIVERPOOL.

The Muchelney farm house is not the only place recently subjected to mysterious annoyances. The *Liverpool Mercury* gives an account of the bombardment of a house "near junction of Hutchinson Street with Baker Street." It says that lately, about 2 o'clock one Tuesday afternoon, the inmates of the house were startled by a stone crashing through a pane of glass in the kitchen window, which looks out into the back yard.

At first it was thought the stone must have been thrown by some child, and no particular notice was taken of the matter; but presently another missile struck the window and broke another pane of glass. At short intervals throughout the rest of the day, up till nearly 11 o'clock at night, stones, pieces of coal, and other missiles were thrown at the window, until almost every pane of glass that it contained had been battered out. The occupiers of the house, unable themselves to discover the quarter from whence the stones, &c., came, communicated with the police, and several constables appeared upon the scene. They were equally unsuccessful in their endeavours to discover the author of the mischief. Visits were paid to several of the neighbouring houses, but without in any way clearing up the mystery, and numerous stones were thrown while the officers were actually standing by the window at which the missiles were aimed, without their being able to tell from which direction they came. Yesterday, the bombardment of the window—or rather, of the shutters, which had to be closed—was resumed, though not so continuously as on the previous day. Half a dozen detectives were sent up from the police-office in the course of the morning, in the hope that they would pounce upon the offender, but they were obliged to depart baffled in the object of their visit, and the mystery which surrounds the affair is not yet cleared up. One singular feature about the affair is, that although there are numerous other windows equally within range, only this particular one appears to have been selected as a mark.

DR. HOOKER AND MR. ALFRED R. WALLACE.

The following mention of Mr. Alfred R. Wallace was made by Dr. Hooker, the President, in his opening address, at the meeting of the British Association at Norwich, in August, this year. Speaking of Darwin's theory of continuous evolution and natural selection, he said:—

“I long ago arrived at the conclusion so well put by Agassiz, when he says, ‘We trust that the time is not distant when it will be universally understood that the battle of the evidences will have to be fought on the field of physical science, and not on that of the metaphysical.’ Many of the metaphysicians’ objections have been controverted by that champion of natural selection, Mr. Darwin’s true knight, Alfred R. Wallace, in his papers on ‘Protection,’ in the *Westminster Review*, and ‘Creation by Law,’ in the *Journal of Science*, October, 1867, &c., in which the doctrines of ‘Continual Interference,’ the ‘Theory of Beauty,’ and kindred subjects, are discussed with admirable sagacity, knowledge and skill; but of Mr. Wallace, and his many contributions to philosophical biology, it is not easy to speak without enthusiasm; for, putting aside their great merits, he, throughout his writings, with a modesty as rare as I believe it to be in him unconscious, forgets his own unquestionable claims to the honour of having originated, independently of Mr. Darwin, the theories which he so ably defends.”

Mr. Wallace’s testimony to the facts of Spiritualism is therefore that of a competent scientific man of the highest reputation, and we hope it will be accepted as such by the other scientific men of the day.



THE
Spiritual Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1868.

FRENCH MAGNETISTS.

PART II.

A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF CAHAGNET'S "ARCANES DE LA VIE
FUTURE DEVOILÉS."—VOL. I.

THIS work, which at one time made a great sensation in France, is well deserving of perusal at present, when we have so much further experience of both clairvoyance and more direct spiritual phenomena. M. Cahagnet was a working man—a chair-turner, and on that account his production is the more meritorious; for he had not only the sagacity to perceive the truth of the phenomena of human magnetism, or mesmerism, but the boldness to avow his convictions, and the magnanimity to suffer ridicule and persecution for the sake of psychological science with a wonderful patience. His work is so well written that we should not have discovered the facts of his humble condition in life, and of his self-education, had he not told us of them. Of the peculiar character of the work, which is in three volumes, and of M. Cahagnet's peculiar views, we shall take notice as we proceed in our researches into his *Secrets of a Future Life Revealed*.

In the first place, let us say—for it is very honourable to a Frenchman—that all the spirits seen by Cahagnet's *clairvoyance* deny re-incarnation. They say men are born only once, and only once. This is repeated a score of times in these volumes. In one case, the spirit says, "Once is quite enough to through the thralthom of flesh."

The doctrine of every thought and every impression becoming human forms and acts becoming eternal is asserted. A

voyante often sees pieces of furniture in rooms that are no longer there, but are found to have been at some time previously. A young lady is seen sitting in six chairs at once. It was found that this young lady, a living one, had recently sat in every one of them one after another. From this cause *clairvoyantes* have, he says, often been charged with inaccuracy. They also see things that not only have taken place, but which will take place, as in the spirit-world, past, present, and future are one. In this case one wonders how spirits know the time of any particular occurrence.

A singular case of the impression of objects on the mind is given at p. 251 of vol. i. Madame Gorget, a *clairvoyante*, is put in *rappor*t with Adele and sees and describes a chamber in which Adele, M. Cahagnet's regular medium, was ill twenty years before. She described the room exactly, the furniture, the colour and pattern of the bed curtains, the fire-place with old-fashioned dogs, the mother of Adele going about and preparing her medicine in a white pot at the fire. She described the garden adjoining, and Adele furtively gathering fruit, looking round to see if any one descried her; a rabbit-cote in a corner, and all the exact flower-beds and other objects of the garden. M. Cahagnet will have it that all these images were existent realities somewhere in connection with Adele, but they are clearly enough the readings of the *clairvoyante* of these images in the memory of Adele. The only difficulty is in imagining why these scenes only out of Adele's life should present themselves unless she had herself been just then recalling them. If all the incidents of a life are photographed on or about a person, they must form a mass of images laid thick one over the other, and, as one might suppose, thus making a confusion. In some cases, the reading of the mind or memory is difficult to be traced, and persons are seen in places and circumstances, even in very distant countries, where no one at the time knew of their being.

In the case of apparitions appearing as they were dressed during their lifetimes, we are told that these dresses are all photographed upon them. How, then, does one suit present itself more than another? Why are not all the dresses of the person's life photographed one upon the other, producing confusion? That the spirit *can* present himself as seen in life, generally as seen recently before his death, is shown by almost every apparition, and they evidently so appear to identify themselves. The *how* they do it, seems to reside in a power which they possess of which we have no adequate idea.

Cahagnet makes Swedenborg appear and assert, contrary to his teaching during his earthly life, that "the spirit is a substance which demands *space*, spite of the belief of men who imagine that a spirit, because it can penetrate matter without difficulty,

occupies no space. He asserts that spirits occupy as much, or more space than when in the body. He adds, that if they occupied no space they would be nothing. As to there being no *time* in the spirit-world, and as to the assertion that a spirit can be in several places at the same time, or address several persons at the same time, he says they are all errors. If there were no *time* there could be no succession of events, and that all these errors arise from the rapid action of spirits being incalculable by our time. They can transfer themselves from place to place with such speed, and can communicate with other spirits in such rapid succession, that it seems to take place at once. A spirit can see the whole of his existence in a moment, as has been experienced repeatedly by drowning persons; and Sir Humphry Davy, under the effect of taking the nitric-oxyde gas, exclaimed, "The whole human organism is an assemblage of thoughts." "Whoever," says Cahagnet, "asserts that there is neither time nor space for a spirit, speaks in opposition to our reason, and yet speaks a great spiritual truth." I prefer the opinion of Swedenborg, as given by him on this subject; and on how spirits perceive matter, he refers us to Fichte's *Destination of Man*. The spirits generally asserted to Cahagnet's *clairvoyantes* that they only perceive matter when *en rapport* with persons in the body.

As to the common notion that spirits have no form, but are a sort of breath, he treats it as false and nonsensical. All spirits assert that they have the human form, and present a similar appearance to the bodies they inhabited.

Swedenborg, in one of the *séances*, declared that being but a man he had committed many errors, amongst which was that of saying the sun was a globe of pure fire—that, on the contrary, it is a mass of light proceeding from the divine central Sun of the Universe, namely, God. Some day, probably, Swedenborg will come again and correct *this* correction, if he ever made it: for though the sun, like everything else, proceeds from God, it is pretty certainly a physical body either with a fiery atmosphere, or one producing all the effects of fire—the present fashion is to say, by vibration of the ethereal fluid. The divine law is, of course, a *spiritual sun*, giving light to the spiritual universe.

It is the theory of all Cahagnet's spirits that all the souls in the universe were created by God at once, in the immensely past eternity. That they were all placed in worlds of perfect happiness, but yet not with all their faculties and affections called forth, and that they are sent down in succession into the earth or worlds of material life, like it, to be tried, and to have all their powers, passions, and affections created and brought to their maturity, and at the same time to be brought into discipline

That they have some faint and dreamy reminiscences of their prior life, in fact, in accordance with the doctrine of Plato and of Wordsworth's *Ode to Immortality*—

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
 'The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar.
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness ;
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home.

That, on regaining heaven, they awake to a full recognition of it, as the world from which they descended, and that the contrast of the sufferings on earth with the full beatitude of heaven constitutes the perfection of their bliss; for without this experience of evil they could never adequately estimate their good. That, in consequence of this, we find on reaching the spirit-world, that we have no father or mother, no sons or daughters, we are all brothers and sisters—our only parent being God.

For my part I prefer the old notion that we are first born into this world, and are born spiritually as well as physically of our parents. That thence arises all the delightful relationship of spirits as well as of men. We find in all communications with spirits that the relationships of life are the most precious and permanent of ties. All spirits draw, by a spiritual magnetism, together. Nations draw to nations, families to families. The near relatives are ever nigh, watching over their kindred in the body; they are always waiting to receive them at their departure out of it. This is because we are not merely the physical but also the spiritual children of our parents. We are not only part and parcel of their flesh and blood, bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh, but soul of their soul.

Cahagnet's spirits, through his *clairvoyante* Adele, always predicated that Christ was not God; He was not seen or worshipped in heaven as God. He even makes Swedenborg say, contrary to all his assertions on earth, that Christ is no more the son of God than we are all sons of God, and this in the face of the Scripture assertion that He is "the only begotten son of God, the express image of His person, and one with Him." He is seen in the heavens, he makes Swedenborg say, as a good man, "and that is all" (Vol. II., p. 41). But when a Protestant minister, M. Bosneville, minister of Lisieux, and a Catholic priest, the Abbé A——, asked the same questions of two different spirits, they replied that Christ was God in his spiritual portion, but not in his human portion. In fact, that he was God and man. That he was recognised as God in heaven, and proceeded, when on earth, from the Holy Spirit (Vol. II.,

p. 151 and p. 134). On another occasion, the boy Emile being the *clairvoyante*, a spirit tells him that he has never seen God, who is a spirit, but that He is represented in a picture in the heavens as a man hanging on a cross (Vol. I., p. 244). On another occasion a spirit is made to tell Emile, first, that Christ is God, then that He is not creator of heaven and earth; but only the son of God (Vol. II., p. 65).

Now, what are we to think of all this? Simply that Cahagnet is himself an infidel. He does not believe Christ to have been more than a good man, and he adds to the boy Emile's communication that Christ is only God of the Christians; the Mahomedans and Jews have each their own God (p. 69). That all religions are alike acceptable to God, and he makes spirits say that the prophets never prophecied of Christ, and that Christ never called himself the Son of Man!

The fact is therefore plain that Cahagnet's own strong opinions influenced the communications of his mediums; but when the preachers of orthodox tenets came into *rapport* with these mediums, for the time their influence predominated over Cahagnet's, and the mediums vaticinated in another style. These things shew the caution with which the communications of *clairvoyantes* should be received. Swedenborg is made to contradict nearly everything that he asserts as divine truths in his works; affirms the Bible to be a very good sort of a book, and that it contains some very good things and the like.

Passing from opinions, however, to facts, M. Cahagnet gives us a considerable number of curious ones. He has various Catholic priests amongst his correspondents, who are more reasonable than such men are now-a-days. The Abbé A—— (who does not, however, venture to give his name) is a warm supporter of Spiritualism. The Abbé Almignana not only approves it himself, but quotes the favourable opinions of the Abbé Duclos and the celebrated Father Lacordaire. For himself he says:—"I shall never cease, during the whole of my life, to thank God for having accorded to me a favour so great as that of having physically proved to me the immortality of the soul." The Father Lacordaire regards Spiritualism as a divine preparation to humble the pride of the Materialists; for it is certain, he says, that no argument used by the theologians to prove the immortality of the soul has been more effective than the apparition of Samuel. The Abbé Duclos, who so ably attacked the blasphemies of Voltaire, says:—"Spirits good or bad, or the souls of men, cannot appear without the order or the permission of God."

From Voltaire himself, M. Cahagnet, draws remarkable sentiments for such a man. In the article on Man in the

fifth volume of his *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, he says:—"What man is there who, the moment that he enters into himself, does not perceive that he is a marionette in the hands of Providence? I think, but can I give myself a thought? Alas, if I thought of myself, I should know what idea I should have at any given moment. No one knows it. I acquire knowledge, but I cannot acquire it of myself. My intelligence cannot be the cause of it, for it is necessary that a cause should contain the effect. Now my first acquired knowledge not being in my own intelligence, not being in me, since it was my first, must have been given to me by him who formed me, and who gives everything, whatever it may be.

"I fall annihilated when I am made to see that my first piece of knowledge cannot of itself give me a second, for it would be necessary that the second should be contained in the first to do so.

"The proof that we cannot originate ourselves an idea, is that we receive such in our dreams, and certainly it is neither our will nor our attention which causes us to think in dreams. There are poets who make verses in dreams; geometers who measure triangles, all which proves that there is a power which acts in us without consulting us. All our sentiments, are they not involuntary: the hearing, the eye, the taste are nothing of themselves: we think spite of ourselves, we know nothing, we are nothing without that supreme power which does everything."

"Who," says Cahagnet, "shall dare to say that this article is written by a Materialist? What Spiritualist has ever written better?" Voltaire when he wrote that saw what all Spiritualists must see, that we receive everything by influx from the spiritual world, the great, immortal store house of all thought, all art, all inventions, all emotion, all beauty. This great truth once learned by the writers and doers of our time, would humble our pride of intellect and augment our gratitude. We talk proudly of the operation of the human intellect as if it were something of our own, and not derived from the same all-glorious and all-bountiful source, as our very life and body. We talk of *creative* genius. There is no creative genius but God. Genius is not a creative faculty but an organization of brain and spirit capable in an ampler degree than average humanity of receiving ideas from the invisible universe. Men and women of genius are not creative but receptive, and should never forget that what they receive in order to disperse it for the general good, they receive as the earth receives its rains and dews and sunshine to endow it with beauty and plenty, and should thank God for it, and be humble as stewards not proprietors.

But Voltaire has yet something more for us. In the article on

Magic, in the same work, Tome VI., ed. 1785, he says, "Magic is a science much more plausible than astrology, or than the doctrine of genius. The moment we begin to think, we perceive in us a being totally distinct from the machine; and as this function continues after death, we give to it a body free, subtle, aerial, resembling the body in which it was here lodged. Two reasons perfectly natural introduce this opinion. First, because in all languages the soul is called a breath, and spirit wind. This breath, this spirit, this wind being in some things very light and very free. The second, because if the spirit of a man did not retain a form similar to that which it possessed in life, we should not, after death, be able to distinguish one man's soul from that of another. This soul, this shadow, which subsists separate from its body, may *very well be able to shew itself, on occasion, to re-visit the places which it had inhabited; to return to its relatives, its friends, speak with them, and instruct them. There is no incompatibility in all this. That which exists can appear.*"

Thus we have Voltaire, the prince of sceptics and scoffers, admitting, in a better moment, the whole theory and actuality of Spiritualism. Probably in such a moment he built the church at Ferney by his house, and carved on the front "DEO EREXIT VOLTAIRE,"—which church his successors have turned into a barn.

Cahagnet quotes a remarkable case of stone-throwing, which escaped us at the time we were giving a collection of such phenomena. *La Republique* of the 3rd of February, 1849, extracts the following facts from *La Gazette des Tribunaux*:—"A fact most extraordinary, and which has been repeated every evening, every night for the last three weeks, without the most active researches, the most extended and persevering surveillance having been able to discover the cause, has thrown into commotion all the populous quartier of La Montagne-Sainte-Genève, the Sorbonne, and Place Saint-Michel. This is what has taken place in accordance with the public clamorous demand, and a double inquiry, judicial and administrative, which has been going on many days, without throwing any light on the mystery."

"In the work of demolition going on to open a new street which shall join the Sorbonne to the Pantheon and the College of Law (*l'École de Droit*), in traversing the Rue de Grès the old church, which has successively served as a mutual school and a barracks of infantry, at the end of a plot of ground, formerly stood a public dancing-hall, they came to a wood coal yard, with an inhabited house connected with it of one story and an attic. This house, at some distance from the street, and separated from the houses in course of destruction

* of Roman Catholic Sagmas. only
 on the street L. b.

large excavations of the ancient wall of Paris built by Philippe Auguste, laid bare by the work in progress, has been assailed every evening and through the whole night by a hail of projectiles, which, from their bulk, and the violence with which they have been thrown, have done such destruction, that it has been laid open to the day, and the woodwork of the doors and windows reduced to shivers, as if it had sustained a siege, aided by a catapult or grape-shot.

“ Whence came these projectiles, which are paving-stones, fragments of the demolished walls near, and ashlar stones entire, which from their weight, and the distance they are hurled, are clearly from no mortal hand? This is just what, up to this moment, it has been impossible to discover. In vain has a surveillance been exercised day and night under the personal direction of the commissary of police and able assistants. In vain has the head of the service of safety been continually on the spot. In vain have they let loose every night watch-dogs in the adjoining enclosures. Nothing has been able to explain the phenomena, which, in its credulity, the people has attributed to mysterious means. The projectiles have continued to rain down with great noise on the house, launched forth at a great height above the heads of those who have placed themselves in observation on the roofs of the small surrounding houses, and seeming to come from a great distance, reaching their aim with a precision, as it were, mathematical, and without deviating from the parabolic evidently designed for them.

“ We shall not enter into the ample details of these facts, which will, without doubt, receive a speedy explanation; thanks to the solicitude which they have awakened. Already the inquiry extends itself in every direction to which the adage,—*Cui prodest is auctor*. The author is some one or more whom it may benefit. Nevertheless, we will remark that, in circumstances somewhat analogous, and which equally excited a certain sensation in Paris, when for example, a rain of pieces of small money drew together the loungers of Paris every evening in the Rue de Montesquieu, or when all the bells were rung in a house in the Rue de Malte by an invisible hand, it was found impossible to make any discovery, to find any palpable cause for the phenomena. Let us hope that this time we shall arrive at a result more precise.”

The *Republique* of the 4th of February continues:—“ *La Gazette des Tribunaux* speaks still of the famous machine of war, so redoubtable and, moreover, so mysterious, which keeps in commotion the inhabitants of the Quartier Saint Jacques. This is what it states to-day. The singular fact of a launching of projectiles against the house of a wood and coal merchant in the

Rue Neuve de Clugny near the Place du Pantheon, continue in activity to the present time, in spite of the strict and incessant watch kept on these places. At eleven o'clock when the watches were all stationed on every available approach, an enormous stone struck the barricaded door of the house. At three o'clock, whilst the officer of the service of public safety, on duty at the time, with five or six of his subordinates, were engaged in an enquiry into the different circumstances with the master of the house, a square of ashlar stone fell at their feet and burst with the explosion of a bombshell. People are lost in conjectures. The doors, the windows, are closed by planks nailed inside to protect the inhabitants from being struck, as their furniture and even their beds have been, and shattered by the projectiles."

AN ODISIOUS APPARITION.

M. Binet, a manufacturer of chemical utensils, 5, Rue Neuve, Saint Sabin, Paris, wrote to M. Cahagnet on the 4th of September, 1848:—"A fact very extraordinary occurred to me one night in the month of April, 1839. I awoke about two o'clock in the morning in a condition of moral suffering, very fearful. I found myself held down by an occult power, and, as it were, crucified upon my bed by the side of my wife, who slept, and whom the power which oppressed me prevented me from awaking. All my moral force seemed concentrated in my heart. I had presence of mind, and though it was impossible to move my body, I had all my powers of observation. I perceived my heart filled with a fluid which caused me an agony as if it had been sewed together with threads of silk. But spite of the force which constrained me, I had confidence in God, and felt certain that I should be enabled to conquer this miserable condition. When my eyes were opened, I perceived the moon which threw its light into my chamber, and when I closed them I found myself addressed by a being that I knew on earth. He approached in the first instance to ask something of me. He was dressed in a wretched black c his shirt was very dirty; in fact his condition announce utmost misery. He concluded by ordering me to pray for but, as I detested the constraint in which he held me, I and braved the consequences. I then perceived his enter my nostrils and poison me with an infernal supportable stench, but, thanks to God, I made a stroi and, spite of the exertions he made in opposition, I swore wife, and begged her to push me out of bed, which al traversed the chamber with naked feet, but still I for held in the power of this man by my interior sense.

gave me a glass of fresh water which I drank, and I begged of her to kneel with me in prayer to God for my deliverance. This we did with fervour. I found myself better, though the agony of heart remained, still seeming drawn together by threads. I went in the morning to walk in the Exhibition of the Products of Industry,* to distract my attention and recover my calmness." M. Binet continues his account of a long period of suffering under this obsession, for such it was. At length he was advised to visit a *clairvoyante*—Madame Perin. This took place in the presence of M. and Madame Pirlot, and Colonel Roger. The moment the *clairvoyante* touched his hand, though he was an utter stranger to her, she gave a loud cry, and exclaimed that he was obsessed by a hideous spirit, which she saw enveloped in an atmosphere of the most disgusting character, the odour of which infected all around. All the company joined in earnest prayer for his deliverance, which took place a few days afterwards.

INSTANCES OF SPIRITS CARRYING MATERIAL SUBSTANCES.

Colonel Roger, probably the same mentioned in M. Binet's account of his obsession, sent Cahagnet several instances of spirits carrying material substances which had come under his own observation. It is to be regretted that he was not at liberty to give the names of the other witnesses, as he frankly gave his own, and his address, 4, Rue Neuve de l'Université, Paris.

First Fact.

M. Rev. ***, senior, and myself were walking on the high road of a town in Brittany. On entering the hotel, M. Rev. *** perceived that he had lost his gold seal, which was of great value. After dinner, he put a *clairvoyante* to sleep, who said:—"Call such a spirit, and pray him to go and search for your seal in a heap of stones near the sea, in the place indicated." Scarcely was the command given, when the spirit brought the seal to the *clairvoyante*, who said to M. Rev. ***, "Thank the spirit, and dismiss him."

Second Fact.

The Colonel says, that on their return to Nantes he was very unwell. The same *clairvoyante*, M. Rev. *** being present, prepared a glass of sugar and water, and prayed a spirit known

* It appears from this that Paris had an Exhibition of the Products of National Industry in 1848, so that our Great Exhibition of 1851 was not the original idea of such Exhibitions. It was only the extension of the idea from a national to an international one.

to him to pour some drops of a healing fluid into it. They saw this actually take place; the Colonel drank the water, and in an hour was entirely cured. This, he says, took place in April, 1827.

Third Fact.

Whilst still at Nantes, and before returning to Paris, the Colonel attended a *séance* in a society who were clearly addicted to magic. The members sat in a circle in the room, each having a spirit-lamp burning at his feet. The ceremony commenced impiously by invoking the blessing of God on their proceedings. The consequences were appalling. Scarcely was the invocation made when a burst of wild laughter and horrible hisses resounded through the room. The lamps were instantly extinguished, and on all sides fell pieces of old iron, iron bars, &c., but without striking any of the company. The president, he says, instantly chased the demons away by calling on the name of God, and they decamped, leaving their projectiles behind them.

If this be true—and Cahagnet guarantees, from his long knowledge of him, the thorough integrity of the Colonel—it is a frightful instance of the evil side of Spiritualism, and it is to be hoped the Colonel kept better company afterwards.

This case is a proof of what we have always endeavoured to place prominently in view. That Spiritualism, like everything else, has its two sides—its light and dark one. Its enemies, who admit its reality, say it is all from the devil; some insufficiently-informed Spiritualists believe it all from God. The truth in this, as in all other cases, lies *in medias res*. The devil, in proof of the adage, has not neglected to build his chapel alongside of God's Church of Spiritualism; and it always has been, and always will be so. In the history of the Church the greatest saints have always been most assaulted and tempted by the devil. But has any one thought on that account of pronouncing the Church from the devil? In Spiritualism, as in Christianity, we must exercise our free will, and take the advantages or the penalties consequent on our choice. Happy is he who embraces the divine Spiritualism, and, like Bunyan's pilgrim, holds on his way heavenward past the very gates of Apollyon.

Amongst the statements to which a mere reference is sufficient, is one by M. Blesson, a picture dealer of 56, Rue aux Ours, Paris, who says that on two occasions no amount of fire could boil the water for their dinner. On the first occasion they burnt a whole basket of charcoal, and kept up a fierce heat, but it made no impression on the water for four hours. On the second occasion the water refused to boil for six hours. They

called in their neighbours on both occasions, who were astonished at the phenomena beyond measure. Madame Blesson was a medium, and hence, no doubt, the power of the mischievous spirit in the house. On both occasions Blesson put his wife into the mesmeric sleep, and he saw the demon the first time in the shape of a hideous owl. They were only defended from his attacks by constant prayer.

A Madame Belhot, of Argenteuil, sent Cahagnet word that three women of her acquaintance, who intended to speculate in the lottery, got a human skull which they were told, under certain manipulations, would assist to indicate the number through a *clairvoyante*. The four women were about to commence their incantations, when some one knocked at the room door. Instantly they popped the skull into the bed to the ailing woman, who as instantly uttered a loud shriek, and declared that she was bitten in the arm. On examining the arm, they found it not only bitten, but severely, and Madame Belhot, who heard the shriek from an adjoining room, ran in and saw the teeth-marks of the fiend. The women speedily carried back the skull to the place whence they had taken it.

M. J. B. Borreau, of Niort, a man well known and honoured amongst the disciples of magnetism, states that one night he was awakened out of a sound sleep by a blow on his shoulder, and saw standing before him one of his uncles who lived at Châtellerault, who said, "Nineveh is destroyed!" His emotion was so great at this apparition, that it awoke his wife, who demanded what was amiss. "Oh!" said he, "my uncle is dead: he was here this instant." No doubt he used the words, "Nineveh is destroyed," as he had ruined his fortune by a work on the East. All day these words rang in the ears of M. Borreau, and a few days brought the news of his uncle's death.

During the winter of 1843, M. Borreau was much engaged on his property, about half a league from Niort. There he was assured by a *clairvoyante* that there was a copious supply of water to be obtained by an incision into a lofty declivity, which would not only be very valuable to the land but a great charm to the estate. Undeterred by any fear of ridicule from assaying to find water on such information, M. Borreau set to work actively. At length they laid bare a large mass of rock which protruded so dangerously that it was necessary to support it by masonry. Before this masonry, however, was finished, so great was M. Borreau's impatience, especially as his gardener amongst others had remonstrated with him on the folly of supposing he could get water out of a chalk cliff of nearly 50 feet high, that on Sunday, when the men were not at work, he visited the place and taking up a pick, began cutting away at

the cliff. Suddenly he heard a loud, clear voice exclaim, "Get away!" He looked around everywhere but could discover no one. Attending, however, to the warning, he withdrew to some distance, and continued to look around everywhere to discover whence the voice came. He assured himself no mortal was nigh; and whilst thus engaged, the rock which had been over his head fell with a force that would, he said, not merely have killed him, but pounded him to clay. M. Borreau was so overwhelmed with gratitude to God that he remained some time on his knees and lost in tears. Over the rock he caused a grotto to be constructed, and there in his grounds it remained a monument of spiritual beneficence; and from it he and his friends could see the stream of beautiful water, which had been so truly indicated by his *clairvoyante*, flowing through his fields.

MADAME T. LAMB'S EXPERIENCES.

This lady, who lived at 17, Rue Tiquetonne, Paris, and would appear to be of English origin, or to have married an Englishman by her name, wrote to M. Cahagnet a letter full of such remarkable occurrences that they deserve to be fully reprinted.

"Monsieur,—The reading of your *Arcanes* induces me to relate to you some facts from which you may be able to draw light. My natural tendencies are spiritualistic; my aspirations direct themselves towards the world of causes; but three motives paralyse my tendencies and my aspirations,—the philosophy of our day, with which I have been classically impregnated; pride, which causes me to consider everything a weakness of mind which advances in belief beyond physical and chemical possibilities; and, finally, the fear of becoming a dupe, even of my own illusions. Thus I have always laughed contemptuously at every recital of supernatural things. 'Your father,' said my mother, 'was not a feeble soul; and, notwithstanding, he affirmed that he had seen, twice in his life, human forms clothed in white, in one of whom he recognised his *fiancée*, and in the other his aunt. In effect, these two persons died long before him, and at the moment that he saw them.' At this affirmation I shook incredulously my head.

"'Your grandmother, at the moment when her father to his bed in his last illness, saw him wrapt in a shroud, sit on the wall of their garden.' 'Illusion,' I replied; 'chill terror; effect of moonlight.'

"'For many years, we had not seen,' continued my mother, 'my father's brother. One night we were all awake by voice, which called to my father from the court. We arose

ran to receive my uncle. There was no one there, yet we were all convinced of the fact; for my father's name had been called three times. The uncle was dead.' 'Hallucination of the ear,' I replied; 'a spirit cannot speak.'

" 'When one whom I loved died,' added my mother, 'blows were struck on a little wheel which hung on the wall, and it began to revolve rapidly. I carried the wheel to my father, who was in bed, weeping, and he made fun of me; but the phenomena renewed itself in the presence of 20 persons, who perceived the agitation of the air under the invisible switch or stick, and saw not only the wheel turn, but form a cloud of dust from that which covered it.' 'It was, probably,' I replied, 'some physical trick which some one played you.'

" 'When my sister died,' joined in my godmother, 'I was not aware that she was ill; I was awake during the night, and I saw her distinctly walking in my chamber. When my husband died, far from me, I felt myself raised three times in my bed.' 'These are all delusions, my dear godmother,' I replied, 'for nothing of all this *could* take place. The spirit has no form whatever, nor any power of action upon matter, and cannot affect it without physical organs.' Such was my incredulity on this head, that I would not believe that three violent rings of the bell at our door, whilst we were on the stairs, were a sign of adieu from a friend of my mother's, though the hour of her death coincided precisely with that of the three rings of the bell. I preferred to believe that a mouse had run over the wire; and when my sister, then in Scotland, asked us, by letter, whether Madame O——, of whose illness we had not written to her, were not dead at such an hour, because at that time they heard her voice calling to them, my incredulity could not be shaken, though the coincidence was exact. 'Something of the same kind,' said my mother, 'will happen to you, which will most likely compel you to believe.' 'I shall examine it,' I said, 'and I shall find some physical cause, be you sure of that.'

" I was in this state of mind at the age of 18, when, working at my thesis on the divine prescience and the free will of man, I heard a knocking above my head. The sound became fatiguing by its continuous monotony, and I went up into the room whence it proceeded. There was no one there. I thought it was an effect of acoustics, and descended, when the same sounds were renewed in an attic over my head. Once more I ascended; no one was there. I examined the attic and the chambers below—I took my place at the window—I could discover no physical cause, within or without, which could produce this persevering knocking. I took up my pen again, but scarcely had I sat down again when the same blows made themselves heard, and imme-

diately a thought took possession of my mind—'Fritz is ill, and he will not recover!' To this young man I was engaged, and he loved me with an infinite sincerity and tenderness. I ran to my mother, told her what had occurred, and what was my impression, and entreated her to accompany me to the house of Fritz's parents. We found him ill in bed, and for many hours he had been in spirit ardently calling to me. Six days afterwards he died.

"My mother herself was then unwell, and my sister fell nearly every night into convulsions, and by my advice I slept with my mother, and we had a bed in the same room for my sister, so that I could at once watch over both these objects of my affection. In the night of the sixth day of Fritz's illness, a strong shock was given to the bed in which I and my mother slept. Thinking that this was caused by my mother striking the bedstead with her foot, I gently laid my hand on her leg, and at the same moment a still greater shock was given to the bed, though I felt that she did not stir. A third and more violent shock awoke my mother, who started up and demanded what it was. When I told her, she said, 'My dear child, Fritz is dead, and he came to say adieu.' I now quickly struck a light and explored the chamber, and the chambers adjoining; then I returned to my bed. Then we heard blows as of a fist fall regularly on the wood of the bedstead, and continued with great regularity. My sister, in her turn, awoke and starting up asked what the noise was. I endeavoured to calm her, but in vain; she would not remain in her bed. My mother took her place, and she came to me. The blows regularly came to whichever side of the bed I occupied, and were so strong that they made the candle shake. I commenced reading aloud to engage the attention of my sister; but the noise did not cease for more than three hours. My *fiancée*, in truth, was dead, and with that day fell my incredulity.

"Amongst facts of the same kind, I give you two which I have received from persons worthy of all faith. One of these persons, a man grave and of deep studies, related that whilst he was a professor at Aix, an inexplicable thing took place there. One evening as the professors were assembled in the common hall, a laundry-woman entered in great terror. She said that she dared not go into her apartment, because the moment she set foot on the threshold of her chamber she heard blows on the furniture, and a great noise as of the breaking of something. The professors, educated in the opinions of Voltaire and of the Encyclopædia, burst into one chorus of laughter; but as the laundry-woman persisted in her story, one of them went with her to assure himself of the truth of her report. He found in

true, and went to fetch his *confrères*, who found the fact as he had found it. The chamber was searched even to its smallest corner, but nothing could be found which could possibly be the cause of this strange noise. On the morrow the laundress learnt the death of her father, a hackney coachman by profession, who had been crushed at the time that everything seemed to be breaking in her room.

“A lady related to me the following:—Her niece fell ill at Paris. The aunt, who lived at Grenoble, knew of the illness of her niece, but took care not to say anything of it to her sister, the mother of the young lady. Some days after the two sisters were sitting together. It was dusk. The mother of the young lady went out of the room, and came running back in affright, exclaiming, ‘Therèse is dead!—my child is dead! I have seen her this moment under the portico. I knew her perfectly, though she was clothed in white.’ This was the fact. The young Madame B—— had died on that day, at that hour.

“Other things not less extraordinary have occurred to persons of my acquaintance, differing in character, though arising out of the same order of events. One of these, an intimate friend, a lady who scarcely believed in a God, and not at all in a devil, had passed the evening with a widower, and as he proposed to marry again she had offered to find him a wife. That night she had an astonishing vision. She had the habit of reading in bed, and was engaged in a novel of Paul de Kock, and was laughing to herself at the thousand follies of the author, when she seemed to see something white. She raised her head, and the wife of the widower stood before her clothed in a white robe, and her great mass of black hair spread over her shoulders, enveloping her like a veil. She gesticulated with vehemence; her lips moved rapidly. The lady comprehended that she supplicated her not to advise her husband to marry again; and, surmounting her fear, and anxious to close as quickly as possible this sort of *tête-à-tête*, she said, ‘Make yourself easy; I will talk no more to your husband of marrying.’ The phantom disappeared, and never came again.

“A lady of Coutances had for about 40 years a sort of goblin attached to her house. Two persons have assured me that they were victims of his malice. He took away their cards, their dice and dominoes, whilst they were at play. He knocked at the doors, sate upon the beds of the domestics, when at prayer, and imitated the noise of breaking dishes, &c. The lady to whom he attached himself, at first was much alarmed, made her *neuvaines*, and took the sacrament without getting any relief. Her house was exorcised, but the goblin would not depart. She never saw anything but twice, once it was a horrible man, the

second time a woman as hideous. All her friends were so accustomed to the malice of the goblin that they took care not to laugh at it; she, herself, resigned herself to it philosophically.

“A naval captain, who in his triple character of seaman, Englishman, and heretic, was free from all superstitious credulity, recounted one day to one of my friends the following circumstance:—He arrived at Lisbon with his family and servants, and could only find a lodging in a palace deserted, as he was told, on account of its being the haunt of spirits. Our captain laughed at first, but they gave him so many details that he came to the idea that it was the resort of brigands or coiners. He persisted, however, in his intention of occupying it. He caused his servants to sleep before his chamber door, and placed two pistols on his table by his bed at night; left his candle burning, and then waited, quite resolved to enact the executioner for Portugal. All was sleep and silence in the city, when, at midnight, the doors of his chamber seemed to open with violence and an impetuous wind burst in; a noise of chains rattling along made the floors shake, yet the captain saw nothing; his doors really were not open. He fired his pistols; the candle went out, and all was silent. He sprang from the bed; traversed the chamber in all directions—there was nothing. He awoke his servants, who had neither seen nor heard anything, not even the discharges of his pistols. He explored the walls and partitions; it was clear that there was no opening in them. The next night he placed himself so that he could see any secret door open, if there were any, of which he did not doubt; but nothing opened, and yet the noise was just the same, and the sleep of the servants equally profound. The third night the same thing took place, and the cool Englishman would have persisted in occupying the place in the midst of the spirits, if his wife would have consented; but she declared that she was dying with terror, and she quitted the haunted place.

“A lady of my acquaintance, who lives in a small town in the country, heard that the curé was ill, and went to see him when she learned the following cause of his indisposition. ‘Three days, or rather three nights before, the sacristan saw, and saw, with astonishment, a light in the church. Thinking that there were thieves in it, he got up, and approached with caution towards the quarter where the light was. What to his amazement and terror to see a priest, who had died some time before, standing at the altar prepared to say mass. He stood upright, a cold perspiration bedewed him, and he went away to awake another priest, the friend of the deceased, who returned together; but now there was nothing to be seen. The following night, however, the light re-appeared, and

immediately informed of it, assured himself of the fact; but he was seized with the same terror as the sacristan, and dare not advance towards it. He related the apparition to the curé, a determined man, who, having had some difficulties with the defunct, resolved to render him the service that he might require. He charged the sacristan to inform him if the church was again lit up, which took place the same night. The curé advanced with a firm step, and said, 'Do you wish me to perform the mass?' 'Yes,' replied the deceased, and the mass commenced. When it was ended, the departed turned to the curé, and said, in a touching voice, 'I thank you,' when he disappeared; the lights went out, and the curé regained the sacristy with a flying step; but this *tête-à-tête* with a departed spirit produced such an impression on him that he never again quitted his bed, and the lady, my informant, three months afterwards attended his funeral.

"This occurrence, of the truth of which I have no doubt whatever, has sufficiently proved to me what you have said, that a man neither loses his belief, nor his habits, in quitting this terrestrial life, and in effect that the great law of analogy demands that there should be progress and distinctions in the different conditions of men, as there are distinctions in nature.

"After all these apparitions, shall I speak to you of dreams? Do they not belong to the domain of somnambulism and clairvoyance? Had not Mahomet reason for saying, that when a man sleeps his soul is near to God, and no longer in his body? Be that as it may, I have never been incredulous on this head, for my mother was a veritable pythoness. Never did a relative or friend of hers die without her being pre-informed of it by a dream. She predicted the death of my father a year before it took place. She said to a friend, 'I shall be taken ill, but I shall not die; but my husband will die in the illness which will seize him, and my sister-in-law will very soon follow him; and these events followed exactly as she had said they would. Often she said to me, 'Such a thing is going to happen—such a person will arrive—I shall receive such a letter,' &c., and she was never wrong. On the evening of her own death, she said, 'Prepare yourselves, my children. My mother is come for me; I shall depart to-morrow with her.' She had several crises as of dissolution. After the last but one, she said, with great composure, 'Yet one more and then all is over for this earth'—as she had said before every previous crisis, 'Not yet; this is not the end.'

"This somnambolic faculty is in me on great occasions. Thus, on the evening of the fatal ordinances of July, being a very young girl, and never having heard politics discussed, I had a

dream, in which I saw Christ in the clouds. In his left hand he held a handful of tricolor cockades, which he shook in the face of the crowd, on whom he smiled as he saluted them; in his right he held a thunderbolt. I saw his eyebrows contract as he fixed his glance on the royal family, and launched at it his lightning. The next day the royal family were on their way to Cherbourg.

“ ‘A prince will die soon,’ I said to my brother on the 13th of July, 1841, ‘for to-night I have seen a magnificent hearse followed and preceded by bodies of soldiers.’” In the afternoon the Duke of Orleans was killed.

“ ‘Have you heard nothing of the king?’ I asked one day of my brother. ‘No. Why?’ ‘Because I had a dream which signifies that some one will attempt his life, and very soon.’” The next day Lecomte was arrested. On the evening of the 1st of January I prayed God to reveal to me the most important events which would happen to me in the year. I saw in a dream a hearse, and my mother died on the 20th of March. At the moment that she had the fall which occasioned her death, I dreamed that we changed our residence, and that we carried my mother. I was awoke by the cries of my sister. We placed my mother on a bed. Three weeks afterwards she returned to the bosom of God.

“ I dreamed one night that I was in another world with my father and godfather. My godfather strove to retain me, but my father opposed it, saying, ‘No, no, let her go; it would cause too much grief to her mother.’ I was then very well, but two days after I had so violent an attack of brain fever that I was despaired of.

“ What inference do you draw from all these facts, and from many others which I could add? Is it not that the intellectual world is represented by zero in our philosophy, and is anything but what our wise ones of to-day think it? May we not ask whether it does not continue in communication with love, sympathy, and the recollection of those whom it has left upon earth? Whether the communication of souls be not universal and independent of the accidents of matter? If time and exist for a pure spirit? If really the soul has need organs of the body to produce physical effects; and if it act upon all matter, even such as is foreign to that which it substitutes its envelope? We may ask whether the spirit or has not an immortal form, being in some manner the mould of the body? If, in short, it be not possible to some law which directs and regulates somnambulant clairvoyance, the magnetic sleep and the natural sleep? Here plenty of questions; their solution, I am confident, will
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our present philosophy, our metaphysics, and will profoundly modify physics and chemistry. But why hesitate to demolish a scaffolding raised on false hypotheses? It is better even to have doubt than error; better to acquire even a painful truth than to rest in a system very logical but far from the truth. Humanity marches on; let us hope that the beams of the eternal sun will illuminate our intelligence, and that at length it will enter on the path of truth.

"F. LAMB.

"17, Rue Tiquetonne."

The third volume of Cahagnet's *Arcanes* is much less satisfactory than the former ones. It consists more of discussions and arguments to prove the reliability of his communications. The statements of his *clairvoyante* regarding Sir John Franklin and his crews, are so utterly beside the mark as to destroy all reliance upon her. Besides this, it contains none of those facts derived from more direct sources which we have been able to glean from the two first volumes. But Cahagnet has added greatly to our mass of spiritual facts, and has also greatly strengthened the foundations and leading lines of the truths which Spiritualism and its hand-maid, Mesmerism, have discovered to us.

A REMARKABLE TEST.

We have received several numbers of *The Present Age*, a new Spiritualist Journal, containing some very able articles, and published weekly at Lyons, Michigan, U.S. A recent number contains the following letter:—

"Detroit, July 24th, 1868.

"Editors *Present Age*:—If you consider the enclosed statements worthy a place in your columns, you are at liberty to use ~~them~~, also my name. My business is not local, but my home is a few miles from Little Falls, N. Y., which is my permanent address. I can substantiate any assertion contained therein.

"Most respectfully,

"I. C. WILLIAMS."

"Entering a street car one morning some two weeks ago, I found it occupied by a couple of ladies. One about thirty, elegantly dressed in black, the other much younger, wearing a light suit, of the style so much worn by ladies now-a-days.

"The busy and varied tide on the pavement engaged the attention of the former, while the latter was wholly absorbed in

out yet. Go to that satchel, and you will find your ring.' She rose, and took the seat she had left. As she did so, I enquired her name, which she gave me—Mrs. F. M. Stevens. The color returned to her face, all agitation ceased and she was soon so occupied in reading that she seemed unconscious of everything else, till the conductor reminded her of the street.

"I had never met the lady before to my knowledge, and the facts of the affair she spoke of, are as follows:—

"Nine years ago, an only brother and myself went to California, remained five years, then started for home. Soon after we left San Francisco my brother was taken with a fever and died, and was buried in the ocean. Just before his death he took the ring the lady had described most accurately, and put it on my finger, where I have worn it ever since, till a few days before the incident above related. One evening I missed the ring. I searched my room, but as I had been about the City most of the day, gave it up for lost.

"I cherished it more than all else I possessed, and felt its loss more deeply than any I had ever met with in life. I had a trunk and satchel which she described as well as I could myself, and I put clothes in the satchel for washing, but had forgotten whether it was the same day I missed the ring, or not. The night before I had taken them to a wash-woman, whose description was also correct. I took the returning car from the woman's house, asked for my satchel, which was produced the same as I left it with her, my hand trembled a little in spite of myself, as I opened it, and shook each article, but it trembled more as my ring fell out of a linen coat, and rolled across the floor. Having regained it, it was doubly dear, considering the peculiar circumstances which returned it to me.

"The description of my brother was perfect, particularly the scar on his forehead, and the dwarfed hand.

"Whether Mrs. Stevens is a noted medium or not, I do not know, but she gave me the best test I ever saw, and as good as I have ever read of.

"The lady dressed in black in the car with her very closely resembled one on board the vessel when my brother was buried, and did everything to reconcile me to the work of Providence, as she termed it. The world has never seemed the same to me since that terrible hour, but as I look at my ring, I feel that he has not gone, and a feeling of reconciliation comes over me that I never felt before. I thank Mrs. Stevens with a thankfulness that cannot find expression in words; I hope to meet her again, and may she give to others that which is as priceless as that which was given me."

JAMES NAYLER, A CONFESSOR OF "THE
INDWELLING DEITY."

CHAPTER II.

DURING the time that Nayler remained in Appleby Jail he published, jointly with George Fox, a pamphlet entitled *Several Petitions answered that were put up by the Priests of Westmoreland*. There is in it, amongst other things, a paper signed by Jervis Benson, who had been one of the magistrates on the bench at Appleby, whereby it appears that, although it was alleged (another account says, by Benson himself) that the words spoken by Nayler were not within the Act against blasphemy, nor against any law, two other magistrates had declared themselves willing to risk being fined at the assizes rather than that he should have his liberty; also that Justice Pearson told his colleague Benson, the subscriber of the paper, that he must give an account of their proceedings to the minister and others. It may be interesting to observe that Pearson, although not appearing friendly to Nayler, received on this occasion such impressions in favour of the principles held by the Friends, that he afterwards joined them, and himself became an open and able advocate for them in writing.

After the termination of his confinement, Nayler continued travelling upon his religious mission in the north of England, and at length, in the year 1654, came to London. He declares himself to have entered London with the greatest fear that he had ever experienced on entering into any place—in spirit foreseeing that something would befall him in it, but not knowing what it should be.

It is with difficulty that we trace his proceedings in the country with accuracy. It is probable that the Quakers were so much grieved with the occasion for reproach which he gave, that none of them thought fit to note occurrences which they probably wished to be forgotten. But they have been and will be remembered.

It appears that Edward Burrough and Francis Howgil (who had been fellow-prisoners with James Nayler at Appleby) had been the means of gathering a congregation of Friends together in London previously to the arrival of James Nayler. Much admiration seems to have been excited in the minds of many of these Friends by the preaching of Nayler, when he at length appeared amongst them. Certain "inconsiderate women," it is stated, undervaluing Burrough and Howgil, disturbed them in their ministrations. This disorderly behaviour was reproved by

the two ministers; but the women, not being silenced, preferred their complaints to Nayler against Burrough and Howgil, and endeavoured to incense him against them. James Nayler did not appear forward to condemn his friends; but this only increased the earnestness of his admirers, one of whom, falling into "a kind of passionate grief," exclaimed in a shrill, mournful voice, "I looked for judgment, but behold a 'cry!'" and with that cried in a passionate, lamenting manner, which so entered and pierced James Nayler, that it smote him down into so much sorrow and sadness that he was much dejected in spirit and disconsolate. Fear and doubting then entered into him, so that he came to be clouded in his understanding, bewildered, and at a loss in his judgment, and became estranged from his best friends, because they did not approve his conduct, insomuch that he began to give ear to the flattering praises of some whimsical people which he ought to have abhorred and reprov'd them for. Nayler allows this time to have been a time of darkness—a darkness of which probably they can best judge who have witnessed a state of light. "If the light within you become darkness, how great is that darkness." Nayler declared it to be his fear of opposing what might be right in his partisans that prevented his opposing their extravagances. Having lost his spirit of discernment, it has been suggested that he was in a situation to accept almost anything as truth, more especially that which was gratifying; and, however his will had been concerned in the commencement of this unhappy passage in his history, one is inclined to believe that in its progress he intended no evil, but thought himself forbearing in humility, to judge the actions of others, and receiving their honour, not as done to his person, but to that extraordinary manifestation of the spirit of Christ "within him," which he believed himself possessed of.

We cannot clearly discover the date of the disturbances in London, but most probably they occurred in 1656. Between 1655 and 1656 he appears to have published various religious and controversial pamphlets, evidently written whilst he was still in brotherly unity with his friends. Nor, indeed, do we ever find that Nayler sought to dissever himself from them. In the summer of 1656 George Fox was in prison at Launceston, and James Nayler, on his way to pay him a visit there, was, himself, together with other Friends, imprisoned at Exeter. With the exact cause of his being confined there, and with the mode of his release, we are unacquainted. George Fox was released from Launceston on the 13th of September, and, after a short stay in Cornwall, himself visited in Exeter prison those, whose intention it had been to visit him in his severe durance at

Launceston. William Penn says of George Fox that "he was a discerner of other men's spirits, and much a master of his own." Fox, in his Journal, declares his sense of Nayler and his company being wrong, and dates his deviation, which Fox calls his "running out into imaginations," to a little time before his own release from prison. George Fox had a meeting with the prisoners, but Nayler did not remain with them while the meeting was held; and the following day, George, speaking to him—probably by way of advice—James, though he slighted his advice, offered to George a salutation, which the latter in his turn rejected, saying, that since Nayler had turned against the power of God, he could not receive his show of kindness. It is asserted that in this prison, three of his adherents, Hannah Stranger, Martha Simmons, and Dorcas Erbury, knelt before him, and kissed his feet.

Being released from Exeter, he made his way towards Bristol, his companions attending him. It is said by an adversary, that garments were strewn in his way at Glastonbury and Wells; and it is allowed on all hands that his entry into Bristol was in imitation of the manner of the entry of Christ into Jerusalem. A man, one Thomas Woodcock, went bare-headed before him; a woman, whose name is not given, led his horse; the three women already mentioned strewed their scarves and handkerchiefs in the way, and the company sang "Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord God of Hosts—Hosannah in the Highest; Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord God of Israel." So extraordinary a procession and acclamation could not fail of attracting the notice of the authorities of any well-regulated city, and naturally afforded the persecutors of the Quakers an opportunity of gratifying their malice, which they were not long in availing themselves of.

One is led to conclude that the laws of England had at that period no provision for the punishment of disturbances of a nature similar to the one under consideration, since Parliament took upon itself to be first the court of trial, and then the awarder of the penalty, both as to its nature and extent. If it be allowed that a law suited to the emergency existed, then we must discover some other motive which could induce Parliament to take this business into its own hands, to deliberate upon it from day to day to the interruption of public concerns, to conclude it at length with so much severity, and even to have meditated greater. If we are to suppose that it was the honour of the Christian religion which Parliament had at heart, and abhorrence of blasphemy which it felt, why then were not Nayler's companions pursued with equal severity—those persons from whose mouths had proceeded the ex[~~cept at all: accused blas-~~

phemous, and whose hearts, hands, and knees were said to have made him an object of worship? One is led rather to suspect that the Parliament hoped in Nayler to find a victim in whom the popularity of the whole rising Society might be crushed.

The House interfered the 30th of November, and received a report of a committee on the 5th of December; and after twelve times taking up the business, on the 16th they constructed their sentence, which was resolved in form the day following. Before, however, we recite it, a summary view of the proceedings must be given.

The evidence appears to have been taken before the Committee of Parliament, and agreed to by the House. The facts, as to the kneeling, singing, strewing garments, and walking in procession, were proved, as well by witnesses as the ready confession of the actors themselves; who rather gloried in their deeds than attempted to deny them. Nayler confessed to the facts alleged, and expressed his belief that his companions were moved of the Lord to perform the parts they had taken. One of the charges was, his having assumed the name, and the incommunicable attributes and titles of our Blessed Saviour, "The Fairest of Ten Thousand—the Only Begotten Son of God." The evidence for these were letters written to him by others. At one of his examinations, being asked whether he had reproved the persons who gave him such titles, he would not say that he had reproved them; and to the question, whether he owned or disclaimed them, he replied, "If they had it from the Lord, what am I that I should judge it?" he also said, "If attributed to the creature, then it is reprovable; if they did it to the Lord (whom he believed to be in him), then I dare not reprove it;" also that he looked upon it to be really to the true honour of Christ, or else he would utterly have denied it. During this time it is said to have been the practice of Nayler's companions, at his lodgings, when under custody of the Sergeant of the House, to sit on the floor, or on their heels, or to kneel, singing their usual ejaculations of praise, whilst Nayler was seated in a chair; but they are said to have done the same in his absence. At the close of his examination before the committee he said, "I do abhor that any of that honour which is due to God should be given to me, as I am a creature; *but it pleased the Lord to set me up as a sign of the coming of the Righteous One; and what hath been done in my passing through the towns, I was commanded of the Lord to suffer such things to be done to the outward as a sign. I abhor any honour as a creature.*"

This report of the committee having been received by the whole House on the 16th of December, the next day Nayler was

had before the House, and ordered to kneel, which he refused; and several questions were asked of him, of which no record seems to have been kept. By the 8th, the Parliament got so far as to resolve "that James Nayler, upon the whole matter of fact, is guilty of horrid blasphemy," also that "James Nayler is a grand impostor and seducer of the people." The House having passed these two resolves, the question came daily before it, until the 16th, and two divisions took place, when a motion was made that the punishment should be death. This was lost by the majority of ninety-six to eighty-two, and, after much deliberation, the same day, the punishment was resolved as follows: "Resolved that James Nayler be set on the pillory, with his head in the pillory, in the Palace Yard, Westminster, during the space of two hours, on Thursday next (*i.e.* the following day), and shall be whipped through the streets, from Westminster to the Old Exchange (*i.e.* the top of Cheapside), London; and there likewise to be set on the pillory, with his head in the pillory, for the space of two hours, on Saturday next; in each place wearing a paper, containing an inscription of his crimes; and that at the Old Exchange, his tongue be bored through with a hot iron, and that he be there also stigmatized in the forehead with the letter B; and that he be sent to Bristol, and be conveyed into and through the said city, on horseback, bare-ridged, with his face backwards, and there also publicly whipped, the next market-day after he come thither, and that from thence he be committed to prison in Bridewell, London, and there restrained from the society of all people, and there to labour hard till he shall be released by Parliament, and during that time shall be debarred the use of pen, ink, and paper, and shall have no relief, but what he earns by his daily labours."

Before the admission of Nayler to hear his sentence, it was moved that he should be asked whether he had anything to say why judgment should not be pronounced upon him; which was determined in the negative, by one hundred and seven. On the speaker preparing to pronounce sentence, he said he did not know his offence; to which the speaker said "that he should know his offence by his punishment." He was then not permitted to speak, he is reported to have uttered these words: "He that will lay a hand upon the body, will enable me to suffer; and I lay it to your charge."

It is natural to enquire what, during the trial, was the part taken by Oliver Cromwell, then the head of the executive government, and whether he interfered. He appears thus far not to have interfered.

warrants to the several sheriffs, for the execution of the sentence, were issued by the speaker.

On the day appointed, Nayler suffered the first part of his sentence. He stood the allotted time in the pillory, and received at a cart, in a course of nearly two miles, three hundred and ten stripes, which he bore with so much patience and quietness as astonished many of the beholders, though his body was in a most pitiful condition. After which he was left with his wounds undressed for above an hour; when a "grave person," Rebecca Travers, in esteem with the Society of Friends—not one of his unfortunate admirers—came and washed his stripes. It is, therefore, probable that four hours elapsed from the time his head was fastened down, until the arrival of this relief.

By reason of these most cruel whippings, he was brought to so low an ebb, that many persons of note, moved with compassion, presented petitions to Parliament on his behalf, who respited his further punishment for one week. Encouraged probably by this, several other persons petitioned for the remission of the remainder of the sentence, as follows:—

"To the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, &c.

"The humble petition of divers peaceable and well-affected persons, in the Cities of London and Westminster, in behalf of themselves, and many others, sheweth,—

"That your moderation and clemency in respiting the punishment of James Nayler, in consideration of his illness of body, hath refreshed the hearts of many thousands in these Cities, although unconcerned in his practice, and hath opened their eyes to see *something more than the terrors of Mount Sinai to dwell upon your honorable House*, and hath likewise given them some hopes to see you come forth *in the spirit of our Lord Jesus, yet more and more to the conviction of those that err, and are out of the way*. Wherefore, we most humbly beg your pardon, that are constrained to appear before you in such a suit (not daring to do otherwise), that you would remit the remaining part of your sentence against James Nayler, leaving him to the Lord, and to such Gospel remedies as He hath sanctified; and we are persuaded you will find such a course of love and forbearance more effectual to reclaim, and will leave a seal of your love and tenderness upon our spirits.

"And we shall pray, &c."

It is to be observed that this petition itself—a specimen of the feeling and mode of expression of the time—contains words which might easily have been construed into blasphemy. Although the petition was read and debated, the petitioners do not seem to have placed much confidence in it, since they

endeavoured to support it by another presented to Cromwell. Cromwell, apparently alarmed for his prerogative, wrote to the House for information on the subject of Nayler, disclaiming all countenance of crimes such as were imputed to the offender; and the Protector's letter appears only to have caused a further fruitless debate. Neither was another application to Cromwell of further avail.

A few days previous to the date of Cromwell's letter, a delegation from the Parliament, of five ministers, visited Nayler in prison. Could it be that the House was seeking further means of justifying itself? The conduct of the visitors was dubious. They refused that any witness should be present at their conference. Nayler, alarmed at this, refused to say anything, unless they consented that what occurred should be taken down in writing; and a copy signed by themselves be left with him, or with the keeper of Newgate. This was agreed to, but on Nayler's uttering these words, "How soon have you forgot the bishops, who are now found in the same, seeking to ensnare the innocent," they rose up, burned the papers, and departed. It appears, however, from what James related of the conference, that he had persisted in renouncing the adoration of the creature, and in justifying his having omitted to reprove those who had bowed to what he had esteemed the power of Christ in himself.

On the 27th, Nayler was conveyed from Newgate to the Old Exchange, stood two hours more with his head in the pillory, after which his tongue was bored through with a red hot iron, and with a red hot iron he was stigmatized. During the whole time, Nayler never flinched; not even when the smoke rose from his forehead. When he was unbound, he embraced the executioner. Three of the women whose conduct had caused the accusation against Nayler, came up to the pillory, being at liberty, and seated themselves, two before and one behind him. Robert Rich, a merchant of London, who is described as dressed "in a black velvet coat, with a loose cloth one hanging over it, and a long white beard," also appeared with him on the pillory, testify with James Nayler, when he was burnt in kissing him, and licking his wounds, saying dog who licked the sores of Lazarus." Also sentence of the House, Rich had written to t... to prove from Scripture, that nothing whi or done was blasphemy. On that in in London, Robert Rich had the d Parliament, accosting the me they Scripture. He had cried to t of Cl.

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“The land mourns, because of oppression!” and he had walked, singing, from the door of the House, through Westminster Hall, to the pillory in Palace Yard, which confined his friend.

About three weeks after James Nayler’s suffering the second part of his sentence in London, the third part—the ignominious exposure, and the second whipping—was inflicted at Bristol. It seems doubtful from some accounts, whether this whipping was much more than formal; as a person is said to have been suffered to hold back the executioner’s arm. And here again appears Robert Rich, who it is said rode before his friend, whilst thus ignominiously dragged through the streets, and sang, “Holy, Holy, Holy!” Rich remained without punishment.

From Bristol, Nayler was sent to his close confinement in Bridewell, London, where he remained a prisoner until the 8th of September, 1659, at which time he was liberated by Parliament. On his liberation, he went to Bristol; at which City, in a public meeting of the Friends, he made a confession of his fault (as it then appeared to him) in so affecting a manner, as to draw tears from most of those who were present, and to occasion his reconciliation with many of the Friends who had been estranged from him. During his imprisonment, his heart appears to have greatly yearned towards, and his extreme humiliation to have produced a return of their friendship and fellowship; so that he became as closely united to the body as before his time of trial, and thus no schism seems to have remained.

A part of the sentence of Nayler had been deprivation of materials for writing. Nevertheless, he certainly possessed them in some form or other, for he wrote and even published several pamphlets and papers during his imprisonment, some of them relating to what is always termed by the Quakers his “fall,” and others to his restoration.

The following extract from one of his writings relative to his condition of mind, is not only very affecting, but contains statements, upon which our modern spiritual experience may throw a light, not even vouchsafed to poor Nayler himself:—

“To the Lord Jesus Christ be ever dominion upon earth, and His kingdom above all the powers of darkness; even that Christ of whom the Scriptures declare, who hath been the Rock of my salvation; and whose spirit hath given patience and quietness to my soul, in deep affliction. But condemned for ever be all those false worships, with which any have idolized my person in the night of my temptation, when the power of darkness was above. All their castings of the clothes in the way, their bowings and singing and all the rest of their bold actions, which did in any way tend to dishonour the Lord, or

draw the minds of any from the measure of Christ Jesus in themselves, to look at flesh, which is as grass, or to ascribe that to the visible which belongs to Jesus alone.

"This simplicity of my heart did not intend, the Lord knows, who in his endless love hath given me power over it, to condemn it. And also that letter which was sent me to Exeter, when I was in prison, with these words, '*Thy name shall be no more James Nayler but Jesus.*' This I judge to be written from the imagination, and a fear struck me when first I saw it, and so I put it in my pocket close, not intending any should see it; which they finding on me, spread it abroad; which the simplicity of my heart never owned, so this I deny; also that the name of Jesus Christ was received instead of James Nayler; for that name is to the seed to all generations, and he that hath the love hath the name, which is life and power, the salvation and the unction into which name all the children of light are baptized And it is in my heart to confess to God, and before men, my folly and offence in that day."

We would here suggest to the reader's consideration, an explanation of certain statements in the above passage, as afforded by the light of modern spiritual experience.

It would appear that in the manifestation of spiritual presence, and in the conveyance to the human mind of spiritual ideas, symbolism, more or less refined, more or less recognizable, is invariably made use of. This would appear to be a law universally in operation in intercourse between the world of mind, and the world of matter. Also, that spirit in its essence is pre-eminently plastic and dramatic. In the most direct manifestation of itself in visible spiritual forms to man, it has invariably filled him with amaze, through its constant and rapid transformation. Dreams, with their marvellous dramatic power and richness of imagery—astonishing our great poets even by these their attributes—are a form of spirit-manifestation, known to every man, and regarded from our present point of view, exhibit an ever changing drama of symbolic action and situation. In that class of spiritual manifestation, which both on its light and on its dark side, we will term "possession," or the power gained by good or evil, to use the mental and physical organism of thereby to convey ideas to himself and others, this dramatic symbolic element is found to be equally operative.

Thus these women, admirers of Nayler, who were, for many reasons for believing, what we at the present day term "highly mediumistic," and whose minds and bodies were possibly under the control of enthusiastic spirits, endeared themselves to the world by their earnestness, in that very spiritual epoch of the 17th century, when there was an universal expectation

minds of the advent of some great things, in a lesser and humbler form the entrance of our Lord into Jerusalem. And who of us, knowing what we do of the power of the movement of the spirit, and having been vouchsafed in some small degree a glimpse into the mystery of its laws, shall venture to say, that this same drama, pitiful and blasphemous as it appeared in contemporary eyes (and must ever so appear to a world ignorant of the operation of spiritual law), might not, in however rude and humble a form have been the outward expression of a portentous spiritual reality. This reality, the advent of the indwelling Holy Ghost, both *symbolized*, and even to a degree *realized*, in the person of a humble follower of the Great Master, appointed to proclaim this truth in the cities of England, and to set upon his announcement the fiery seal of his physical anguish, he also being "counted amongst the transgressors."

And not alone does this law of symbolism hold good with regard to action, or to representative vision; it holds good in words made use of by the spirit, whether written or spoken—in fact, holds good wherever spirit clothes itself with things of this outer world, as in a body, whether intellectual or physical, whereby it can become recognizable to man. In the acceptance of this law, we believe ourselves to possess a master-key, which is able to open and reveal much which has long lain hidden. Employing this key, it seems to us, that the words written by Nayler's female correspondent, "*Thy name shall be no more James Nayler, but Jesus,*" are readily unlocked, and present, in very truth nothing of blasphemy, but prove themselves a remarkable prophecy given forth, as is usual with prophets, in a sphynx-like utterance. It has become an axiom amongst Spiritualists, and is repeatedly asserted by Swedenborg, that in the Scriptures, and, consequently, in all inspired writings or utterances the word *name* should be understood to mean *nature*, a name, in fact, in original spiritual and intellectual signification evidently being an expression of the *nature* of the individual or thing thereby designated. Thus to write, "Thy name shall no more be James Nayler, but Jesus," in its spiritual reading, stands thus, "Thy nature, henceforth, shall be no longer that of James Nayler, the weak natural man, but thy nature shall be that of Jesus, the divine strong man, the sufferer, the meek, the Holy One," the very name of Jesus being used as a symbol of a peculiar nature! And do we not possess strong evidence to shew that this *nature* was indeed given to him in a supreme degree, and that through his sufferings he bore testimony truly to the presence of this holy *name* or *nature* within him? But let us now return to our narrative.

James Nayler did not long survive his imprisonment. He

died in October, 1660, and but little account is transmitted to us respecting him, after his being set at liberty. George Whitehead, who lodged with him at a house in London, in 1659 and 1660, bears this testimony to him, "that he was revived by the Lord's power, and in measure restored to his ancient testimony, and to bear the same publicly in divers parts of the nation, as the Lord enabled him, both in his ministry and writings;" and that "he walked in much brotherly love and simplicity among us until his end came."

Since the first arrival of James Nayler in London, in the year 1654, it does not appear that he had ever revisited his home; if, indeed, at all from the time of his quitting it in 1652. At length, he set forth homewards, and was noticed by a friend, as he passed through Huntingdon, "to be in a frame of mind so awful, as that he appeared to be redeemed from the world." It is not known whether soon after this he was suddenly taken ill, or had been robbed and abused. But he was discovered in a singular condition by a countryman in a field in the latter part of the day, in a field near King's Rippon; and he was conveyed to the house of a friend at Holm. A physician attended, and it was enquired of him, whether he desired to see any of his London friends, but this he declined. On having his clothes shifted, he said, "You have refreshed my body, the Lord refresh your souls!" Not long after which he departed in peace, aged about forty-four years.

His remains were interred at Rippon. About two hours before his decease he is said to have uttered the following words:—

"There is a spirit which I feel that delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong, but delights to endure all things, in hope to enjoy its own in the end. Its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exaltation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contrary to itself. It sees to the end of all temptations. As it bears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thought to any other. If it be betrayed, it bears it, for its ground and spring is the mercies and forgiveness of God. Its crown is meekness, its life is everlasting love unfeigned, and it takes its kingdom with intreaty and not with contention, and keeps it by lowliness of mind. In God it can rejoice, though none else regard it, or can own its life. It is conceived in sorrow, and brought forth without pain to it; nor doth it murmur at grief and oppression, but rejoiceth but through suffering, for with the world it is murdered. I found it alone, being forsaken. I found it therein with them who lived in dens and desolate places of the earth, who through death obtained this Resurrection Holy Life."

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

ELEVATION OF THE BODY IN NEW ENGLAND UPWARDS OF A HUNDRED AND SEVENTY YEARS SINCE.

IN a work entitled *More Wonders of the Invisible World*, written in 1697, and published in London in 1700, is an account by Dr. Cotton Mather of "The Sufferings of Margaret Rule," to which is appended these certificates,—the account itself is too long to insert here:—

I do testify that I have seen Margaret Rule, in her afflictions from the invisible world, lifted up from her bed wholly by an invisible force, a great way toward the top of the room where she lay. In her being so lifted she had no assistance from any use of her own arms or hands, or any other part of her body, not so much as her heels touching her bed, or resting on any support whatever. And I have seen her thus lifted, when not only a strong person hath thrown his whole weight across her to pull her down, but several other persons have endeavoured, with all their might, to hinder her from being raised up, which I suppose that several others will testify, as well as myself, when called unto it.

Witness my hand,

SAMUEL AYER.

We can also testify to the substance of what is above written. We have several times seen Margaret Rule so lifted up from her bed as that she had no use of her own limbs to keep her up; but it was the declared apprehension of us, as well as others that saw it, impossible for any hands but some of the invisible world to lift her.

ROBERT EARLE.

JOHN WILKINS.

DAN. WILLIAMS.

We whose names are underwritten, do testify, that one evening when we were in the chamber where Margaret Rule then lay, in her late affliction, we observed her to be, by an invisible force, lifted up from the bed whereon she lay, so as to touch the garret floor, while yet neither her feet, nor any other part of her body, rested either on the bed or any other support, but were also, by the same force, lifted up from all that was under her, and all this for a considerable while; we judged it several minutes, and it was as much as several of us could do, with all our strength, to pull her down. All which happened when there was not only we two in the chamber, but, we suppose, ten or a dozen more, whose names we have forgotten.

THOMAS THORNTON.

William Hudson testifies to the substance of Thornton's testimony, to which he also hath set his hand.

A SOLDIER'S VISION OF HIS DYING CHILD.

During the late war, a few miles from the Kennebec River, in Maine, there resided a farmer, three of whose sons had been in the service, and two of whom had given up their lives in the struggle.

In January, 1863, a member of this family, a little child of two and a half years old, was sick with diphtheria. The mother, grandfather and other members of the family were there, ministering to the little sufferer. But the father of the child was absent. He was one of the sons already referred to, and was away in the service of his country. It would scarcely be



supposed that a child so young would remember an absent one; but the father had so often been spoken of that, whether distinctly remembered or not, he was present to the mind of the child as a dearly loved object of affection. And now as the little one grows weaker and is anxiously watched and cared for, he said in his feeble voice, "I want to go and see papa," and died.

We now pass to Falmouth, in Virginia. There, in the regimental hospital, lies a sick soldier. He is far away from home and home privileges; but the surgeons and nurses care for him, and do what they can to help him, and that noble son of Maine, General Howard, ministers to his spiritual as well as physical wants. On the same evening on which the child died, General H. was in the hospital, when the soldier sat up and pointing to the door, said "Look there, General." Seeing nothing, and supposing the man was delirious, he made but little reply; when the soldier again said with earnestness: "Don't you see, General?" He replied that he did not. "Why, how strange that you don't!" said the soldier. "There is a little boy coming in, it is *my* boy, and he is an angel." The soldier knew not that his child was sick. He himself died a few days afterwards. A letter was afterwards received at the hospital announcing the death of the child; and when the father of the soldier went to Falmouth to obtain the body of his son, the surgeon made inquiries respecting the child, and narrated the soldier's vision; and it was found that the death of the child occurred at the same time as the father spoke of seeing him. General Howard afterward corroborated the statement of the surgeon. The writer learned the facts from the father of the young soldier. He is a reliable Christian man, and select man of his town; and there is no doubt of the truth of his statements. We have no theory to propose as a solution of the mystery. We merely give the facts as singular and interesting.—*Boston Journal.*

JACOB THE HEALER.

In the article headed as above in the **October** be regretted that there was omitted a **sentence** mind, but not put on paper, because it **appeared** have since regretted the omission, in **consequence** placed underneath by an anonymous **writer**, who knowledge so untrue that common **English** that the omitted sentence be **supplied** in the fore-court to give tickets of **admission** through. In his left hand he had **seven** on the top of them a packet of **admission**

the patients came up and asked, a ticket was at once given, no 'carte' was offered for sale, no attempt made to sell, but several persons while waiting to enter the house, went up to, asked for, and obtained a 'carte,' paying a franc (tenpence) for it." I may add that I bought three, being portraits of Jacob in different positions, so that I might have the exact physiognomy of the man, and add them to the collection of portraits I am gathering of the mediums in America, England, and France, who have in years past borne the burden and heat of the battle of the Modern Spiritual Revolution. As to Jacob's alleged rudeness, I saw none towards any of the 28 persons present when I visited him; and as to the expressed fear that the spirits will leave him if he goes on in such an *unchristian* way, it is answered by simply stating that Jacob is a Jew.

Enmore Park, Norwood Junction.

JOHN JONES.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CURTAIN.

There is a curtain hanging between embodied and disembodied spirits. With our natural eyes we do not see this curtain, nor do we see that which it hides from our view. Its warp and woof are tightly woven from the fabric of the external plane of human thought. To many of us it is so thick, so impenetrable, that never a gleam of light, never a whisper, never a strain of music, comes to us from the other side. Shadows come over us—sorrow-laden clouds heavy with rain,—darkening our windows and shutting out the sunshine of joy from the house. We bow our heads; we hear moaning voices and muffled footsteps; then all is silent. We rise up to hear the tidings that somebody has gone behind the curtain—some darling has gone to sleep on this side to wake up on the other. There are death and sorrow here; there are birth and rejoicing there, where "Life and Immortality are brought to light." Here the "solemn brood of care" mourners and sympathising friends, toil wearily along; there, angels and "ministering spirits" "encamp around" the holy mountain, and lead the new immortal with happy greetings, songs, and hallelujahs along the flowery margin of life's river. While on this side we are laying away in the narrow house the lifeless tenement of clay, gazing for the last time upon the face once radiant with the soul's expression; on the other side the angels are wishing the new comer a happy arrival, smiling with delight as they converse with him on the new life, as they lead him away with winning words, saying, "Be welcome, we will now show you something new."*

* Swedenborg's Spiritual Diary.

kindred who loved us here are all waiting for us on the other side. Here we oftentimes toil and "sweat under a weary load;" on the other side we shall "rest from our labours," and find delight in those angel activities where the shining hosts flock together on their errands of love and mercy, and wherein there is no weariness.—*The Independent*.

THE TRAVESTIE OF SPIRITUALISM AT THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

The *British Journal of Photography*, in its issue of August 14th, has a long article on "Modern Spiritualism.—The Polytechnic Institution.—The Davenport Brothers." It seems that at this "house of popular science," the leading feature for a considerable time past has been an optical illusion, professing at once to rival and to explain the "Spiritual Manifestations." The editor gives "an account of what we saw during a visit recently paid to that interesting establishment." A hat, chair, table, coffin, and a lady, were raised two or three feet from the ground and left suspended in mid-air. This was all. The editor compares or rather contrasts this with a Davenport *séance* he attended; and proceeds to say:—

It is now time to commence to give an explanation of these wonders. When the hat in the Polytechnic exhibition was raised, we distinctly saw that it had been elevated on a piece of glass pushed up from beneath. Although it had been surmounted by a lighted candle for the purpose of casting a deeper shadow below, it was by no means difficult to discover the aperture through which the plate of glass was pushed. This also serves to explain the manner in which the lady, the table, the coffin, and the chair were raised. It was cleverly done, but not sufficiently so to elude the ocular observation of any person with sharp eyes who was capable of examining and reporting upon such feats. By the skilful management of the light there is no danger whatever of any reflection being cast upon the front surface of the glass.

To the tyro who desires to "overcome the laws of gravity" in this manner we simply say that the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection; and, by skill in placing the lights in front, no one will readily detect the means by which the figure is raised. By this simple means the Polytechnic miracle is performed, and Mr. Tobin, its inventor, is entitled to credit for the manner in which he carries out the idea.

How, it may now be asked, are the Davenport manifestations performed? If the clever successor of the famous Robert Houdin, after derided? forced to pronounce the exhibition to be "inexplicable," was at confessing ourselves to be in the same predicament. If the origin of the manifestations was ascertained, was as we were concerned. Of one thing, however, we were assured. The Davenports nor either of their two associates who effected anything of what we had seen. Their being tied was security of a certain kind; but much better was their being held by strangers, with whose names even unacquainted.

Our chemical readers know what is meant by *catal* by means of its presence, such as the influence manganese when used with chlorate of potash for prod to this seemed to be the agency of the Davenport.

which appeared to us to be subject to no rules of physics with which we are acquainted.

The editor follows this with an account of a visit he paid to the Marshalls. The *séance* was, without doubt, a failure, and was confessed to be such by the medium. He concludes by remarking:—

If we have found the "manifestations" at the house of the Marshalls unsatisfactory and inconclusive, we are equally bound to express our opinion that the travestie of Spiritualism at the Polytechnic is a signal failure.

SINGULAR STORY.

The death of Mr. F. H. Wiggin, proprietor of the Northumberland Arms, Bermondsey, took place on Thursday morning, the 8th inst. Mr. Wiggin retired to bed the previous night in his usual health and spirits, but at 5 o'clock in the morning he ruptured a blood-vessel, and in six hours he expired from exhaustion. It seems a remarkable presentiment of his death was made known to him two months previously, when, to amuse his children, he drew upon a slate a coffin, and wrote an inscription, a verbatim copy of which was inscribed on his coffin plate on his interment, as follows:—"Frederick H. Wiggin, died October 8th, 1868, aged 40." This sketch and inscription he showed to his wife, and others who happened to be present. The remains of the deceased, who was much respected, were, on Monday, taken from London to Horton, for interment by the side of his father's grave.—*Daily News*, 19 October.

THE REV. T. L. HARRIS AND "THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE NEW LIFE."

WE have watched with interest all the little that has become known, of the interior workings of this experimental seeking after the inner life. With all the more interest, as the personal claims of Mr. Harris to infallible utterances have become more and more developed, and his rule over the new community has in consequence become more and more absolute. On former occasions we have had the opportunity of stating our opinion of these claims, and whilst fully admitting and delighting in the beauty and the truth of much that Mr. Harris has written, we have felt it our strongest duty to protest against the infallibility of his utterances. Many of his more earnest friends, too earnest as we thought them, objected to the line we took, which was necessarily a stringent one, inasmuch as it compelled us to put forward instances in disproof of his pretensions, and which were

not palatable nor easily reconciled with his being the very truth itself. We did this too at a time when we thought that it was needed in the interest of some, who were evidencing a too complete reliance upon Mr. Harris, and in the hope that what we brought forward might save a too late discovery by them.

We hear recently that our strictures were not un-needed, though they were disregarded, and that subsequent events have proved their truth. Our only antagonism is against infallibility, whether it be of Harris or of Swedenborg, or of any other man; and our object is to warn against the acceptance of any utterances whether spiritual or otherwise, excepting upon their own intrinsic merits.

We shall not be surprised if a full account of the interior working of the "Brotherhood of the New Church" as it is developed at Erie, when it shall come to be published, will put this question of infallibility in a light which will be quite satisfactory to those who have given these warnings, and which will prevent others from being misled by their inconsiderate zeal, and search after a truth, which must evidently be sought by another method.

Notices of Books.

THE SPIRITUAL HARP.*

THE Spiritualists of America are very mindful of the Apostolic injunction not to forsake the assembling of themselves together. Besides their Conventions—of which there is always one on hand—and their grove meetings, picnics, and other occasional gatherings, they have whenever practicable their periodical meetings and lectures:—in some of the principal towns the largest halls that can be obtained are used for these purposes. Then there are the Children's Lyceums which they have founded, and which promise to become, as they certainly should be, highly popular. They find that music is an essential element in education and in school government, and they fully appreciate its special importance at their meet harmonizing and blending the hearts as well as those who meet together. And in order that ^{all} effectively in these exercises, books have been speci for them; they have their "Psalms of Life,"

* The *Spiritual Harp*. A Collection of Vocal Music for Congregation, and Social Circle. By J. M. PEEBLES and J. O. BARRETT. Musical Editor. Boston: WHITE AND COMPANY, *Banner of Life*; to be had of J. BURNS, Camberwell.

Spiritual Devotion," and "Spirit-Minstrel—a Collection of Tunes and Hymns appropriate to meetings for Spiritual Inter-course;" and now we have from the *Banner of Light* Office a large handsome volume of nearly 300 pages, containing about as many Harmonies, Songs, Choruses, Chants, Anthems, and "Spirit-Echoes" as there are days in the year; the words being accompanied (as they always should be) with the music of the tune to which they are to be sung. We have often noticed that for want of this each person at church seems to consider himself at liberty to sing the tune he likes best, or perhaps the only one he happens to know;—and so the congregation, with jangling and imperfect articulation, too often "sing to the praise and glory of God" in a style that must make even an Italian organ-grinder shudder.

In the "Greeting" which takes the place of the usual "Preface" it is stated, that "at least one-third of the poetry and three-quarters of the music is original." We regret this, and wish that these original compositions had been more sparingly used, so that in their place we might have had a little more of the music of the old masters and of the best modern composers, and of the words of our great poets—the mating of perfect music unto noble words.

We could, for their sakes, well have spared a number of pieces and tunes by the long list of obscurities whose names appear in the index, where they will be seen by many for the first time. To name only a few of the pieces which we think might appropriately have been introduced into the volume—there are Vaughan's "They have all gone into the world of light;" Herbert's "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright;" Addison's "The spacious Firmament on high;" Dryden's "Creator, Spirit, by whose light;" Longfellow's "Footsteps of Angels," and "Psalm of Life;" Holmes's "The Living Temple;" Whittier's "The Over-Heart," and the verses "O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother;" Cowper's "God moves in a mysterious way;" Elliott's "Forest Worship;" Nicoll's "High Thoughts," "Arouse thee, Soul," and "The bursting of the Chain;" Lynch's "Heart of Christ, O cup most golden;" Bryant's "Hymn of the City;" Vedder's "Temple of Nature;" Peabody's "Hymn of Nature;" Wordsworth's "Labourer's Noonday Hymn;" Barton's "The Divine Omnipresence," and first four stanzas of "The Spirit's Aim;" Moore's "O Thou who dry'st the Mourner's tear;" Harris's "Oh! lone is the Spirit on Life's troubled ocean;" Wotton's "How happy is he born and taught;" Harriet Martineau's "All men are equal in their birth," and "Beneath this starry arch;" and Mrs. Browning's "The Sleep;"—based on the text which forms the refrain to

each stanza—"He giveth his beloved sleep." A few pieces too, that are anonymous, or whose authors are unknown to the reviewer, might have found a place in the volume; we name only two—both we believe American—"Over the River" and "Evermore." Stanzas, too, might well have been selected from longer poems—such as Byron's "The Prayer of Nature" and Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Surely, too, some pieces, or selections, might have been given from such poets as Milton, Akenside, Thomson, Campbell, Coleridge, Bowring, and Trench. Nor need such orthodox hymnologists as Wesley, Doddridge, Heber, Keble, Madame Guion, and James Montgomery have been wholly ignored. Some of their compositions all Spiritualists might surely join in singing; and we submit they would have been more suitable for general purposes than pieces so purely local as "Washtenong," and have furnished better poetry than many pieces that might be pointed out in this compilation. For instance, while we make no objection to people being as enthusiastic as they can—boisterous if they will—in praise of the pump and in renouncing wicked tittle and all its ways, we think such sorry verses as—

"Fools may combine to sing of wine,
Of whisky, gin, or porter;
But we delight with all our might
To sing of pure cold water,"

might well have given place to the higher poetry we have indicated. Then, too, we must respectfully protest against giving "improved readings" of great poets. If, for instance, Tennyson's noble bugle song—as he wrote it—was deemed unsuitable, it should have been omitted altogether; and the statement of the editors that "the selected poetry is culled with the most scrupulous fidelity," have been rigidly adhered to.

We hope we shall not be considered hypercritical in these remarks. We consider that the book, as a whole, is far above the average of such collections, and that it will be found very suitable for those for whom it has been prepared. We know that in a compilation of this kind there are always difficulties in making selections to give general satisfaction; but while we accord the editors credit for the pains they have taken, we feel assured that neither they nor our readers would respect inconsiderate or indiscriminating eulogy:—a course which makes literary criticism a mere pretence, and tends only to bring it into contempt. We think so well of the work, and deem it so useful, that we would wish to see it made as nearly perfect as possible; and these hints are thrown out with a view to its improvement in a second edition, which we hope will soon be called for. Perhaps it might be found practicable instead

having in use three or four separate collections of the same kind, to combine in this the several excellencies of each, and to issue a cheap edition of it for those who may not require the music.

A VOLUME OF SPIRITUAL POETRY.*

THE poetry of this volume is preceded by the following introductory words to the reader:—"The verses contained in this volume flowed from the pen of the writer unasked for, unpremeditated, and without study or effort. She believes their source to be in the spirit-world. They are here given with very little alteration from the original manuscript. To her they have afforded pleasure and comfort, and she hopes they may not be without interest to others."

A personal friend, in whose house nearly the whole of these songs were written, writes to us concerning it:—"It is exactly what the preface says it is, and the writer has never written any other poetry than that from which these are selected." He adds that the publisher was directed to advertise it as a volume of spiritual poetry: which, probably from business considerations, he has omitted to do. That it is so, will, we think, to those at all familiar with such productions, be evident, from intrinsic evidence, apart from external attestation.

But whatever its origin, it is a book for quiet hours, for seasons of calm religious thoughtfulness and pensive meditation, when the cares of the world are shut out, and the spirit hushed and still, is left alone with Nature and feels its spiritual suggestiveness, or recalls the memories of long ago, or listens to the earnest questionings which spring up within it. We should like to present the reader with several of these gems of spiritual song, but must be content to give only the following one:—

THE INNER WORLD.

Around each earth-bound spirit
A world of beauty lies,
Of fragrant flowers and golden fruits,
Seen by the spirit's eyes.
And music deep and wondrous sweet
Amongst those flowerets moves,
Singing those heavenly melodies
Which the watching spirit loves:
A world of beauty wholly made
By man's interior life;
His holy thoughts those fragrant flowers
Which cannot live in strife.

* *Songs of the Spirit*. By "H. H.," London. F. BOWYER KITTO, 5, Bishopsgate Without.



Those fruits his deeds of love on earth,
 That music sweet the breathing
 Of his immortal soul to God,
 Its blessing e'en bequeathing
 To others as unto himself,
 For as that music swells
 On many ears, and gladdens all,
 So, as the spirit wells
 Up to the fountain whence it came,
 It brings an answer back,
 Leaving in brightness, as it comes,
 A blessing on its track.
 Oh ye who tread God's beauteous earth,
 And dwell before His face,
 Oh ye are building, day by day,
 Your own abiding place !
 Your words of love, your gentlest thought,
 Your slightest acts are there ;
 And the breath of life which all must breathe
 Is the answer unto prayer.
 Then fill your heart with heavenly thoughts,
 Your life with acts of love,
 And beautiful beyond compare
 They shall bloom for you above.
 So may ye form a world of light,
 Of wondrous sights and sounds,
 Where, 'midst pure joys by spirits known,
 The peace of God abounds.

Obituary.

THE LATE MRS. COLEMAN.

Where thou art gone
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.

ON the 28th of September, Elisa, the beloved wife of Coleman, Esq., of Upper Norwood, was tenderly **r** the other life.

Her suffering, caused by an affection of long and extreme, and she had waited with the time of her release. Addison sumn the gay Lord Warwick, to his death-be how a Christian could die. In Mrs. Cole ing sceptic, the disbeliever and derider might have been taken to see how a Chr die—how she could wait day by day, no: tion, but anxiously praying for the d

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could have seen also how, whilst her soul rested in childlike dependance on the merits and love of the Saviour, there was to her mind no shadowiness or uncertainty as regarded the state into which she was about to enter. The partition wall between the two worlds had indeed become so thin that it existed only as a veil, through the transparency of which, she saw the glory and the reality of the life to which she was advancing.

My daughter and myself had the privilege of seeing her a few weeks before she passed away, nor will the remembrance of the visit be readily effaced from the minds of either. Always singularly pleasing in person she now lay supported by pillows, her whole countenance beaming with the brightness of the spirit within.

Her sufferings were then great from oppression of the heart, and almost total inability to sleep, which produced a constant restlessness, against which she strove with a childlike endeavour which was most touching. Lying thus, in enforced quietness, with her eyes closed or raised to heaven, she would often address those about her in the most beautiful and eloquent manner, pouring forth her love for them, her fear of over-weariness, and mingling all with prayers to God for patience to wait His time, and yet desiring so earnestly to be set free.

Her husband, writing of her, says:—"Extending over nine weeks, her distressing sufferings seemed to us to be never-ending. My heart, I fear, rebelled when I saw, day after day, that her own earnest prayers to God to take her were not answered. But doubtless, all was for the best."

No doubt it was: her friends who did not hold the same spiritual faith with herself, nay some of them who almost deemed it irreligious, could not fail to be deeply impressed with the calmness of mind, and the certainty of rest and joy in heaven, which sustained the poor sufferer through the long nights and days of her probation. Often, too, she would burst forth into such eloquent and inspired prayers as melted all to tears; or, into such joyful anticipation of the bliss before her as left no doubt that its foretaste was already allowed to her.

It is to be regretted that the means were not at hand to preserve some of those remarkable prayers, which flowed from her dying lips like inspired utterances. They were, however, the sacred breathings of the soul to its Saviour, at the same time that they were a source of strength and comfort to the sorrowing and sympathising ones round her.

A few only of her remarks were kept.

Thus when, one evening, she had been quietly looking through the window for some time, her husband inquired on what she was so intently gazing.

"I am looking," she said, "for a break in the heavens. I listen anxiously for my Saviour's voice, saying, 'Come up higher.'"

Again: "That darling," (her daughter) "brought me back this morning when I thought I had escaped. Don't keep me, darling! Life here has no blessing but for your sakes, and you know I can be with you still."

Again: "I am still here, you see. But you will soon come and find I have flown away. God grant it! Jesus, help me!"

Sometimes in the intermission of suffering, she would write letters to her relatives and friends—perhaps to be left unfinished—to remain as precious memorials of her love to them, and of God's love to her, who had at last taken her to Himself.

Thus she wrote to her sister:—

"Night after night no angel's finger closes my eyelids in welcome sleep, consequently each day finds me much weaker. But the weaker in body, the stronger in spirit, as I near my heavenly home, where I trust that my blessed Saviour has prepared a place for me! Oh! the glorious idea of the veil being drawn aside to see the splendours within! And how many of our dear ones there will be to welcome me!

"I grieve only for the loved ones I leave behind. But they are satisfied that it is well. I am truly supported, and bid you all good-bye.

"Remember your affectionate and loving sister,
"ELISA."

In times of deep excitement, when the mind is strained to that high pitch which gives it, as it were, a preter-natural sense, it frequently happens that outward circumstances, otherwise trivial, assume a prophetic significance. Of this kind was a little circumstance which occurred in the chamber of my friend, which, whilst it has a singular correspondence as being typical of the restlessness of the spirit, seeking to be away and at home, so entirely agrees also with the belief of the simple, country people in the approach of death (so-called), that I must be allowed to mention it.

Not many days before the departure of the beloved which was even then as a bird beating its wings in its cage, impatient of its detention, a young grey pigeon flew away. Later in the day it came again, to the window frame, as if asking to be let in. On the morning it came a third time, and the window of the room being open, it flew in, and perching on the nurse, allowed itself to be caressed by all showing the least timidity. Mrs. Coleman said: "It is perhaps a messenger for me."

With regard to the above circumstance, and the many such which are familiar to the experience of almost every one, I would remark that there exists a wonderfully beautiful but mysterious sympathy between nature and humanity. It is as a glorious musical instrument, every string of which is in perfect accord. Thus—but *how*, who can say? the dove, which typifies the spirit, is drawn into mysterious *rapport* with the quivering human soul; both are seeking for rest; both are seeking for a home. The home eternal with God and Christ is the quest—the yearning necessity of the higher existence, whilst the lower, the typical dove, is satisfied with the caress of the human hand, with a home under human care.

Happy the inquiring soul which has gone on into that sphere of life and light where the great mysteries of existence are solved!

We are glad to find that Mr. Thos. Heaphy, the well-known artist, took a very successful portrait of our friend shortly before she left this life. Being himself intimate with the family and recognising, we believe, some of the spiritual truths which hallowed her dying chamber, a portrait taken under such circumstances will be doubly valuable.

Her mortal remains are now laid in Norwood Cemetery, and the following is, we understand, the appropriate inscription intended to mark their resting place:—

In memory of ELISA, the beloved wife of BENJAMIN COLEMAN, of Upper Norwood. On the 28th of September, 1868, in the 64th year of her age, her bright spirit left its earthly tenement in the full assurance that—

“ There is no death—what seems so is transition !
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb to the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death.”

MARY HOWITT.

DANIEL FRANK COX.

ON the 11th of October, in Jermyn-street, Daniel Frank Cox, aged eight years and six months, left the earth foriu, and “entered the portals of the Summer Land.” He was the youngest son of the late Mr. Cox, of Jermyn-street, whose name was so well known as a seeker after and lover of truth—one of the first in England to espouse the cause of Spiritualism, and in every way to aid in advancing it. His removal from earth, five years ago, was deeply felt. Mr. Cox ever felt that mankind had become too much the slaves of forms and useless ceremonies; and amongst other reforms which he advocated was that of *dispensing with the useless mummeries and hollow shows attached*

to funerals. His philosophy taught him not to murmur against the providence of an all-wise God of love, nor would he show such discontent by clothing himself in the sable costume usually worn on such occasions. Whatever uses it may have, he saw that its abuses were predominant, and that many families could not in reality afford to put on the mourning required by society, yet were compelled to do so, rather than shock the feelings of those who in reality had no claim on them, and could in nowise share the deep grief of their bereaved hearts—they were, in many cases, obliged to stint themselves even in their food, that they might purchase “decent mourning.” He also felt that it is but a sorry compliment we pay to those we love in mourning them “deeply” the first six months, and “half mourning” another six months, and then not at all. Mrs. Cox had the courage in her hour of affliction to break through the usual routine of funerals, and we will hope that others may follow her example. Crape was dispensed with, much to the evident discomfiture of the undertaker, who thought it would be a “bad thing for business” if the whole world were Spiritualists. Previous to the funeral, phenomena of a very extraordinary character occurred, some of the details of which we hope to give to our readers in our next number.

Correspondence.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN CALIFORNIA.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Napier, California, July 25th, 1868.

SIR,—With your June number before me, I cannot resist the impulse of laying before you a few incidents of my own experience, illustrative, in a personal way, of the “*cui bono*” of Spiritualism, although I think that the proofs—(for which Plato would have given the world)—that Spiritualism affords of immortality were “*bono*” enough.

I have been acquainted with the facts and phenomena for nearly twenty years; and in 1852 a brother, whom I shall call Frank, became very much alarmed by seeing what he supposed to be apparitions—other well-known spiritual phenomena also occurring in his presence. I have said that at first he was alarmed, because he thought that he was going crazy; but as soon as I became clairaudient, and could converse with these strange visitants, he became perfectly reconciled, and we used to converse daily with our friends and relatives of the Summer-land up to the day of his departure, when he said to me all right, dear brother; they never leave me now, and it is always light so he passed into the spirit-land.

But to my facts. I will only instance two, as I do not wish to fill your space.

On one occasion, walking arm in arm on Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, suddenly stopped, and apparently conversed with some one invisible. I observed his face brighten. I said, “What is it, Frank?” He said, “I am here, and tells me, that a vessel outside has letters on board with q

us." I thought this an excellent opportunity for a test, and requested the name of the vessel. He apparently put the question, and replied, "the *Archibald Gracia*. Write and let me know." He was about to start on the Sacramento steamer, and the bell was ringing. I then returned to our place of business, and sent a clerk to the Telegraph Office, where he found reported a barque outside the Heads. That night the *Archibald Gracia* came in, and next morning I received a letter from Honolulu, releasing us from a 5,000 dollar note which my brother Frank had endorsed without my knowledge, and which had therefore greatly troubled him, the parties having become insolvent. The "good news" was, that the holders of the note had attached sufficient property to cover the debt, and liberate the endorsers. Dr. Fish, whom we had learnt to love for his kindness as much as if we had known him when on earth, seeing his patient's depression, had said, "Cheer up, old fellow; it will be all right"—which little kindly act proves that death, as the "departure" is erroneously called, does not destroy the human sympathy even for our petty earthly troubles.

Another instance. I went home shortly after this occurrence (in 1853), and returned around the Horn, with my wife. After being out a few weeks, we heard the raps about the bulkheads of our state rooms. I told my wife their import, for she had never heard of Spiritualism before, and instructed her in the *modus operandi* of communicating through the alphabet, so that she finally looked upon the spirits as her guardians amidst the dangers of the seas, and frequently converse with her mother through the whole night, when rough weather precluded sleep. One night, off the Cape, she roused me out of the next cabin, where I slept, saying, "You are wanted on deck. They have spelt out, 'There is danger near, and no head on deck.'" Meaning by "no head," no captain on deck. I said, "What is the danger the raps spelt out?" "The ship *Sabine* is near you." I immediately hurried on deck—for I had been once run down at sea—and asked the mate if he had a good look-out forward, and persuaded him, by relating my desperate disaster in the ship I had commanded, to go forward and see if the watch were not asleep, which, he found they were. I remained on deck till nearly daylight without seeing anything, but about daylight the mate came down, and asked if I would like to see the ship they were about to speak. When I got on deck, a ship on the opposite tack had her burgee displayed on the poop with her name—*Sabine*. We had, probably, been beating about in company all night. Next day, in talking over the occurrence with our invisible friends, we asked them how they would warn us in future from danger of collision? They replied, "We will give five loud raps in the direction from which the ship may approach"—and on request a specimen was given us loud enough to wake the watch.

These are experiences selected from thousands of occurrences which have displayed the loving kindness of our friends; and in all communications which I have received, the most striking feature to me is the intense kindness expressed.

I am, respectfully,

A. G. EASTERBY.

CONFUCIUS ON THE POWER OF SPIRITS.—Twenty-five centuries ago, Confucius wrote:—"How vast is the power of spirits! An ocean of invisible intelligences surrounds us everywhere. If you look for them you cannot see them. If you listen you cannot hear them. Identified with the substance of all things, they cannot be separated from it. They cause men to purify and sanctify their hearts, to clothe themselves with festive garments, and offer oblations to their ancestors. . . . Worship the gods as if they were visibly present. Sacrifice to ancestors as if they were here."

THE Spiritual Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1868.

HAYDON THE PAINTER'S SPIRITUALISM.

To the instances of spiritual perception and reception in Raffaele, Michael Angelo, Mozart, Beethoven, &c., we may add the same peculiarity in Haydon. Haydon was one of the most impassioned and impetuous-spirited men that ever lived. With great pictorial genius, but with much egotism and self-estimation, he had an enthusiasm for high art and an independence of spirit which made his life one great battle with the Royal Academy, with the prejudices of the age, with reluctant statesmen, and with pecuniary embarrassment, which at length caused him to commit suicide. His life, by Tom Taylor, is one of the most awful and harrowing stories of a human existence ever perused, and the bulk of it is penned by the unfortunate man himself. There is no question that Haydon was right in his ideas of art—and it was very much by his exertions that Government was at length induced to introduce the pictorial embellishments of the Houses of Parliament, and to extend the little patronage to high art that it has done; but by his incessant appeals to ministers and noblemen on the subject, and for advances of money to extricate him from the terrible difficulties into which his pursuit of high art in the face of public apathy had led him, he had made himself to them, in plain language, a bore. This, in addition to a defect of sight, which made the colouring and finish of his pictures very defective, excluded him from a share of the public works which his single-headed labours had induced the Government to commence, and, no doubt, led to the final catastrophe. In the course of this stormy life, Haydon often worked up into that nervous condition when the senses are preternaturally excited, and he dreamed of things which belong to the spiritual world.

N.S.—III.

In his love and perception of the beautiful and poetical, Haydon was amongst the first to discover, across the fogs of public prejudice, the genius of Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, and Keats, and he became a zealous and firm friend of these celebrated men, all of whom have paid the warmest tributes to his fame and public services. Living, therefore, in the constant atmosphere of poetry and painting, it was but another short step into the spiritual. In his journal of February 13, 1840, he says:—

“After the investigation of the Convention of Cintra, and when the Duke of Wellington had proved his genius to my mind, I lay in bed one morning, and clearly saw in my mind's eye his triumph in Spain, and the crossing the French frontier. I got up, and determined, young as I was, to write to him, to tell him my conviction, and to add, that if it turned out as I said—as my views in art were as grand as his in military matters—I hoped he would allow me, in the hour of victory, to remind him of my prophecy. Subsequent reasoning made me believe this to be absurd, and to the regret of my whole after-life, I gave up the notion.

“This morning I had similar foreshadowings about the affairs of the East, the complications of which I clearly unravelled.

“March 8, 1830.—Few men have the courage to say they believe in dreams. Last night I dreamed the King told Segurier he did not like my picture, and would not have it. I got up this morning greatly distressed in mind about it, and said, ‘If this prove true, is there not something in dreams?’ It has proved true.

“Feb. 6, 1831.—I dreamed Napoleon appeared to me, and presented to me a golden key. This was about a month since. It is curious. I have lately had singular dreams; as Achilles says, ‘The shades of our friends must be permitted to visit us.’”

He was painting his picture of Napoleon musing at St. Helena, and argued that it must be a success from his dream. It was not only so, but the painting of copies of it of a less size, of which he did nearly thirty, was a golden key to him. He adds: “Dreamt that Michael Angelo came to me last night in my painting room. I talked to him, and he shook hands with me. I took him to the small medallion over my chimney-piece, and said, ‘It is very like, but I don't think your nose so much broken as I had imagined.’ I thought it strange in my dream; I could not make it out how he came there. He had a brown coat and complexion. I certainly think something grand in my destiny is coming on, for all the spirits of the illustrious dead are hovering about me. * * * I seem as if I were seized

with supernatural communication, and start up in solitude. I expect a *Diva facies*, or smiling angel, beckoning and pointing. (Vol. II., p. 299).

“ August 28.—Debt and ruin have touched the honour of my name. Yet I am not unhappy. I never lose the mysterious whisper, ‘Go on,’ and I feel that, in spite of calamity and present appearances, as I am virtuous and good, I shall, before I die, carry my object.

“ Washington Irving says, Columbus imagined the voice of the Deity spoke to him to comfort him in his troubles in Hispaniola. No; he did not imagine it, he *did* hear it, and it *did* speak. Irving calls him a visionary. Oh, no! Irving has no such object—he has no such communications.”

In April, 1841, he went to Playford Hall to paint the portrait of Thomas Clarkson for his great picture of the Anti-Slavery Convention, and this is what he notes in his journal:—“ Clarkson told me the whole story of his vision. He said he was sleeping when a voice awoke him, and he heard distinctly these words: ‘You have not done all your work. There is America.’ Clarkson said it was vivid. He sat up in his bed; he listened, and heard no more. Then the whole subject of his last pamphlet came to his mind. Texts without end crowded in, and he got up in the morning and began it, and worked eight hours a day till it was done—till he hoped he had not left the Americans a leg to stand on.

“ Now come the causes of this belief. There is no doubt that all men who devote their lives from boyhood to a great cause have the impression of being called or led by the Deity. Does this impression come from the mere physical exercise of the brain in one direction, so that imagination is excited, or does perpetual solitude engender the notion that what is merely imagined is actual? Clarkson says he was sleeping. Might he not have dreamt strongly? He heard a voice, and sat upright neither awake nor asleep, and still heard the imagined sound the dream before his reason returned with his waking. The physical explanation, and is always more gratifying to the world than the supposition that any being is so favoured as to be called and selected. On the other hand, Clarkson has evidently been a great instrument for the abolition of the curse. A whole species, who have suffered for centuries by his exertions, and those of others, been advanced in of human beings to liberty and protection. Is such an unworthy the interference of the Deity? If not, is it improper he would select for such a benevolent purpose a human being as his instrument? The men who do these great things universally have the impression that they are so impelled. For i

Columbus believed he heard a voice in the storm, encouraging him to persevere. Socrates believed in his spirit; and if it be allowed to refer to Christ, the Saviour always talked as of an immediate communication. I myself have believed in such impressions all my life. I believe I have been so acted on from seventeen to fifty-five, for the purpose of reforming and refining my great country in art. I believe that my sufferings were meant, first to correct me,—and then, by rousing attention, to interest my nation. I know that I am corrected, and a better man; and I know there exists a sympathy for me, and by reflection for my style and object, which, without such causes, could not have operated so soon. At seventeen, I could not write a word intelligibly. Who gave me the power to thunder out in one night, as if by inspiration, my thoughts on the Academic question? Who guided me as to the only sound system of education in an artist, in opposition to all the existing practice of the day in England? Who cheered me when all the world seemed adverse to desert? God,—my great, my benevolent, my blessed Creator, by the influence—and the influence only—of his Holy, Holy, Holy Spirit!

“Perhaps this is insanity, as well as Clarkson’s, Columbus’s, Milton’s, and others. Perhaps we are all ‘drunk with new wine.’ No, no; we are all more alive to the supernatural and spiritual than the rest of our fellow-creatures. Where did I see the prototype of the head of Lazarus? I had never seen a man raised from the dead. Who was my inspirer? God, my blessed Creator.

“How often in prison, in want, in distress, in blindness, have I knelt in agony before Him, my forehead touching the ground, and prayed for His mercy! How often have I risen with ‘Go on’ so loud in my brain as to make me start! How often have I, in despair, opened the Scriptures, and seen, as in letters of fire, ‘Fear thou not; I am with thee!’ And have I ever had occasion but once to find the result did not answer the promises? And that result will yet be accomplished.

“I believe Clarkson did hear a voice, like other selected beings before he was born.”—Vol. III, p. 171.

“March 24, 1844.—Awoke this morning with that sort of audible whisper which Socrates, Columbus, and Tasso heard:—‘Why do you not paint your own six designs for the house on your own foundation, and exhibit them?’ * * * One of the most remarkable days and nights of my life. I slept at the Adelphi last night, high up, and just at break of day I awoke, and felt as if a heavenly choir was leaving my slumbers as day dawned, and had been hanging over and inspiring me as I slept. I had not dreamt, but heard the inspiration. When I was awake

I saw the creeping light. If this be delusion, so was Columbus's voice in the roaring of the Atlantic winds: but neither was; and under the blessing of God the result will shew it as to myself, but only under His blessing."—Vol. III, p. 274.

Haydon was as generous to young artists as he was immovably persuaded of his own genius. He zealously interested himself for the young sculptor Lough. On one occasion Lough said to Haydon, as if half afraid of being laughed at,—“Mr. Haydon, I fancy myself in the Acropolis sometimes, and hear a roaring noise like the tide.” “My dear fellow,” said Haydon, “when I was at my great works, I saw with the vividness of reality the faces of Michael Angelo and Raffaele smiling about my room. Nurse these feelings, but tell them not,—at least in England.”

Such was Benjamin Robert Haydon's firm and life-long conviction; an avowed Spiritualist when Spiritualism was unheard of in England. So early as 1816, he clearly saw into the spirit and reasoning of sceptics on such subjects. Speaking of the character of Voltaire's mind, he said, “If Christ were an impostor, Voltaire would be the hero. If Christ was, as I believe him, divine, Voltaire would not have been ashamed to appear as an *incredule*.” Haydon thus struck the weak spot of scepticism, which is inevitably sure to embrace the false and reject the true. And with respect to Haydon himself the sceptic will say, if his ideas on these subjects were based on a reality, how came it that with all his prayers, his faith and his imagined revelations, his own personal career was a failure, a misery, and finally a terror? No man was in the habit of more zealous and impassioned prayer, and his petitions, so far as they regarded high art, were fully realized. He lived to see his principles publicly acknowledged and adopted. As regarded himself, that very impetuosity and pertinacity of temperament which enabled him to carry his public purpose, destroyed his own personal interests. Like all men who have fought against the false tastes and ideas of their times, he became the martyr of his mission. As he himself says, “Homer begged; Tasso begged in a different way; Galileo was racked; De Witt assassinated; and all for wishing to improve their species.” Columbus received chains and dungeons in return for the discovery of a world; Milton died poor and blind; De Caus was shut up as a madman for the assertion of the wonderful power of steam; and Thomas Gray, in our own day, for the zealous advocacy of a national system of railways, was treated with contempt and left to die in indigence. The rewards of martyrs are not in this world; the truth of their convictions has not its testimony in their fortunes, but whilst the ungrateful world reaps the fruits of their labours and teachings,

they reap the reward of their faithful warfare for the right in the world of right.

With all Haydon's faults—and they were conspicuously of temperament—nothing could shake his convictions of the truth, or bend him to their concealment from self-interest. At the same time he was sensible of the defects of his character, and exclaims in his journal,—“Alas! I was imperfectly brought up!” That is a pathetic confession which may cover a multitude of sins, and must deepen the sympathy of every one who sees amid his clouds and drifting shadows, the sun of his real genius. The head of his Lazarus is one of those things which attest the reality of his spiritual inspiration. He believed it was communicated to him, and the impression of every one who ever looked upon it was of a correspondent character. Sir Walter Scott was wonderfully struck on first seeing it, and stood as if gazing on something supernatural. “Lazarus,” Haydon says, “affected everybody: high and low, ignorant and learned.” The sensation was universal. The workman employed in hanging it, exclaimed that it made him tremble. The constable that came to arrest Haydon for debt, on seeing Lazarus in his studio, became so agitated that he cried out, “My God, sir! I won't take you. Give me your word to meet me at twelve o'clock at the attorney's, and I will take it.” And this was done. Mr. Tom Taylor, Haydon's biographer, says, “Long before I knew anything of Haydon or his life, I have often paused before the awful face of Lazarus in that picture, wondering how such a work came to be in such a place:” the Pantheon in Oxford Street. And he adds, “I am much mistaken if this picture does not bear an impress of power which will hardly be found in the work of any other English historical painter.”—Vol. II. p. 4. W. H.

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

ALTHOUGH the name of Andrew Jackson Davis, the celebrated seer, must be familiar to all who are acquainted with the history of Modern Spiritualism, I believe there are comparatively few on this side the Atlantic who have read the remarkable book dictated by him “whilst in the clairvoyant or spiritual state.”

Nature's Divine Revelations (Part i.) establishes beyond controversy that a supramundane intelligence was at work in its production. Davis was a shoemaker's apprentice at the time, with but a village school education, and not 20 years of age, and this volume of several hundred pages contains, according to Professor Lewis, one of the witnesses, "A profound and elaborate discussion of the *Philosophy of the Universe*." Whence came these scientific utterances, many of which were then heard for the first time and have been since confirmed?

Not certainly from the natural brain of an uneducated boy; Davis himself believes that they were dictated to him by spirits; and who shall dispute it when in the man through whose lips this profound philosophy was fluently poured forth, there was an entire absence of every condition required for its production.

This case does not admit of such explanations as many objectors put forward to account for ordinary spiritual phenomena; and I shall be curious to know what Messrs. Jackson, Atkinson, and Bray, have to say to it* to make it fit their respective theories.

My object however is not to discuss the merits of this question, but to introduce an incident which appears to me of some interest relating to one of the scientific statements made in *Nature's Divine Revelations*. My friend Mr. Tietkens, who is a recent convert to Spiritualism, has been as he says, profoundly impressed with the wonderful character of Davis's book, but he was suddenly arrested by a statement which appeared to him untenable, and which, unexplained, tended to lessen the value in his estimation of other statements in the book upon scientific points not so well understood by him.

In *Nature's Divine Revelations*, Part ii., clause xli., it is asserted that—

"The theories that have been presented to the world concerning the phenomenon of tides, have generally been very incorrect. It has been supposed by a conspicuous astronomer, that tides were produced by the law of *attraction*—by the action of the moon upon the earth. This cannot be true, for attraction is not an established principle, especially beyond the atmosphere of any body or substance. To shew plainly the impossibility of this being the cause of tides, I will present some of the chief considerations which have an important bearing upon the subject.

"If the moon has any attractive influence upon the earth

* These gentlemen have recently written some clever Papers published in *Human Nature* upon the subject but from opposite points of view. Mr. Jackson attributes the cause of the phenomena to some "mesmeric action." Mr. Bray to the "correlation of forces," and I believe Mr. Atkinson denies the existence of spirits altogether, but does not explain how the phenomena are produced.

(more than what consists in the natural relation existing between the two bodies), why, when the moon is in conjunction with the sun, does not the water become *more elevated* on the side of the earth next to these bodies, as might naturally be expected if such attraction existed? Also, substances upon that side of the earth would not then weigh near so much as when the moon was otherwise situated. Also when the moon is on the opposite side of the earth, and the earth sustains a position between it and the sun, why is not the elevation of the water *equal* at all portions of the earth? For if the sun and moon exert an equal influence, the result should be equal heights of water all over the earth.

“It is a well ascertained truth in astronomy, and in the principles of mechanics, that a body rotating like the earth on its axis, has the tendency to throw off substances in the direction in which it revolves. As the earth revolves from west to east, and at the present time, once in 24 hours, it must of necessity produce two elevations of water, especially as the water surrounds the whole globe. Every 12 hours, the water would be elevated at the extreme east and extreme west, or in other words, at given antipodes of the earth. The elevation of water once in 12 hours, is a result of the centrifugal tendency that the globe creates in one half of its period of rotation—corresponding tides being thus produced on the opposite sides of the earth.

“There are many things operating incidentally upon the water, which produce variations in the periods and elevations of the tides in different places upon each portion of the earth. A correct knowledge of the law of fluids will at once demonstrate the cause of the whole phenomenon, and it is by understanding the natural tendency of fluids, and that of all other substances, when subjected to a centrifugal force, that the present explanation of the phenomenon will become established beyond the possibility of refutation.”

On the 9th of September, 1868, Mr. Tietkens wrote to Mr. Davis, as follows:—“You say that tides cannot be caused by the moon’s action upon the earth, because attraction is not an established principle, and that if this were the cause, when the moon is on the opposite side of the earth, and the earth sustains a position between it and the sun, the water ought to be *equal* at all portions of the earth; and that if the moon and sun exert an equal influence, the result should be equal heights all over the earth. But have you never, in your ‘superior condition,’ seen in the records of science, the explanation which has been given why this result should not follow? And does it not appear necessary that you should advert to this explanation in condemning the Newtonian theory, in order to prepare the *minds* of your readers for your new theory?”

Mr. Davis replied to the above enquiry on the 26th of September, and said, "Since the delivery of *Nature's Divine Revelations* I have not received the least additional ray of information concerning the 'tides.' The theory may be true, or not; I wait, *seek*, more light. If it comes, it will be my first duty to let the world have it. But I think the scientific world is now going to school, and the wisest are learning new lessons respecting 'attraction, repulsion,' &c. So that, ere long, even the periodicity of the *tides* may be accounted for upon principles of *motion*, instead of gravitation and attraction, as in the system of the noble Newton. I see that by the recent eclipse of the sun, astronomers have discovered with their instruments, what clairvoyance reported concerning the constitution of that central orb 20 years ago—its condition similar to the central part of the earth—fiery, &c., as evinced by the rose-vapour flames or protuberances visible in its atmosphere. If force is the primal cause of all 'motion,' everything, including tides, must be referred to that motion, while the effects called 'attraction' and 'repulsion,' must be accepted as *co-incident* therewith, and *not as primal cause*, which, perhaps is the mistake in the Newtonian theory. But, perhaps, the mistake was in *my* clairvoyance, and the subject can remain an open question, tabled for the present."

Mr. Tietkins did not consider Mr. Davis's reply satisfactory, and thus the matter remained until I called his attention to an article published in the *Banner of Light*, October 24th, 1868, ON THE CAUSES OF TIDES AND OTHER PHYSICAL PHENOMENA, in which the writer under the initials "Y. S." dating from Philadelphia, dissents from the Newtonian philosophy of the moon's attractive influence upon the earth, and gives what appears to be a very rational explanation of his theory.

The article is much too long to transcribe here but it will be sufficient for my purpose to give that portion which supports the original statement made in the *Revelations*, and the reasons for differing from the Newtonian doctrine which Mr. Davis could not give for want of "more light."

Y. S. says:—"I know this variation has been and is attributed to the influences of the moon, because the higher tide appears to follow the course of that luminary; but such is merely an incidental matter, for it cannot be shown that the moon has any influence on the tides at all, therefore I venture the assertion here that if the moon was scattered to the four winds of heaven, ocean tides would not be affected in the least by such a catastrophe. I feel confident that science will sooner or later confirm this view of the matter." Y. S. concludes his remarks by saying that the sun and moon theory of ocean tides cannot be sustained in accordance with natural law, for "its advocates

assert that the sun and moon exert their greatest influence when they are most directly over or nearest to any given portion of the ocean. If so, how is it then, when they are in conjunction, that the water is not elevated the most on that side of the globe where by their joint action they exert their greatest influence? Surely this would appear natural, and again when the globe intervenes between these luminaries, should there not be something like equal tides everywhere? But such is not the case. Again it is asserted that the moon has the greatest influence, and elevates the surface of the water as she passes over it. If so, and her greatest influence is when she is most directly over, or nearest to it, how can she elevate the water on the opposite side of the globe at the same time so as to produce equal tides at the antipodes? And again if the sun and moon influence and control the tides by attraction, should we not expect the highest tides within the tropics to which those luminaries are limited? But instead of this being the case, we find here the most diminutive tides, hardly ever exceeding more than from two to five feet in height, whilst at Baffin's Bay, latitude 70,000 miles beyond the immediate influence of those luminaries, the tide rises from sixty to seventy feet," &c., &c.

I have so little "light" myself upon these scientific subjects that I may have made more of this particular question of the moon and tides than the circumstances warrant. If, however, it should prove so my main object will nevertheless be secured, which is to bring the Man and the Book, Davis and *Nature's Divine Revelations*, once more before the English readers of spiritualistic journals, and to ask why the opponents of Spiritualism have not ventured to investigate this well-established case and give us their solution of a phenomenon so extraordinary as that which is presented in the person of Andrew Jackson Davis?

SPIRITUALISM IN YORK.

Since the Davenports (who are now in America), have ceased to occupy public attention, there has come to my knowledge more than one instance where phenomena of similar character to that which they exhibited have been witnessed, and, in one case, surpassing even the wonderful nature of their manifestations.

A correspondent, whom I will call Mr. Blank, residing at York, an earnest investigator and a confirmed Spiritualist, gives me an account of some of his experiences with two girls, of about eight years of age—children of humble people residing near him. For about two months, their medium powers were most extraordinary, but in each case the power is now much

diminished. During its most active phase, the mother of one of the little girls described to him incidents enough to fill a book. Mr. Blank, however, confines his account to what he himself witnessed on several occasions.

He says, in their sitting room there is a large square pantry or cupboard, answering the purpose of a cabinet, in which the little folks, seated upon footstools, allowed themselves to be tied in the usual way. Immediately upon closing the door, loud rappings were heard all over it, as if half a dozen people were within it. An accordion, with a small hand-bell, placed on a high shelf, were played and rung; and upon opening the door a short time afterwards, the children were found sitting passively, untied, with the ropes across their knees. In place of the aperture which the Davenport cabinet had, they left the door of the pantry open about six inches, whilst there was a subdued but clear light in the room, and then there was a wondrous display of spirit-hands from within the cupboard, sometimes as many as four visible at one time; one, a delicate feminine hand, the colour of pearl, flexible and full of life, and a beautiful white muslin sleeve appeared to cover the arm. Some were like the hands of workmen, large, coarse, and brown; these were waved up and down the opening of the door, and made a noise similar to the rustling of a silk dress.

By request, the hand-bell, which had been placed on a shelf out of the reach of the children, was thrust out, and rung by a hand which held it in the ordinary way. Mr. Blank approached within a few inches of the door, and holding out his pocket handkerchief, it was taken several times by hands from within the cupboard, and returned to him immediately tied up in a variety of ingenious designs; one represented a rose and leaves, another a bird flying, &c.

A slate and pencil were put on the high shelf, and the names of friends and relatives of those present were written on the slate; and on placing plain cards in a locked writing was found on them. Indeed, it would appear in the presence of these children, the whole range of physical phenomena, which have caused so much serious controversy, was obtained from time to time. They seem to have no nervous feelings about it. The spirits speak to them; that they first see a hand then a face, and then the whole figure; and these describe as being dressed and ornamented in various ways; some have crowns upon their heads, covered with gold and a long glittering robe tied round the waist of some bright colour. These the girls call good spirits; there were others unpleasant to look upon, of dark

some quite black. One of the little girls said she saw spirits wherever she went, night or day. When walking in the street with her mother, and meeting a funeral procession, she said she saw a great many spirits following. One evening, Mr. Blank says he met the children outside the city, in great agitation; they said a lady dressed in old-fashioned costume had spoken to them just as they were passing a churchyard. She told them she had lived at Brighton, and was buried in that churchyard; and seemed much pleased that she could speak to them.

Mr. Blank describes, in his letter to me, a great number of minor incidents, which he and his friends witnessed at the home of these children, and also with another good medium, belonging to the circle which they have formed in York, but as these consist of much of the ordinary manifestations so often described, they need not be recorded.

Mr. Blank, I may say, is a member of the Society of Friends. I have known him for some years. I am quite satisfied with his testimony, and with the genuineness of the phenomena that he says he witnessed. His account corroborates other facts of a similar character which I and many of my immediate friends have frequently seen, and which in America are now of almost daily occurrence.

For the information of such as might be misled by the false position taken up by some of the leading philosophers of our day, I am induced to revert to a statement made by me several years ago,* where at a *séance*, held in the light, a friend of mine witnessed manifestations of a very surprising character, and among other things, "not less than twenty spiritual hands were seen by all, playfully touching them, but like 'Will-o'-the-Wisps' eluding their grasp." The two mediums on that occasion were the opposite in station to the little girls at York. They were the daughters of a noble duke; and the "well-known scientific baronet" who was present, is the respected Sir Roderick Murchison, who, I am told, was himself lifted in his chair, and moved about by some powerful though invisible agency.

I have not the honour of Sir Roderick's acquaintance, and I do not know if he has ever spoken of the fact to any of his friends, but it would be interesting to hear his version of the incidents of that remarkable *séance*, and his theory of how the phenomena were produced, and of the "force" by which he was lifted up in his chair. Not that I think the latter of much importance, since many other men of science who have been bold enough to investigate the subject fairly, have found

* See *Spiritual Magazine*, Vol. III, page 543.

it impossible to escape from the conclusion that they *are* spiritually-caused phenomena ; but it would be of value to have Sir Roderick's testimony to set before some of his associates, that these curious things which seem to over-ride natural laws, are *not*, at least, to be attributed to the art of trickery, or to self-delusion.

A WORLD'S CONVENTION.

For some time past the question has been agitated whether a World's Convention of Spiritualists should be held in London, and among many others I have been invited to take a prominent part in the contemplated arrangements. But, though I should be glad to see assembled here the leading minds of Europe and America, I am unable to see the possibility of its accomplishment unless we could be assured of the presence of some of the celebrities who have been identified throughout the world in the spread of Spiritualism. Having occasion to write to Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis I asked him for his opinion upon this subject, and whether he and some others in America could be induced to attend a meeting in the spring of next year. I give his reply upon this and other points connected with the movement in America.

"On the question, 'Shall we have a World's Convention?' which you ask me, I return the answer, NO; and yet I sympathize with the general convictions of Mr. and Mrs. J. Spear, by which they are moved to agitate and plan the enterprise. My reasons for objecting are, there is approaching a crisis in the Spiritualism of America, the first effect of which will be to build missionary organizations, for educational, doctrinal, political, philanthropical, and social ends, and the thoughts and feelings and means of all friendly to these public and special movements will be for a few years mostly confined to efforts on this side of the Atlantic.

"An American Association of Spiritualists, the final labour of four years of National Conventions of more discord than work, is just established. It will call for all the money and enthusiasm the people will find themselves able to give. A World's Convention, therefore, if now called in England, would exist in name only, and be very considerably injured by starting into being too soon. Besides, speaking for myself, I realize not the least prompting towards any personal 'work,' beyond the borders of this, as yet, undeveloped continent. While so conditioned, I could not be induced to visit England, for the purpose of attending a World's Convention. For the

other persons you so kindly name, I cannot, of course, make answer, and would, therefore, refer you to them directly.

“In the *Spiritual Magazine* each month, I read something from your pen, and each time my heart rises up to thank you for the labour and care you so cordially and so freely bestow upon our holy cause. In this country, the inhabitants of the Summer-land are working almost miracles, in overthrowing old-time conceptions of God and the common destiny of mankind. Churches are supported at great expense, but few intelligent persons accept more than the fine music and the easy pews. Not one editor of note, not one well informed merchant or banker, not one influential Member of Congress, not one courageous clergyman, but this hour prays and hopes, and more than half believes, in sympathy with the great progressive Spiritualistic principles, known, in comprehensive phrase, as the Harmonial Philosophy. But, my friend, I must close with best wishes for you, and the cause in England.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.”

PLANCHETTE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Most of our readers are probably familiar with this little instrument which has long been in use amongst us. It is now apparently beginning to attract considerable attention, and causing somewhat of a sensation in the United States. The *New York Evening Mail*, after describing Planchette, says:—“Now let us see what it will do. Place it on a sheet of paper, and let two persons lightly lay their fingers upon it. Now ask it a question, and without conscious movement on the part of those whose hands are upon it, it will move over the paper, writing the answer as it goes. The hand will at times write the word which was strongest or latest in our mind, when our intention was to have written another word.”

The editor of the *Albany Evening Journal* relates in that paper how a Colonel in the army, a Professor of Greek, himself, and some others experimented with Planchette. The Colonel and the Professor placed their fingers lightly on the Planchette. “After a prolonged delay, and in a dilatory manner, the movements at length began. Then ‘Planchette’ told the Colonel who was to be nominated for Vice President at Chicago; named the Democratic candidate for the Presidency; predicted that Johnson would not be deposed, and did sundry other wonderful things of like character, decidedly too numerous

to mention in a newspaper article. This accomplished, it was suggested that some third person should exercise his will, to make the instrument record a thought not uttered. We being selected, chose the word, brought the powerful battery of our mind to play upon "Planchette," and to our great surprise the pencil traced upon the paper the word desired. So of four other names, chosen because of singularity; they were recorded with instant and perfect accuracy." The editor thinks "it is easy to see, from what we have said, that it opens the door to infinite speculation, and to a great deal of profitable philosophic research. We are, undoubtedly, only upon the threshold of knowledge concerning the principles of animal magnetism, and their relations to the mental and physical life of man."

The *Cleveland Herald* says:—"There is a new thing called the 'Planchette'—a machine shaped somewhat like a heart, having two legs and a pencil which forms a third leg. This machine will operate under the influence of a person whom the Spiritualists would pronounce to be a medium; one who is heavily charged with electricity, or magnetism, or whatever it may be.

"As to the performance of the 'Planchette,' on Sunday last, at a small social gathering in Cincinnati, we have the assurance of a gentleman for whose integrity we cheerfully vouch. A number of persons laid a hand on the 'Planchette,' but it would not work, until our friend and informant was asked to try his hand, which he did. Soon the pencil moved zigzag, every way, and the company requested our friend to ask the 'Planchette' a question. 'Who will the Convention nominate?' said our friend, and immediately the pencil—which is moved from that portion of the machine on which the operator's hand rests—wrote in a large, bold hand, 'SEYMOUR.' Before Mr. Seymour's name was brought into the Convention on Thursday, our informant, who is a resident here detailed, and wished us to remember the name of Seymour.

"Just so soon as the name of Seymour's nomination came, our friend hailed us with the exclamation, 'Think of the Planchette now?'"

The *Present Age*, a New York paper, says:—

"We have heard of several successful performances by the Planchette. As we have seen several original ones are heart shaped; but a friend of ours, who has made one for himself, thinking any other shape would be more made a triangular one, and it would write the name of Seymour, is strung together in every possible shape, and has almost the indignity put upon it of making the name of Seymour, and in Planchette,

was detained in his office one night to a very late hour, puzzling over a case that gave him very great trouble, presenting points that perplexed him exceedingly. The hour of midnight arrived and the solution of the problem seemed as far away as ever. Wearing almost to exhaustion, yet determined he would not go home till he had completed his task, he suddenly thought of Planchette. Perhaps that could assist in bringing light out of darkness. He had one by him and placed it on a sheet of paper. One hour he sat with his hands on the little instrument and it moved not; finally, despairing almost of getting any movements, and remembering that often a strong light seriously interfered with physical manifestations, he turned the gas down, so that the room was but dimly lighted, and after sitting awhile longer Planchette condescended to move, and wrote out, "Chitty, vol. II. page 203." Surprised, he turned on the gas, went to his book-case, took down the volume indicated, and on page 203 thereof he found a full and satisfactory explanation of the question that had caused him so much trouble."

The editor of the *Ohio Spiritualist* says:—"Planchette is in use in very many families in all grades of life in our Forest City." He relates that "one gentleman purchased Planchette; it moved; the answers written were accurate and pertinent, as well as intensely interesting. The gentleman volunteered a few mental queries himself; the answers were written out with startling directness. This was too much. Jumping up suddenly, he seized the poor little senseless instrument and hurled it out of doors, swearing there was *Spiritualism* in it, and he would not have it in his house!

"Another gentleman had Planchette in his store. After sitting for some time, waiting for it to write, without success, he discarded it. There were two little German boys in the place who took the matter up, and after a short sitting the writing commenced, both English and German. The gentleman asked mental questions, and they were answered, very much to the confusion of the boys. Yet this man, an intelligent person, too, when asked what he supposed gave the answers, said, innocently enough, *Electricity!* He was asked if he could conceive of an educated flash of lightning? or of sense and wisdom from a voltaic pile?"

The editor mentions a friend who on first using the Planchette had written out the name "William"—the name of a deceased brother. He asked—"William, are you happy?" The answer was—"I am happy because you are kind to my sister." Whereupon the editor asks the very pertinent question. "Who is sister to electricity?" We have heard of a poem called "The Loves of the Plants;" perhaps Professor Tyndall, or some

other eminent authority, will kindly favour us with a scientific treatise on "The Loves of the Imponderables: with an Appendix setting forth more particularly the Intelligence, Volition, Memory, and virtuous Affections of Electricity." We commend this suggestion to the author of the recent work *On Force and its Mental Correlates*.
T. S.

SPIRITUALISM IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A PRIVATE letter from Cape Town, South Africa, has been received, from which we take the following extract:—

"I am the oldest bookseller in this city, having been here for more than a quarter of a century, so that I can judge tolerably well of the progress of mind and literature, and what advances are making towards a purer thought and sentiment. For the last year or so enquiries have been made for new publications that bear upon the modern discoveries in Mesmerism and Spiritualism."

Our correspondent adds that he has a few subscribers to the *Spiritual Magazine* and *Human Nature*, but he does not know of any *séances* held at the Cape, or of any mediums there.

With Spiritualism of a certain kind, the natives of Africa have long been familiar. A few months ago the *Glasgow Herald* contained a long account from a Scotch settler in Natal of his experience with certain Kaffir "Doctors." He apologizes for stating what seems so incredible, sneers at the credulity of the natives, and protests that he does not regard the facts he relates as anything more than very striking coincidences. So far then it is evident he is not likely to have at all exaggerated through any bias in favour of the supernatural. He tells these Kaffir Doctors exercise an "eminently pernicious dangerous power" over the minds of the Zulus, who turn to them on all questions of difficulty. They claim and receive credit for the power to commune with the spirits of the dead and foretell things to come, and bring crimes to their supernatural aid.

"The Kaffir Doctors also profess to be able to tell a person at a distance is doing at the moment, and to point out the precise spot where he may be at the same time. Some of their performances in that way are probably true, and would put to the blush the Davenportes of Home. It has been astonishing the enlightened white people of Cape Town

subsequently endeavour to shew this wonderful power of theirs in two cases, selected from many equally astonishing, which I might have quoted. But by far the most pernicious attribute claimed by the Doctors, and universally believed in and admitted by the natives, is that of detecting witches and witchcraft. In savage and independent tribes, such as the Zulu, no person is ever believed to have died a natural death, unless in battle or in a row, and not always even then, but must have been 'done to death' by witchcraft, which these Doctors are employed to ferret out, so it will easily be perceived what an immense power for evil they exercise. I have seen all this and deeply regretted it, as every one must do when they become acquainted with the results. But, nevertheless, I have seen so many instances of the occult powers or sagacity of these extraordinary men, that I have sometimes half-fancied that they had a familiar spirit—a Puck or a Robin Goodfellow—which kept them *au courant* of matters hidden from mortal ken, and brought to them intelligence of everything which had happened or was going to happen within a radius of hundreds of miles. And, as an apology for a vindication of this weakness of mine, I proceed to give some more serious experiences than the first I have submitted to your readers."

The writer proceeds to relate that, having occasion to travel, he rested one night at a Kaffir village, where he met a celebrated female doctor who was on a visit to cure the king. He was introduced to her, and describes her appearance, which was most repulsive. The power she claimed to possess he treated with derision. She told him he would soon have an instance of her power—that he would go out of the country without a companion or a hoof of cattle. He laughed at this prediction, yet, "by a coincidence as strange as it was unpleasant, her words came true."

In the morning, he left the village with his 100 head of cattle and Kaffir assistants. In a few hours, one was gored to death by a buffalo; two days afterwards, another was snapped up by an alligator; his cattle became footsore, and the remaining Kaffirs, brooding over the prophecy of the doctress, left him and proceeded home. Of course he could not control the cattle himself, and had to make his way home alone, regretting "that nothing would now shake the belief of the natives that had been with me, who would, to a certainty, inoculate a large circle of their friends with the virus."

He adds, "Some time afterwards, I was obliged to proceed again to the Zulu country to meet my Kaffir elephant hunters, the time for their return having arrived. They were hunting in a very unhealthy country, and I had agreed to wait for them

on the N.E. border, the nearest point I could go to with safety. I reached the appointed rendezvous, but could not gain the slightest intelligence about my people at the Kraal.

"After waiting some time, and becoming very uneasy about them, one of my servants recommended me to go to the doctor; and at last, out of curiosity, I did go. I stated what I wanted—information about my hunters—and I was met by a stern refusal. 'I cannot tell anything about white men,' said he, 'and I know nothing of their ways.' However, after some persuasion, and promise of liberal payment, impressing upon him the fact that it was not white men but Kaffirs I wanted to know about, he at last consented, saying 'he would open the gate of distance, and would travel through it, even although his body should lie before me.'

"His first proceeding was to ask me the number and names of my hunters. To this I demurred, telling him that if he obtained that information from me, he might easily substitute some news which he may have heard from others, instead of 'the spiritual telegraphic news' which I expected him to get from his 'familiar.' To this he answered, 'I told you I did not understand white men's ways; but if I am to do anything for you it must be done in my way—not in yours.' On receiving this fillip I felt inclined to give it up, as I thought I might receive some rambling statement with a considerable dash of truth—it being easy for any one who knew anything of hunting to give a tolerably correct idea of their motions. However, I conceded this point also, and otherwise satisfied him.

"The doctor then made eight little fires—that being the number of my hunters; on each he cast some roots which emitted a curious sickly odour and a thick smoke; into each he cast a small stone, shouting, as he did so, the name of the fire was dedicated; then he ate some 'medicines' and lay over in what appeared to be a trance for several hours. During all which time his limbs kept moving. When he awoke, went to one of the fires, raked the coals, looked at the stone attentively, described the man who had died, and said, 'This man has died of the fever, and is now lost.' To the next fire, as before, 'This man (again described) has killed four elephants,' and told me the tusks. The next, 'This man (again) has been killed by an elephant, but you may find his home;' and so on through the whole, the names of the men and correctly described; their success or non-success. I was told where they were and what they were doing in three months they would come out, but I expect to find me waiting on them there.

appointed, they would not pass that way. I took a particular note of all this information at the time, and to my utter amazement it turned out correct in every particular!

"It was scarcely within the bounds of possibility that this man could have had ordinary intelligence of the hunters. They were scattered about in a country two hundred miles away; and, further than that, he could not have had the slightest idea of my intended visit to him, and prepared himself for it, as I called upon him within an hour of its being suggested.

"I could give many more instances of this 'power,' 'diablerie,' or whatever it may be called, but this last related was the most remarkable; and I must acknowledge that I have no theory to urge or explanation to offer regarding it, for I have in vain puzzled my own brains, and those of some of the shrewdest men in the colony, for some sort of elucidation of the mystery."

Bishop Payne relates the following incident which occurred in Africa in his presence. He says:—

"It is now the middle of the rainy season, and torrents of water pour down almost every day. But the clouds appeared to be broken this afternoon, and I was glad to avail myself of the pleasant interval to visit two native villages, three miles from Cavilla, in which I preach stately the blessed Gospel.

"The text from which I was preaching was, 'Without God and without hope in the world.'

"I was proceeding, when quick, but stealthy footsteps, as of many, were heard approaching. The darkness spread over us by the heavy passing clouds, the theme of my discourse, and the solemn stillness pervading my attentive audience, contributed doubtless to produce the impression fastened upon my mind by the sound of the mysterious footsteps which now fell upon the ear. *It was that of a funeral procession moving rapidly through a graveyard.*

"The wailing which broke forth at the instant the procession entered the yard in which we were assembled, soon discovered to us that we were in the presence of the dead.

"The deceased was the wife of a male relative of Nye-Praa, the chief in whose house we were assembled. She was a native of Cape Palmas, fourteen miles distant. When taken seriously ill, she had been carried to that place, partly to be with her nearest relations, and partly to escape the *witchcraft* which it was believed had caused her illness and was procuring her death. But she died.

"The relations of her husband at Sede, contrary to custom, had received no intimation of this until her corpse appeared in their midst. It was an appalling moment. The coffin, as usual, consisted of a small canoe cut off at both ends. Into this the

deceased, wrapped in mats and cotton cloth, was laid. It was borne on the heads of two of her nearest relatives, and followed by a few more of these, chiefly females. And now followed the heathen scene. Arrived in front of Nye-Praa's house, the *corpse seemed to be seized with a sudden terrible frenzy*. The bearers reeled, staggered, dashed wildly from side to side in the court, and then reeling about ran back furiously to the entrance of the town. Again it approached the devoted house of Nye-Praa. Nearer and nearer it drew, until it lay at full length upon the thatched roof of the house. The male population of the village had now all gathered around, and one, or rather many of them, addressed the deceased: 'Don't be afraid; declare plainly who has killed you, and you shall be avenged.' Again the corpse was in motion. Withdrawing to the distance of twenty paces, it now again rushed toward the house, and, with all the impetus which the two bearers could give, was thrown against it. This was repeated until the dead seemed as if she would destroy the bearers, or the house which sheltered her murderers."

THE TESTS APPLICABLE TO THE TRUTH OF SUPERNATURAL VISITATIONS.

(The substance of a Paper read to the Anthropological Society of Manchester at the Royal Institution, by GEORGE HARRIS, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., President of the Society, &c.)

OF the various subjects embraced by the very comprehensive science of Anthropology, those relating to mind are unquestionably by far the most interesting and the most important. And as regards the numerous topics connected with our knowledge of mind, those which concern the nature and reality of spiritual beings, and the mode of their operation and manifestation, are among the most attractive, though at the same time the most perplexing. Questions regarding the existence and influence of spiritual beings have indeed in all ages of the world, and in every country, whatever were the character of the inhabitants, and whether savage or civilised, commanded the attention and excited the wonder of mankind. Superstition has revelled here, while science has in vain endeavoured to draw any sound conclusions on the subject. No case of a supposed supernatural visitation ought to command our belief until after a calm survey of the evidence, and a severe exercise of the reason. On the other hand, no case of this kind ought to be condemned or rejected, if, after a strict examination of the evidence it appears entitled to credit. Facts only should be allowed to guide us.

Truth alone should be our aim. No doubt the great majority of the supposed visitations is the result of credulity, deception, disease, or superstition. But whether some of them are not entitled to more consideration is a grave question well deserving the attention of the philosopher, and above all of the anthropologist. Some cases of proved imposture or error do not prove that no real cases of this kind exist. The important question therefore arises, whether there are not certain tests which may be fairly applied to prove the reality or falsehood of these visitations, and what ought to be resorted to and admitted as proper tests for this purpose. If we can succeed in this attempt, or make any reasonable progress towards its accomplishment, we shall do no mean service to the cause of science in one of the noblest of its departments.

With respect to the case of apparitions, the mere circumstance of a person, however truthful, asserting that he had seen a ghost afforded no positive proof of the fact, as the senses are constantly liable to be deceived, and disease, more especially of the digestive organs, has been productive of endless delusions, to say nothing of the attempts at imposture, and the efforts wrought by superstition and a disordered imagination. Many a stump in the twilight has been mistaken for a spectre; and gaseous luminous exhalations in graveyards have frequently passed current for apparitions of the spirits of those who lay there interred. As regards, therefore, the tests applicable to the reality of an apparition which has been asserted to have been seen by any person, the following principles may be laid down:—When such an apparition is said to have been heard as well as seen, this is some, though not conclusive, proof of its reality, as it is less likely that two of the senses should be out of order, or should at once deceive us, than that only one of them should be in that condition. Besides which, what is the use of a ghost appearing unless he has something to say, and that to the purpose of his visit. So, also, when the apparition is said to have been seen by two or more persons instead of by one only, and on separate occasions, there is, of course, a much stronger ground for believing the story* than if one individual only said that he had seen it, not only because two witnesses are in every case better than one, but for the still more satisfactory reason that two or more persons are not likely to be at once labouring under false impressions of the senses or a disordered imagination. In all these cases a great deal must, of course, depend on the character, state of mind, and condition of health of the parties. So also the time at which the apparition presented itself may have some influence in determining the credit to be given to it. An apparition seen at midday



would command considerably more belief than one witnessed at midnight. If again an animal, a dog for instance, accompanying the person who sees the apparition, gives token of the presence of some supernatural being, either by its cries, or by exhibiting unusual symptoms of terror, as is alleged to have happened in some avowedly well-authenticated cases of apparitions, this must undoubtedly be regarded as a strong additional proof of the reality of its appearance and that no mere illusion of the senses occasioned a belief in its existence. If, moreover, other individuals, and those persons of character and intelligence are consulted at the time about the supposed appearance of a ghost, and are convinced of the sincerity of those who assert that they have seen one, this may be considered as a strong corroboration of their testimony.

Another decisive confirmation of the reality of a supernatural visitation of this kind is when some important fact with which the person who narrates the circumstances could not have become acquainted in the ordinary course of things is communicated by it, as in the case of the intelligence of the death of some one in a foreign country at the moment when the apparition presented itself, the detection of a murder by announcing where the body lay concealed, the discovery of hidden treasure, or the foretelling an important event, which actually happens in the precise way predicted. With regard to supernatural communications through certain sounds, by means of which intelligence of an important kind, which could not be conveyed in any other way, is supposed to have been obtained, the ear is the organ here exerted, whether voices or what are termed spirit-rappings constitute the medium employed. Of this character also are the sounds which are supposed to indicate the fact of a house being haunted. Perhaps no organ is so likely to be mistaken as that of hearing, besides which it obtains in the case supposed no aid or correction by means of other senses. It is also subject to disease, by which its functions become deranged, and wrong impressions are in consequence communicated. In several supposed cases of visitations — kind, the person who believed that he heard them has been asleep. In others he has been suffering from delirium, and a fertile imagination will do much to excite in such a case, and what was in reality but a natural sound is mistaken for one of a supernatural character. Tests applicable to solve the truth of the communication to prove whether it is supernatural or not, are such as the death of a friend or relative at that moment when it is then 1,000 miles distant. Also, whether the communication was in the nature of an important prediction.

its subsequent fulfilment. And again, whether in some cases of knowledge being supposed to be so communicated, it might not have been obtained in some other way, and afterwards the person may have fancied that he derived it through the supposed communication. If, however, several persons, instead of one only, have heard the sound, and these are people of credit, it is, of course, entitled to more belief than if one individual only had heard it.

In all ages of the world and in every country inhabited by man, dreams have been peculiarly regarded as of a supernatural character, and as a means whereby communications are made to the soul of intelligence which it could not have received in the ordinary mode. A wide field for superstition has, no doubt, been opened here; and many dreams which have been regarded as of a very important and supernatural character, if all the circumstances relating to them were very closely inquired into, will be satisfactorily proved to be of a very ordinary nature, and the supposed revelations made by them may be shown to be nothing more than the passing thoughts which during sleep were connected with transactions which had lately engaged our attention. Indeed, especially among the ignorant and credulous, there is no topic so liable to the influence of superstition as that of dreaming, and the very vividness of the dream, so far from its affording proof of its being of a supernatural character, may be conclusive evidence of the disordered condition of the mind and body of the sleeper. That all communications through dreams are of this ordinary character I am, however, far from asserting. What then ought to be admitted as tests of the truth of visitations so experienced? I would submit that one main test in a case of this kind is whether the facts communicated are such as could not have been known in any other way, as where a murder is discovered by the place of concealment of the body pointed out; where some gross fraud, which could not otherwise have been unravelled, is revealed by the dreamer; or where some concealed treasure is made known. So, also, if some important prediction is made by a dream, which comes to pass some time after, exactly as pointed out; as, for instance, the death of a person by accident or violent means; this may surely be regarded as some proof of the real and supernatural quality of the communication. In the case of a dream its repetition has always been regarded as some proof of its being out of the common order. This is, however, of itself alone but an unsatisfactory test as to its supernatural quality.

The conclusion which I draw from a careful examination of the subject is, that the great majority of the supposed supernatural visitations arise either from disease or delusion of the

senses, disordered imagination, superstitious feeling or imposture. But after making a large and liberal allowance for cases of this description, there are nevertheless some well-established cases of the kind, if determined by the tests proposed. While a hundred cases of delusion or imposture are inefficient to prove that no cases of supernatural visitation exist, one case of supernatural visitation conclusively proved, will serve absolutely to establish the existence of the order. Formerly mankind were too superstitious, perhaps now they have run into the opposite extreme. My conviction is that a total disbelief in supernatural visitations of any kind, is as irrational and unphilosophical as the extravagant credulity with regard to them entertained by our forefathers two hundred years ago. They exalted every mere shadow into a spiritual apparition—we degrade every visitation of this sort into a mere shadow.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

M. COUSIN ON SPIRITUALISM.

“ Our true doctrine, our true flag is Spiritualism, that philosophy as solid as generous; which began with Socrates and Plato, which the Gospel has spread abroad in the world, which Descartes put under the severe forms of modern genius, which in the seventeenth century was one of the glories and forces of our country, which perished with the national grandeur in the eighteenth century, which at the commencement of the present century M. Roger Collard came to re-establish in public instruction, whilst M. de Chateaubriand, Madame de Stael and M. L. de Quincey transferred it into the literature and the arts. To it is rightly given the name of *Spiritualism*, because its character in fact is that of subordinating the senses to the spirit, and to raise, by all the means that reason acknowledges, to elevate and ennoble man. It teaches the spirituality of the soul, the liberty and responsibility of human actions, moral obligations, the love of virtue, the dignity of justice, the beauty of charity; within the limits of this world it shews a God, author of our existence, humanity, who, after having evidently made man for a certain end, will not abandon him in the mysterious and mysterious destiny.

“ This philosophy is the natural ally of religion; it sustains religious sentiment; it secondes true religion; it is the name, and true literature; it is the support of the moral; it repels the craft of the demagogue and tyrant.

men to value and respect themselves, and little by little it conducts human societies to the true republic, that dream of all generous souls."

LEVITY DOES NOT ALTER THE FACTS.

"The spirits have commenced their pranks again, and now hold high carnival in many places which they have hitherto avoided. If one half the reports in regard to unusual disturbances which have taken place here during the last few days are true, there is certainly occasion for the most serious and thorough investigation. One may assume an air of *nonchalance* which he does not feel, and treat the subject with as much levity and ridicule as he likes; but this does not alter the facts. The disturbances have taken place, are taking place every day and night, and, for one, we are decidedly in favour of investigation. We want to see the mystery explained, by some means or other."—*Stockton Gazette*.

"EIGHT HOURS' VISION OF HEAVEN."

An announcement that Miss M. Harris would describe her "Eight Hours' Vision of Heaven," drew together on Sunday, October 25th, at the New East London Theatre, better known as the Effingham Saloon, an audience of 2,500 people, who, a contributor to the *Unitarian Herald* informs us, listened to the address (delivered under the auspices of the East London Mission) with profound silence. It appears from the speaker's statement that she had been a great sufferer, and had for seven years been unable to leave her bedroom. She lived at that time at Harrow-on-the-Hill, and the Methodists held occasional meetings in her chamber. "At the close of a blessed service" (which, with her religious associations and belief, doubtless gave to her vision much of its peculiar complexion) "she beheld a beautiful cliff, and the form of a departed friend appeared. He took her by the hand, and led her towards the gate of heaven, which at last appeared in view, and seemed of one piece. She wondered how it could ever be opened; but on her guide touching it, it immediately opened, and she then, as she believes, entered heaven. There were rows of streets, but she could see through a great part of the city. As she entered she wished to see the Saviour; and no sooner had she formed this wish than Jesus appeared, standing at the right of the throne of God, with 'crowns' in his hand. . . ."

"Whenever she desired to see any one—Wesley or any other person—immediately that person appeared to her senses—a

coincidence, it will be remembered, with the teaching of Swedenborg, of whom she can scarcely have heard.

"After more of this kind, she proceeded to state that her companion assured her that she would soon be restored to health; and when she returned to consciousness she learned that for the space of eight hours her eyes had remained fixed upon one object, while she had been quite oblivious of all earthly affairs, and that for fifty minutes her arm had been raised in the air. All that her companion had predicted came to pass, and within a short time after her restoration to consciousness."

SPIRITUALISM IN HUNGARY.

"At the residence of a mutual friend, we met in Titusville, Penn., a very intelligent Magyar, an army officer when the Hungarians, under the leadership of Kossuth and others, were struggling to free themselves from Austrian despotism.

"This gentleman, himself a Spiritualist, informs us that Spiritualism, as a science, a phenomenon and a philosophy, is of quite ancient date in Hungary, according to their historic records. The first king that publicly avowed a deep interest and belief in Spiritualism was Ladislaus the Second, 282 years since. In 1794 the Austrian Government, by an imperial decree, forbade the meeting of Masonic lodges and the holding of *spiritual circles*.

"After this, these circles for the investigation and promotion of Spiritualism were held in secret. Louis Kossuth was a member of one of these spiritual circles, and a medium. The *fact* of his inspirational mediumship accounts for the continuous stream of eloquence that nightly flowed from his lips, with no repetition of sentences and figures of speech, and little of sentiment.

"Our Hungarian informant belonged to **no** his
 was the circle he entered. Proving himself **pr** i-
 city, magnetism, and a knowledge of the **psyc** ;
 of mind upon mind, first from the **mortal**
 immortal side of life, he was permitted to
 into the next higher circle. Then **came**
 clairvoyance, clairaudience and the **trance**;
 mental telegraphing, prophecies, **visions**, &
 been the scholarly and learned among **Hun**
 deepest interest in the study of **these phen**.
 of English and French Spiritualists **also**.
 themselves with Hungarian **spiritual circle**.
 teach and educate their children in **the**
 philosophy. Nearly all the leaders in **the** !

were Spiritualists. This friend, an army officer, was one that made his escape through Turkey to this country."—*Banner of Light*.

THE MUCHELNEY DISTURBANCES.

We learn from the newspapers that "several scientific gentlemen have visited the 'haunted house,' and it is stated that the result of their inquiries and investigations has only been to add to the mystery. They say they are unable to offer any explanation of the phenomena."

OUR TWO MODES OF BEING.

"We have two modes of being, that of sensation and that of reflection, which seem in a great degree independent of each other. Reflection having once commenced, is independent of sensation, and is most active and intense when sensation is weakest. If we wish to reflect, we shut out sensation. But it is upon the sensitive life that the shock of death seems to spend itself. The power of reflection often continues in full force up to the last moment. Since, then, the power of reflection is so independent of the sensitive life and of the organs of sensation, it seems rational to conclude that it may hereafter maintain a separate existence."—*Mark Hopkins' Lectures on Moral Science*.

THE SPIRITS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

A Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Gazette*, in a letter dated August 20th, says:—"In spite of police regulations there was a clear exhibition of spirits at the executive mansion this morning. Mrs. Daniels, the great Boston medium, was there with the spirits. She was the bearer of a message from the late Abraham Lincoln, which she was charged to deliver in person to President Johnson. While waiting in the ante-room for an audience, surrounded by a large company of ladies and gentlemen, also in waiting, a lady in black, with pale and careworn features, seemed to be drawn towards Mrs. Daniels, who asked her if she had not lost a son, William. The lady responded with astonishment, 'Yes, madam, some ten years ago.' 'Your husband,' continued Mrs. Daniels, 'was lately killed on the railroad?' Another look of wonder, followed with an affirmative answer. 'They are now both present with you, and your son desires me to say that you need not worry yourself about your business matters, as you are certain to succeed.' Such

was the communication from the spirit world to the poor woman, who stood for some moments stupefied, while the company wondered and speculated on the strange scene."

SPIRITUALISM IN NEW ZEALAND.

We learn from an article, headed "Spiritualism," in the *Geelong Advertiser*, of September 11th, that at Bursowye, in the family of "a highly cultivated, upright and independent gentleman, spirit manifestations of a highly interesting character are taking place:—His sister-in-law, an unmarried lady, was found to be an excellent medium. She is frequently thrown into a trance, and in her sleep writes some beautiful sentiments—poetry, friendly advices, &c., written to certain individuals, in a handwriting which is easily recognized as that of a deceased friend. By this means, Mr. W. has had several communications from his father and several other dear relatives long since deceased, in the writing, style, and signature of each. . . . She writes Hebrew or any other language as freely as she does English, and is totally ignorant of what it means; the consequence is, that all the correspondence has to go to some scholar in Melbourne or Sydney for interpretation. I am not able to state all the manifestations that take place; but the effect on Mr. W. has been such, that he feels that he is ever attended by the spirits of dear departed friends, which not only influences him in his working hours as to conduct, but has given him such confidence in futurity that he asserts he fears death no more than he would sleep."

A WARNING VOICE, SAID TO HAVE BEEN
HEARD IN A CHURCH IN GERMANY.

In an article on "Spiritualism in Germany," in 1866, one of the contributors to the *Spiritual Magazine*, commenting on the lar licentiousness and the infidelity openly promulgated learned from pulpit, press, and professorial chair, observe "If the government of God on earth really included a moral discipline, it could require no prophetic power that ere long he would visit that nation with war or . . . It is curious that within a few months, both war and broke out there. A warning of a visitation of character has just been said to have been given extraordinary manner. It is stated by the *Badische* published at Heilbronn, according to the *Badische*

of September 22, that an extraordinary occurrence has taken place, which has excited much remark, and has furnished the occasion for the prediction of a bloody war as a divine chastisement. The matter is as follows:—

“In the Evangelical Chapel of Ease, at Erlach, in the parish of Gelbingen, the sacristan, after the ringing of the bell for prayers, saw a light in the church, and heard a voice cry aloud, ‘Repent! If men do not repent, there will speedily come a great shedding of blood.’ The sacristan fled out of the church in terror; but three weeks ago, on the same occasion, he heard the same voice, which commanded him to make known the following declarations through the country:—‘1. Faith is dead. 2. The Ten Commandments of God are by men despised and rejected. 3. The Lord’s Prayer is no longer duly inculcated. 4. Through the wickedness of men, the kingdom of Satan is more and more extended. 5. The tenth chapter of the Book of Jesus Sirach ought to be read by every one, and laid seriously to heart. 6. The threatenings of God against men are in vain, till the un pitying judgment comes. 7. When this has taken place, then will true brotherly love and union arise.’”

The *Schw-Volkszeitung* (probably, *Swabian People’s Gazette*), inserted this article, which had been forwarded to it by a Catholic vicar, though the *D. V. Bl.* (*Deutsches Volksblatt*) had rejected it, not knowing whether it was sent in joke or earnest. For the rest, it indulged in plenty of ridicule over this piece of superstition, and so the matter was thought to be at an end; but the Catholic vicar again asserted, in the *Schw-Volkszeitung*, the truth of the statement. In corroboration of this second declaration, the principal official of Erlach, with four other men of character, affirmed that the reported event was a fact; that they themselves were neither enthusiasts nor pietists; and that the very sober and honest sacristan was ready to confirm his statement by his oath. The *Schw-Volkszeitung*, which published this account, now professes to believe that the vicar who sent it to them had imposed upon them, in order to bring the *Deutsches Volksblatt* into discredit. But the voice in the church at Erlach; that is testified to by men whose evidence deserves the fullest credit.

Such is the affair which has made a considerable noise in that part of Germany. Without some further proofs of the supernatural, however, we see nothing in it beyond the ability of a clever legerdemainist or ventriloquist. The question, moreover, naturally arises, why, in a matter of national moment, should the warning present itself in an obscure village church more than in any other? Why not in the most public cathedral of the most prominent city? Why not in Berlin, Vienna, or

Munich?—in Frankfort, Carlsruhe, Cologne, or Maintz? Why to an humble, and, probably, ignorant sacristan, and not to an assembled congregation? There is nothing in this more than was often successfully played off by the priests of the Middle Ages. The warning, no doubt, is sufficiently needed, but we wait for further proofs of its reality.

OMEN IN THE LIFE OF SIR ROBERT WILSON.

GENERAL SIR ROBERT WILSON, so well known not only for his distinguished services in the great French war, and as Governor of Gibraltar, but his part in the rescue of Count Lavalette from execution, and his safe conveyance over the French frontier in 1815, records in his early life the realization of an omen at the very time that, like so many other men, he endeavours to laugh himself out of his convictions. "The day on which I received the news of my mother's danger was that on which I first knew also of her serious illness; but the morning of that day had dawned with an incident, which, in spite of my understanding, and in the absence of any superstitious tendency, had made a sinister impression. This, as it were, admonished me, and made me certain that I should not pass the day without some tidings of calamity. Many years have rolled away; my common-sense revolts at and mocks the folly of the omen; but I see now, as it were, before my eyes that omen, and feel now again the heart-sinking sensation that I felt then and at that moment when I was awakened by a flight of crows hovering about my window. One advanced, and cawed repeatedly, 'Woe! woe! woe!' I got up, tried to shake off the load on my thoughts, but the foreboding was immovable; and the more I tried to tread the dream of the fancy—the more I combated it the more I felt the truth of the omen—a superstition of the ancient world—the more I was a message of some adversity, if not of death." (*Life*, Vol. I., p. 49.)

Sir Robert tried to rid himself of the omen, but by the efforts of common-sense: he might have avoided the trouble had he been aware that there is an order of things to which these spiritual warnings are addressed, and which is more convincing than common sense. The facts of the impression, and the truth of the result, after all his reasoning, remained to be accounted for; and can only be accounted for by higher laws than those of reason.

In the volume of the *Annual Register* for 1828, p. 107, there is an account of a DREAM FULFILLED. A gentleman dreamed so vividly that he should die very soon and suddenly, that he set about arranging his affairs, notwithstanding the ridicule and pooh-poohings of his friends. One day, however, a friend of his at a distance dreamed the very same thing regarding him, though he was ignorant of the gentleman's own dream, and was so strongly impressed by it as to make the journey to tell him of it. This confirmed the gentleman in his persuasion of the fact that his dream was a real warning. No illness, however, attacked him; but one day, almost immediately afterwards, being out shooting, in setting down his gun it went off and shot him dead. What says common-sense to this? In Sir Robert Wilson's *Life*, he also says that his mother being in indifferent health, his father predicted that she would not survive him two years. That this much impressed his mind, and she did die within the designated period. Here you might very well see some natural connection betwixt the presage and the effect, though, as Mrs. Wilson died from the consequences of an abscess developed after the death of her husband, the connection is far from complete; but in the dream just referred to there is no natural connection betwixt the impression of the two dreams, and the accidental discharge of a gun.

But Sir Robert had other experiences. His father died at the age of sixty-seven, from an attack of paralysis. "I was," says Sir Robert, "then a Westminster boy, but had been brought home, and was sleeping in his apartment, when I awoke with a feverish dream, occasioned, no doubt, by an expectation of the event, and a half-consciousness of what was passing. I fancied I saw him open my bed curtains, and heard him call me. I sprang to his bedside, and reached it almost the instant after the spirit had departed." (Vol. I., p. 45.)

Still more striking is the fact recorded by his editor, the Rev. Herbert Randolph, in a note. It relates to his wife's sister, who was married to Christopher Carleton, the eldest son of Lord Dorchester. She was drowned on the 29th of October, 1816. The event is thus related in a letter to Sir Robert Wilson, from a friend at Ostend:—"The vessel that was conveying Mrs. Carleton from Ramsgate to Ostend was wrecked last night, in attempting to enter this harbour in a violent gale of wind, and Mrs. Carleton, her daughter, and servant, were all drowned."

A remarkable circumstance occurred. An intimate friend of Mrs. Carleton dreamt the night before she was to sail, that she saw her friend and her son and daughter drowning. The impression upon her mind was so vivid and powerful, that she

immediately followed her to Ramsgate, and with extreme urgency endeavoured to persuade her to give up the voyage. Preparation, however, had gone too far, and she could not prevail; but she succeeded in inducing Mrs. Carleton to leave her son, Lord Dorchester, behind in her care. The mother and daughter, a beautiful girl of seventeen, both perished as stated (Vol. I., p. 10).

SINGULAR INCIDENTS.

WE have received from a friend the following account of some of the singular incidents connected with the passing from earth of Daniel Frank Cox, whose spirit left the body on the 11th of October last, as noticed in our last issue.

"Our little Danny," the darling of the household, youngest of the widowed mother's three children, by his ingenuous goodness, true-hearted and unselfish nature, displayed in every act of his earthly life, won the heart's best love of every one who knew him. His pleasures were never complete unless others shared them. Amongst those who watched with anxious and loving care over the patient sufferer's couch, was one for whom the little fellow had a deep affection, known as "Uncle Dan," whom the reader will recognize as Mr. D. D. Home.

It is not, though it may seem, irrelevant, to say how dear the child was to those of whom I speak, for had they been indifferent to this bright little ray of love and intelligence from on high, the most touching phenomena developed would have lost their significance; that happy home, where by the hearth stood the "vacant chair," and where the hearth would not be made glad by the sweet sound of his earthly voice, was not made lugubrious by the lamentations of despair or the senseless and outward trappings of conventional woe. In the darling of her heart to God, the mother felt holy peace in the assurance that he was become spirit,"—a feeling which extended to all who be present.

On Tuesday the 13th, the mother and children with a few friends assembled in the drawing room to lay the casket which had contained so precious a jewel. The room was "lifted out of gloom" by the white drapery was pure white, and the most choicest almost hid the body, leaving visible only the face, that we knew now smiled upon us from its spirit. As if bright angels had welcomed it to the porch, Mr. Home was entranced, and after offering up

was given to the effect that God had given and God had not taken away, inasmuch as God being a God of infinite love would allow the child still to watch over those who remained on earth. When this had ended several of the family and visitors were in the conservatory, and then were heard on the glass roofing, high overhead, the rapping sounds; and not there only, but on the casement near us. Questions were asked and answers given, and we then went to supper. While so doing, Mr. Home was again entranced, and taking Mrs. Cox's hands in his he led her out of the room. When she returned, in about three or four minutes, she told us that she had been led by him to the drawing-room, and there she heard a rustling near the body, from which Mr. Home and herself were distant at least ten feet; and then Mr. Home never for an instant having relaxed his grasp, and she having one of his hands in each of hers, she felt a tiny hand placed on hers, and then the two first fingers of her left hand opened and a flower was placed between them.

One of the gentlemen who had been invited occupied the same room as Mr. Home, and he related the following morning that after he had been in bed about half an hour he heard Mr. Home leave his bed, which stood in the further corner of the room, and coming to his bed he took him by the two hands and in the darkness led him down the long stone staircase through the hall and into the drawing-room, where, a few feet from the door and many feet from the little coffin, Mr. Home relaxed his grasp and said, "Now go and lift up the coffin-lid." He did so; and then Mr. Home, as if to assure him that he had not changed his position, said, "Lift it still a little higher, so much so that a hand could go in." While the gentleman was in the act of so doing he heard a rustling *inside* the coffin, and then Mr. Home asked him to come back to where he was standing. This was done, and as they had descended, so they again went upstairs. On reaching the bedroom, Mr. Home led him to a toilet table, near the window, and then the gentleman told us there came a waft of perfume, and, with Mr. Home's two hands in his, the tiny hand came and caressed his, and gave him a beautiful purple and white petunia, which had been in the coffin.

The evening of the 14th we again assembled in the drawing-room. The coffin had now been closed, and the white drapery, which hung in heavy folds from it, had been nearly covered with fern leaves and flowers. Plants from the conservatory had also been placed around it, giving the idea of a beautiful shrine. The room was lighted by a large solar lamp on the mantel-piece, and four candles, placed upon the consoles facing the fire-place.

We were listening to Mr. Home improvising upon the piano,



when we heard what sounded like footfalls upon the floor, near the coffin, to which Mr. Home's back was turned. We called his attention to the sounds, and after a few moments we drew up the centre table to the foot of the coffin. We had been seated but a few minutes when the white drapery began to be agitated as though hands were moving beneath it, and presently a cross of fern leaves, pinned to the cloth over the foot of the coffin, was lifted up and dropped several times. This appeared to be effected by pressure from underneath the folds. The table on which the coffin rested, made an almost imperceptible movement, and a large fern leaf rose slowly and steadily from between the table and the foot of the coffin. When it had nearly reached the top of the coffin it fell, or rather was wafted over to Mr. Home, who took it in his hand. At intervals of a few minutes a branch of maiden-hair fern, plucked from the only plant of the kind in the room, which stood directly beneath the cross already mentioned, or a large leaf of the more common species, was given by the same invisible power to each person present. We could hear the stalk break as the leaf was gathered, and the attention of the one for whom it was intended was attracted either by feeling the leaf pushed against him under the table, or by being touched by that peculiar atmospheric substance with which the spirits invest themselves when they desire to come into tangible communication with us. When I was touched, I put out my hand and grasped, not the fern leaf, which I expected, but the invisible object which had touched me. What was my astonishment at finding that which was capable of administering so vigorous a pressure *melt away* from my grasp. After my futile attempt to obtain possession of this mysterious atmosphere made palpable, I was touched upon the back of my hand, while at the same time a fern leaf was laid upon each one of my extended fingers in turn, but withdrawn whenever I attempted to seize it; at last the branch was frankly placed in my hand.

As on the previous evening Mr. Home was entranced after extinguishing the candles, he placed the lamp in the room and closed the door, saying that a manifestation made which the light would prevent. Our attention was directed to the head of the coffin, over which appeared a most brilliant colour. It rose and sank, and at intervals moved to and thither in the room, and when questions were asked a sharp electric sound came from it, affirmative of the questions required. This lasted at least five minutes, and again the light was brought in from a fern leaf on a side table, near which no one was to be lifted. There were other manifestations of a sacred nature that in the present state of

refrain from giving them. On Thursday the 15th the little body was borne by loving hands to a sunlit corner of the little churchyard, and there, while the good clergyman read the burial service, the clouds, which had been lowering, were broken and a ray of sunlight fell on the coffin. As loving friends lowered it down, the grave seemed no longer cold and cheerless; for God's sunbeams rested there, and we knew that "our Danny," was now nearer the true and never-fading cloudless sunlight of God's love.

On Sunday, November 1st, a friend of the family met Mr. Home at the same house, and a *séance* was held. It began by a request from the spirits that the table should be placed near the piano. This was done, and the following was spelled: "William, close and lock the piano, and put the key in your pocket." (William alluded to is the gentleman who met Mr. Home there). This was done, and the keys of the piano were touched and replied to questions. We were then requested to open the piano, and having done so, we saw and watched with perfect distinctness the keys rise and fall as they were touched. The room was lighted by a great coal fire and a lamp which stood in the conservatory, the light coming through the glass doors. A message was given to this effect:—"Outsiders say we can only work in the dark; please bring in the lamp and place it on the table." We did so, and whilst the lamp was within two feet of the piano, note after note was touched and the chords struck even more decidedly than they had been. Not only did we see the keys of the piano go down, as by pressure from over them, but we several times saw them lift slightly up, as if the force had been applied from below. A more clear, convincing, and certain manifestation could not have been witnessed.

Notices of Books.

DAWN.*

SPIRITUALISM is gradually permeating our literature: it has already done so to a greater extent than most persons are aware; and this not only in the graver works of philosophy and religion, but in those lighter books for popular reading, which delineate life and manners, which by dramatic presentation of character and incidents in skilfully constructed story, illustrate and enforce upon public attention truths and prin-

* Dawn. Boston: ADAMS & COMPANY. London: TRUBNER & Co.

ciples and create a wide-spread living interest in questions which had hitherto arrested the attention only of the more sensitive and thoughtful minds. In the mysterious force of sympathy,—blending our secret souls with kindred natures and our lives with the life of past generations, manifesting itself in strange conjunctions, flashing out in mystic gleams, and at times when we feel some crisis at hand which shall greatly influence for good or ill our future life,—in all this, when skilfully drawn by a master hand, there is a fascination and a power which moves us not only by exciting our wonder and awe, but by the sense of *reality*, without which, indeed, the mere appeal to the fancy and the feelings would produce, at most, but a slight and transient effect. Hence, the artist-painter, poet, or novelist, finds here a legitimate field for the exercise of his powers; for he deals with permanent elements in our nature—with chords of thought and feeling which, rightly struck, call forth sweet and solemn music in response. The highest works of imagination which this age has produced deal largely in, and owe much of their success to, this element of the supernatural; as in *Jane Eyre*, *Adam Bede*, *Tom Brown*, *Zanoni*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *The Ideal Attained*, and *Peculiar*.* Some of the incidents of this kind which are found in them, are transcripts of actual occurrences in the personal experiences of the writers or of their immediate friends, or which faithfully image what is extensively taking place around us. Those of American origin, as the last three named, combine personal experiences with the more general facts of spiritual manifestation which they portray. This, too, is evidently the case with the work before us. The story is well written, and interesting. Its purpose is to place before us in vivid picturesque form, those wonderful facts of spirit-life and power which in their universality seem like the *Dawn* of a new era, and with which its author, it is clear, is personally and intimately acquainted. This is its main aim—the central idea; but revolving around it are the social questions which are beginning to occupy a prominent place in public discussion, such as the relations of what Miss Becker calls “the two sexes of Man,”—questions which to treat superficially would be an impertinence, and for the thorough consideration of which we have not space, even were this Magazine devoted exclusively to their discussion. We shall, therefore, not attempt to follow out all we attempt any outline of the story of the work, but only to state whether of men or books, are lifeless and uninteresting. But we

* See “Spiritualism and the Supernatural,” page 308.

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give a few of the writer's thoughts which best admit of detachment, and which we deem most suitable for presentation to our readers. And our first is:—

ON MEDIUMSHIP.

The cry of the multitude is, that mediumship and impressibility detract from individual life, lessen the whole tone of manhood, and transform the subject to a mere machine. Such conclusions are far from correct. Our whole being is enriched, and made stronger and fuller by true impressibility. Are we in any degree depleted if we for a time become messengers to bear from friend to friend, words of love, cheer and encouragement? Are we mere machines, because we obey the promptings of the unseen, and go where sorrow sits with bowed head, or want and misery wait for relief? If so, we are in good service, and have the consciousness of knowing, that, being thus the instruments of God's will, we cannot be otherwise than dear to him. All matter is mediumistic. Life is tributary, one phase to another, and soul to soul speaks suggestively. The ocean has its fulness from tributary streams which flow to its bed. Lives alone are great that are willing to be fed.

ON SPIRIT-COMMUNION.

Some of our author's best reflections are given in the form of dialogue, as in the two following extracts:—

"Are they (spirits) not about us the same, whether we believe in their presence or not?"

"No, not the same. You are not the same to your friend who has little or no faith in your life, and your motives of action, as you are to one who has full trust and belief."

"No, I am not. In order, therefore, that our unseen friends may fully aid us, we must believe in their presence and ability to do so. Christ could not help some because of their unbelief."

"Even so. He who gives us no heed, has no communion with us. But the faith of which I speak, is not gained at once; it is of a slow and natural growth. Again and again must we thrust our hand through the darkness, ere we grasp the anchor. Often will the cloud envelope us, and all seem dark as night. There will be hours and days when Florence will come into your atmosphere, bringing her own state of loneliness and longing to be felt by you; days when you must both mourn that the veil is dropped between you; but above all, the sun of spiritual light will shine gloriously."

"Then you think that they suffer after they have gone?"

"I certainly do. It is perfectly reasonable to suppose that they mourn for us as we for them. Reverse the case. Suppose that you were where she now is, and that she were here, and that you made strong efforts to approach her, and having thus far succeeded, endeavoured to impress her with the fact of your presence. If she recognized you, would you not feel rejoiced? and if she did not, would you not feel grieved, and all the more so, if instead of honestly admitting self-evident facts, she sought to evade them."

ON WORSHIP.

"In the present age of transition, the best minds are thrown out of the sanctuary, waiting for the perfect temple, where they can worship in fulness of soul and purpose."

"Yet all are better for the assembling, are they not, even in its imperfect state, as you term it?"

"It is well and good for all, but not so essential to some as to others. Some natures are so alive to sentiment and life, so infused with religious thought, that they live deeper and more prayerful, more godly in one hour, than others do in a hundred years. Every emotion reveals to such the presence of the Deity. To them each hour is one of worship, and every object a shrine. No words of man

can quicken their feeling to a brighter flame, for such commune with God. The dew and the flower, speak unto them of their Father's protecting care. The manifestations of their daily lives, replete with heavenly indications, tell that God is nigh. 'Day unto day uttereth speech,' and to such all hours are holy. The heart which is attuned to life, is full of worship. Every manifestation, whether of joy or woe, brings God near; and the world becomes the temple. Religion should come through life and be lived. It is in the dress, in the kitchen, in the parlour, in books, in theatres, in fact, in all forms of life."

REV. T. L. HARRIS ON THE SWEDENBORGIANS.*

"It seems to be imagined that when Swedenborg departed this life God locked the door of Heaven and lost the key. The determination is evinced in some quarters to make that wise and good man the sole authority in Christendom in all matters of psychical belief. Idolised as never man was before, the letter of Swedenborg is made a final standard beyond which there is no appeal. There are two classes of the receivers of his teachings at least. First, the men of the letter; second, the men of the spirit. The first, unconsciously to themselves, are man-worshippers. Had they the power, a new Rome would raise its gorgon head, denying the right of the private Christian to hold communion with the angels, and scaling up the broad river of spiritual illumination, by crushing, with the iron hand of ecclesiastical despotism, every open soul through whom the world is made glad with the river of immortality. When with interior vision we contemplate those whom we call the party of authority, they appear to us to be in intellectual slavery to the man Swedenborg. We have conversed with such in our external states; we find them narrow and intolerant, and yet profoundly unconscious that they are so. Readers of Swedenborg and of little else, they have grown enamored the scientific shell which encases the immortal fruit of They are men of the letter: an external Swedenborgian grows out of their association. Rather than concede that their darling idol could be mistaken, they are w distrust the evidence of their senses, both spiritual and It is enough for them that they have a 'thus saith' for any doctrine. Among this class we find enemies of all directness of communication world. When the Caliph Omar, according implored to preserve from destruction the"

* These passages, with others, are given in the / and the collator adds, that he can corroborate from than thirty years, in connection with the body of re: Swedenborg, the truth of "much that is said in this c

library, he committed its precious treasures to the flames, because he said, if there was anything there against the Koran it was injurious, and if anything agreeing with the Koran it was superfluous. So the brethren in question, if anything comes through the opening of the faculties into the interior world that is against Swedenborg, allege that it is of the devil, and if anything comes in the same vein it is unnecessary. If spirits communicate who deny the Lord they are evil. But if angels communicate who acknowledge the Lord, they are liars, and make use of His name for ends of deception. So far has this been carried, that virtually it is made a test of Swedenborgian orthodoxy, in some quarters, to refuse even to read the writing of those who have access to the Heavens; and they say of such as now exhibit in themselves the identical states which were so common to their own illustrious oracle, 'he hath a devil.' . . . That spirit which makes the last medium or prophet or teacher the standard of all truth for coming generations is a cursed spirit, yea, it is no less than a manifestation of Anti-christ.—*Herald of Light*, Vol. I.

SPIRITUALISM VERSUS POSITIVISM.*

IN THIS letter, Signor Damiani belabours most soundly the so-called "philosophers," for their presumptuous arrogant denial and denunciation of Spiritualism without according it a proper and unprejudiced investigation; and throws down a challenge that he will prove its truth to the majority of a jury of twenty-four gentlemen, chosen from the learned professions and literary men, by evidence "sufficient to establish any fact in history, or in a criminal or civil court of justice;" pledging himself to deposit in the hands of any well-known London banker the sum of five hundred guineas, on the like amount being deposited there by his opponents; the ownership of the thousand guineas to follow the judgment given by the majority of the said jury. He also offers to prove his proposition affirming the truth of Spiritualism, by experiments conducted in the presence of the same gentlemen, and for a like amount the verdict of the majority of them to decide in this case also, and the result to be advertised in all the London daily papers.

* *Spiritualism versus Positivism: being a Letter and a Challenge to G. F. LEWES, Esq., Professor TYNDALL, et hoc genus cœcorum.* By G. DAMIAN Foreign Correspondent of the British Association of Progressive Spiritualists London: BURNS.

THE LOVED NOT LOST.

How strange it seems with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on !
Ah, brother, only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone,
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still ;
Look where we may the wide world o'er,
Those lighted faces shine no more.
We tread the path their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear like them the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn ;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er ;
But in the sun they cast no shade.
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor !
Yet love will dream, and faith will trust,
Since He who knows our need is just,
That somehow, somewhere meet we must.
Alas ! for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees !
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play !
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And love can never lose its own !

JOHN G. WHEAT

Correspondence.

PREDICTIVE DREAMS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

September, 1868.

SIR,—When with me recently you asked me to write out an account I related to you of a singular dream I once had of and its really literal fulfilment. As you will remember, I also told you of another dream; and as both seem to me to be connected, and as both were fulfilled by the same train of circumstances, I preface the one with the other. Nearly twenty years ago, when I was quite a youth, and living with my parents in a town in one of the midland counties, (before I had any thoughts of marriage except those which novels put into a lad's head) I had the first dream, though not by any means the first which had been equally literally fulfilled, for from my infancy I was a "dreamer of dreams." It was on a Sunday night, after I had been very closely engaged in school and church all day. I mention this that you may see it could have no reference to my engagements and thoughts during the daytime. At night on retiring to rest I fell into a sound heavy slumber of a very peculiar kind. I cannot explain the symptoms better than by alluding to Abraham's "horror of great darkness." This with me has always preceded any remarkable dream or vision, of which I have had (and at times still have) many. By degrees this horror passes away, and a more or less pleasant state of impressedness (to coin a word) and expectancy succeeds. If I then awake, I have a feeling like that of a musician on hearing an incomplete cadence. On this occasion I dreamt I was at a railway station, and then went a short distance by rail and a long way by sea. Suddenly I became acquainted with two young ladies, and then lost sight of them. A blank succeeded (like the shifting of a slide in the magic lantern), and I was following them. I was about to be married to one, when she disappeared and left the other standing by the altar; and I was married to her. So much for the first dream. The second occurred about ten years after it. I had entirely forgotten the first dream, though at the time it produced a deep impression on my mind. It was afterwards recalled by seeing a person and a spot I then dreamt of, but had not seen, and did not see till both dreams were fulfilled. I then went through the premonitory condition which I have alluded to, this time more strongly marked than usual, and dreamt I was standing at a certain window and saw a funeral coming past a building. A particularly featured man took part in the procession, and I spoke to him. Then followed a blank. I next was in a street in a public building, with the same companion, and we were in the same man. Another blank. After this I was dreamt of following the remains of a stranger to the grave. Another blank. I had a letter in my hands telling of the funeral of a person whom I had not seen for years. Another blank succeeded. I was at the funeral of a relative of a most intimate friend. A blank. A young man was brought up. Again there was a blank. Following this I was over the death-bed of a young lady. The snow was on the ground, and I was on an island. Another lady was reading a letter to me. I was away. In a little time, I looked over the sea, and saw a ship trying to reach the spot, but prevented from moving. The ship was coming as fast as he could, and as he was a young lady read in bed, made use of some particular expression. The young man fell back and died. Another blank. I then dreamt of a man who had been a sailor in the Metropolis. I awoke in a fright, and was wet with perspiration, though it was winter, and I was all night long. I could not sleep again, but lay awake till daybreak, in a state of dreadful agony. I did not soon forget the dream, and it has been a very memory.

These were the dreams. When talking with you I entered minutely into the circumstances of my life to shew how literally both were fulfilled. I shall not do so now, as it would take up too much space. I may, however, say that the fulfilment of the first dream began before I had the second one. It was thus. I left my father's house, and went to a distant part of Her Majesty's dominions. While on board a steamer, I became acquainted with two young ladies (sisters). A friendship sprang up between us, and I took their address, with permission from the elder to correspond with her. They went further on, and I left the boat. It was about three or four months after this that I had the second dream. Their various incidents occurred exactly in the order I dreamt them; I had forgotten both dreams when the first funeral took place, but though I never saw the man whose individuality was so marked, before, and never became acquainted with him, I was much disturbed in mind when I first saw him, thinking I had met with him before, and wondering where. It was not till I saw him the second time that my dream flashed on my mind. For a moment I was stunned, and for two years, till after the occurrence detailed below, I was constantly in dread of something awful happening to every one I knew. The friendship between myself and the young lady ripened into a warm attachment, and we were engaged to be married. We afterwards agreed that I should visit her on a fixed day to settle when the marriage should take place. As the day approached, I found I could not get away for a little time, and wrote her to that effect, suggesting another day. In reply I received a letter from her sister, telling me that she had been suddenly taken ill and had been delirious, that she was then better, and she, (the sister) had read my letter to her; and that my *fiancée* desired her to say she would answer it as soon as she could. A day or two afterwards I had a letter from her father telling me that his daughter died on the day she was to have fixed her wedding-day. Her sister subsequently wrote me a long account of her last illness, which, it seemed was of few days' duration. At first it was not thought much of, as she and her family had been subject to similar attacks. When it assumed a serious aspect (I should have explained that she was then on an island some distance from home,) her father went to her as quickly as he could, but was detained by a snow storm, and she died when he was within a short distance of the house. I of course felt the blow acutely, as did her family. I afterwards became intimate with her sister; our mutual sorrow united our hearts, and after a short parting we met again in London, and were married at the church I dreamt of. I add no comment, but remain

Ryde, Isle of Wight.

Yours truly,

E. S. COOPER.

PRESERVATION OF LIFE THROUGH A DREAM.

A Mr. Atthington dreamed that he was travelling through some beautiful and remarkable scenery, which was strongly impressed on his imagination. He came to a ferry over a river, and watching the boat cross, saw it lost with all on board. Several years afterwards, while travelling through a part of England which he had never before visited, he suddenly found himself among the very scenes he so well remembered having seen in his dream, and proceeding onward, in due course reached the ferry! He determined to avoid it, though at the loss of many hours which it took him to reach the nearest bridge. The boat was lost the same day. The account of this dream was preserved in MS. in the family.



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